

ADELAIDE

Musical Association

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ADELAIDE ORPHEUS SOCIETY.

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EXHIBITION BUILDING, ADELAIDE,
ON
SATURDAY + EVENING, + FEBRUARY + 16, + 1889.

MR. FREDERIC H. COWEN'S CANTATA,
"SLEEPING BEAUTY"

AND
MENDELSSOHN'S
"TO * THE * SONS * OF * ART."

FULL BAND, AND CHORUS OF 220 PERFORMERS.

Principal Artistes:

MRS. JOHNSON JAMES. MRS. J. W. RAMSAY.
MR. C. M. J. EDWARDS MR. H. G. NASH.
(Of Melbourne).

Reader:

MR. MAX KLEIN (of London).

Conductors:

MR. FREDERIC H. COWEN,

The Composer of the above Cantata and Conductor of the London Philharmonic Society; and

MR. C. J. STEVENS.

"SLEEPING BEAUTY."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE PRINCESS (<i>Soprano</i>)	MRS. JOHNSON JAMES.
THE WICKED FAY (<i>Contralto</i>)	MRS. J. W. RAMSAY.
THE PRINCE (<i>Tenor</i>)	MR. C. M. J. EDWARDS.
THE KING (<i>Baritone</i>)	MR. H. G. NASH.

CHORUS OF FAYS, COURTIERS, &C.

PROLOGUE.

Chorus.

A mighty king there lived in days of yore,
Childless for many a year, until at last,
When hopes of heir or heiress long seemed past
His queen to him a queenly daughter bore.
Great is his joy, he calls a gay carouse,
The guests are gathered and the torches lighted,
And to the christening chamber are invited
Twelve fays, the guardians of his ancient house.
Silent and slim, into the hall they glide,
A spinning-wheel with golden flax they bring ;
Each breath is held, as by the cradle side
They weave their thread, and thus alternate
sing :

The Fays.

"Draw the thread, and weave the woof,
For the little child's behoof ;
Future dark to human eyes,
Openly before us lies ;
As we will and as we give,
Happy shall the maiden live ;
Draw the thread and weave the woof,
For the little child's behoof.

[*Severally.*]

We give thee beauty, we give thee power,
And maiden honour—a richer dower ;
And happy years, and that happiest hour
When to a tender, loving heart,
Another love beats counterpart."

Chorus (Male).

But suddenly a tremor shakes the hall
As with an earthquake ; open flies the door,
And, clad in sable garment, on the floor
A woman's form is seen, majestic, tall.
She parts the throng, she stands among the
fays,
As the eclipsèd moon amidst the stars,
Then drawing nigh, where nought her steps
debars,
And bending o'er the cradle side, she says—

The Wicked Fay.

To the feast I come unbidden,
Blessings I have none to tell ;
For my gift, I bring a warning,
Infant maiden, heed it well.
From the gold of the flaxen reel
Threads of bliss have been spun to thee,
By the whirl of the spinning wheel,
Cruel grief shall be done to thee,
Thy fate I descry ;
"Ere the buds of thy youth are blown,
Ere a score of thy years have flown
Thou shalt prick thy hand, thou shalt die."

Chorus (Male).

Our curse on thee, malignant fay ! Oh presage
Of boding ill—who can assist, who give
Us hope of rescue ?

The Fays.

Peace! We bear a message
Of joy. One gift remains, the maid shall live!
Though the spell and its potent sway
Close her eyes, and in slumber enshroud her,
Yet shall there dawn a day
When a young voice, stronger and louder
Than spell of witchcraft, rings through the
silent years,
When she wakes, when she hears.

TRIO (*Soprano, Tenor, and Bass*) & CHORUS.

Thus sing the fays: and as the autumn wind
Sways to and fro the trees it passes o'er,
They quit the chamber and are seen no more,
Leaving a throb of anxious hearts behind.

TENOR SOLO, AND ORCHESTRAL
INTERLUDE.

[*Maidenhood and dreams of Love.*]

But she, around whose cradle thus the Fates
Warring with divers aims, defiant stood,
From childhood ripens into maidenhood,
Unconscious of the peril that awaits
Her onward steps; thus the budding rose
Stands fearless of the autumn wind that blows,
And dreams of spring and love, and reddening
glows.

SCENE I.

*A hall in the King's Palace. A gay throng of
ladies, lords, and knights, some dancing,
others looking on.*

Chorus.

At dawn of day
On the first of May,
Ere the heat of the noon has scorched the
wakening flowers,
Here a festive throng,
With dance and song,
Are we met to while away the morning hours.

Chorus.

[*Enter King and Princess.*]

Fairest Princess,
Let our song acclaim thee!
Daughter of our King,
Beauty's Queen we name thee.

The King.

Vassals and lieges, lords and ladies all,
Forsake the dance, and to our royal word
Now lend your ear. The cloud that over-
shadowed
For twenty years the path of our fair child,
Has vanished in the sundown of this day.

The Princess.

A cloud? What cloud, dear father? Nay, my
life
Has been a path of ceaseless light, illumined
By love as strong as your own strength, as
tender
As that bequeathed me by the mother whom,
Alas! I knew not.

The King.

Child, ask me no more,
Whate'er the danger has been, it is past;
Ere night the fatal limit of its sway
Will be completed. That brief interval
Be spent in festive mirth. Ho, music, sound!
Ye lieges, join your voices with your king's:
Long live the Princess! to the Princess hail!

Chorus.

Long live the daughter of our king! Hail!
hail!

The King.

[*To Princess.*]

Pure as thy heart, bright as the sky above,
As thine own budding beauty fair to see,
Guarded and guided by the hand of love,
Such be thy life, such hast thou been to me.

Chorus.

Pure as thy heart, bright as the sky above,
As thine own budding beauty fair to see,
Guarded and guided by the hand of love,
Such was thy past, such shall thy future be.

*The dance is resumed. During the follow-
ing, the Princess wanders dreamily
from the banqueting-hall, and enters a
large gallery, at the further end of
which is a flight of narrow steps. The
sound of the dance-music grows fainter.*

The Princess.

My heart is full to overflowing; hope
Of bliss untold, the shadow of a danger
Long threatening, though averted, wield within
me
Alternate sway. I fain would be alone.

The Princess.

[*Alone.*]

Whither away my heart?
Tell me, whither thou leadest,
What does thy throbbing impart;
Is it hopeful or fearful thou art,
Is it promise, or warning thou heedest?
Hidden the future lies;
But see! from the clouds among,
Fantastic forms seem to rise,
And the lustre of luminous eyes,
And the distant voice of a song.

Let us listen, my heart, to that voice,
 Let us float on its musical tide,
 Whether bidden to mourn or rejoice
 We ask not, we have no choice;
 Let us follow, my heart, let us glide.

[*She passes quickly along the gallery
 and ascends the staircase; the dance-
 music growing more and more distant
 as she proceeds.*]

SCENE II.

*A turret chamber. The wicked fay, disguised
 as an ancient crone, is seated at a spinning-
 wheel. To her enter the Princess; as she
 shuts the door behind her, the dance-music
 dies away altogether.*

The Princess.

[*Hesitatingly.*]

Forgive me, mother, for disturbing thus
 Your quiet refuge; how I came, and why,
 I cannot tell. I thought I was obeying
 A voice which seemed to draw me to this
 chamber
 Whither my feet had never strayed.

The Wicked Fay.

Be welcome
 Fair Princess, to my solitude. Sit near me,
 And watch me while I turn my wheel.

The Princess.

What wheel
 Is this? I never saw its like.

The Wicked Fay.

It is
 A spinning-wheel. Your father loves it not,
 And has forbid its use; and yet that use
 Is manifold. Hush! listen while I sing.

As I sit at my spinning-wheel,
 Strange dreams come to me, and I feel
 That the air with visions is rife,
 And the folds of time are unfurled,
 And the rolling wheels in the world,
 And each single thread is a life,
 Then alas! for the maid at whose birth
 A jealous fay stood by.
 "Ere the buds of her youth are blown,
 Ere a score of years have flown,
 She must wither and droop on the earth;
 She must die!"

For lo! Fate sits at the wheel,
 And she draws the skein from the reel,
 And she sings with bated breath.

She tangles the threads of the past,
 And unravels and tears them at last;
 And the touch of her hand is death.
 Then alas! for the maid, &c.

The Princess.

[*Dreamily repeating the burden of the song.*
 "Ere the buds of her youth are blown,
 Ere a score of her years have flown,
 She must wither and droop on the earth;
 She must die!"

[*Recovering herself with sudden impulse.*

Am I that maid, and must I die? Your words
 Seem full of evil boding. You say my father
 Forbade the use of that ill-omened wheel.
 Let me obey his wise behest, let me
 Begone.

[*She rushes to the door; as she opens it,
 the dance music is heard again.*

The Wicked Fay.

[*Drawing her to the wheel; in a gentle voice.*

Fear nothing, fairest maid; the wheel
 Can give no hurt. See, you may touch the flax
 Thus with your finger-tip. It is as soft
 As any wool.

The Princess.

I tremble as I yield.

[*As the Princess stretches out her hand, the
 Fay gives a sudden twist to the wheel;
 the spindle pricks the finger of the
 Princess, who falls back in a swoon.
 At the same moment the dance music
 stops. Long silence.*

The Wicked Fay.

[*Triumphantly.*

At last! at last! Thus have I wrought my
 vengeance.

INCANTATION.

The Wicked Fay and Chorus (Male).

[*She lifts her arms, and describes magic
 circles in the air.*

Spring from the earth red roses,
 Grow to a mighty wall,
 Circle round bower and hall,
 And gardens and blossoming closes.
 If a mortal your thickets would part,
 Point your harsh thorns at his heart,
 Let his life-blood flow. Let him die!
 Guard, my sleeper, ye roses,
 Helpless here shall they lie
 Till the folds of time are unfurled,
 And the latter days of the world
 Are engulfed by eternity.

Chorus (Male).

"Ere the buds of her youth are blown,
Ere a score of her years have flown,
She must wither and droop on the earth;
She must die!"

CHORAL INTERLUDE.

Sleep, sleep, sleep!
Sleep in bower and hall,
Only that on the wall
The spider draws her fantastic web,
Weaving strange shapes as the years go by,
Slowly, drowsily,
And the tide of life is at ebb.

Omitted. { Sleep, sleep, sleep!
Who would his vigil keep,
When the king reclines on his throne,
And the lady sleeps in her bower,
And the lover dreams of the hour
Which the clock has forgotten to sound;
When the tender nightingale's moan
Is hushed in the flowerful closes,
And the heavy odour of roses
Lies like a mist on all around.

Fitful in the long-drawn sighs
The west winds sweeps through the hall,
Fanning the sleepers there,
Or lifting a lock of hair,
And the spider's webb on the wall;
Then faints on the somnolent air,
And dies.

The spells of witchcraft which enthrall
Each sleeper in that desolate hall,
Who can break them?
Say, who can lift the deadly blight
That covers king, and lord and knight,
To give them back to life and light,
And awake them?

[*As if in answer to the last question, a horn signal is heard, at first from a distance, but growing louder and louder.*

SCENE III.

Hall of the castle as in the opening scene. The King and his courtiers asleep. Enter the Prince with drawn sword.

The Prince.

Light, light at last! the victory is won!
Through bush and briar, through a wall of roses,
Towering heaven high this trusty blade has cut
Its arduous way and mine. This is the castle,
This the enchanted hall, of which on winter nights
Our country folk tell many a tale—and here

I see the King reclining on his throne,
With sleeping courtiers round him. Wake, ye sleepers!

Arise! The day of your deliverance is
At hand. They stir not. Let them lie. What
is

To me their sleep or waking? I must onward,
Onward to reach that ultimate goal of love
Prefigured in my dreams—away! away!

[*He leaves by the door opening into the gallery, and his horn signal grows fainter and fainter as he proceeds towards the turret chamber.*

SCENE IV.

A turret chamber as in Scene II. On a couch, strewn with rose leaves, lies the Princess asleep.

The Prince.

Where am I? Whose this chamber dimly
lighted,

Which at its threshold strikes me with a tremor
As if my foot trod holy ground? Behold
The goddess of this sanctuary, a maid—and
dead?

Ah, no! she lives, she dreams. Dare I disturb
That heaven of dreams by earthly sound;
awake

The goddess of this place, the Sleeping Beauty?
Nay, rather let me worship at her shrine.

Kneeling before thee, worshipping wholly,
All that my dreams had foreshadowed of
thee

Stands revealed to my sense, and thy lowly
Chamber is as a temple to me.
And through the gloom of the curtained
twilight

Lo! a flame sheds its tremulous sheen,
And my soul divines it is thy light,
Light of thine eyes which mine eyes have
not seen;

Never have seen, but they now shall behold it,
Bask in its splendour with measureless bliss;
Yield thy form to my arms that enfold it,
Yield thy mouth to my life-giving kiss.

[*As he kisses her, the dance-music begins again at the bar where it had left off in Scene I.*

The Princess.

[*Half awake.*

I hear your call, I haste to join the dance,
But where am I? and who are you, fair
stranger,

Who, bidden to my birthday feast, have found
me

Alone, asleep?

The Prince.

Lady, your sleep has been
The work of witchcraft. Here, in magic
slumber,

You lay a hundred years; until this sword
Opened a passage through a wall of thorns
And blooming briars of roses; until these lips
In longing quest of love's fair guerdon, lit
Upon that reddest rose, your mouth.

The Princess.

Art thou
The champion for whose coming, in my dreams
I longed and waited? Hail to thee, my hero!
Hail my deliverer. Say, what can I give,
What service tender to requite such prowess,
Such conquering faith.

The Prince.

It was to win love's prize,
Thy love's, fair Princess, that I came and
conquered,
Leaving my father's realm.

The Princess.

To thee my heart
Was bound ere ever I beheld thy face,
By thee recalled to being, I am thine.

Both.

Through dangers surrounding our path in
threatening array,
Through doubt and through fear,

Great love has guided our steps, has lighted
our way,
It lives, it is here.

The Princess.

In these eyes which illumine mine eyes with a
mirage of bliss,

The Prince.

In these hands, on these tremulous lips which
I grasp, which I kiss,

The Princess.

Its flame has enkindled our hearts with un-
quenchable fire,

The Prince.

Its call is as voices of wind, and its breath is
desire.

Both.

It beckons, it leads to a haven of infinite rest,
To a goal, to a home;
We ask not whither; we follow its potent
behest,

We hasten, we come.

Chorus (as in Scene I).

At dawn of day,
On the first of May,

Ere the heat of noon has scorched the waken-
ing flowers,

Here a festive throng,
With dance and song,

Are we met to while away the morning hours.



PART II.

MENDELSSOHN'S
 "TO THE SONS OF ART,"

BY THE
 ADELAIDE ORPHEUS SOCIETY.

Andante maestoso.

O Sons of Art, man's dignity to you is given.
 Preserve it, man!
 It falls with you, with you ascends to heaven,
 The hallowed themes of Magian dreams,
 Founded in Wisdom's vast creation;
 Like rivers gliding find their ocean,
 That great harmonious plan.

Allegro moderato e grave.

Eternal Truth, though oft rejected,
 Exists not ever unprotected;
 She finds a refuge with the tuneful throng,
 She there appears in all her glory,
 Mighty when veiled in mystic story;
 She wakes the lays of lofty voices,
 And over all her foes rejoices,
 Her vengeance flashing peals in song.

Allegro assai vivace.

To your free mother homage render,
 Boldly to gain her height aspire;
 Enthroned she dwells in radiant splendor,
 No other crown than hers desire.
 While you her thousand paths are tracing
 Press onward, keeping truth in sight;
 Come all together stand embracing
 Before the Throne where paths unite.