



THE PEABODY CONSERVATORY
OF THE JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY

Jeffrey Grayson Gates, Baritone Jungwon Kim, Piano

Earth and Air and Rain, Op. 15

1. Summer Schemes
2. When I set out for Lyonnaise
3. Waiting Both
4. The Phantom
5. So I Have Fared
6. Rollicum-Rorum
7. To Lizbie Browne
8. The Clock of the Years
9. In a Churchyard
10. Proud Songsters

Gerald Finzi
(1901-1956)

William Will: A Republican Campaign Song
In Flanders Fields
Nov. 2, 1920: "An Election"

Charles Edward Ives
(1874-1954)

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

Paul Bowles
(1910-1999)

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.

The use of cameras and video or tape recorders without prior permission is strictly prohibited.

Notice: For your own safety, LOOK for your nearest EXIT. In case of emergency, WALK, do not RUN, to that EXIT. By order of the Mayor and City Council of Baltimore.

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 down.
 '– We shall,' I say; but who may sing
 Of what another moon will bring!

II. When I set out for Lyonesse

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

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

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

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 posuisti!*’

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 Browne

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 coaxed 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.

Charles Edward Ives (1874-1954)

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! Kick him!"

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.

Blue Mountain Ballads
by Paul Bowles (1910-1999)
Poetry by Tennessee Williams
(1911-1983)

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 teef 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!