

3/8/95

THOMAS HAMPSON, *baritone*

Wednesday, March 8, 1995

8 p.m., Ohio Theatre

Craig Rutenberg, *piano*

Biographical information on Mr. Hampson and Mr. Rutenberg can be found on pages 16-17 of your CAPA Showcase Program Book.

Program Notes

I.

Sechs Lieder, Opus 48

Edvard Grieg

(1843-1907)

Gruss (Heinrich Heine)

Dereinst, Gedanke mein

(Emanuel Geibel)

Lauf der Welt (Ludwig Uhland)

Die verschwiegene Nachtigall

(Walther von der Vogelweide)

Zur Rosenzeit (Johann Wolfgang

von Goethe)

Ein Traum (F.M. von Bodenstedt)

II.

Songs from Des Knaben

Wunderhorn

Gustav Mahler

(1860-1911)

(Texts by Mahler after Achim

von Arnim & Clemens Brentano)

Der Schildwache Nachtlied

Zu Strassburg auf der Schanz'

Wer hat dies Liedlein erdacht?!

Lob des hohen Verstands

Das himmlische Leben

Intermission

III.

Samuel Barber

(1910-1981)

Night Wanderers (W. H. Davies)

With rue my heart is laden

(A.E. Housman)

In the Wilderness (Robert Graves)

A Green Lowland of Pianos

(Czeslaw Milosz)

O Boundless, Boundless Evening

(Christopher Middleton)

I Hear an Army (James Joyce)

IV.

Old American Songs

Aaron Copland

(1900-1990)

The Boatmen's Dance (Traditional)

Traditional/

Roger Ames (arr.)

Shenandoah (Traditional)

Sidney Homer

(1864-1953)

General William Booth Enters into

Heaven (Vachel Lindsay)

Walter Damrosch

(1862-1950)

Danny Deever (Rudyard Kipling)

The audience is kindly requested to withhold its applause until the end of each song group.

Words for every mood of man's heart, wrote Thomas Carlyle of the direct, spontaneous, emotion-laden verse he most admired in poets like Robert Burns. Indeed, the philosopher's statement defines two of the prevailing ingredients of the Romantic credo: the supremacy of feeling over the restrictions of form and the centrality of poetry, not only to thought, but to human existence itself. And for most of the great Romantics, poetry retained its dionysian roots; the bard was a singer for whom word and melody were inseparably fused. It is not surprising, therefore, that the 19th century also became the crucible in which the art song was forged.

From its violent birthing in the bloodbath of the French Revolution to its gradual evolution from idyllic agrarianism to the nightmare of the Industrial revolution, the 19th century was an age of transition whose mercurial social and cultural shifts—unsettling as they were in their own time—were only mild indicators of the chaotic 20th century that was to follow. It was this very predilection for change that, in turn, nurtured a deep longing for stability—for a faith that transcended the impermanence and an ideal which could not only offset—but actually remake—the real into something more beautiful.

As the 19th century faded into the 20th, the quest for the ideal became an increasingly nostalgic one: a search for what A.E. Housman called the *land of lost content*, an attempt to revive—at least in the spiritual landscape—a simpler, more spontaneous, more seriously naive age.

This yearning for simplicity, for the direct honesty of the common man, and for the restorative balm of unspoiled Nature constituted the core of growing interest over the past 200 years in folk movements. With the notion of universal citizenry that the Age of Revolution introduced, poets and musicians became increasingly aware of the vanishing barriers in humanistic thought. Delving into their native ethnic heritage, they discovered not a narrowing of their vision, but rather an expansion of their consciousness. The voices of the time-tried folk poets and the melodies of the people became fertile raw material from which the Romantic and neo-Romantic composers and poets of today's program drew their common inspiration, adapting old forms to new purposes and grafting onto their work a veneer of nostalgia that was as much a look backward as it was a hope thrust forward into the uncertainty of the future.

Few composers epitomize the lush melody and poignant yearning of the *fin de siècle* as palpably as Edvard Grieg (1843-1907) and Gustav Mahler (1860-1911). Born of the twin central European traditions of *Lieder* and *Balladen*, these two supremely original voices of late Romantic art song both relied heavily on their native folk traditions as source material. While tapping the wellsprings of Nordic myth and poetry, Grieg, at the same time, never lost touch with the experiences of his student days in Leipzig from 1858-1862. In Grieg's songs one hears not only the echoes of the starkly beautiful Scandinavian landscape and its vigorous Viking past, but also of the German conservatory and concert halls which shaped his style. In the Norwegian master's music, there are vestiges of his compatriot poet-musicians, Rikard Nordraak and Ole Bull, to be sure, but also of Schumann, Liszt, and Wagner!

For Grieg the *Bildersprache*—the rich imagistic language of the 19th century German poets—always retained a special resonance in his song writing, and when he returned in 1889 to German poetry after a quarter of a century of settings in Norwegian and Danish, he chose the poets of his youth, two of whom he had set in the 1862-64 works,

Opus 2 & 4: Heine, Geibel, Uhland, von der Vogelweide, Goethe, and Bodenstedt. The six passionate poems of *Opus 48* with their emotional palette ranging from the playfulness of *Gruss* and *Lauf der Welt* to the eroticism of *Dereinst*, *Gedanke mein* and *Die verschwiegene Nachtigall*, to the despair of *Zur Rosenzeit*, and finally on to the blissful reverie of *Ein Traum*, are each encased in a different musical expression, which, when taken all together, reveal the wealth of cross-cultural influences on Grieg's work as well as his delight in blending folk music with art song.

Mahler, too, had listened well to his predecessors, just as he had read with passionate interest Achim von Arnim and Clemens Brentano's anthology of Romantic poems and folk songs, *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*, published between 1806-1808. Mahler turned to this collection in the years between 1892 and 1901, setting fifteen texts for piano and voice. These songs, which the composer later reworked into wholly different orchestral versions, are definitely not—as sometimes thought—mere transcriptions, but rather compositions with significantly differing dynamics, phrasing, time signatures, metronome markings, pitches, notes values, and even words, themselves. Mahler exploited the richly

varied narrative-dramatic potential of the *Knaben Wunderhorn* texts with settings that reveal his customary irony and psychological perspicuity. The haunting melancholy of *Der Schildwache Nachtlied*, with its forlorn sentinel whose lament for his distant beloved and his outcry against war go unheard in the chilly midnight silence, modulates into the bitterer irony *Zu Strassburg auf der Schanz'* where once again music—here the *Heimweh* of the distant alphorn—proves the young soldier's undoing. Even the three closing *Humoresken*—(the designation he gave his ballad-like songs)—are illuminated by Mahler's subtle wit from the light, caroling whimsy of *Wer hat dies Liedlein erdacht?!*, to the more pointed mockery of philistine taste in *Lob des hohen Verstands*, and finally in the poetic and musical counterpoint of *Das himmlische Leben*, where a child's earthly miseries define his dreams of Paradise.

It was great conductor-composers and musicians like Gustav Mahler with his tenure at the Metropolitan Opera and the New York Philharmonic from 1908-1911—(not to mention Anton Seidl, and the Damrosch dynasty)—who helped introduce the German Romantic musical tradition to America in the late 19th century and who were instrumental in shaping

the 20th century neo-Romanticism that underscored the work of American composers like Samuel Barber, Aaron Copland, Sidney Homer, and Walter Damrosch.

Music-making had been Samuel Barber's birthright. His aunt, the famous contralto Louise Homer, and her husband, the prolific song writer Sidney Homer, encouraged the young composer, who studied piano at six, began composing at seven, served as a church organist while still in his teens, and developed his attractive baritone voice to the point where he considered seriously becoming a professional singer. Trained at the Curtis Institute (with its faculty steeped in the European 19th century tradition) and in Rome, where he formed a life-long friendship with Giancarlo Menotti, Barber composed a wide range of stage, orchestral, piano, choral, and vocal works. Widely read in and deeply committed to poetry, he turned frequently to the English Romantics and mystics, the Georgian School, the Irish bards, and the French Symbolists for inspiration, cultivating their interest in nature, their economy of language and line, their ironic bent, and their distinctly modern pessimism. No matter the stance or the voice Barber summoned—be it the whimsical detachment of *A Green Lowland*

of *Pianos* or the soaring abandon of *O Boundless, Boundless Evening*, or the tight-lipped pathos of *With rue my heart is laden*, or the demonic despair of *In the Wilderness, Night Wanderers*, and *I Hear an Army*, the composer was able to make each song a miniature drama in which contemporary skepticism subtly gave way to unrepentant Romanticism.

This conflict of intellect and emotion, of restraint and abandon, of classical and modernistic reserve versus Romantic melody would increasingly characterize the *métier* of the 20th century American composer. So when composers consciously eschewed the serialism, atonalism, and all the other ideological *isms* of modern music in favor of an un-selfconscious spontaneity, such as in the closing group of old American ballads, their songs, while usually hugely popular, were frequently labeled as inferior folk art. Indeed, the perceived distinctions between so-called "art song" and "popular" melody have rarely been more pronounced than in America, where cultural apologies continue to be offered for indigenous art forms. And yet, perhaps no where else than in America have the dividing lines been, in fact, more blurred; the land of democracy has produced its own melting pot

of music—at once eclectically European, African, and native, unapologetically folk-oriented and classical-oriented.

From these contraries have been born an entire body of American song rich in energy and local color, unabashedly heart-on-sleeve Romantic, and purposefully naive. Brooklyn-born Aaron Copland's *Old American Songs* is a prime example of a classical composer's creating from folk material new arrangements that have a life of their own. *The Boatmen's Dance*, based on an old minstrel tune popularized by Dan Emmett, retains the melodic and poetic impulses of the original, while experimenting significantly with the rhythms and harmonics. In a similar vein, contemporary composer Roger Ames has arranged *Shenandoah* with loving respect for the 19th century sentimental ballad tradition from which it comes.

Also ballads, but of the more dramatic variety, are Sidney Homer's *General William Booth Enters into Heaven* and Walter Damrosch's *Danny Deever*. Both are mini-scena, born of their respective composer's love for the opera (Damrosch conducted at the Met and his own company from 1885-1902 and composed the original full-length music dramas), and yet both are heavily reliant on the folk

cadences and the cultural traditions the verse evokes. Homer, who also loved the minstrel tunes of the Old South, was drawn to the rousing metrics of Vachel Lindsay's jazz poem with its meaty, characterful depiction of the evangelical founder of the Salvation Army and its recreation of the Revivalist spirit. A love of inherently musical poetry must also have motivated Damrosch to choose Rudyard Kipling's *Barrack Room Ballads* for their colloquial speech rhythms and English music-hall resonance as source material for *Danny Deever*. This gripping account of rank-and-file Irish soldiers in India witnessing the hanging of a comrade, which was Theodore Roosevelt's favorite song, brilliantly captures Kipling's compulsive beat and unmistakable local color at the same time that Damrosch grafts onto the folksy ballad style an operatic instinct for melodrama.

It is precisely this melange of opera and art song, of folk tradition and "high" art, of narrative, dramatic, and lyric that makes *Danny Deever* an appropriate conclusion to today's program. For Damrosch and his 20th century American compatriots were no less motivated by the 19th century Romantic *Zeitgeist* than were Grieg and Mahler. Each of them

understood several essential truths: that all song is heightened poetic expression and that all poetic expression is narration. At the heart of every song lies a story. Whether that story is told in linear form or ensconced in a lyric epiphany, the thoughts and feelings contained therein serve to illuminate mankind's experience, to render a road map for life's journey—to become, as it were, a diary of the human spirit.

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EDVARD GRIEG 1843-1907
SECHS LIEDER, OP. 48

Gruss

Text by Heinrich Heine
1797-1856

Leise zieht durch mein Gemüt
liebliches Geläute
klinge, kleines Frühlingslied,
kling' hinaus in's Weite

Zieh' hinaus bis an das Haus,
wo die Veilchen spriessen,
wenn du eine Rose schaust,
sag', ich lass sie grüssen

Greeting

*Softly flow through my soul
sweet sounds of love
sing little spring song,
peal forth into the vast distance*

*Flow toward that house,
where the little violets bloom,
when you see a rose,
give her my greetings*

Dereinst, Gedanke mein

Text by Emanuel Geibel
1815-1884

Dereinst, Gedanke mein,
wirst ruhig sein.
Lässt Liebesglut
dich still nicht werden,
in kühler Erden
da schläfst du gut,
dort ohne Lieb'
und ohne Pein
wirst ruhig sein

Was du im Leben
nicht hast gefunden,
was du im Leben
nicht hast gefunden,

wenn es entschwinden,
wird's dir gegeben,
dann ohne Wunden
und ohne Pein
wirst du ruhig sein.

One Day, O My Soul

*One day, o my Soul,
you will find rest.
From love's fires
that give you no peace,
in the cool earth
you will sleep soundly,
there without love
and without pain
you will find rest.*

*What you have not
found in life,
what you have not
found in life,
when life is ended
will be yours
then without wounds
and without pain
you will find rest.*

Lauf der Welt

Text by Ludwig Uhland
1787-1862

An jedem Abend geh' ich aus,
hinauf den Wiesensteg.
Sie schaut aus ihrem Gartenhaus
es stehet hart am Weg.
Wir haben uns noch nie bestellt,
es ist nur so der Lauf der Welt,

Ich weiss nicht, wie es so geschah,
seit lange küsst ich sie,
ich bitte nicht, sie sagt nicht: ja,
doch sagt sie: nein, auch nie.
Wenn Lippe gern auf Lippe ruht,
wir hindern's nicht, uns dünkt es gut.

Das Lüftchen mit der Rose spielt,
es fragt nicht: hast mich lieb?
Das Röschen sich am Taue kühlt,
es sagt nicht lange: gib!
Ich liebe sie, sie liebet mich,
doch keines sagt: ich liebe dich!

The Way of the World

*Every evening I go out,
and meander through the fields.
She watches from her garden house
that lies right along the path.
We have never yet planned this,
it's just the way things happen,*

*I don't know it happened,
that I first kissed her,
I did not ask, she did not say: yes,
but she also never said: no.
When lips willingly meet,
we did not think to prevent them,
we thought it best to let them be.*

*The breeze plays with the rose,
it does not ask: do you love me?
The little rose cooling herself
with dew,
and does not say, may I?
I love her, she loves me,
but neither says: I love you!*

Die verschwiegene Nachtigall

Text by Walther von der

Vogelweide 1170-1230

Unter den Linden
an der Haide,
wo ich mit meinem Trauten sass
da mögt ihr finden,
wie wir beide
die Blumen brachen und das Gras.
Vor dem Wald
mit süßem Schall
Tandaradei!

Tandaradei!
sang im Tal
die Nachtigall.

Ich kam gegangen
zu der Aue,
mein Liebster kam vor mir dahin.
Ich ward empfangen
als hehre Fraue,
dass ich noch immer selig bin
Ob er mir auch Küsse bot?
Tandaradei!
Tandaradei!
Seht, wie ist mein Mund so rot!

Wie ich da ruhte,
wüsst' es einer
behüte Gott, ich schämte mich.
Wie mich der Gute
hertze, keiner erfahre das,
als er und ich;
und ein kleines Vögelein,
Tandaradei!
Tandaradei!
das wird wohl verschwiegen sein!

The Silent Nightingale

*Under the linden tree,
in the meadow,
where I sat with my beloved
there may you find,
how we both
crushed the flowers and the grass.
By the woods
with sweet sound
Tandaradei!
Tandaradei!
sang in the vale
the nightingale.*

*I came on my way
to the meadow,
my beloved came to meet me.
I was welcomed
like a noble woman,*

*Am I still blessed
If he has also given me kisses?
Tandaradei!
Tandaradei!
See, how my lips are so red!*

*As I lay there
someone knew,
God forfend, I shamed myself.
How the good man embraced me,
no one saw
except him and me;
and a little bird,
Tandaradei!
Tandaradei!
that will forever silent be!*

Zur Rosenzeit

**Text by Johann Wolfgang von
Goethe 1749-1832**

Ihr verblühet, süsse Rosen,
meine Liebe trug euch nicht;
blühet ach! dem Hoffnungslosen,
dem der Gram die Seele bricht!
Jener Tage denk'ich trauernd,
als ich, Engel, an dir hing,
auf das erste Knöspchen
lauernd,
früh zu meinem Garten ging;
alle Blüten, alle Früchte
noch zu deinen Füßen trug,
und vor deinem Angesichte
Hoffnung in dem Herzen
schlug.
Ihr verblühet, süsse Rosen,
meine Liebe trug euch nicht;
blühet ach! dem Hoffnungslosen,
dem der Gram die Seele bricht!

In the Time of Roses

*You faded, sweet roses,
when my love forsook you;
Ah, bloom! for the desperate one
whose soul now breaks with woe!*

*Every day I think sadly,
of when I, my angel, clung to you,
awaiting the first buds of spring,
I went early into my garden;
all the flowers, all the fruit
I laid then at your feet,
and drank from your countenance
the hope that radiated into my heart.
You withered, sweet roses,
when my love forsook you;
ah, bloom! for the desperate one,
whose soul breaks with woe!*

Ein Traum

**Text by F. M. von Bodenstedt
1819-1892**

Mir träumte einst ein schöner
Traum:
mich liebte eine blonde Maid,
es war am grünen Waldesraum,
es war zur warmen Frühlingszeit:
die Knospe sprang, der Waldbach
schwoll,
fern aus dem Dorfe scholl Geläut'
wir waren ganzer Wonne voll,
versunken ganz in Seligkeit.

Und schöner noch als einst
der Traum,
begab es sich in Wirklichkeit:
es war am grünen Waldesraum,
es war zur warmen Frühlingszeit;
der Waldbach schwoll, die Knospe
sprang,
Geläut' erscholl vom Dorfe her:
Ich hielt dich fest, ich hielt dich lang
und lasse dich nun nimmermehr!
nimmermehr! nimmermehr!

O Frühlingsgrüner Waldesraum,
du lebst in mir durch alle Zeit!
Dort ward die Wirklichkeit
zum Traum,
dort ward der Traum zur
Wirklichkeit!

A Dream

Once I dreamed a lovely dream:
a blond maiden loved me,
it was in the vast green woods,
it was in the warm springtime:
the buds sprang into bloom,
the forest brook swelled,
from the distant village pealed
the bells
we were filled with wonder,
and overcome with bliss.

But sweeter still did once I dream,
a dream that then came true:
it was in the vast green woods.
it was in the warm springtime;
the forest brook swelled,
the buds sprang into bloom,
Bells pealed from the village:
I held you close, I held you long
and never, never let you go!
never, nevermore!

Translated by *Carla Maria
Verdino-Süllwold*

GUSTAV MAHLER 1860-1911 SONGS FROM DES KNABEN WUNDERHORN

Gustav Mahler (after folksongs
collected by Achim von Arnim
& Clemens Brentano)

Der Schildwache Nachtlied

Ich kann und mag nicht fröhlich sein!
Wenn alle Leute schlafen!
So muss ich wachen!
Ja, wachen!
Muss traurig sein!

Ach, Knabe, du musst nicht
traurig sein!
Will deiner warten
im Rosengarten!
Im grünen Klee!

Zum grünen Klee da komm ich nicht!
Zum Waffengarten!
Voll Helleparten!
Bin ich gestellt!

Stehst du im Feld, so helf' dir Gott!
An Gottes Segen
ist alles gelegen!
Wer's glauben tut!

Wer's glauben tut ist weit davon!
Er ist ein König!
Er ist ein Kaiser!
Er führt den Krieg!
Halt! Wer da!?
Rund'!
Bleib' mir vom Leib!

Wer sang es hier? Wer sang
zur Stund'?
Verlorne Feldwacht
sang es um Mitternacht!
Mitternacht!
Feldwacht!

The Sentinel's Nightsong
I cannot and will not be cheerful!
When everyone is asleep!
Then I must keep watch!
Yes, keep watch!
Must be sorrowful!

Ah, lad, you mustn't be sad!
I'll wait for you
in the rose-garden!
In the green clover!

To the green clover, there I
do not come!
To the weapon garden!
Full of halberds!
I am posted!

If you are on the battlefield,
may God help you!
On God's blessing
is everything dependent!
Who believes!

He who believes is far away!
He's a king!
He's an emperor!
He wages war!
Halt! Who's there?
Patrol!
Stand back!

Who sang there? Who sang
just now?
A solitary field sentinel
sang it at midnight!
Midnight!
Sentinel!

Zu Strassburg auf der Schanz'

Zu Strassburg auf der Schanz'
Da ging mein Trauern an!
Das Alphorn hört ich drüben
wohl anstimmen,
In's Vaterland muss' ich
hinüber schwimmen,
Das ging ja nicht an!

Ein' Stund' in der Nacht
Sie haben mich gebracht;
Sie führten mich gleich vor
des Hauptmann's Haus!
Ach! Gott! Sie fischten mich im
Strome aus!
Mir ist es aus!

Früh morgens um zehn Uhr
Stellt man mich vor's Regiment!
Ich soll da bitten um Pardon!
Und ich bekomme doch meinen Lohn!
Das weiss ich schon!

Ihr Brüder all'zumal,
Heut' seht ihr mich zum letzten mal;
Der Hirtenbub' ist nur schuld daran!
Das Alphorn hat's mir angethan!
Das klag' ich an!

On the Ramparts at Strassbourg
It was on the ramparts at Strassbourg
That all my troubles began!
I heard the alphorn sound from
over there,
And I had to swim across to my
homeland.
But that wasn't the thing to do!

In the wee hours of the night
They captured me,
And marched me right to the
captain's house!
Ah, God! They fished me out
of the river!
It's all over for me!

Tomorrow morning at ten
They'll parade me before the
regiment!
I am supposed to beg their pardon!
And then I'll get my reward!
I know well what that will be!

My comrades one and all,
Today you see me for the last time;
It's the shepherd boy's fault!
The alphorn did it to me!
It's the alphorn I blame!

Wer hat dies Liedlein erdacht?!

Dort oben am Berg
in dem hohen Haus!
In dem Haus!
Da gucket ein fein's lieb's
Mädel heraus!
Es ist nicht dort daheime!
Es ist des Wirt's sein Töchterlein!
es wohnt auf grüner Haide!

Mein Herzle is' wundt!
Komm', Schätzle, mach's g'sund!
Dein schwarzbraune Äuglein,
die hab'n mich verwund't!
Dein rosiger Mund
macht Herzen gesund.
Macht Jugend verständig,
macht Tote lebendig,
macht Kranke gesund,
ja gesund.

Wer hat denn schon schöne
Liedlein erdacht?
Es haben's drei Gäns' über's
Wasser gebracht.
Zwei graue und eine weisse!
Und wer das Liedlein nicht
singen kann,
dem wollen sie es pfeifen!
Ja-

Who Thought Up This Song?
Up there on the mountain,
in the high house!
In the house!
There peers out a fine, dear maiden!
There is not her home!
She is the innkeeper's daughter!
She dwells on the green heath!

My heart has a wound!
Come, sweetheart, make it well!
Your dark brown little eyes
have wounded me!
Your rosy mouth
makes hearts well.
It makes young people rational,
makes the dead alive,
makes the ill healthy,
yes, healthy.

Who then thought up this pretty
little song?
Three geese have brought it over
the water.
Two grey and one white!
And whoever cannot sing the
little song,
to him they'll whistle it!
Yeah-

Lob des hohen Verstands

Einstmals in einem tiefen Tal
Kukuk und Nachtigall
täten ein' Wett' anschlagen:
Zu singen um das Meisterstück,
gewinn' es Kunst, gewinn' es Glück:
Dank soll er davon tragen.
Der Kukuk sprach: "so dir's gefällt,
hab' ich den Richter wählt!"
Und tet gleich den Esel ernennen.
"Denn wil er hat zwei Ohren gross,
so kann er hören desto bos!
Und was recht ist, kennen!"

Sie flogen vor den Richter bald.
Wie dem die Sache ward erzählt,
schuf er, sie sollten singen.
Die Nachtigall sang lieblich aus!
Der Esel sprach: "Du machst
mir's kraus!
Ija! Ija!
Ich kann's in Kopf nicht bringen!"
Der Kukuk drauf fing an geschwind
sein Sang durch Terz und Quart
und Quint.
Dem Esel g'fiels, er sprach
nur: "Wart!
Dein Urteil will ich sprechen,
ja sprechen.

Wohl sungen hast du, Nachtigall!
Aber Kukuk, singst gut Choral!
Und hältst den Takt fein innen,
Das sprech'ich nach mein'
hoh'n Verstand!
Und kost' es gleich ein ganzes Land,
so lass ich's dich gewinnen!
Kukuk, kukuk! Ija!

Praise of Lofty Judgement
Once in a deep valley
the cuckoo and the nightingale
began a wager:
whoever sang the masterpiece,
whether won by art or won by luck,
thanks would he take away.
The cuckoo spoke: "If you agree,
I have chosen the judge."
At once he named the ass.
"For since he has two large ears,
he can hear all the better
and recognize what is right!"

Soon they flew before the judge.
When he was told the matter,
he decreed they should sing.
The nightingale sang out sweetly!
The ass spoke: "You muddle me up!
Heehaw! Heehaw!"

I can't get it into my head!"
There upon the cuckoo began
quickly
his songs in thirds and fourths
and fifths.
It pleased the ass, he spoke but:
"Wait!
I will pronounce thy judgement,
yes, pronounce.
You have sung well, nightingale!
But, cuckoo, you sing a true
anthem!
And you hold the beat precisely!
I speak from my higher
understanding!
And even if it costs a whole
country,
I thus pronounce you the winner!"
Cuckoo, cuckoo! Heehaw!

Das himmlische Leben

Wir geniessen die himmlischen
Freuden,
drum tun wir das Irdische meiden.
Kein weltlich Getümmel
hört man nicht im Himmel!
Lebt Alles in sanftester Ruh.

Wir führen ein englisches Leben,
sind dennoch ganz lustig daneben,
wir tanzen und springen,
wir hüpfen und singen!
Sanct Peter im Himmel sieht zu!

Johannes das Lämmlein auslasset!
der Metzger Herodes drauf passet!
Wir führen ein gedultig's,
unschuldig's, gedultig's,
ein liebliches Lämmlein zu Tod!
Sanct Lucas den Ochsen tut
schlachten
ohn' einig's Bedenken und Achten,
der Wein kost' kein Heller

im himmlischen Keller!
Die Englein, die backen das Brod!

Gut' Kräuter von allerhand Arten,
die wachsen im himmlischen
Garten.
Gut'Spargel, Fisolen
und was wir nur wollen!
Ganze Schüssel voll sind uns bereit!
Gut' Äpfel, gut' Birn und gut'
Trauben!
Die Gärtner, die alles erlauben!
Willst Rehbock, willst Hasen,
auf offener Strassen sie laufen
herbei!
Sollt ein Fasttag etwa kommen
alle Fische gleich mit Freuden
angeschwommen!
Dort läuft schon Sanct Peter
mit Netz und mit Köder
zum himmlischen Weiher hinein!
Sanct Martha die Köchin muss sein!

Kein Musik is ja nicht auf Erden,
die unsrer verglichen kann werden.
Elftausend Jungfrauen
zu tanzen sich trauen!
Sanct Ursula selbst dazu lacht!
Kein musik ist ja nicht auf Erden,
die unsrer verglichen kann werden.
Cäcilia mit ihren Verwandten
sind treffliche Hofmusikanten!
Die englischen Stimmen
ermuntern die Sinnen.
Das Alles mit Freuden erwacht.

The Heavenly Life

*We enjoy the heavenly pleasures,
so can dispense with earthly things.
No wordly turmoil
is to be heard in heaven!
Everything lives in gentlest repose.*

*We lead an angelic life,
besides we are very merry,
we dance and jump,*

*we skip and sing!
Saint Peter in heaven looks on!*

*Saint John has let his little lamb go!
Herod, the butcher looks out for it!
We lead a patient,
innocent, patient,
a lovable lamb to its death!
St. Luke slaughters the ox
without giving it a thought or
mind,
wine costs not a penny
in heaven's cellars!
The angels bake the bread!*

*Tasty herbs of every kind
grow in heaven's gardens.
Good asparagus, beans
and whatever we desire!
Whole dishfuls are ready for us!
Good apples, good pears, and
good grapes!*

*The gardeners let you have
anything.
You want roebuck or hare?
In the middle of the street they
come running by!
Should a day of fasting occur,
all fish joyfully arrive!
There hurries already Saint Peter
with his net and bait,
to the heavenly fishpond!
Saint Martha must be the cook!*

*No music on earth
can compare with ours.
Eleven thousand maidens
are bold enough to dance!
Even Saint Ursula herself laughs
to see it!
No music on earth
can compare with ours.
Cecilia with her relatives*

*are the excellent Court musicians
The angelic voices
delight the senses,
so that everyone awakes with
pleasure!*

*Translated by
Thomas Hampson c 1993*

SAMUEL BARBER (1910-1981)

Night Wanderers

Text by W.H. Davies (1871-1940)
They hear the bells of midnight toll,
And shiver in their flesh and soul;
They lie on hard, cold wood or stone,
Iron, and ache in every bone;
They hate the night; they see no eyes
of loved ones in the starlit skies.
They see the cold, dark water near;
They dare not take long looks
for fear
They'll fall like poor birds that see
A snake's eyes staring at their tree.
Some of them laugh, half mad;
and some
All through the chilly night
are dumb,
Like poor, weak infants
some converse,
And cough like giants, deep
and hoarse.

With rue my heart is laden **Text by A.E. Housman (1859-1936)**

With rue my heart is laden
For golden friends I had,
For many a rose-lipt maiden
And many a lightfoot lad.

By brooks too broad for leaping
The lightfoot boys are laid;
The rose-lipt girls are sleeping
In fields where roses fade.

In the Wilderness **Text by Robert Graves (1895-1985)**

He, of his gentleness,
Thirsting and hungering
Walked in the wilderness;
Soft words of grace he spoke
Unto lost desert-folk
That listened wondering.
He heard the bittern call
From ruined palace-wall,
Answered him brotherly;
He held communion
With the she-pelican
Of lonely piety.
Basilisk, cockatrice,
Flocked to his homilies,
With mail of dread device,
With monstrous barbed stings,
With eager dragon-eyes;
great bats on leathern wings
And old, blind broken things
Mean in their miseries.
Then ever with him went,
Of all his wanderings
Comrade, with ragged coat,
Gaunt ribs—poor innocent—
Bleeding foot, burning throat,
The guileless young scapegoat:
For forty nights and days
Followed in Jesus' ways,
Sure guard behind him kept,
Tears like a lover wept.

A Green Lowland of Pianos

Text by Czeslaw Milosz
after the Polish of
Jerzy Harasymowicz
in the evening
as far as the eye can see
herds
of black pianos

up to their knees
in the mire
they listen to the frogs

they gurgle in water
with chords of rapture

they are entranced
by froggish, moonish spontaneity

after the vacation
they cause scandals
in a concert hall
during the artistic milking
suddenly they lie down
like cows
looking with indifference
at the white flowers of the audience

at the gesticulating
of the ushers

O Boundless,

Boundless Evening

Text by Christopher
Middleton after the
German of Georg Heym

O boundless, boundless evening!
Soon the glow
Of long hills on the skyline
will be gone,
Like clear dream country now,
rich-hued by sun.
O boundless evening where
the cornfield throw
The scattered daylight back

in an aureole.
Swallows high up are singing,
very small.
On every meadow glitters
their swift flight,
In woods of rushes where tall
masts stand
In brilliant bays. Yet in ravines
beyond
Between the hills already nests
the light.

I Hear an Army

Text by James Joyce (1882-1941)

I hear an army charging upon
the land,
And the thunder of horses plunging
foam about their knees:
Arrogant, in black armour, behind
them stand,
Disdaining the reins, with fluttering
whips, the charioteers.

They cry unto the night their
battle-name:
I moan in sleep when I hear afar
their whirling laughter.
They cleave the gloom of dreams,
a blinding flame,
Clanging, clanging upon the heart
as upon an anvil.

They come shaking in triumph
their long, green hair;
They come out of the sea and run
shouting by the shore.
My heart, have you no wisdom
thus to despair?
My love, my love, my love, why
have you left me alone?

OLD AMERICAN SONGS

AARON COPLAND 1900-1990

THE BOATMEN'S DANCE (OLD AMERICAN SONGS

SET 1, No. 1)

High row the boatmen row,
floatin' down the river
the Ohio.
High row the boatmen row,
floatin' down the river
the Ohio.

The boatmen dance, the
boatmen sing,
the boatmen up to ev'rything
And when the boatmen gets
on shore
he spends his cash and works
for more
Then dance the boatmen dance
O dance the boatmen dance
O dance all night 'til broad daylight
And go home with the gals in the
mornin'.

High row the boatmen row,
floatin' down the river
the Ohio.
High row the boatmen row,
floatin' down the river
the Ohio.

I went on board the other day
to see what the boatmen had to say
There I let my passion loose,
an they cram me in the calaboose
O dance the boatmen dance
O dance the boatmen dance
O dance all night 'til broad daylight
And go home with the gals in the
mornin'.

High row the boatmen row,
floatin' down the river
the Ohio.
High row the boatmen row,

floatin' down the river
the Ohio.

The boatman is a thrifty man
There's none can do as the
boatman can
I never see a pretty gal in my life
But that she was a boatman's wife
O dance the boatmen dance,
O dance the boatmen dance
o dance all night 'til broad daylight
and go home with the gals in the
mornin'.

High row the boatmen row,
floatin' down the river
the Ohio.
High row the boatmen row,
floatin' down the river
the Ohio.

TRADITIONAL/Arranged by Roger Ames SHENANDOAH

O Shenandoah, it's far I wander,
Away, you rolling river
Oh Shenandoah, it's far I wander,
Away, I'm bound away,
Across the wide Missouri.

O Shenandoah, I love your daughters
Away, you rolling river,
O Shenandoah, I love your daughters
Away, I'm bound away,
Across the wide Missouri.

O Shenandoah, I long to see you
Away, you rolling river,
O Shenandoah, I long to see you
Away, I'm bound away,
Across the wide Missouri.

SIDNEY HOMER 1864-1953

**General William Booth Enters
into Heaven Text by Vachel
Lindsay 1879-1931**

Booth led boldly with his big
bass drum
(Are you washed in the blood of
the Lamb?)
The Saints smiled gravely and
they said, "He's come,"
(Are you washed in the blood
of the Lamb?)

Walking lepers followed rank
on rank,
Lurching bravos from the ditches
dank
Drabs from the alleyways and
drug fiends pale
Minds still passion ridden,
soul flowers frail:
Vermin eaten saints with mouldy
breath,
Unwashed legions with the ways
of Death
(Are you washed in the blood of
the Lamb?)

Ev'ry slum had sent its half a score
The world round over. (Booth
had groaned for more).
Ev'ry banner that the wide
world flies,
Bloomed with glory and
transcendent dyes.
Big voiced lassies made their
banjoes bang,
Tranced, fanatical they shrieked
and sang;
"Are you? Are you washed in the
blood of the Lamb?"

Hallelujah! It was queer to see
Bull necked convicts with that
land made free.
Loons with trumpets blow'd a

blare, blare, blare,
On, on, upward thro' the golden air!
(Are you washed in the blood of the
Lamb?)

Booth died blind and still by
Faith he trod,
Eyes still dazzled by the
ways of God!
Booth led boldly and he
look'd the chief;
Eagle countenance in sharp relief,
Beard a-flying, air of high command
Unabated in that holy land.

Jesus came from the court
house door,
Stretched his hands above
the passing poor.
Booth saw not, but led his
queer ones
Round and round the mighty
courthouse square.
Yet! in an instant all that
blear review
Marched on spotless, clad in
raiment new.

The lame were straightened,
withered limbs uncurled,
And blind eyes opened on a
new sweet world.
Drabs and vixens in a flash
made whole!
Gone was the weasel head,
the snout, the jowel!
Sages and sibyls now, and
athletes clean,
Rulers of empires and of
forests green!
The hosts were sandall'd and
their wings were fire!
(Are you washed in the blood
of the Lamb?)

But their noise play'd havoc with
the angel choir,

(Are you washed in the blood of
the Lamb?)
Oh shout Salvation!
It was good to see Kings and
Princes by the Lamb set free.
The banjos rattled and the
tambourines
Jingling jingl'd in the hands
of Queens.

And when Booth halted by
the curb for prayer
He saw his Master thro' the
flag fill'd air.
Christ came gently with a robe
and crown
For Booth the soldier, while
the throng knelt down.
He saw King Jesus; they were
face to face,
And he knelt a-weeping in that
holy place.
Are you washed in the blood
of the Lamb?

**WALTER DAMROSCH
1862-1950**

**Danny Deever
Text by Rudyard Kipling
1865-1936**

"What are the bugles blowin' for?"
said Files-on-Parade.
"To turn you out, to turn you out,"
the Color Sergeant said.
"What makes you look so white,
so white?" said Files-on-Parade.
"A-dreadin' what I've got to
watch," the Color Sergeant said.
For they're hangin' Danny
Deever, you can hear the Dead
March play,
The Regiment's in 'ollow
square—they're hangin' him
to-day;

They've taken of his buttons off
an' cut his stripes away,
An' they're hangin' Danny
Deever in the mornin'.

"What makes that rear-rank breathe
so hard?" said Files-on-Parade.
"It's bitter cold, it's bitter cold,"
the Color Sergeant said.
"What makes that front-rank man
fall down?" said Files-on-Parade.
"A touch o' sun, a touch o' sun,"
the Color Sergeant said.
They are hangin' Danny Deever,
they are marchin' of 'im round,
They 'ave 'alted Danny Deever
by 'is coffin on the ground;
An' 'e'll swing in 'arf a minute
for the sneakin' shootin'
hound—
O, they're hangin' Danny
Deever in the mornin'!

Is cot was right-'and cot to mine,"
said Files-on-Parade.
"E's sleepin' out and far to-night,"
the Color Sergeant said.
"I've drunk 'is beer a score o'
times," said Files-on-Parade.
"E's drinkin' bitter beer alone,"
the Color Sergeant said.

They are hangin' Danny Deever,
you must mark 'im to his place,
For 'e shot a comrade sleepin'—
you must look 'im in the face;
Nine 'undred of 'is county and
the Regiment's disgrace,
While they're hangin' Danny
Deever in the mornin'.

"What's that so black agin the sun?"
said Files-on-Parade.
"It's Danny fighting 'ard for life,"
the Color Sergeant said.
"What's that that whimpers
over 'ead?" said Files-on-Parade.
'It's Danny's soul that's passin'

now," the Color Sergeant said.
 For they're done with Danny
 Deever, you can 'ear the
 quickstep play,
 The Regiment's in column, an'
 they're marchin' us away;
 Ho!, the young recruits are
 shakin', an' they'll want their
 beer to-day,
 After hangin' Danny Deever
 in the mornin'!

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