

1898

Commencement Concert, June 20, 1898

Michigan State Normal College

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Michigan State Normal College.

Richard G. Boone, President.

...Commencement Concert...

Under the Auspices of the Lecture and Music Course Committee,

—BY—

The Normal Chorus.

Frederic H. Pease, Conductor.

Monday Evening, June 20, 1898, 7:30 o'clock,

STANDARD TIME.

MR. MARSHALL PEASE,	- - - - -	TENOR
MISS BETHLEA ELLIS,	- - - - -	SOPRANO
MR. OSCAR GAREISSEN,	- - - - -	BARITONE

THE DETROIT PHILHARMONIC CLUB,

WILLIAM YUNCK, 1st Violin,
GEORGE ANGUS, 2nd Violin,

HERMAN BRUECKNER, Viola,
HERMAN HEBERLEIN, 'Cello,

—ASSISTED BY—

R. GRAUL,	- - - - -	Flute
HERR. KREJY,	- - - - -	Clarinet
HERR. WEITZEL,	- - - - -	Cornet
N. TINETTE,	- - - - -	Bass
FRANK SMITH, ABBA OWEN, MARAQUITA WALLIN,	- - - - -	Violins
FLORENCE EGELER,	- - - - -	Organ
CAROLINE HAIGHT,	- - - - -	Piano

Admission, = = 25 Cents

Program.

1. *Bridal Chorus. From "The Rose Maiden,"* *Cowen*
2. *Quartet--Op. 18, No. 4,* *Beethoven*
Allegro ma non tanto. Scherzo. Menuetto. Allegro.
Detroit Philharmonic Club.
3. *Chorus for Women's Voices and Tenor Solo--"Loreley,"* *Jessie L. Pease*
Mr. Marshall Pease.
4. a. *Abendlied,* *Schumann*
b. *Un petit rien,* *Hartog*
Detroit Philharmonic Club.
5. *Recitative and Aria--Remember thy Creator,* *Fredoric Pease*
Mr. Saroissen.
6. *Dramatic Cantata--"On Shore and Sea,"* *Sullivan*
La Sposina, a Riviera Woman--Miss Bethlea Ellis.
Il Marinajo, a Genoese Sailor--Mr. Marshall Pease.

. . . . BRIDAL CHORUS.

WORDS BY R. E. FRANCILLON.

'Tis thy wedding morning, shining in the skies,
Bridal bells are ringing, bridal songs arise,
Opening the portals of thy paradise.
'Tis the last fair morning for thy maiden eyes,
'Tis thy marriage morning, rise, sweet maid, arise.

. . . "LORELEY."

TRANSLATED BY MARK TWAIN.

I cannot divine what it meaneth,
This haunting, nameless pain,
A tale of the bygone ages
Keeps brooding through my brain.
The faint air cools in the gloaming,
And peaceful flows the Rhine;
The thirsty summit's drinking
The sunset's golden wine.

The loveliest maid is sitting
High throned in yon blue air,
Her golden jewels are shining,
She combs her golden hair.

She combs with a comb that is golden,
And sings a weird refrain,
That steepens in a deadly enchantment,
The listener's ravished brain.

The doomed in his drifting shallop,
Is tranced with the weird, wild tone,
He sees not the yawning breakers,
He sees but the maid alone.
The pitiless billows engulf him,
So perish sailor and bark;
And this with her baleful singing,
Is the loreley's grewsome work.

. . . "ON SHORE AND SEA."

WORDS BY TOM TAYLOR.

The action passes in the sixteenth century, at a port on the Riviera, near Genoa, and on board of a Genoese and a Moorish galley at sea. The Cantata has for its theme the sorrows and separations necessarily incidental to war. The Cantata opens with the fleet weighing anchor to the joyous song of the sailors as they heave at the windlass, and spread the sail, and the lament of wives and mothers, sisters and sweet-hearts, left sorrowing on shore.

Then the scene changes to the sea. Aboard one of the galleys, in the midnight watch, the thoughts and prayers of the Marinajo go back to the loved ones left behind, and invoke for them the protection of our Lady, Star of the Sea. Months pass. The scene changes again to the shore. The fleet, so long and anxiously looked for, shows on the horizon, and the crowd flocks to the port to greet its triumphant entry, headed by the young wife or maiden whose fortunes the Cantata follows. But the price of triumph must be paid—the galley aboard which her sailor served is missing: it has been taken by the rovers. Her beloved is captive, or slain. She gives expression to her desolation, amid the sympathizing sorrow of her companions. Her lover, however, is not slain, but a slave, toiling at the oar, under the lash of his Moorish captors. He plans a rising on the rovers, and while they are celebrating their triumphs with song and feasting, possesses himself of the key of the chain to which, as it ran from stem to stern of these galleys, each prisoner

was secured, and exhorts his fellow-prisoners to strike for their liberty. The galley-slaves, after encouraging each other to the enterprise while they toil at the oar, rise on their captors, master the galley, and steer homeward. Re-entering the port, they are welcomed by their beloved ones; the sorrow of separation is turned to rejoicing, and the Cantata ends with a chorus expressing the blessedness of Peace, and inviting all nations to this her Temple.

NO. 1.—CHORUS OF SAILORS.

The windlass ply, the cable haul,
With a stamp and go, and a yo-heave-ho!
Your sails to the wind let fall!—
Joys of the shore we must forgo,
But ours are the joys of the sea—
To brave the storm and to sink the foe,
And the spoil of victory.

CHORUS OF WOMEN.

You leave us here, to watch and weep—
The lonely night—the dreary day—
'Tis women's hearts your anchors keep,
Their lives you bear away!

NO. 2.—RECITATIVE (*Il Marinajo*).

'Tis the mid-watch of night—stars glisten keen—
The winds are piping loud in sheet and stay—
Over the bulwark gazing on the sea,
The sailor thinks of those he left on shore.

SONG.

The wave at her bows is afire,
And afire in her wake behind—
And higher, and ever higher
Are rising sea, and wind—
As in man's heart love's desire,
And home thoughts in his mind.

CHORUS OF SAILORS.

Maris Stella—from on high
Guard our homes that sleeping lie!
Maris Stella, comfort pour
On the hearts we left ashore.

SOLO (*Il Marinajo*).

What doth now the maid I love?—
Does she sleep, and dream of me?—
Or prays she her saint above
Shield of her sailor to be?
Sending her heart, like a dove,
Hither across the sea.

CHORUS OF SAILORS.

Maris Stella—from on high
Guard our homes that sleeping lie!
Maris Stella, comfort pour
On the hearts we left ashore.

NO. 3.—RECITATIVE (*La Sposina*).

From Spring-time on to summer draws the year,
And still they come not, still we watch, and weep—
But see, yon cloud of canvas—faint and far!
They come, the loved, the longed-for, home from war.
Streamers and pennons wave. They near the shore,
Signal to signal answer—fleet to fort.
But many a noble ship and gallant crew
That sail'd exulting forth, returns no more.
Where is the galley that bore hence my love?—
It shows not with the rest! Oh, presage dire!
Mourn, mourn with me,—my love is lost, or slain.

NO. 4.—SONG AND CHORUS (*La Sposina and Women*).

Soft and sadly, sea-wind, swell,
Soft and sadly roll, oh wave—
Wind that tolled my sailor's knell—
Sea that made my sailor's grave.
Dark my life for evermore
As that ocean-grave shall be.
Sad my voice along the shore
As the wind that wails for thee!

CHORUS OF WOMEN.

Dark her life for evermore
As that ocean-grave shall be;
Sad her voice along the shore
As the wind that wails for thee!

NO. 5.—MORESQUE. (*Instrumental*).

NO. 6.—RECITATIVE (*Il Marinajo*).

The Crescent o'er the Cross is hoisted high,
And cymbals clash, and pipe and drum are loud,
While o'er the Christian captives, chained and sad,
The unbelievers' song of triumph sounds.

CHORUS OF MOSLEM TRIUMPH, AND CALL TO PRAYER.

Alla'hu akbar! Alla'hu akbor!
Mohammadar rasoolu-l-la'h!
La'ila'ha illa-l-la'h!

NO. 7.—RECITATIVE (*Il Marinajo*).

They chain not Christian souls, that chain their limbs!
While now the Moslem feasts, or sleeps secure,
Shape we our freedom; brothers as we are,
In faith, and suffering, be brothers too
In striking for release, and for revenge!
This key, won from the sleeping Moslem's hold,
Unlocks our chain,—a stout stroke does the rest!

NO. 8.—QUARTET AND CHORUS OF CHRISTIAN CAPTIVES.

Messrs. Irwin Scrimger, Daniel Ellsworth,
Oscar Gareissen, George Vail.

With a will, oh brothers, with one will for all,
Think of wives and mothers as the oars rise and fall;
Heavy hearts make weary hands, and heavy ours
should be

Toiling for the Infidel far out at sea!
But there is comfort, brothers, in life, and in death—
Hold to Christian manhood, firm in Christian faith.
Faithful hearts; make fearless hands, and faithful
hearts have we,
The Christian 'gainst the Infidel, chained though we
be.

Pass the word, my brothers, pass it light, and low,—
Oars will break to weapons, chains will weight a
blow—

Many hearts make mighty hands, it is but one to three,
Then up, and on the Infidel—a blow—and we are free!

NO. 9.—RECITATIVE (*Il Marinajo*).

Hark! on the night—the clash of falling chains,
The rush of sudden feet—and desperate hands
That make, or master weapons! Smite, nor spare!
The galley's ours!—'bout ship, and steer for home.

DUET (*La Sposina and Il Marinajo*).

La Sposina.—Here on thy heart, where I ne'er hoped
to rest

The weight of my brow, and the woe of my breast—
Here on the heart of my love let me lie—
Here in my joy, let me live, let me die!

Il Marinajo.—Come to the heart that ne'er thought
to find rest

In the chain of thy arms, on the wave of thy breast;
The lash and the oar as a dream are gone by,
While thus in the clasp of my true love I lie.

NO. 10.—CHORUS (*Tutti*).

Sink and scatter, clouds of War!
Sun of Peace, shine full and far!
Why should nations slay and spoil,
With hearts to love, and hands to toil?
Wherefore turn to mutual ill
God-given strength and skill?
Blest the Prince whose People's choice
Bids the land in peace rejoice.
Blest the land whose Prince is wise,
Peaceful progress to devise—
Closed the brazen gates of Mars,
Peace her golden gates unbars—
Let the Nations hear her call—
Enter, welcome, one and all!

The Normal Chorus.

Boone, H. S.	Faucher, Dennis	Krzysske, Chas.	Springman, J. C.
Bowen, N. H.	Flemming, Guy B.	Lawler, Tim.	Stitt, A. C.
Broesamle, Fred.	Flemming, J. E.	Lister, Sherman W.	Swartz, F. G.
Broskey, Wm.	Frary, B. S.	Maybee, H. Cyrus.	*Taylor, Albert.
Burhans, L. A.	Gorton, Fred.	McDonald, W. R.	Turner, A. E.
Carver, Gail.	Hand G. W.	Merrel, John.	Vail, George M.
Carver, Gerald.	Harner, E. C.	Miller, R. B.	*Von Renner, Otto.
Carver, Gleason.	Harris, Wm.	Mills, Ed.	Waterbury, A. R.
Clute, R.	*Hawks, Earle B.	*Moore, E. A.	Waterbury, C. E.
Collins, N. P.	Holmes, John.	Paramalee, Harry.	*Watson, D. G.
Cross, F. L.	Hotchkiss, S. C.	Reed, Ernest.	Webb, Robert.
*De Witt, C. A.	Kennedy, A. Dwight.	Rhodes, E. W.	Wentworth, W. H.
Ellsworth, Daniel.	Kimball, Daniel.	Scrimger, I. S.	White, Minor.
Everett, Henry.	Krenerick, H. C.	Sherman, Morgan.	Wilson, Ebin.
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Adams, Edith.	Doud, Maud.	Howard, Bertha.	Pomeroy, Louise.
Austin, Edith.	DuGaune, Annie.	Huber, Allie M.	Pugsley, Edna.
Avery, Irevette E.	Dunham, Mary.	Hunter, Lura E.	Ray, Emma L.
Bailey, Minnie.	Dunlap, Mrs. Anna K.	Hutchins, Lou R.	Reed, Jessie M.
Ballow, Cora.	Eddy, Pearle.	Innis, Millicent.	Rice, Helene M.
Banfield, Edith.	Elliot, Ina.	James, Laura.	Robertson, Lillian.
Bay, Marion.	Ellis, Bethlea.	Jenks, Caroline S.	Robinson, Bertha
Bird, Myra L.	Emble, Effie.	Johnson, Marta W.	Ross, Belle.
Bliss, Madge.	Engle, Emma.	Lamont, Effie.	Ross, Julia.
Boone, Mabel.	Fick, Josephine.	Leary, Minnie.	Shehan, Loretta.
Boonstra, Maud.	Follmer, Laura	Leidy, Anna E.	Smith, Lucy.
Bowdish, Grace	Forsythe, Blanche	Lowden, Alice	Smith, Mildred
Boyer, Kate	Franklin, Molle	Maccauley, Allison	Steinbach, Charlott
Bradley, Florence	French, Adella	Mann, Jessie	Thompson, Nellie
Burck, Birdelle	Gardner, Ella M.	Marsh, Florence	Uren, Anna M.
Cady, Blanche	Gareissen, Isabella	Mauer, Pauline	Van Zenten, Jacoba
Cady, Mabel	Gates, Grace	McDonald, Allison	Vroman, Bessie
Cauley, Anna C.	Gillespie, Retta	McDonald, Tena	Vyn, Clara
Chase, Lulu	Grigsby, Octavia	McGinnis, Daisy	Walker, Myrtle B.
Cotton, Emma	Gilbert, Grace	Mikesell, Addie	Wallin, Winnifred
Covert, Georgie	Grosvenor, Lou	Moore, Leonore	Welk, Elouise
Covert, Inez	Hadden, Mary	Nash, Edna L.	Wentworth, Mrs. C. M.
Craig, Agnes	Hagerman, Lulu	Newton, Bertha	Westland, Nellie
Crosby, Flora	Haight, Caroline	Noble, Alice	Wilkins, Olive M.
Cruickshank, Laura M.	Harlow, Marie	Packard, Louise T.	Willits, Clara M.
Culver, Ida A.	Harris, Florence	Paxson, Grace	Wilson, Cora
DeCamp, Stella	Harris, May	Pearce, Harnet	Winnie, Jessie
Dennie, Etta	Hinsliff, Minnie	Peckham, Carrie	Wood, Mary
Deubel, DeLynn	Holdridge, Fanny,	Perkins, Rose	Worts, Edith
Dewey, Grace J.	Hookway, Gertrude	Pierson, Merinda	Worts, Sarah
Dorrance, Susie	Houghton, Grace		

* Gone to the War.