

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

BarberFest

Distler Performance Hall, Tufts University

Concert Three: Sunday, Sept 27, 2009

Beggar's song (*10 Early Songs*; 1936)

Stopping by woods on a snowy evening (unpublished; 1935)

Aaron Engebret, baritone & Alison d'Amato, pianist

Music, When Soft Voices Die (unpublished; 1926)

Two Poems of the Wind (1924)

Little Children of the Wind

Longing

Joe Dan Harper, tenor & Anne Kissel, pianist

Mother, I can not mind my wheel (*10 Early Songs*; 1927)

Man (unpublished; 1926)

Sarah Pelletier, soprano & Shiela Kibbe, pianist

Serenader (*10 Early Songs*; 1934)

Aaron Engebret, baritone & Alison d'Amato, pianist

Rain has fallen, opus 10 (1935)

Sleep now, opus 10 (1935)

Joe Dan Harper, tenor & Anne Kissel, pianist

I hear an army, opus 10 (1936)

Aaron Engebret, baritone & Alison d'Amato, pianist

Nocturne, opus 13 (1940)

Joe Dan Harper, tenor & Anne Kissel, pianist

Hermit Songs, opus 29 (1952-1953)

At St. Patrick's Purgatory

Church Bell at Night

Saint Ita's Vision

The Heavenly Banquet

The Crucifixion

Sea-Snatch

Promiscuity

The Monk and his Cat

The Praises of God

The Desire for Hermitage

Sarah Pelletier, soprano & Shiela Kibbe, pianist

Concert 3

Beggar's Song

Words by William Henry Davies (1871-1940)

Good people keep their holy day.
They rest from labour on a Sunday;
But we keep holy every day,
And rest from Monday until Monday.

And yet the noblest work on earth
Is done when beggars do their part:
They work, dear ladies, on the soft
And tender feelings in your heart.

Stooping by woods on a snowy evening

Words by Robert Frost (1874-1963)

Whose woods these are I think I know.
His house is in the village, though;
He will not see me stopping here
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer
To stop without a farmhouse near
Between the woods and frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake
To ask if there is some mistake.
The only other sound's the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark, and deep,
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

Music, When Soft Voices Die

Words by Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822)

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory;
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heaped for the beloved's bed;
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on.

Two Poems of the Wind

Words by "Fiona Macleod," pseudonym of William Sharp (1855-1905)

Little Children of the Wind

I hear the little children of the wind
Crying solitary in lonely places:
I have not seen their faces
But I have seen the leaves ebbing behind
The little tremulous of the wind!

Longing, A Song to the Wind

Oh would I were the cool wind
That's blowing from the sea

Each loneliest valley I would search
till I should come to thee.
In the dew on the grass is your name,
dear, i' the leaf on the tree
O would I were the cool wind
that's blowing from the sea
O would I were the cool wind
that's blowing far from me
The grey silence, the grey waves,
The grey waste of the sea
O would I were the cool wind
that's blowing from the sea
Each loneliest valley I would search
till I should come to thee.

Mother, I cannot mind my wheel

Words by Walter Savage Landor (1775-1864)

Mother, I cannot mind my wheel;
My fingers ache, my lips are dry:
O, if you feel* the pain I feel!
But O, who ever felt as I?

No longer could I doubt him true -
All other men may use deceit;
He always said my eyes were blue,
And often swore my lips were sweet.

*Barber: "felt"

Man

Words by Humbert Wolfe (1885-1940)

The feathers in a fan
Are not so frail as man;
The green embossed leaf
Than man is no more brief,
His life is not so loud
As the passing of a cloud;
His death is quieter
Than harebells when they stir

The years that have no form
And substance are as warm
And space has hardly less
Supreme an emptiness.
And yet man, being frail,
Does on himself prevail
And with a single thought
Can put the world to naught.
As being brief he still
Bends to his fleeting will
All time, and makes of it
The shadow of his wit!

Soundless in life and death,
Although he vanisheth,
The echo of a song
Makes all the stars a-gong.
Cold, void, and yet the grim
darkness is hot with him.

And space is but the span
Of the long love of man.

Serenader

Words by George Dillon (1906-1968)

I have nothing that is mine sure
To give you, I am born so poor
What ever I have was given me:
The earth, the air, the sun, the sea.

If I have anything to give
Made surely of the life I live
It is a song that I have made.
Now in your keeping it is laid.

Rain has fallen

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

Rain has fallen all the day.
O come among the laden trees:
The leaves lie thick upon the way
Of mem'ries.

Staying a little by the way
Of mem'ries shall we depart.
Come, my beloved, where I may
Speak to your heart.

Sleep now

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

Sleep now, O sleep now,
O you unquiet heart!
A voice crying "Sleep now"
Is heard in my heart.

The voice of the winter
Is heard at the door.
O sleep, for the winter
Is crying "Sleep no more."

My kiss will give peace now
And quiet to your heart -
Sleep on in peace now,
O you unquiet heart!

I hear an army

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

I hear an army charging upon the land,
And the thunder of horses plunging, foam about their knees:
Arrogant, in black armour, behind them stand,
Disdaining the reins, with flutt'ring whips, the charioteers.

They cry unto the night their battlename:
I moan in sleep when I hear afar their whirling laughter.
They cleave the gloom of dreams, a blinding flame,
Clanging, clanging upon the heart as upon an anvil.

They come shaking in triumph their long, green hair:
They come out of the sea and run shouting by the shore.
My heart, have you no wisdom thus to despair?
My love, my love, why have you left me alone?

Nocturne

Words by Frederic Prokosch (1908-1989)

Close my darling both your eyes,
Let your arms lie still at last.
Calm the lake of falsehood lies
And the wind of lust has passed,

Waves across these hopeless sands
Fill my heart and end my day,
Underneath your moving hands
All my aching flows away.

Even the human pyramids
Blaze with such a longing now:
Close, my love, your trembling lids,
Let the midnight heal your brow.

Northward flames Orion's horn,
Westward th'Egyptian light.
None to watch us, none to warn
But the blind eternal night.

Hermit Songs

To poems translated from anonymous Irish texts of the eight to thirteenth centuries

I. At Saint Patrick's Purgatory

13th century, Translated by Sean O'Faolain (1900 – 1991)

Pity me on my pilgrimage to Loch Derg!
O King of the churches and the bells
bemoaning your sores and your wounds,
but not a tear can I squeeze from my eyes!
Not moisten an eye after so much sin!
Pity me, O King!
What shall I do with a heart that seeks only its own ease?
O only begotten Son by whom all men were made,
who shunned not the death by three wounds,
pity me on my pilgrimage to Loch Derg
and I with a heart not softer than a stone!

II. Church Bell at Night

12th century, Translated by Howard Mumford Jones (1892 – 1980)

Sweet little bell, struck on a windy night,
I would liefer keep tryst with thee
than be with a light and foolish woman.

III. Saint Ita's Vision

Attributed to Saint Ita, 8th century

Translated by Chester Kallman (1921 – 1975)

“I will take nothing from my Lord,” said she,
“unless He gives me His Son from Heaven
In the form of a Baby that I may nurse Him.”
So that Christ came down to her
in the form of a Baby and then she said:
“Infant Jesus, at my breast,
Nothing in this world is true
Save, O tiny nursling, You.
Infant Jesus at my breast,

By my heart every night,
You I nurse are not a churl
But were begot on Mary the Jewess
By Heaven's light.
Infant Jesus at my breast,
What King is there but You who could
Give everlasting good?
Wherefore I give my food.
Sing to Him, maidens, sing your best!
There is none that has such right
To your song as Heaven's King
Who every night
Is Infant Jesus at my breast.”

IV. The Heavenly Banquet

Attributed to St. Brigid, 10th century

Translated by Sean O’Faolain

I would like to have the men of Heaven in my own house;
with vats of good cheer laid out for them.
I would like to have the three Mary's,
their fame is so great.
I would like people from every corner of Heaven.
I would like them to be cheerful in their drinking.
I would like to have Jesus sitting here among them.
I would like a great lake of beer for the King of Kings.
I would like to be watching Heaven's family
Drinking it through all eternity.

V. The Crucifixion

From *The Speckled Book*, 12th century,

Translated by Howard Mumford Jones

At the cry of the first bird
They began to crucify Thee, O Swan!
Never shall lament cease because of that.
It was like the parting of day from night.
Ah, sore was the suffering borne
By the body of Mary's Son,
But sorer still to Him was the grief
Which for His sake
Came upon His Mother.

VI. Sea-Snatch

8th-9th century

It has broken us, it has crushed us,
it has drowned us, O King of the starbright
Kingdom of Heaven!
The wind has consumed us, swallowed us,
as timber is devoured by crimson fire from Heaven.
It has broken us, it has crushed us,
it has drowned us, O King of the starbright Kingdom of Heaven!

VII. Promiscuity

9th century

I do not know with whom Edan will sleep,
but I do know that fair Edan will not sleep alone.

VIII. The Monk and his Cat

8th or 9th century, Translated by W.H. Auden (1907 – 1973)

Pangur, white Pangur,
How happy we are
Alone together, Scholar and cat.
Each has his own work to do daily;
For you it is hunting, for me study.
Your shining eye watches the wall;
my feeble eye is fixed on a book.
You rejoice when your claws entrap a mouse;
I rejoice when my mind fathoms a problem.
Pleased with his own art
Neither hinders the other;
Thus we live ever
without tedium and envy.
Pangur, white Pangur,
How happy we are
Alone together, Scholar and cat.

IX. The Praises of God

11th century, Translated by W. H. Auden

How foolish the man who does not raise
His voice and praise with joyful words,
As he alone can, Heaven's High King.
To whom the light birds with no soul but air,
All day, everywhere laudations sing.

X. The Desire for Hermitage

8th-9th century, Based on a translation by Sean O'Faolain

Ah! To be all alone in a little cell
with nobody near me;
beloved that pilgrimage before the last pilgrimage to death.
Singing the passing hours to cloudy Heaven;
Feeding upon dry bread and water from the cold spring.
That will be an end to evil when I am alone
in a lovely little corner among tombs
far from the houses of the great.
Ah! To be all alone in a little cell, to be alone, all alone:
Alone I came into the world
alone I shall go from it.

