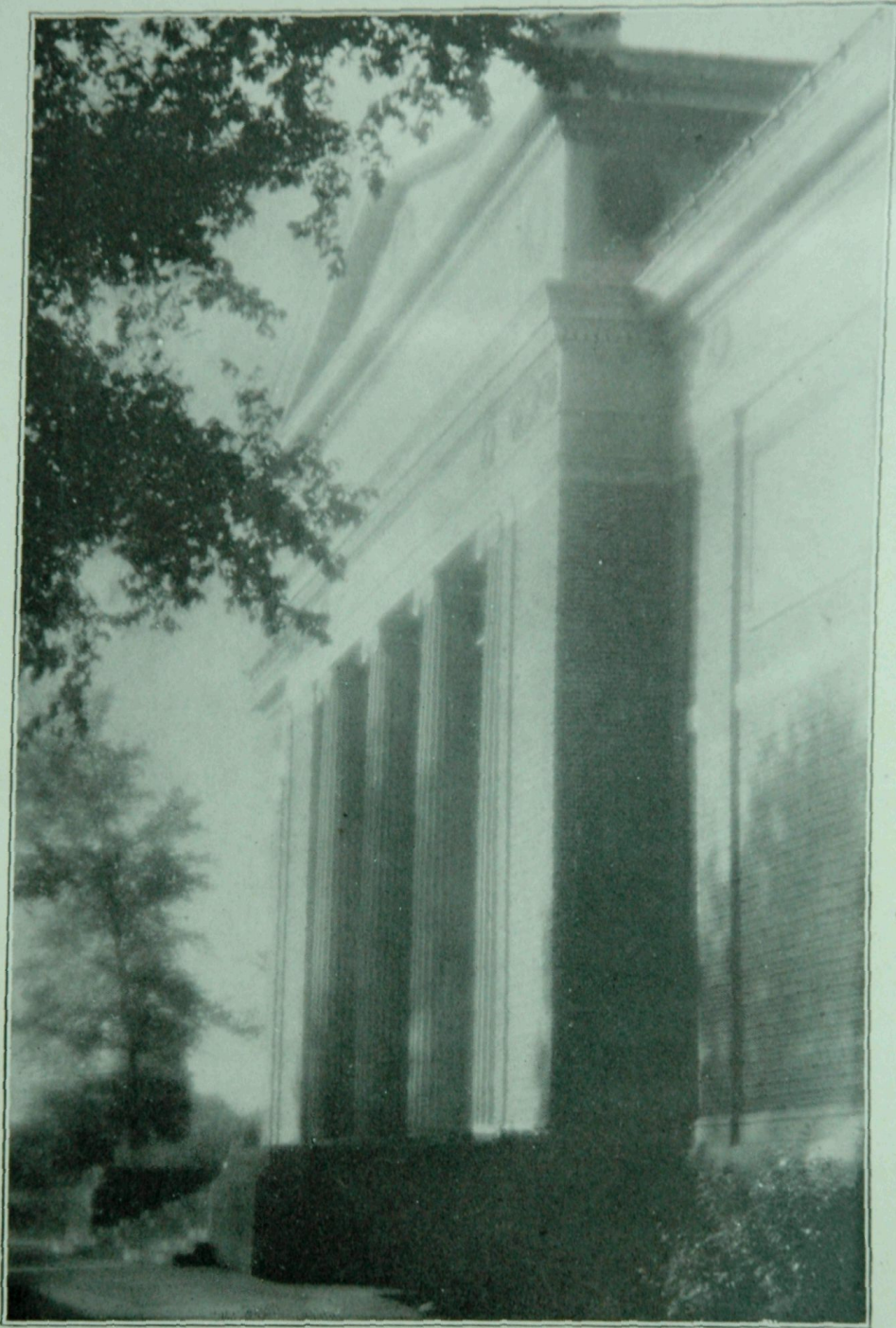


University of Illinois

Spring Festival of Music
and
Dedication of Smith Memorial Hall

The St. Louis Symphony Orchestra
The University Orchestra
The University Choral Society
and Soloists

April twenty-seven, twenty-eight, twenty-nine
nineteen hundred and twenty-two
Urbana, Illinois



Smith Memorial Hall, occupied by the School of Music of the University of Illinois, is a fire-proof building of brick and stone in Italian Renaissance style. The erection of the building was made possible through the generous gift of Captain Thomas J. Smith, for six years a Trustee of the University. The area occupied is 126 by 163 feet, extending in height through a basement, two stories, and attic. The basement is occupied by plenum chambers, machinery, and dressing rooms. On the first floor are the Director's suite, two class rooms, and seven studios, together with the first floor of the recital hall. The second floor contains the Memorial Room dedicated to the donor, Captain Thomas J. Smith, and his wife, Tina Weedon Smith, to whom the building is dedicated as a memorial, and the Library, with a score trial room, and eleven studios. This floor also affords access to the balcony of the recital hall, which with the first floor gives a total seating capacity of about 1,100 persons. The third floor contains forty-seven practise rooms, and a lecture room seating about 100. All studios and practise rooms are thoroly sound-proofed and insulated from one another. Professor James McLaren White was the architect of the building, and Mr. George Ellery Wright the associate architect.

Spring Festival of Music

First Concert

Symphony Concert

by

The University Orchestra

ALBERT AUSTIN HARDING, *Conductor*

Soloist

MANOAH LEIDE, *Violinist*

Thursday, April 27, 8 P. M.

Recital Hall

Program

- Marche Militaire Française, from Suite Algérienne.....*Saint-Saëns*
- Andante con moto (Pilgrims' March) from the Italian
Symphony *Mendelssohn*
- Scenes de Ballet*Glazounow*
(a) Mazurka
(b) Polonaise
- Sérénade Mélancolique, Op. 26, for violin.....*Tschaikowsky*
(Mr. Henry MacNeill at the piano)
- Wedding Day at Troldhaugen.....*Grieg*
- Andante con moto, from C major Symphony.....*Schubert*
- Intermezzo from Thaïs, for violin solo.....*Massenet*
(by request)
- Waltz from the Ballet, "The Sleeping Beauty".....*Tschaikowsky*
- Three Dances from the Music to Henry VIII.....*German*
(a) Morris Dance
(b) Shepherds' Dance
(c) Torch Dance

Spring Festival of Music

Second Concert

Symphony Concert

by the

St. Louis Symphony Orchestra

RUDOLPH GANZ, *Conductor*

Soloist

H. MAX STEINDEL, *Cellist*

Friday, April 28, at 3 P. M.

The Auditorium

Program

Overture to "The Merry Wives of Windsor" *Otto Nicolai* (1810-1849)

Nicolai's setting of Shakespeare's masterpiece is a comic opera classic. There is a slow introduction, with the basses announcing the theme; the chief body of the work is an Allegro vivace, with a brilliant conclusion.

Second Movement, "Andante," from Symphony in G Major,
"The Surprise" *Josef Haydn* (1732-1809)

It is from this movement that the symphony gains its nickname. It is in the form of a theme with variations, and after each period in which the melody is softly sung, the full orchestra comes in with a "surprise" in the form of a loud crashing chord. Haydn is said to have introduced this device for the purpose of waking up the fashionable English ladies who slept during his concerts in London.

Variations Symphoniques for Violoncello and Orchestra, Op. 25
. *Leon Boëllmann* (1862-1897)

Born in Alsace, Boëllmann studied at Paris and became principal organist at the church of St. Vincent de Paul. His sixty-eight works include a symphony and numbers for orchestra, organ and string quartet. His Variations were played for the first time in 1892, at a Lamoureux concert in Paris, the soloist being Joseph Salmon, to whom the composition was dedicated. The orchestral part is for two flutes, two oboes, two clarinets, two bassoons, four horns, two trumpets, three trombones, tuba, kettledrums, harp and strings. There is an Introduction (*Moderato maestoso*, D minor, 4-4), with the solo instrument giving out a vigorous subject. The theme proper (*Andantino*, A major, 3-4) is announced by the violoncello. An orchestral passage eight measures long leads to the variations, which are closely knit together rather than separate divisions.

"Spring Song" *Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy* (1809-1847)

Mendelssohn was a famous composer at an age when many young men are still in school. At 17 he wrote one of his finest pieces, the Overture to Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and his first opera was produced when he was 18. He sang the sweetest stories ever told in music; and to a set of piano pieces he gave the name of "Songs Without Words." One of the best known of these is the "Spring Song" written for the piano, but played here in an arrangement for orchestra.

"Dance of the Nymphs and Satyrs" *Georg Alfred Schumann* (1866—)

Not a relative of Robert Schumann, this composer was a native of Saxony. He was trained at the Leipsic Conservatory, and became director successively of the Dantzig Singing Society, the Bremen Philharmonic Orchestra and Chorus, and the Berlin Singakademie. In 1913 he was appointed superintendent of a master class in composition, at Berlin. He has written a long list of orchestral and choral works.

Waltz, "Blue Danube" *Johann Strauss* (1825-1899)

Strauss was the most gifted of an Austrian family of bandmasters and composers who held the supremacy of the world during the Nineteenth Century in the creation of dance music. Some five of the family became distinguished in this field. The founder of the clan was Johann I (1804-1849), who was the most popular bandmaster of his time. The present waltz was orchestrated by the composer with a skill which aroused the admiration of Brahms himself.

March from "Tannhauser" *Richard Wagner* (1813-1883)

This grand march, the stirring rhythms and broad outlines of which are so well known to concert goers, occurs in the second act of Wagner's romantic opera, preliminary to the contest of singers at the fabled castle of Wartburg, between knightly poets and minstrels.

Spring Festival of Music

Third Concert

Symphony Concert

by the

St. Louis Symphony Orchestra

RUDOLPH GANZ, *Conductor*

Soloist

ELLEN RUMSEY, *Contralto*

Friday, April twenty-eight, at 8 P. M.

The Auditorium

Program

Overture to "Der Fliegende Hollaender" . . . *Richard Wagner* (1813-1883)

As a boy, reading Heine's ironical "Memoirs of Herr von Schnabelewopski," Wagner became acquainted with the legend of the adventurous Dutch seaman who, having struggled to double the Cape of Good Hope in the teeth of a gale, and having made a vow to accomplish the feat if it took all eternity, was condemned by the powers of darkness to strive there forever.

In 1839, throwing up his ill paid chapelmastership at Riga, in Russia, Wagner set sail to make his fortune in Paris, with his wife, a Newfoundland dog, and the libretto and two acts of "Rienzi." Because of poverty, he was compelled to take passage in a tiny sailing vessel bound for London. At her best the craft was weak and undermanned; on this trip she was beset by terrific storms while beating her way down the Baltic, and was twice in imminent peril of foundering. The captain ran for safety into one of the Norwegian fjords.

"The passage through the Norwegian fjords," related the composer afterwards, "made a wondrous impression upon my fancy; the legend of the Flying Dutchman, as I heard it confirmed by the sailors, acquired a definite, peculiar color, which only my adventures at sea could have given it."

It was not until 1841 that Wagner could find an opportunity to work on his opera; he composed it in seven weeks, with the exception of the overture; this, however, he carried about in his head, almost complete. The overture was written during November, 1841, at Paris.

The overture (*Allegro con brio*, D Minor, 6-4 time) opens with the representation of a storm at sea. Through bare fifths in strings and woodwind, horns and bassoons and

then trombones and tuba blare forth the "Flying Dutchman" theme. The tempest dies down with final mutterings. There is a pause, punctuated by raps on the kettledrum, after which there comes a change of tempo (*Andante*, F Major), and a portion of Senta's refrain appears in the English horn, horns, and bassoons, to be repeated an octave higher by oboes, clarinets and horns. After 32 measures the original tempo is resumed with stormy development drawn from the ballad and Vanderdecken's theme. In the midst of the agitation there is presented a portion of the music of the sailors' chorus in the third act; and towards the end the Dutchman's theme is again shouted forth.

Aria, "Voce di donna" from "La Gioconda".....*Ponchielli*

Symphony No. 5, in C Minor, Op. 67..*Ludwig van Beethoven* (1770-1827)

It is related that Beethoven first realized he was becoming irremediably deaf, when, during a walk in the country with his pupil Ries, the latter pointed to a shepherd boy who was playing the schalmel. The composer was forced to admit that he could not hear a note. Soon afterwards he poured out his despair in the so-called "Will," which was a letter to his brothers, dated October 6, 1802. "What humiliation," he exclaimed, "when some one near me hears the notes of a far-off flute or a shepherd's pipe and I do not!" But his imperious determination rose superior to misfortune. "I will grapple with fate," he uttered his defiance; "it shall never drag me down."

Beethoven's works often mirror his spiritual adventures, and it would have been strange if this, the dreadful climax of a life of misery, had not sought expression in music. We know from the sketch-books that, although the Fifth Symphony was not completed until 1807 Beethoven outlined the first three movements at about the time of the incident with Ries. Then, on the testimony of the composer's friend, Schindler, we are assured that Beethoven himself, interpreting the symphony's *leit-motif*—that peremptory and inexorable opening phrase of only four notes—exclaimed: "So knocks Fate on the door!"

Instead of a technical analysis, let us examine this gigantic architecture of sound through the ears of a Frenchman, who, himself a man of genius, was one of the most inspired of commentators on Beethoven's music. His name was Hector Berlioz.

"The first movement," he says, "is devoted to a painting of the disordered sentiments which overthrow a great soul, a prey to despair . . . now it is a frenetic delirium which explodes in frightful cries, now it is the prostration which has only accents of regret and profound self-pity. Hear these hiccoughs in the orchestra, these dialogues in chords between wind instruments and strings, which come and go, always weaker and fainter, like the painful breathings of a dying man, and then give way to a phrase full of violence, in which the orchestra seems to rise to its feet, revived by a flash of fury; see the shuddering mass hesitate a moment and then rush headlong, divided in two burning unisons like two streams of lava; and then say if this passionate in instrumental music"

"The Adagio (Berlioz means the *Andante con moto*) has characteristics in common with the Allegro of the Seventh Symphony and the slow movement of the Fourth. It partakes alike of the melancholy soberness of the former and the touching grace of the latter. The theme, at first announced by united violoncellos and violas, with a simple accompaniment in the double-basses *pizzicato*, is followed by a phrase for wind instruments which returns constantly, and in the same tonality throughout the movement, whatever the successive changes of the first theme. This persistence of the same phrase, represented always in a profoundly sad simplicity, produces little by little on the hearer's soul an indescribable impression.

"The Scherzo is a strange composition. Its first measures, which are not so terrible in themselves, provoke that inexplicable emotion which you feel when the magnetic gaze of certain persons is fastened upon you. Here everything is sombre, mysterious; the orchestration, more or less sinister, springs apparently from the state of mind which created the famous scene of the Brocken in Goethe's 'Faust.' Nuances of *piano* and *mezzaforte* predominate. The Trio is a double-bass figure, executed with the full force of the bow; its savage roughness shakes the orchestral stands, and reminds one of the gambols of a frolicsome elephant. But the monster retires, and little by little the noise of his mad course does away. The theme of the Scherzo reappears in *pizzicato*. Silence is almost established, for you hear only some violin tones lightly plucked, and strange little cluckings of bassoons.

"At last the strings give gently with the bow of the chord of A-flat and doze upon it. Only the drums preserve the rhythm amid the general stagnation of the orchestra. These drum notes are C's; the tonality of the movement is C Minor; but the chord of A-flat sustained for a long time by the other instruments seems to introduce a different tonality, while the isolated hammering of the C on the drums tends to preserve the feeling of the foundation tonality. The ear hesitates—where will this mystery of harmony end?—and now the dull pulsations of the drums, growing louder and louder, reach with the violins, which take part in the movement with a change of harmony, into the chord of the dominant seventh, G, B, D, F, while the drums roll obstinately their tonic C; the whole orchestra, assisted by the trombones, which have not yet been heard, bursts in the major into the theme of a triumphal march, and the Finale begins . . . this gigantic chant of victory in which the soul of the poet-musician, henceforth free from earthly shackles and terrestrial sufferings, seems to mount radiantly towards heaven."

INTERMISSION

Variations on a Theme by Josef Haydn, "Chorale Di St.

Antoni," Opus, 56a. *Johannes Brahms* (1833-1897)

Before undertaking so spacious a work as a symphony, Brahms tried his apprentice hand on three orchestral works, the Serenades in D Major and A Major, and the Variations on a Theme by Haydn, which, originally written by Brahms as a duet for two pianos, was instrumented by him in 1874. Brahms evidently believed that the theme was an invention of Josef Haydn, but it appears that the old composer borrowed the melody from an old chorale. It occurs in the second of four movements of a Divertimento which Haydn composed for two oboes, two horns, three bassoons and serpent. On the title page of the manuscript, preserved in Berlin, there is the inscription: "Divertimento, with the chorale of St. Anthony."

The work consists of the theme, eight variations and a finale. "In these Brahms displays the same ingenuity and wealth of imagination that he shows in the variations for piano. Within the limited tonality of one key and its minor he creates an impression of kaleidoscopic shiftings of color by a clever manipulation of the devices of composition and orchestration. Many of the sections are of the Mozart-like suavity which is so often the mood of Brahms, and there is a cumulative brilliancy in the several last variations leading to a powerful climax.

The theme (*Andante*, B-flat, 2-4) is given out by wind instruments, the violoncellos and double-basses doubling the contra-bassoon part, *pizzicato*.

Var. I. (*Poco più animato*.) The strings enter with a figure partly in eighth notes and partly in triplets. The wind instruments suggest the melody of the theme.

Var. II. (*Più vivace*, B-flat Minor.) Clarinets and bassoons play the most important part in this variation.

Var. III. (*Con moto*, B-flat Major.) Oboe and bassoon work out the theme, with a contrapuntal accompaniment moving beneath them in the lower strings. Violins and violas take up the material, with sixteenth-note embroidery by flutes and bassoons.

Var. IV. (*Andante con moto*, B-flat Minor, 3-8.) Over a moving figure in the violas, an oboe and horn in octaves give the theme. It is then intrusted to the strings, with figuration by flutes and clarinets.

Var. V. (*Vivace*, B-flat Major, 6-8.) The melody is played lightly by the woodwind, and then transferred to the strings.

Var. VI. (*Vivace*, 2-4.) Strings suggest the theme, *pizzicato*, over a new rhythmical figure in bassoons and brass.

Var. VII. (*Grazioso*, 6-8.) Flute and violas sing the melody, with first violins and clarinets playing a descending scale against it. The first violins then have a melody.

Var. VIII. (*Presto non troppo*, B-flat Minor, 3-4.) Muted strings give out a figure upon which this variation is based.

Finale. (*Andante*, B-flat Major, 2-2.) Much of this division is constructed upon a ground bass five measures long, which is repeated twelve times with varying harmonies above it. The succession of notes is shifted to the upper and middle parts, and the music works up to a climax, with a *fortissimo* presentation of the theme by full orchestra.

Songs with Orchestra:

- (a)—“Elegie” *Massenet*
- (b)—“Chantez, riez et dormez” *Gounod*

“Capriccio Italien,” Pour Grand Orchestre, Op. 45.....
.....*Peter Ilyitch Tschaikowsky* (1840-1893)

When Tchaikowsky was a little boy, his father purchased an orchestrion, and to this mechanical apparatus fell the honor of being the first music teacher of the future composer. Included in the repertory of the device were selections from the operas of Bellini and Donizetti, and to these were due the love of Italy and of Italian music which Tchaikowsky cherished all his life. He visited Italy gladly; and among his works, in addition to the present one, we find a string sextet labeled “Florentine,” as well as the overture fantasies, “Romeo and Juliet” and “Francesca da Rimini.”

Modeste Tchaikowsky, brother of the composer, informs us that Tchaikowsky regarded his “Italian Caprice” as being, apart from its musical worth, one of his most brilliant and effective orchestral works. It was instrumented during April, 1880, at Kamenka, the home of Charles Davidoff, at that time director of the Conservatory of Music at St. Petersburg. The score bears this dedication: “A Monsieur Ch. Davidoff.”

The “Caprice” had its first performance on December 6, 1880, in Moscow, under the baton of Nicholas Rubinstein. Its success was incontestable, although criticism varied greatly as to its merits, the least favorable describing it as being marred by “coarse and cheap” effects. The work was given by Napravnik in St. Petersburg a few weeks later. Cui fell upon it with the charge that it was “no work of art, but a valuable gift to the programs of open-air concerts.” The composer complained on January 31, 1881, to his benefactress, Frau von Meck: “The Petersburg papers write in chorus to rend my ‘Italian Capriccio,’ declaring it to be vulgar.”

Spring Festival of Music

The Dedication of Smith Memorial Hall

Saturday, April twenty-nine, at 2:30 P. M.

Recital Hall

Program

The Director of the School of Music Presiding

Music—Adagio—Menuetto from Quartet in F minor.....*Haydn*

The University String Quartet

Manoah Leide
Andrus O. Griffith

George Foss Schwartz
Leverett A. Adams

Invocation

Reverend Robert J. Locke

Address—The Music School and the University

Mr. Glenn Dillard Gunn, of Chicago

Remarks

Mr. Rudolph Ganz, of St. Louis

Music—Bass solo and Quintet from Lohengrin.....*Wagner*

Mr. Arthur Beresford

Miss Lillian Irene Rutlin
Miss Edna Lenore Cass

Mr. Frank Tatham Johnson
Mr. Kenneth Marvin Stead

Miss Katharine Seelye, at the piano

THE DEDICATION

Address—Judge Charles L. Smith, of Minneapolis

Address—Honorable William L. Abbott

President of the Board of Trustees

Address—President David Kinley

Prayer of Dedication—Reverend Robert J. Locke

Reception in the Memorial Room, and Inspection of the Building.

Spring Festival of Music

Fourth Concert

Choral Concert

SCENES FROM THE SONG OF HIAWATHA

by

SAMUEL COLERIDGE-TAYLOR

THE UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS CHORAL SOCIETY

accompanied by

THE ST. LOUIS SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

FREDERIC B. STIVEN, *Conductor*

SOLOISTS

Mary Mellish, Soprano

Arthur Kraft, Tenor

Bernard Ferguson, Baritone

Katharine Seelye, Organist

The Auditorium

Saturday, April twenty-ninth, at 8 P. M.

Nineteen hundred and twenty-two

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SCENES FROM THE SONG OF HIAWATHA

I. HIAWATHA'S WEDDING FEAST

CHORUS

You shall hear how Pau-Puk-Keewis,
How the handsome Yenadizze,
Danced at Hiawatha's wedding;
How the gentle Chibiabos,
He the sweetest of musicians,
Sang his songs of love and longing,
How Iagoo, the great boaster,
He the marvellous storyteller,
Told his tales of strange adventure,
That the feast might be more joyous,
That the time might pass more gaily,
And the guests be more contented.

Sumptuous was the feast Nokomis
Made at Hiawatha's wedding.
All the bowls were made of bass-wood,
White and polished very smoothly,
All the spoons of horn of bison,
Black and polished very smoothly.
She had sent through all the village
Messengers with wands of willow,
As a sign of invitation,
As a token of the feasting;
And the wedding-guests assembled,
Clad in all their richest raiment,
Robes of fur and belts of wampum,
Splendid with their paint and plumage,
Beautiful with beads and tassels.

First they ate the sturgeon, Nahma,
And the pike, the Maskenozha,
Caught and cooked by old Nokomis,
Then on pemican they feasted,
Pemican and buffalo marrow,
Haunch of deer and hump of bison,
Yellow cakes of the Mondamin,
And the wild rice of the river.

But the gracious Hiawatha,
And the lovely Laughing Water,
And the careful old Nokomis,
Tasted not the food before them,
Only waited on the others,
Only served their guests in silence.

And when all the guests had finished,
Old Nokomis, brisk and busy,
From an ample pouch of otter,
Filled the red stone pipes for smoking
With tobacco from the South-land,
Mixed with bark of the red willow,
And with herbs and leaves of fragrance.

Then she said, "O Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Dance for us your merry dances,
Dance the Beggar's Dance to please us,
That the feast may be more joyous,
That the time may pass more gaily,

And our guests be more contented!"

Then the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis,
He the idle Yenadizze,
He the merry mischief-maker,
Whom the people called the Storm-Fool,
Rose among the guests assembled.

Skilled was he in sports and pastimes,
In the merry dance of snow-shoes,
In the play of quoits and ball-play;
Skilled was he in games of hazard,
In all games of skill and hazard,
Pugasaing, the Bowl and Counters,
Koomtassoo, the Game of Plum-stones.

Though the warriors called him Faint-
Heart,
Called him coward, Shaugodaya,
Idler, gambler, Yenadizze,
Little heeded he their jesting,
Little cared he for their insults,
For the women and the maidens
Loved the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis.

He was dressed in shirt of doe-skin,
White and soft and fringed with ermine,
All inwrought with beads of wampum;
He was dressed in deer-skin leggings,
Fringed with hedgehog quills and ermine,
And in moccasins of buck-skin
Thick with quills and beads embroidered.
On his head were plumes of swan's down,
On his heels were tails of foxes,
In one hand a fan of feathers,
And a pipe was in the other.

Barred with streaks of red and yellow,
Streaks of blue and bright vermilion.
Shone the face of Pau-Puk-Keewis,
From his forehead fell his tresses,
Smooth and parted like a woman's,
Shining bright with oil, and plaited,
Hung with braids of scented grasses,
As among the guests assembled,
To the sound of flutes and singing,
To the sounds of drums and voices,
Rose the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis,
And began his mystic dances.

First he danced a solemn measure,
Very slow in step and gesture,
In and out among the pine trees,
Through the shadows and the sunshine,
Treading softly like a panther,
Then more swiftly and still swifter,
Whirling, spinning round in circles,
Leaping o'er the guests assembled,
Eddying round and round the wigwam,
Till the leaves went whirling with him,

Till the dust and wind together
Swept in eddies round about him.

Then along the sandy margin
Of the lake, the Big-Sea-Water,
On he sped with frenzied gestures,
Stamped upon the sand, and tossed it
Wildly in the air around him;
Till the wind became a whirlwind,
Till the sand was blown and sifted
Like great snowdrifts o'er the landscape,
Heaping all the shores with Sand Dunes,
Sand Hills of the Nagow Wudjoo!

Thus the merry Pau-Puk-Keewis
Danced his Beggar's Dance to please them,
And, returning, sat down laughing
There among the guests assembled,
Sat and fanned himself serenely
With his fan of turkey-feathers.

Then they said to Chibiabos,
To the friend of Hiawatha,
To the sweetest of all singers,
To the best of all musicians,
"Sing to us, O Chibiabos!
Songs of love and songs of longing,
That the feast may be more joyous,
That the time may pass more gaily,
And our guests be more contented!"

And the gentle Chibiabos
Sang in accents sweet and tender,
Sang in tones of deep emotion,
Songs of love and songs of longing,
Looking still at Hiawatha,
Looking at fair Laughing Water,
Sang he softly, sang in this wise:

Tenor Solo

"Onaway! Awake, beloved!
Thou the wild-flower of the forest!
Thou the wild-bird of the prairie!
Thou with eyes so soft and fawn-like!

"If thou only lookest at me,
I am happy, I am happy,
As the lilies of the prairie,
When they feel the dew upon them!

"Sweet thy breath is as the fragrance
Of the wild-flowers in the morning,
As their fragrance is at evening,
In the Moon when leaves are falling.

"Does not all the blood within me
Leap to meet thee, leap to meet thee,
As the springs to meet the sunshine,
In the Moon when nights are brightest?

"Onaway! my heart sings to thee,
Sings with joy when thou art near me,
As the sighing, singing branches
In the pleasant Moon of Strawberries!

"When thou art not pleased, beloved,
Then my heart is sad and darkened,
As the shining river darkens
When the clouds drop shadows on it!

"When thou smilest, my beloved,
Then my troubled heart is brightened,
As in sunshine gleam the ripples

That the cold wind makes in rivers.

"Smiles the earth, and smile the waters,
Smile the cloudless skies above us,
But I lose the way of smiling
When thou art no longer near me!

"I myself, myself! behold me!
Blood of my beating heart, behold me!
O awake, awake, beloved!
Onaway! awake, beloved!"

CHORUS

Thus the gentle Chibiabos
Sang his song of love and longing;
And Iagoo, the great boaster,
He the marvellous storyteller,
He the friend of old Nokomis,
Jealous of the sweet musician,
Jealous of the applause they gave him,
Saw in all the eyes around him,
Saw in all their looks and gestures,
That the wedding-guests assembled
Longed to hear his pleasant stories,
His immeasurable falsehoods.

Very boastful was Iagoo:
Never heard he an adventure
But himself had made a greater;
Never any deed of daring
But himself had done a bolder:
Never any marvellous story
But himself could tell a stranger.

Would you listen to his boasting
Would you only give him credence,
No one ever shot an arrow
Half so far and high as he had;
Ever caught so many fishes,
Ever killed so many reindeer,
Ever trapped so many beaver!

None could run so fast as he could,
None could dive so deep as he could,
None could swim so far as he could;
None had made so many journeys,
None had seen so many wonders,
As this wonderful Iagoo,
As this marvellous storyteller!

Thus his name became a by-word
And a jest among the people!
And when'er a boastful hunter
Praised his own address too highly,
Or a warrior, home returning,
Talked too much of his achievements,
All his hearers cried, "Iagoo!
Here's Iagoo come among us!"

He it was who carved the cradle
Of the little Hiawatha,
Carved its framework out of linden,
Bound it strong with reindeer's sinews;
He it was who taught him later
How to make his bows and arrows,
How to make the bows of ash-tree,
And the arrows of the oak-tree.
So among the guests assembled
At my Hiawatha's wedding
Sat Iagoo, old and ugly,

Sat the marvellous storyteller.

And they said, "O good Iagoo,
Tell us now a tale of wonder,
Tell us of some strange adventure,
That the feast may be more joyous,
That the time may pass more gaily,
And our guests be more contented!"

And Iagoo answered straightway,
"You shall hear a tale of wonder,
You shall hear of strange adventures."

So he told the strange adventures
Of Osseo, the Magician,
From the Evening Star descended

Such was Hiawatha's Wedding,
Thus the wedding-banquet ended,
And the wedding-guests departed,
Leaving Hiawatha happy
With the night and Minnehaha.

INTERMISSION

III. HIAWATHA'S DEPARTURE

Soprano Solo

SPRING had come with all its splendour,
All its birds and all its blossoms,
All its flowers and leaves and grasses,
Sailing on the wind to northward,
Flying in great flocks, like arrows,
Like huge arrows shot through heaven,
Passed the swan, the Mahnahbezee,
Speaking almost as a man speaks;
And in long lines waving, bending
Like a bowstring snapped asunder,
The white goose, the Waw-be-wawa;
And in pairs, or singly flying,
Mahng the loon, with clangorous pinions,
The blue heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
And the grouse, the Mushkodasa.

In the thickets and the meadows
Piped the blue-bird, the Owaisa;
On the summit of the lodges
Sang the robin, the Opechee;
And the sorrowing Hiawatha,
Speechless in his infinite sorrow,
Heard their voices calling to him,
Went forth from his gloomy doorway,
Stood and gazed into the heaven,
Gazed upon the earth and waters.

CHORUS

From his wanderings far to eastward,
From the regions of the morning,
From the shining land of Wabun,
Homeward now returned Iagoo,
The great traveller, the great boaster,
Full of new and strange adventures,
Marvels many and many wonders.

And the people of the village
Listened to him as he told them
Of his marvellous adventures,
Laughing answered him in this wise:
"Ugh! it is indeed Iagoo:
No one else beholds such wonders!"

Tenor Solo

He had seen, he said, a water
Bigger than the Big-Sea Water,
Broader than the Gitche Gumee,
Bitter so that none could drink it!

CHORUS

At each other looked the warriors,
Looked the women at each other,

Smiled, and said, "It cannot be so!
Kaw!" they said, "it cannot be so!"

Tenor Solo

O'er it, said he, o'er this water
A canoe with wings came flying,
Bigger than a grove of pine-trees,
Taller than the tallest tree-tops!

CHORUS

And the old men and the women
Looked and tittered at each other.
"Kaw!" they said, "we don't believe it!"

Tenor Solo

From its mouth, he said, to greet him,
Came Waywassimo, the lightning,
Came the thunder, Annemeekee!

CHORUS

And the warriors and the women
Laughed aloud at poor Iagoo;
"Kaw!" said they, "what tales you tell us!"

Tenor Solo

In the great canoe with pinions
Came, he said, a hundred warriors;
Painted white were all their faces,
And with hair their chins were covered!

CHORUS

And the warriors and the women
Laughed and shouted in derision,
Like the ravens on the tree-tops,
Like the crows upon the hemlocks.
"Kaw!" they said, "what lies you tell us!
Do not think that we believe them!"

Only Hiawatha laughed not,
But he gravely spake and answered
To their jeering and their jesting:

Baritone Solo

"True is all Iagoo tells us;
I have seen it in a vision,
Seen the great canoe with pinions,
Seen the people with white faces,
Seen the coming of this bearded
People of the wooden vessel,
From the regions of the morning,
From the shining land of Wabun.

"Gitche Manito, the Mighty,
The Great Spirit, the Creator,

Sends them hither on his errand,
Sends them to us with his message.
Wheresoe'er they move, before them
Swarms the stinging-fly, the Ahmo,
Swarms the bee, the honey-maker;
Wheresoe'r they tread beneath them
Springs a flower unknown among us,
Springs the White-man's Foot in blossom.

"Let us welcome, then, the strangers,
Hail them as our friends and brothers,
And the heart's right hand of friendship
Give them when they come to see us.
Gitche Manito, the Mighty,
Said this to me in my vision.

"I beheld, too, in that vision
All the secrets of the future,
Of the distant days that shall be.
I beheld the westward marches
Of the unknown, crowded nations.
All the land was full of people,
Restless, struggling, toiling, striving,
Speaking many tongues, yet feeling
But one heart-beat in their bosoms.
In the woodlands rang their axes,
Smoked their towns in all the valleys,
Over all the lakes and rivers
Rushed their great canoes of thunder.

"Then a darker, drearier vision
Passed before me, vague and cloud-like.
I beheld our nations scattered,
All forgetful of my counsels,
Weakened, warring with each other;
Saw the remnants of our people
Sweeping westward, wild and woful,
Like the cloud-rack of a tempest,
Like the withered leaves of Autumn!"

CHORUS

By the shore of Gitche Gumee,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
At the doorway of his wigwam,
In the pleasant Summer morning,
Hiawatha stood and waited.

All the air was full of freshness,
All the earth was bright and joyous,
And before him through the sunshine,
Westward toward the neighboring forest
Passed in golden swarms the Ahmo,
Passed the bees, the honey-makers,
Burning, singing in the sunshine.

Bright above him shone the heavens,
Level spread the lake before him;
From its bosom leaped the sturgeon,
Sparkling, flashing in the sunshine;
On its margin the great forest
Stood reflected in the water,
Every tree-top had its shadow,
Motionless, beneath the water.

*In this manner, and with such salutations, was Father Marquette received by the Illinois. See his *Voyages et Découvertes*, Section V.

Soprano Solo

From the brow of Hiawatha
Gone was every trace of sorrow,
As a fog from off the water,
As the mist from off the meadow.
With a smile of joy and triumph,
With a look of exultation,
As of one who in a vision
Sees what is to be, but is not,
Stood and waited Hiawatha.

Towards the sun his hands were lifted,*
Both palms spread out against it,
And between the parted fingers
Fell the sunshine on his features,
Flecked with light his naked shoulders,
As it falls and flecks an oak-tree
Through the rifted leaves and branches.

O'er the water floating, flying,
Something in the hazy distance,
Something in the mists of morning,
Loomed and lifted from the water,
Now seemed floating, now seemed flying,
Coming nearer, nearer, nearer.

Was it Shingebis, the diver?
Was it the pelican, the Shada?
Or the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah?
Or the white goose, Waw-be-wawa,
With the water dripping, flashing
From its glossy neck and feathers?

CHORUS

It was neither goose nor diver,
Neither pelican nor heron,
O'er the water floating, flying,
Through the shining mist of morning,
But a birch canoe with paddles,
Rising, sinking on the water,
Dripping, flashing in the sunshine.

And within it came a people
From the distant land of Wabun,
From the farthest realms of morning
Came the Black-Robe chief, the Prophet,
He the Priest of Prayer, the Pale-face,
With his guides and his companions.

And the noble Hiawatha,
With his hands aloft extended,
Held aloft in sign of welcome,
Waited, full of exultation,
Till the birch canoe with paddles
Grated on the shining pebbles,
Till the Black-Robe chief, the Pale-face,
With the cross upon his bosom,
Landed on the sandy margin.

Then the joyous Hiawatha
Cried aloud, and spake in this wise:

Baritone Solo

"Beautiful is the sun, O strangers,
When you come so far to see us!

All our town in peace awaits you,
All our doors stand open for you:
You shall enter all our wigwams,
For the heart's right hand we give you.

"Never bloomed the earth so gaily,
Never shone the sun so brightly,
As to-day they shine and blossom,
When you come so far to see us!
Never was our lake so tranquil,
Nor so free from rocks and sand-bars ;
For your birch canoe in passing
Has removed both rock and sand-bar!

"Never before had our tobacco
Such a sweet and pleasant flavour,
Never the broad leaves of our corn-fields
Were so beautiful to look on,
As they seem to us this morning,
When you come so far to see us!"

Tenor Solo and Chorus

And the Black-Robe chief made answer,
Stammered in his speech a little,
Speaking words yet unfamiliar:
"Peace be with you, Hiawatha,
Peace be with you and your people,
Peace of prayer and peace of pardon,
Peace of Christ and joy of Mary!"

CHORUS

Then the generous Hiawatha
Led the strangers to his wigwam,
Seated them on skins of bison,
Seated them on skins of ermine,
And the careful old Nokomis
Brought them food in bowls of bass-wood,
Water brought in birchen dippers,
And the calumet, the peace-pipe,
Filled and lighted for their smoking.

All the old men of the village,
All the warriors of the nation,
All the Jossakeeds, the prophets,
The magicians, the Wabenos,
And the medicine-men, the Medas,
Came to bid the strangers welcome;
"It is well," they said, "O brothers,
That you come so far to see us!"

In a circle round the doorway,
With their pipes they sat in silence,
Waiting to behold the strangers,
Waiting to receive their message;
Till the Black-Robe chief, the Pale-face,
From the wigwam came to greet them.

Stammering in his speech a little,
Speaking words yet unfamiliar:
"It is well," they said, "O brother,
That you come so far to see us!"

Tenor Solo

Then the Black-Robe chief, the prophet,
Told his message to the people,
Told the purport of his mission,
Told them of the Virgin Mary,
And her blessed Son, the Saviour:

How in distant lands and ages
He had lived on earth as we do;
How he fasted, prayed, and laboured;
How the Jews, the tribe accursed,
Mocked him, scourged him, crucified him;
How he rose from where they laid him,
Walked again with his disciples,
And ascended into heaven.

MALE CHORUS

And the chiefs made answer saying:
"We have listened to your message,
We have heard your words of wisdom,
We will think on what you tell us.
It is well for us, O brothers,
That you come so far to see us!"

CHORUS

Then they rose up and departed
Each one homeward to his wigwam,
To the young men and the women
Told the story of the strangers
Whom the Master of Life had sent them
From the shining land of Wabun.

Heavy with the heat and silence
Grew the afternoon of Summer;
With a drowsy sound the forest
Whispered round the sultry wigwam,
With a sound of sleep the water
Rippled on the beach below it;
From the cornfields shrill and ceaseless
Sang the grasshopper, Pah-puk-keena;
And the guests of Hiawatha,
Weary with the heat of Summer,
Slumbered in the sultry wigwam.

Slowly o'er the simmering landscape
Fell the evening's dusk and coolness,
And the long and level sunbeams
Shot their spears into the forest,
Breaking through its shields of shadow,
Rushed into each secret ambush,
Searched each thicket, dingle, hollow;
Still the guests of Hiawatha
Slumbered in the silent wigwam.

From his place rose Hiawatha,
Bade farewell to old Nokomis,
Spoke in whispers, spake in this wise,
Did not wake the guests that slumbered:

Baritone Solo

"I am going, O Nokomis,
On a long and distant journey,
To the portals of the Sunset,
To the regions of the home-wind.
But these guests I leave behind me,
In your watch and ward I leave them;
See that never harm comes near them,
See that never fear molests them,
Never danger nor suspicion,
Never want of food or shelter,
In the lodge of Hiawatha!"

CHORUS

Forth into the village went he,
Bade farewell to all the warriors,
Bade farewell to all the young men,
Spake persuading, spake in this wise:

Baritone Solo

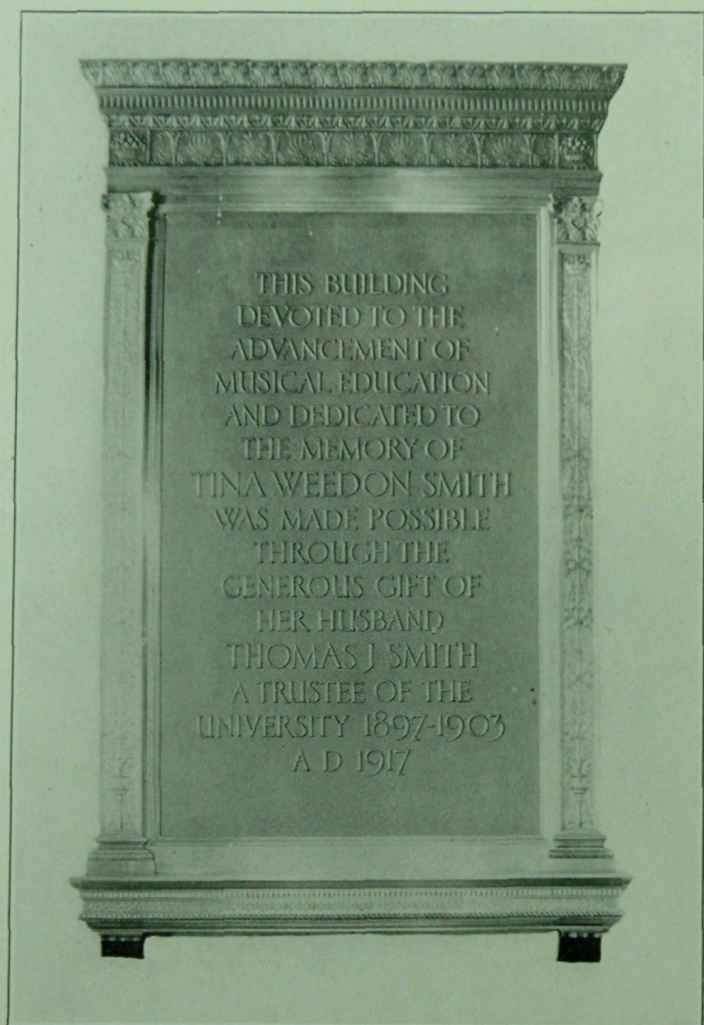
"I am going, O my people,
On a long and distant journey:
Many moons and many winters
Will have come, and will have vanished,
Ere I come again to see you.
But my guests I leave behind me;
Listen to their words of wisdom,
Listen to the truth they tell you,
For the Master of Life has sent them
From the land of light and morning!"

CHORUS

And they said, "Farewell for ever!"
Said, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"

And the forests, dark and lonely,
Moved through all their depths of darkness,
Sighed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"
And the waves upon the margin
Rising, rippling on the pebbles,
Sobbed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
From her haunts among the fenlands,
Screamed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"

Thus departed Hiawatha,
Hiawatha the Beloved,
In the glory of the sunset,
In the purple mists of evening,
To the regions of the home-wind,
To the Northwest wind, Keewaydin,
Of the Islands of the Blessed,
To the Kingdom of Ponemah,
To the land of the Hereafter!



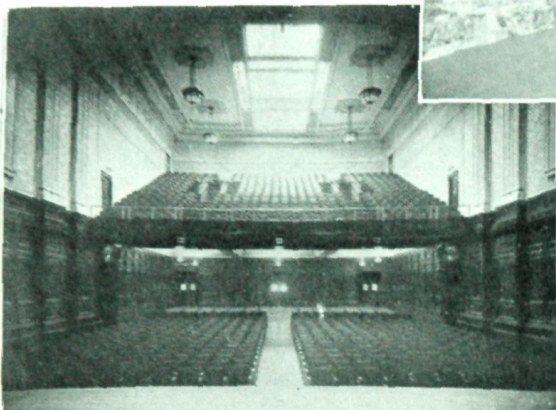
Tablet in Foyer of Smith Memorial Hall

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Director Frederic B. Stiven, Chairman

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Professor Henry B. Ward



*Recital Hall from Stage
Stairway to Balcony*



*Memorial Room
One of the Main Staircases*

