Graduate Recital
SANDRA DENE ELLIS, Lyric Soprano
MAX PLUMMER, Piano

Songs of Samuel Barber
TUESDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1964
McCray Auditorium
8:15 P.M.

PROGRAM

I
OPUS 2
The daisies (James Stephens)
With rue my heart is laden (A. E. Housman)
Bessis Bobtail (James Stephens)

OPUS 10
Rain has fallen (James Joyce)
Sleep now (James Joyce)
I hear an army (James Joyce)

II
OPUS 27
Melodies passageres (Rainer Maria Rilke)
1. Puisque tout passe
2. Un cygne
3. Tombeau dans un parc
4. Le clocher chante
5. Depart

III
OPUS 13
Nocturne (Frederic Prokosch)
A nun takes the veil (Gerard Manley Hopkins)
The secrets of the old (W. B. Yeats)
Sure on this shining night (James Agee)

OPUS 18
The queen’s face on the summery coin (Robert Horan)
Monks and raisins (Jose Garcia Villa)

IV
OPUS 29
Hermit Songs
(Poems translated from anonymous Irish texts
of the eighth to thirteenth centuries.)
1. At Saint Patrick’s Purgatory
2. Church bell at night
3. St. Ita’s vision
4. The heavenly banquet
5. The crucifixion
6. Sea-snatch
7. Promiscuity
8. The monk and his cat
9. The praises of God
10. The desire for hermitage

This recital fulfills thesis requirements for the Master
of Science Degree program for Miss Ellis.
I

Op. 2

The Daisies (James Stephens)

In the scented bud of the morning O,
When the windy grass went rippling far!
I saw my dear one walking slow
In the field where the daisies are.

We did not laugh, and we did not speak,
As we wandered happily, to and fro,
I kissed my dear on either cheek,
In the bud of the morning O!

A lark sang up, from the breezy land;
A lark sang down, from a cloud afar;
As she and I went hand in hand,
In the field where the daisies are.

With rue my heart is laden (A. E. Housman)

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.

Bessie Bobtail (James Stephens)

As down the road she wambled slow,
She had not got a place to go;
She had not got a place to fall
And rest herself—no place at all!
She stumped along, and wagged her pate;
And said a thing was desperate.

Her face was screwed and wrinkled tight,
just like a nut—'nd, left and right,
On either side, she wagged her head and said a thing;
and what she said was desperate as
any word that ever yet a person heard.

I walked behind her for a while,
And watched the people nudge and smile:
And ever, as she went, she said,
As left and right she swung her head,
---O God He knows: And, God He knows!
And, surely God Almighty knows!

Op. 10

Rain has fallen (James Joyce)

Rain has fallen all the day.
O come among the laden trees:
The leaves lie thick upon the
way of memories.

Staying a little by the way
Of memories shall we depart.
Come, my beloved, where I may
Speak to your heart.

Sleep now (James Joyce)

Sleep now, O sleep now
O you unquiet heart!
A voice crying "Sleep now"
Is heard in my heart.

The voice of the winter
Is heard at the door.
O sleep, for the winter
Is crying "Sleep no more."
My kiss will give peace now  
And quiet to your heart-  
Sleep on in peace now  
O you unquiet heart!

I hear an army (James Joyce)
I hear an army charging upon the land,  
And the thunder of horses plunging, foam about their knees:  
Arrogant, in black armor, 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 my 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?

II

Op. 27  
Mélodies passagères (Rainer Maria Rilke)  
(Passing Melodies)

1. Puisque tout passe (Since all things pass)  
Since all things pass, let's make a passing melody;  
the one to quench our thirst will be the one to win us.

What leaves us, let us sing  
with love and art;  
and swifter let us be  
than the swift departure.

2. Un Cygne (A Swan)  
A swan moves over the water surrounded by itself,  
like a painting that glides;  
thus, at times, a being one loves  
is a whole moving space.

And draws near, doubled, like the moving swan,  
on our troubled soul... which to that being adds  
the trembling image of happiness and doubt.

3. Tombeau dans un parc (Grave in a park)  
At the end of the avenue, sleep, tender child, beneath the stone;  
around your interval we'll sing the song of summer.

If a white dove flies overhead,  
I will lay upon your grave only its shadow that falls.

4. Le clocher chante (The bell tower sings)  
Better warmed than a secular tower, to ripen my carillon am I,  
May it be sweet, may it be good for the girls of Valais.

Every Sunday, tone by tone, I throw them out my manna;  
may it be good, my carillon, for the girls of Valais.
May it be sweet, may it be good;
into their beers on Saturday nights,
drop by drop, falls my carillon
for the boys of the girls of Valais.

5. Départ (Departure).
My sweet, I must go away.
Would you like to see
the place on the map?
It's a black point.
In me, it will be
if the thing succeeds,
a rose-red point
in a green land.

III
Op. 13

Nocturne (Frederic Prokosch)
Close my darling both your eyes,
Let your arms lie still at last.
Call on, the lake of falsehood lies-
And the wind of lust has passed.

Even the human pyramids
Blaze with such a longing now:
Close, my love, your trembling
lids, let the midnight heal your brow.

Waves across these hopeless sands
Fill my heart—and end my day.
Underneath your moving hands
All my aching flows away.

Northward flames Orion's horn,
Westward the Egyptian light.
None to watch us, none to warn
But the blind eternal night.

A nun takes the veil (Gerard Manley Hopkins)
I have desired to go
Where springs not fail,
To fields where flies no
sharp and sided hail,
And a few lilies blow.

And I have asked to be
Where no storms come,
Where the green swell
is in the haven dumb
And out of the swing of the sea.

The secrets of the old (W. B. Yeats)
I have old women's secrets now
That had those of the young;
Madge tells me what I dared not think
When my blood was strong,
And what had drowned a lover once
Sounds like an old song.

Though Margery is stricken dumb
If thrown in Madge's way,
We three make up a solitude;
For none alive today
Can know the stories that we know
Or say the things we say:

How such a man pleased women most
Of all that are gone,
How such a pair loved many years
And such a pair but one,
Stories of the bed of straw
Or the bed of down.
Sure on this shining night (James Agee)
Sure on this shining night                 The late year lies down the north.
Of star-made shadows round,               All is healed, all is health.
Kindness must watch for me                High summer holds the earth.
This side the ground.                     Hearts are whole.

Sure on this shining night
I weep for wonder
Wand'ring far alone
Of shadows on the stars.

Op. 18

The queen's face on the summery coin (Robert Horan)
The queen's face on the summery coin
was never golder nor more regal
than his body's bright and bursting bugle
where once it walked between the stripes of rain.

The wind shines on the woody grove.
We live in a copper clock where, on the hour,
a polished bell divides the stem and flower
and drains the ghost-built body of its love.

There is too much eye to see
all but the nearest disorder.
In the sable shadow of this harbor
he lies him down among the singing bees.

Monks and raisins (José García Villa)
I have observed pink monks eating blue raisins.
And I have observed blue monks eating pink raisins.
Studiously have I observed.

And the way a blue monk eats a pink raisin is this:
Blue is he and it is pink and the blue
Swallows the pink. And this also is truth.

Now, this is the way a pink monk eats a blue raisin: Pink is he and it is blue and the pink
Swallows the blue. I swear this is true.

Indeed I have observed and myself have part
taken of blue and pink raisins. But my joy
was different: My joy was to see the blue and
the pink counterpointing.

Op. 29

Hermit Songs

1. At Saint Patrick's Purgatory

Pity me on my pilgrimage to Loch Derg!
O King of the churches and the bells-
bewailing your sores and your wounds,
but not a tear can I squeeze from my eyes!

Not moisten an eye
after so much sin!

Pity me, O King! What shall I do
with a heart that seeks only its own ease?

O only begotten Son by whom all men were made,
who shunned not the death by three wounds,
pity me on my pilgrimage to Loch Derg
and I with a heart not softer than a stone!

2. The church bell at night

Sweet little bell, struck on a windy night,
I would liefer keep tryst with thee
Than be with a light and foolish woman.
3. St. Ita's vision

"I will take nothing from my Lord," said she,
"Unless He gives me His Son from heaven
In the form of a Baby that I may nurse Him."
So that Christ came down to her
In the form of a Baby - and then she said:

Infant Jesus, at my breast,
By my heart every night,
You I nurse are not a churl but were begot
On Mary the Jewess by Heaven's light.

Sing to Him, maidens, sing your best!
There is none that has such right
To your song as Heaven's King
Who every night
Is infant Jesus at my breast.

4. The heavenly banquet

I would like to have the men of Heaven
in my own house;
With vats of good cheer
laid out for them.

I would like them to be cheerful
in their drinking.
I would like to have Jesus sitting here
among them.

I would like to have the three Marys,
their fame is so great.
I would like people
from every corner of Heaven.

I would like a great lake of beer
for the King of Kings.
I would like to be watching Heaven's family
drinking it through all eternity.

5. The Crucifixion

At the cry of the first bird
They began to crucify Thee, O Swan!
Never shall lament cease because of that.
It was like the parting of day from night.

Ah, sore was the suffering borne
By the body of Mary's Son,
But sorer still to Him was the grief
Which for His sake
Came upon his Mother.

6. Sea-snatch

It has broken us,
It has crushed us,
It has drowned us
O King of the star-bright Kingdom of Heaven;

The wind has consumed us,
swallowed us,
as timber is devoured by crimson fire from Heaven.
7. Promiscuity
I do not know with whom Edan will sleep,
But I do know that fair Edan will not sleep alone.

8. The monk and his cat
Pangur, white Pangur,
Now happy we are.
Alone together,
Scholar and cat.
Each has his own work to do daily;
For you it is hunting,
For me study.
Your shining eye watches the wall;
My feeble eye is fixed on a book.
You rejoice when your claws entrap a mouse;
I rejoice when my mind fathoms a problem.
Pleased with his own art,
Neither hinders the other;
Thus we live ever
Without tedium and envy

9. The praises of God
How foolish the man who does not raise
His voice and praise with joyful words,
As he alone can, Heaven's high King.
To Whom the light birds with no soul but air
All day, everywhere, laudation sing.

10. The desire for hermitage
Ah! To be all alone in a little cell
With nobody near me;
beloved that pilgrimage
before the last pilgrimage to death.
Singing the passing hours to cloudy Heaven;
Feeding upon dry bread
And water from the cold spring.
That will be an end to evil
when I am alone
in a lovely little corner among tombs
far from the houses of the great.
Ah! To be all alone in a little cell,
to be alone, all alone,
alone I came into the world-
alone I shall go from it.