

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

BarberFest

Distler Performance Hall, Tufts University

Concert Two: Saturday, Sept 26, 2009

Nursery Songs (unpublished, “To Sara”; 1920-1923)

Jack and Jill
God Bless You
I Do Not Like Thee, Dr. Fell
Tom, Tom, the Piper’s Son
I Love Little Pussy
Two Old Men
The Rockaby Lady

Janna Baty, mezzo-soprano & John McDonald, pianist

Three Songs, the words from Old England (unpublished; 1925-1926)

Lady, When I Behold the Roses
An Earnest Suit to his Unkind Mistress
Hey Nonny No!

Aaron Engebretth, baritone & Alison d’Amato, pianist

Two Songs of Youth (unpublished; 1925)

Invocation to Youth
I Never Thought that Youth Would Go

Peace (unpublished; 1935)

Janna Baty, mezzo-soprano & John McDonald, pianist

Fantasy in Purple (unpublished; 1925)

Watchers (unpublished; 1926)

Aaron Engebretth, baritone & Alison d’Amato, pianist

The Secrets of the Old, opus 13 (1938)

The Queen’s Face on the Summery Coin, opus 18 (1942)

Sure on this Shining Night, opus 13 (1938)

Janna Baty, mezzo-soprano & John McDonald, pianist

Pause

There's nae lark (*10 Early Songs*; 1927)

Night Wanderers (*10 Early Songs*; 1935)

In the dark pinewood (*10 Early Songs*; 1937)

Love's Caution (*10 Early Songs*; 1935)

Janna Baty, mezzo-soprano & John McDonald, pianist

Despite and Still, Opus 41 (1968)

A Last Song
My Lizard
In the Wilderness
Solitary Hotel
Despite and Still

Aaron Engebretth, baritone & Alison d’Amato, pianist

Concert 2

Nursery Songs (To Sara)

Jack and Jill

Jack and Jill went up the hill,
To fetch a pail of water;
Jack fell down, and broke his crown
and Jill came tumbling after!
Up Jack got, and home did trot,
As fast he could caper;
Went to bed to mind his head,
With vinegar and brown paper.

God Bless You!

Christmas is coming! The geese are getting fat;
Please put a penny in the old man's hat.
If you haven't got a penny
Ha'penny will do,
If you haven't got a ha'penny,
God bless you!

I Do Not Like Thee, Dr. Fell

I do not like thee, Doctor Fell!
The reason why, I cannot tell.
But this I know and know full well,
I do not like thee, Doctor Fell!

Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son

Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
He learned to play when he was young,
But the only tune that he could play,
Was "Over the hills" and "Over the hills"
and "Over the hills and far away."

I Love Little Pussy

I love little pussy,
His coat is warm,
And if I don't hurt her she'll do me harm;
So I'll not pull her tail,
Nor drive her away,
But pussy and I very quickly will play.

Two Old Men

There was an old man from Jamaica
Who suddenly married a Quaker!
But she cried out, "Oh lack!
I have married a black!"
Which distressed that old man from Jamaica!
There was an old man from Peru
Who watched his wife baking a stew
But one day by mistake,
In the stove she did bake
That unfortunate man from Peru!

The Rockaby Lady

The Rockaby Lady from Hushaby street,
Comes stealing; Comes creeping;
The poppies, they hang from her head to her feet,
And each hath a dream that is tiny and fleet,
She bringeth her poppies to you my sweet,
When she findeth you sleeping.

Lady, When I Behold the Roses

Words by John Wilbye (1574-1638)

Lady, when I behold the roses sprouting
Which clad in damask man. this deck the arbors
And then behold your lips where sweet love harbours
My eyes present me with a double doubting
For viewing both alike hardly supposes
Whether the roses be your lips,
Or your lips the roses!

An Earnest Visit to His Unkind Mistress Not to Forsake Him

Words by Sir Thomas Wyatt (1503-1542)

And wilt thou leave me thus!
Say nay, say nay, for shame!
--To save thee from the blame
Of all my grief and grame.
And wilt thou leave me thus?
 Say nay, say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus
Who hath loved thee so long,
In wealth and woe among.
And is thy heart so strong
As for to leave me thus?
 Say nay, say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus,
Who hath given thee my heart,
Never to depart,
Neither for pain nor smart!
And wilt thou leave me thus?
 Say nay, say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus,
And have no more pity
On him that loveth thee?
Alas, thy cruelty!
And wilt thou leave me thus?
 Say nay, say nay!

Hey Nonny No!

Words from Christ Church Manuscript

Hey nonny no! Hey nonny no!
Men are fools that wish to die!
Is't not fine to dance and sing
When the bells of death do sing?
Is't not fine to swim in wine
And turn upon the toe
And sing Hey nonny no,
When the winds blow and the seas flow?
Hey nonny no!

Two Songs of Youth

Invocation to Youth

Words by Laurence Binyon (1869-1943)

Come then, as ever, like the wind at morning!
Joyous, O Youth, in the aged world renew
Freshness to feel the eternities around it,
Rain, stars and clouds, light and the sacred dew.

The strong sun shines above thee:
That strength, that radiance bring!
If Winter come to Winter,
When shall men hope for Spring?

Youth

Words by Jessie B. Rittenhouse (1869-1948)

I never thought that youth would go
Who was so blithe and fain,
Or if he strayed I thought a song
Would call him back again.
But knowledge came one April day
And woke me with a start--
When I walked alone in a wooded lane
With perfect peace of heart.

Peace

Words by Paul Elmer More (1864–1937), from the Sanskrit of Bhartrihari (ca. 570–651)

Courage my Soul: now to the silent wood
Alone we wander there to seek our food in the wild fruits
And woo our dreamless sleep on soft boughs gathered deep.
Thus loud authority in folly bold
And tongues that stammer with desire for gold
And murmuring of the windy world shall cease
Nor echo through our peace.

Fantasy in Purple

Words by Langston Hughes (1902-1967)

Beat the drums of tragedy for me!
Beat the drums of tragedy and death!
And let the choir sing a stormy song
To drown the rattle of my dying breath.
Beat the drums of tragedy for me,
And let the white violins whir* thin and slow,
But blow one blaring trumpet note of sun
To go with me
to the darkness
where I go.

Watchers

Words by Dean Cornwell (dates unknown)

Tis easy for men to be laughin'
and shruggin' their shoulders in scorn
For they don't have to crouch by the fire
awaitin' the grey of the morn—
Tis them who be far on the waters
the while the storms rage on the deep,
Tis us who be heedin' the white seas,
As we're croonin' the children to sleep
Ah... As we're croonin' the children to sleep.

Tis easy for men to be singin'
the songs of the seas and the ships!
For they don't have to light the white candles
and bite back the screams from their lips—
Tis them who be fightin' the devils
that leap at their throats from the deep
Tis us who be waitin' and fightin'
the tears we must weep!

The Secrets of the Old

Words by William Butler Yeats (1865-1939)

I have old women's secrets now
That had those of the young;
Madge tells me what I dared not think
When my blood was strong,
And what had drowned a lover once
Sounds like an old song.

Though Marg'ry is stricken dumb
If thrown in Madge's way,
We three make up a solitude;
For none alive today
Can know the stories that we know
Or say the things we say:

How such a man pleased women most
Of all that are gone,
How such a pair loved many years
And such a pair but one,
Stories of the bed of straw
Or the bed of down.

The queen's face on the summery coin

Words by Robert Horan (b. 1922)

The queen's face on the summery coin
Was never golder nor more regal,
Than his body's bright and bursting bugle
Where once it walked between the stripes of rain.

The birds swing in their apply cages
And the solid sun will walk
Through straw houses where honey rages,
Churning the light to chalk.

The wind shines on the woody grove.
We live in a copper clock where on the hour
A polished bell divides the stem and flow'r
And drains the ghost-built body of its love.

Like the deaf, list'ning for a silence that follows no sound,
Or the sick, swung in the balance between wound and wound;

There is too much eye to see
All but the nearest disorder.
In the sable shadow of this harbor
He lies him down among the singing bees.

Sure on this Shining Night

Words by James Agee (1909-1955)

Sure on this shining night
Of starmade shadows round,
Kindness must watch for me
This side the ground.

The late year lies down the north
All is healed, all is health.
High summer holds the earth.
Hearts all whole

Sure on this shining night I weep for wonder wand'ring far alone
Of shadows on the stars.

There's nae lark

Words by Algernon Swinburne (1837-1909)

There's nae lark loves the light, my dear,
There's nae ship loves the sea
There's nae bee loves the heather hills
That loves as I love thee, my love,
That loves as I love thee.

The whin shines fair upon the fell
The blithe broom on the lea
The muirside wind is merry at heart,
It's a for love o' thee, my love,
It's a' for love o' thee.

Night Wanderers

Words by William Henry Davies (1871-1940)

They hear the bell of midnight toll,
And shiver in their flesh and soul;
They lie on hard, cold wood or stone,
Iron, and ache in every bone;
They hate the night: they see no eyes
Of loved ones in the starlit skies.
They see the cold, dark water near;
They dare not take long looks for fear
They'll fall like those poor birds that see
A snake's eyes staring at their tree.
Some of them laugh, half-mad; and some
All through the chilly night are dumb;
Like poor, weak infants some converse,
And cough like giants, deep and hoarse.

In the dark pinewood

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

In the dark pinewood
I would we lay,
In deep cool shadows
At noon of day.
How sweet it is to lie there*,
Sweet to kiss,
Where the great pine-forest
Enaisted is!
Thy kiss descending
Sweeter were
With the soft tumult
Of thy hair.
O, unto the pinewood
At noon of day
Come with me now,
Sweet love, away.

*Barber: "How sweet to lie there"

Love's Caution

Words by William Henry Davies (1871-1940)

Tell them, when you are home again,
How warm the air was now;
How silent were the birds and leaves,
And of the moon's full glow;
And how we saw afar
A falling star:
It was a tear of pure delight
Ran down the face of Heaven this happy night.

Our kisses are but love in flower,
Until that greater time
When, gathering strength, those flowers take wing,
And Love can reach his prime.
And now, my heart's delight,
Good night, good night;
Give me the last sweet kiss--
But do not breathe at home one word of this!

Despite and Still

A Last Song

Words by Robert Graves (1895-1985)

A last song, and a very last, and yet another
O, when can I give over?
Must I drive the pen until blood bursts from my nails
And my breath fails and I shake with fever,
Or sit well wrapped in a many colored cloak
Where the moon shines new through Castle Crystal?

Shall I never hear her whisper softly:
"But this is truth written by you only,
And for me only;
Therefore, love, have done?"

My Lizard (Wish for a Young Love)

Words by Theodore Roethke (1908-1963)

My lizard, my lively writher,
May your limbs never wither,
May the eyes in your face
Survive the green ice

Of envy's mean gaze;
May you live out your life
Without hate, without grief,
And your hair ever blaze,
In the sun, in the sun,
When I am undone,
When I am no one.

In the Wilderness

Words by Robert Graves (1895-1985)

He, of his gentleness,
Thirsting and hungering
Walked in the wilderness;
Soft words of grace he spoke
Unto lost desert folk
That listened wondering.
He heard the bittern call
From ruined palace-wall,
Answered him brotherly;
He held communion
With the she-pelican
Of lonely piety.
Basilisk, cockatrice,
Flocked to his homilies,
With mail of dread device,
With monstrous barbed stings,
With eager dragon-eyes;
Great bats on leathern wings
And old, blind, broken things
Mean in their miseries.
Then ever with him went,
Of all his wanderings
Comrade, with ragged coat,
Gaunt ribs, poor innocent
Bleeding foot, burning throat,
The guileless young scapegoat:
For forty nights and days
Followed in Jesus' ways,
Sure guard behind him kept,
Tears like a lover wept.

Solitary Hotel

Words from *Ulysses*, novel by James Joyce (1882-1941)

Solitary hotel in mountain pass. Autumn. Twilight. Fire lit.
In dark corner young man seated. Young woman enters. Restless. Solitary.
She sits. She goes to window. She stands. She sits. Twilight. She thinks. On solitary hotel paper she writes. She thinks.
She writes. She sighs. Wheels and hoofs. She hurries out. He comes from his dark corner. He seizes solitary paper. He holds it towards fire. Twilight. He reads. Solitary.
What?

In sloping, upright and backhands: Queen's hotel, Queen's hotel, Queen's Ho-...

Despite and Still

Words by Robert Graves (1895-1985)

Have you not read
The words in my head,
And I made part
Of your own heart?
We have been such as draw

The losing straw
You of your gentleness,
I of my rashness,
Both of despair
Yet still might share
This happy will:
To love despite and still.

Never let us deny
The thing's necessity
But, o, refuse to choose
When chance may seem to give
Loves in alternative.
To love despite and still.
