

Peninsula Cantare

Janice Gunderson, Music Director

The Sprig of Thyme

Folk Songs from the British Isles
arranged by John Rutter



Fern Hill

John Corigliano

and music of Walker, Gershwin and Dvorak

Alexander Bootzin, piano
Katherine Hamburger, clarinet

Pacific Strings Quartet

Saturday, May 13, 2006, 7:30 PM
St. Peter's Episcopal Church, Redwood City
\$15 general, \$12 student/senior

Program

The Dreamer of Dreams

Gwyneth Walker (1947-)

From "Ode" by Arthur O'Shaughnessy (1844-1881)

The Sprig of Thyme

Arr. John Rutter (1945-)

Kathryn Hamburger, clarinet

| | |
|-----------------------------|-----------------------|
| I Know Where I'm Going | Irish folksong |
| The Willow Tree | English folksong |
| The Cuckoo | English folksong |
| <i>Sharon Rice, soloist</i> | |
| The Sprig of Thyme | Lincolnshire folksong |
| Down by the Sally Gardens | Irish traditional |
| The Keel Row | Northumbrian folksong |
| The Bold Grenadier | English folksong |

Lullaby

George Gershwin (1898-1937)

Pacific Strings Quartet

String Quartet No. 12 in F Maj. ("American"), Op. 96

Antonin Dvorak (1841-1904)

1. Allegro ma non troppo

Pacific Strings Quartet

Intermission

Fern Hill

John Corigliano (1938-)

poem by Dylan Thomas

Vicki Hanson, soloist

Texts

The Dreamers of Dreams

We are the music makers.
We are the dreamers of dreams.
We walk by the lone sea-breakers,
And sit by desolate streams.
Of the world, we have forsaken
The paths where we do not belong.
We choose a road less taken
We live a life of song.

Music makers, music makers,
We in the ages lying,
In the buried past of the earth,
Built cities with our sighing,
And language with our mirth.

We spoke with prophesying
To the old of the new world's worth.
Each age is a dream that is dying.
But ours is coming to birth!
We are the music makers.

For, we with our dreaming and singing,
Ceaseless, triumphant we!
The light around us clinging
Of the glorious future we see.

Our souls with the music ringing:
O world! O world! It must ever be
That we dwell apart from thee.
For we are afar with the dawning
And the suns are not yet high.

And out of the infinite morning,
Intrepid you hear us cry:
We are the music makers!
We are the dreamers of dreams!
We are the movers and shakers
On whom the pale moon gleams.

The Sprig of Thyme

I know where I'm going

I know where I'm going, and I know who's going with me,
I know who I love but the dear knows who I'll marry!

I have stockings of silk, shoes of fine green leather,
Combs to buckle my hair, and a ring for ev'ry finger.

Some say he is black, but I say he's bonny,
The fairest of the all,
My handsome, winsome Johnny.

Feather beds are soft and painted rooms are bonny,
But I would leave them all to go with my love Johnny.

I know where I'm going and I know who's going with me,
I know who I love
But the dear knows who I'll marry.

The willow tree

O take me to your arms, love, for keen doth the wind blow,
O take me to your arms, love, for bitter is my deep woe.
She hears me not, she heeds me not, nor will she listen to me,
While here I lie alone to die beneath the willow tree.

My love hath wealth and beauty, rich suitors attend her door,
My love hath wealth and beauty, she slights me because I'm poor.
The ribbon fair that bound her hair is all that is left to me,
While here I lie alone to die beneath the willow tree.

I once had gold and silver, I thought them without end
I once had gold and silver, I thought I had a true friend.
My wealth is lost, my friend is false, my love hath he stolen from me.
While here I lie alone to die beneath the willow tree.

The cuckoo

O the cuckoo she's a pretty bird, she singeth as she flies;
She bringeth good tidings, she telleth no lies.
She sucketh white flowers for to keep her voice clear;
And the more she singeth cuckoo, the summer draweth near.

As I was a walking and talking one day,
I met my own true love, as he came that way.
O to meet him was a pleasure, tho' the courthing was a woe,
For I found him false-hearted, he would kiss me and go.

I wish I were a scholar and could handle the pen,
I would write to my lover and to all roving men.
I would tell them of the grief and woe that attend on their lies,
I would wish them have pity on the flower when it dies.

O the cuckoo she's a pretty bird, she singeth as she flies.
She bringeth good tidings, she telleth no lies.

The sprig of thyme

Once I had a sprig of thyme, it prospered by night and by day
Till a false young man came a-courting to me, and he stole all this thyme away.

The gardener was standing by: I bade him choose for me.
He chose me the lily and the violet and the pink but these I refused all three.
Thyme it is the prettiest thing, and time it will grow on
And time it will bring all things to an end, and so does my time grow on.

It's very well drinking ale, and it's very well drinking wine:
But it's far better sitting by a young man's side that has won this heart of mine.

Down by the sally gardens

Down by the sally gardens my love and I did meet.
She passed the sally gardens with little snow-white feet.
She bid me take love easy, as the leaves grow on the tree.
But I being young and foolish, with her did not agree.

In a field by the river my love and I did stand.
And on my leaning shoulder she placed her snow-white hand.
She bid me take life easy, as the grass grows on the weirs.
But I was young and foolish, and am now full of tears.

The keel row

As I came thro' Sandgate, thro' Sandgate, thro' Sandgate,
As I came thro' Sandgate I heard a lassie sing.
'O weel may the keel row, the keel row, the keel row,
That my laddie's in.'

O who's like my Johnny, sae leish, sae blith, sae bonny,
He's foremost of the mony keel lads o'coaly Tyne.
He'll set a row so tightly, or in the dance so sprightly,
He'll cut and shuffle slightly, 'tis true were he not mine.

He wears a blue bonnet, blue bonnet, blue bonnet,
He wears a blue bonnet, a dimple in his chin.
And weel may the keel row, the keel row, the keel row,
O weel may the keel row that my laddie's in.

The bold grenadier

As I was a-walking one morning in May,
I spied a young couple a-making of hay.
O one was a fair maid and her beauty shone clear,
And the other was a soldier, a bold grenadier.

'Good morning, good morning, good morning,' said he.
'O where are you going, my pretty lady?'
'I am going a-walking by the clear crystal stream,
To see cool waters glide and hear nightingales sing.'

'O soldier, O soldier, will you marry me?'
'Oh, no, my sweet lady, that never can be:
For I've got a wife at home in my own country;
Two wives and the army's too many for me.'

As I was a-walking one morning in May,
I spied a young couple a-making of hay.
O, one was a fair maid and her beauty shone clear,
And the other was a soldier, a bold grenadier.

Fern Hill

Now as I was young and easy under the apple boughs
About the lilting house and happy as the grass was green,
 The night above the dingle starry,
 Time let me hail and climb
 Golden in the heydays of his eyes,
And honoured among wagons I was prince of the apple towns
And once below a time I lordly had the trees and leaves
 Trail with daisies and barley
 Down the rivers of the windfall light.

And as I was green and carefree, famous among the barns
About the happy yard and singing as the farm was home,
 In the sun that is young once only,
 Time let me play and be
 Golden in the mercy of his means,
And green and golden I was huntsman and herdsman, the calves
Sang to my horn, the foxes on the hills barked clear and cold,
 And the sabbath rang slowly
 In the pebbles of the holy streams.

All the sun long it was running, it was lovely, the hay
Fields high as the house, the tunes from the chimneys, it was air
 And playing, lovely and watery
 And fire green as grass.
 And nightly under the simple stars
As I rode to sleep the owls were bearing the farm away,
All the moon long I heard, blessed among stables, the night jars
 Flying with the ricks, and the horses
 Flashing into the dark.

And then to awake, and the farm, like a wanderer white
With the dew, come back, the cock on his shoulder: it was all
 Shining, it was Adam and maiden,
 The sky gathered again
 And the sun grew round that very day.
So it must have been after the birth of the simple light
In the first, spinning place, the spellbound horses walking warm
 Out of the whinnying green stable
 On to the fields of praise.

And honoured among foxes and pheasants by the gay house
Under the new made clouds and happy as the heart was long,
 In the sun born over and over
 I ran my heedless ways,
 My wishes raced through the house high hay
And nothing I cared, at my sky blue trades, that time allows
In all his tuneful turning so few and such morning songs
 Before the children green and golden
 Follow him out of grace.

Nothing I cared, in the lamb white days, that time would take me
Up to the swallow thronged loft by the shadow of my hand,
 In the moon that is always rising,
 Nor that riding to sleep
 I should hear him fly with the high fields
And wake to the farm forever fled from the childless land.
Oh as I was young and easy in the mercy of his means,
 Time held me green and dying
 Though I sang in my chains like the sea.

John Corigliano, one of America's best known contemporary composers, was born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1938. His father, John Corigliano, Sr. was the concertmaster of the New York Philharmonic (1943-66). In high school, Bella Tillis, his choral director, noticed his talent and encouraged him to consider a musical career. He dedicated *Fern Hill* to her and she conducted the first performance in 1961. Corigliano states that when he wrote this piece he "was much more innocent musically. The language that I loved at the time was the language of Copland, Barber and Bernstein." The young Corigliano was inspired by the musical quality and natural, flowing rhythm of the words of the Welsh poet Dylan Thomas, who lived from 1914 to 1953. *Fern Hill*, which Thomas completed in 1945, romanticizes his childhood memories of visits to his aunt's farm. This poignant poem recreates the wonder and innocence of childhood and contrasts these feelings with the poet's apprehension about death. Corigliano captures these feelings in his musical setting, from the pastorale beginning to the galloping of the horses "flashing into the dark." Corigliano's works now include music for solo voice, chorus, piano, orchestra, an opera and several film scores. He received an Academy Award in 2000 for his score to *The Red Violin* and the Pulitzer Prize in 2001 for his *Symphony No. 2*.

John Rutter (b. 1945 in England) studied music at Clare College, Cambridge. His many compositions embrace choral, orchestral and instrumental music; he has co-edited various choral anthologies including four Carols for Choirs. In 1981 he formed his own choir, the Cambridge Singers, as a professional chamber choir dedicated to recording. He now divides his time between composition and conducting.

Gwyneth Walker (b. 1947) is a graduate of Brown University and the Hartt School of Music. She holds B.A., M.M and D.M.A. degrees in Music Composition. A former faculty member of the Oberlin College Conservatory, she resigned from academic employment in 1982 to pursue a career as a full-time composer. Walker's catalog includes over 130 commissioned works for orchestra, band, chorus and chamber ensembles.

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

Alto

Kathy Bond
Marge Cox
Bobbi Dean
Ellen Hill
Victoria Jayswal
Paula Ondricek
Robin Peters
Diane Reeve
Pamela Schwarz
Patricia Steuer
Amber Tatge

Tenor

Larry Baer
Max Capestany
Emery Gordon
Joseph Kresse
Paul Reeve

Bass

Bernard Buice
John Friesen
Peter Gunderson
Ron Hodges
Gene Hogenauer
Robert Janssen
Steve Pursell
Paul Wendt

Postcard: Emery Gordon

Program: Warren Gibson

Season contributors:

- Mitchell family trust
- Larry Baer
- Ruth Sitton
- Jean Cole
- Cynthia Tevis
- Judith Tauber-Lovik
- Joseph Kresse
- Thomas R. Prager
- Wanda Royse
- Kathleen Bond
- Cynthia and James Nourse
- Dr. Eldon and Virginia Ellis
- Warren and Merrilee Gibson
- Charles and Lida Paetzke
- Carl and Catherine Vollmayer
- The Bellini Foundation

Pacific Strings Quartet

Karen Lindblom, Violin I

DalRae Murray, Violin II

Mary Bormann, Viola

Kjell Stenberg, Cello

Pacific Strings is comprised of four friends dedicated to sharing their love of great chamber music. Karen Lindblom and Mary Bormann founded the group in 2000, and DalRae Murray and Kjell Stenberg are the group's more recent addition. Members of the quartet play in local orchestras including Redwood Symphony, Mission Chamber Orchestra and Lyric Theatre, and have toured internationally to such venues as Carnegie Hall and the Sydney Opera House. In addition to playing at numerous weddings and private events, they have performed in corporate settings, at higher education institutions and for religious services.

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..

Name _____

Address _____

<http://www.peninsulacantare.org>