

PROGRAM

I

King of Glory, King of Peace.....*Harold Friedell, 1941*

II

*Night*Robert Delaney, 1934*

III

*Vigil Strange.....*Norman Dello Joio, 1943*

*Let True Love Among Us Be.....*William Bergsma, 1950*

IV

Tarantella.....*Randall Thompson, 1937*

V

Spring Pastoral.....*Mary Howe, 1938*

*Bought Locks.....*Peter Mennin, 1949*

VI

*with rue my heart is laden.....*Robert Ward, 1949*

*Las Agachadas.....*Aaron Copland, 1950*
(The Shake-down Song)

INTERMISSION

VII

**Poem of America.....*Mark Fax, 1951*

Edward Matthews, Baritone

*First Washington performance.

**First performance anywhere

PROGRAM NOTES

The composers represented on this program represent a variety of styles and techniques which range from the romanticism of Robert Delaney's "Night" to the sharp dissonances of William Bergsma's "Let True Love Among Us Be;" while occupying a sort of middle ground between these extremes are the "Tarantella" of Randall Thompson and the "Las Agachadas" of Aaron Copland. Matching this diversity of musical style is also a diversity of texts which range from the thirteenth century to Hillaire Belloc, and from the religious to the bucolic. It might also be noted in passing that the composers here represented have exercised fine discrimination in their selection of textual materials, and their words and music fit each other in neat compatibility.

Particularly effective and appropriate are the simple, unmodulating contrapuntal lines of Harold Friedell's "King of Glory, King of Peace" set to a seventeenth century poem of George Herbert. In this piece—which wavers between the key of A minor and its related major—the composer achieves the technical feat of employing no accidentals at all, making of his composition a veritable "song on the white keys", so to speak.

In complete contrast to this music is the equally effective Bergsma piece for two-part chorus, also set to a religious text, and whose bare texture recalls the stark dissonances of Machaut and his predecessors. In related vein are the "Vigil Strange" of Norman Dello Joio and Peter Mennin's humorous "Bought Locks". In the former, Dello Joio obviously finds in the unfettered idiom of the contemporary composer what is perhaps the most satisfactory means of heightening the tragedy of Walt Whitman's lines, while the Mennin piece is an example in miniature of the solid craftsmanship and vigor of style which have placed this composer, despite his youth, in the very forefront of present day composers.

A particularly beautiful and expertly written piece is the "Spring Pastoral" of Mary Howe. Perfectly conceived for women's voices and piano, this music is a tone picture in which the composer develops a descending two-note motif associated with the word "Lisa" in a manner which is at once impressionistic and personal.

Of Aaron Copland's "Las Agachadoas" Hugh Ross, the conductor of the Schola Cantorum remarks:

"Las Agachadas" is a dance-song, and Copland has realized the underlying spirit of the dance in the most original way, by treating the main chorus as a band which punctuates the verses with its thrumming refrain. The main melody is given to a small group who must sing with robust and unpolished freedom in the peasant style. Aaron Copland has succeeded in presenting us with a real Spanish picture in an unusual and attractive setting.

In setting William Blake's delicately moving words, Robert Delaney is faced with problems which he solves with skill and taste. The first of these is the length of the poem as opposed to the scope of the composition which he desires to construct. Accordingly, Delaney's setting is homophonic, thus affording him the opportunity to through-compose the text which, in turn, gives the song a desirable compactness. The second problem is presented by the monochromatic nature of the text itself—a factor aided not a little by the homophonic treatment which the composer is forced to adopt. The solution here is to be found in the composer's treatment of the piano which takes on an independent character which, in addition to its own intrinsic beauty, heightens by contrast the effect of the choral writing. Robert Ward's "with rue my heart is laden" presents a bit of tone painting which is thoroughly appropriate to the text while at the same time presenting problems of intonation for the chorus. Randall Thompson's "Tarantella" for men's voices contains a bit more than may at first meet the ear. Brilliantly written for voices and piano, this music nevertheless captures the basic nostalgia of the poem.

The composer makes the following statement concerning his "Poem Of America" set to lines of Walt Whitman.

This poetry was chosen because of its timeliness with respect to contemporary events, and most particularly because of Walt Whitman's great faith in and love for America. The composer sincerely and honestly believes that "America brings builders and brings its own style", and that "a work remains surpassing all they have done". Moreover, present events confirm the prophetic vision of Whitman when he said: "Democracy! While weapons were everywhere aimed at your breast, I saw you serenely give birth to immortal children—Saw in dreams your dilating form; Saw you with spreading mantle cov'ring the world."

The composer does not, of course, discredit the values of the past that have validity for the present. The "Poem Of America," therefore, contains, among other things, a fugue, round-canon, passacaglia, and an instrumental passage whose nearest relative is the sonata.

M.F.

KING OF GLORY, KING OF PEACE

Prize Anthem of the American Guild of Organists, 1941

King of glory, King of peace,
I will love Thee;
And that love may never cease,
I will move Thee.

Thou hast granted my request,
Thou hast heard me;
Thou didst note my working breast,
Thou hast spared me.

Wherefore with my utmost art—
I will sing Thee,
And the cream of all my heart—
I will bring Thee.

Though my sins against me cried,
Thou didst clear me,
And alone when they replied,
Thou didst hear me.

Seven whole days, not one in seven,
I will praise Thee;
In my heart, though not in heaven;
I can raise Thee.

Small it is, in this poor sort—
To enroll Thee;
Eternity's too short,
To extol Thee.

—George Herbert (1593-1633)

NIGHT

The sun descending in the west, The evening star doth shine;
The birds are silent in their nest, And I must seek for mine.
The moon like a flower in heaven's high bower,
With silent delight sits and smiles on the night.

Farewell green fields and happy groves,
Where flocks have took delight. Where lambs have nibbled,
Silent move the feet of angels bright.
Unseen they pour blessing, And joy without ceasing,
On each bud and blossom And each sleeping bosom.

They look in every thoughtless nest, Where birds are covered warm;
They visit caves of ev'ry beast, To keep them all from harm.
If they see any weeping that should have been sleeping,
They pour sleep on their head and sit down by their bed.

When wolves and tigers howl for prey, They pitying stand and weep;
Seeking to drive their thirst away, And keep them from the sheep.
But if they rush dreadful, The angels most heedful,
Receive each mild spirit, New worlds to inherit.

And there the lion's ruddy eyes, Shall flow with tears of gold,
And pitying the tender cries, And walking round the fold,
Saying: "Wrath by his meekness, and by His health, sickness is driven away
From our immortal day."

—William Blake (1757-1827)

VIGIL STRANGE

Vigil strange I kept on the field one night;
When you, my son and my comrade dropt at my side, that day.
One look I but gave which your dear eyes returned with a look, I shall never
forget;
One touch of your hand to mine reached up as you lay on the ground.
But onward I sped into battle. The even contested battle;
Till late in the night to the place, again I made my way;
I found you in death so cold, dear comrade, your body, son of responding
kisses
I bared your face in the starlight,—curious the scene—cool blew the nightwind
Long then in vigil I stood,
Passing immortal and mystic hours with you dearest comrade,—not a tear,
not a word;
Vigil of silence, love and death—vigil for you my son and my soldier, vigil
final for you brave boy.
Till at latest lingering of the night, just as the dawn appeared
My comrade I wrapt in his blanket, and then my comrade, bathed in the
rising sun.
My son in his ill dug grave I deposited;
Vigil I never forgot how as day brightened
I rose from the chill ground and folded my soldier in his blanket,
And buried him where he fell.

—Walt Whitman, 1865

LET TRUE LOVE AMONG US BE

Let true love among us be Without an ending,
And Christ our blessing be, His guidance lending.
Give us that we may flee—From all entwining
From the fiend and his dread glee, All his designing.
Christ hath us of earth wrought, To earth He will us send:
By His death we were all bought From the fiend's band.
He hath it all bethought, Beginning to end,
How we are hither brought, And whither we wend.
We should have among us aye Kinship forever,
Keeping His law always In earnest endeavor—
We should love all the way, Each with his brother,
And throughout night and day Love one another.
This world is nigh an end, Death nigheth fain,
Hence we shall all wend, We may not remain:
The Doom is night at hand! If we pass shriftless by,
Christ will us from Him send For so great a lie.
Let true love among us be Without an ending,
And Christ our blessing be, His guidance lending.
Give us that we may flee—From all entwining,
From the fiend and his dread glee, All his designing.
True love is righteous, No vengeance doth demand,
With all folk that are righteous He will aye stand.
Our Lord Christ that almighty is, Loose us his band,
And lead us into heaven's bliss At His right hand!

13th Century poem rendered into modern

English by Nancy Nickerson

TARANTELLA

Do you remember an Inn,
Miranda?
Do you remember an Inn.
And the bedding and the spreading
Of the straw for a bedding,
And the fleas that tease in the High Pyrenees,
And the wine that tasted of the tar?
And the cheers and the jeers of the young muleteers
(Under the dark of the vine verandah)?

Do you remember an Inn, Miranda,
Do you remember an Inn?
And the cheers and the jeers of the young muleteers
Who hadn't a penny,
And who weren't paying any,
And the hammer at the doors and the Din?
And the Hip! Hop. Hap!
Of the clap
Of the hands to the twirl and the swirl
Of the girl gone chancing,
Glancing,
Dancing,
Backing and advancing,
Snapping of the clapper to the spin
Out and in—
And the Ting, Tong, Tang of the guitar!
Do you remember an Inn,
Miranda?
Do you remember an Inn?

Never more:
Miranda,
Never more.
Only the high peaks hoar:
And Aragon a torrent at the door.
No sound
In the walls of the Halls where falls
The tread
Of the feet of the dead to the ground.
No sound:
Only the boom
Of the far Waterfall like Doom.

—Hilaire Belloc

SPRING PASTORAL

Lisa, go dip your long white hands
In the cool waters of that spring
That bubbles up in shiny sands,
The colour of a wild dove's wing.

Lisa, dabble your hands
And steep them well until the nails are pearly white
Now rosier than the laurel bell.

Then come to me at candlelight,
Lay your cold hands across my brows,
And I shall sleep and I shall dream
Of silver pointed willow boughs,
Dipping their fingers in the stream.

—Elinor Wylie

BOUGHT LOCKS

The golden hair that Gulla wears is hers
Who would have thought it?
She swears 'tis hers and true she swears,
For I know where she bought it.

—From the Latin of Martial (c. 40-c. 102)

with rue my heart is laden

with rue my heart is laden
For golden friends I had
For many a rose-lipt maiden
And many a light foot lad.

By brooks too broad for leaping
The light foot boys are laid
The rose-lipt girls are sleeping
In fields where roses fade,
With rue my heart is laden.

—A. E. Housman

LAS AGACHADAS

Ese baile que llaman las Agachadas,
Con el sacristancillo quiero bailarlas,
Anda y agachate Pedro, anda y agachate Juan
Anda y vuelvete a agachar que las agachadillas tu las pagaras
Cuatro frai las franciscos Cuatro del Carmen,
Cuatro del aguilera son doce frailes

Aaron Copland

POEM OF AMERICA

Compiled from Poetry by

WALT WHITMAN

As I sat alone, by blue Ontario's shore,
As I mused of these mighty days, and of peace returned,
And the dead that return no more,
A Phantom, gigantic, superb, with stern visage, accosted me;
"Chant me the poem," it said, "that comes from the soul of America—
"Chant me the carol of victory;
"And strike up the marches of Libertad—marches more powerful yet;
"And sing me before you go, the song of the throes of Democracy."

O Lands! would you be freer than all that has ever been before?
If you would be freer than all that has ever been before,
Come listen to me . . .

Ages, precedents, have long been accumulating undirected materials,
America brings builders, and brings its own styles.
The immortal poets of Asia and Europe have done their work,
And passed to other spheres,
A work remains, the work of surpassing all they have done.

These states are the amplest poem,
Here is not merely a nation, but a teeming nation of nations,
Here the doings of men correspond with the broadcast doings of the day and
night,
Here is what moves in magnificent masses, careless of particulars,
Here are the roughs, beards friendliness, combativeness, the Soul loves,
Here the flowing trains—here the crowds, equality, diversity, the Soul loves.
Rhymes and rhymers pass away—
Poems distilled from foreign poems pass away,
The swarms of reflectors and the polite pass, and leave ashes . . .
The proof of a poet shall be sternly deferred 'till his country absorbs him
as affectionately as he has absorbed it.

O I see now, flashing, that this America is only you and me,
Its power, weapons, testimony, are you and me,
Its crimes, lies, thefts, defections, slavery, are you and me,
Its Congress is you and me—the officers, Capitols, armies, ships, are you and
me,
Its endless gestations of new States are you and me,
The war—that war so bloody and grim—the war I will henceforth forget—
was you and me,

Natural and artificial are you and me,
Past, present, future, are you and me.
Freedom, language, poems, employments, are you and me,
Democracy! While weapons were everywhere aimed at your breast,
I saw you serenely give birth to immortal children—
Saw in dreams your dilating form;
Saw you with spreading mantle covering the world.

PERSONNEL

WARNER LAWSON, *Director*

EVELYN D. WHITE, *Assistant Director*

ATTRUS FLEMING, JR.; HENRY KINDLAM, *Pianists*

Patricia Adams, Jacksonville, Florida
Carolyn Agard, Washington, D. C.
William Baker, Englewood,
New Jersey
Isham Baker, San Antonio, Texas
Margaret Barnes, Greenville,
South Carolina
Teresa Blackstone, Annapolis, Md.
Clara Brame, Dayton, Ohio
John Bell, Louisville, Kentucky
Myriam Carraway, Bethel,
North Carolina
Myles Clark, Jackson, Mississippi
Vernon Clarke, Washington, D. C.
James Derr, Hickory, North Carolina
Barbara Dixon, Cleveland, Ohio
LeRoy Dorsey, Washington, D. C.
William DuPree, Roanoke, Virginia
Joseph Farrar, Bridgeport,
Connecticut
Edith Gay, Washington, D. C.
Oliver Gibson, Saratoga Springs,
New York
Claude Greene, Norfolk, Virginia
Evelyn Hall, Newark, New Jersey
Kathryn Handy, Philadelphia,
Pennsylvania
Horatio Harris, Savannah, Georgia
Geoge Harshaw, Hickory,
North Carolina
Alfred Hill, Lackawanna, New York
Alice Hill, Cleveland, Ohio
William Holton, Johnstown,
Pennsylvania
Betty Howard, Fredericksburg,
Maryland
Catherine Hughes, Washington, D. C.
Jewell Jenkins, Greensboro,
North Carolina
Catherine Johnson, Washington, D. C.
Evangeline Jones, Brooklyn, New York
Lamar Kenerson, Washington, D. C.
Clyde Kennedy, Ansonia, Connecticut
Delores Laney, Washington, D. C.
Anna Mackey, Washington, D. C.
David McAdams, Moline, Illinois
Charles McDonald, Buffalo, New York
Ritchie McDonald, Houston, Texas
Samuel McDonald, Belmont,
North Carolina
Norma McLaughlin, Greensboro,
North Carolina
Horace McNeal, Knoxville, Tennessee
Jean Mitchell, Hartford, Connecticut
Jean Murray, Columbia South Carolina
Audrey Nelson, McKeesport,
Pennsylvania
Delora Peoples, Toledo, Ohio
Grace Perkins, Oklahoma City,
Oklahoma
Morris Queen, Baltimore, Maryland
Delphine Roberts, New York, N. Y.
Grace Robertson, Washington, D. C.
James Robinson, Washington, D. C.
Marvin Robinson, Nersey City, N. J.
Hugh Rollocks, Virgin Islands
Charles Scott, Greenfield, Massachusetts
Gladys Simons, Washington, D. C.
James Spaight, San Antonio, Texas
Gwendolyn Sparks, Tucson, Arizona
Elaine Taylor, Baltimore, Maryland
Cornelius Weeks, Washington, D. C.
Dorothy Welch, Washington, D. C.
Wendell Wilson, Baltimore, Maryland

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