Jeffrey Grayson Gates, Baritone
Jungwon Kim, Piano

Earth and Air and Rain, Op. 15
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William Will: A Republican Campaign Song
In Flanders Fields
Nov. 2, 1920: “An Election”

Blue Mountain Ballads
Heavenly Grass
Lonesome Man
Cabin
Sugar in the Cane

Tuesday, April 17, 2012
8:00 p.m.
Cohen-Davison Family Theatre

This recital is offered in partial fulfillment of the requirements of the Graduate Performance Diploma.
This recital is offered in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Master of Music.
Jeffrey Grayson Gates would like to thank Peabody for establishing the General Scholarship at Peabody.
Jungwon Kim would like to thank Peabody for establishing the General Scholarship at Peabody.

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Earth and Air and Rain, Op. 15
by Gerald Finzi (1901-1956)
Poetry by Thomas Hardy (1840-1928)

I. Summer Schemes

When friendly summer calls again,  
 Calls again  
Her little fifers to these hills,  
We'll go – we two – to that arched fane  
Of leafage where they prime their bills  
Before they start to flood the plain  
With quavers, minims, shakes, and trills.  
'We'll go', I sing; but who shall say  
What may not chance before that day!

And we shall see the waters spring,  
 Waters spring  
 From chinks the scrubby copses crown;  
And we shall trace their oncreeping  
To where the cascade tumbles down  
And sends the bobbing growths aswing,  
And ferns not quite but almost drown.  
'– We shall,' I say; but who may sing  
Of what another moon will bring!

II. When I set out for Lyonnesse

When I set out for Lyonnesse,  
 A hundred miles away,  
The rime was on the spray,  
And starlight lit my lonesomeness  
When I set out for Lyonnesse  
 A hundred miles away.

What would bechance at Lyonnesse  
 While I should sojourn there  
No prophet durst declare,  
Nor did the wisest wizard guess  
What would bechance at Lyonnesse  
 While I should sojourn there.

When I came back from Lyonnesse  
 With magic in my eyes,  
All marked with mute surmise  
My radiance rare and fathomless,  
When I came back from Lyonnesse  
 With magic in my eyes!

III. Waiting Both

A star looks down at me,  
And says: 'Here I and you  
Stand, each in our degree:  
What do you mean to do, –  
Mean to do?'

I say: 'For all I know,  
Wait, and let Time go by,  
Till my change come.' – 'Just so,'  
The star says: 'So mean I: –  
So mean I.'

IV. The Phantom  
(The Phantom Horsewoman)

Queer are the ways of a man I know:  
He comes and stands  
In a careworn craze,  
And looks at the sands  
And the seaward haze  
With moveless hands  
And face and gaze,  
Then turns to go...  
And what does he see when he gazes so?

They say he sees as an instant thing  
More clear than to-day,  
A sweet soft scene  
That once was in play  
By that briny green;  
Yes, notes alway  
Warm, real, and keen,  
What his back years bring –  
A phantom of his own figuring.

Of this vision of his they might say more:  
Not only there  
Does he see this sight,  
But everywhere  
In his brain – day, night,  
As if on the air  
It were drawn rose bright –  
Yea, far from that shore

Does he carry this vision of heretofore:

A ghost-girl-rider. And though, toil-tried,  
He withers daily,  
Time touches her not,  
But she still rides gaily  
In his rapt thought  
On that shagged and shaly  
Atlantic spot,  
And as when first eyed  
Draws rein and sings to the swing of the tide.
V. So I Have Fared
\((After\ Reading\ Psalms\ XXXIX,\ IX,\ XL,\ etc.)\)

Simple was I and was young;
Kept no gallant tryst, I;
Even from good words held my tongue,
\(Quoniam\ Tu\ fecisti!\)

Through my youth I stirred me not,
High adventure missed I,
Left the shining shrines unsought;
Yet – \(me\ duxisti!\)

At my start by Helicon
Love-lore little wist I,
Worldly less; but footed on;
Why? \(Me\ suscepisti!\)

When I failed at fervid rhymes,
‘Shall,’ I said, ‘persist I?’
‘Dies’ (I would add at times)
‘Meos posui sti!’

So I have fared through many suns;
Sadly little grist I
Bring my mill, or any one’s,
\(Domine,\ Tu\ scisti!\)

And at dead of night I call;
‘Though to prophets list I,
Which hath understood at all?
Yea: \(Quem\ elegisti?\)

VI. Rollicum-Rorum
\((The\ Sergeant's\ Song)\)

When Lawyers strive to heal a breach
And Parsons practise what they preach:
Then little Boney he'll pounce down,
And march his men on London town!
\(Rollicum-rorum,\ tol-lol-lorum,\)
\(Rollicum-rorum,\ tol-lol-lay!\)

When Justices hold equal scales,
And Rogues are only found in jails;
Then little Boney he'll pounce down,
And march his men on London town!
\(Rollicum-rorum,\ &c.\)

When Rich Men find their wealth a curse,
And fill therewith the Poor Man's purse;
Then little Boney he'll pounce down,
And march his men on London town!
\(Rollicum-rorum,\ &c.\)

When Husbands with their Wives agree,
And Maids won't wed from modesty;
Then little Boney he'll pounce down,
And march his men on London town!
\(Rollicum-rorum,\ &c.\)

VII. To Lizbie Brown

Dear Lizbie Browne,
Where are you now?
In sun, in rain? –
Or is your brow
Past joy, past pain,
Dear Lizbie Browne?

Sweet Lizbie Browne,
How you could smile,
How you could sing! –
How archly wile
In glance-giving,
Sweet Lizbie Browne!

And, Lizbie Browne,
Who else had hair
Bay-red as yours,
Or flesh so fair
Bred out of doors,
Sweet Lizbie Browne?

When, Lizbie Browne,
You had just begun
To be endeared
By stealth to one,
You disappeared
My Lizbie Browne!

Ay, Lizbie Browne,
So swift your life,
And mine so slow,
You were a wife
Ere I could show
Love, Lizbie Browne.

Still, Lizbie Browne,
You won, they said,
The best of men
When you were wed
Where went you then,
O Lizbie Browne?

Dear Lizbie Browne,
I should have thought,
‘Girls ripen fast,’
And coaxd and caught
You ere you passed,
Dear Lizbie Browne!
But, Lizbie Browne,
I let you slip;
Shaped not a sign;
Touched never your lip
With lip of mine,
Lost Lizbie Browne!

So, Lizbie Browne,
When on a day
Men speak of me
As not, you'll say,
‘And who was he?’ –
Yes, Lizbie Browne.

VIII. The Clock of the Years

‘A spirit passed before my face;
the hair of my flesh stood up’

And the Spirit said,
‘I can make the clock of the years go backward,
But am loth to stop it where you will.’
And I cried, ‘Agreed
To that. Proceed:
It's better than dead!’

He answered, ‘Peace;’
And called her up
– as last before me;
Then younger, younger she grew, to the year
I first had known
Her woman-grown,
And I cried, ‘Cease!’ –

‘Thus far is good –
It is enough – let her stay thus always!’
But alas for me – He shook his head:
No stop was there;
And she waned child-fair,
And to babyhood.

Still less in mien
To my great sorrow became she slowly,
And smalled till she was nought at all
In his checkless griff;
And it was as if
She had never been.

‘Bette’, I plained,
‘She were dead as before! The memory of her
Had lived in me; but it cannot now!’
And coldly his voice:
‘It was your choice
To mar the ordained.’

IX. In a Churchyard
(Song of the Yew Tree)

‘It is sad that so many of worth,
Still in the flesh,’ soughed the yew,
‘Misjudge their lot whom kindly earth
Secludes from view.’

‘They ride their diurnal round
Each day-span's sum of hours
In peerless ease, without jolt or bound
Or ache like ours.’

‘If the living could but hear
What is heard by my roots as they creep
Round the restful flock, and the things said there,
No one would weep.’

‘Now set among the wise;’
They say: ‘Enlarged in scope,
That no God trumpet us to rise
We truly hope.’

I listened to his strange tale
In the mood that stillness brings,
And I grew to accept as the day wore pale
That view of things.

X. Proud Songsters

The thrushes sing as the sun is going,
And the finches whistle in ones and pairs,
And as it gets dark loud nightingales
In bushes
Pipe, as they can when April wears,
As if all Time were theirs.

These are brand-new birds of twelve-months’ growing
Which a year ago, or less than twain,
No finches were, nor nightingales,
Nor thrushes,
But only particles of grain,
And earth, and air, and rain.
William Will: A Republican Campaign Song
(Poetry by Susan Benedict Hill, 1836-1898)

What we want is Honest Money,
Good as gold and pure as honey,
Ev’ry dollar sound and true.
What we want is full Protection,
And we’ll have it next Election,
For low tariff and low wages make us blue.

So hurrah for Will McKinley and his Bill!
And stand for Honest Money, William will!
So hurrah for Will McKinley,
he who made the tariff bill!
And be ruler of this Nation William will.

Give us no depreciation
With a Silver variation;
Juggle not the workman’s pence!
For it rouses all his choler,
When he finds his well earn’d dollar
Has whittled down to only fifty cents!

So hurrah…

Billy Bryan isn’t “in it”
Not a single noisy minute,
For McKinley’s here himself!
“Rabbit’s foot” and “four-leaf clover,”
When election day is over,
Will be laid to rest upon a quiet shelf!

So hurrah…

Down with all Repudiation!
No dishonor for our Nation!
As we promise we will pay!
And we soon shall hear the humming
Of the good times that are coming
When McKinley, surnam’d William, wins the day!

So hurrah…

In Flanders Fields
(Poetry by John McCrae, 1872-1918)

In Flanders fields the poppies blow;
Between the crosses, row on row
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks still bravely singing fly,
Scarce heard amidst the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from falling hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

Nov. 2, 1920: “An Election”

Soliloquy of an old man whose son lies in “Flanders Field”
It is the day after election; he is still sitting by the roadside,
Looking down the valley towards the station.

"It strikes me that some men and women got tired of a big job; but, over there our men did not quit.
They fought and died that better things might be!
Perhaps some who stayed at home are beginning to forget and to quit.
The pocketbook and certain little things talked loud and noble, And got in the way;
too many readers go by the headlines,
party men will muddle up the facts,
So a good many citizens voted as Grandpa always did,
or thought a change for the sake of change seemed natural enough.
"It’s raining, lets throw out the weather man,
Kick him out! Kick him out! Kick him out! Kick him out!
Prejudice and politics, and the stand-patters came in strong, and yelled, "Slide back! Now you’re safe, that’s the easy way!”
Then the timid smiled and looked relieved,
"We've got enough to eat, to hell with ideals!"
All the old women, male and female, had their day today, and the “ole mole came out of his hole,”
But he won't stay out long,
God always drives him back!
Oh Captain, my Captain! a heritage we've thrown away;
But we'll find it again, my Captain, Captain, oh my Captain!

Note by composer: "The assumption, in the text, that the result of our national election in 1920, was a definite indication, that the country, (at least, the majority-mind) turned its back on a high purpose is not conclusive. Unfortunately election returns coming through the present party system prove nothing conclusively. The voice of the people sounding through the mouth of the parties, becomes somewhat emasculated. It is not inconceivable that practical ways may be found for more accurately registering and expressing popular thought - at least, in relation to the larger primary problems, which concern us all. A suggestion to this end (if we may be forgiven a further digression) in the form of a constitutional amendment together with an article discussing the plan in some detail and from various aspects, will be gladly sent, by the writer, to any one who is interested enough to write for it." - C. E. I.
**Heavenly Grass**

My feet took a walk in heavenly grass.
All day while the sky shone clear as glass.
My feet took a walk in heavenly grass,
All night while the lonesome stars rolled past.
Then my feet come down to walk on earth,
And my mother cried when she give me birth.
Now my feet walk far and my feet walk fast,
But they still got an itch for heavenly grass.
But they still got an itch for heavenly grass.

**Lonesome Man**

My chair rock-rocks by the door all day
But nobody ever stops my way,
Nobody ever stops by my way.

My teeef chaw-chaw on an old ham bone an’
I do the dishes all alone,
I do the dishes all by my lone.

My feet clop-clop on the hardwood floor ’cause
I won’t buy love at the hardware store,
I don’t want love from the mercantile store.

Now the clock tick-tocks by my single bed while
The moon looks down on my sleepless head,
While the moon grins down at an old fool’s head.

**Cabin**

The cabin was cozy
And hollyhocks grew
Bright by the door
Till his whisper crept through.

The sun on the sill
Was yellow and warm
Till she lifted the latch
For a man or a storm.

Now the cabin falls
To the winter wind
And the walls cave in
Where they kissed and sinned.

And the long white rain
Sweeps clean the room
Like a white-haired witch
With a long straw broom!

**Sugar in the Cane**

I’m red pepper in a shaker,
Bread that’s waitin’ for the baker.
I’m sweet sugar in the cane,
Never touched except by rain.
If you touched me God save you,
These summer days are hot and blue.
I’m potatoes not yet mashed,
I’m a check that ain’t been cashed.
I’m a window with a blind,
Can’t see what goes on behind.
If you did, God save your soul!
These winter nights are blue and cold!