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THE

Montreal Philharmonic Society



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Erl King's Daughter

— AND —

SAINT SAEN'S

The Deluge

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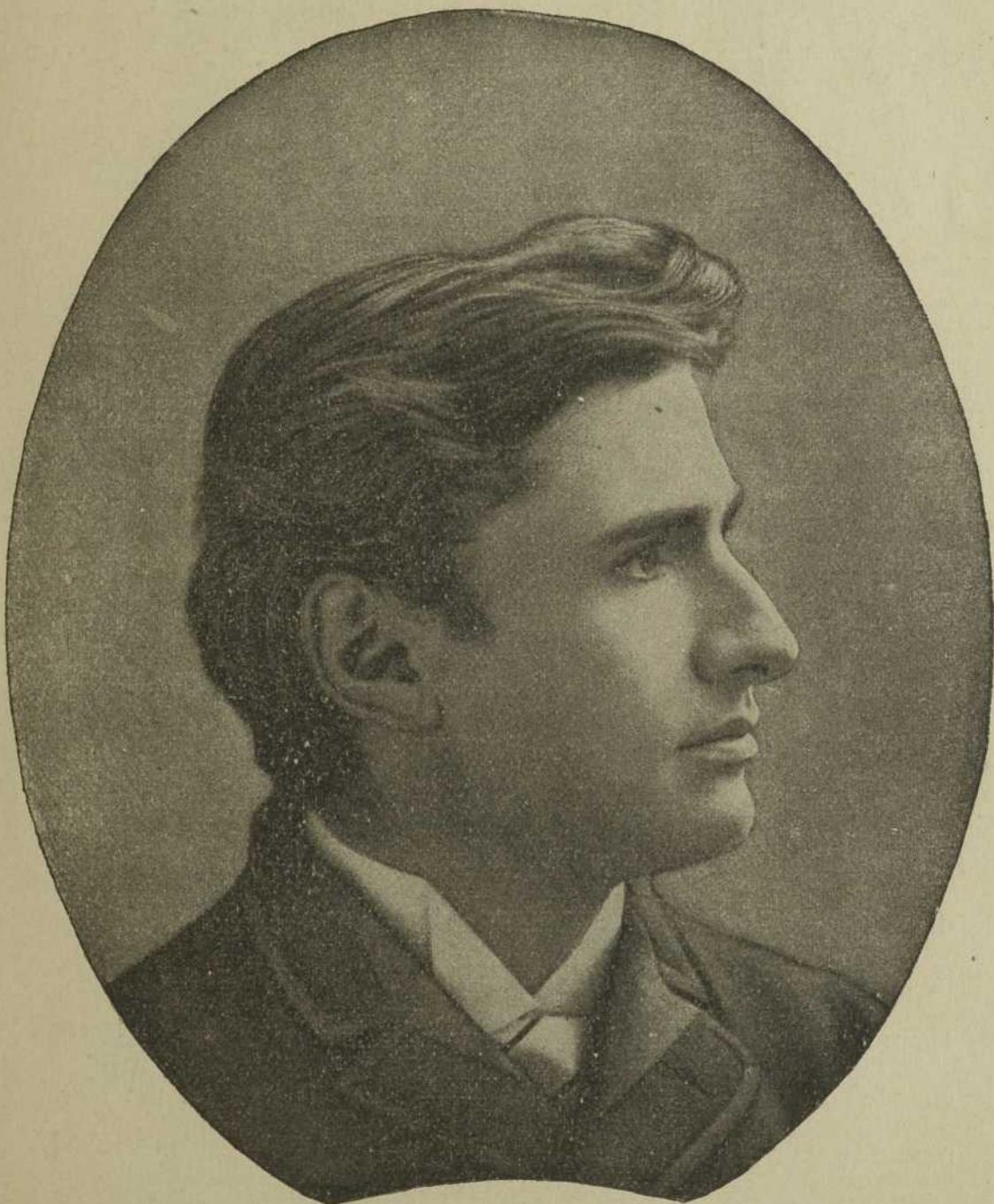


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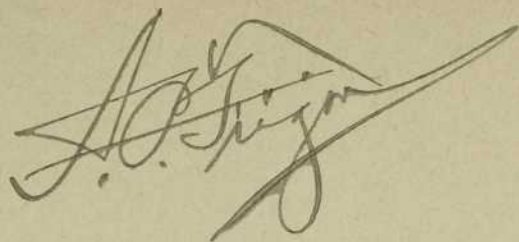
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The Montreal Philharmonic Society.

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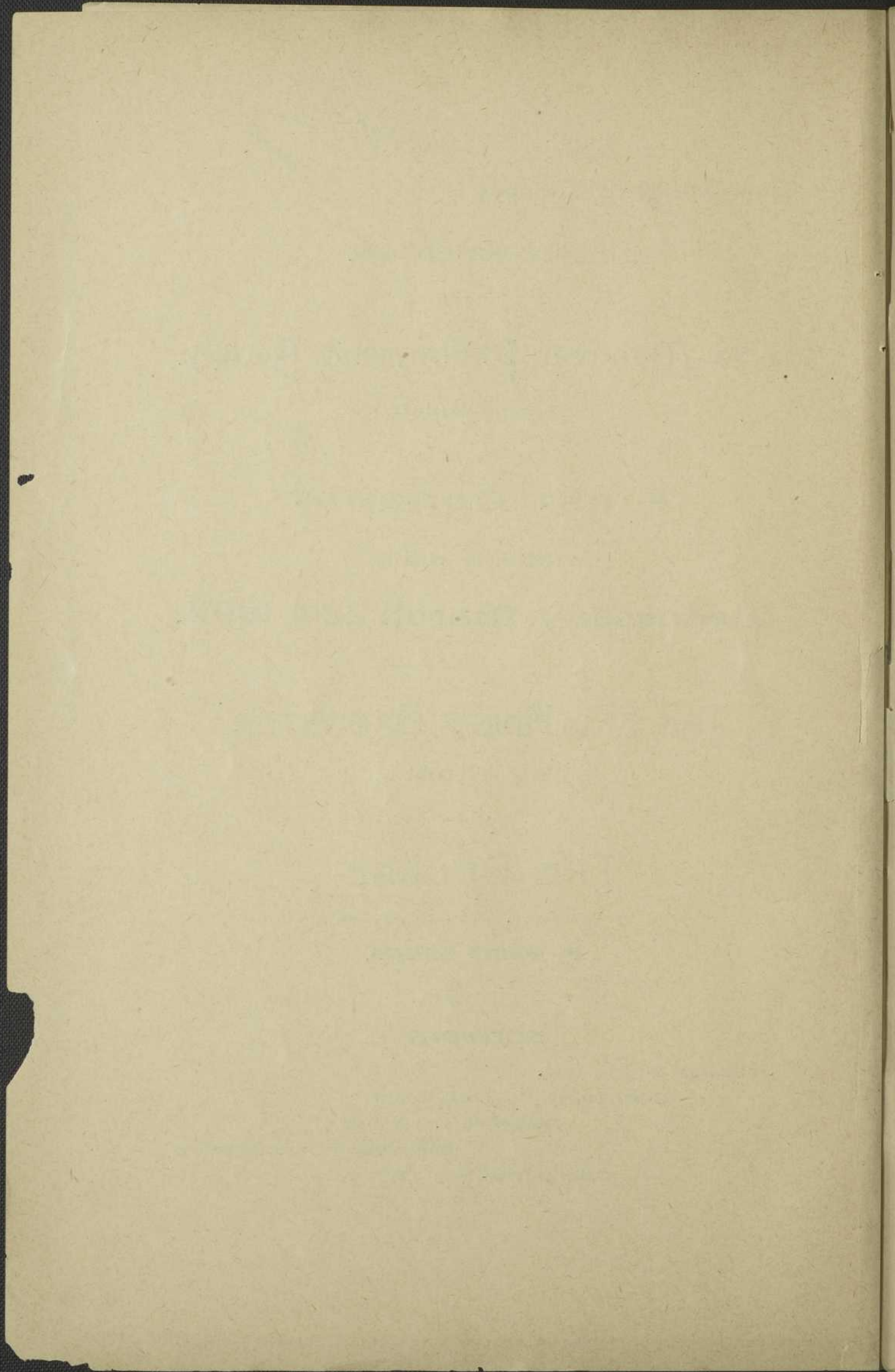
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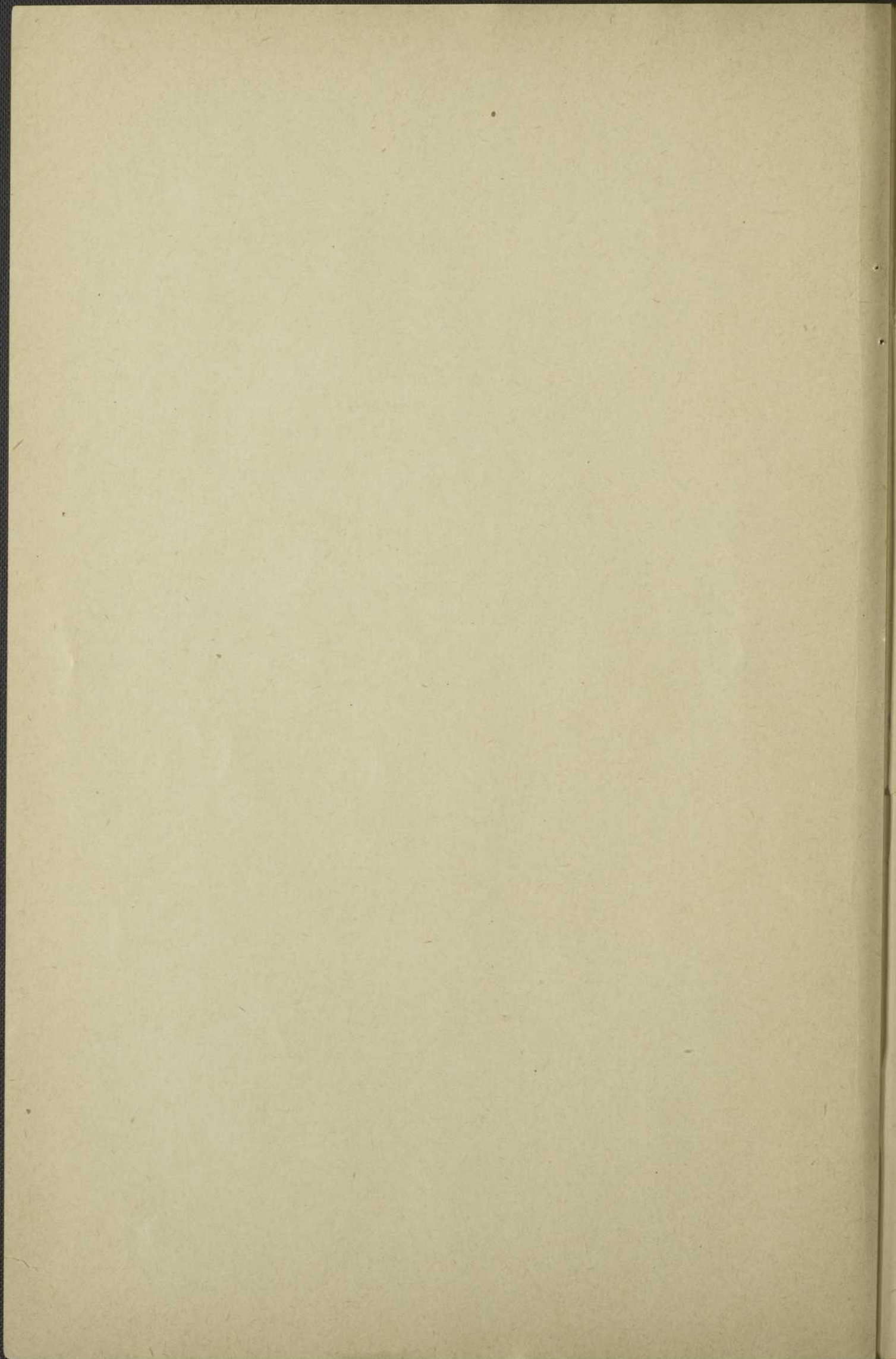


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The Erl King's Daughter.



PROLOGUE.

ON a calm evening, Sir Oluf reins in his steed, throws himself down on the Erl King's mound and sleeps. Maidens come and gaze on him as he lies there; one strokes his cheek; then another, whispering softly, bids him awake and dance with her. So melodiously did they sing, that Sir Oluf would have remained sleeping, if the crowing of the cock had not awakened him.

PART I.

At sunset on the eve of his wedding-day, Sir Oluf orders his steed to be bridled that he may fetch a longed-for and as yet unbidden guest to the marriage. His mother asks who this guest may be, but is met by the reply that her son suffers from dejection which only the morrow can relieve. The dialogue is broken off by an exquisite song from Oluf in which he tells how the scenes of nature reflect the charms of his beloved. His mother then begs him not to ride forth in the hour when spirits are abroad: above all, let him avoid the Erl King's mound where dangers threaten the heart. Fear not, he replies; the mound is silent: only cloud-wreaths waver over the spot. Oluf now begins his furious ride, and the chorus pictures the swift rushing of the steed and the joys which the morn will bring.

PART II.

Oluf is riding on in the calm moonlight night. A bird's song from a neighbouring thicket falls on his ear, but he dares not listen to it. A robe flashes forth—as quickly disappears; the air, too, seems full of murmurings. His heart is spell-bound; perfumes breathe sleep upon him. The Erl-maidens appear, singing as they dance lightly through the grove. He sees them and knows who they are. His heart will be taken captive—away, away! The Erl King's daughter beckons to him, welcomes him, asks him why

he hastens to be gone. If he will tarry, she will give him a silken robe which her mother bleached in the moonlight and a silver coat-of-mail besides ; if he refuses, disease and sickness shall follow him. A moment later Oluf cries to God for help, as the Erl King's daughter lays violent hands upon him. She strikes him, and his cheek streams with blood. At dawn, she says, he will die. He exhorts his steed to flee lest the grave become his marriage-couch. Ride home to thy beloved in scarlet-red, reply the Erl-maidens.

PART III.

The chorus sings a Morning Hymn to the Sun, as the bringer of light and joy to all. Oluf's mother then tells how she watched till the stars paled and how sleep has forsaken her from the hour when Oluf went away. With what anguish has her heart been filled ! As the chorus is singing a drinking-song, the morn breaks, Oluf's mother lamenting that her sorrows grow with the rising of the sun. A horseman is seen riding fast, his helm without crest, his shield missing : it is Sir Oluf himself. Let him tell his mother why his cheek is so pale. Why so pale, does she ask ? He spent last night in the Erl King's realm, but his bride must be told that he is gone to the wood to hunt the stag ; as for the guests whom he rode forth to invite, only one saw the dawn with him—the horror of death, now seizing his heart. With a passionate cry the mother asks help of Christ, for her son is growing pale in death. Solemnly the chorus exclaims " Sir Oluf is dead."

EPILOGUE.

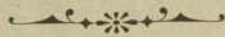
Let every youth who wishes to ride in the wood avoid sleeping in the moonlight at the Erl King's mound ; and let him beware of the song of the Erl-maidens.

(A version of the Story of the Erl-King's daughter is given in Herder's *Nordische Lieder*.)

CHARLES. E. MOYSE.

The Erl King's Daughter.

BALLAD.



AT eve, Sir Oluf rein'd up his steed ;
The dewy mist gently falling,
The flow'rs' fragrant sighing, the freshening mead,
To thoughts of rest were calling.

He threw himself down on the Erl-King's mound,
His eye-lids in slumber soon closing ;
And then came a group of fair maids around,
Who gaz'd on him there reposing.

One bent and caress'd him ; another spake,
And thus to him whispered sweetly :
" Wake up, oh youth ! my love, awake !
And join in dancing fleetly !"

They murmur'd a song of melody rare
That hush'd the streamlet glitt'ring ;
Calm and still was the ev'ning air,
But distant birds were twitt'ring.

It was well for him the wak'ning sound
Of cock-crow was heard shrilly ringing ;
Else had he slept on the Erl-King's mound,
For aye, while damsels were singing.

Chorus.

The sun in Ocean sinks to rest,
The ev'ning bird is singing.
Haste on, oh morn, for Oluf blest,
His wedding day in-bringing.

OLUF.

Bring forth my fleet, sure-footed steed !
With golden trappings deck him !

Yet one more wedding guest I need,
I forth must go to seek him!

OLUF'S MOTHER.

My son!
The ev'ning shadows onward stride,
Day's orb will soon be hidden;
'Why rid'st thou forth at eventide?
What guest hast thou not bidden?

OLUF.

I must from hence—the ev'ning calm
But mocks my inward anguish;
Oh morning! wilt thou bring the balm,
For which my heart doth languish?

Chorus.

The sun in Ocean, &c.

Song.—OLUF.

When thro' the meadows of tender green
I see the streamlet wander,
Then turns my heart to its gentle Queen,
And on her sweet charms do I ponder.

When mid the ripen'd fields, I see,
With corn, bright flowers growing,
Then her blue eyes seem present to me,
'Neath tresses all golden and flowing!

But if by night thro' the woods I go
When stars o'er the Erl-mound are shining,
Dark are the eyes that in fancy I know,
Above them are raven locks twining.

The deepest wound may be heal'd again,
Tho' deadly the hate that gave it;
And now this poor heart would seem cleft in twain,
Can time from such torture save it?

Bring forth my fleet, sure-footed steed!
With golden trappings deck him!

If

you

only

knew

how

nice

it

is

Fragrant

AND

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3 Qualities, 40c, 50c and 60c per lb.

*There is no poetry about our blends -
It is simply Tamilkande
It rules the world.*

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The water should be allowed to remain on the leaves about ten minutes.



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I am, Gentlemen, yours truly,

G. P. GIRDWOOD, M.D., M.R.C.S. Eng.
Chemical Laboratory Medical Faculty,
McGill College, Montreal.

January 16th, 1892.

THE MOTHER.

Oluf! keep far from the Erl-King's mound!
 O ride not forth at this witching hour,
 Weird troops thro' the forest are thronging.

OLUF.

Near the Erl-mound, all his hush'd and still!
 Save cloud-wreaths idly sailing.

THE MOTHER.

Thou knowest, my son, the Erl-King's pow'r,
 True love he can turn to vain longing.

OLUF.

Now forth, my steed, fly with good will,
 (Oh cease, my heart, thy wailing!)

Chorus.

The black steed rushes, bespatter'd with foam,
 Over wastes where all track is hidden!
 Sir Oluf rides forth from hearth and home,
 To seek wedding guests yet unbidden.

To-morrow, while the bells all peal and ring,
 We'll join the feast and gaily sing!

PART II.

Song.—OLUF.

Night, thou art silent!—The moon alone
 Keeps watch, and o'er the thicket glistens.—
 A bird now warbles with sweetest tone,
 But ill may o'ertake him who listens!
 A robe glitters there! 'Tis gone again!
 The air seems full of voices
 That lull my sense, and my heart enchain,
 While yet beneath the spell it rejoices!

Chorus of Erl-Maidens.

Lightly through the woods are we dancing!

OLUF.

Erl-Maidens are singing my senses, they capture,
Oh quick let me fly from the treacherous rapture!

Chorus of Erl-Maidens.

Lightly through the woods are we dancing!

OLUF.

Fair Maidens dancing there I see,
The Erl-King's Daughter beckons to me.

THE ERL-KING'S DAUGHTER.

Oh welcome, Sir Oluf, why turn'st thou from me?
Come, join in the dancing; we wait but for thee!

OLUF.

I may not dance—I cannot stay,
To-morrow is my wedding day.

THE ERL-KING'S DAUGHTER.

A silken robe I'll give thee—so white—
'Twas bleach'd by my mother in pale moon-light!

OLUF.

Oh tempt me not with that sweet lay,
Tho' 'twere bliss to dance, I must not stay.

THE ERL-KING'S DAUGHTER.

Hear me, Sir Oluf! Dance gaily with me,
This silver cuirass then give I to thee.

OLUF.

I may not dance—I dare not stay,
To-morrow is my wedding day.

THE ERL-KING'S DAUGHTER.

Then if thou wilt not dance with me,
Pain and grief shall follow thee!

OLUF.

Ha! help me Heav'n! she touches me now!
What icy chill do I feel on my brow?

THE ERL-KING'S DAUGHTER.

I laid my hand upon his head,
And down his cheek the blood streams red !

With Chorus.

Sir Oluf, to-morrow art thou dead !

OLUF.

Now fly, good steed, if thou my life would'st save !
Or will the wedding morn brake o'er my grave !

THE ERL-KING'S DAUGHTER *and Chorus.*

Ride home to thy sweetheart in robe so red !
Sir Oluf, to-morrow art thou dead !

OLUF.

Oh fly, good steed ! fly at thy best !
Death rides with me as wedding guest !

PART III.

MORNING HYMN.

The sun now mounts the eastern sky,
To clouds bright hues he lends ;
O'er sea and land, o'er mountains high,
O'er man, his course he wends.

From Paradise, where first he rose,
He comes with blessings rare ;
The life and joy his light bestows,
Both high and low may share.

God's own bright sun the world doth fill
With joy and glorious light ;
He soothing brings for ev'ry ill,
And chases sorrow's night.

Song.—THE MOTHER.

I watch'd before the castle gate,
Till each pale star had vanish'd ;

The grief I felt for Oluf's fate,
All thought of sleep had banish'd.

My Oluf, what ails thee, that, far from home,
(While trembles thy mother) at night thou must roam?

Chorus.—*Male voices.*

Fill high the cups with mead and wine !

Maidens.

Oluf, why tarry from sweetheart thine ?

THE MOTHER.

And now appears the blushing morn,
From night's embrace escaping.
Alas ! the day, thus brightly born,
For me new grief is shaping !

My Oluf, what ails thee, that, far from home,
(While trembles thy mother) at night thou must roam?

Chorus.

Fill high the cups, etc.

THE MOTHER.

But from afar who rides so fast ?
Who sounds from golden horn that blast ?
Oh joy ! my son returns !
The earth, his charger spurns ;
With rapid swoop from yonder height,
He mocks the eagle's daring flight !

Chorus.

He madly rides, he homeward tears,
Sparks fly, and stones are crashing !

THE MOTHER.

Sir Oluf ! draw rein ! check that speeding !

Chorus.

See ! in his helm no plume he wears,
Gone is the shield bright flashing !

From golden spurs is the charger bleeding !
Sir Oluf ! draw rein ! check thy speeding !

THE MOTHER.

Hear me, my son, oh tell me aright,
Why is thy cheek so ghastly white ?

OLUF.

My cheek may well be ghastly white,
I dwelt in the Erl-King's realm last night !

THE MOTHER.

But tell me, my son, my fond heart's pride !
What shall I say to thy gentle bride ?

OLUF.

Oh say my steed and my coursers good,
Have lured me to hunt in yonder wood.

THE MOTHER *and Chorus.*

Where are the guests after whom thou hast ridden ?

OLUF.

But one saw the morn., of all those I had bidden.

THE MOTHER *and Chorus.*

And who is so faithful, the tryst thus keeping ?

OLUF.

The chill of death, o'er my heart slowly creeping !

THE MOTHER *and Chorus.*

Help us, oh heav'n, in our sorrow and dread !
He sinks—turns pale—Sir Oluf is dead !

EPILOGUE.

Then, youths, if through the wood you ride,
When night repose is bringing,
Turn from the Erl-King's mound aside,
Tho' songs thro' the air be ringing.
Danger will ever him betide,
Who heeds the Erl-maidens' singing !

(*After old Danish Ballads.*)

The Deluge.

PRELUDE.

Orchestra.

1st Violin Solo,	Mr. Winternitz.
2nd " "	" L'Orage.
Viola Solo	" Fiala.
Cello "	" Stockbridge.

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PART FIRST.

Tenor Solo—Recit.

And in those days, the sons of men were multiplied.
In the lands of the sun, spreading on every side,
Their tents sheltered a people robust and increasing.
The angels, with desire, beheld their daughters pleasing ;
The sons of God came in their midst, and with them dwelt.

Orchestra.

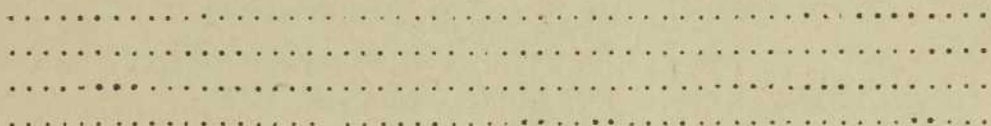
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Hence, did they, all disdainful of their former splendor,
Ever yearn for the love of earthly maidens tender !
And from their union sprang a race of giant frame.

Orchestra.

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But, in succeeding ages, corrupt men became.

Orchestra.*Contralto Solo.*

Ere long, did evil grow, like leprosy, unhated,
 Till men, by wicked ways, Heaven's face to outrage dared !
 And God repented Him that man He had created.

Chorus.

And God repented Him that man He had created.

Tenor Solo—Recit.

Here behold what Jehovah's voice said and declared :

Trio and Chorus.

“This race I'll exterminate, surely !
 For these men, accurs'd in their greeds,
 Have turn'd them away from my face ;
 And have outraged me with misdeeds.

Contralto and Tenor Duet.

All justice is despised and banished !
 All holy ties sundered, have vanished,
 Crime, triumphant, only remains.

Chorus.

E'en as the flesh, soil'd is the spirit,
 Vices they commit, or inherit,
 On their children's brows leave their stains.”
 This race, etc.

Tenor Solo.

But Noah found grace and compassion
 Before the wroth face of the Lord.

Contralto Solo and Chorus.

An upright man was he,
 And just in deed and word.

Tenor Solo.

Thus spake God :

Baritone Solo.

“ I'll no more be gracious ;
 And the time is at hand when justice shall be heard !
 Make an ark now of wood, lofty, broad, too, and spacious.
 Take thy wife and thy sons, and sons' wives in with thee ;
 And choose two of each kind
 From among all beings terrestrial.
 In the ark let them be confined.
 With thee and thine I make
 A covenant and alliance.
 Haste thee, now—for my work
 Waits thy ready compliance.
 Destroyed all the wicked shall be.”

Trio.

All justice, etc.

Chorus.

E'en as the flesh, etc.

PART SECOND.

Tenor Recit.

And Noah did as God had every thing commanded.

Orchestra.

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Chorus.

Then the rains of the flood fell in torrents o'erwhelming ;
 And in the depths profound of the earth and the skies,
 With shocks terrific, dire, 'mid the darkness enthralling,
 Dashed the waves in their might, as the winds did uprise !
 And the sun hid his face 'neath a black veil appalling,
 As if the shades intense would last the same always !

The dove no shelter found, nor rest for her tired pinions,
And, from this first long flight, did she return at night.

Orchestra.

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Seven days pass'd by, and then once more forth she departed,
Now, less timidly, up thro' the sky she took flight.
From o'er the rippling waves came a light breath, sweet-scented
And the sky lighten'd up with bright rays, as of Spring.
All declared that the earth revived, freshly awaking,
Warmly throb'd in its joy, of a new life partaking,
And that the trial days were the last God would bring.
Then, for the second time, the dove came back light-hearted,
And brought a verdant leaflet from an olive tree,
As a proof that the earth from flood once more was free !

Orchestra.

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After seven other days, the white-winged wand'rer started,
And renewed her brave flight toward the mountains, and shore,
But, from this third exploit, she came back never-more !
Then, Noah, looking forth again, saw land out-showing,
Freshly, verdant, and bathed in the sun's radiance cheering,

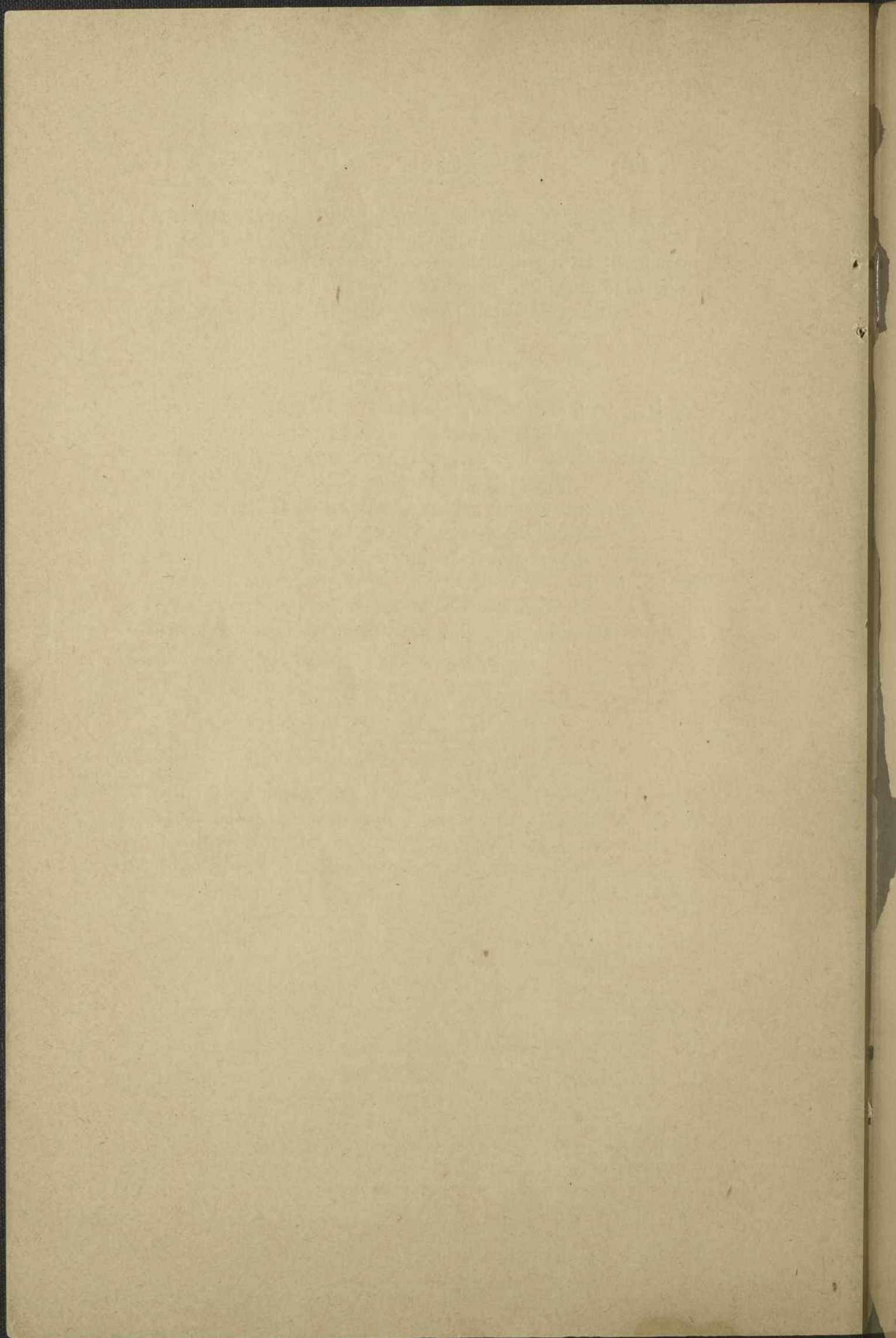
Chorus.

He, from the ark descending, built an altar thereby,
Many victims, unnumbered offered he at even—
A bow, splendid and bright, appeared high up in heaven ;

Quartett and Chorus.

And, behold, what said the Eternal from above :
 " I'll no more curse the earth forever !
 On my covenant thou shalt rely ;
 And this bond, henceforth, none shall sever,

Now increase, grow, and multiply.
And when they shall behold this bow in heaven shining
All men shall call to mind that it stands evermore,
A pledge of promise fair, of our cov'nant the signing,
Of the peace that I now restore !”



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