

HOLLAND FESTIVAL 76



Paul Sperry
Amerikaanse liederen

Den Haag – Diligentia – woensdag 9 juni 1976 – 20.15 uur
Amsterdam – Concertgebouw – donderdag 10 juni 1976 – 20.15 uur

Paul Sperry Amerikaanse Liedereren

Paul Sperry, tenor
John Constable, piano

programma

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| I Ethelbert Nevin
1862-1901 | Oh! That We Two Were Maying
(Kingsley)
In der Nacht (Platen)
'Twas April (Pailleron, vert. Clark)
Orsola's Song (Richepin)
Nocturne (Aldrich)
Narcissus (Warren) |
| II Lester Trimble*
1923 | The Mistress of Bernal Francés,
anonieme Spaanse ballade,
vert. W. S. Merwin |
| III Theodore Chanler
1902-1961 | O Mistress Mine (Shakespeare)
These, My Ophelia (MacLeish)
The Doves (Feeney)
Memory (Blake)
I Rise When You Enter (Feeney) |

pauze

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| IV Arthur Farwell*
1872-1952 | Eleven Poems of Emily Dickinson
I'm nobody
Safe in Their Alabaster Chamber
The Level Bee
The Butterfly
Summer's Armies
Presentiment
The Grass So Little Has To Do
Aristocracy
Tie The Strings To My Life
Papa Above!
Ample Make This Bed |
| V Richard Hundley
1931 | Some Sheep Are Loving (Stein)
The Astronomers (een grafschrift) |
| Edward MacDowell
1861-1908 | A Maid Sings Light (MacDowell)
Long Ago, Sweetheart Mine
(MacDowell) |
| Charles Ives
1874-1954 | They Are There (Ives) |

* eerste uitvoering in Europa



Paul Sperry



John Constable

Paul Sperry

De tenor Paul Sperry is opgetreden in de meeste grote Amerikaanse en Europese steden. Zijn uitzonderlijk omvangrijk repertoire omvat liederen en kamermuziekwerken in elf talen, verder oratoria van Handels 'Messiah' tot en met Chaussons 'Poème de l'amour et de la mer' en als operazanger kon men hem horen in opera's van Monteverdi tot en met Maderna.

Een aantal Amerikaanse componisten schreef composities voor hem en in Europa inspireerde hij o.m. Bruno Maderna en Hans Werner Henze tot nieuwe composities. In januari van dit jaar werkte hij mee aan de wereldpremière van William Bolcoms 'Open House' in New York, en in april trad hij in Londen met de London Sinfonietta op in Henze's 'Voices' o.l.v. de componist, dat ook op de Berliner Festspiele in september a.s. zal worden uitgevoerd.

Hiernaast leidt Paul Sperry meesterklassen in liedinterpretatie aan de Universiteit van Californië in Los Angeles.

John Constable

De pianist John Constable, geboren in Londen, won een studiebeurs voor de Royal Academy of Music, waar hij onder leiding van Harold Craxton studeerde. Na vervolgens in Italië te hebben gestudeerd, werd hij opgenomen in de staf van het Royal Opera House Covent Garden.

Hij gaf vele recitals in Engeland, Duitsland, Italië, Spanje en Frankrijk en begeleidde vele vooraanstaande zangers en instrumentalisten.

John Constable is eveneens een uitstekend clavecinist en speelde continuo-partijen in recente grammofonopnamen van verscheidene opera's onder leiding van Colin Davis.

Vanaf de oprichting is hij eerste pianist/clavecijnist van het ensemble London Sinfonietta.

Toelichting

Ethelbert Nevin (1862–1901) stond in zijn tijd bekend als de Amerikaanse Schubert. Hij schreef voornamelijk liederen en pianocomposities. Zijn gave voor lieflijke melodieën en sierlijke pianobegeleidingen maakten zijn liederen rond de eeuwwisseling zeer populair.

Lester Trimble, geboren in 1923, woont in New York, is werkzaam als componist en doceert aan de Juilliard School of Music. Hij schreef tot nu toe een aanzienlijke en zeer gevarieerde hoeveelheid werken voor orkest en kamer-muziekensembles. Zijn vocale werken omvatten liederen, vocale kamermuziek en één opera.

Theodore Chanler (1902–1961) werd het meest bekend als componist van liederen, hoewel hij ook kamermuziek schreef en één kamer-opera. Zijn grote vaardigheid als pianist blijkt uit de begeleidingen bij zijn liederen. Karakteristiek voor hem is dat hij uiteenlopende muzikale stijlen wist te verenigen tot een zeer persoonlijke stijl.

Arthur Farwell (1872–1952) was een der pioniers in de Amerikaanse muziek. Omstreeks de eeuwwisseling drong hij er bij zijn landgenoten-collega's op aan de Franse en Russische muziek te bestuderen en te putten uit de eigen Amerikaanse bronnen – Indiaanse melodieën, cowboy-balladen en negermuziek –, overtuigd als hij was dat de gevestigde Amerikaanse muziek in ongezonde mate beheerst werd door de Duitse muziek. Hij richtte de Wa-Wan-press op (de naam is ontleend aan een Navajo-ceremonie) en gaf werk van zichzelf en andere gelijkgezinde componisten uit. Na elf jaar verkocht hij de drukkerij aan een grote muziekuiteverij die hem prompt sloot. Hij leefde in vele delen van Amerika en gaf les om in zijn bestaan te voorzien. Hij componeerde in welhaast ieder genre en rond zijn 70ste jaar zette hij 39 gedichten van Emily Dickinson op muziek.

Richard Hundley, geboren in 1931, woont in New York. Hij geeft les en componeert, vrijwel uitsluitend liederen, hoewel hij op het ogenblik werkt aan een opera.

Edward MacDowell (1861–1908) is waarschijnlijk wel Amerika's beroemste componist uit de 19de eeuw. Hij was zowel concertpianist als een uiterst vruchtbaar componist. Hij schreef talloze korte stukken, pianocomposities en liederen. Voor zijn latere liederen gebruikte hij eigen teksten.

Charles Ives (1874–1954) wordt eindelijk erkend als een van de meest voor-
aanstaande muzikale persoonlijkheden in de Amerikaanse muziek en een van de meest fascinerende vernieuwers van de 20ste eeuw. Zijn experimenten met nieuwe klanken, ritmen en vormen vermochten hem bij zijn leven weinig erkenning te brengen. Hoewel hij, ook om gezondheidsredenen, vrijwel geheel met componeren was opgehouden in 1921, was zijn muziek voor de concert-bezoekers van de jaren 50 nog steeds te gedurfd. Hij schreef zo'n 125 liederen, meestal op eigen teksten, waarin de liefde voor God en zijn geboorteland een steeds terugkerend thema is.

Teksten

I Teksten Ethelbert Nevin :

Oh! That We Two Were Maying

Oh! that we two were Maying :
Down the stream of the soft spring breeze ;
Like children with violets playing,
In the shade of the whisp'ring trees.

Oh! that we two sat dreaming,
On the sward of some sheep trimm'd down,
Watching the white mist steaming,
O'er river, and mead, and town.

Oh! that we two lay sleeping,
In our nest in the churchyard sod ;
With our limbs at rest on the quiet earth's breast,
And our souls at home with God.

In der Nacht

Wie rafft' ich mich auf in der Nacht, in der Nacht,
und fühlte mich fürder gezogen ;
die Gassen verliess ich, vom Wächter bewacht,
durchwandelte sacht in der Nacht, in der Nacht,
das Thor mit dem gotischen Bogen.

Der Mühlbach rauschte durch felsigen Schacht,
ich lehnte mich über die Brücke,
tief unter mir nahm ich der Wogen in Acht,
die wallten so sacht, in der Nacht, in der Nacht ;
Doch wallte nicht eine zurücke.

Es drehen sich oben, unzählig entfacht,
melodische wandelnde Sterne,
mit ihnen der Mond in beruhigter Pracht,
sie funkelten sacht in der Nacht, in der Nacht,
durchtäuschend entlegene Ferne.

Ich blickte hinauf in der Nacht, in der Nacht,
ich blickte hinunter auf's Neue ;
O weh ! wie hast du die Tage verbracht !
Nun stille du sacht in der Nacht, in der Nacht,
im pochenden Herzen die Reue.

'Twas April

'Twas April ; 'twas Sunday : the day was fair,
Yes ! sunny and fair. And how happy was I !
You wore the white dress you lov'd to wear ;
And two little flow'rs were hid in your hair
Yes ; in your hair, On that day, gone by !

We sat on the moss : it was shady and dry,
Yes ! shady and dry ; We sat in the shadow,
We looked at the leaves, We looked at the sky,
We looked at the brook which bubbled near by,
Yes ! bubbled near by, Thro' the quiet meadow.

A bird sang on the swinging vine,
Yes ! on the vine, And then sang not ;
I took your little white hand in mine ;
'Twas April ; 'twas Sunday ; 'twas warm sunshine,
Yes ! warm sunshine : Have you forgot ?

Orsola's Song

Chantez ! la nuit sera brève.
Il était une fois un vieil homme tout noir,
Il avait un manteau fait de rêve,
Un chapeau fait de brume du soir.
Chantez ! la nuit sera brève.

Chantez ! la nuit sera douce.
Le vieil homme tout noir en silence est venu,
On eût dit qu'il marchait sur la mousse
A pas lents et furtif et pied nu.
Chantez ! la nuit sera douce.

Chantez ! la nuit sera belle.
Le vieil homme sourit à l'enfant qui s'endort,
Viens fermer sa paupière rebelle,
Sable fin du sommeil sable d'or !
Chantez ! la nuit sera belle.

Chantez ! la nuit sera brève.
Le vieil homme tout noir en silence a passé.
Et voilà sur les ailes du rêve
Que l'enfant dans l'azure est bercé.
Chantez ! la nuit sera brève.

Nocturne

Up to her chamber window,
A slight wire trellis goes :
And up this Romeo's ladder
Clambers a bold white rose.

I lounge in the ilex shadows,
I see my lady lean
Unclasping her silken girdle,
The curtain folds between.

She smiles at her white rose lover,
She reaches out her hand
And helps him in the window ;
I see it where I stand.

To her red, red lip she holds him,
And kisses him many a time :
Ah ! me ! 'twas he that won her,
Because he dared to climb !

Narcissus

My garden lies slumb'ring
In sunny calm of noon,
The fountains sing faintly
Their cool and soothing croon.
Soft breezes are kissing
Each flower's perfum'd lips,
While from a lily's chalice
A butterfly drowsily sips.

A flood of fragrance
Rises around me
And drowns my senses,
Lost in a dream.
Breath of the rose,
Breath of the lilac
Mingle, and mount on the vibrant air ;
Yet in the balmy current,
Born on the wings of Zephyr,
A scent, more witching than all the rest,
Wakes tender memories in my breast :
'Tis Narcissus !

Dear, snowpetal'd blossom,
With heart of blood and gold,
Your perfume calls up visions
Of raptures untold.
I seem to dream of melodies wafting by,
That sob and throb, resembling a trembling sigh,
I hear a clear, sweet note afloat,
Re-echoing lovesongs of old !

II Lester Trimble :

The Mistress of Bernal Francés

I am all alone in my bed making love to my pillow
Who could it be?
This knight who at my door calls open

'I am Bernal Francés, lady, who for some time have served you,
In your bed in the night time and by day in your garden.'

She lifted back the Holland sheets
She wrapped a shawl around her,
She took a golden candlestick and went down to open the door.
No sooner was the door ajar than he blew out the candle.

'Our Lady keep me in her care and my lord Saint Giles protect me
For he who has put out my candle could put out my life as easily.'

'Do not be frightened, Catalina ; I want no one to see me
For I have killed a man in the street
And justice follows close behind me.'

She has taken him by the hand and led him to her chamber
and made him sit in a silver chair with a back of ivory
and she has bathed his whole body with balm gentle water
she has made him a bed of roses and a bolster of gilliflowers.

'Wat is troubling you Bernal Francés that you are sad as you lie there?
Are you afraid of justice? The watch will not enter here.
Are you afraid because of my servants ?
They are sound asleep ;'

'I am not afraid of justice for I seek it myself.
Still less do I fear the servants sleeping their sound sleep.'

'What is troubling you Bernal Francés you were never so before?
If you are afraid because of my husband
He is far, far away from here.'

'Far, far away can become near if a man wants to travel
and as for your husband my lady he is lying here beside you.
As a present upon my homecoming I shall dress you in rich apparel
I shall dress you in fine scarlet with a red lining
and such a crimson necklace as I never saw on a lady.
I shall give you my sword for a necklace to go around your neck.
And word will go to your Francés that he can mourn for you.'

III Theodore Chanler :

O Mistress Mine

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O! stay and hear; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low.

Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journey's end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'This not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure.

In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty;
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

These, My Ophelia

These, my Ophelia, stars are not now
Are not always, are long long ago
Are days that no world remembers
And our yesterday, o my Ophelia
Shall be the evening star
For some earth that turns from Arcturus
When we no longer my Ophelia
Come here to the oak above the sea.
To watch at this forgotten hour the going down
of that o then so far off star.

The Doves

The doves they fly to the moonlit elms and cry :
Tick-i-ta coo ! Tick-i-ta coo !
The whole night through.

They tell their loves in a song that has but a note or two :
Tick-i-ta coo ! Tick-i-ta coo !
That's all they do.

And on and on till dawn while the world is sleeping
and all the other birds are too,
They wake and shake the silvery leaves
with a strain that is never old and never new.

There's snow upon their feathers
but their breasts are full of flame.
The seasons change, but still their melody stays the same :
Tick-i-ta coo ! Tick-i-ta coo !
Ever soft and true.

Memory

Memory, hither come,
And tune your merry notes ;
And, while upon the wind
Your music floats,

I'll pore upon the stream,
Where sighing lovers dream
And fish for fancies as they pass
Within the wat'ry glass.

I'll drink of the clear stream,
And hear the linnet's song ;
And there I'll lie and dream
The day along :
And, when night comes,
I'll go to places fit for woe
Walking along the darkened valley
With silent Melancholy.

I Rise When You Enter

You are so wonderful, what shall I do ?
I rise when you enter.
Of attraction I tell you, if anything's true,
You're the absolute center.

I take off my hat
When I ride with you down on the lift
From the seventeenth floor to the fifth, to the ground ;
Through the circular door I revolve you around ;
We go out in the moonlight, the mist, or the rain,
And I give you my arm to accept, and I love you again.

You are so wonderful, what shall I say ?
Shall I tell you a story
Of a knight and a maid and the old fashioned way
He would fight for her glory ?

No, we're not the people for such enterprise
You're just one of those gals
I'm just one of those guys ;
But anyhow, notice, whenever you enter, I rise.

IV Arthur Farwell: Eleven Poems of Emily Dickinson:

I'm Nobody

I'm nobody! Who are you?
Are you nobody, too?
Then there's a pair of us -- don't tell!
They'd banish us, you know.
How dreary to be somebody!
How public, like a frog
To tell your name the livelong day
To an admiring bog.

Safe In Their Alabaster Chambers

Safe in their alabaster chambers,
Untouched by morning and untouched by noon,
Sleep the meek members of the resurrection,
Rafters of satin, and roof of stone.
Light laughs the breeze in her castle of sunshine;
Babbles the bee in a stolid ear;
Pipe the sweet birds in ignorant cadence,
Ah, what sagacity perished here!
Grand go the years in the crescent above them;
Worlds scoop their arcs, and firmaments row,
Diadems drop and Doges surrender,
Soundless as dots on a disc of snow.

The Level Bee

Like trains of cars on tracks of plush
I hear the level bee:
A jar across the flowers goes,
Their velvet masonry withstands
Until the sweet assault
Their chivalry consumes,
While he, victorious, tilts away
To vanquish other booms.

His feet are shod with gauze,
His helmet is of gold;
His breast, a single onyx
With chrysoprase inlaid.
His labor is a chant,
His idleness a tune;
Oh, for a bee's experiencel
Of clovers and of noon!

The Butterfly

The butterfly obtains
But little sympathy,
Though favorably mentioned
In Entomology.
Because he travels freely
And wears a proper coat,
The circumspect are certain
That he is dissolute.
Had he the homely scutcheon
of modest Industry,
'Twere fitter certifying
for Immortality.

V Richard Hundley :

Some Sheep Are Loving

Some sheep are loving and some are not.
What what
Can canaries cry
Not if four pansy buds can try
To be better and better.
Better than butter
Butter what
Butter cups
Butter cups are yellow
So can pansies be
Which make pansies come to see
That butterflies come sooner than a bee.
Butterflies
Butter cups
Butter butter nuts
Butter butter
If sheep are loving
What does it matter,
Cows make butter
Sheep can try
But it makes them cry.
Butter butter
So they stamp their feet,
Which are neat
But not better than butter.
Oh butter oh butter, butter oh
A sheep can butt her
Yes she can yes she does
Loving as she is
A sheep can butt her which she does
When a little dog is yellow
Yes she does
She does butt her
Butter
For which we say
any day
butter is better.

The Astronomers

Susan Campbell, eighteen sixty three-nineteen ten
Brian Campbell, eighteen sixty two-nineteen nine
Astronomers.
We have loved the stars too deeply
To be afraid of the night.

Edward MacDowell :

A Maid Sings Light

A maid sings light, and a maid sings low,
With a merry, merry laugh in her eyes of sloe,
I tell thee lad have a care, nor dare,
Lest thou lose thy heart in the fair one's snare,
And doth she pout, and doth she sigh,
And doth she pout, and doth she sigh,
Ne'er go too close, nor dry her eye,
Too close, nor dry her eye,
I tell thee lad have a care, she's fair,
She'll surely laugh thy prayer to air,
For a maid loves light, and a maid loves so,
That a merry, merry laugh will answer thy woe,
I tell thee lad, have a care, nor dare,
Lest thou lose thy heart in the fair one's snare.

Long Ago, Sweetheart Mine

Long ago, sweetheart mine,
Roses bloomed as ne'er before,
Long ago, the world was young
For us sweetheart.
Fields of velvet, azure skies
Whisp'ring trees and murm'ring stream ;
Long ago Life spread his wings
For us sweetheart.
And now that night is near
Must God's harvest e'en be reaped,
Yet our love, our love shall live
For aye sweetheart.

Charles E. Ives :

They Are There

There's a time in many a life,
When it's do, though facing death
and our soldier boys will do their part
that people can live
In a world where all will have a say,
They're conscious always of their county's aim,
Which is Liberty for all,
Hip hip hooray you'll hear them say
As they go to the fighting front.
Brave boys are now in action
They are there, they will help to free the world
They are fighting for the right
But when it comes to might,
They are there, they are there, they are there,
As the Allies beat up all the warhogs,
The boys'll be there fighting hard
and then the world will shout
the battle cry of Freedom.
Tenting on a new camp ground.

When we're through this cursed war,
All started by a sneaking gouger, making slaves of men
Then 'et a'l the people rise and stand together
in brave, Kind Humanity
most wars are made by small stupid selfish bossing groups
while the people have no say.
But there'll come a day Hip hip Hooray
when they'll smash all dictators to the wall
Then it's build a people's world nation, Hooray.
Ev'ry honest country free to live it's own native life.
They will stand for the right, but if it comes to might,
They are there, they are there, they are there,
Then the people, not just politicians
will rule their own lands and lives.
Then you'll hear the whole universe
shouting the battle cry of Freedom.
Tenting on a new camp ground.