

Presented in partnership with Boston Modern Orchestra Project (BMOP) Voices of America

***BarberFest***

Distler Performance Hall, Tufts University

**Concert One: Friday, September 25, 2009, 7 p.m.**

**Nuvioletta**, opus 25 (1947)

Sarah Pelletier, soprano & Shiela Kibbe, pianist

**The Daisies**, opus 2 (1927)

**With Rue my Heart is Laden**, opus 2 (1928)

**Bessie Bobtail**, opus 2 (1934)

Shadi Ebrahami, soprano & Linda Osborn-Blaschke, pianist

**Of that so sweet imprisonment** (*10 Early Songs*; 1935)

**Love at the door** (*10 Early Songs*; 1934)

Joe Dan Harper, tenor & Anne Kissel, pianist

**Au Clair de la Lune** (unpublished; 1926)

**La Nuit** (unpublished; 1925)

Sarah Pelletier, soprano & Shiela Kibbe, pianist

**Mélodies Passagères**, opus 27 (“To Francis Poulenc and Pierre Bernac”; 1950-51)

Puisque tout passe  
Un cygne  
Tombeau dans un parc  
Le clocher chante  
Départ

Joe Dan Harper, tenor & Anne Kissel, pianist

***Pause***

**Strings in the earth and air** (*10 Early Songs*; 1935)

**My Fairyland** (unpublished; 1924)

**Monks and Raisins**, opus 18 (1943)

**Thy Love** (unpublished; 1926)

Shadi Ebrahami, soprano & Linda Osborn-Blaschke, pianist

**Dere Two Fella Joe** (unpublished; 1924)

**Ask Me To Rest** (unpublished; 1926)

Joe Dan Harper, tenor & Anne Kissel, pianist

**A Nun Takes the Veil**, opus 13 (1937)

**Slumber Song of the Madonna** (*10 Early songs*; 1925, originally for voice and organ)

**October Weather** (unpublished; 1923)

Shadi Ebrahami, soprano & Linda Osborn-Blaschke, pianist

**Three Songs**, opus 45 (1972)

Now Have I Fed and Eaten up the Rose

A Green Lowland of Pianos

O Boundless, Boundless Evening

Sarah Pelletier, soprano & Shiela Kibbe, pianist

## Concert One

### **Nuvoletta**

Text from *Finnegan's Wake*, novel by James Joyce (1882-1941)

Nuvoletta in her light dress, spunn of sisteen shimmers,  
was looking down on them, leaning over the bannistars and list'ning all she childishly could...  
She was alone. All her nubied companions were asleeping with the squir'ls...  
She tried all the winsome wonsome ways her four winds had taught her.  
She tossed her sfumastelliacinous hair like *la princesse de la Petite Bretagne*  
and she rounded her mignons arms like Missis Cornwallis West  
and she smiled over herself like the image of the pose of the daughter of the Emperour of Irelande  
and she sighed after herself as were she born to bride with Tristis Tristior Tristissimus.  
But, sweet madonine, she might fair as well have carried her daisy's worth to Florida...  
Oh, how it was duusk. From Vallee Maraia to Grasyaplaina, dormimust echo!  
Ah dew! Ah dew! It was so duusk that the tears of night began to fall,  
first by ones and twos, then by threes and fours, at last by fives and sixes of sevens, for the tired ones were wecking; as we weep  
now with them. *O! O! O! Par la pluie...*  
Then Nuvoletta reflected for the last time in her little long life  
and she made up all her myriads of drifting minds in one.  
She cancelled all her engauzements. She climbed over the bannistars; she gave a childy cloudy cry:  
*Nuée! Nuée!* A light dress fluttered. She was gone.

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### **The Daisies**

Words by James Stephens (1882-1950)

In the scented bud of the morning O,  
When the windy grass went rippling far!  
Saw my dear one walking slow  
In the field where the daisies are.

We did not laugh, and we did not speak,  
As we wandered happ'ly, to and fro,  
I kissed my dear on either cheek,  
In the bud of the morning O!

A lark sang up, from the breezy land;  
A lark sang down, from a cloud afar;  
As she and I went, hand in hand,  
In the field where the daisies are.

### **With rue my heart is laden**

Words by A.E. Housman (1859 – 1936)

With rue my heart is laden  
For golden friends I had,  
For many a rose-lipt maiden  
And many a lightfoot lad.

By brooks too broad for leaping  
The light-foot boys are laid;  
The roselipt girls are sleeping  
In fields where roses fade.

### **Bessie Bobtail**

Words by James Stephens (1882-1950)

As down the road she wambled slow,  
She had not got a place to go:  
She had not got a place to fall  
And rest herself, no place at all!

She stumped along, and wagged her pate;  
And said a thing was desperate.

Her face was screwed and wrinkled tight  
Just like a nut and, left and right,  
On either side, she wagged her head  
And said a thing; and what she said  
Was desperate as any word  
That ever yet a person heard.

She walked behind her for a while,  
And watched the people nudge and smile:  
But ever, as she went, she said,  
As left and right she swung her head,

*O Got He Knows:  
And God He knows!  
And, surely God Almighty knows!*

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### **Of that so sweet imprisonment**

Words by James Joyce (1882-1941), from *Chamber Music* (1907)

Of that so sweet imprisonment  
My soul, dearest, is fain—  
Soft arms that woo me to relent  
And woo me to detain.  
Ah, could they ever hold me there  
Gladly were I a prisoner!

Dearest, through interwoven arms  
By love made tremulous,  
That night allures me where alarms  
Nowise may trouble us;  
But sleep to dreamier sleep be wed  
Where soul with soul lies prisoned.

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### **Love at the door**

Words by Meleager (Greek)

Translated by John Addington Symonds (1840-1893)

Cold blows the winter wind: 'tis Love,  
Whose sweet eyes swim with honeyed tears  
That bears me to thy doors, my love,  
Tossed by the storm of hopes and fears.

Cold blows the blast of aching Love,  
But be thou for my wand'ring sail  
Adrift upon these waves of love  
Safe harbor from the whistling gale.

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## Au clair de la lune

manuscript inscription: "A modern setting of the old Folk-tune"; for Deems Taylor's class!!!"

Au clair de la lune  
Mon ami Pierrot  
Prete-moi ta plume  
Pour écrire un mot.

Ma chandelle est morte  
Je n'ai plus de feu  
Ouvre-moi ta porte  
Pour l'amour de Dieu.

Au clair de la lune  
Pierrot repondit  
Je n'ai pas de plume  
Je suis dans mon lit.

Va chez la voisine  
Je crois qu'elle y est  
Car dans sa cuisine  
On bat le briquet.

In the light of the moon,  
Pierrot, my friend  
Loan me your pen  
to write something down

My candle's dead,  
I've got no flame to light it  
Open your door,  
for the love of God!

In the light of the moon,  
Pierrot replied  
I don't have a pen,  
I'm in my bed

Go to the neighbor's,  
I think she's there  
Because in the kitchen  
someone just lit a match.

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## La Nuit

Words by Alfred Meurath (dates unknown)  
Translation by Florestan Recital Project

La nuit c'est l'heure du songe—  
Des rêves, et de l'amour—  
De la douleur qui nous ronge,  
Et la fin des maux de la jour.

La nuit c'est le noir et l'ombre,  
C'est l'heure du doux repos—  
Pour l'homme qui dort dans l'ombre,  
Les paupières et la coeur clos—  
La nuit c'est le grand silence,  
La solitude et l'ennui;  
Troubles en notre conscience.  
Car elle songe la nuit—  
Et songe à de tristes choses,  
Car là dans l'ombre est l'abîme!  
Heureux l'homme qui repose  
Et dort dans la nuit sublime!

The night is the hour of dreaming—  
Of dreams, and of love—  
Of sorrow which eats us away,  
And the end of the pains of the day.

The night is the black and the shadow,  
It is the hour of soft repose—  
For the man who sleeps in the shadow,  
The eyelids and the heart closed—  
The night it is the vast silence,  
The solitude and the ennui;  
Troubles in our consciousness.  
Because it contemplates the night—  
And thinks about sad things,  
Because there in the shadow is the abyss!  
Happy the man who rests  
And sleeps in the night sublime!

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## Mélodies Passagères

Words by Rainer Maria Rilke (1875-1926)  
Translation by Florestan Recital Project

### Puisque tout passe

Puisque tout passe, faisons  
la mélodie passagère;  
celle qui nous désaltère,  
aura de nous raison.

Chantons ce qui nous quitte  
avec amour et art;  
soyons plus vite  
que le rapide départ.

### Since all things pass

Since all things pass, let us make  
a passing melody;  
the one that quenches our thirst  
will be the one to win us.

Let us sing what leaves us  
with love and art;  
let us be swifter  
than the swift departure.

## Un cygne

Un cygne avance sur l'eau tout entouré  
de lui-même, comme un glissant tableau;  
ainsi à certains instants  
un être que l'on aime est tout un espace mouvant.  
Il se rapproche, doublé, comme ce cygne qui nage,  
sur notre âme troublée...  
qui à cet être ajoute la tremblante image  
de bonheur et de doute.

## Tombeau dans un parc

Dors au fond de l'allée,  
tendre enfant, sous la dalle,  
on fera le chant de l'été  
autour de ton intervalle.

Si une blanche colombe  
passait au vol là-haut,  
je n'offrirais à ton tombeau  
que son ombre qui tombe.

## Le clocher chante

Mieux qu'une tour profane,  
je me chauffe pour mûrir mon carillon.  
Qu'il soit doux, qu'il soit bon  
aux Valaisannes.

Chaque dimanche, ton par ton,  
je leur jette ma manne;  
qu'il soit bon, mon carillon,  
aux Valaisannes.

Qu'il soit doux, qu'il soit bon;  
samedi soir dans les channes  
tombe en gouttes mon carillon  
aux Valaisans des Valaisannes.

## Départ

Mon amie, il faut que je parte.  
Voulez-vous voir  
l'endroit sur la carte?  
C'est un point noir.  
En moi, si la chose  
bien me réussit, ce sera  
un point rose  
dans un vert pays.

## A swan

A swan moves over the water encircled all around  
by itself, like a painting that glides;  
thus, at certain moments,  
a being that one loves is a whole moving space.  
It draws near doubled over, like the drifting swan,  
over our troubled soul...  
adding to that being the trembling image  
of happiness and doubt.

## Tomb in the park

Sleep at the end of the row,  
dear child, beneath the stone;  
around your space we shall sing  
the song of summer.

Should a white dove  
pass overhead,  
as sole offering for your tomb,  
I'll present its falling shadow.

## The bell-tower sings

Better warmed than a secular tower  
am I to ripen my carillon.  
May it be sweet, may it be good  
for the girls of the Valais.

Every Sunday, tone by tone,  
I cast to them my manna;  
may it be good, my carillon,  
for the girls of the Valais.

May it be sweet, may it be good;  
into their beers on Saturday nights  
my carillon falls, drop by drop,  
for the boys of the girls of the Valais.

## Departure

My love, I must leave.  
Would you care to see  
the place on the map?  
It's marked in black.  
In me, if things  
work out, it will be  
a pink mark  
in a green land.

## Strings in the earth and air

Words by James Joyce (1882-1941), from *Chamber Music* (1907)

Strings in the earth and air  
Make music sweet;  
Strings by the river where  
The willows meet.

There's music along the river

[For Love wanders there,]<sup>1</sup>

Pale flowers on his mantle,

Dark leaves on his hair.

All softly playing,

With head to the music bent,

And fingers straying

Upon an instrument.

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### **My Fairyland** (to Miss Schmidt and Dr. Kerlin)

words by Robert T. Kerlin (dates unknown)

Tomorrow! Oh sweet tomorrow!

Tomorrow is my Fairyland!

Sadly, I think of Yesterday

A barren wreck strewn stretch of sand

Beneath low skies of grey.

Tomorrow! Oh divine Tomorrow!

I shall be brave and wise Tomorrow!

Weakness and failure marred Today!

My strength was sapped by pain and sorrow!

I stumbled in the way!

Tomorrow, God! Oh, sweet Tomorrow!

Untouched and pure that new world lies!

Thy world, and mine—a golden strand!

A golden dawn in cloudless skies!

Tomorrow is my Fairyland!

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### **Monks and Raisins**

Words by José García Villa (1908-1997)

I have observed pink monks eating blue raisins.

And I have observed blue monks eating pink raisins.

Studiously have I observed.

Now, this is the way a pink monk eats a blue raisin:

Pink I she and it is blue and the pink

Swallows the blue.

I swear this is true.

And the way a blue monk eats a pink raisin is this:

Blue is he and it is pink and the blue

Swallows the pink.

And this also is truth.

Indeed I have observed and myself partaken

Of blue and pink raisins.

But my joy was diff'rent:

My joy was to see the blue and the pink counterpointing.

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### **Thy Love**

words by Elizabeth Barrett Browning (1806-1861)

heavily excerpted from Sonnet 14, *Sonnets from the Portuguese*

If thou wouldest love me, let it be for naught,

Except for love's sake only. Do not say

"I love her for her smile—her way of speaking gently,

\*[for a trick of thought

That falls in well with mine, and certs brought

A sense of pleasant ease on such a day"]

For these things, in themselves, Belov'd, may  
Be changed, or change for thee;  
\*[and love, so wrought,  
May be unwrought so. Neither love me for  
Thine own dear pity's wiping my cheeks dry, -  
A creature might forget to weep, who bore  
Thy comfort long, and lose thy love thereby!]  
But love me for love's sake, that evermore  
Thou may'st love on, through love's eternity.

\*not set by Barber

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### **Dere Two Fella Joe**

manuscript inscription: "An Encore Song in French-Canadian Dialect"

"The words related to the composer by a White Mountain Guide—Spoken by a French-Canadian father, very much excited and mystified by the arrival of twins in his family"

Dere two fell Joe!  
And wan se nam Pete  
Stick a yo' finga in Joe's mout;  
A-ha! She bite! Das Pete!

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### **Ask Me To Rest**

Words by Edward Hicks Streeter Terry (exact dates unknown; late 19<sup>th</sup> century)

Ask me to rest when I can show the world  
That I have toiled: then will I heed thy plea;  
But now—with nothing done, I must go on,  
I pray, I pray thee ask it not of me!  
  
Ask me to rest when every voice I hear  
Speaks happiness: then will I heed thy plea:  
But now—with nothing done, I could not rest,  
My heart would break with pent-up agony.

Ask me to rest when Hate and Greed are stilled  
When Warfare's o'er: then will I heed thy plea;  
But now—that these are here—I must assist  
In setting Man, thus bound, at liberty!

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### **A Nun Takes the Veil**

Words by Gerard Manley Hopkins (1844-1889)

I have desired to go  
Where springs not fail,  
To fields where flies no sharp and sided hail  
And a few lilies blow.  
  
And I have asked to be  
Where no storms come,  
Where the green swell is in the havens dumb,  
And out of the swing of the sea.

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### **Slumber Song of the Madonna**

Words by Alfred Noyes (1880-1958)

Sleep, little baby, I love thee;  
Sleep, little king, I am bending above thee!  
How should I know what to sing  
Here in my arms as I sing thee to sleep?

Hushaby low, rockaby so.

Kings may have wonderful jewels to bring,  
Mother has only a kiss for her king!  
Why should my singing so make me to weep?  
Only to know that I love thee, I love thee,  
Love thee, my little one, sleep.

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### **October Weather**

Words attributed to Barber

October mountain weather!  
With joy sing ah\_\_!  
Now blooms the wayside heather!  
Bright colors blend together!  
The time of the year when the birds homeward fly!  
And the flowers and shrubs must fall downward and die.  
But am I full sorrowful? No, not I!  
'Tis October weather!  
October mountain weather!  
With joy sing ah\_\_!  
Now blooms the wayside heather!  
Oh come and sing together!  
For if winter must come, there the spring must come, too,  
And if birds fly away they will come back to you!  
So we'll sing for the leaves and the skies of pure blue  
In October weather!

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### **Now have I fed and eaten up the rose**

Words by James Joyce (1882-1941), after the German of Gottfried Keller (1819-1890)

Now have I fed and eaten up the rose  
Which then she laid within my stiffcold hand.  
That I should ever feed upon a rose  
I never had believed in liveman's land.  
  
Only I wonder was it white or red  
The flower that in the dark my food has been.  
Give us, and if Thou give, thy daily bread,  
Deliver us from evil, Lord, Amen.

### **A Green Lowland of Pianos**

Words by Czeslaw Milosz (b. 1911)

Translated from the Polish by Jerzy Harasymowicz (1933-1999)

in the evening  
as far as the eye can see  
herds  
of black pianos  
  
up to their knees  
in the mire  
they listen to the frogs  
  
they gurgle in water  
with chords of rapture  
  
they are entranced  
by froggish, moonish spontaneity

after the vacation  
they cause scandals  
in a concert hall  
during the artistic milking  
suddenly they lie down  
like cows

looking with indifference  
at the white flowers  
of the audience

at the gesticulating  
of the ushers

### **O boundless, boundless evening**

Words by Christopher Middleton (b. 1926)  
From the German of Georg Heym (1887-1912)

O boundless, boundless evening. Soon the glow  
Of long hills on the skyline will be gone,  
Like clear dream country now, rich-hued by sun.  
O boundless evening where the cornfields throw  
The scattered daylight back in an aureole.  
Swallows high up are singing, very small.  
On every meadow glitters their swift flight,  
In woods of rushes and where tall masts stand  
In brilliant bays. Yet in ravines beyond  
Between the hills already nests the night.

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