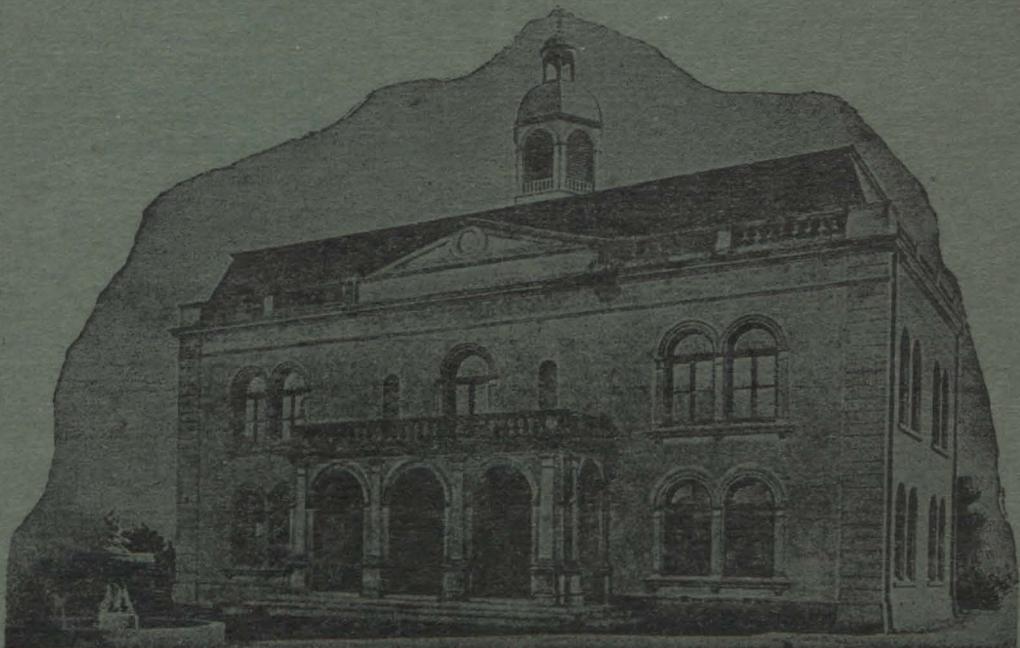


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- OF THE -
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— In Aid of the Funds of the —
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to be held in the CONSERVATORIUM HALL,
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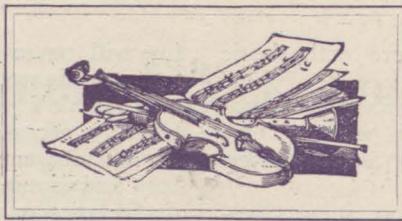
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THE CREATION, (ORATORIO)

Composed in the years 1797 and 1798 by JOSEF HAYDN.

OUTLINES ON HAYDN'S LIFE AND MUSIC.

FRANZ JOSEF HAYDN was born at a little place in Austria, Rohran near Prugg, on the confines of Austria and Hungary. The house in which Haydn was born is a very small and low-roofed cottage. Beethoven, shortly before his death, was shown a photo of his cottage, and remarked : "Strange that so great a man should have been born in so poor a home."

Josef Haydn was the second of 12 children.

The exact date of his birth seems to be uncertain, but it must have been either the 31st of March or the 1st of April, 1732. Haydn, when quite a youngster, was discovered by Reuter, the then Court Capellmeister, and taken to Vienna to sing in the famous choir at St. Stephen's Church, where he stayed for 10 years. Unfortunately or fortunately they were not of a very happy nature for young Haydn.

Haydn then was wandering weary and hungry, with threadbare clothes on his back and nothing in his purse. However, he met a good Samaritan in Spangler, a tenor singer, who shared his only room with him along with his wife and child. His instructions in Harmony and Composition had been very much neglected and he was left entirely to himself, although he had his old worm-eaten Spinet (piano), and his health and his good spirits. His chief instrument was the piano, but he also had lessons on the violin. Paul Anton Esterházy, whose father had distinguished himself in 1687 against the Turks, had acquired enormous wealth and had also raised the family to the height of its glory.

He was passionately devoted to the fine arts, more particularly to music, and played the violin with eminent skill. It was he who engaged Haydn to be the conductor of the choir in his private Chapel and to conduct musical performances of any kind in that princely house. Haydn had been busy composing all this time, and in the year 1775 he produced his first oratorio, "Il Ritorno di Tobia." In 1782 he had written 3 masses, several operas and other great works. But the most important work of this period was "The Seven Words of our Saviour on the Cross," written in 1785. In 1791 we find Haydn in England, where he met with such great success.

Now we must leave this stage and refer in a few words to the "Creation" by which Haydn's genius blossomed so luxuriously as to place him with almost amazing suddenness among the very first of the composers.

Much could be said about the Libretto, which is very much below the standard of music, but want of space will not permit. Haydn worked on the Creation with all the ardour of a first love. His nerves were unstrung no doubt from overwork and excitement and he often fell into the most melancholy conditions, till at length, as he himself says, his heart was revived by Providence by the first performance of the "Creation," which took place in Vienna, on the 29th of April, 1798, on which occasion he conducted an orchestra of amateurs. Whether they were better or worse than our Stellenbosch Society can not be proved easily; anyhow,

they could not have been more enthusiastic about it.

Haydn was unable to describe his sensation during the progress of his work. "One moment," he says, "I was as cold as ice, the next I seemed on fire."

On the 28th of March, 1800, it was performed at Covent Garden Theatre and at Paris in the same year. Strange enough, oratorios had never enraptured gay Paris, but "Creation" was received with immense enthusiasm. The instrumental representation of *chaos* is excellent, and nothing is finer than the soft voices at the words, "*And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the Waters.*" Even the fortissimo C Major chord on the word "*Light*" is as dazzling and grand to-day, as it was when first sung. Haydn's choruses are designed on a much less imposing scale than those of Handel. In our opinion Haydn could never have written "*The Messiah*," but on the other hand, Handel could never have written "*The Creation*." The chief beauty of Haydn's work lies in its airs for the solo voices. Once he was asked by the Emperor Francis of Austria which oratorio he (Haydn) himself preferred "The Creation" or "The Seasons?" ("The Seasons" was composed after "The Creation"). "The Creation!" answered Haydn. "In "The Creation" angels speak and their talk is of God; in "The Seasons" no one speaks higher than Farmer Simon."

Haydn's position, alike in music and in musical biography, is almost unique. Bach for instance had never been out of Germany all his life; Haydn left Austria only to make those visits to England which had so important an influence on the later manifestations of his genius. His was a long, safe, sound, and on the whole, fortunate existence. A hard, struggling youth merged into an easy middle-age, and late years found him in good circumstances.

In the history of art, his position is of the first importance. He was the father of Instrumental Music, and whatever the revolutionary processes of the Art may bring, the

time will never come when he will be forgotten or his works unheard.

Of Haydn's general life as a composer, it is hardly necessary to speak. His music is like his character—clear, straight-forward, fresh and winning, without the slightest trace of affectation or morbidness. He was in short one of the most genial of all the great composers. That he was not so deep as Beethoven, was not his fault. "My music," says Schubert, "is the production of my genius and my misery." Haydn, like Mendelssohn, was never more than temporarily miserable.

Haydn's last appearance on the Public Platform was when his "Creation" was performed in Vienna at the University. Nau-man, writing about it, says: "Such an Apotheosis of the master was witnessed as has but few parallels." The performance was under Salieri. All the great artists of Vienna were present—Beethoven, Hummel and others. By command of Prince Esterhazy, Haydn was conveyed in an arm-chair to the Hall, and on entering, the audience rose in testimony of their regard. When that magnificent passage was reached: "And there was light," they burst into loud applause and Haydn, overcome with excitement, exclaimed: "Not I, but a Power from above created that!" The performance, however, proved to be too much for the man of 76 and he was taken home. As he was carried out, some of the noblest men of the land crowded round him to take what was felt to be the last farewell; and Beethoven bent down and kissed his hand and forehead. Having reached the door, Haydn asked his bearers to pause and turned himself towards the Orchestra. Then lifting his hand, as if in the act of blessing, he was borne out into the night.

Haydn meant to make the world happy, not to tear it with agony. "I know," he said, "that God has bestowed the talent upon me, and I thank him for it. I think I have done my duty, and have been of use in my generation through my works. Let others do the same."

He died on May 31st, 1809.

Principal Performers.

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Mr. REGINALD WHITE	Tenor.
(Cape Town).	
Mr. ALCOCK	Baritone.
(R. A. of Music, London.)	
Prof. KARL METZLER	Violinist.
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Leader: Mr. F. SMUTS.

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 „ G. Koch.
 „ L. Smuts.
 „ M. Smuts.
 Mr. H. Runge.
 Miss A. Versfeld.

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 Mrs. Hardy.

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„ D. Standen	„ R. Odendaal
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Extract from "CAPE TIMES" 16th May, 1907.

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The Creation.

PART I.

INTRODUCTION.

REPRESENTATION OF CHAOS.

RECITATIVE.

Raphael.

In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth ; and the earth was without form, and void ; and darkness was upon the face of the deep.

CHORUS.

And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters. And God said, Let there be light : and there was light.

RECITATIVE.

Uriel.

And God saw the light, that it was good : and God divided the light from the darkness.

AIR.

Now vanish before the holy beams
The gloomy shades of ancient night.
The first of days appears.
Now chaos ends, and order fair prevails.
Affrighted fly hell's spirits black in throngs :
Down they sink in the deep abyss
To endless night.

CHORUS.

Despairing cursing rage attends their rapid fall.

A new-created world springs up at God's command.

RECITATIVE.

Raphael.

And God made the firmament, and divided the waters which were under the firmament from the waters which were above the firmament : and it was so.

Now furious storms tempestuous rage,
Like chaff, by the winds impelled are the clouds,
By sudden fire the sky is inflamed,
And awful thunders are rolling on high.
Now from the floods in steam ascend reviving showers of rain,
The dreary wasteful hail, the light and flaky snow.

AIR—*Gabriel.*

The marv'lous work behold amaz'd
The glorious hierarchy of heaven ;
And to th' ethereal vaults resound
The praise of God, and of the second day

CHORUS.

And to th' ethereal vaults resound
The praise of God, and of the second day.

RECITATIVE.

Raphael.

And God said, Let the waters under the heavens be gathered together to one place, and let the dry land appear : and it was so. And God called the dry land earth, and the gathering of waters called He seas : and God saw that it was good.

AIR.

Rolling in foaming billows,
Uplifted, roars the boisterous sea.
Mountains and rocks now emerge,
Their tops among the clouds ascend.
Through th' open plains, outstretching wide,
In serpent error rivers flow.
Softly purling, glides on
Through silent vales the limpid brook.

RECITATIVE.

Gabriel.

And God said, Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit-tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself, upon the earth : and it was so.

AIR.

With verdure clad the fields appear,
Delightful to the ravish'd sense ;
By flowers sweet and gay
Enhanced is the charming sight.
Here fragrant herbs their odours shed ;
Here shoots the healing plant.
With copious fruit the expanded boughs
are hung ;
In leafy arches twine the shady groves ;
O'er lofty hills majestic forests wave.

RECITATIVE.

Uriel.

And the heavenly host proclaimed the third day, praising God, and saying,

CHORUS.

Awake the harp, the lyre awake,
And let your joyful song resound.
Rejoice in the Lord, the mighty God ;
For He both heaven and earth
Has clothed in stately dress.

RECITATIVE.

Uriel.

And God said, Let there be lights in the firmament of heaven, to divide the day from the night, and to give light upon the earth ; and let them be for signs, and for seasons, and for days, and for years. He made the stars also.

RECITATIVE.—(Accompanied).

In splendour bright is rising now the sun, And darts his rays ; a joyful happy spouse, A giant proud and glad To run his measur'd course. With softer beams, and milder light, Steps on the silver moon through silent night. The space immense of th' azure sky A countless host of radiant orbs adorns. And the sons of God announced the fourth day, In song divine, proclaiming thus His power :

CHORUS.

The heavens are telling the glory of God, The wonder of His work displays the firmament.

TRIO.

To day that is coming speaks it the day, The night that is gone to following night.

CHORUS.

The heavens are telling the glory of God, The wonder of His work displays the firmament.

TRIO.

In all the lands resounds the word, Never unperceived, ever understood.

CHORUS.

The heavens are telling the glory of God, The wonder of His work displays the firmament.

—\$—

PART II.

RECITATIVE.

Gabriel.

And God said, Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life, and fowl that may fly above the earth in the open firmament of heaven.

AIR.

On mighty pens uplifted soars The eagle aloft, and cleaves the air, In swiftest flight, to the blazing sun. His welcome bids to morn the merry lark, And cooing calls the tender dove his mate. From ev'ry bush and grove resound The nightingale's delightful notes ; No grief affected yet her breast, Nor to a mournful tale were tun'd Her soft enchanting lays.

RECITATIVE.

Raphael.

(OMITTED.)

TRIO.

Gabriel.

Most beautiful appear, with verdure young adorn'd, The gently sloping hills ; their narrow sinuous veins Distil, in crystal drops, the fountain fresh and bright.

Uriel.

In lofty circles play, and hover in the air, The cheerful host of birds ; and as they flying whirl Their glittering plumes are dyed as rainbows by the sun.

Raphael.

See flashing through the deep in thronging swarms The fish a thousand ways around. Upheaved from the deep, th' immense Leviathan Sports on the foaming wave.

Gabriel, Uriel, and Raphael.

How many are Thy works, O God ! Who may their number tell ?

TRIO AND CHORUS.

The Lord is great, and great His might, His glory lasts for ever and for evermore.

RECITATIVE.

Raphael.

And God said, Let the earth bring forth the living creature after his kind : cattle, and creeping thing, and beast of the earth, after his kind.

Straight opening her fertile womb, The earth obey'd the word, And teem'd creatures numberless, In perfect forms, and fully grown.

Cheerful, roaring, stands the tawny lion.
With sudden leap.
The flexible tiger appears. The nimble stag,
Bears up his branching head. With flying
mane,
And fiery look, impatient neighs the noble
steed.
The cattle, in herds, already seek their food
On fields and meadows green.
And o'er the ground, as plants, are spread
The fleecy, meek, and bleating flocks.
Unnumber'd as the sands, in swarms arose
The hosts of insects. In long dimension
Creeps, with sinuous trace, the worm.

AIR.

Now heaven in fullest glory shone ;
Earth smil'd in all her rich attire ;
The room of air with fowl is filled ;
The water swell'd by shoals of fish ;
By heavy beasts the ground is trod ;
But all the work was not complete ;
There wanted yet that wondrous being,
That, Grateful, should God's power admire,
With heart and voice His goodness praise.

RECITATIVE.

Uriel.

And God created man in His own image,
in the image of God created He him. Male
and female created He them.

He breathed into his nostrils the breath of
life, and Man became a living soul.

AIR.

In native worth and honour clad,
With beauty, courage, strength, adorn'd,
Erect, with front serene, he stands
A man, the lord and king of nature all.
His large and arched brow sublime
Of wisdom deep declares the seat !
And in his eyes with brightness shines
The soul, the breath and image of his God.
With fondness leans upon his breast
The partner for him form'd,
A woman, fair and graceful spouse.
Her softly-smiling virgin looks,
Of flow'ry spring the mirror,
Bespeaks him love, and joy, and bliss.

RECITATIVE.

Raphael.

And God saw every thing that he had
made, and behold, it was very good. And
the heavenly choir, in song divine, thus
closed the sixth day.

CHORUS.

Achieved is the glorious work ;
The Lord beholds it, and is pleas'd.
In lofty strains let us rejoice,
Our song let be the praise of God.

TRIO.

Gabriel and Uriel.

On Thee each living soul awaits ;
From Thee, O Lord, all seek their food ;
Thou openest Thy hand,
And fillest all with good.

Raphael.

But when Thy face, O Lord, is hid,
With sudden terror they are struck ;
Thou tak'st their breath away,
They vanish into dust.

Gabriel, Uriel, and Raphael.

Thou sendest forth Thy breath again,
And life with vigour fresh returns ;
Revived earth unfolds new strength
And new delights.

CHORUS.

Achieved is the glorious work ;
Our song let be the praise of God.
Glory to His Name for ever.
He sole on high exalted reigns.

Hallelujah !

PART III.

INTRODUCTION.—MORNING.

RECITATIVE.

Uriel.

In rosy mantle appears, by music sweet awak'd
The morning, young and fair,
From heaven's angelic choir
Pure harmony descends on ravish'd earth.
Behold the blissful pair,
Where hand in hand they go: their glowing
looks
Express the thanks that swell their grateful
hearts.
A louder praise of God their lips
Shall utter soon; then let our voices ring,
United with their song.

DUET.

Adam and Eve.

(OMITTED.)

CHORUS.

Hail! bounteous Lord! Almighty, hail!
Thy word call'd forth this wondrous frame,
The heavens and earth Thy power adore;
We praise Thee now and evermore.

RECITATIVE.

Adam.

Our duty we have now perform'd,
In offering up to God our thanks.
Now follow me, dear partner of my life,
Thy guide I'll be ; and every step
Pours new delights into our breasts,
Shows wonders everywhere.

Then mayst thou feel and know the high
Of bliss the Lord allotted us, [degree
And with devoted heart His bounties celebrate.
Come, follow me, thy guide I'll be.

Eve.

O thou for whom I am, my help, my shield,
My all, thy will is law to me ;
So God our Lord ordains; and from obedience
Grows my pride and happiness.

DUET.

Adam and Eve.

Adam. Graceful consort, at thy side
Softly fly the golden hours ;
Ev'ry moment brings new rapture,
Ev'ry care is lull'd to rest.

Eve. Spouse adored, at thy side
Purest joys o'erflow the heart ;
Life and all I have is thine ;
My reward thy love shall be.

Both.

The dew-dropping morn, O how
she quickens all !

The coolness of even, O how she
all restores !

How grateful is of fruits the savour
sweet !

How pleasing is of fragrant bloom
the smell !

But, without thee, what is to me
The morning dew, the breath of even,
The sav'ry fruit, the fragrant bloom ?
With thee is every joy enhanced,
With thee delight is ever new,
With thee is life incessant bliss,
Thine, thine it all shall be.

RECITATIVE.

Uriel.

O happy pair ! and happy still might be
If not misled by false conceit.
Ye strive at more than granted is ;
And more desire to know, than know yeshould.

CHORUS.

Sing the Lord, ye voices all,
Magnify His name thro' all creation,
Celebrate His power and glory.
Let His Name resound on high.
Praise the Lord. Utter thanks.
Jehovah's praise for ever shall endure. Amen.

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