

BEAT! BEAT! DRUMS!

Beat! beat! drums!—blow! bugles! blow!  
Through the windows—through doors—burst like a ruthless force,  
Into the solemn church, and scatter the congregation,  
Into the school where the scholar is studying;  
Leave not the bridegroom quiet—no happiness must he have now with his bride,  
Nor the peaceful farmer any peace, ploughing his field or gathering his grain,  
So fierce you whirr and pound you drums—so shrill you bugles blow.

Beat! beat! drums!—blow! bugles! blow!  
Over the traffic of cities—over the rumble of wheels in the streets;  
Are beds prepared for sleepers at night in the houses? No sleepers must sleep in  
those beds,  
No bargainers' bargains by day—no brokers or speculators—would they continue?  
Would the talkers be talking? would the singer attempt to sing?  
Would the lawyer rise in the court to state his case before the judge?  
Then rattle quicker, heavier drums—you bugles wilder blow.

Beat! beat! drums!—blow! bugles! blow!  
Make no parley—stop for no expostulation,  
Mind not the timid—mind not the weeper or prayer,  
Mind not the old man beseeching the young man,  
Let not the child's voice be heard, nor the mother's entreaties,  
Make even the trestles to shake the dead where they lie awaiting the hearses,  
So strong you thump O terrible drums—so loud you bugles blow.

BY THE BIVOUAC'S FITFUL FLAME

By the bivouac's fitful flame,  
A procession winding around me, solemn and sweet and slow—but first I note,  
The tents of the sleeping army, the fields' and woods' dim outline,  
The darkness lit by spots of kindled fire, the silence,  
Like a phantom far or near an occasional figure moving,  
The shrubs and trees, (as I lift my eyes they seem to be stealthily watching me,)  
While wind in procession thoughts, O tender and wondrous thoughts,  
Of life and death, of home and the past and loved, and of those that are far away;  
A solemn and slow procession there as I sit on the ground,  
By the bivouac's fitful flame.

TO THEE OLD CAUSE

To thee old cause!  
Thou peerless, passionate, good cause,  
Thou stern, remorseless, sweet idea,  
Deathless throughout the ages . . .  
These chants for thee, the eternal march of thee.



*National Gallery of Art*

WASHINGTON, D. C.

*932nd Concert*

A PROGRAM COMMEMORATING THE CENTENNIAL  
OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

*Under the Direction of*

RICHARD BALES

SUNDAY EVENING

NOVEMBER 17, 1963

At Eight O'clock

In The West Garden Court

NATIONAL GALLERY ORCHESTRA

RICHARD BALES, *Conductor*

*Assisted by*

CHURCH OF THE REFORMATION CANTATA CHOIR

JULE ZABAWA, *Minister of Music*

JULE ZABAWA, *Baritone*

MIREK JAN DABROWSKI, *Speaker*

This concert is broadcast by Station WGMS 570 on AM  
and 103.5 on FM

Assistance toward this concert is provided by the cooperation of Local 161 of the American Federation of Musicians, through a grant from the Music Performance Trust Fund of the Recording Industry. The Music Performance Trust Fund is an extension of a program of public service originated by the Recording and Transcription Fund of the American Federation of Musicians, Herman D. Kenin, President.

JOHN FREDERIK PETER ..... Quintet No. 1 in D Major (1789)

Allegro con brio — Andante amoroso — Allegro brillante

This composition is by a Moravian composer, active at Salem, North Carolina and Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. Descendants of the Salem Moravians played in the 26th North Carolina Regiment Band at the Battle of Gettysburg.

STEPHEN FOSTER ..... From "The Social Orchestra" (1854)  
(Orchestrated by Richard Bales)

Anadolia — Jennie's own Schottisch

DOUGLAS MOORE ..... Village Music (1941)

Square Dance — Procession — Nocturne — Jig

LOUIS ANTOINE JULLIEN ..... American Quadrille (1853)  
(Orchestrated by Richard Bales)

Our Flag is There — Old Folks at Home — Land of Washington  
Hail to the Chief — Yankee Doodle

INTERMISSION

HERMANN L. SCHREINER .... General Lee's Grand March (1863)  
(Orchestrated by Richard Bales for  
"The Confederacy") (1953)

RICHARD BALES ..... The Field at Gettysburg  
from "The Union" (1956)

Procession — The Gettysburg Address — The President's Hymn

HOWARD HANSON ..... Drum Taps, after Walt Whitman (1935)  
(First Performance in Washington)