

The use of cameras or recording equipment during the performance is not allowed. Please be sure that cell phones, pagers, and other electronic devices are turned off.

Please note that late entry or reentry of the West Building after 6:30 pm is not permitted.

For the convenience of concertgoers, the Garden Café remains open for light refreshments until 6:00 pm on Sundays.

Music Department  
National Gallery of Art  
Sixth Street and Constitution Avenue NW  
Washington, DC

[www.nga.gov](http://www.nga.gov)

Concerts are made possible in part through the generosity of donors to the National Gallery of Art through The Circle. Reserved seating is available in recognition of their support. Please contact the development office at (202) 842-6450 or [circle@nga.gov](mailto:circle@nga.gov) for more information.

COVER: National Gallery of Art Orchestra with Richard Bales conducting, undated photo.  
All images courtesy National Gallery Archives, National Gallery of Art, Washington



The Seventy-Third Season of  
The William Nelson Cromwell and F. Lammot Belin  
**Concerts**

National Gallery of Art  
3,047th Concert

**Voices of Canton, Inc.**  
**Loren Veigel, artistic director**  
**With members of the National Gallery Orchestra**  
**and the National Gallery of Art Vocal Ensemble**

Celebrating the 100th Birth Anniversary of Richard Bales (1915–1998)  
and the 150th Anniversary of the End of the Civil War

April 12, 2015  
Sunday, 6:30 pm  
West Building, West Garden Court



American 19th-Century, *Leaving the Manor House*,  
c. 1850/1855, National Gallery of Art, Washington,  
Gift of Edgar William and Bernice Chrysler Garbisch

## Program

Richard Bales (1915–1998)

*The Confederacy* (1952–1953)

*General Lee's Grand March*

Orchestra

*All Quiet Along the Potomac Tonight*

Rosa Lamoreaux, soprano

*The Bonnie Blue Flag*

Chorus

*Lorena*

Steven Combs, baritone

*The Yellow Rose of Texas*

Chorus

*Somebody's Darling*

Jody McJessy, soprano, Steven Combs, baritone

*We All Went Down to New Orleans for Bales*

Chorus

*General Robert E. Lee's Farewell Order to the Army of Northern Virginia*

Chris Pfendler, reader

*The Conquered Banner*

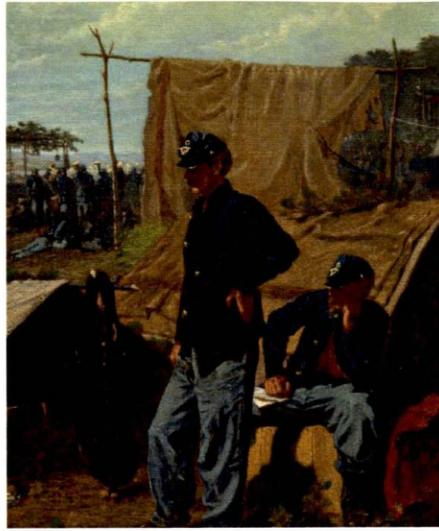
Chorus

*Dixie's Land with Quickstep and Interlude Year of Jublio*

Chorus and Orchestra



Unknown photographer, *Sojourner Truth* (detail), 1864, National Gallery of Art, Washington, Pepita Milmore Memorial Fund



Winslow Homer, *Home, Sweet Home* (detail), c. 1863, National Gallery of Art, Washington, Patrons' Permanent Fund

**INTERMISSION**

Selections from speeches by  
Frederick Douglass (1818–1895)

Joann Smith, Diane Morrison, and John Bragg, readers

André J. Thomas (b. 1952)

*Keep Your Lamps* (2005)

Chorus

Bales

*The Union* (1956)

*The American Army, Military Quickstep*

Orchestra

*Tenting Tonight*

Chorus

*The Battle Cry of Freedom*

Chorus

*Aura Lee*

Rosa Lamoreaux, soprano

*The Invalid Corps*

John Pfendler, tenor

*Just Before the Battle, Mother*

David Everett, baritone

*The Field at Gettysburg*

Orchestra

*The Gettysburg Address*

M. J. Albacete, reader

*The President's Hymn*

Chorus

*The Vacant Chair*

Rosa Lamoreaux, soprano

*Abraham Lincoln's Funeral March*

Orchestra

*Hushed Be the Camps Tonight* (Walt Whitman)

Judy Clegg, reader

*Taps*

Trumpet solo

*The President's Grave*

Chorus

*The Grand Review*

Chorus and Orchestra

## The Musicians

### VOICES OF CANTON, INC.

Founded in 1939 as Canton Civic Opera, Voices of Canton, Inc. (VOCI) celebrates its seventy-fifth year as a major contributor to the cultural life of Canton and the surrounding communities in northeast Ohio. Between 1977 and 2013, VOCI has undertaken four concert tours in the United Kingdom as well as tours in Ireland, Italy, and Switzerland. It has brought national celebrities to Canton, including guest conductors Boris Goldovsky and Alberto Bimboni, New York Yankees catcher Thurmon Munson (for a performance of *Damn Yankees* in 1972), Bob Hope (for a hospital benefit concert in 1974), and organist Héctor Olivera (2010). From 1997 to 2009, the ensemble's director was Samuel Gordon, known to National Gallery concert audiences as the tenor soloist of its resident Vocal Ensemble (1985–1997). He also conducted the Maryland Camerata, which performed at the Gallery during those years. In 2003, the ensemble's trustees officially changed its name to Voices of Canton, Inc., for which the acronym VOCI means “many voices” in Italian.

The choir and its artistic director Loren Veigel note with special pride that this performance of Richard Bales's cantatas marks the composer's 100th birth anniversary, as well as the 150th anniversary of Gen. Robert E. Lee's surrender at Appomattox on April 9, 1865. It also honors the death of Abraham Lincoln on April 14, 1865. Members of VOCI serving as soloists in tonight's concert are soprano Jody McJessy, tenor John Pfendler, and baritone David Everett.

### LOREN VEIGEL

Appointed artistic director of VOCI in 2009, Loren Veigel was born and educated in Northeast Ohio and taught music in schools in that region for many years. His choirs became known throughout the state by virtue of their consistent success at adjudicated events, compiling a record of more than twenty-five AA state superior ratings. He also taught for nine years at the University of Akron and serves as clinician and adjudicator for numerous high school music events in Ohio. President-elect of the Ohio Choral Directors Association, he is also a former all-state choir chair of the Ohio Music Education Association and a member of the American Guild of Organists.

### NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART ORCHESTRA

The National Gallery of Art Orchestra was founded in 1943 and initially consisted of approximately twenty-five players drawn from the National Symphony Orchestra. Gradually growing in numbers, the Gallery orchestra eventually reached the size and status of a large chamber orchestra. The ensemble has undertaken the full range of chamber and symphonic repertoire and has frequently presented first performances of works by American composers, most notably the 1953 premiere of Charles Ives's *Symphony no. 1* under the direction of Richard Bales; the 1990 premiere of Daniel Pinkham's *Symphony no. 4* under George Manos; and the 2007 premiere of John Musto's *Later the Same Evening: An opera inspired by five paintings of Edward Hopper*, under guest conductor Glen Cortese.

### NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART VOCAL ENSEMBLE

Now in its eleventh season under the leadership of its artistic director, Rosa Lamoreaux, the National Gallery of Art Vocal Ensemble has presented numerous special programs in conjunction with Gallery exhibitions, including a concert of music by nineteenth-century French composers in honor of the gala reopening of the Nineteenth-Century French Galleries (2011) and *Degas/Cassatt* (2014); and music by Arthur Sullivan and other nineteenth-century British composers in honor of *Pre-Raphaelites: Victorian Art and Design, 1848–1900* (2013). In 2010 members of the Vocal Ensemble joined forces with the early music ensemble ARTEK to perform Claudio Monteverdi's *Vespers of the Blessed Virgin* (1610) on the occasion of the composition's 400th anniversary. Members of the ensemble serving as soloists in tonight's concert are Rosa Lamoreaux, soprano, and Steven Combs, baritone.

## Program Notes

Richard Horner Bales was born February 3, 1915, in Alexandria, Virginia. He attended Alexandria public schools and the Episcopal High School, from which he graduated in 1932. After completing a bachelor of music degree at the Eastman School of Music, he earned conducting fellowships at the Juilliard School of Music and the Tanglewood Music Center, where he studied with Serge Koussevitsky.



Richard Bales, undated photo

Upon returning to Washington, DC, in 1941, Bales was drawn quickly into the war effort, serving on the staff that decoded cables for the British Embassy. That same year, he became one of the youngest composers ever to have a composition premiered by the National Symphony Orchestra. One of the audience members at that concert, Dorothy Godfrey, was a close friend of the director of the newly opened National Gallery of Art, David E. Finley. She recommended that Finley engage Bales to compose the score for the Gallery's first publicity film, *Your National Gallery* (1942). Impressed with the results, in 1943 Finley appointed Bales to administer the Sunday concerts at the Gallery, which were proving popular and rapidly developing into a major project for the Gallery staff and volunteers. In the course of his tenure as head of music at the Gallery, Bales organized 1,760 performances, some of which contained his own compositions, and many of which were orchestra concerts that he conducted.

Under Bales's direction, the National Gallery of Art Orchestra grew from a self-described "National Gallery Sinfonietta" of twenty players to an orchestra that could undertake the full range of symphonic repertoire. It has frequently presented first performances of works by American composers, among them Esther Williamson Ballou (1915–1973), Charles Ives (1874–1954), and George

Frederick McKay (1899–1970). The concerts were broadcast live on radio station WGMS from 1950 to 1992, and each broadcast between 1950 and Bales's retirement in 1985 included an intermission feature of his recorded commentary on the music.

Bales's cantatas based upon music from the American Civil War—*The Confederacy* and *The Union*—are his best-known works, having gained national recognition when they were recorded and distributed by Columbia Masterworks in the early 1960s. The composer maintained a lifelong interest in Civil War history, and the cantatas contain lyrics and tunes that he loved and knew by heart.

Having had the privilege and pleasure of extensive personal contact with Richard Bales between 1985 and 1998, I can recount that two of the tunes in *The Confederacy* had a special personal connection for him. He took great delight in the fact that the phrase "for bales" recurs repeatedly in the song "We All Went Down to New Orleans for Bales." In the vernacular of the time, the word bales referred not only to bales of cotton, which were embargoed and therefore valuable war booty, but metaphorically it signified winnings from gambling and other forbidden fruits available in that city. Bales told me that it was when he first came across that song that he felt called to write a Civil War cantata. "The Yellow Rose of Texas" was also special for him, since his wife, Betty Starr, was a Texas native, and he often referred to her as "my Yellow Rose."

Bales created *The Union*—his most extensive and fully worked-out cantata—as a foil and balance for *The Confederacy*, reflecting his patriotism as an American citizen and his sense of fairness and justice for all. During his tenure as assistant to the director for music, he was a pioneer in providing equal opportunity for minority performers and composers at the Gallery. In the 1945–1946 concert season, he included William Grant Still's *Suite for Violin and Piano*, as well as the first Washington performance of Still's *Pages from Negro History*; a solo recital by African American opera singer Lillian Evanti (1890–1967); and several choral performances of spirituals, which were rarely heard in concert at the time. Performers and composers of color continued to appear regularly in concerts at the Gallery throughout Bales's tenure.

Noting how awareness of and sensitivity to equal opportunity has deepened in America since the mid-1950s, when the cantatas were composed, and

remembering Richard Bales's own sensitivity and sense of fairness, Voices of Canton, Inc. adds an entr'acte to its performances of *The Confederacy* and *The Union*. This addition presents African American voices from the time of the Civil War, in the prose of Frederick Douglass (1818–1895) and in a musical setting by André J. Thomas of the spiritual *Keep Your Lamps*, which for African Americans of the pre-Civil War era symbolized their readiness for the freedom that they hoped was soon to come.

*Program Notes by Stephen Ackert, Senior Music Program Advisor,  
National Gallery of Art*

Upcoming Concerts at the National Gallery of Art

**National Gallery of Art String Quartet**

Music by Ravel and Shostakovich

April 19, 2015

Sunday, 3:30 pm

West Building, West Garden Court



**David Kaplan and Timo Andres, pianists  
with National Gallery of Art Vocal Ensemble**

Music by Andres, Brahms,  
and Schumann

April 26, 2015

Sunday, 6:30 pm

West Building, West Garden Court



**United States Army Band**

Music by Sousa  
and other composers

May 3, 2015

Sunday, 3:30 pm

West Building, Mall Steps

**Voices of Canton, Inc.  
National Gallery of Art Orchestra  
April 12, 2015  
Cantatas by Richard Bales**

**Texts of the Cantatas**

**The Confederacy**

**All Quiet Along the Potomac Tonight**

(Soprano)

All quiet along the Potomac tonight,  
Except here and there a stray picket  
Is shot as he walks on his beat to and fro  
By a rifleman hid in the thicket.  
'Tis nothing—a private or two now and then  
Will not count in the news of the battle;  
Not an officer lost, only one of the men,  
Moaning out all alone the death rattle.

All quiet along the Potomac tonight,  
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming,  
And their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon,  
And the light of the campfires is gleaming.  
A tremendous sigh as the gentle night wind  
Through the forest leaves slowly is creeping,  
While the stars up above, with their glittering eyes,  
Keep guard over the army while sleeping.

## **The Bonnie Blue Flag**

(Choir)

*Verse:* We are a band of brothers and native to the soil,  
Fighting for our liberty, with treasure, blood, and toil.  
And when our rights were threatened, the cry rose near and far:  
“Hurrah for the bonnie blue flag that bears a single star!”

*Refrain:* Hurrah! Hurrah! For Southern rights, Hurrah!  
Hurrah for the bonnie blue flag that bears a single star!

*Verse:* And here’s to brave Virginia—the Old Dominion state  
With the young Confed’racy at length has linked her fate.  
Impelled by her example, now other states prefer  
To hoist high the bonnie blue flag that bears a single star!

*Refrain*

*Verse:* Then here’s to our Confed’racy, strong we are and brave;  
Like patriots of old we’ll fight our heritage to save,  
And rather than submit to shame, to die we would prefer,  
So cheer for the bonnie blue flag that bears a single star!

*Refrain*

## **Lorena**

(Baritone)

The years creep slowly by, Lorena; the snow is on the grass again;  
The sun’s low down the sky, Lorena; the frost gleams where the flow’rs have been.  
But the heart throbs on as warmly now as when the summer days were nigh.  
Oh, the sun can never dip so low a-down affection’s cloudless sky.

A hundred months have passed, Lorena, since last I held your hand in mine,  
And felt the pulse beat fast, Lorena, though mine beat faster far than thine!  
A hundred months, ‘twas flow’ry May when up the hilly slope we climbed  
To watch the dying of the day and hear the distant church bells chime.

## **The Yellow Rose of Texas**

(Choir)

*Verse:* There's a yellow rose in Texas that I am going to see;  
No other soldier knows her, no soldier, only me;  
She cried so when I left her, it like to broke my heart,  
And if I ever find her, we never more will part.

*Refrain:* She's the sweetest little rosebud that Texas ever knew;  
Her eyes are bright as diamonds; they sparkle like the dew.  
You may talk about your Clementine and sing of Rosa Lee,  
But the yellow rose of Texas is the only one for me!

*Verse:* Where the Rio Grande is flowing, and starry skies are bright,  
She walks along the river in the quiet summer night;  
She thinks if I remember, when we parted long ago,  
That I promised to return and not to leave her so.

*Refrain*

*Verse:* Oh, now I'm going to find her, for my heart is full of woe;  
We'll sing that song together we sang so long ago;  
We'll play the banjo gaily, we'll sing the songs of yore,  
And the yellow rose of Texas shall be mine for evermore!

*Refrain*

## **Somebody's Darling**

(Soprano and Baritone)

*Verse:* In the ward of the clean whitewashed walls,  
Where the dead slept and the dying lay,  
Wounded by bayonets, sabres, and balls,  
Somebody's darling was borne one day.  
Somebody's darling, so young and so brave,  
Wearing still on his sweet yet pale face—  
Soon to be hid in the dust of the grave—  
The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

*Refrain:* Somebody's darling, somebody's pride—  
Who'll tell his mother where her boy died?

*Verse:* Give him a kiss but for somebody's sake;  
Murmur a prayer for him, soft and low;  
One little curl from his golden locks take;  
Somebody's pride they were once, you know.  
Somebody's warm hand has oft rested there;  
Was it a mother's, so soft and so white?  
Or have the lips of a sister so fair  
Ever been bathed in their waves of light?

*Refrain*

### **We All Went Down to New Orleans for Bales**

(Choir)

We all went down to New Orleans for bales, for bales;  
We all went down to New Orleans for bales, says I;  
We all went down to New Orleans to get a peep behind the scenes,  
And we'll all drink stone blind—Johnny, fill up the bowl!

We thought we got into the “ring” for bales, for bales;  
We thought we got into the “ring” for bales, says I;  
We thought we got into the “ring,” greenbacks would be a dead-sure thing,  
And we'll all drink stone blind—Johnny, fill up the bowl!

Our “ring” came back and cursed and swore, for bales, for bales;  
Our “ring” came back and cursed and swore, for bales, says I!  
Our “ring” came back and cursed and swore, for we got no cotton at Grand Ecore,  
So we'll all drink stone blind—Johnny, fill up the bowl!

### **The Conquered Banner**

(Choir)

Furl that banner, for 'tis weary, round its staff 'tis drooping dreary.  
Furl it, fold it; it is best, for there's not a man to wave it,  
And there's not a sword to save it in the blood that heroes gave it,  
And its foes now scorn and brave it.  
Furl it, hide it, let it rest.

### **Dixie's Land**

(Choir)

*Verse:* I wish I was in the land of cotton, old times there are not forgotten;  
Look away, look away, look away, Dixieland.  
In Dixieland where I was born in, early on a frosty mornin'  
Look away....

*Refrain:* Then I wish I was in Dixie, hooray, hooray!  
In Dixieland I'll take my stand, to live and die in Dixie—  
Away, away, away down south in Dixie!

## **The Union**

### **Tenting Tonight**

(Choir)

*Verse:* We're tenting tonight on the old campground; give us a song to cheer  
Our weary hearts, a song of home and friends we love so dear.

*Refrain:* Many are the hearts that are weary tonight, wishing for the war to cease;  
Many are the hearts that are looking for the right, to see the dawn of peace.  
Tenting tonight, tenting tonight on the old campground.

*Verse:* We're tired of war on the old campground; thinking of those now gone;  
Of the brave and true who've left their homes, and others wounded long.

*Refrain:* Many are the hearts....  
Dying tonight, dying tonight, dying on the old campground.

### **The Battle Cry of Freedom**

(Choir)

Yes, we'll rally round the flag, boys, we'll rally once again,  
Shouting the battle cry of freedom;  
We will rally from the hillside, we'll gather from the plain,  
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.  
The Union forever! Hurrah, boys, hurrah!  
Down with the traitor, up with the star,  
While we rally round the flag, boys, rally once again,  
Shouting the battle cry of freedom!

### **Aura Lea**

(Soprano and Choir)

*Verse:* When the blackbird in the spring, on the willow tree  
Sat and rocked, I heard him sing, singing "Aura Lea."  
Aura Lea, Aura Lea, maid of golden hair!  
Sunshine came along with thee, and swallows in the air.

*Refrain:* Aura Lea, Aura Lea, maid of golden hair!  
Sunshine came along with thee, and swallows in the air.

*Verse:* When the mistletoe was green midst the winter's snows,  
Sunshine in thy face was seen, kissing lips of rose.  
Aura Lea, Aura Lea, take my golden ring!  
Love and light return with thee, and swallows in the spring.

Refrain

## **The Invalid Corps**

(Tenor and Choir)

I wanted much to go to war, and went to be examined;  
The surgeon looked me o'er and o'er, my back and chest he hammered.  
Said he, "You're not the man for me, your lungs are much affected,  
And likewise both your eyes are cocked, and otherwise defected."  
So now I'm with the invalids, and cannot go and fight, sir!  
The doctor told me so, you know, of course it must be right, sir!

While I was there, a host of chaps for reasons were exempted:  
Old "Pursy," he was laid aside, to pass he had attempted.  
The doctor said, "I do not like your corporosity, sir!  
You'll breed a famine in the camp, wherever you may be, sir!  
So now he's with the invalids, and cannot go and fight, sir!  
The doctor told me so, you know, of course it must be right, sir!

There came a fellow, mighty tall, a knock-kneed over-growner,  
The doctor said, "I got no time to take and look you over."  
Next came along a little chap, who was 'bout two-foot nothing,  
The doctor said, "You'd better go and tell your mammy you're coming."  
So now they're with the invalids, and cannot go and fight, sir!  
The doctor told them so, you know, of course it must be right, sir!

Some had the tikerdoleron, some what they call brown critters,  
And some were lank and lazy too, and some too fond of bitters;  
Some had cork legs, and some one eye, with backs deformed and crooked;  
I'll bet you laughed until you cried to see how cute they look-ed!  
So now we're with the invalids, and cannot go and fight, sir!  
The doctor told us so, you know, of course it must be right, sir!

## **Just Before the Battle, Mother**

(Baritone and choir)

*Verse:* Just before the battle, Mother, I am thinking most of you,  
While upon the field we're watching, with the enemy in view.  
Comrades brave around me lying, filled with thoughts of home and God,  
For well they know that on the morrow some will sleep beneath the sod.

*Refrain:* Farewell, Mother; you may never press me to your heart again;  
But oh! You'll not forget me, Mother, if I'm numbered with the slain.

*Verse:* Hark, I hear the bugle sounding, 'tis the signal for the fight.  
Now may God protect us, Mother, as he ever does the right.  
Hear "The Battle Cry of Freedom," how it swells upon the air;  
Oh, yes, we'll rally round the standard, or we'll perish nobly there.

*Refrain*

### **The President's Hymn**

(Choir)

Give thanks, all ye people, give thanks to the Lord,  
Alleluias of freedom with joyful accord.  
Let the East and West, North and South roll along,  
Sea, mountain, and prairie, one thanksgiving song.  
Give thanks, all ye people, give thanks to the Lord,  
Alleluias of freedom with joyful accord.

### **The Vacant Chair**

(Soprano and Choir)

*Verse:* We shall meet, but we shall miss him,  
There will be one vacant chair;  
We shall linger to caress him while we breathe our evening prayer.  
When a year ago we gathered, joy was in his mild blue eye,  
But the golden cord is severed, and our hopes in ruins lie.

*Refrain:* We shall meet, but we shall miss him,  
There will be one vacant chair;  
We shall linger to caress him while we breathe our evening prayer.

*Verse:* At our fireside sad and lonely often will the bosom swell  
At the remembrance of the story, how our noble Willie fell;  
How he strove to bear our banner, through the thickest of the fight,  
And uphold our country's honor in the strength of manhood's might.

*Refrain*

### **The President's Grave**

(Choir)

Be silent! There cometh, on spirit wings sped,  
The wail of a nation in grief for the dead.  
The strong and the mighty, from glory and light,  
Hath waned in his brightness and left us in night.  
The proud eagle banners all droopingly wave,  
And the wild winds are hushed round the President's grave.

## **Final Medley**

(Choir)

When Johnny comes marching home again, hurrah, hurrah!  
We'll give him a hearty welcome then, hurrah, hurrah!  
The men will cheer and the boys will shout,  
The ladies, they will all turn out,  
And we'll all feel gay when Johnny comes marching home!

Get ready for the jubilee, hurrah, hurrah!  
We'll give the hero three time three, hurrah, hurrah!  
The laurel wreath is ready now to place upon his loyal brow,  
And we'll all feel gay when Johnny comes marching home!

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;  
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;  
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword;  
His truth is marching on.  
Glory, glory, hallelujah!

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never sound retreat;  
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment seat;  
O, be swift, my heart, to answer him, be jubilant, my feet!  
Our God is marching on .  
Glory, glory hallelujah!

We're going down to Dixie to fight for the dear old flag,  
And should we fall in Dixie, we'll die for the dear old flag.  
Hold on, Abraham, never say die to your Uncle Sam!  
Uncle Sam's boys are coming right along,  
Six hundred thousand strong!

Bring the good old bugle, boys, we'll sing another song—  
Sing it with a spirit that will start the world along;  
Sing it as we used to sing it, fifty thousand strong,  
While we're marching through Georgia.

Hurrah! Hurrah! The flag that makes you free!  
So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea,  
While we were marching through Georgia.