

STEINWAY HALL.

Theodore Thomas'

Series of Six

SYMPHONY CONCERTS

SEASON 1872-73.

SATURDAY EVE'G, APRIL 26th, 1873,

SIXTH CONCERT.

Mrs. H. M. SMITH, Soprano,

Miss ANNIE LOUISE CARY, Contralto,

Mr NELSON VARLEY, Tenor,

Mr. J. F. RUDOLPHSON, Baritone.

WILL APPEAR ON THIS OCCASION, TOGETHER WITH THE

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY

AND

THEO. THOMAS' UNRIVALED ORCHESTRA,

Increased to 100 Performers for this Occasion.

Doors Open at 7½, to Commence at 8 O'clock.

PROGRAMME.

SUITE No. 3, D, Bach

Overture, Air and Gavotte.

ARIA. Sound an Alarm, "Judas Maccabæus," Handel

Mr. NELSON VARLEY.

ALLEGRO MODERATO, }
ANDANTE CON MOTO, } Schubert

Two Movements from the Unfinished Symphony in B minor.

INTERMISSION.

SYMPHONY, No. 9, D minor, Op. 125 Beethoven

With final Chorus to Schiller's Ode

"HYMN TO JOY"

ORCHESTRA, SOLO QUARTETTE and CHORUS.

FIRST PART.

Allegro ma non troppo, Un poco Maestoso.

Scherzo, Molto Vivace.

Adagio Molto e Cantabile.

SECOND PART.

RECITATIVE, SOLOS, QUARTETTE and CHORUS.

Mrs. H. M. SMITH, Miss ANNIE LOUISE CARY,

Mr. NELSON VARLEY, Mr. J. F. RUDOLPHSON,

AND

THE HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY.

WORDS FROM SCHILLER'S
HYMN TO JOY.

Joy, thou spark of heav'nly brightness,
Daughter from Elysium!
Hearts on fire, with step of lightness,
On thy holy ground we come.
Thou canst bind all, each to other,
Custom sternly rends apart:
All mankind are friend and brother,
Where thy soft wing fans the heart.

He whom happy fate hath granted
Friend to have and friend to be,
Faithful wife who never wanted,
Mingle in our jubilee!
Yea, who in his heart's sure keeping
Counts but one true soul his own!
Who can not, O, let him, weeping,
Steal away, and live alone.

Joy all living things are drinking;
Nature's breasts for all do flow;
Good and evil, all unthinking,
On her rosy way we go.
Kisses gave she, vine-crowned leisure,
Friend in death aye true to friends!
Meanest worm hath sense of pleasure:
Before God the seraph stands!

Joyous, as yon orbs in gladness
Speed along their paths on high,
Let us on to victory!
Brothers, come, away with sadness!

O! embrace now, all ye millions!
Here's a kiss to all the world!
Brothers, o'er yon azure fold
Shine a Father's star pavillions!

Why on bended knees, ye millions?
Feel ye your Creator near?
Search beyond that starry sphere,
High above the star pavillions!

e2.087