

(v) Each Dawn of Early Day"- (from the Opera "The Invisible City of  
Kitisch")

"Each Dawn of early Day, rising in extacy,  
Hymns are offered, to the Glory of One on High.

Rimsky-Kors.

Sunlight reigns above, warming the Earth,  
With its kindly beams.

Stars are tapers around the Throne of God.

Day and night songs of praise fill the aether blue,  
Myriad voices re-echo in perfect joy,  
Not a bird but to warble a piping song,  
Ne'er a beast in his pride will not bow his head....

Glory to God on High, now and evermore.

Glory too shall reign here on earth below,  
Holy Temple of Him who suffered all for us....

The Erl-King.

Schubert.

Who rides there so late through night so wild?  
A loving father with his young child;  
He clasps his boy close with his fond arm,  
And closer, closer to keep him warm.

"Dear Son, what makes thy sweet face grow so white?"  
"See, father, 'tis the Erl-king in sight!  
The Erl-king there with crown and shroud!"  
"Dear son, it is some misty cloud."

"Thou dearest boy, wilt come with me?  
And many games I'll play with thee;  
Where varied blossoms grow on the wold,  
And my mother hath many a robe of gold."

"Dear father, my father, say, did'st thou not hear  
The Erl-king whisper so low in mine ear?"  
"Be tranquil, then be tranquil, my child,  
"Mong wither'd leaves the wind bloweth wild."

"Wilt come, proud boy, wilt thou come with me?  
Where my beauteous daughter doth wait for thee,  
With my daughter thou'lt join in the dance every night,  
She'll lull thee with sweet songs to give thee delight,  
And lull thee with sweet songs to give thee delight."

My father, my father, And canst thou not trace  
The Erl-king's daughter in yonder dark place?"  
"Dear son, dear son, the form you there see  
Is only the hollow grey willow tree."

"I love thee well, with me thou shalt ride on my course,  
And if thou'rt un willing, I seize thee by force!"  
"Oh father! My father! thy child closer clasp,  
Erl-king hath seiz'd me with icy grasp!"

His father shudder'd His pace grew more wild,  
He held to his bosom his poor fainting child.

(over)

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He reach'd that house with toil and dread,  
For in his arms, lo! his child lay dead!