

DAT #14,139
CD # 14,140

C66
2002
3-16

IRISH FUSION

Folk songs and their transformations into art songs



COLLEGIUM MUSICUM

directed by JoAnn Taricant
assisted by Benjamin Albritton

MARCH 16, 2002 8:00 PM Brechemin Auditorium, Music Building

Imelda Franklin, mezzo-soprano

Kelly O'Halleran, soprano

Craig Grayson, bass

Amber Sudduth, soprano

Markdavin Obenza, tenor

Jason Yust, Irish flute

Erin Kathleen Earl, fortepiano

CD 14,140

1 applause 0:25

* * * PROGRAMME * * *

- 2 The Twisting of the Rope (traditional tune on flute and fortepiano) . . . arr. Edward Bunting (1773-1843)* (2:43)
- 3 How Dear to Me (Miss Franklin) . . . Thomas Moore (1779-1852)* (2:31)
- 4 Yellow Horse (traditional tune on fortepiano) . . . arr. Bunting (0:43)
- 5 What the Bee is to the Floweret (Miss O'Halleran, Mr Obenza) . . . Moore (1:53)
- 6 Dear Black Maid (traditional tune on flute and fortepiano) . . . arr. Bunting (1:26)
- 7 The Dirge (Miss Sudduth, Mr Obenza, quartet) . . . Moore (3:37)
- 8 The Brown Maid (traditional tune on fortepiano) . . . arr. Bunting (1:06)
- 9 Oh! Breathe Not! (Miss Sudduth, Mr Grayson) . . . Moore (2:38)
- 10 Molly my Treasure (traditional tune, sung by Miss O'Halleran) . . . arr. Bunting (1:57)
- 11 The Harp that Once Through Tara's Halls (Miss O'Halleran, quartet) . . . Moore (4:31)
- 12 The Pretty Girl Milking the Cow (traditional tune, sung by Miss Sudduth) . . . arr. Bunting (2:45)
- 13 The Valley Lay Smiling before Me (Mr Grayson) . . . Moore (2:57)

* * * INTERMISSION * * *

14 applause (0:18)

15 St. Patrick's Day (traditional tune on flute and fortepiano) . . . arr. Bunting (1:54)

16 Tho' Dark Are Our Sorrows (Mr Grayson) . . . Moore (3:00)

17 Yellow Wat and the Fox (traditional tune on fortepiano) . . . arr. Bunting (0:43)

18 O, Doubt Me Not! (Miss Sudduth, Mr Grayson) . . . Moore (1:43)

19 Molly Dear (traditional tune, sung by Miss Franklin) . . . arr. Bunting (1:26)

20 At the Mid-Hour of Night (Miss Sudduth, quartet) . . . Moore (4:58)

21 The Summer is Coming (traditional tune on flute and fortepiano) . . . arr. Bunting (2:15)

22 Rich and Rare are the Gems She Wore (Miss Sudduth, Mr Grayson, quartet) . . . Moore (4:50)

23 Planxty Kelly (traditional tune on flute and fortepiano) . . . arr. Bunting (2:09)

24 Fly Not Yet! (Miss Sudduth, Mr Grayson) . . . Moore (1:38)

* * * * *

***Note:** Traditional tunes are taken from the arrangements of Edward Bunting's collection of *The Ancient Music of Ireland* (1796). The later songs by Thomas Moore based on these tunes appeared in his edition of *Irish Melodies* (1807).

The fortepiano: is a replica of a five-octave Viennese grand fortepiano, ca. 1795, built by Rodney Regier of Freeport, Maine in 1988.

The Irish flute: was built by Mr Galway of County Cork; the performer, Jason Yust, is a graduate student in music theory who plays improvisatory flute in pub sessions

The singers: are undergraduate and graduate students in the School of Music

The fortepianist: is Erin Kathleen Earl, an undergraduate who is a double major in computer science and in piano; she studies with Professor Robin McCabe

* * * * *

TEXTS

The Twisting of the Rope (traditional tune on flute and fortepiano) . . . arr. Bunting
How Dear to Me (Miss Franklin) . . . Moore

How dear to me the hour when daylight dies,
And sunbeams melt along the silent sea,
For then sweet dreams of other days arise,
And Mem'ry breathes her vesper sigh to thee.

And, as I watch the line of light that plays
Along the smooth wave tow'rd's the burning west,
I long to tread that golden path of rays,
And think't would lead to some bright isle of rest

Yellow Horse (traditional tune on fortepiano) . . . arr. Bunting

What the Bee is to the Floweret (Miss O'Halloran, Mr O'benza) . . . Moore

What the bee is to the floweret,
When he looks for honey dew,
Thro' the leaves that close embower it,
That, my love, I'll be to you!

What the bank, with verdure glowing,
Is to waves that wander near,
Whispering kisses, while they're going,
That I'll be to you, my dear!

But, they say, the bee's a rover,
That he'll fly, when sweets are gone;
And, when once the kiss is over,
Faithless brooks will wander on!

Nay, if flowers will lose their looks,
If sunny banks will wear away,
'Tis but right that bees and brooks
Should sip and kiss them, while they may.

Dear Black Maid (traditional tune on flute and fortepiano) . . . arr. Bunting

The Dirge (Miss Sudduth, Mr O'benza, quartet). . . Moore

How oft' has the Banshee cried,
How oft' has Death untied
Bright links that glory wove,
Sweet bonds entwin'd by love!

We're fall'n upon gloomy days,
Star after star decays,
Ev'ry bright name, that shed,
Light o'er the land is fled.

Peace to each manly soul that sleepeth,
Rest to each faithful eye that weepeth,
Long may the fair and brave,
Sigh o'er the hero's grave.

Peace to each manly soul that sleepeth,
Rest to each faithful eye that weepeth,
Long may the fair and brave
Sigh o'er the hero's grave

The Brown Maid (traditional tune on fortepiano) . . . arr. Bunting

Oh! Breathe Not! (Miss Sudduth, Mr Grayson) . . . Moore

Oh! breathe not his name – let it sleep in the shade,
Where cold and unhonour'd his relics are laid!
Sad, silent, and dark, be the tears that we shed,
As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his
head!

But the night-dew that falls, tho' in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he
sleeps;
And the tear that we shed, tho' in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

Molly my Treasure (traditional tune, sung by Miss O'Halloran) . . . arr. Bunting

The Harp that Once Through Tara's Halls (Miss O'Halloran, quartet) . . . Moore

Oh! Mary dear! bright peerless flower,
Pride of the plains of Nair,
Behold me droop through each dull hour,
In soul consuming care,

From town to town I've idly stray'd,
I've wander'd many a mile;
I've met with many a blooming maid,
And own'd her charms the while:

The cuckoo's notes I love to hear,
When summer warms the skies;
When fresh the banks and brakes appear,
And flowers around us rise:

(there will be a pause before the page turn)

The harp that once, thro' Tara's halls,
The soul of Music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,
As if that soul were fled: -
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er;
And hearts, that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more!

No more the chiefs and ladies bright
The Harp of Tara swells;
The chord, alone, that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells: -
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives!

The Pretty Girl Milking the Cow (traditional tune, sung by Miss Sudduth) . . . arr. Bunting
The Valley Lay Smiling before Me (Mr Grayson) . . . Moore

The moon calmly sleeps on the ocean
And tinges each white bosom'd sail,
The Bark scarcely conscious of motion
Glides slowly before the soft gale
How vain are the charms they discover
My heart from its sorrows to draw
While mem'ry still carries me over
To the pretty Girl milking her cow.

Ye breezes around me that hover,
The tale of my woes ye may learn
And bear back the sighs of a Lover
Who never again shall return
For next when along the waves fading
The last blush of evening shall glow
Those waves will my sorrows be shading
My pretty Girl milking the cow.

The valley lay smiling before me,
Where lately I left her behind;
Yet I trembled, and something hung o'er me,
That sadden'd the joy of my mind.

And there hung the lute, that could soften
My very worst pains into bliss,
While the hand, that had wak'd it so often,
Now throb'd to my proud rival's kiss.

I look'd for the lamp, which she told me
Should shine when her pilgrim return'd,
But, tho' darkness began to infold me,
No lamp from the battlements burn'd.

There was a time, falsest of women!
When Breffni's good sword would have sought
That man, thro' a million of foemen,
Who dar'd but to doubt thee in thought!

I flew to her chamber - 'twas lonely
As if the lov'd tenant lay dead!
Ah, would it were death, and death only!
But no - the young false one had fled.

While now - oh! degenerate daughter
Of Erin, how fall'n is thy fame!
And thro' ages of bondage and slaughter,
Thy country shall bleed for thy shame.

**** INTERMISSION ****

St. Patrick's Day (traditional tune on flute and fortepiano) . . . arr. Bunting
Tho' Dark Are Our Sorrows (Mr Grayson) . . . Moore

Though dark are our sorrows, today we'll forget them,
And smile through our tears, like a sunbeam in
show'rs;
There never were hearts, if our rulers would let them,
More form'd to be grateful and blest than ours.
But just when the chain
Has ceas'd to pain,
And Hope has enwreath'd it round with flow'rs,
There comes a new link
Our spirits to sink –
Oh! the joy that we taste, like the light of the poles,
Is a flash amid darkness, too brilliant to stay;
But, tho' 'twere the last little spark in our souls,
We must light it up now, on our Prince's Day.

Contempt on the minion who calls you disloyal!
Tho' fierce to your foe, to your friends you are true;
And the tribute most high to a head that is royal,
Is love from a heart that loves liberty too.
While cowards, who blight!
Your fame, your right,
Would shrink from the blaze of battle array,
The Standard of Green
In front would be seen, -
Oh – my life on your faith! were you summon'd this
minute,
You'd cast ev'ry bitter remembrance away,
And show what the arm of Old Erin has in it,
When rous'd by the foe on her Prince's Day.

He loves the Green Isle, and his love is recorded
In hearts which have suffer'd too much to forget;
And hope shall be crown'd, and attachment rewarded,
And Erin's gay jubilee shine out yet.
The gem may be broke
By many a stroke,
But nothing can cloud its native ray;
Each fragment will cast
A light to the last –
And thus Erin, my country, tho' broken thou art,
There's a lustre within thee, that ne'er will decay;
A spirit, which beams thro' each suffering part,
And now smiles at all pain on her Prince's Day.

Yellow Wat and the Fox (traditional tune on fortepiano) . . . arr. Bunting
O, Doubt Me Not! (Miss Sudduth, Mr Grayson) . . . Moore

Oh! doubt me not, the season
Is o'er, when Folly made me rove,
And now the vestal Reason
Shall watch the fire awak'd by Love,
Altho' this heart was early blown,
And fairest hands disturb'd the tree,
They only shook some blossoms down,
Its fruit has all been kept for thee.
Then doubt me not, the season
Is o'er when Folly made me rove,
And now the vestal Reason
Shall watch the fire awak'd by Love.

And tho' my lute no longer
May sing of Passion's ardent spell,
Oh! trust me, all the stronger
I feel the bliss I do not tell.
The bee thro' many a garden roves,
And sings his lay of courtship o'er,
But when he finds the flow'r he loves,
He settles there and hums no more.
Then doubt me not, the season
Is o'er when Folly made me rove,
And now the vestal Reason
Shall watch the fire awak'd by Love.

Molly Dear (traditional tune, sung by Miss Franklin) . . . arr. Bunting

At the Mid-Hour of Night (Miss Sudduth, quartet). . . Moore

O Molly, my Dear, I hear you're getting a man,
It would break my heart so, to see your wedding go on;

For fear of a fall, recall your senses in time,
For in spite of it all, sweet charming Molly, you're mine!

At the mid hour of night, when stars are weeping, I fly,
To the lone vale we lov'd, when life shone warm in
thine eye;
And I think that, if spirits can steal from the region of
air,
To revisit past scenes of delight, thou wilt come to me
there,
And tell me our love is remember'd ev'n in the sky!

Then I sing the wild song, which once 'twas rapture to hear,
When our voices both mingling breath'd like one on the ear;
And, as Echo far off through the vale my sad orison rolls,
I think, O my love! 'tis thy voice from the kingdom of souls,
Faintly answering still the notes that once were so dear!

The Summer is Coming (traditional tune on flute and fortepiano) . . . arr. Bunting

Rich and Rare are the Gems She Wore (Miss Sudduth, Mr Grayson, quartet) . . . Moore

Rich and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore;
But oh! her beauty was far beyond,
Her sparkling gems and snow-white wand.

"Sir Knight! I feel not the least alarm,
No son of Erin will offer me harm:
For, tho' they love woman and golden store,
Sir Knight! they love honour and virtue more!"

"Lady! dost thou not fear to stray,
So lone and lovely, thro' this bleak way?
Are Erin's sons so good or so bold,
As not to be tempted by woman or gold?"

On she went, and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her round the Green Isle;
And blest for ever is she who relied,
Upon Erin's honour and Erin's pride!

Planxty Kelly (traditional tune on flute and fortepiano) . . . arr. Bunting

Fly Not Yet! (Miss Sudduth, Mr Grayson) . . . Moore

Fly not yet 'tis just the hour,
When pleasure like the midnight flow'r,
That scorns the eye of vulgar light,
Begins to bloom for sons of night,
And maids who love the moon!

Fly not yet; the fount that play'd,
In times of old, through Ammon's shade,
Tho' icy cold by day it ran,
Yet still, like souls of mirth, began
To burn when night was near;

'Twas but to bless these hours of shade,
That beauty and the moon were made;
'Tis then their soft attractions glowing
Set the tides and goblets flowing.

And thus should women's hearts and looks,
At noon be cold as winterbrooks,
Nor kindle 'till the night returning,
Brings their genial hour for burning,

Oh! stay, - Oh!, stay, -
Joy so seldom weaves a chain,
Like this tonight, that, oh! 'tis pain,
To break its links so soon.

Oh! stay, - Oh! stay, -
When did morning ever break,
And find such beaming eyes awake,
As those that sparkle here!