

GEORGE THADDEUS JONES ..... "Iter Humanum" (Man's Journey)  
(1917- ) Mixed Chorus, Percussion, and  
Piano

1. *Nature*  
universe, fire, star, earth, air, water,  
life, fish, birds, beasts, man, sun, etc.
2. *Knowledge*  
wheel, count, tool, word, sign, thought,  
stylus, book, abacus, museum, seed, etc.
3. *Dissension*  
fear, hate, poverty, burn, look, revenge,  
bomb, death, poison, torture, pain, kill, etc.
4. *Hope*  
hope, dawn, song, morning, blue, laugh,  
love, sparrow, smile, dove, peace, etc.

(First Performance)

*The text was chosen by the composer  
from words suggested by Leo Brady.*

THE WILLIAM NELSON CROMWELL CONCERTS



*National Gallery of Art*

WASHINGTON, D. C.

*1183rd Concert*

THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF AMERICA  
CHORUS AND A CAPPELLA CHOIR

MICHAEL CORDOVANA, *Director*

SUNDAY EVENING

MARCH 15, 1970

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK

IN THE EAST GARDEN COURT

THIS CONCERT IS BROADCAST BY STATION WGMS 570 AM AND 103.5 FM.

ROBERT EVETT .....The Mask of Cain  
(1922- )

The Portent  
"Youth is the Time When Hearts are Large"  
Shiloh

ROBERT STARER ..... On The Nature of Things  
(1924- )

Death is Nothing To Us  
To Every Thing There Is A Season  
Pain Has An Element of Black  
Sorrow  
A Little Nonsense  
Grieve Not, Dear Love  
(First Washington Performance)

BENJAMIN BRITTEN .....Choral Dances from "Gloriana"  
(1913- )

Time  
Concord  
Time and Concord  
Country Girls  
Rustics and Fishermen  
Final Dance of Homage

RUSSELL WOOLLEN ..... Three Madrigals to Poems of  
(1923- ) Elinor Wylie

Beauty  
Velvet Shoes  
Three Wishes

I N T E R M I S S I O N

HEINRICH SUTERMEISTER .....Andreas Gryphius  
(1910- )

*Eingang (Entrance):*

You, who have brought me forth to the light during a star-filled night, out of my mother's womb as into a jail. Let me arise star-like but far from the stars. When I disappear from here, there keep me above the stars!

*De Profundis (From the Depths):*

Up! Up! Wake up, Lord Christ! See, how the winds are howling! How mast and rudder break! Now Your ship sinks to the bottom; then foams the wild flood, where flag and sail stood. We are lacking in strength and advice; first, the air cracks from above; then the Depth swallows us up. Will nobody, who goes off to Hell, hail You? Is this the strong bond, which always kept us hoping, even though the Wide Orifice of Hell is staring open? Why have You pushed aside what our Trust in You had promised? Help, before the boat breaks apart! Help, before the weak board runs against those rocks! Cannot any lamenting cries wake You out of Your sleep. Up! Up! Wake up, Lord Christ! See, how the winds are howling! How mast and rudder break! Now Your ship sinks to the bottom. Up! Up! Cry flood and sea! As soon as You get up, howling storm and wind will disappear in an instant.

*Weihnachten 1657 (Christmas 1657):*

Child! Three times sweet child! During what stifling poverty comes Your birthday! The mighty hordes of angels rejoicing at Your crib and sing in silent night. The shepherds praise You with brightly tuned flutes. But around me rings the sound of storming trumpets, the rough clang of the drums, the thunder of guns cracks. You sleep, but the mad fury of swift disunity is awake and threatens with steel and sword and flame and hate and death. O Lord of Peace! Smile at us out of Your crib! So that my shocked heart, which cannot do anything but sigh, can also bring You a song of joy, O Son of the Virgin! But when I, God! Through You stand in peace with God, then I can be happy, even if the world comes to an end, while You are resting within me. O child! May my wish come true!

*Der Verliebte (The One in Love):*

Love is running against me, love is throwing grenades into the castle of my thoughts! Who, O, who will advise me? O Beautiful Beast, O Wonder of Earth, Command! I am ready; tell, what can be done! Command! I would dare to ride over a broken roof; and I would even, like the irate brook, run at the positioned ring with a stiff lance. Pay attention to my complaints! An ass would sooner find that with you, what he seeks. The cat is listened to; You lead the oxen on and tell dogs to love; the flea finds its bride; what could perturb the mouse? You even pair the flies. Poor me must alone be lost without comfort and understanding and hope. I am suffering; talk to me! I am waning; come and save! I am hesitating; console me! I lie sick in bed; you write me a prescription! Ha! Woman! I know well, that I am supposed to eat rhubarb as sugar.

O dear, tell me, who are you and how old? I think you are sixteen; three (threefold) stood the figure. It is made of flax; and it has arrived across the sea. Darling, tell me yet, who are you and how old? Have you also taken the mirror, which hung on the wall, carefully into your hand? Well dear! Look into it! You can find something good in it!

*Ausgang (Exit):*

Mine are not the years, which time has taken away from me; mine are not the years, which were still to come. The instant is mine, and if I keep it carefully, then is that one mine, which made year and eternity. You, who have brought me forth to the light during a star-filled night, from my mother's womb as if from a jail. Let me far from stars, yet star-like arise. When here I set, there let me stand above the stars!