

presents

Carriage Barn

I      Cantigas de Santa Maria -  
         from The Court of Alfonso X, El Sabio (1252-84)

1. Des Oge Mais
2. De Muitas Guisas
3. Gran Dereit
4. Santa Maria
5. Rosa Das Rosas
6. Como Poden

Jan DeGaetani

II Maiden's Song Lionel Nowak  
from St. Winefred's Well, Poem, Gerard Manley Hopkins

Jan DeGaetani, Voice  
Joseph Schor, Violin  
Gunnar Schonbeck, Clarinet  
Henry Brant, Piano

Conductor - Louis Calabro

## INTERMISSION

III Quartet #14 in C<sup>#</sup> Minor Opus 131 Beethoven

1. Adagio, Ma Non Troppo E Molto Espressivo
2. Allegro Molto Vivace
3. Allegro Moderato
4. Andante, Ma Non Troppo E Molto Cantabile
5. Presto
6. Adagio Quasi Un Poco Andante
7. Allegro

Joseph Schor, Violin  
Jacob Glick, Viola  
Michael Finckel, Tenor-Cello  
Barbara Mallow, Cello

Originally for 2 violins, viola and cello, Beethoven's Opus 131 Quartet in this performance will be played by 1 violin, 1 viola, 1 tenor-cello and 1 cello in accordance with a plan suggested by Henry Brant. (The tenor-cello, of normal dimensions, is tuned a fifth above the standard cello).

NEXT FACULTY CONCERT - WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1971

The Leaden Echo and the Golden Echo

(Maiden's Song from St. Winefred's Well)

The Leaden Echo

How to keep - is there any any, is there none such, nowhere  
known some, bow or brooch or braid or brace, lace,  
latch or catch or key to keep  
Back beauty, keep it, beauty, beauty, beauty.....from  
vanishing away?  
O is there no frowning of these wrinkles, ranked wrinkles  
deep,  
Down? no waving off of these most mournful messengers,  
still messengers, sad and stealing messengers of grey?--  
No there's none, there's none, O no there's none,  
Nor can you long be, what you now are, called fair,  
Do what you may do, what, do what you may,  
And wisdom is early to despair:  
Be beginning; since, no, nothing can be done  
To keep at bay  
Age and age's evils, hoar hair,  
Ruck and wrinkle, drooping, dying, death's worst, winding  
sheets, tombs and worms and tumbling to decay;  
So be beginning, be beginning to despair.  
O there's none; no no no there's none:  
Be beginning to despair, to despair,  
Despair, despair, despair, despair.  
Spare!  
There is one, yes I have one (Hush there!),  
Only not within seeing of the sun.  
Not within the singing of the strong sun,  
Tall sun's tingeing, or treacherous the tainting of the earth's  
air,  
Somewhere elsewhere there is ah well where! one,  
One. Yes I can tell such a key, I do know such a place,  
Where whatever's prized and passes of us, everything that's  
fresh and fast flying of us, seems to us sweet of us and  
swiftly away with, done away with, undone,  
Undone, done with, soon done with, and yet dearly and  
dangerously sweet  
Of us, the wimpled-water dimpled, not-by-morning-matched face,  
The flower of beauty, flecce of beauty, too too apt to, ah! to  
fleet,  
Never fleets more, fastened with the tenderest truth  
To its own best being and its loveliness of youth: it is an ever-  
lastingness of, O it is an all youth!

Come then, your ways and airs and looks, locks, maidengear,  
gallantry and gaiety and grace,  
Winning ways, airs innocent, maiden manners, sweet looks,  
loose locks, long locks, lovelocks, gaygear, going gallant,  
girlgrace--  
Resign them, sign them, seal them, send them, motion them  
with breath,  
And with sighs soaring, soaring sighs, deliver  
Them; beauty-in-the-ghost, deliver it, early now, long before  
death  
Give beauty back, beauty, beauty, beauty, back to God,  
beauty's self and beauty's giver.  
See; not a hair is, not an eyelash, not the least lash lost; every  
hair  
Is, hair of the head, numbered.  
Nay, what we had lighthanded left in surly the mere mould  
Will have waked and have waxed and have walked with the  
wind what while we slept,  
This side, that side hurling a heavyheaded hundredfold  
What while we, while we slumbered.  
O then, weary then why should we tread? O why are we so  
haggard at the heart, so care-coiled, care-killed, so fagged,  
so fashed, so cogged, so cumbered,  
When the thing we freely forfeit is kept with fonder a care,  
Fonder a care kept than we could have kept it, kept  
Far with fonder a care (and we, we should have lost it) finer,  
fonder  
A care kept. --Where kept? do but tell us where kept, where --  
Yonder,-- What high as that! We follow, now we follow.--  
Yonder, yes yonder, yonder,  
Yonder.