

# TWENTIETH PROGRAM

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 1, 2:15

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 2, 8:15

SOLOIST: MME. PAULINE STRAUSS DE AHNA

## RICHARD WAGNER

VORSPIEL, "*Die Meistersinger.*"

## RICHARD STRAUSS

(The Composer Conducting)

TONE-POEM, "*Thus Spake Zarathustra,*" Opus 30.

SONGS: a. *Das Rosenband,* Opus 36, No. 1.

b. *Liebeshymnus,* Opus 32, No. 3.

c. *Morgen!* Opus 27, No. 4.

d. *Cäcilie,* Opus 27, No. 2.

### INTERMISSION

RONDO, "*Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks,*" Opus 28.

SONGS: a. *Meinem Kinde,* Opus 37, No. 3.

b. *Muttertändelei,* Opus 43, No. 2.

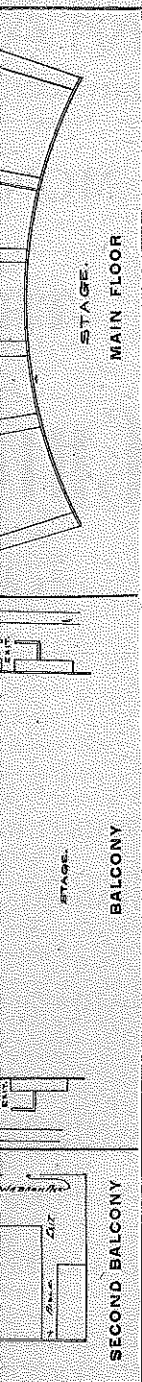
c. *Wiegenlied,* Opus 41, No. 1.

TONE-POEM. "*Death and Transfiguration.*" Opus 24.

STEINWAY PIANO USED

Advance Programs on Pages 33 and 35.

NOTE—On account of numerous complaints which have reached the office, the management requests the ladies to observe the city ordinance by removing their hats. Ushers have been instructed to direct attention to the foregoing.



PROGRAM NOTES—CONTINUED

Richard Strauss.

Born June 11, 1864, at Munich.

*Tone-Poem, Opus 30,  
"Thus Spake Zarathustra."*

This remarkable composition was inspired by certain passages in the "prose-poem" (as it is called by the translator, Alexander Tille) "Also Sprach Zarathustra" by the late Friedrich Nietzsche (1844-1900), a writer who acquired considerable notoriety in the musical world by first supporting Richard Wagner's cause (in 1872 and 1876) and afterward attacking it—some twelve years later, just prior to his mental collapse. On the fly-leaf of the score are found the following lines from Zarathustra's "Introductory Speech"—the preface to Nietzsche's poem:—

"Having attained the age of thirty, Zarathustra left his home and the lake of his home and went into the mountains. There he rejoiced in his spirit and his loneliness, and for ten years did not grow weary of it. But at last his heart turned. One morning he got up with the dawn, stepped into the presence of the Sun and thus spake unto him: 'Thou great star! What would be thy happiness, were it not for those for whom thou shinest? For ten years thou hast come up here to my cave. Thou wouldst have got sick of thy light and thy journey but for me, mine eagle and my serpent. But we waited for thee every morning, and receiving from thee thine abundance, blessed thee for it. Lo! I am weary of my wisdom, like the bee that hath collected too much honey; I need hands reaching out for it. I would fain grant and distribute until the wise among men could once more enjoy their folly, and the poor once more their riches. For that end I must descend to the depth, as thou dost at even, when sinking behind the sea, thou givest light to the lower regions, thou resplendent star! I must, like thee, go down, as men say—men to whom I would descend. Thou bless me, thou impassive eye, that canst look without envy even upon over-much happiness. Bless the cup which is about to overflow, so that the water golden-flowing out of it may carry everywhere the reflection of thy rapture. Lo! this cup is about to empty itself again, and Zarathustra will once more become a man.' Thus Zarathustra's going down began."

But—contrary to the purpose of most fly-leaf inscriptions, the above is not to be construed as a "program" of this composition, being apparently nothing more nor less than an introduction to the same, just as it is part of the introduction to Nietzsche's book; and sundry annotations made by the composer at intervals along through the score indicate that the music begins (not counting the short introduction) at the point where the quotation leaves off, or, in other words, with Zarathustra's "going down"—which latter, by the way, is not to be interpreted "downfall." In order to comprehend Strauss' tone-poem it is necessary to have a clear conception of Nietzsche's extraordinary work and the character he has drawn, a knowledge which may be best derived from some passages in Tille's preface to his translation:—

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PROGRAM NOTES—CONTINUED

"The work," says he, "takes its title from the mythological founder or reformer of the Avestic religion, *Zarathustra*, whose name, in its Greek mutilated form, *Zoroaster*, is familiar to British readers. . . . Nietzsche had made some studies in oriental religious literature, . . . yet he either neglected Persian religious tradition or purposely in his prose poem made no use of any knowledge he possessed in that field. Though attracted by the solemn sound of the name, which, in a high degree pleased his musical ear, he declined to describe the life of his hero after the model of the Gâthas, which according to Professor Darmesteter, form the oldest part of the Avesta, though belonging, in their present form at least, to no earlier date than the first century of our era. Nietzsche's *Zarathustra* is neither of the family of Spitama, nor is he the husband of Frahaoshtra's daughter Huogvi, nor yet the father-in-law of Jâmâspa, who had married Pourusishta, Zarathustra's daughter; but he has been disentangled from the whole mythological circle, of which the *Zarathustra* of Persian sacred tradition is part. He is a solitary man, he has no relations, not even a sister. But, like Buddha, Christ, and old Zarathustra, he has a few disciples. . . . The modern *Zarathustra* is neither killed in the battle nor has he any sons who might carry on his work after his death. He stands quite alone, his only permanent companions being two animals, an eagle and a serpent. He is neither an historical nor a mythical person, but a "ghost," as Nietzsche would have called him, a type existing nowhere, and yet the incorporation of wishes and aspirations; an ideal reflected in a human image; a man as man should be in Nietzsche's opinion, and as he would have liked to be himself. . . . The scene of *Thus Spake Zarathustra* is laid, as it were, outside of time and space, and certainly outside of countries and nations, outside of this age, and outside of the main condition of all that lives—the struggle for existence. *Zarathustra* has not to work for his bread, but has got it without effort. His eagle and his serpent provide him with all he needs, and whenever they are not with him he finds men who supply him. . . . True, in his story there appear cities and mob, kings and scholars, poets and cripples, but outside of their realm there is a province which is *Zarathustra's* own, where he lives in his cave amid the rocks, and whence he thrice goes to men to teach them his wisdom, pointing away from all that unites and separates men at present. This *Nowhere* and *Nowhen*, over which Nietzsche's imagination is supreme, is a province of boundless individualism, in which a man of mark has free play, unfettered by the tastes and inclinations of the multitude. . . . *Thus Spake Zarathustra* is a kind of summary of the intellectual life of the nineteenth century, and it is on this fact that its principal significance rests. It unites in itself a number of mental movements which, in literature as well as in various sciences, have made themselves felt separately during the last hundred years, without going far beyond them. By bringing them into contact, although not always into uncontradictory relation, Nietzsche transfers them from mere existence in philosophy, or scientific literature in general, into the sphere of the creed or *Weltanschauung* of the educated classes, and thus his book becomes capable of influencing the views and strivings of a whole age."

So *Zarathustra* "goes down" from the mountains and preaches to mankind:—

"Arriving at the next town which lieth nigh the forests, *Zarathustra* found there many folk gathered in the market; for a performance had been promised by a rope-dancer. And *Zarathustra* thus spake unto the folk: '*I teach you beyond-man*. Man is a something that shall be surpassed. . . . Beyond-man is the significance of earth. . . . I conjure you, my brethren, *remain faithful to earth* and do not believe those who speak unto you of superterrestrial hopes! . . . Once soul looked contemptuously upon body; that contempt then being the highest ideal, soul wished the body meagre, hideous, starved. Thus soul thought it could escape body and earth. Oh! that soul was itself meagre, hideous, starved; cruelty was the lust of that soul! But ye also, my brethren, speak; what telleth your body of your soul? Is your soul not poverty and dirt and a miserable ease? Verily a muddy sea is man. One

PROGRAM NOTES—CONTINUED

must be a sea to be able to receive a muddy stream without becoming unclean. Behold, I teach you beyond-man; he is that sea, in him your great contempt can sink. . . . Man is a rope connecting animal and beyond-man—a rope over a precipice. Dangerous over, dangerous on-the-way, dangerous looking backward, dangerous shivering and making a stand. What is great in man is that he is a bridge and not a goal; what can be loved in man is that he is a *transition* and a *destruction*. . . . It is time for man to mark out his goal. It is time for man to plant the germ of his highest hope. His soil is still rich enough for that purpose. But one day that soil will be impoverished and tame, no high tree being any longer able to grow from it.' "

The form of Strauss' composition is, of course, entirely free and rhapsodical; and, as such, admits of nothing more comprehensive than a general description—not a technical analysis. Some have affected to discern in it the struggle of a mind aspiring to freedom from doubt and uncertainty, finding in the "Delights and Passions" episode a reckless endeavor to escape from mental torture; in the "Science" passage a despairing attempt to figure out existence and futurity; in the "Dance Song" the "beyond-man's" expression of joy at his final emancipation, etc. But this is as it may be: the composer has made the annotations mentioned, and as they are literally the titles of certain chapters (or "speeches") in Nietzsche's book it seems reasonable to infer that the key to the music lies there. Wherefore, the following synopsis of these several annotations—together with as much as space allows of Nietzsche's text relating thereto (as translated by Mr. Tille), is submitted by way of partial explanation:—

First, an introduction in which the trumpets give out the following simple yet stately motive—

No. 1



leading straightway to a mighty climax for the full orchestra and organ—evidently symbolical of the fly-leaf quotation: Zarathustra has not yet "gone down." Then, immediately following this exhibition of tonal splendor, stands the heading "Of Back-Worlds-Men"—those who seek consolation in religion, and to whom Zarathustra has gone down to teach the "beyond-man." Now, Zarathustra also once had been a dweller of the "back-world"—

" . . . Then the world seemed to me the work of a suffering and tortured God. A dream then the world appeared to me, and a God's fiction; colored smoke before the eyes of a god-like discontented one. . . . Alas! brethren, that God whom I created was man's work and man's madness, like all Gods! Man he was, and but a poor piece of man and the I. From mine own ashes and flame it came unto me, that ghost, yea verily! It did not come unto me from beyond! What happened, brethren? I overcame myself, the sufferer, and carrying mine own ashes unto the mountains invented for myself a brighter flame. And lo! the ghost *departed* from me."

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PROGRAM NOTES—CONTINUED

Then the heading "Of Great Longing"—wherewith the following theme presents itself:—

No. 2

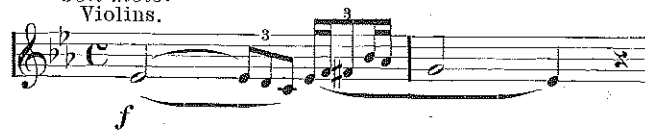


" . . . O my soul, I understand the smile of thy melancholy. Thine over-great riches themselves now stretch out longing hands! Thy fulness gazeth over roaring seas and seeketh and waiteth. The longing of over-abundance gazeth from the smiling heaven of thine eyes! And, verily, O my soul! who could see thy smile and not melt into tears? Angels themselves melt into tears because of the over-kindness of thy smile. Thy kindness and over-kindness wanteth not to complain and cry! And yet, O my soul, thy smile longeth for tears, and thy trembling mouth longeth to sob. 'Is not all crying a complaining? And all complaining an accusing?' Thus thou speaketh unto thyself, and therefore, O my soul, thou likest better to smile than to pour out thy sorrow. . . . But if thou wilt not cry, nor give forth in tears thy purple melancholy, thou wilt have to sing, O my soul! Behold, I myself smile who foretell such things unto thee. . . . O my soul, now I have given thee all, and even my last, and all my hands have been emptied by giving unto thee! My bidding thee sing, lo, that was the last thing I had!"

The next episode—"Of Delights and Passions," will be recognized from the following illustration, while the subjoined quotation is an epitome of the "speech" to which Nietzsche gave this title:—

No. 3

*Con moto.*  
Violins.



"My brother, when thou hast a virtue, and it is thy virtue, thou hast it in common with nobody. . . . Once having passions thou calledst them evil. Now, however, thou hast nothing but thy virtues: they grew out of thy passions. Thou laidest thy highest goal upon these passions: then they became thy virtues and delights. . . . At last all thy passions grew virtues, and all thy devils angels. . . . And from this time forth, nothing evil groweth out of thee, unless it be the evil that groweth out of the struggle of thy virtues. My brother, if thou hast good luck, thou hast one virtue and no more: thus thou walkest more easily over the bridge. It is a distinction to have many virtues, but a hard lot; and many having gone to the desert killed themselves, because they were tired of being the battle and battlefield of virtues. . . . Jealous is each virtue of the other, and a terrible thing is jealousy. Even virtues may perish from jealousy."

Next, "The Grave-Song"—at which point the oboe sings a melody similar to the one just quoted, in conjunction with the motive of "Great Longing" (2)—

" 'Yonder is the island of graves, the silent. Yonder also are the graves of my youth. Thither will I carry an evergreen wreath of life.' Resolving this

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PROGRAM NOTES—CONTINUED

in my heart I went over the sea. Oh, ye, ye visions and apparitions of my youth! Oh, all ye glances of love, ye divine moments! How could ye die so quickly for me! This day I think of you as my dead ones. From your direction, my dearest dead ones, a sweet odour cometh unto me, an odour setting free heart and tears. . . . Still I am the richest and he who is to be envied most—I, the loneliest! For I have had you, and ye have me still. . . ."

"Of Science"—a fugal episode based on the theme first quoted:

"Thus sang the Wizard. And all who were there assembled, fell unawares like birds into the net of his cunning. . . . Only the conscientious one of the spirit had not been caught. He quickly took the harp from the wizard, crying: 'Air! Let good air come in! Let Zarathustra come in! Thou makest this cave sultry and poisonous, thou bad old wizard! Thou seducest, thou false one, thou refined one, unto unknown desires and wilderness. . . . Adas, for all free spirits, who are not on their guard against such wizards! Gone is their freedom. Thou teachest and thereby allurest back into prisons! We seem to be very different. And, verily, we spake and thought enough together. . . . to enable me to know we are different. We seek different things. . . . ye and I. For I seek more security. . . . But, when I see the eyes ye make, methinketh almost ye seek more insecurity.' . . ."

Some distance further on—after a violent passage for the full orchestra, stands the caption "The Convalescent One"—

No. 4



"One morning . . . Zarathustra jumped up from his couch like a madman. He cried with a terrible voice, and behaved as if some one else was lying on the couch and would not get up from it. And so sounded Zarathustra's voice that his animals ran unto him in terror, and that from all caves and hiding places which were nigh unto Zarathustra's cave all animals hurried away. . . . he fell down like one dead, and remained long like one dead. But, when he again became conscious he was pale and trembled and remained lying, and for a long while would neither eat nor drink. . . . At last, after seven days, Zarathustra rose on his couch, took a rose apple in his hand, smelt it, and found its odor sweet. Then his animals thought the time had come for speaking unto him. . . . 'Speak not further, thou convalescent one! . . . but go out where the world waiteth for thee like a garden. Go out unto the roses and bees and flocks of doves! But especially unto the singing birds, that thou mayest learn *singing* from them! For singing is good for the convalescent; the healthy one may speak. And when the healthy one wanteth songs also, he wanteth other songs than the convalescent one. . . . Speak no further, . . . rather, thou convalescent one, make first a lyre, a new lyre! For, behold, O Zarathustra! For thy new songs, new lyres are requisite. Sing and foam over, O Zarathustra, heal thy soul with new songs, that thou mayest carry thy great fate that hath not yet been any man's fate!' . . . But Zarathustra did not hear, . . . he lay still with his eyes closed, like one asleep, although he did not sleep. For he was communing with his soul."

"The Dance-Song" is heralded by trilling passages in the wood-winds—

"One night Zarathustra went through the forest with his disciples, and when seeking for a well, behold! he came unto a green meadow which was surrounded by trees and bushes. There girls danced together. As soon as the girls knew Zarathustra, they ceased to dance; but Zarathustra approached them with a friendly gesture and spake these words: 'Cease not to dance, ye sweet girls!

PROGRAM NOTES—CONTINUED

True, I am a forest and a night of dark trees, but he who is not afraid of my darkness, findeth banks full of roses under my cypresses. And I think he will also find the tiny God whom girls like best. Beside the well he lieth, still with his eyes shut. Verily, in broad daylight he fell asleep, the sluggard! Did he perhaps try to catch too many butterflies? Be not angry with me, ye beautiful dancers, if I chastise a little the tiny God! True, he will probably cry and weep; but even when weeping he causeth laughter! And with tears in his eyes shall he ask you for a dance; and I myself shall sing a song unto his dance: . . . And this is the song sung by Zarathustra, when Cupid and the girls danced together: . . . But when the dance was finished and the girls had departed, sad he grew."

"The Song of the Night-Wanderer" is ushered in with a heavy stroke of the bell:—

No. 5



Twelve times the bell sounds, gradually dying away to the softest *pianissimo*

ONE!

O man! Lose not sight!

TWO!

What saith the deep midnight?

THREE!

"I lay in sleep, in sleep;

FOUR!

From deep dream I woke to light.

FIVE!

The world is deep,

SIX!

And deeper than ever day thought it might.

SEVEN!

Deep is its woe,—

EIGHT!

And deeper still than woe—delight."

NINE!

Saith woe: "Pass, go!

TEN!

Eternity is sought by all delight,—

ELEVEN!

Eternity deep—by all delight!"

TWELVE!

Then, in conclusion, a short passage ending enigmatically on a mysterious discord—the violins and some of the wood-winds in B major, while the basses sound C natural *pizzicato*; as if Zarathustra had lost himself in perplexity, in the conviction that his philosophy, after all, had brought him nothing, and that he was no more master of the secrets of life in the end than at the beginning.

PROGRAM NOTES—CONTINUED

Songs.

DAS ROSEN BAND.

Im Frühlingschatten fand ich sie,  
Da band ich sie mit Rosenbändern:  
Sie fühlt es nicht und schlummerte.  
Ich sah sie an; mein Leben hing  
Mit diesem Blick an ihrem Leben;  
Ich fühlt' es wohl und wusst' es nicht.  
Doch lispelt ich ihr sprachlos zu  
Und rauschte mit den Rosenbändern:  
Da wachte sie vom Schlummer auf.  
Sie sah mich an; ihr Leben hing  
Mit diesem Blick an meinem Leben.  
Und um uns ward's Elysium.  
FRIEDRICH GOTTLIEB KLOPFSTOCK.

THE ROSE-CHAIN.

I found her hid in rosy bow'r,  
And bound her hands with rosy fetters:  
She slumber'd on, a folded flow'r.  
I gazed on her; my life, it seem'd,  
In that fond gaze to hers 'twas fetter'd:  
I felt it all as though I dream'd.  
I whisper'd soft in accents meet  
And shook the fragrant rosy fetters:  
She woke from rosy slumber sweet.  
She gazed on me; her life, it seem'd,  
In that fond gaze to mine 'twas fetter'd,  
We awoke to delights Elysian.  
(English words by JOHN BERNHOFF.)

LIEBESHYMNUS.

Heil jenem Tag, der dich geboren,  
Heil ihm, da ich zuerst dich sah!  
In deiner Augen Glanz verloren  
Steh ich ein sel'ger Träumer da.  
Mir scheint der Himmel aufzugehn,  
Den ich von ferne nur gehaut,  
Und eine Sonne darf ich sehn,  
Daran die Sehnsucht nur gemahnt.  
Wie schön mein Bild in diesem Blicke!  
In diesem Blick mein Glück wie gross!  
Und flehend ruf' ich zum Geschieke:  
O weile, weile wandellos!  
KARL HENCKELL.

LOVE'S PLEADING.

Hail to the day that gave thee being.  
Glad hour, when first I saw thy face!  
Beneath thy dark eyes' glowing splendour,  
Entranced I stand a-dream and gaze.  
Heav'n's glories seem to ope' before me,  
Which but in dreams I dared devine,  
My star of hope at last has risen,  
Where love and longing fond entwine.  
Mine image true those eyes reflecting,  
Whose gaze doth all my bliss embrace!  
Oh, go not hence my prayer rejecting:  
Oh linger, linger full of grace.  
(English words by JOHN BERNHOFF.)

MORGEN!

Und morgen wird die Sonne wieder scheinen,  
Und auf dem Wege, den ich gehen werde,  
Wird uns die Glücklichen sie wieder einen  
Inmitten dieser sonnenatmenden Erde;  
Und zu dem Strand, dem weiten, wogen-  
blauen  
Werden wir still und langsam niedersteigen,  
Stumm werden wir uns in die Augen schauen,  
Und auf uns sinkt des Glückes stummes  
Schweigen.  
JOHN HENRY MACKAY.

TOMORROW!

To-morrow's sun will rise in glory beaming,  
And in the pathway that my foot shall  
wander,  
We'll meet, forget the earth, and lost in  
dreaming,  
Let Heav'n unite a love that earth no more  
shall sunder;  
And towards that shore, its billows softly  
flowing,  
Our hands entwined, our footsteps slowly  
wending,  
Gaze in each other's eyes in love's soft  
splendour glowing,  
Mute with tears of joy and bliss ne'er  
ending.  
(English words by JOHN BERNHOFF.)

CÄCILIE.

Wenn du es wüsstest was träumen heisst  
Von brennenden Küssen, von Wandern und  
ruhen  
Mit der Geliebten Aug' in Auge und kosend  
und plaudernd,  
Wenn du es wüsstest, du neigtest dein Herz!  
Wenn du es wüsstest was bangen heisst  
In einsamen Nächten, umschauert vom  
Sturm,  
Da Niemand tröstet milden Mundes die  
kampfmüde Seele,  
Wenn du es wüsstest, du kämest zu mir.

CECILY.

If you but knew, sweet, what 'tis to dream  
Of fond, burning kisses, of wand'ring and  
resting  
With the belov'd one; gazing fondly, caressing  
and whisp'ring,  
Could I but tell you, your heart would assent.  
If you but knew, sweet, the anguish of waking  
Through nights long and lonely, and rocked  
by the storm  
When no one is near to soothe and comfort  
the strife-weary spirit,  
Could I but tell you, you'd come, sweet, to me.  
If you but knew, sweet, what living is  
In the creative breath of God, Lord and  
Maker,  
To hover, upborne on dove-like pinions to  
regions of light,  
Could I but tell you, you'd dwell, sweet, with  
me.  
(English words by JOHN BERNHOFF.)

Wenn du es wüsstest was Leben heisst  
Umhaucht von der Gottheit welterschaffendem  
Athen,  
Zu schweben empor lichtgetragen zu seligen  
Höh'n,  
Wenn du es wüsstest, du lebstest mit mir!  
HENRICH HART.

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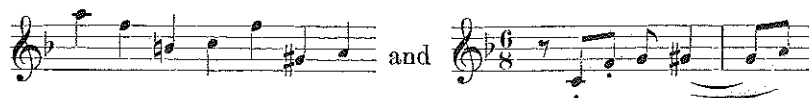
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PROGRAM NOTES—CONTINUED

Rondo, Opus 28,  
 "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks."

When this composition was first performed (at Cologne, November 5, 1895) the author was asked to furnish a synopsis of its contents, whereupon he replied: "It is impossible for me to furnish a program to Eulenspiegel; were I to put into words the thoughts which its several incidents suggested to me, they would seldom suffice and might even give rise to offense. Let me leave it, therefore, to my hearers to 'crack the hard nut' which the rogue has provided for them. By way of helping them to a better understanding, it seems sufficient to point out the two Eulenspiegel motives—



which, in the most manifold disguises, moods and situations, pervade the whole up to the catastrophe, when—after he has been condemned to death, Till is strung up to the gibbet. For the rest let them guess at the musical joke which a rogue has offered them." Three days later, however, there appeared in the Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung the following analysis by Wilhelm Klatte (the translation—somewhat condensed, being reproduced from the London Crystal Palace program of October 29, 1898).

A strong sense of German folk-feeling (Des Volksthümlichen) pervades the whole work, the source from which the tone-poet drew his inspiration being clearly indicated in the introductory bars:—

No. 1  
 Violins.



To some extent this stands for the "Once upon a time" of the story-books. That what follows is not to be treated in the pleasant and agreeable manner of narrative poesy, but in a more sturdy fashion, is at once made apparent by the characteristic bassoon figure (1a) which breaks in *sforzato* upon the *piano* of the strings. Of equal importance, for the development of the piece, is the immediately following humorous horn theme:—

No. 2



ERICK J.  
WENSON  
ARTS BUILDING

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1903 to 1900  
Singing, Milan, Italy.  
Italian Method

MAX attention paid to voice  
and the correction of erroneous  
pronunciation. Elimination of breaks  
and force in tone production.

Concerts and Recitals

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Profits, \$1,600,000.00

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Arts Building

PROGRAM NOTES—CONTINUED

Commencing quietly and gradually becoming more lively, it is at first heard against a *tremolo* of the divided violins, and then again in the first tempo (*vivace*). This theme, or at least the kernel of it, is taken up in turn by the oboes, clarinets, violas, violoncellos and bassoons, and is finally brought by the full orchestra—except trumpets and trombones, after a few bars *crescendo*, to a dominant half-close, *fortissimo*, in C. The thematic material, according to the main point, has now been fixed upon; the "milieu" is given by which we are enabled to recognize the pranks and droll tricks which the crafty schemer is about to bring before our eyes, or, rather, before our ears. Here he is:—

No. 3



He wanders through the land as a thorough-going adventurer (4a):—

No. 4



His clothes are tattered and torn; a queer fragmentary version of the Eulenspiegel motive (3) resounds from the horns. Following a merry play with this important leading motive, which directly leads to a short but brilliant *tutti* in which it again asserts itself, first in the first flutes, and then finally merges into a softly murmuring and extended *tremolo* for the violas, this same motive, gracefully phrased, reappears in succession in the basses, flutes, first violins, and again in the basses. The rogue, putting on his best manners, slyly passes through the gate, and enters a certain city. It is market day; the women sit at their stalls and prattle (flutes, oboes and clarinets). Hop! Eulenspiegel springs on his horse (indicated by rapid triplets extending through three bars from the low D of the bass clarinet to the highest A of the D clarinet), gives a smack of his whip, and rides into the midst of the crowd! Clink! clash! clatter! A confused sound of broken pots and pans, and the market women are put to flight! In haste the rascal rides away (as is admirably illustrated by a *fortissimo* passage for the trombones) and secures a safe retreat. This was his first merry prank; a second follows immediately:—

No. 5



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- TERBOTHAM, Mrs. J. R.

PROGRAM NOTES—CONTINUED

Eulenspiegel has put on the vestments of a priest, and assumes quite an unctuous mien. Though posing as a preacher of morals, the rogue peeps out from the folds of his mantle (the Eulenspiegel motive on the clarinet points to the imposture). He fears for the success of his scheme. The following figure, played by muted violins, horns and trumpets, makes it plain that he does not feel comfortable in his borrowed plumes. But soon he makes up his mind. Away with all scruples! He tears them off (solo violin, *glissando*). Again the Eulenspiegel theme (3) is brought forward in the previous lively tempo, but now subtly metamorphosed and chivalrously colored; Eulenspiegel has become a Don Juan, and waylays pretty women:—

No. 6



Horn. Cello.

And, by Jove! one has bewitched him; Eulenspiegel is in love! Hear now how, glowing with love, the violins, clarinets and flutes sing—

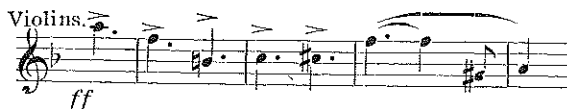
No. 7



Vln. Fl. Clar.

But in vain. His advances are received with derision, and he goes away in a rage. How can one treat him so slightly? Is he not a splendid fellow?

No. 8



Violins.

*ff*

Vengeance on the whole human race! Having thus given vent to his rage (in a *fortissimo* of the horns in unison), strange personages suddenly draw near:—

No. 9



Cello.

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## PROGRAM NOTES—CONTINUED

A troop of worthy Philistines! In an instant all his anger is forgotten! But it is still his chief joy to make fun of those lords and protectors of blameless decorum and to mock them, as is apparent from the lively accentuated fragments of the theme (2), now heard first in the horns, violins and violoncellos, and then in the trumpets, oboes and flutes. And now that Eulenspiegel has had his joke, he goes away, leaving the professors and doctors behind in thoughtful meditation. Fragments of No. 9 are here treated canonically. Suddenly the wood-winds, violins and trumpets project the Eulenspiegel theme (3) into their profound philosophy. It is as if the transcendent rogue were making faces at the big-wigs from a distance—again and again—and then waggishly running away. This is aptly characterized by a short episode in a hopping 2-4 rhythm which is followed by phantom-like tones from the wood-winds and strings, and then also from the trombones and horns. Has our rogue still no foreboding of what is good? Interwoven with theme 1, lightly indicated by the trumpets and the English horn, the following figure is developed from No. 2:—

No. 10



This is first taken up by the clarinets and seems to express that the arch-villain again has the upper hand with Eulenspiegel and that he has relapsed into his old mode of life. From a formal point of view we have now reached the repetition of the principal theme (2). A merry jester, and always given to lying, Eulenspiegel goes wherever he can pass off a hoax. His insolence knows no bounds. Alas! a sudden breach is made in his wanton humor! Hollow rolls the drum; the jailer drags the rascally prisoner before the criminal tribunal, which thunders forth a verdict of "guilty" upon the brazen-faced knave. To the threatening chords of the winds and lower strings his motive (3) quite calmly replies: Eulenspiegel lies! Again the threatening tones respond, but Eulenspiegel does not own his guilt. On the contrary, he boldly lies for the third time! It is all up with him. Fear seizes him. The fatal moment draws near; Eulenspiegel's hour has struck! The descending leap of minor seventh in the bassoons, horns, trombones and tuba, betokens his death! And this he has met by hanging! A last struggle (indicated by the flutes), and his soul has taken its flight. Following the sad and tremulous *pizzicati* of the strings the epilogue is commenced. At first it is almost identical with the introductory bars (1) which are repeated in full; then the most essential parts of Nos. 2 and 3 are reverted to, and finally merge into the soft chord of the sixth upon A flat, sustained by the wood-winds and divided violins. Eulenspiegel has become a legendary personage; the folk relate their stories about him: "Once upon a time—" But that he was a merry rogue and a thorough devil of a fellow seems to be expressed by the final eight bars given out *fortissimo* by the full orchestra.

## Songs.

### MEINEM KINDE.

Du schläfst und sachte neig' ich mich  
Über dein Bettchen und segne dich.  
Jeder behutsame Athemzug  
Ist ein schweifender Himmelsflug,  
Ist ein suchen weit umher,  
Ob nicht doch ein Sternlein wär',  
Wo aus eitel Glanz und Licht  
Liebe sich ein Glückskraut bricht,  
Das sie geflügelt hernieder trägt  
Und dir auf's weisse Deckchen lagt.

GUSTAV FALKE.

### TO MY BABY.

Thou sleep'st, and I bend me o'er thee, sweet,  
Over thy cradle a prayer repeat.  
Each softest breath is a prayer to Heav'n  
That its blessing to thee be given.  
Up it soars to starry height,  
Thro' the balmy summer night,  
Where each orb, a silver flow'r,  
Charms the soul with magic pow'r.  
O may its light brighten baby's life  
And shine thro' this dark world of strife!  
(English words by JOHN BERNHOFF.)

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## PROGRAM NOTES—CONTINUED

### MUTTERTÄNDELLEI.

Seht mir doch mein schönes Kind,  
Mit den gold'nen Zettelöckchen,  
Blauen Augen, rothen Bäckchen!  
Leutechen, habt ihr auch so eins?  
Leutechen, nein, ihr habt keins!

Seht mir doch mein süßes Kind,  
Fetter als ein fettes Schneekchen,  
Süsser als ein Zuckerweckchen!  
Leutechen, habt ihr auch so eins?  
Leutechen, nein, ihr habt keins!

Seht mir doch mein holdes Kind,  
Nicht zu mürrisch, nicht zu wählig!  
Immer freundlich, immer fröhlich!  
Leutechen, habt ihr auch so eins?  
Leutechen, nein, ihr habt keins!

Seht mir doch mein frommes Kind!  
Keine bitterböse Sieben  
Würd' ihr Mütterchen so lieben.  
Leutechen, mächtet ihr so eins?  
O, ihr kriegt gewiss nicht meins!

Komm' einmal ein Kaufmann her!  
Hunderttausend blanke Thaler,  
Alles Gold der Erde zahl' er!  
O, er kriegt gewiss nicht meins!  
Kauf' er sich wo anders eins!  
GOTTFRIED AUGUST BÜRGER.

### WIEGENLIED.

Träume, träume du, mein süßes Leben,  
Von dem Himmel, der die Blumen bringt.  
Blüten schimmern da, die beben  
Von dem Lied, das deine Mutter singt.

Träume, träume, Knospe meiner Sorgen,  
Von dem Tage, da die Blume spross;  
Von dem hellen Blütenmorgen,  
Da dein Seelchen sich der Welt erschloss.

Träume, träume, Blüte meiner Liebe,  
Von der stillen, von der heil'gen Nacht,  
Da die Blume seiner Liebe  
Diese Welt zum Himmel mir gemacht.  
RICHARD DEHMEL.

### MOTHER-LOVE.

Come and see my pretty child,  
With cheeks ruddy like a cherry,  
Curls so golden, eyes so merry—  
Good folk, have you such a one?  
Good folk, no, you have none.

Come and see my darling child,  
Fat as a snail, only fatter.  
Sweet as a pudding of batter—  
Good folk, have you such a one?  
Good folk, no, you have none.

Come and see my gentle child,  
Never dainty, never snappy.  
Always friendly, always happy.  
Good folk, have you such a one?  
Good folk, no, you have none.

Come and see my angel child,  
Angel—for I'm sure no other  
Could so dearly love its mother.  
Good folk, would you like my pet?  
Mine, good folk, you'll never get.

If a merchant comes this way,  
Piles of silver in his coffer,  
All the earth's gold let him offer—  
Mine he will not get, I swear:  
Let him go and try elsewhere.  
(English words by ALFRED KALISCH.)

### LULLABY.

Dream dear, dream dear, for the earth is  
darkening,  
Dream of Heaven and the flow'rs it brings.  
Blossoms quiver there, while hearkening  
To the song thy tender mother sings.

Dream dear, dream dear, ever since the  
dawning  
Of the day that brought my blossom here,  
Since that brightest happy morning,  
Thy dear care is all my joy and fear.

Dream dear, dream dear, flow'r of my de-  
votion,  
Of that happy, of that holy night,  
When the bud of his devotion  
Made my world as Heaven through its  
light.

### Tone-Poem, Opus 24, "Death and Transfiguration."

"Death and Transfiguration," the third of Strauss' "tone-poems," was composed in 1890 and produced shortly afterward at Eisenach—at a meeting of the Allgemeine Deutsche Verein. The key to the structure of this elaborate composition is to be found in some expressive verses by the Hungarian poet Nikolaus Lenau (Niernbsch von Strehlenau—1802-'50) which the author has inscribed upon the fly-leaf of the score, and which are reprinted here as

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## PROGRAM NOTES—CONCLUDED

the safest guide to the meaning of the music—the latter being too free in point of form and treatment to lend itself readily to condensed technical analysis:—

In a small and humble chamber,  
Where a candle dimly burns,  
Lies a sick man on his pallet,  
Who a moment since with Death  
Wildly, desperately has struggled.  
Tranquil now he is, and sleeps,  
While the ticking of the old clock  
Is the only sound that's heard  
In the room whose calm appalling  
Marks the near approach of death.  
O'er the wan and wasted features  
Melancholy smiles oft pass;  
Does he, at life's very border,  
Dream of childhood's golden days?  
Death, tho' still kept in abeyance,  
Grants not respite long for dreams;  
Cruelly it shakes its victim,  
And again begins the struggle.  
Life and death, in conflict dire,  
Wrestle for supremacy.

Neither has the victory gained,  
And again doth stillness reign—

Prostrate is the patient lying,  
Sleepless, but delirium weaves  
Forms and scenes almost forgotten—  
Scenes of life as they have passed.  
With his mind's eye does he see them,  
Childhood's days—his life's bright morn—  
In their innocence brightly beaming;  
And again the sports of youth—  
Feats achieved and oft attempted—  
Till, to man's estate matured,  
He to gain life's highest treasures  
Fans his ardor into flame.  
What to him seemed bright and pure  
To exalt it he endeavored;  
This the impulse of his life  
That has led him and sustained him.  
Coldly, mockingly the world  
Barrier upon barrier raises.  
When to him the goal seems near  
Hindrances arise before him.  
"Still another round each barrier,  
Onward, higher thou must climb!"  
Thus he strives, and thus endeavors,  
Never swerving from the right.

What he strove for, what he sought,  
With a yearning, heartfelt, deep,  
Now he seeks in throes of death,  
Seeks it, ah! but not to find it.  
Tho' more clear and near he sees it,  
Tho' it waxes e'en before him,  
Still his spirit cannot grasp it,  
And can nevermore complete it.

Lol one more and final blow  
Grim, relentless Death is dealing:  
Broken is the thread of life,  
And the eyes are closed forever.

Ah! but mighty strains to him  
From the realms of heaven are pealing.  
Found is what his soul has sought—  
Blest release, transfiguration.  
(English translation by Miss E. Buck.)