

CHANTICLEER

HEART OF A SOLDIER

Tim Keeler, Cortez Mitchell, Gerrod Pagenkopf*,
Alan Reinhardt, Logan Shields, Adam Ward – *countertenor*
Brian Hinman, Matthew Mazzola, Andrew Van Allsburg – *tenor*
Eric Alatorre+, Zachary Burgess, Matthew Knickman – *baritone and bass*
William Fred Scott – Music Director

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Haec dies	William Byrd (c. 1540 - 1623)
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L'homme armé	Trad. Troubadour Song

III.

La bataglia 'taliana	Matthias Hermann Werrecore (c. 1522 - c. 1574)
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My Blood is Blazing With Desire	Mikhail Glinka (1804 - 1857)

V.

Drum-Taps	Mason Bates (b. 1977)
after poetry by Walt Whitman	

Composed by Mason Bates through a commission by The John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts

and Chanticleer, whose participation was funded by Russ Irwin.

Our Beautiful Country
from *Cold Mountain*

Jennifer Higdon (b. 1962)

— INTERMISSION —

VI.

Comment allez-vous?

Murray Grand (1919 - 2007),
arr. Evan Price

My Buddy

Walter Donaldson (1893 - 1947),
arr. Vince Peterson

Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy

Hughie Prince & Don Raye,
arr. Brian Hinman

Arrangement commissioned by James R. Shay, 2017

Where Have All the Flowers Gone?

Pete Seeger (1919 - 2014),
arr. Adam Ward

VII.

“...a silence that speaks”

John Musto (b. 1954)

after poetry by Archibald MacLeish

Commissioned for Chanticleer in 2016 by Susanne Durling

My Soul, There is a Country

Charles Hubert Hastings Parry (1848 - 1918)

from *Songs of Farewell*

— Program subject to change —

*Gerrod Pagenkopf holds **The Ning G. Mercer Chair for the Preservation of the Chanticleer Legacy**

+Eric Alatorre holds **The Eric Alatorre Chair** given by Peggy Skornia

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*Program notes by Gerrod Pagenkopf, William Fred Scott, Andrew van Allsburg, Kory Reid,
Jace Wittig, and Gregory Peebles*

Haec dies - William Byrd (c. 1540 - 1623)

William Byrd was the leading English composer of the late Renaissance period. He became known for his mastery of many different musical genres both sacred and secular. Although he was Catholic, many of his commissioned works were for the Anglican Church, a practice for which he received much scrutiny. However, recognizing the breadth of his talents, Queen Elizabeth I along with many other important figures protected him from prosecution. A loyal subject to his Queen, he served the Church of England at Lincoln Cathedral as organist and choirmaster and in 1572 was given the honorable post of Gentleman of the Chapel Royal, to which he returned for the majority of his long life.

The text of “Haec dies” comes from Psalm 117 and is usually recited at Easter in the Catholic and Anglican traditions. Elizabeth I was a more politically moderate queen than her predecessors, compromising on doctrine just enough to make the Church of England accessible to Catholics as well as Protestants. Despite her efforts of inclusion, the religious landscape of England in the late Renaissance was thick with turmoil. Quite often this conflict was reflected metaphorically in Byrd’s music. During this period of persecution, Catholics had to worship in clandestine services and many English priests were being charged with treason and often executed. One such priest was Edmund Campion, by whom Byrd was inspired to write the motet *Deus venerunt gentes*, describing the persecution of God’s people and destruction of Jerusalem.

Byrd’s setting of “Haec dies” seems to be in direct opposition to the previous piece. The motet is full of joy and energy with its quickly moving lines and frequent use of hemiola, which adds intriguing rhythmic complexity. The work was published in his collection *Cantiones sacrae* of 1591, though it was most likely completed at an earlier date. If Byrd’s “Deus venerunt gentes” is a commentary on Edmund Campion’s wrongful and gruesome departure from this world, then “Haec dies” represents Campion’s glorious arrival in Heaven. Being sung on Easter, the piece reminds the faithful of the ultimate battle that Jesus fought to defeat death and serves as a hopeful reminder to rejoice in the life that God has given.

Haec dies quam fecit Dominus:	This is the day the Lord has made:
exultemus et laetemur in ea,	let us rejoice and be glad in it,
Alleluia.	Alleluia.

Thou knowest, Lord, the secrets of our hearts - Henry Purcell (1659 - 1695)

Considered to be the finest English-born composer of the Baroque Era, Henry Purcell enjoyed a musical success that few of his contemporaries did. Born into a musical family, Purcell was a chorister at the Chapel royal, and held several royal appointments as a young musician. By the mid-1670s, Purcell, now a student of John Blow, was associated very closely with the music at Westminster Abbey. Not only did he write anthems for the royal court, he tuned the organs, copied out vocal partbooks and made such a name for himself that it only seemed natural for him to succeed Blow as organist at the Abbey in 1679. In addition to his duties at the court of William and Mary, Purcell also devoted much of his talent to writing instrumental music (harpsichord suites, sonatas and fantasias) and creating music for the stage. Certainly his one true opera, *Dido and Aeneas*, is an enduring masterpiece, and the sensitivity with which he sets texts in his solo songs has been matched by few others.

Queen Mary II was a source of considerable inspiration for Purcell. In celebration of her name day, Purcell composed numerous anthems, odes and motets. Upon her death in 1694 (one year before Purcell’s own), he compiled the *Funeral Music for the Death of Queen Mary*, which includes choral settings of funeral sentences from the Book of Common Prayer, as well as instrumental canzonas and marches for brass and percussion. The simple and striking final anthem, “Thou Knowest, Lord,” is homophonic, set in a hymn-like fashion with all four vocal

lines moving together. Devoid of any sort of ornamentation or vocal display, the short motet uses word repetitions (albeit few), vocal interjections and chromaticism to intensify the pleas of the congregation.

Thou knowest, Lord, the secrets of our hearts;
Shut not thy merciful ears unto our prayer;
But spare us, Lord most holy, O God most mighty.
O holy and most merciful Saviour,
Thou most worthy Judge eternal,
Suffer us not at our last hour,
For any pains of death to fall away from Thee.

Civitas sancti tui – Byrd

William Byrd, called the “Father of Musicke” by his contemporaries, is frequently cited as the most important composer of Elizabethan England. Byrd’s influence over all aspects of Renaissance composition cannot be overstated: he not only changed the face of church music, but he also resurrected the English song and virtually created the verse anthem. No fewer than seven books of psalm settings and religious motets exist and his Mass settings for three, four and five voices have never lost their popularity in the almost five centuries since their composition. This particular motet, “Civitas sancti tui,” is one of three “Jerusalem” motets by Byrd and is often performed as a companion piece to the one which begins “Ne irascaris Domine,” (“Do not be angry with us oh Lord.”) These reflections, which comment on that period of the Israelites’ history known as the Babylonian Captivity, are of a similar hue to the words of Psalm 137, “By the waters of Babylon, there we sat down and wept when we remember you, oh Jerusalem.” Byrd’s understanding of the exiled community of holiness takes on particular significance as we imagine his own feelings of alienation as a Roman Catholic in increasingly Protestant, sixteenth-century England. There is pain, weeping and sadness, to be sure, but also a sturdy cry for unity that continues to make itself heard. Simplicity and sophistication are combined in a way that is typical of this great master.

Civitas sancti tui facta est deserta,	Your Holy City has become a desert,
Sion facta deserta est.	Zion has become a desert.
Jerusalem desolata est.	Jerusalem has been made desolate.

O Pray for the Peace of Jerusalem - Thomas Tomkins (1572 - 1656)

Welsh-born Thomas Tomkins was the last of the school of English composers in the mold of Byrd. His position in music history is rather confusing: conservative in nature but prolific in output, some praise him as a genius, while others curse him as archaic. His style obviously pleased him and, although he might have smarted when his title as Composer of the King’s Music “in ordinary” was revoked, never the less he continued to compose Anglican music of great sophistication and mastery. In fact, to this day, the music of Tomkins has never been out of fashion in church circles. It continues to intrigue and delight listeners and frequently calls for enormous technical control on the part of the singers.

“O Pray for the Peace of Jerusalem” is a perfect example of the type of Tudor polyphony Tomkins preferred. Devoid of angular rhythms, chromatic cross-relations or dense polyphony, the entire anthem is more plaintive than insistent. The opening lyric motive, although only two measures in its entirety, is repeated over and over again in every voice, giving the impression of a multitude of supplicants sending their prayers to God. If Byrd’s “Civitas sancti” is a sturdy cry for unity in an outburst of sadness over the fallen Jerusalem, then Tomkins’ short motet may serve as its gentle counterpart: a quiet reflection of hope and serenity.

O pray for the peace of Jerusalem.
They shall prosper that love thee.

We be Souldiers Three - Thomas Ravenscroft (c. 1582 – c. 1633)

Although he was highly regarded by his contemporaries, Thomas Ravenscroft's place in the musical hierarchy of Tudor times is secured not by his sophisticated polyphonic madrigals, motets or canticles, but for his collection of rounds, drinking songs and "catches" (including "Three Blind Mice!") It is to Ravenscroft that we turn when we want to imagine what so-called popular songs might have sounded like in late sixteenth-century England. "We be Souldiers Three" is one such song. Sung in a rollicking triple meter, it's easy to imagine a tavern full of drunken soldiers clinking their mugs of ale together in praise of libation and brotherhood.

We be souldiers three
Pardona moy, je vous an pree,
Lately come forth of the low country
With never a penny of money.

Here, good fellow, I drink to thee
Pardona moy, je vous an pree,
To all good fellows wherever they be,
With never a penny of money.

And he that will not grant me this,
Pardona moy, je vous an pree,
Pays for the shot what ever it is,
With never a penny of money.

Charge it again boy, charge it again,
Pardona moy je vous an pree,
As long as there is any ink in your pen,
With never a penny of money.

La guerre - Clément Janequin (c. 1485 - 1558)

Unlike most composers of his generation, Clément Janequin never held an important position with any one church or cathedral. Instead, he held a series of minor, seldom lucrative, positions; only late in his life did he achieve an official appointment at the royal court. The bulk of his compositional output lies in the realm of popular *chansons* instead of in liturgical motets or settings of the Mass. His widespread fame was probably a result of concurrent developments in music printing: over 250 of his popular songs were published in his lifetime. Few composers of the Renaissance were more popular in their lifetimes than Janequin. Even so, Janequin always struggled with money and died in poverty.

Two of Janequin's most beloved works are what might be called sound-effect pieces. Of those two, the most popular is "La guerre: Escoutez tous gentilz," also known as "Le bataille de Marignan" and, sometimes in English, "The French Skirmish." Based on the French victory over the Swiss Confederates at the Battle of Marignano in 1515, *La guerre* is filled with onomatopoeic effects, such as clashing swords, shouting comrades, whizzing arrows and the like, which give the listener the sensation that the battle is actually taking place. This sort of music-making was wildly exciting to audiences of the period and even great instrumental composers, such as the Austrian Heinrich Ignatz Biber, composed works where either vocal or orchestral sound-effects were employed to create a theatrical sense of "you are there" excitement.

Janequin's musical language is essentially simple. Harmonically, the music is quite static, in fact, and the success of the work depends largely upon these short mosaics of sound, which are often layered to create the cacophony of war-like noises. Contained within, however, are several lyrical moments: the arrival of King Francis the First is one

such. The troops, amassed for battle, pause for just a few measures to welcome “La fleur de lys, fleur de hault pris, le roy François.” The listener can imagine the king, perhaps on a noble steed, climbing up the hill, finally appearing, and bestowing a benediction on the troops before commencing the battle.

As if the four-part vocal texture weren’t busy enough, Janequin’s fellow countryman Philippe Verdelot composed a fifth line of music, more florid and contrapuntal, to accompany the second printing of the work. This type of “compositional supplementation” was not at all uncommon.

The French Skirmish

Or: “The victory of François, King of France, at the Battle of Marignan, 1515”

Escoutez, tous gentilz galloys, La victoire du noble roy François. Et orrez, si bien escoutez, Des coups ruez de tous costez. Phiffres soufflez, frappez tambours, Tournez, virez, faictes vos tours. Soufflez, jouez, battez tousjours. Avanturiers, bons compaignons Ensemble croisez vos bastons. Bendez soudain, gentilz Gascons. Haquebutiers, faicte voz sons. Nobles, sautez dens les arçons. Armes bouclez, friskes mignons. La lance au poing, hardiz et promptz, Donnez dedans comme lyons. Grincez les dents, criez alarme. Soyez hardiz en joye mis. Chacun s’asaisonne. La fleur de lys, fleur de hault pris Y est en personne. Alarme! Suyvez le roy François. Suyvez la couronne! Sonnez trompettes et clairons Pour resjouyr les compaignons.	Listen, all you kind compatriots, to victory of the noble King Francis. And you will hear, if you listen carefully, blows being hurled from all sides. Sound the fifes! Beat the drums! Turn, veer, make your moves! Sound, play, beat always! Adventurers, good countrymen, cross your staves together! Bend your bows, kind comrades-in-arms. Sackbut players, sound your horns! Noblemen, leap into your saddles. Arm yourselves, buckle up, frisky squires! Lance in hand, bold and swift, look sharp as lions! Grit your teeth, sound the alarm! Be bold and joyful! Each man make yourself presentable. The Fleur de Lys, flower of high esteem, is here in person! Alarm! Follow King Francis! Follow the crown! Sound the trumpets and clarions to gladden the hearts of your compatriots!
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Secunda pars

Fan fre re le le lan fan fey ne Boutez selle, a l’estandart. Tost avant, gens d’armes à cheval. Fan fre re le le lan fan fey ne Bruyez bombardes et canons, Tonnez gros courtaux, poussez faulcons Pour secourir les compaignons. Von pa ti pa toc von pa ti pa toc von Ta ri ra ri ra rey ne ta ri ra France, courage. Donnez des horions. Chipe chope, torche, lorgne! À mort, à mort. Courage prenez. Frappez, tuez. Gentilz gallans, soyez vaillans. Frappez dessus, ruez dessus. Fers émoluz, choques dessus.	<i>Fan fre re le le lan fan fey ne</i> Give the signal to saddle up... show the standard! Cavalry, get in front! <i>Fan fre re le le lan fan fey ne</i> Light the bombs and cannons, Thunder the cannons, send up the falcons, to provide cover to your compatriots! <i>Von pa ti pa toc von pa ti pa toc von</i> <i>Ta ri ra ri ra rey ne ta ri ra</i> Courage, fellow Frenchmen! Strike some blows! <i>Chipe chope</i> , light the torch, open your eyes! To the death! Take courage! Strike! Kind companions, be valiant! Strike and hit them below! Rattle them with your iron will!
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Ilz monstrent les talons.
Courage compaignons.
Bigot escampe toute frelore.
Ilz sont confuz, ils sont perduz.
Prenez courage, aprez, frapez, tuez.
Ilz sont deffaictz.
Victoire au noble roy François.

They have shown their weaknesses.
Courage, countrymen!
By God, they run away in total chaos!
They are confused, they are lost!
Take courage! After them, beat them!
They are defeated!
Victory to the noble King François!

Lamentatio sanctae matris ecclesiae constantinopolitanae - Guillaume Dufay (c. 1397 - 1474)

Lament of the Holy Mother Church of Constantinople

The French-born and Italian-trained composer Guillaume Dufay was acknowledged as the leading musical figure in the mid-15th century, with far-reaching influence among his contemporaries. The tradition (doubted by some scholars) regarding his **Lamentatio sanctae matris ecclesiae Constantinopolitanae** holds that it was performed at an extravagant banquet given in 1454 by the Duke of Burgundy, Philip the Good. The Duke hoped to arouse his fellow European nobles into crusading zeal for the recapture of the city of Constantinople from the Turks, to whom it had fallen the previous year.

As in many motets of this period, the rapid-moving upper parts are in French, while the slower-paced tenor part uses a Latin text from the *Lamentations of Jeremiah* to decry the abandonment of Constantinople to the infidel. In typical *cantus firmus* fashion (using a borrowed melody in slow notes as a melodic foundation for a motet), the tenor part employs a version of the liturgical melody used for chanting the Lamentations during Holy Week.

O tres piteulx de tout espoir fontaine,
Pere du filz dont suis mere explorée,
Plaindre me viens a ta court souveraine,
De ta puissance et de nature humaine,
Qui ont souffert telle durté villaine
Faire a mon filz, qui tant m'a hounourée.

Source of all hope, most merciful father of my son,
I, his sorrowful mother,
Come before your mighty court to indict both your power
And mankind for allowing my son,
Who was such a credit to me,
To suffer such dire pain.

Dont suis de bien et de joye separée,
Sans qui vivant veulle entendre mes plains.
A toy, seul Dieu, du forfait me complains,
Du gref tourment et douloureux oultrage,
Que voy souffrir au plus bel des humains
Sans nul confort de tout humain lignage.

For this reason I am sick at heart and full of care.
Yet none will listen to my pleas.
So I bring to you, one and only God, my complaint
Of the grievous suffering and pain
That the finest man that ever was
Endures without a shred of human comfort.

Cantus Firmus:
Omnes amici ejus spreverunt eam.
Non est qui consoletur eam ex omnibus caris ejus.

Cantus Firmus:
All her friends forsook her.
Not one of all her dear ones consoles her.

L'homme armé - Trad. Troubadour Song

It is hard to think of any other melody in the history of music that has yielded so much music of the highest quality as this simple twenty-bar “troubadour” song. The origin of “L'homme armé” is unknown, but at a time in history when the Ottoman Turks were threatening to ravage Europe (the fall of Constantinople had taken place in 1453) a rallying fight song such as this could easily have become popular. Surely no wandering minstrel could ever have imagined the influence which this song has made. Used as the starting point for more than 40 settings of the Roman Catholic Mass during the 15th and 16th centuries, nearly every reputable composer of the time has a *Missa L'homme armé* to his name, including Dufay, Machaut, Busnois and Ockeghem, just to name a few Franco-Flemish

composers. The last section of the Kyrie from Ockgehem's setting is an excellent example of how composers would have used this secular tune in a sacred setting. As quiet counterpoint fills the page, the melody of *L'homme armé* stands out in the tenor voice. In our programmatic context, Ockgehem's cry, "Lord, have mercy" is particularly moving. If our first (or only) response is fighting, then might not we look for help? For another way out? Lord, have mercy, indeed.

L'homme, l'homme, l'homme armé, l'homme armé, L'homme armé doibt on doubter. On a fait par tout crier, Que chascun se viegne armer, d'un haubregon de fer.	Oh, the man, the man at arms, Fills the folk with dread alarms. Everywhere I hear them wail, "Find, if you would breast the gale, A good, stout coat of mail."
L'homme, l'homme, l'homme armé, l'homme armé, L'homme armé doibt on doubter.	Oh, the man, the man at arms, Fills the folk with dread alarms.

La bataglia 'taliana - Matthias Hermann Werrecore (c. 1500 – c. 1574)

Little is known about Matthias Werrecore. Although of Flemish lineage, his name appears in conjunction with the Milan Cathedral. It is probable that as a young man he was enlisted to fight with Duke Francesco Sforza in the Italian Wars of 1521-1526. His most famous composition, "La bataglia 'taliana," celebrates Sforza and his contribution to the major defeat of the French at the Battle of Pavia in 1525. (Some scholars insist that the "skirmish" which Werrecore portrays was actually the Battle of Micocca in 1522, which ensured Milan's independence.) The original preface of the piece does not help us very much. It simply says, "Matthias Herman Verconrensis, who himself in the line of battle witnessed the worst of miseries, composed in this way." Records show that he became the Maestro di Cappella at the Duomo in Milan, a post he would hold for nearly thirty years. Again, a strange contradiction comes up: records also show that he wasn't very well suited for this post, in spite of holding it for three decades. Numerous complaints arose about the poor performance and behavior of his choirs!

Werrecore likely knew of Janequin's "La guerre," since "La bataglia 'taliana" is composed in virtually the same manner. The musical material is simple; it is the sound-effects of battle, the misused and badly pronounced foreign dialects, the self-proclaimed glory of fighting, that create and sustain interest in both compositions. (In fact, Werrecore's piece was frequently called "The Italian Skirmish" in order to distinguish it from Janequin's better-known work.) Werrecore's Italian version describes happenings on the battlefield over the span of three days. The work opens with fanfares in honor of the Duke, and launches almost immediately into the scene of the battle. Texts and musical images portray the sounding of alarms, the clashing of swords as well as the firing of the arquebus, the first "triggered" weapon to be used in battle. While not as inventive as Janequin, Werrecore uses many of the same ostinato patterns to create the soundscape of battle. What Werrecore's battle scene lacks musically, however, is more than made up for by the acerbic text he sets. Although equally pompous as the French about their own military prowess, the Italians have no qualms about hurling insults and ridicule upon friends and foes alike. Certainly the French receive their fair share of insults (referred to as lazy wine-guzzlers and stinky dogs) but it seems that the Swiss, fighting for the French, receive the brunt of the ridicule, as Werrecore depicts them as mere yodeling ninnyes, happier to dance a minuet than to fight. In fact, in the middle of the second day of battle (called "Secunda Pars" in the score) the fighting seems to stop: four quite identifiable musical pictures are created. The Swiss girls are dancing a minuet. The Italians are calling for the Duke to come lead them. The mercenary Germans, hired as mercenary soldiers, are randomly firing off heavy weaponry as the French are babbling nonsense syllables. The little vignette only comes to a halt as one soprano seems to faint dead away. Perhaps the dancing was too much for her?

Ultimately, at the end of the third day, the cowards -- whoever they are -- run away and the Duke proclaims victory. "Vittoria, vittoria!" is heard passing from voice to voice as the magnificence of the last strain "Viva il Duca di Milano" is heard in the altos and basses.

The Italian Skirmish

or: "The defeat of François I, King of France, at the Battle of Pavia, 1525."

(This truly theatrical translation of the long text Werrecore describes some of the narrative of the long battle. It has a decidedly Italian slant -- some sources say Werrecore actually participated in the skirmish -- and is filled with onomatopoeic sounds of battle, of crowds coming together, silly low-class doggerel and an occasional slur towards the French foe.)

Prima parte

Signori et cavalieri	Gentlemen, high-born and low,
D'ingegno e forza udite la vittoria	Men of wit and wisdom, hear the victory
Del Duca di Milan Francesco Sforza	of the Duke of Milan, Francesco Sforza
Pon pire pon lire pon lire lon	<i>Pon pire pon lire pon lire lon</i>
All'armi o trombetti o tamburini	To arms, with trumpets and tambourrets
Li inimici son vicini	The enemy is near!
Butte selle monta a caval	Saddle up your horses!
Tutt'alli stendard,	Everyone, hoist your standard!
Tara tum lure la	<i>Tara tum lure la</i>
Fari rari, ron fainant.	<i>Fari rari, ron fainant</i>
Gente d'armi a li stendardi	Men of arms, raise the standards,
Su su fanti a le bandiere	Quickly, quickly show the flag.
Gli avversari vengon gagliardi	The adversaries are shameless.
Via caval leggieri	Get the swiftest horses,
Gente state d'armi all'ordinieri in quella prataria	Take up the ordinance
Capitan et buon guerrieri	Captain, and you good men
De la nobil fantaria	Of noble fantasies,
Da man manc'arditi et fieri	Let no man be guilty or proud.
In battaglia ciascun stia	In battle anyone can fight.
Vivandieri, Carriazzi, Saccomani	Canteen girls, cooks and butchers
Su via non passate quei sentieri	On your way, do not stray from the path
State strett'in compagnia	Keep close together, united as one.
Fulminate cannonieri	Let your cannons roar
Con la vostr'artiglieria	Stoked by your rounds of artillery
Tif tof ure lure lure lof	<i>Tif tof, ure lure lure lof</i>
Duca! Italia!	Oh Duke! Oh Italy!
Tric trac tric trac	<i>Tric trac tric trac</i>
mazza tocca dagli Duca	With a crack of the bat, the Duke
Scampe scampe da li Francois.	Is sending King Francis home.

Seconda parte

(The French troops are given a few sentences by Werrecore. As the fighting continues, young ladies -- canteen bearers, perhaps -- and teenage boys are heard in prayer to the Virgin Mary, while the "fighting French" try desperately to rouse the troops in a shout of unity.)

El gran Duca Milanese	The great Duke of Milan
Guard' il ponte	Keeps a watchful eye on the bridge.
Con la sua gente lombarda	With his Lombard men
E gran Duca milanese	The great Duke of Milan
Sta ben forte alle contese	Has a strong chance of winning
Contra sì gross'antiguardia	Against the slovenly rear guard
D'assai compagnia francese	of the French forces.

Dobbe dobbe dobbe Duca! Italia!
 Compagnons avant, donnes
 De dans, frappes de dans France
 Tues ces vilains France, Marche
 Fa ri ra ri ron
 Su schioppetti su archibugi
 Tif tof tif tof ture lure lof
 Su che son confusi li francois
 A più non pos passat'il fos
 A dos a dos mazza hai canaglia
 O nostre dame o bon Iesu
 Astur nous sommes perdus
 Hai poltroni, hai bottiglioni
 Gli ha pur persa la giornata
 Su la peverat'hai miseri Francois.

Dobbe, dobbe, dobbe, Duke! Oh Italy!
 "Companions one and all
 Strike them down, strike for France,
 Kill these villains, march on for France."
Fa ri ra ri ron
 Raise your muskets! Raise your arquebuses!
Tif tof tif tof, ture lure lof
 How confused are the men of Le Roi François.
 No longer will they wield their pikes
 Shoulder to shoulder the scoundrels are marching
 "O, Notre Dame! O, blessed Jesu!
 Surely we are lost."
 They are poltroons, they are lazy wine-guzzlers
 These men who have sat around all day
 Into the pepper pot, you miserable Frenchies.

Terza parte

(The Spanish and the Germans helped the Italians rout the French and the few Swiss troops who were helping them. Werrecore adds nonsensical German and Spanish phrases into the generally Italian hymn of praise. Werrecore's German, French and Spanish additions are full of out-of-date or incorrect words, bad grammar and substandard phrases. This mocking use of foreign languages was typical of composers writing in this 'macaronic' style. The famous motet, Matona mia cara, of Lassus, is peppered with bad German pronunciation of Italian words, for instance, as it attempts to mock the poor German cavalryman who so unsuccessfully tries to seduce the lovely maiden.)

O Signori Italiani
 Su ogn'alemano a voi
 Vien la furia amara
 D'ogni Sguizaro villano
 Scoppettier su spara
 Non scargate colp'invano
 Dobbe dobbe dobbe
 Tif tof tif tof
 Fa ri ra ri ron
 Italia! Duca!
 Har har raube
 Myrher myrher perausche
 De vir vilen latin buben
 Har har vir villen
 Chuden rubel binden
 Su alabardieri
 Urta spezza
 Maglia hai vil canaglia
 La si sbaraglia mazza taglia
 A los viliacos qui vienen,
 A ellos qui son rotos y dehechios!
 Le pur vinta la battaglia
 Vittoria! Italia!
 Fa ri ra ri ron
 Viva 'l Duca con tutta la Italia
 Viva 'l Duca de Milano.

Oh, Italian brothers,
 The German warriors come near
 A bitter fury will be unleashed.
 Every villainous Swiss yodeler
 Will be shot on sight
 Whether you hit him or not, is no matter.
Dobbe dobbe dobbe
Tif tof tif tof
Fa ri ra ri ron
 For Italy! For the Duke!
 "Heh, heh, plunder und pillage
 Ve vill pursue them here und zere
 Ve vill aid our Italian buddies
 Heh, heh, how ve vill
 Take zere sacks of money."
 Into the fray, halbardiers,
 Run into them, break them up
 The vile dogs have a strong network.
 Risk everything you've got.
 "Set upon the cowards who came near,
 Those who have been routed and defeated!"
 We have truly won the battle
 Victory to Italy!
Fa ri ra ri ron
 Here passes the Duke with all his Italians
 Long live the Duke of Milan!

Battle of Borodino - Trad. Russian Soldier Song, arr. Vladimir Mantulin

In his exile on the island of St. Helen's, Napoleon wrote in a letter to his confidant "It is two things that ruined us in Russia: the bitter winter and their loud soldier songs." The Battle of Borodino was one of the largest and bloodiest battles of modern history, next to the battles of Stalingrad and Britain, Trafalgar and Gettysburg. Mikhail Lermontov's poem "Borodino" was published in 1837 on the occasion of the 25th anniversary of the battle.

Lermontov (1814-1841) is considered a supreme poet of the Russian literature, alongside Pushkin, and the greatest figure of Russian Romanticism. Immensely prolific and versatile as a poet, writer, and painter, Lermontov is often called "the poet of the Caucasus" and "the Russian Byron." A career officer (as all men of noble descent were at the time), Lermontov served in the Russian Imperial Army and took part in several wars in Persia and Turkey: campaigns that were aimed to take control over the Caucasus. He was killed in a duel at the age of twenty-six, in the mountains near the town of Pyatigorsk. Lermontov's poem "Borodino" is known and loved by every Russian.

In June 1812, Napoleon led his army into Russia. He expected a short war and Napoleon took around 600,000 men but brought few supplies. Napoleon planned to confront the Russian army in a major battle, the kind of battle he usually won. Tsar Alexander I knew this, however, and adopted a clever strategy: instead of facing Napoleon's forces head on, the Russians simply kept retreating every time Napoleon's forces tried to attack. Enraged, Napoleon would follow the retreating Russians again and again, marching his army deeper into Russia for three long months. Thus the campaign dragged on much longer than Napoleon expected. Furthermore, he had brought few supplies, since he expected his army to be able to live off of the land they were in, as was his usual practice. The desperate Russians, however, adopted a "scorched-earth" policy: whenever they retreated, they burned the places they left behind. Napoleon's army only engaged the Russians in one major conflict, the Battle of Borodino, a small town seventy miles west of Moscow. The battle that followed was the largest and bloodiest single-day action of the Napoleonic Wars, involving more than 250,000 soldiers and resulting in 70,000 casualties. The French gained a victory, but at the cost of 49 general officers and thousands of men. The Russian army was able to extricate itself and withdrew the following day, leaving the French without the decisive victory Napoleon sought.

On September 14, 1812, Napoleon entered Moscow, which was now abandoned, on fire, and in ruins in conformity with the scorched-earth tactics. With a particularly harsh winter quickly setting in, Napoleon ordered his forces to retrace their path back to France. Yet winter now proved the cruelest foe for what was an underfed, ragged army. Of the roughly 600,000 troops who followed Napoleon into Russia, fewer than 100,000 made it back to Europe. This was the first of a series of defeats of the Napoleon army, followed by the battle of Leipzig and the final fall in the battle of Waterloo in 1815.

Скажи-ка, дядя, ведь не даром Москва, спаленная пожаром, Французу отдана? Ведь были ж схватки боевые, Да, говорят, еще какие! Недаром помнит вся Россия Про день Бородина!	Old timer, tell us how it happened That Moscow, by great fires blackened Was yielded to the foe? Despite the many bloody clashes When armies met with weapons flashing, No wonder everyone in Russia Recalls Borodino!
- Да, были люди в наше время, Не то, что нынешнее племя: Богатыри - не вы! Плохая им досталась доля: Немногие вернулись с поля... Не будь на то господня воля, Не отдали б Москвы!	Yes, I can tell, my peers were better Then men today, they had the mettle For any trial or feat... They measured up to grimmest challenge But few survived the bloody carnage, And God, then willed our strength and Courage from Moscow to retreat.
Мы долго молча отступали,	The long retreat had made us gloomy.

Досадно было, боя ждали,
Ворчали старики:
“Что ж мы? на зимние квартиры?
Не смеют, что ли, командиры
Чужие изорвать мундиры
О русские штыки?”

И вот нашли большое поле:
Есть разгуляться где на воле!
Построили редут.
У наших ушки на макушке!
Чуть утро осветило пушки
И леса синие верхушки –
Французы тут как тут.

И только небо засветилось,
Все шумно вдруг зашевелилось,
Сверкнул за строем строй.
Полковник наш рожден был хватом:
Слуга царю, отец солдатам...
Да, жаль его: сражен булатом,
Он спит в земле сырой.

И молвил он, сверкнув очами:
“Ребята! не Москва ль за нами?
Умремте же под Москвой,
Как наши братья умирали!”
И умереть мы обещали,
И клятву верности сдержали
Мы в Бородинский бой.

We yearned to fight. Old-timers, fuming,
were grumbling, growing sad:
“What gives? Retreat to winter quarters?
Our chiefs should give us rousing orders
To drive the French beyond our borders
with Russian bayonets?”

We stopped and turned in field enormous,
‘twas room enough for our purpose.
We built our breastwork high;
And waited ready in alertness.
As soon as dawn lit up the surface
Of cannons, forward-post observers
Could see the French arrive.

All set we faced that fateful morning...
First crack of dawn – all ranks were forming
as units were deployed.
Our colonel, born to lead with daring,
For Tzar and soldiers always caring,
Was killed that day, his sabre wearing,
He sleeps in native soil.

But on that morning, still commanding, He said:
“Just west of Moscow standing,
We’ll hold the high and low.
Our fathers perished, Moscow shielding!
We pledged our lives,
our weapons wielding,
And kept our faithful oath unyielding... We had Borodino.

Nightingale, You Little Bird - Trad. Russian Soldier Song

The passionate soul of the Slavic soldier is easily attracted to music and “Nightingale, You Little Bird” (or “Solovei Ptashechka,” in transliteration) is one of the most known and loved Russian “soldier songs.” It is a *stroevaya* (“marching song”) with a simple melody and straight-forward text. The origin of this traditional “soldier song” is unknown, but probably goes back to the times when soldiers were recruited from the poorest masses and the time of service was twenty-five years.

Вдоль по улице широкой молодой солдат идет.
Он идет, идет, идет громко песенки поет.

Припев:
Соловей-соловей пташечка, эх!
Канареечка жалобно поет?
Раз! два! горе не беда.
Канареечка жалобно поет.

Полюби меня Наташа молодого да удальца.
Молодого удалого да лихого молодца.

Припев:

Along a broad street a young soldier is coming
As he walks, he sings a loud song.

Chorus:
Nightingale, nightingale, you tiny, little bird, (Hey!)
Why do you sing like a sad canary?
(One! Two!) These woes are nothing new.
You’re a little canary with a plaintive song.

Will you love me, Natasha? I am young and brave.
A young, brave, fearless lad.

Chorus:

Соловей-соловей пташечка, эх...!	Nightingale, nightingale, you tiny, little bird...!
Если ты меня полюбишь, Бог нас сыном наградит. Бог нас сыном наградит, генералом учинит.	If you give me your love, God will grant us a son. God will grant us a son who will grow up to be a general.
Припев:	Chorus:
Соловей-соловей пташечка, эх...!	Nightingale, nightingale, you tiny, little bird...!

My Blood is Blazing with Desire – Mikhail Glinka (1804 - 1857)

Mikhail Glinka is most known for his epic opera *Ivan Susanin* (originally titled *A Life for the Tsar*) and his many symphonic compositions. His songs and romances for solo voice and small ensembles are beloved by singers and audiences for their charm and the seeming simplicity of the beautiful and graceful melodies. Glinka's stylized simplicity resembles that of Schubert, hiding the mastery of artistic detail behind the unpretentious façade of a salon impromptu.

“My Blood is Blazing with Desire,” here arranged for a choir of mixed voices, was written in 1838, after Pushkin's poetic setting of *The Song of Songs*. Glinka creates a song of immediate allure and enchantment. There is rush of sensuality and an immediate exuberance in its waltz-like sense of motion; perhaps a vivid memory haunts a Russian soldier's mind as he dreams of his beloved “back home.”

В крови горит огонь желанья, Душа тобой уязвлена, Лобзай меня: твои лобзанья Мне слаще мирра и вина. Склонись ко мне главою нежной, И да почию безмятежный, Пока дохнет веселый день И двинется ночная тень.	My blood is blazing with desire, My stricken soul for you does pine. Oh, kiss me now! Your kisses' fire Is sweeter far than myrrh and wine. Incline your head to me but softly And tamed, I'll linger with you calmly Until the cheerful light of day Chases the gloom of night away.
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Drum-Taps - Mason Bates (b. 1977)

Mason Bates, Virginia-born and internationally acclaimed, has a career that thrives on ingenuity, surprise and variety. Moving easily between the worlds of “standard” classical music – works for chorus, orchestra, chamber ensembles – and electronica, Bates is busy with commissions from the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts, Carnegie Hall, Lincoln Center and the Chicago Symphony, where he was appointed the Mead Composer-in-Residence in 2010. Two years later he was the recipient of the Heinz Award for Arts and Humanities. Recent compositions for Chanticleer include a choral song cycle, “Sirens,” commissioned in 2009; “Observer from the Magellanic Cloud,” which dates from 2011; a free arrangement of Peter Gabriel's “Washing of the Water;” and now, “Drum-Taps,” a joint commission from Chanticleer and the Kennedy Center.

“Drum-Taps” is based on two powerful Civil War poems of Walt Whitman. Bates has fashioned a single text which divides itself into several interlocking sections. Its narrative is clear and, ultimately, heart-breaking. Over a relentless ostinato in the tenor and basses (the sounds of military snare drums) the work begins with a description of the urgency and nervousness of war-time conscription. Young men, mechanics, brick masons, carpenters, lawyers, wagoners, and even judges leave their work, “gathering by common consent and arming.” A more thoughtful and lyrical section describes the beautiful autumn of the Midwest; in fact, a farm in Ohio is the setting for the drama which unfolds as a family receives news that their soldier boy has died. The inexorable rhythm of the drums comes back into play as the last lines describe the mother's sleepless nights, her poignant desire to be with her “dear, dead son.”

To the drum-taps prompt,
The young men falling in and arming;
The mechanics arming, (the trowel, the jack-plane, the blacksmith's hammer, tossed aside with precipitation;)
The lawyer leaving his office, and arming—the judge leaving the court;
The driver deserting his wagon in the street, jumping down, throwing the reins abruptly down on the
horses' backs;
The salesman leaving the store—the boss, book-keeper, porter, all leaving;
Squads gathering everywhere by common consent, and arming;
The new recruits, even boys,
Outdoors arming—indoors arming—the flash of the musket-barrels;
The white tents cluster in camps—the arm'd sentries around,
Arm'd regiments arrive every day, pass through the city.

The blood of the city up—arm'd! arm'd! the cry everywhere;
The flags flung out from the steeples of churches, and from all the public buildings and stores;
The tearful parting—the mother kisses her son—the son kisses his mother;
(Loath is the mother to part—yet not a word does she speak to detain him;)

Come up from the fields father, here's a letter from our Pete,
And come to the front door mother, here's a letter from thy dear son.

Lo, 'tis autumn,
Lo, where the trees, deeper green, yellower and redder,
Cool and sweeten Ohio's villages with leaves fluttering in the moderate wind,
Where apples ripe in the orchards hang and grapes on the trellis'd vines,
(Smell you the grapes on the vines? Smell you the buckwheat where the bees were lately buzzing?)

Above all, lo, the sky so calm, so transparent after the rain, and with wondrous clouds;
Below too, all calm, all vital and beautiful—and the farm prospers well.

Down in the fields all prospers well;
But now from the fields come father—come at the daughter's call,
And come to the entry mother—to the front door come right away.

Fast as she can she hurries—something ominous, her steps trembling,
She does not tarry to smooth her hair nor adjust her cap.

Open the envelope quickly,
O this is not our son's writing, yet his name is signed;
A strange hand writes for our dear son—O stricken mother's soul!
All swims before her eyes, flashes with black, she catches the main words only,
Sentences broken—gunshot wound in the breast, cavalry skirmish, taken to hospital,
At present low, but will soon be better.

Ah now the single figure to me,
Amid all teeming and wealthy Ohio with its cities and farms,
Sickly white in the face and dull in the head,
By the jamb of a door leans.

Grieve not so, dear mother, (the just-grown daughter speaks through her sobs)
See, dearest mother, the letter says Pete will soon be better.

Alas poor boy, he will never be better,

While they stand at home at the door he is dead already,
The only son is dead.

But the mother needs to be better,
She with thin form dressed in black,
By day her meals untouched—then at night fitfully sleeping, often waking,
In the midnight waking, weeping, longing,
That she might withdraw unnoticed—silent from life escape and withdraw,
To follow, to seek, to be with her dear, dead son.

Our Beautiful Country - Jennifer Higdon (b. 1962)

One of America's most respected living composers is Brooklyn-born Jennifer Higdon. Winner of numerous honors – not the least of which is the Pulitzer Prize -- she currently holds the Milton L. Rock Chair of Composition studies at the Curtis Institute in Philadelphia. Dr. Higdon is the creator, along with librettist Gene Sheer, of the operatic version of *Cold Mountain* which was received with widespread acclaim at its premiere in Santa Fe in the summer of 2015. Particular attention was given to the choral writing in that poignant work. The *San Francisco Classical Voice* remarked, "It is a score which, in its sure-handed clarity, accessibility and inventiveness, marks Higdon as a natural creator for the lyric stage." This short chorus, "Our Beautiful Country," is lyrical and heartfelt, introspective but not tame. Reverence and passion mix as heroism is tinged with questioning. The musical textures are rich and deep, as the choral writing is defined by the tenor and bass voices of the ensemble.

Buried and forgotten, in the fields... under trees.
In valleys, and on the mountains, we sing their elegies.
What will echo from our song?
What has changed from this land of toil and pain?
What will grow from this scarlet soil?

We are soldiers, songs, civilians; we flow,
The unnamed tributaries of our nation's blood,
The rivers of our nation's blood.

Buried and forgotten, in our beautiful country,
Where we lie buried,
We rest beneath every step you take,
In the dust, in the ground on which you tread.

Hear the echo, the echo of our song,
And feel the shadow from our pain and toil,
Across the valleys spread in scarlet soil,
Our elegies echo loudly...

Hear the brittle snap of twigs,
Encased in Winter's blackest bark.
The plumb line of our soul's been cracked,
As one by one the stars go dark,
In our beautiful country.

Comment allez-vous? - Murray Grand (1919 - 2007), arr. Evan Price

Some performers can be characterized by a single adjective. Caruso might have been called heroic, a violinist like Heifetz, "astonishing." Houdini might have been mesmerizing and William Jennings Bryan spell-binding. In the world of 1950s jazz, Blossom Dearie — an American-born composer, pianist and singer making her way in Paris — was, to put it simply, adorable.

Born in New York in the twenties, singing in Paris during the fifties, and recording for the famous Verve label, Blossom Dearie was instantly recognizable for her delicate piano filigree, graceful vocal mastery and her winning stage presence. She never raised her voice: one simply came to her. When she asks, "Comment allez-vous?" or, more provocatively, "Parlez-vous français?" her slightly sassy style really says, "Come on in. I've got a few things to say..." At once we're transported into her world.

Parlez-vous Français?
Mais oui, allons-y!
(Après vous, chère madame!)

Comment allez-vous? Fancy bumping into you
Comment allez-vous? Tell me everything that's new
Are you happy are you sad?
Feeling good or feeling bad?
(and is there anything you're craving?)
(do you feel like misbehaving?)
Comment allez-vous? Gee, it's nice to see you here
Comment allez-vous? You look better every year
I was really on my way, but I had to stop and say:
Comment allez-vous?
(Comment allez-vous, petit chou?)
Say it, it has 'savoir faire'
(Comment allez-vous mon minou?)
Has a continental air

Cloaks and suitors, by the oodles, say it to their cute french poodles
Spaniards say it, so do Greeks
(Comment allez-vous?)
In the desert, so do Sheiks
(show they know a thing or two)
(it's so easy, why can't you say...?)
Comment allez-vous?

My Buddy - Walter Donaldson (1893 - 1947), arr. Vince Peterson

Topping the charts at #1 in 1922, "My Buddy" was one of the most popular tunes of the 1920s. Written by the legendary duo of Walter Donaldson and Gus Kahn, it became a favorite of soldiers during wartime, reminding them of loved ones back home. Over the years many artist have recorded "My Buddy," including Frank Sinatra and Bing Crosby, Connie Francis and Doris Day. Barbra Streisand introduced it to a new generation of listeners when it appeared on her album, "The Way We Were." Though it might have a sentimental patina to it that might locate it as particularly American and of a certain between-the-wars era, the song addresses the incredible personal struggles of separation and loneliness that all soldiers and their loved ones must feel.

Nights are long since you went away
I think about you all through the day
My buddy, my buddy
Nobody quite so true...

Miss your voice, the touch of your hand
Just long to know that you understand
My buddy, my buddy
Your buddy misses you.

Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy - Hughie Prince & Don Raye, arr. Brian Hinman

Boogie Woogie originated in and around Texas as a subset of the blues, played on the piano and inspired by the driving rhythms of the railroad that was spreading across the state in the late 1800s. Increased access to audio recording through the 1920s helped introduce the style to wider audiences, and by the late-1930s the enormously popular dance and “swing” bands had fully ushered it into a large-scale revival. Enter: The Andrews Sisters, who exploded onto the scene in 1937 with their recording of an English version of a Yiddish song called “Bei Mir Bist Du Schoen.” Four years later, the iconic “Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy” became the Sisters’ best-known song. Characterized by the driving and relentless bass rhythms, this dance style wanted a nearly constant flow of eight eight-notes to every bar. This arrangement is meant to capture that infectious, full, big-band energy, that made the revival of Boogie Woogie such a thrill.

--from notes by Brian Hinman

He was a famous trumpet man from out Chicago way
He had a boogie style that no one else could play
He was the top man at his craft
But then his number came up and he was gone with the draft
He's in the army now, a-blowin' reveille
He's the boogie woogie bugle boy of Company B

They made him blow a bugle for his Uncle Sam
It really brought him down because he couldn't jam
The captain seemed to understand
Because the next day the cap' went out and drafted a band
And now the comp'ny jumps when he plays reveille
He's the boogie woogie bugle boy of Company B

A-toot, a-toot, a-toot-diddelyada-toot
He blows it eight-to-the-bar, in boogie rhythm
He can't blow a note unless the bass and guitar is playin' with 'I'm
He makes the comp'ny jump when he plays reveille
He's the boogie woogie bugle boy of Company B
He was our boogie woogie bugle boy of Company B

And when he plays boogie woogie bugle he was busy as a "bzzz" bee
And when he plays he makes the comp'ny jump eight-to-the-bar
He's the boogie woogie bugle boy of Company B

Toot-toot-toot, toot-diddelyada, toot-diddelyada
Toot, toot, he blows it eight-to-the-bar
He can't blow a note if the bass and guitar isn't with him
A-a-a-and the comp'ny jumps when he plays reveille
He's the boogie woogie bugle boy of Company B

He puts the boys asleep with boogie every night
And wakes 'em up the same way in the early bright
They clap their hands and stamp their feet
Because they know how he plays when someone gives him a beat
He really breaks it up when he plays reveille
He's the boogie woogie bugle boy of Company B

And the comp'ny jumps when he plays reveille
He's the boogie woogie bugle boy of Company B!

Where Have All the Flowers Gone? - Pete Seeger (1919 - 2014), arr. Adam Ward

Adam Ward and Brian Hinman have frequently graced the programs of Chanticleer with new arrangements of songs we love. Along with countertenor Alan Reinhardt, this year marks their twelfth anniversary with the ensemble. When asked for program notes about his arrangement of "Where Have All the Flowers Gone?," Ward turned quickly to words from the song's creator, Pete Seeger.

I had been reading a long novel -- "And Quiet Flows the Don" -- about the Don River in Russia and the Cossacks who lived along it in the 19th century. It describes the Cossack soldiers galloping off to join the Czar's army, singing as they go. Three lines from a song are quoted in the book: "Where are the flowers? The girls plucked them/Where are the girls? They're all married/Where are the men? They're all in the army."

Later, in an airplane, I was dozing, and it occurred to me that the line "long time passing" -- which I had also written in a notebook -- would sing well. Then I thought, "When will we ever learn?"

*Suddenly, within twenty minutes, I had a song. There were just three verses.
I Scotch-taped the song to a microphone and sang it at Oberlin College. This was in 1955.*

One of the students there had a summer job as a camp counselor. (Joe Hickerson is his name, and I gave him twenty percent of the royalties.) He took the song to the camp and sang it to the kids. He gave it rhythm, which I hadn't done.

The kids played around with it, singing "Where have all the counselor gone? Open curfew, everyone!"

[Hickerson] actually added two verses: "Where have all the soldiers gone? Gone to graveyards every one/Where have all the graveyards gone? Covered with flowers every one."

In this arrangement it is Ward's hope that the listener not only be transported back to the Vietnam War era, but, as he says, "to realize that this song holds as much truth now as it did upon its release in 1964."

Where have all the flowers gone, long time passing?
Where have all the flowers gone, long time ago?
Where have all the flowers gone?
Young girls have picked them everyone.
Oh, when will they ever learn?
Oh, when will they ever learn?

Where have all the young girls gone, long time passing?
Where have all the young girls gone, long time ago?
Where have all the young girls gone?
Gone for husbands everyone.
Oh, when will they ever learn?
Oh, when will they ever learn?

Where have all the husbands gone, long time passing?
Where have all the husbands gone, long time ago?
Where have all the husbands gone?
Gone for soldiers everyone
Oh, when will they ever learn?
Oh, when will they ever learn?

Where have all the soldiers gone, long time passing?
Where have all the soldiers gone, long time ago?
Where have all the soldiers gone?
Gone to graveyards, everyone.
Oh, when will they ever learn?
Oh, when will they ever learn?

Where have all the graveyards gone, long time passing?
Where have all the graveyards gone, long time ago?
Where have all the graveyards gone?
Gone to flowers, everyone.
Oh, when will they ever learn?
Oh, when will they ever learn?

Where have all the flowers gone, long time passing?
Where have all the flowers gone, long time ago?
Where have all the flowers gone?
Young girls have picked them everyone.
Oh, when will they ever learn?
Oh, when will they ever learn?

“...a silence that speaks” - John Musto (b. 1954)

The works of the American poet Archibald MacLeish had long appealed to composer John Musto. It was a pleasant surprise that, when the possibility of setting “The Young Dead Soldiers Do Not Speak” for Chanticleer came up, Musto agreed immediately and without reservation. The intensity of the short poem has found a moving and even haunting place in Musto’s personal and persuasive language. To MacLeish’s text, the composer has added several Latin epigrams which serve as moments of reflection, sometimes surprisingly relentless, occasionally angular and jagged with pain, finally ominous and eerie.

A solo baritone voice begins the work; immediately voices, as if from another world, chime in, reminding the listener that the dead soldiers do in fact continue to move us. Musto’s musical language may be quite different from that which Jennifer Higdon uses in her choruses from *Cold Mountain*, but the over-arching questions are the same, “Are we buried and simply forgotten? Will you remember us? Did any peace result from our fighting?” In Musto’s hands, fugue and counterpoint, canon and imitation combine with elastic and augmented intervals as the silence becomes audible. Often three or four musical ideas are heard at the same time. There is a kind of rhythmic energy that goes back and forth from simple, repetitive ostinato to the combination of eighth-notes, triplets and quarter-notes which force the listener into the heart of the poetry.

Musto is a native of Brooklyn, New York and an alumnus of the Manhattan School of Music. He was a finalist for the Pulitzer Prize, winner of two Emmy awards, two CINE awards, recipient of a Rockefeller Fellowship, and most recently commissioned by Chanticleer for a setting of the Stephen Foster song, “Must the Red Rose Live Away?,” heard in last year’s *My Secret Heart* program. In addition to his work as a composer of nearly every genre, he is a highly respected pianist whose two piano concertos were hailed by Gramophone magazine as “works of enormous imagination, freshness and feeling that require a soloist who combines sensitivity with almost ferocious virtuosity.” The textures of Musto’s setting of MacLeish are not necessarily ferocious, but they are certainly intense. The music

almost never comes to rest, harmonically speaking, and so the very ending, as the words “Remember us” are repeated over and over, is even more special. A lone D-major chord imbeds itself in our hearing. We are left with a charge: “we leave you our deaths: give them their meaning.”

The young dead soldiers do not speak
Nevertheless they are heard in the still houses: who has not heard them?

Pulvis et umbra sumus. [We are dust and shadow. – Horace]

They have a silence that speaks for them at night and when the clock counts.
They say, We were young. We have died. Remember us.

Viva enim mortuorum in memoria vivorum est posita.
[The life of the dead resides in the memory of the living. – Cicero]

They say, We have done what we could but until it is finished it is not done.
They say, We have given our lives but until it is finished no one can know what our lives gave.

Animoque supersunt jam prope post animam.
[Their spirit seems even to survive their breath. – Sidonius Apollinaris]

They say, Our deaths are not ours: they are yours: they will mean what you make them.
They say, Whether our lives and our deaths were for peace and a new hope or for nothing we cannot say:
it is you who must say this.

They say, We leave you our deaths: give them their meaning: give them an end to the war and a true peace:
give them a victory that ends the war and a peace afterwards: give them their meaning.

We were young, they say. We have died. Remember us.

Transit umbra, lux permanet. [Shadow passes, light remains. - Unknown]

My Soul, There is a Country - Charles Hubert Hastings Parry (1848 - 1918)

Many music critics, historians, singers and instrumentalists have been heard to say that Benjamin Britten was the “greatest English composer since Purcell.” Their haste to praise Britten, unfortunately, seems to bypass the amazing composer and teacher of the Victorian Age, Charles Hubert Hastings Parry. To be sure, Parry’s influence on the music of Victorian England cannot be understated. Although his early professional life was spent as an underwriter for Lloyd’s of London, his aspirations for a musical career saw their initial fruition through George Grove, who engaged Parry as sub-editor for his new *Dictionary of Music and Musicians*, a massive enterprise for which Parry contributed over 100 articles. Through the influence of Grove, Parry was also appointed Professor of Composition and Musical History at the newly-formed Royal College of Music, concurrent with a similar position at Oxford. As a young composer Parry was greatly influenced by Mendelssohn, Brahms and Wagner; such was the influence of Wagner, in fact, that Parry traveled several times to Germany to hear the latest Wagner’s pen. In spite of his desire to become an opera composer, Parry found himself in demand for the typically English musical product of the day, the oratorio. With the success of “Blest Pair of Sirens,” which he labeled a “musical ode,” he established himself as an unrivaled master of that field. By the 1890s, he was regarded as the unofficial composer laureate of great Britain, composing a setting of the Magnificat for Queen Victoria’s Diamond Jubilee, gaining a Knighthood in 1898, as well as being named Baronet in 1902.

The *Songs of Farewell*, which are among the last of Parry's compositions, is a collection of motets on texts by various British poets. They represent the summit of British a cappella music, with supremely eloquent vocal lines, total mastery of counterpoint and glowing, almost hallowed colors and textures. The themes of the poetry contrast the transitory nature of life with the redeeming power of faith. Parry was moved to compose these motets (there are six in all) during the First World War as he was particularly struck by the constant horrible reports from "the front." According to Parry's biographer, Jeremy Dibbell, the aging composer experienced "an incredulity, combined with a profound sense of betrayal, that a nation of artistic heroes who had taught him everything... could be capable of such carnage."

The first of the motets, "My Soul, There is a Country," is probably the best-known of the collection. It is also one of the shorter ones. Composed for four voices, it speaks convincingly and without flowery oratory. Based on the visionary text of Henry Vaughan (1621-1695) the motet is a home-coming and a benediction, so to speak. Vaughan directs the reader to a country where a winged sentry stands guard -- the winged sentry that awaits us is Peace, herself. The lines of battle, the soldier in ranks and files, are no longer commanded by military men but by one, "born in a manger." All are invited to draw near to the flower of Peace, a "rose which never withers."

Musically, the work juxtaposes stately, prophetic homophony against lilting dance-like sections which foreshadow the serenity of the beyond. The most active section also underlines (with the greatest amount of polyphony) the text, "One who never changes," culminating with the words, "Thy God, thy Life, thy Cure." The same rising phrases which opened the work serve as its close, ending not quietly but with renewed strength and confidence.

My soul, there is a country
Far beyond the stars,
Where stands a winged sentry
All skilful in the wars:

There, above noise and danger
Sweet Peace sits crowned with smiles
And One, born in a manger
Commands the beauteous files.

He is thy gracious friend
And, O my soul, awake!
Did in pure love descend
To die here for thy sake.

If thou canst get but thither,
There grows the flow'r of Peace,
The Rose that cannot wither,
Thy fortress and thy ease.

Leave then thy foolish ranges,
For none can thee secure
But One who never changes,
Thy God, thy Life, thy Cure.