

THE ST. OLAF COLLEGE DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC PRESENTS
IN FACULTY/GUEST ARTIST RECITAL

CELEBRATING MINNESOTA COMPOSERS

Song Cycles Based on Poetry

Carol Nelson, *soprano*
Matthew Wanken, *conductor*
David Kassler, *euphonium*
Tammy Fisher, *percussion*

David Hagedorn, *percussion*
Jeremy Johnston, *percussion*
David Shaffer-Gottschalk, *piano*



FRIDAY, JANUARY 19, 2018 • 7 P.M. • URNESS RECITAL HALL

PROGRAM

Six Elizabethan Songs

1. Spring
2. Sleep
3. Winter
4. Dirge
5. Diaphenia
6. Hymn

Dominick Argento (b.1927)

Pioneers! O Pioneers!

- Movement I
- Movement II
- Movement III
- Movement IV

David Kassler (b.1960)

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We would like to thank the faculty at St. Olaf and Winona State University for hosting these recitals and the voters of SE Minnesota for sponsoring this and other regional arts programs.

TEXTS

Six Elizabethan Songs

1. **Spring** by *Thomas Nash*

Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king:
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, towitta woo!
The palm and may make country houses gay,
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherd pipes all day,
And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, towitta woo!
The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,
Young lovers meet, old wives a sunning sit,
In every street, these tunes our ears do greet,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, towitta woo!
Spring! the sweet Spring!

3. **Winter** by *William Shakespeare*

When icicles hang by the wall
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail;
When blood is nipt and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl
Tuwhoo! Tuwhit! Tuwhoo! A merry note!
While greasy Joan keel the pot.
When all aloud the wind cloth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw;
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl
Then nightly sings the staring owl
Tuwhoo! Tuwhit! Tuwhoo! A merry note!
While greasy Joan keel the pot.

5. **Diaphenia** by *Henry Constable*

Diaphenia, like the daffa-down-dilly,
White as the sun, fair as the lily,
Heigh ho, how I do love thee!
I do love thee as my lambs
Are beloved of their dams;
How blest were I if thou would'st prove me.
Diaphenia, like the spreading roses,
That in thy sweets all sweets encloses,
Fair sweet, how I do love thee!
I do love thee as each flower
Loves the sun's life-giving power;
For dead, thy breath to life might move me.
Diaphenia like to all things blessed
When all thy praises are expressed
Dear joy, how I do love thee!
As the birds do love the spring,
Or the bees their careful king:
Then in requite, sweet virgin, love me!

2. **Sleep** by *Samuel Daniel*

Care-charmer Sleep, son of the sable Night,
Brother to Death, in silent darkness born,
Relieve my anguish and restore thy light,
With dark forgetting of my care return.
And let the day be time enough to mourn
The shipwreck of my ill-adventured youth:
Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn
Without the torment of the night's untruth.
Cease, dreams, the images of day-desires
To model forth the passions of the morrow;
Never let rising sun approve you liars
To add more grief to aggravate my sorrow:
Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain.
And never wake to feel the day's disdain.

4. **Dirge** by *William Shakespeare*

Come away, Come away, Death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, Fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white stuck all with yew,
O prepare it! o prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it. Did share it.
Not a flower, not a flower sweet
On my black coffin lot there be strown;
Not a friend, Not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there.

6. **Hymn** by *Ben Jonson*

Queen and Huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair
State in wonted manner keep:
Hesperus entreats thy light, thy light,
Goddess excellently bright.
Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
Heaven to clear when day did close:
Bless us then with wished sight
Goddess, Goddess excellently bright.
Lay thy bow of pearl apart
And thy crystal-shining quiver;
Give unto the flying hart
Space to breathe, how short so ever:
Thou that mak'st a day of night,
Goddess, Goddess excellently bright!

Pioneers! O Pioneers

Movement I

Come, my tan-faced children,
Follow well in order, get your weapons ready;
Have you your pistols? have you your sharp edged axes? Pioneers! O pioneers!
We must bear the brunt of danger,
We, the youthful sinewy races, all the rest on us depend, Pioneers! O pioneers!
O you youths, western youths,
So impatient, full of action, full of manly pride and friendship,
Plain I see you, western youths, see you tramping with the foremost, Pioneers! O pioneers!
Have the elder races halted?
Do they droop and end their lesson, wearied, over there beyond the seas?
We take up the task eternal, and the burden, and the lesson, Pioneers! O pioneers!
All the past we leave behind;
We debark upon a newer, mightier world, varied world,
Fresh and strong the world we seize, world of labor and the march, Pioneers! O pioneers!

Movement II

We detachments steady throwing,
Down the edges, through the passes, up the mountains steep,
Conquering, holding, daring, venturing, as we go, the unknown ways, Pioneers! O pioneers!
We primeval forests felling,
We the rivers stemming, vexing we, and piercing deep the mines within;
We the surface broad surveying, we the virgin soil upheaving, Pioneers! O pioneers!
Colorado men are we,
From the peaks gigantic, from the great sierras and the high plateaus,
From the mine and from the gully, from the hunting trail we come, Pioneers! O pioneers!
From Nebraska, from Arkansas,
Central inland race are we, from Missouri, with the continental blood intervein'd;
All the hands of comrades clasping, all the Southern, all the Northern, Pioneers! O pioneers!
Life's involv'd and varied pageants,
All the forms and shows, all the workmen at their work,
All the seamen and the landsmen, all the masters with their slaves, Pioneers! O pioneers!
All the hapless silent lovers,
All the prisoners in the prisons, all the righteous and the wicked,
All the joyous, all the sorrowing, all the living, all the dying, Pioneers! O pioneers!

Movement III

I too with my soul and body,
We, a curious trio, picking, wandering on our way,
Through these shores, amid the shadows, with the apparitions pressing, Pioneers! O pioneers!
Lo! the darting bowling orb!
Lo! the brother orbs around! all the clustering suns and planets,
All the dazzling days, all the mystic nights with dreams, Pioneers! O pioneers!
These are of us, they are with us,
All for primal needed work, while the followers there in embryo wait behind,
We to-day's procession heading, we the route for travel clearing, Pioneers! O pioneers!

Movement IV

O you daughters of the west!

O you young and elder daughters! O you mothers and you wives!

Never must you be divided, in our ranks you move united, Pioneers! O pioneers!

Minstrels latent on the prairies!

(Shrouded bards of other lands! you may sleep—you have done your work:)

Soon I hear you coming warbling, soon you rise and tramp amid us, Pioneers! O pioneers!

Not for delectations sweet;

Not the cushion and the slipper, not the peaceful and the studious;

Not the riches safe and palling, not for us the tame enjoyment, Pioneers! O pioneers!

Do the feasters gluttonous feast?

Do the corpulent sleepers sleep? have they lock'd and bolted doors?

Still be ours the diet hard, and the blanket on the ground, Pioneers! O pioneers!

Has the night descended?

Was the road of late so toilsome? did we stop discouraged, nodding on our way?

Yet a passing hour I yield you, in your tracks to pause oblivious, Pioneers! O pioneers!

Till with sound of trumpet,

Far, far off the day-break call—hark! how loud and clear I hear it wind;

Swift! to the head of the army!—swift! spring to your places, Pioneers! O pioneers.