

GRAND

Concert of Secular Music

BY THE

BEEFHOVEN

SOCIETY,

AT

TOURO HALL,

WEDNESDAY EVENING, MAY 30, 1860.

J. G. BARNETT, Conductor.

J. MAHLER, Leader of Orchestra.

GEO. E. WHITING, Pianist.

TICKETS FIFTY CENTS.

Doors open at half past 7.

Concert commences at 8.

HARTFORD:

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1860.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

1. OVERTURE—Full Orchestra

2. SAINT CECILIA'S DAY—A Cantata for Solo and Chorus.

SOLOS BY MRS. PRESTON,

Von Bree.

Chorus.

Breathe into this quiet vale
Sweetest odours, all ye flowers!
Let them float from yonder bowers
Thy sweet notes, O nightingale!
Gaily deck'd to sing thy praise,
St Cecilia, we assemble,
Give thine ear unto our lays,
As floating on the air they tremble:
Voices blending,
Organs lending,
Power to swell the chords ascending:
Therefore, breathe into this vale
Sweetest odours, all ye flowers!
Let them float from yonder bowers
Thy sweet notes, O nightingale!

Solo.

Sing praise to her, who by the magic sound
Of melody, the heart in dreams of bliss entranc-
ing, [sound
Uplifts the soul, when hymns of praise re-
Inspires mankind to glorious deeds advancing
All nature wake, and loud her praises sing!
The voices well attuned, then gently rising
Burst forth in accents of rejoicing,
And then to her our heartfelt praises bring!

Chorus.

Brooks shall murmur, rocks shall sing,
Forests waving high their proudest,
There, ye birds, your songs shall ring
Where the echo answers loudest.
Join us all, and sing the lay,
Let the song through woods resounding,
And from rock to rock rebounding,
Praise Cecilia's day.

Solo.

Frascati, fairest vale of Italy!
Where almond-groves in all their splendor
blowing, [ing,
Thro' dark bright verdure golden fruit is glow-
And zephyrs' cooling pinions ply.
Thence will we hie to thy Elysian bowers,
Where spicy odours float throughout the air,
And nature shines in all her best attire—
We'll strew, in love to thee, the fairest
flowers.

Chorus.

Youth and beauty hand in hand,
Roses in fair tresses twining,
Now reclining
On the bosom of a friend,
Lambkins on the meads reposing,
Maidens singing nature's praise,
Shepherds joining in their lays,
Earth, thy charms are all-imposing.

Solo.

Sweet sounds the song of love within these
Fair Italy, thou land of song, [vallies,
And one of nature's favor'd daughters,
To thee all grace and harmony belong.
Not love alone the heart should warm
When foes our country's weal endanger,
But in defence to scare the stranger,
Unite, brave sons, both heart and arm!

Chorus of Men.

Rise, and break the chains which bind us,
Which the hands of love entwined,
Freedom calls—who'd stay behind?
Freedom on the field shall find us.
Rise, forget this shady vale,
And the songs of love resounding,
From the hills we hear rebounding.
Freedom echoes through the dale.
Shady groves for love and beauty,
Freedom seeks the heights around,
There is freedom's holy ground,
Sons of freedom know their duty.

Recitative.

Yon silver moon, see how her soft'ning rays
On rippling waters sporting play,
And thro' the dark, rich foliage gently force
their way;
List to the bell!
From yonder church its sounds make way
Along this quiet dell;
Its soothing tones now to the vesper sound
Like angels' voices to us calling,
Or dew drops on the troubled bosom falling,
Faint hearted beings thither bound
To heavenly joy and blissful peace recalling

Chorus Chorale.

Incense odors hov'ring o'er us,
Bear our songs of praise on high;
Harping angels join in chorus,
Joyous heav'nly harmony:
And resound throughout creation
Praises to His holy name,
Ev'ry creature feels the same—
Ev'ry nation.—Amen! Amen!

Solo.

With gratitude our hearts are fill'd, and now
Let music sound and joy pervade each breast,
And for the dance let all be gaily drest
With blooming flowers crowning every brow:
Where pious hearts, with love and courage
swelling,
There joy resound within its holy dwelling.

Chorus.

Come forward with pleasure, with garlands
advance,
And join in the measure of song and of dance,
Let roses, adorning the holiday vest,
Be type of the pleasures that glow in the
breast;
O gather the flowers the while they're in bloom,
Like pleasures they wither too soon—ah, too
soon!

Finale Chorus

Holy music, may'st thou ever
Charm us with sweet melodies.
And the fuller harmonies,
Making bonds that ne'er shall sever.
Scaring sorrow from this vale,
Heart to heart on earth uniting,
Man to noble deeds exciting,
Meeker souls to heaven inviting,
May'st thou e'er prevail!

3. AIR, from Stradella,..... *Flotow.*

MR. WANDER.

How sweetly gentle day around its beams is throwing,
Bright as upon each brow young joy is seen to smile:
The throng is swelling on—like waves of ocean throwing
With music's thrilling charm—the moments to beguile!
But should the minstrel's theme unworthy prove of glory

Virgin Maria! ever divinely
Spotless Madona! as thou hast smiled—
Ah! down from thy dwelling look now benignly,
As when thy beauty beamed o'er thy child,
Mother of blessings! thou who delightest

4. DUET "Love and War." T. Cooke.

MR. STRICKLAND, AND MR. FOLEY.

Lover.

While love absorbs my ardent soul
I think not of the morrow.
Beneath his sway years swiftly roll,
To lovers banish sorrow.

Soldier.

While war absorbs my ardent soul
I think not of the morrow;
Beneath his sway years swiftly roll
True soldiers banish sorrow.

By cannon's rattle, roused to battle,
Soldiers banish sorrow.

Both.

Since Mars loved Venus, Venus Mars,
Let's blend love's wounds with battle's scars
And call in Bacchus, all divine
To cure both pains with rosy wine,
And thus, beneath his social sway,
We'll sing and laugh the hours away.

5. CAVATINA & CHORUS from Somnambula "Come per me,"

SOLO BY MRS. PRESTON.

Bellini.

Solo.

O Love, for me thy power
Bright bids the day to shine,
While this heart, with joy revealing,
Beats with grateful feeling,
Still my lips, in vain appealing,
Cannot speak my soul's delight

Chorus.

Thou wert rear'd to joy, dear flower,
Blest by gentleness maternal,
All experience, bliss internal
Echo to thy brighter light.

6. DUET and CHORUS from Midsummer Night's Dream,

Mendelssohn.

SOLOS BY MRS. STRICKLAND AND MISS E. A. BARKER.

Philomel with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby,
Never harm, nor spell, nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So good night with lullaby.

7. DUET and CHORUS from Don Giovanni.....Mozart.

SOLOS BY MR. AND MRS. STRICKLAND.

Solo.

Pretty lasses, love's summer remember,
Ever flies upon gossamer wing;
Suffer not then life's chilly December
To destroy Cupid's bow and his string?
But make haste and be happy like me.

Chorus.

And be happy, be happy like thee.

Solo.

Oh, what rapture! the marriage-bells ringing,
To be dancing and playing and singing,
Who so happy as we?

Chorus.

Lira la, lira la!
Who so happy as we?

8. GALLOP, full Orchestra.....Lumbye.

9. TRAMP CHORUS.....Bishop.

SOLO BY MRS. PRESTON.

Now tramp, tramp o'er moss and fell
The battered ground
Returns the sound
While breathing chanters proudly swell

Clan Alpine's cry
Is "win or die."
Guardian spirits of the brave!
O'er my hero wave, Victory!