

The Summer Institute for High School Music Teachers

presents

FRANK BAKER, Tenor

Lionel Nowak and Henry Brant
assisting at the piano

An die ferne Geliebte
a cycle of six songs on poems of A. Jeitteles

Beethoven

Songs and Dances of Death
Text by A. A. Golenishtchev-Kutusov
English adaptation by Marion Farquhar

Moussorgsky

Lullaby
Serenade
Trepak
Commander-in-Chief

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

Songs

Charles Ives

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The Carriage Barn
Bennington College

Tuesday, Aug. 2, 1960
8:30 in the evening

August 10 - A program of music composed by Henry Brant

August 11 - A concert presented by the participants of the Summer Institute
for High School Music Teachers.

An die ferne Geliebte

poems by
A. Jeitteles

composed by
L. van Beethoven

From the mountain I gaze into the blue distance where I found you beloved, between us many hills and valleys, separating us from our joy. You cannot see the glowing looks I turn towards you, nor hear my sighs, but I will sing my thoughts of thee, of how I pine. For songs of love disdain time and distance, and the loving heart attains its desire.

Where the mountain is blue and the sunsets red, where the peaceful valleys banish pain and woe, where the primroses blow in the breeze... would I were there. To the shadowy grove I am driven by pangs of love and lonely despair. I would never leave if only you were there.

Little clouds, tiny birds; should you see my loved one, greet her a thousand times for me. Clouds keep my image in the sky before her eyes. If she comes near the bushes, birdlet, tell her of my suffering. Western breeze, take my sighs to her as the sun sinks. Whisper to her, little brook, let her see in thee how my tears forever flow.

These clouds and these birds fly to thee, take me too in your flight. These western breezes will play on her cheek and hair; would that I could share this joy. Down to you this little brook flows. When her face is reflected in your mirror, flow back quickly to me.

May is coming, with breezes and blossoms and murmuring brook. The swallow builds a bridal nest -- a dwelling for love. She brings from far and near things to line the bridal bed and keep the young ones warm. Those parted by winter are brought together again in spring by love. But in our love no spring appears and tears are the only consolation.

Take them, these songs, beloved, that I sing to thee and sing them again with your lute. When the twilight descends on the lake and the last sun's rays glow from the mountain tops...and you sing what I have sung of longing, then these songs regain what was lost to us, and the loving heart attains its desire.

1. Lullaby

Moaning and restless, the child, flushed and ailing,
Lies in the dim candle light.
Near him, his mother, her love unavailing,
Waits through the long, sleepless night.

Death, the deliverer, silently stealing,
Taps at the outer door; Tchock!
Desperate, she turns to him, mute and appealing.

"Don't be afraid when I knock,
Dawn is returning, the night light is paling.
Watching and weeping so long,
You must be weary. Your vigil is failing,
Sleep, -- I will sing him my song.
Your voice is tense with fear, see, he is crying,
Mine is more soothing in tone."

"Quiet! He breaks my heart, helpless there, dying!
Such despair I never have known."

"Leave him to me, I will silence his crying;
Hush-a-bye, baby, my own."

"Now he is whiter, no longer complaining,
So still, not even a moan."

"That is a sign that the fever is waning,
Hush-a-bye, baby, my own."

"Stop! you are damnable! If you caress him,
All joy for me will be gone."

"No, I will take him and peace will possess him!
Hush-a-bye, baby, my own."

"Mercy! he's mine, and you shall not take him!
Chant no more, leave him alone!"

"See him, he sleeps, and no one can wake him,
"Hush-a-bye, baby, my own."

2. Serenade

Evening of amethyst, stars all aglisten,
Tender spring, breathing delight!
Trembling, the invalid leans out to listen,
Hearing the whisper of night.
Sleep does not cover her eyes, wide and burning
Youth pleads with joy not to fade;
But at the midnight, to answer her yearning,
Death sings his soft serenade:

"Held here in prison so dark and confining,
Soon you will fade quite alone.
Trust, then, your Knight, unnamed, doubt resigning,
I come to free you, my own."

Rise, see how lovely you are! Your reflection
Mirrors a face all alight,
Rosy with pleasure, your curls -- soft perfection --
Veiling a form, milky white;

Eyes, sapphire blue, fixed and bright as the moon is,
Shine now with radiant fire,
Sweet is your breath and warm, warm as the noon is,
How you awake my desire!

My ardent pleading will not be denied,
Your desire summoned me here;
Thus I claim my reward, and the prize -- my bride.
Rapture at last is near.

Fragile your body, and your tremor, enthralling.
Come, my embrace, how divine,
Stifles your breathing! Your lover is calling,
Listen -- be still -- you are mine."

3. Trepak

Fields and the woodland, with no one in sight!
Wailing low, the wind storm is eerie
And it seems as if snow rides through the night
Hunting the lost and the weary.

Look, over there in the dark, Death approaches,
Holding a serf, to caress him.
Death, with the drunkard now dances and chants,
Weaving a spell to possess him.

"Oh, you are cold, you are old, defenceless;
Drink made you gay 'till you lay there senseless,
Then the Witch of Blizzards played with you to charm you,
Pushed you to the forest, seeming not to harm you.

Poor serf, distressed and oppressed and friendless;
Rest, here your sleep will be deep and endless.
See, I will warm and bed you down in soft snow lying
And I will start a mighty reel around you flying.

Snowy and light, fluff the bed, oh my beauty!
Come, dance along, make a song, oh my beauty!
Sing all night to soothe him, 'till the break of day.
Sing 'till the drowsy drunkard sleeps his life away.

Hear me, you darkness, you wind and forest;
Snowflake and cloud and the sky, combining;
Out of downy moon make a winding sheet,
Like the newly born, wrap him head to feet.

Sweet dreams, my friend, leafy boughs are twining,
Summer has come full in bloom,
The grain is ripe, the sun is shining,
Scythes are swinging. Now vlieing
Reapers are all singing and the birds are flying."

4. Commander-in-Chief

The battle thunders, flashing, searing,
The greedy cannon roar and glow,
Battalions turn their horses rearing
And red with blood the rivers flow!

The day is burning, men are straining,
Destructive fury sets the pace,
The combat rages, light is waning
And still they fight and grant no grace.

As darkness falls, the field is lonely;
The troops, withdrawing, cease to fight,
All's quiet, moans of wounded only,
Disturb the silence and the night.

Beneath the moon's unearthly light,
His mighty battle horse astride,
His bones all shining smooth and white,
Appears grim Death! There, close beside,
The dying groan and join in prayer.
He listens, proud and satisfied.

Noting the carnage, all appraising,
Now he circles his domain,
A hill ascending, downward gazing,
He smiles and, pausing, smiles again.
And like a fateful bugle call
His voice is heard to summon all:-

"Strife is here ended, for I am triumphant now!
Victor and vanquished alike, I subdue.
Life made you enemies, Death has united you,
Rise up together and pass in review.

March at a solemn pace, halt and surrender,
All of my troops I record as they pass,
Then your bones to the earth you will tender,
Slumber is sweet under soft growing grass.
Year after year after year will pass by, --
Men will forget; none will know where you lie.

But I will not forget! I the undying,
Feasting at midnight will visit your bed.
You will stay, sleeping there, where you are lying.
Thus I command it, all defying.
Dancing, I'll tread down the earth overhead
So that you never can rise from the dead."

The See'r

An old man with a straw in his mouth
 sat all day long before the village grocery store;
 he liked to watch the funny things a-going, going, going, going by
 going by, going by, going by, going by, going by, going by!
 (Charles Ives)

The Indians

Alas! for them, their day is o'er --
 No more, no more for them the wild deer bounds,
 The plough is on their hunting grounds;
 The pale man's axe rings through their woods,
 The pale man's sail skims o'er their floods;
 Beyond the mountains of the west
 Their children go to die.
 (Charles Sprague)

An Election (Nov. 20, 1920)

It strikes me that ---
 Some men and women got tired of a big job;
 but, over there our men did not quit.
 They fought and died that better things might be!
 Perhaps some who stayed at home are beginning to forget and to quit.
 The pocketbook and certain little things talked loud and "noble,"
 And got in the way.
 Too many readers go by the headlines, party men will muddle up the facts,
 So a good many citizens voted the way they always did,
 or thought a change back to the reg'lar thing seemed natural enough.
 "It's raining, let's throw out the weather man,
 Kick him out! Kick him out! Kick him!"
 Prejudice and politics, and the stand-patters came in strong, and yelled,
 "Slide back! Now you're safe, that's the easy way!"
 Then the timid smiled and looked relieved, "We've got enough to eat,
 to hell with ideals!"
 Some old women, male and female, had their day today, and the "ole mole
 came out of his hole;"
 But he won't stay out long. God always drives him back!
 "Oh Captain, my Captain! a heritage we've thrown away;
 But we'll find it again, my Captain, Captain, oh my Captain!"
 (Charles Ives)

Afterglow

At the quiet close of day,
 Gently yet the willows sway;
 When the sunset light is low,
 Lingers still the afterglow;
 Beauty tarries loth to die,
 Every lightest fantasy lovelier grows in memory,
 Where the truer beauties lie.
 (Fenimore Cooper)

Walt Whitman

Who goes there? Hankering, gross, mystical and nude;
 How is it I extract strength from the beef I eat?
 What is man, anyhow?
 What am I? What are you?
 All I mark as my own,
 you shall offset with your own;
 Else it were time lost a-listening to me....

(Whitman)

Serenity

O, Sabbath rest of Galilee!
 O, calm of hills above,
 Where Jesus knelt to share with Thee,
 The silence of eternity
 Interpreted by love.
 Drop Thy still dews of quietness,
 Till all our strivings cease;
 Take from our souls the strain and stress,
 And let our ordered lives confess,
 The beauty of Thy peace.

(Whittier)

The Side Show

Is that Mister Riley, who keeps the hotel?
 is the tune that accompanies the trotting track bell;
 An old horse unsound, turns the merry-go-round,
 making poor Mister Riley look a bit like a Russian dance---
 Some speak of so highly, as they do of Riley!

(Charles Ives)

1. 2. 3.

Why doesn't one, two, three seem to appeal
 to a Yankee as much as one, two!

(Charles Ives)

Like a sick eagle

The spirit is too weak;
 mortality weighs heavily on me like unwilling sleep,
 and each imagined pinnacle and steep of God-like hardship tells me I must die,
 like a sick eagle looking towards the sky.

(Keats)

Ann Street

Quaint name--Ann Street, width of same, ten feet.
 Barnums mob--Ann street, far from obsolete.
 Narrow, yes--Ann street,
 But business, both feet.
 Sun just hits Ann street,
 Then it quits--some greet!
 Rather short--Ann street----

(Maurice Morris)

Morceau du Coeur

Grove, Rove, Night, Delight---
 Heart, Impart,
 Prove, Love, Heart, Impart,
 Love, Prove, Love---
 Kiss, Bliss, Kiss, Bliss,
 Blest, Rest, Heart, Impart, Impart, Impart, Love.

(Charles Ives)

A Farewell to Land

Adieu, adieu! my native shore fades
 o'er the waters blue;
 The night winds sigh, the breakers roar
 And shrieks the wild sea-mew.
 Yon sun that sets upon the sea,
 We follow in his flight;
 Farewell a while to him and thee,
 My native Land, Good-night!

(Byron)

Charlie Rutlage

Another good cow puncher has gone to meet his fate,
 I hope he'll find a resting place, within the golden gate, the golden gate.
 Another place is vacant on the ranch of the X I T,
 'Twill be hard to find another that's liked as well as he.
 The first that died was Kid White, a man both tough and brave,
 While Charlie Rutlage makes the third to be sent to his grave
 Caused by a cow-horse falling, while running after stock;
 'Twas on the spring round-up, a place where death men mock,
 He went forward one morning on a circle through the hills,
 He was gay and full of glee, and free from earthly ills.
 But when it came to finish up the work on which he went,
 Nothing came back from him, his time on earth was spent.
 'Twas as he rode the round-up an X I T turned back to the herd,
 Poor Charlie shoved him in again, his cutting horse he spurred
 Another turned at that moment, his horse the creature spied,
 And turned and fell with him! Beneath poor Charlie died---
 His relations in Texas his face never more will see,
 But I hope he'll meet his loved ones beyond in eternity, in eternity.
 I hope he'll meet his parents, will meet them face to face,
 And that they'll grasp him by the right hand, at the shining throne,
 the shining throne, the shining throne of grace.

(A Cowboy Song)