

Peninsula Cantare

Janice Gunderson, Music Director

37th Season



Music of Ralph Vaughan Williams

In Windsor Forest

Songs of Travel

Leland Morine, Baritone

American and Brazilian Music

Saturday, March 10th at 7:30 pm

Cañada College Main Theatre

4200 Farm Hill Blvd, Redwood City

\$15 General, \$12 Student/Senior



Program

In Windsor Forest

Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)

A Cantata for mixed voices adapted

from the opera *Sir John in Love*

Steve Pursell, narrator

Falstaff and the Fairies (Round About in a Fair Ringa)

Words by Shakespeare, Ravenscroft and Lyly

The Conspiracy (Sigh No More, Ladies)

Words by William Shakespeare (1564-1616)

from *Much Ado about Nothing*

Women of Cantare

Drinking Song (Back and Side Go Bare)

Words by John Still (c.1543-1608)

Men of Cantare

Wedding Chorus (See the Chariot at Hand)

Words by Ben Jonson (1573-1637)

Susan Breuer, violin

Epilogue (Whether Men do Laugh or Weep)

Words by Philip Rosseter (1567/8-1623)

Songs of Travel

Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)

Words by Robert Louis Stevenson (1850–1894)

Leland Morine, baritone

Janice Gunderson, piano

The Vagabond

Let Beauty Awake

The Roadside Fire

Youth and Love

In Dreams

The Infinite Shining Heavens

Whither Must I Wander?

Bright is the Ring of Words

I Have Trod the Upward and the Downward Slope

Au Fond du Temple Saint Georges Bizet (1838–1875)
Duet from *The Pearl Fishers*
Leland Morine, baritone
Gaylon Babcock, tenor

Ain'a that Good News William L. Dawson
Psalm 117 (Laudate Dominum) Greg Knauf
Shenandoah American Folksong
Arr. James Erb
Já Vem a Primavera! (Brazilian) Henrique de Curitiba
Sharon Rice, soprano
Samba-lele (Brazilian) Arr. Daniel R. Afonso, Jr.
How Can I Keep from Singing?
Robert Lowry (1826-1899)
Words by Anna Barlett Warner (1820-1915)
Arr. Z. Randall Stroope

Program Notes

Two threads run through this concert: the music of Vaughan Williams and the travel theme. The five choruses that comprise the cantata, *In Windsor Forest*, are full of vitality, wit, always colorful and often extremely beautiful. But even the combination of Shakespeare and a charming score did not insure the success of *Sir John in Love*. It did not receive its first professional performance until 1946, nearly eighteen years after it was written.

The Songs of Travel, one of Vaughan Williams most enduring song cycles, are full of rich images and lyrical beauty, a masterful blending of poetry and music. Bizet composed one of his most haunting melodies in *The Pearl Fishers* duet. Then we look ahead to this summer's travels, where several members of Cantare are joining members of Masterworks Chorale in a Concert Tour of Brazil. We sing a traditional spiritual which has been a favorite of choirs for years, followed by a 1997 interpretation of Psalm 117. Shenandoah is an enduring American melody and in this arrangement you can almost feel the rolling of the river. Our two Brazilian pieces describe the beauty of spring and offer a lively arrangement of a well-known Brazilian folk song. We close with a Cantare favorite, "How Can I Keep from Singing".

Texts

Falstaff and the Fairies

Round about in a fair ringa
Thus we dance and thus we singa,
Trip and go, to and fro,
Over this greena.
All about, in and out
Over this greenna,

Fairies black, grey, green and white
You moonshine revelers and shades of night,
You orphan heirs of fixed destiny,
Attend your office and quality.

But till 'tis one o'clock,
Our dance of custom round about the oak
Of Herne the hunter, let us not forget.

Lock hand in hand; yourselves in order set
And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be,
To guide our measure round about the tree.

About, fairies, about!
But stay!

I smell a man of middle-earth
Vile worm, thou wast o'erlooked
Even in thy birth.

A trial, come!
Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire!
Come, will this wood take fire?
About him, fairies, sing a scornful rhyme;
And as you sing, pinch him to your time.

Pinch him, pinch him, black and blue.
Saucy mortals must not view
What the Queen of Stars is doing,
Nor pry into our Fairy wooing.

Pinch him blue
And pinch him black.
Let him not lack
Sharp nails to pinch him blue and red,
Till sleep has rocked his addle-head.

Pinch him, fairies, mutually;
Pinch him for his villainy;
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
Till candles and starlight and moonshine be out.

The Conspiracy (Sigh No More, Ladies)

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea, and one on shore,
To one thing constant never.
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into Hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo
Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leavy.
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into Hey nonny, nonny.

Men were deceivers ever.

Drinking Song (Back and Side Go Bare)

Back and side go bare, go bare,
Both foot and hand go cold;
But, belly, God send thee good
ale enough
Whether it be new or old.
Jolly good ale and old.

I cannot eat but little meat,
My stomach is not good;
But sure I think that I can drink
With him that wears a hood.
Though I go bare, take ye no care,
I am nothing a-cold;
I stuff my skin so full within
Of jolly good ale and old.
Jolly good ale and old.

Drinking Song (continued)

I love no roast but a nut-brown toast,
And a crab laid in the fire;
A little bread shall do me stead,
Much bread I no desire.
No frost, nor snow, no wind, I trow,
Can hurt me if I would;
I am so wrapt, and thoroughly lapt
Of jolly good ale and old.
Jolly good ale and old.

And Tib, my wife, that as her life
Loveth well good ale to seek,
Full oft drinks she, till ye may see
The tears run down her cheek.
Then doth she trowl to me the bowl
Ev'n as a malt-worm should,
And saith, "Sweetheart, I've take
my part
Of this jolly good ale and old."
Jolly good ale and old.

Now let them drink, till they nod and wink,
Even as good fellows should do,
They shall not miss to have the bliss
Good ale doth bring men to.
And all poor souls that have scoured
black bowls,
Or have them lustily trowled,
God save the lives of them and their wives,
Whether they be young or old!
Jolly good ale and old.

Wedding Chorus (See the Chariot at Hand)

See the Chariot at hand here of Love,
Wherein my Lady rideth!
Each that draws is a swan or a dove,
And well the car Love guideth.
As she goes, all hearts do duty
Unto her beauty;
And enamour'd do wish, so they might
But enjoy such a sight,
That they still were to run by her side,
Through swords, through seas, whither
she would ride.

Wedding Chorus (continued)

Do but look on her eyes, they do light
All that Love's world compriseth!
Do but look on her hair, it is bright
As Love's star when it riseth!
Do but mark, her forehead's smoother
Than words that soothe her;
And from her arch'd brows such a grace
Sheds itself through the face,
As alone there triumphs to the life
All the gain, all the good, of the
elements' strife.

Have you seen but a bright lily grow
Before rude hands have touch'd it?
Have you mark'd but the fall of the snow
Before the soil hath smutch'd it?
Have you felt the wool of beaver,
Or swan's down ever?
Or have smelt of the bud of the brier,
Or the nard in the fire?
Or have tasted the bag of the bee?
O so white, O so soft, O so sweet is she!

Epilogue (Whether Men do Laugh or Weep)

Whether men do laugh or weep,
Whether they do wake or sleep,
Whether they die young or old,
Whether they feel heat or cold,
There is underneath the sun,
Nothing in true earnest done.

All our pride is but a jest,
None are worst, and none are best,
Grief, and joy, and hope, and fear,
Play their pageants everywhere,
Vain opinion all doth sway,
And the world is but a play.

And the world is but a play.

The Vagabond

Give to me the life I love,
Let the lave go by me,
Give the jolly heaven above
And the byway night me.
Bed in the bush with stars to see,
Bread I dip in the river --
There's the life for a man like me,
There's the life for ever.

Let the blow fall soon or late,
Let what will be o'er me;
Give the face of earth around
And the road before me.
Wealth I seek not, hope nor love,
Nor a friend to know me;
All I seek, the heaven above
And the road below me.

Or let autumn fall on me
Where afield I linger,
Silencing the bird on tree,
Biting the blue finger;
White as meal the frosty field --
Warm the fireside haven --
Not to autumn will I yield,
Not to winter even!

Let the blow fall soon or late,
Let what will be o'er me;
Give the face of earth around,
And the road before me.
Wealth I ask not, hope, nor love,
Nor a friend to know me.
All I ask, the heaven above
And the road below me.

Let Beauty Awake

Let Beauty awake in the morn from
beautiful dreams,
Beauty awake from rest!
Let Beauty awake
For Beauty's sake
In the hour when the birds awake in
the brake
And the stars are bright in the west!

Let Beauty awake in the eve from the
slumber of day,
Awake in the crimson eve!
In the day's dusk end
When the shades ascend,
Let her wake to the kiss of a
tender friend
To render again and receive!

The Roadside Fire

I will make you brooches and toys for your delight
Of bird-song at morning and star-shine at night.
I will make a palace fit for you and me
Of green days in forests and blue days at sea.

I will make my kitchen, and you shall keep your room,
Where white flows the river and bright blows the broom,
And you shall wash your linen and keep your body white
In rainfall at morning and dewfall at night.

And this shall be for music when no one else is near,
The fine song for singing, the rare song to hear!
That only I remember, that only you admire,
Of the broad road that stretches and the roadside fire

Youth and Love

To the heart of youth the world is a highwayside.
Passing for ever, he fares; and on either hand,
Deep in the gardens golden pavilions hide,
Nestle in orchard bloom, and far on the level land
Call him with lighted lamp in the eventide.

Thick as the stars at night when the moon is down,
Pleasures assail him. He to his nobler fate
Fares; and but waves a hand as he passes on,
Cries but a wayside word to her at the garden gate,
Sings but a boyish stave and his face is gone.

In Dreams

In dreams, unhappy, I behold you stand
As heretofore:
The unremembered tokens in your hand
Avail no more.

No more the morning glow, no more the grace,
Enshrines, endears.
Cold beats the light of time upon your face
And shows your tears.

He came and went. Perchance you wept a while
And then forgot.
Ah me! but he that left you with a smile
Forgets you not.

The Infinite Shining Heavens

The infinite shining heavens
Rose and I saw in the night
Uncountable angel stars
Showering sorrow and light.

I saw them distant as heaven,
Dumb and shining and dead,
And the idle stars of the night
Were dearer to me than bread.

Night after night in my sorrow
The stars stood over the sea,
Till lo! I looked in the dusk
And a star had come down to me.

Whither Must I Wander?

Home no more home to me, whither must I wander?
Hunger my driver, I go where I must.
Cold blows the winter wind over hill and heather;
Thick drives the rain, and my roof is in the dust.
Loved of wise men was the shade of my roof-tree.
The true word of welcome was spoken in the door --
Dear days of old, with the faces in the firelight,
Kind folks of old, you come again no more.

Home was home then, my dear, full of kindly faces,
Home was home then, my dear, happy for the child.
Fire and the windows bright glittered on the moorland;
Song, tuneful song, built a palace in the wild.
Now, when day dawns on the brow of the moorland,
Lone stands the house, and the chimney-stone is cold.
Lone let it stand, now the friends are all departed,
The kind hearts, the true hearts, that loved the place of old.

Spring shall come, come again, calling up the moorfowl,
Spring shall bring the sun and rain, bring the bees and
flowers;
Red shall the heather bloom over hill and valley,
Soft flow the stream through the even-flowing hours;
Fair the day shine as it shone on my childhood --
Fair shine the day on the house with open door;
Birds come and cry there and twitter in the chimney --
But I go for ever and come again no more.

Bright is the Ring of Words

Bright is the ring of words	Low as the singer lies
When the right man rings them,	In the field of heather,
Fair the fall of songs	Songs of his fashion bring
When the singer sings them.	The swains together.
Still they are carolled and said --	And when the west is red
On wings they are carried --	With the sunset embers,
After the singer is dead	The lover lingers and sings
And the maker buried.	And the maid remembers.

I Have Trod the Upward and the Downward Slope

I have trod the upward and the downward slope;
I have endured and done in days before;
I have longed for all, and bid farewell to hope;
And I have lived and loved, and closed the door.

Au Fond du Temple Saint

NADIR	ANDREA
Au fond du temple saint	At the back of the holy temple,
Paré de fleurs et d'or,	decorated with flowers and gold,
Une femme apparaît!	A woman appears!
ZURGA	BRYN
Une femme apparaît!	A woman appears!
NADIR	ANDREA
Je crois la voir encore!	I can still see her!
ZURGA	BRYN
Je crois la voir encore!	I can still see her!
NADIR	ANDREA
La foule prosternée	The prostrate crowd
La regarde, étonnée,	looks at her amazed
Et murmure tous bas:	and murmurs under its breath:
Voyez, c'est la déesse!	look, this is the goddess
Qui dans l'ombre se dresse	looming up in the shadow
Et vers nous tend les bras!	and holding out her arms to us.
ZURGA	BRYN
Son voile se soulève!	Her veil parts slightly.
Ô vision! ô rêve!	What a vision! What a dream!
La foule est à genoux!	The crowd is kneeling.
ZURGA & NADIR	BRYN & ANDREA
Oui, c'est elle!	Yes, it is she!
C'est la déesse	It is the goddess,
plus charmante et plus belle!	more charming and more beautiful.
Oui, c'est elle!	Yes, it is she!
C'est la déesse	It is the goddess
qui descend parmi nous!	who has come down among us.
Son voile se soulève et la foule est à genoux!	Her veil has parted and the crowd is kneeling.

Au Fond du Temple Saint (continued)

NADIR

Mais à travers la foule
Elle s'ouvre un passage!

ZURGA

Son long voile déjà
Nous cache son visage!

NADIR

Mon regard, hélas!
La cherche en vain!

ZURGA

Elle fuit!

ZURGA & NADIR

Oui, c'est elle! C'est la déesse!
En ce jour qui vient nous unir,
Et fidèle à ma promesse,
Comme un frère je veux te chérir!
C'est elle, c'est la déesse
Qui vient en ce jour nous unir!
Oui, partageons le même sort,
Soyons unis jusqu'à la mort!

ANDREA

But through the crowd
she makes her way.

BRYN

Already her long veil
hides her face from us.

ANDREA

My eyes, alas!
Seek her in vain!

BRYN

She flees!

BRYN & ANDREA

Yes, it is her, the goddess,
who comes to unite us this day.
And, faithful to my promise,
I wish to cherish you like a brother!
It is her, the goddess,
who comes to unite us this day!
Yes, let us share the same fate,
let us be united until death!

Ain'a That Good News!

I got a crown up ina the Kingdom
Ain'a that good news!

I'm agoin' lay down this worl',
Goin'a to shoulder upuh my cross,
Goin'a take it home'a to my Jesus,
Ain'a that good news!

I got a harp up ina the Kingdom,
Ain'a that good news!

I got a robe ina the Kingdom
Ain'a that good news!

I got a Savior ina the Kingdom
Ain't that good news, my Lawd!

Psalm 117 (Laudate Dominum)

Laudate Dominum omnes gentes:
laudate eum omnes populi:
Quoniam confirmata est super nos
misericordia ejus, et veritas Domini
manet in aeternum.

Praise the Lord, all nations;
praise him, all peoples;
For his mercy is established over us,
and the truth of the Lord endures
forever.

Shenandoah

Oh, Shenandoah, I long to see you,
And hear your rolling river,
Oh, Shenandoah, I long to see you,
'Way, we're bound away,
Across the wide Missouri.

'Tis seven long years since last I see you,
And hear your rolling river,
'Tis seven long years since last I see you,
'Way, we're bound away,
Across the wide Missouri.

I long to see your smiling valley,
And hear your rolling river,
I long to see your smiling valley,
'Way, we're bound away,
Across the wide Missouri.

Oh, Shenandoah, I long to see you,
And hear your rolling river,
Oh, Shenandoah, I long to see you,
'Way, we're bound away,
Across the wide Missouri.

Já vem a Primavera!

Já vem a Primavera! Primavera!

Spring is coming! Spring!

E quando a primavera
Vem chegando no jardim
Com mil aromas de jasmim

And when spring
Arrives in the garden
With a thousand scents of jasmine

Primavera, enfim!

Spring, finally!

Com novas flores
Tantas lindas flores,
Mil aromas no jardim

With new flowers
So many beautiful flowers
A thousand scents in the garden

Primavera em flôr,
tão bonito assim! (cheiro de jasmim)
Primavera!

Flowering Spring
So beautiful (smell of jasmine)
Spring!

Samba-lelê

Samba-lelê tá doente,
Tá com a cabeça quebrada.
Samba-lelê precisava
De umas dezoito lambadas.
Samba! Samba! Samba-lelê!
Pisa na barra da saia, lelê!

Samba-lelê is sick,
He has a broken head,
Samba-lelê needed
Some eighteen hard hits.
Samba, samba, Samba-lelê!
Step on the skirt's hem, lelê.

Ô! mulata bonita,
Onde é que você mora?
Moro na Praia Formosa
E daqui vou embora.
Samba! Samba! Samba-lelê!
Pisa na barra da saia, lelê!

Oh beautiful brunette,
Where do you live?
I live on Formosa Beach
And I am leaving this place.
Samba, samba, Samba-lelê!
Step on the skirt's hem, lelê.

Diga, mulata bonita,
Como é que se namora?
Põe o lençinho no bolso
Com a pontinha de fora.
Pisa, pisa, pisa, mulata,
Pisa na barra da saia mulata.

Tell me beautiful brunette,
How does one court?
Put a small handkerchief in the pocket
And leave a small point out.
Step, step, step, brunette girl,
Step on the skirt's hem, brunette girl.

How Can I Keep from Singing?

My life goes on in endless song,
Above earth's lamentations.
I hear the real, though far-off song,
That hails a new creation.

Although the storms around me blow,
I know the truth will guide me,
Although the darkness 'round me grow,
My song's the light beside me.

No storm can shake my inmost calm,
While to that rock I'm clinging.
It sounds an echo in my soul.
How can I keep from singing?

No storm can shake my inmost calm,
While to that rock I'm clinging.
While Love is Lord of heaven and earth.
How can I keep from singing?

Peninsula Cantare

Janice Gunderson, Music Director
Alexander Bootzin, Accompanist

Soprano

Susan Breuer
Shirley Fitzgerald
Debby Hamburger
Vicki Hanson
Linda Litz
Sharon Rice
Ruth Sitton
Judith Tauber-Lovik
Debbie Walters

Alto

Marge Cox
Ellen Hill
Rachel Janssen
Vicki Jayswal
Kay Johnson
Marilyn Michaelson
Paula Ondricek
Diane Reeve
Patricia Steuer
Meghan Young

Tenor

Gaylon Babcock
Larry Baer
Max Capestany
Emery Gordon
Peter Hartzell
Joseph Kresse
Paul Reeve

Bass

Bernard Buice
Ron Clazie
John Friesen
Peter Gunderson
Ron Hodges
Gene Hogenauer
Robert Janssen
Mark Loy
Steve Pursell
Jay Siedenburgh
Paul Wendt

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Janice Gunderson
Shirley Fitzgerald
Joe Kresse
Judith Tauber-Lovik
Steve Pursell

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Leland Morine

Leland comes from a musical family, his father a tenor, and mother an accompanist/piano teacher. Leland studied voice and choral conducting in Clovis High School. He earned a B.A. at Fresno Pacific College and an M.A. at California State University, Fresno. He won the Metropolitan Opera Fresno District Auditions four times, received the top prize in the Fresno district Merola Auditions, and awarded prizes twice from the Henry Holt Memorial Scholarship in Palo Alto.

Leland's operatic experience began with the Fresno Opera Association as a member of the chorus, then on to principal roles. He has performed with Amato Opera, Henry Street Settlement Opera, and Opera Viva in Manhattan, Choral Arts Society of New York University, Regina Opera in Brooklyn NY, International Music Festival at Round Top - Texas, West Bay Opera in Palo Alto, San Francisco Conservatory of Music, Lamplighters in San Francisco, Berkeley Symphony Orchestra, Marin Opera Association, Davis Artist Series, Oakland Lyric Opera, Pippen's Pocket Opera, and Boise Opera, Idaho.

In addition to Leland's operatic experience, he has held positions of Director of Music at Brooklyn Cornerstone Church of the Nazarene, Soloist and Cantor at Saint Brigit's Roman Catholic Church in San Francisco and First Congregational Church in Oakland; has regularly performed Opera, Broadway, and standards at Nicolinos Garden Restaurant in Santa Clara ; and as Guest Artist has performed Oratorio and concert literature of the 17th- 20th centuries.

Coming Events

Saturday, June 2 at 8 pm and Sunday, June 3 at 4 pm

Carmina Burana by Carl Orff. Joint concert with the Masterworks Chorale. Carrington Hall, Sequoia High School, 1201 Brewster Avenue, Redwood City.

If you would like to be on our mailing list, please leave your name and address in the lobby after the concert. Peninsula Cantare is a 501(c)(3) non-profit organization; tax-deductible contributions are gratefully accepted.

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