

DIRECTOR'S NOTE

One of the most immediately appealing aspects of Ives's music is his use of melodies from earlier songs, and it is that element that we are exploring in the concert tonight. By placing his quotation-songs in juxtaposition with the songs that were quoted, our appreciation of Ives's works deepens, as we can enter into the texture of the pieces with a greater knowledge of his compositional materials. "He is There," for example, includes melodic material from the preceding two songs, "Battle Cry of Freedom" and "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground," plus fragments from "Columbia, Gem of the Ocean," "Over There," and "Marching Through Georgia," to name but a few.

In addition to the actual musical quotations, however, a sense of nostalgia permeates many of Ives's songs; in his longing for the musical and actual past of America, he echoes many of the sentiments of Stephen Foster's songs: a yearning for a simpler time, for friends that are gone, for a period that will not come back, and a charm that cannot be recaptured.

The texts for all these songs repay close attention; but the 19th-century songs should be carefully audited, because their melodic familiarity tends to distract from the stories and the sentiments of the texts. "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground," for example, has a conclusion that is never taught to most people.

I hope, through the songs and the textual quotations presented to night, that we will be able to convey both a sense of the richness of Ives's music, and of the very real sentiment and emotion that underlays the songs from the 19th century that appear to be so familiar, yet are full of implications and feelings that are universal to every age.

We wish to express our thanks to the following:

Professor Vincent Liotta, for his help with performance suggestions;

Steve Brady, for his help with the keyboard instruments;

and Madelon Bolling, Stuart Dempster, Sarah Nash Gates, Douglas Hjelm, Claire Peterson, David Wood, all of whom contributed in some way to the proceedings.

Master Files

Clde
1985
10-31

FOSTERING

IVES

(2008)

CDs → 15,032 - 15,033

A Quotation Recital

A concert in celebration of American music

U.W. Collegium Musicum

directed by JoAnn Taricani

assisted by Stuart Dempster
trombone and euphonium.

and Larry Starr, *piano*

with

Laurie Haney, *soprano*

Marcia Bellamy, *mezzo-soprano*

Barton Nye Green, *tenor*

Erhard Rom, *bass*

Timothy Brown, *keyboard*

and other guest artists

1985

Thursday, October 31, 8:00 PM

U.W. Meany Hall

Saturday, November 9, 1:00 PM

American Musicological Society

Hotel Vancouver

Vancouver, B.C.

(1st half - 1:05) CD 15,632

(2nd half - 1:06) CD 15,633

Tape 10,905

- Memories (1897) 2:00 Charles Ives (1874-1954)
a. Very pleasant
b. Rather sad

- After the Ball (1892) 5:34 Charles Harris (1865-1930)
- On the Counter (1920) 1:36 Ives

- Songs my Mother Taught Me (1895) 2:25 Ives
- Ah, May the Red Rose Live Alway (1850) 3:17 Stephen Foster (1826-1864)

- Remembrance (1921) 1:00 Ives
- Jeannie with the Light Brown Hair (1854) 3:29 Foster

- Down East (1919) 3:13 Ives
- There Was a Time (1863) 2:35 Foster
- The Voices That Are Gone (1865) 3:44 Foster

Tape 10,906

- Battle Cry of Freedom (1862) 2:01 George Root (1820-1895)
- Tenting on the Old Camp Ground (1864) 3:17 Walter Kittredge (1832-1905)
- He is There! (1917) 4:09 Ives

- Dixie (1860) 1:48 Daniel Emmett (1815-1904)
- Sweet By and By (1868) 2:10 J.P. Webster (1819-1875)
- The Things Our Fathers Loved (1917) 1:49 Ives

- The Greatest Man (1921) 1:33 Ives
- Swanee River (1851) 1:59 Foster

Intermission

Tape 10,907

- Hallowe'en (April 1, 1909) 3:09 Ives
for string quartet and piano
Christine Olason, violin
Louanne Bean, violin
Linda Chang, viola
Joseph Bichsel, cello
Larry Starr, piano

- Loena (1924) 5:29 Leo A. Zimmerman (1866-1935)
- Beautiful Colorado (1914) 5:29 Joseph de Luca
- I Love You Truly (1906) 2:06 Carrie Jacobs Bond (1862-1946)
w/ LVS FAGUAWUNGA
Stuart Dempster, trombone and euphonium
Kevin Anerud, piano

- Lost in the Deep, Deep Sea (1881) 3:51 Charles Bray
- Bells of Washington (1918) 4:25 Carl Paige Wood
text by Edmond Meany, written for the class of 1918
performed tonight in celebration of
the 75th anniversary of Meany Hall

Tape 10,908

- Little Belle Blair (1861) 3:24 Foster
- Virginia Belle (1860) 2:55 Foster
- Slow March (1888) 1:31 Ives

- Old Home Day (1920) 3:17 Ives
- If You've Only Got a Moustache (1864) 2:30 Foster
- Plenty of Fish in the Sea (1862) 2:18 Foster
- Mr. and Mrs. Brown (1852) 3:25 Foster
- Johnny Sands (1842) 2:35 John Sinclair

- You'll Like Tacoma (1909) 2:20 S. A. Huntington, Jr.

Help send the Collegium out of town!

This concert is a benefit for the Collegium, which will travel to the national meeting of the American Musicological Society next week, to perform "Fostering Ives," for an audience of scholars from throughout the U.S. and Europe. During intermission, tapes of the March 1985 Collegium concert of Irish music from the 19th century (featuring the same instruments and singers) will be available for a donation of \$10; "Fostering Ives" posters will be available for a donation of \$5. Hallowe'en candy is available for minimal contributions. All donations are tax-deductible.

The next Collegium concert is "A Medieval Christmas," to be presented in Suzzallo Library on December 6; if you are not on the mailing list for the Collegium, and would like to receive advance notice of that concert, please fill out an address form during intermission.

* * * * *

The keyboard instruments in use this evening are:
a modern Steinway grand (for the Ives songs);
a Chickering square grand piano from about 1830;
and a Mason and Hamlin harmonium from about 1850.
(both of the last two were often found in 19th-century parlors)

* * * * *

Texts for the Ives Songs

[We have included a partial list of the melodies quoted in order to aid the audience in identifying familiar tunes, though they may not all be audible on a first hearing.]

Memories

a. Very pleasant

We're sitting in the opera house,
We're waiting for
the curtain to arise
with wonders for our eyes;
We're feeling pretty gay,
and well we may,
"O, Jimmy, look!" I say,
"The band is tuning up and
soon will start to play."
We whistle and we hum,
beat time with the drum.

We're sitting in the opera house,
awaiting for the curtain to rise
with wonders for our eyes,
A feeling of expectancy,
A certain kind of ecstasy,
expectancy and ecstasy,
Sh_s's_s_s_____CURTAIN!

b. Rather sad

From the street a strain
on my ear doth fall,
A tune as threadbare
as that "old red shawl,"
It is tattered, it is torn,
It shows signs of being worn,
It's the tune my Uncle
hummed from early morn,
'Twas a common little
thing and kind 'a sweet,
But 'twas sad and
seemed to slow up both his feet;
I can see him shuffling down
to the barn or to the town,
A hum-m-ming.

Songs My Mother Taught Me

Songs my mother taught me
in the days long vanished,
Seldom from her eyelids
were the teardrops banished,
Now I teach my children
each melodious measure,
Often tears are flowing
from my memory's treasure.
Songs my mother taught me
in the days long vanished,
Seldom from her eyelids
were the teardrops banished.

Remembrance

[Quote: "Taps" (at conclusion)]
A sound of a distant horn,
O'er shadowed lake is borne,
My father's song.

Down East

[Quote: "Nearer my God, to Thee"]
Songs!
Visions of my homeland,
come with strains of childhood,
come with tunes we sang
in schooldays,
And with songs from mother's heart;
Way down east in a village
by the sea,
Stands an old, red farm house
that watches o'er the lea;
All that is best in me,
lying deep in memory,
Draws my heart where I would be,
Nearer to thee.

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I can see him shuffling down
to the barn or to the town,
A hum-m-ming.

On the Counter

[allegedly written after a trip
to a music store]

[Quote: "Auld Lang Syne"]

Tunes we heard in "ninety-two,"
soft and sweet,
Always ending "I love you--"
phrases nice and neat;
The same old chords,
The same old time,

The same old sentimental sound,
Shades of Ethelbert Nevin*
in new songs abound.

[*a composer of such deathless
songs as "The Rosary"]

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Come with tunes we sang
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And with songs from mother's heart;
Way down east in a village
by the sea,
Stands an old, red farm house
that watches o'er the lea;
All that is best in me,
lying deep in memory,
Draws my heart where I would be,
Nearer to thee.

Ev'ry Sunday morning,
when the chores were almost done,
From that little parlor sounds
the old melodeon:
"Nearer my God, to Thee,
nearer to Thee";
With those strains a stonger hope
comes nearer to me.

He is there!

[Quote: "Tenting on the old camp ground,"
"Battle Cry of Freedom," "Columbia,
Gem of the Ocean," "Over There," . . .]
Fifteen years ago today,
a little Yankee boy,
Marched beside his granddaddy,
in the decoration day parade;
The village band would play
those old war tunes,
And the G.A.R. would shout,
"Hip Hip, Hooray!"
in the same old way;
As it sounded on the old campground.

Chorus:

That boy has sailed o'er the ocean,
HOORAY!
He is there, he is there.
He's is fighting for the right,
but when it comes to might,
He is there, he is there;
As the Allies beat up all the warlords
He'll be there, he'll be there,
And the world will
Shout! the battle cry of freedom!
Tenting on a new camp ground.

Fifteen years ago today,
a little Yankee, with a German name,
Heard the tale of "forty-eight"
why his Granddaddy joined Uncle Sam,
His fathers fought that medieval stuff,
and he will fight it now;
"Hip Hip, Hooray!
this is the day",
When he'll finish up the aged job.
(Chorus)

There's a time in ev'ry life,
when it's do or die,
And our Yankee boy,
does his bit that we may live,
In a world where all may have a "say."
He's concious always of his country's
aim, which is Liberty for all,
"Hip Hip, Hooray!"
is all he'll say,
As he marches to the Flanders front.
(Chorus)

[plus:] For it's rally round the
Flag, boys,
Rally once again,
Shouting the Battle Cry
of Freedom.

The Things Our Fathers Loved

[Quote: "Dixie," "Battle Cry
of Freedom," "Sweet By and By". . .]
I think there must be
a place in the soul,
All made of tunes,
of tunes of long ago;
I hear the organ on
the Main Street corner,
Aunt Sarah humming Gospels;
Summer evenings,
The village cornet band,
playing in the square.
The town's Red, White and Blue,
all Red, White and Blue.
Now! Hear the songs!
I know not what are the words,
But they sing in my soul

The Greatest Man

[Quote: "I've Been Working on the
Railroad"]
My teacher said us boys
should write about some great man,
So I thought last night,
'n thought about heroes and men
that had done great things,
'N then I got to thinkin'
'bout my pa;
He ain't a hero 'r anything,
But Pshaw!
Say!
He can ride the wildest hoss,
'n find minners near the moss
'down by the creek;
'N he can swim 'n fish,
We ketch'd five new lights,
Me 'n him!
Dad's some hunter too
Oh, my!
Miss Molly Cottontail sure does fly,
When he tramps through the
fields 'n brush!
(Dad won't kill a lark 'r thrush.)

Once when I was sick 'n though
his hands were rough,
He rubbed the pain right out.
"That's the stuff!" he said,
when I winked back the tears.
he never cried but once
'n that was when my mother died...
There're lots of great men,
George Washington 'n Lee,
But Dad's got 'em all beat holler,
Seems to me!

Slow March

[Quote: "Dead March" from Saul,
by Handel; this marks the Collegium's
tribute to the Bach/Handel Year]
One evening just at sunset,
we laid him in the grave;
Although a humble animal,
his heart was true and brave.
All the family joined us,
in solemn march and slow,
From the garden place beneath the trees
and where the sunflowers grow.

Old Home Day

[Quote: "Battle Cry," "Irish
Washerwoman"]
Go my songs!
Draw Daphnis from the city.

A minor tune from Todd's opera house,
comes to me as I cross the square,
there,
We boys used to shout the songs
that rouse the hearts of the
brave and fair.
As we march along down Main Street,
behind the village band,
The dear old trees,
with their arch of leaves,
see to grasp us by the hand.
While we step along,
to the tune of an Irish song;
Glad but wistful sounds the
old church bell,
For underneath's a note of sadness,
"Old home town" farewell.

That boy has sailed o'er the ocean,
HOORAY!
He is there, he is there.
He's is fighting for the right,
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While we step along,
to the tune of an Irish song;
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old church bell,
For underneath's a note of sadness,
"Old home town" farewell.

A corner lot, a white picket fence,
daisies almost everywhere,
there,
We boys used to play "One old cat,"
and base hits filled the air.
As we march along on Main Street,
of that "Down East" Yankee town,

Comes a sign of life,
from the "3rd Corps" fife,
strains of an old breakdown;
While we step along,
to the tune of its Irish song;
Comes another sound we all know well,
It takes us way back forty years,
that little red schoolhouse bell.