

Second Annual

*Key
new*

MUSIC FESTIVAL

of the

PORTLAND



ASSOCIATION

(INCORPORATED)

PORTLAND. OREGON

Three Nights

JUNE 6th, 7th, 8th, 1918

IN

THE MUNICIPAL AUDITORIUM

Presenting

MABEL RIEGELMAN, SOPRANO

FRANCES INGRAM, CONTRALTO

MORGAN KINGSTON, TENOR

HIRAM TUTTLE, BARITONE

PORTLAND FESTIVAL CHORUS

PORTLAND SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Chorus From Portland High Schools

Orchestra From Portland High Schools

WM. H. BOYER }
CARL DENTON } CONDUCTORS

EDGAR E. COURSEN, at the Piano

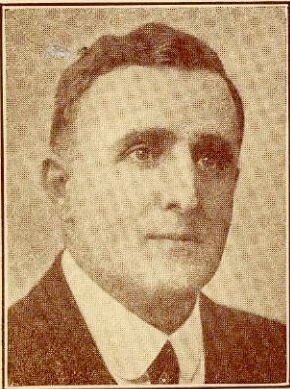
FREDERICK W. GOODRICH, at the Organ



MABEL RIEGELMAN.
SOPRANO



FRANCES INGRAM.
CONTRALTO



MORGAN KINGSTON
TENOR



HIRAM TUTTLE.
BARITONE



PROGRAM

THURSDAY EVENING, JUNE 6th

PART 1

SOLOISTS

FRANCES INGRAM Contralto

MORGAN KINGSTON Tenor

PORTLAND SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

CARL DENTON Conductor

Overture to opera "Mignon" Ambrois Thomas

Aria, "Vesti la giubba" from opera "I Pagliacci" Leoncavallo

MR. KINGSTON

Aria "O don fatale" from opera "Don Carlos" Verdi

MISS INGRAM

Kammenoi-Ostrow Rubenstein

a She is far from the land Lambert

b What is love Grant

c A memory Thomas

MR. KINGSTON

a Lungi dal caro bene Secchi

b So soon forgotten Tschaiakowsky

c Vous dansez Marquise Lemaire

d The Sheep and the Lambs Homer

e Hopak Moussorgsky

MISS INGRAM

Grand Processional March from opera "The Queen of Sheba" Gounod

PART 2

MORGAN KINGSTON Tenor

PORTLAND SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

PORTLAND FESTIVAL CHORUS

WILLIAM H. BOYER Conductor

Hiawatha's Wedding Feast S. Coleridge-Taylor

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 lagoo, 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,
Ony 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,

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 Begar's Dance to please them,
And, returning, sat lown 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!"

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 where'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.

EXPLANATORY TO THE TEXT

Hiawatha, the Prophet, the Teacher; son of Mudjekeewis, the West-Wind, and Wenonah, daughter of Nokomis.

Minnehaha, Laughing Water; wife of Hiawatha.

Pau-Puk-Keewis, the handsome Yenadizze, the Storm-Fool.

Yenadizze, an idler and gambler; an Indian dandy.

Chibiabos, a musician; friend of Hiawatha, Ruler in the Land of Spirits.

Iagoo, a great boaster and storyteller.

Nokomis, grandmother of Hiawatha; mother of Wenonah.

Nabma, the sturgeon.

Maskenozha, the pike.

Pemican, meat of the deer or buffalo, dried and pounded.

Mondamin, Indian corn.

Pugasasing, the game of bowl and counters.

Koomtassoo, the game of plum-stones.

Shaugadava, a coward.

Nagow Wudjoo, the Sand Dunes of Lake Superior.

Onaway, awake.

Osseo, son of the Evening Star

PROGRAM

FRIDAY EVENING, JUNE 7th

SOLOISTS

MABEL RIEGELMAN Soprano

HIRAM TUTTLE Baritone

CHORUS FROM PORTLAND HIGH SCHOOLS

WILLIAM H. BOYER Conductor

ORCHESTRA FROM PORTLAND HIGH SCHOOLS

CARL DENTON Conductor

Festival March "Cornelius"	Mendelssohn
Soldier's Chorus from opera "Faust"	Gounod
Anvil Chorus from opera "Il Trovatore"	Verdi
a American Characteristic ;	Herman
b Characteristic Morceau	Bendix
Toreador's Song—from opera "Carmen"	Bizet

MR. TUTTLE and CHORUS

Good Night Beloved	Pinsuti
Grand March—from opera "Aida"	Verdi
a Bella siccome un ango o— Romanza from opera "Don Pasquale"	Donizetti
b Lolita	Buzzi-Peccai
c The House of Memories	Alward
d The Gypsy Trail	Galloway

MR. TUTTLE

Overture "Child of the Arcade"	Gabriel-Marie
a Shepherd, thy demeanour vary!	Brown
b Songs my Mother Taught me	Dvorak
c Les Papillons—(in French)	Chausson
d Inter Nos	MacFadyen
e Robin's Song	White

MISS RIEGELMAN

Devotion—from opera "Cavaleria Rusticana"	Mascagni
Unfold ye Portals everlasting—from oratorio "The Redemption"	Gounod

PROGRAM

SATURDAY EVENING, JUNE 8th

PART 1 SOLOISTS

MABEL RIEGELMAN Soprano
FRANCES INGRAM Contralto
MORGAN KINGSTON Tenor
PORTLAND SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
CARL DENTON Conductor

Overture to opera "Rienzi" Wagner
a Invocation to Eros Kursteiner
b By the Waters of Minnetonka Lieurance
c The Sailor's Wife Burleigh
d In the Moonlight Haile
e The Muleteer Di Nogero

MISS INGRAM

a Serenade Rococo Meyer-Helmund
b Largo—from opera "Xerxes" Handel
a Eleanore Coleridge-Taylor
b Parted Tosti
c Love, I have Won you Landon Ronald

MR. KINGSTON

Aria—"Depuis le Jour" from opera "Louise" Charpentier
MISS RIEGELMAN

Southern Rhapsody Hosmer
a When I Go Alone Buzzi-Peccia
b Tarantelle—(in French) Bizet
c When Phyllis Danced Gilbarte

MISS RIEGELMAN

PART 2 SOLOISTS

MABEL RIEGELMAN Soprano
FRANCES INGRAM Contralto
MORGAN KINGSTON Tenor
HIRAM TUTTLE Baritone

PORTLAND FESTIVAL CHORUS
PORTLAND SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
WILLIAM H. BOYER, Conductor

The Swan and the Skylark A. Goring-Thomas

The Swan and The Skylark

*A Grecian poet I, but born too late;—
For me no nymph sings from the upland wood
Her antique song; nor in bright hurrying brook
Is seen and lost her sweet illusive smile.*

*Gone is the shell that Phoebus, long ago,
Strung for the music that should never die;
Gone is the shell whereon sedately, slow,
The stately Aphrodite floated by;*

*And gone the maids who ran the ordered race,
Or stopped to bathe them by Actaeon's rill,
Narcissus brooding o'er his own fair face,
And Echo laughing from the distant hill.*

*Only o'er sullen world of stock and stone
The ball of fire sends down his daily light,
And, when the measured hours are come and gone,
Lake, field, and sky are lost in gloomy night.—J. S.*

'Midst the long reeds that o'er a Grecian stream
Unto the faint wind sighed melodiously,
And where the sculpture of a broken shrine
Sent out through shadowy grass and thick wild-flowers
Dim alabaster gleams—a lonely swan
Warbled his death-chant; and a poet stood
Listening to that strange music, as it shook
The lilies on the wave; and made the pines
And all the laurels of the haunted shore
Thrill to its passion. Oh, the tones were sweet,
Even painfully—as with the sweetness wrung
From parting love; and to the poet's thought
This was their language:—

“Summer! I depart—
O light and laughing summer! fare thee well:
No song the less through thy rich woods will swell,
For one, one broken heart.

“And fare ye well, young flowers!
Ye will not mourn! ye will shed odour still,
And wave in glory colouring every rill,
Known to my youth's fresh hours.

“And ye, bright founts; that lie
Far in the whispering forests, lone and deep,
My wing no more shall stir your shadowy sleep—
Sweet waters! I must die

“Will ye not send one tone
Of sorrow through the pines?—one murmur low?
Shall not the green leaves from your voices know
That I, your child, am gone?”

“No! ever glad and free,
Ye have no sounds a tale of death to tell;
Waves, joyous waves! flow on and fare ye well
Ye will not mourn for me.

“But thou, sweet boon! too late
Poured on my parting breath, vain gift of song!
Why com'st thou thus, o'ermastering, rich and strong,
In the dark hour of fate?”

“Only to wake the sighs
Of echo-voices from their sparry cell;
Only to say—O sunshine and blue skies!
O life and love! farewell.”

Thus flowed the death-chant on; while mournfully
Low winds and waves made answer, and the tones
Buried in rocks along the Grecian stream—
Rocks and dim caverns of old Prophecy—
Woke to respond: and all the air was filled
With that one sighing sound—*Farewell! Farewell!*

*Adieu, adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley-glades.”—KEATS.*

Filled with that sound, high in the calm blue heaven
Even then a skylark hung; soft summer clouds
Were floating round him, all transpierced with light,
And 'midst that pearly radiance his dark wings
Quivered with song: such free, triumphant song,
As if tears were not—as if breaking hearts
Had not a place below; and *thus* that strain
Spoke to the poet's ear exultingly:—

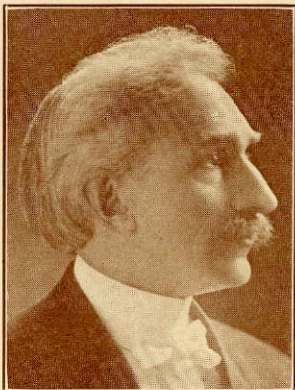
“The summer is come; she hath said *Rejoice!*
The wild-woods thrill to her merry voice;
Her sweet breath is wandering around, on high:
Sing, sing through the echoing sky!

“There is joy in the mountains! The bright waves leap
Like the bounding stag when he breaks from sleep;
Mirthfully, wildly, they flash along—
Let the heavens ring with song!”

"There is joy in the forests! The bird of night
Hath made the leaves tremble with deep delight;
But *mine* is the glory to sunshine given—
Sing, sing through the echoing heaven!

"Mine are the wings of the soaring morn,
Mine are the fresh gales with dayspring born:
Only young rapture can mount so high—
Sing, sing through the echoing sky!"

So those two voices met; so Joy and Death
Mingled their accents; and, amidst the rush
Of many thoughts, the listening poet cried,—
"Oh! thou art mighty, thou art wonderful,
Mysterious nature! Not in thy free range
Of woods and wilds alone, thou blendest thus
The dirge-note and the song of festival;
But in one *heart*, one changeful human heart—
Ay, and within one hour of that strange world—
Thou call'st their music forth, with all its tones,
To startle and to pierce!—the dying swan's
And the glad skylark's—triumph and despair."—MRS. HEMANS.



WILLIAM H. BOYER
Conductor
**PORTLAND FESTIVAL
CHORUS**



CARL DENTON
Conductor
**PORTLAND SYMPHONY
ORCHESTRA**





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Organized and incorporated under the Oregon statutes, this Association has for its purpose the fostering and developing of a knowledge and appreciation of music, not only in Portland but in the entire Northwest. In presenting this Second Festival, the Association does so with the conviction that the need for an annual celebration of this kind has been clearly demonstrated. As the logical musical centre of the Northwest, Portland will inevitably draw an ever increasing patronage from the entire states of Oregon and Washington.

As at present organized, the Active Members of this association consist of the musical organizations in Portland having constitutions and by-laws. Each organization appoints two delegates as its representatives and these in turn elect the board of directors.

Upon the present Board of Directors are represented: The Chamber of Commerce, Portland Ad Club, Progressive Business Men's Club, Rotary Club, East Side Business Men's Club, Realty Board, the Mayor of Portland and Commissioner of Public Affairs, together with representatives of several prominent musical organizations.

The Association extends hearty thanks to the merchants, to the press, and to all others who have so generously helped in making Portland's Second Annual Music Festival a success.