FOUR POEMS OF ST. TERESA OF AVILA

Janis Hardy, mezzo-soprano, and String Orchestra

— Minnesota premiere —

1983 marks the 80th birthday year of Sir Lennox Berkeley, one of England's most eminent composers. His works, from 1935 unto the present day are in a variety of idioms and the esteem in which he is held is obvious from the illustrious list of performers for whom he has written, including Julian Bream, Nicolas Kynaston, and Dame Janet Baker.

The FOUR POEMS OF ST. TERESA OF AVILA were written after World War II when Berkeley seemed to turn more naturally to vocal composition. In 1946 he composed FIVE SONGS to poetry of Walter de la Mare for Bernac and Poulenc, and tonight's work followed in 1947, first performed by Kathleen Ferrier.

St. Teresa (1515-1582) is the classical example of one who combined the life of religious contemplation with an intense activity and commonsense efficiency in 'practical' affairs, and she recorded the results of both in literary form. The most important of her writings are the Life of herself up to 1562. She was a woman of both commanding and highly attractive personality, frank, affectionate, gay and witty. St. Teresa was one of the first two women ever to be officially declared doctors of the Catholic Church; her feast day is October 15.

I. If, Lord, thy love for me is strong
As that which binds me unto thee,
What holds me from thee, Lord, so long,
What holds thee, Lord, so long from me?

O soul, what then desirest thou?
Lord, I would see thee, who thus choose thee.
What fears can assail thee now?
All that I fear is now to lose thee.

Love's whole possession I entreat,
Lord make my soul thine own abode,
And I will build a nest so sweet
It may not be too poor for God.

A soul in God hidden from sin,
What more desires for thee remain,
Save but to love, and love again,
And all on flame within,
Love on, and turn to love again?

II. Shepherd, shepherd, hark that calling!
Angels they are, and the day is dawning.
What is this ding-dong,
Or loud singing is it?
Come, Bras, now the day is here,
The Shepherdess we'll visit.

Shepherd, shepherd, hark that calling!
Angels they are, and the day is dawning.
O is this the Alcalde's daughter,
Or some lady come from far?
She is the daughter of God the Father
And she shines like a star.

Shepherd, shepherd, hark that calling!
Angels they are, and the day is dawning.
III. Let mine eyes see thee,
Sweet Jesus of Nazareth,
Let mine eyes see thee,
And then see death.

Let them see that can,
Roses and jessamine;
Seeing that face so fair
All blossoms are therein.

Flower of seraphin
Sweet Jesus of Nazareth,
Let mine eyes see thee,
And then see death.

Nothing I require
Where my Jesus is;
Anguish all desire,
Saving only this;
All my help is his,
He only succoureth.

IV. Today a shepherd and our kin
O Gil, to ransom us is sent,
And he is God Omnipotent.
For us he hath cast down the pride
And prison walls of Satanas;
But he is the kin of Bras,
Of Menga, also of Llorent,
O is not God Omnipotent?
If he is God, then how is he
Come hither, and here crucified?
With his dying sin also died,
Enduring death tho' innocent.

Gil, how is God omnipotent!
Why, I have seen him born, pardie,
And of a most sweet Shepherdess.
If he is God, how can he be
With such poor folk as this content?
See'est not he is Omnipotent?

Give over idle parleying,
And let us serve him, you and I,
And since he came on earth to die
Let us die with him too, Llorent;
For he is God Omnipotent.

PETER QUINCE AT THE CLAVIER

— Sonatina for Mixed Chorus and Piano Concertante

I. Poco maestoso ma piacevole
II. Andantino rapsodico
III. Presto e leggero, quasi scherzo
IV. Adagio assai

The Dale Warland Singers
Dale Warland, conductor
with
Philip Brunelle, pianist

— Midwest premiere —

Dominick Argento
(1980)
"Peter Quince at the Clavier" by Wallace Stevens, widely regarded as the finest poem ever produced by an American, is one of the very few contemporary verses I have been tempted to set to music, the result of a commission in commemoration of the Tercentenary of the founding of Pennsylvania — Mr. Stevens’ native state as well as my own.

The story of Susanna and the Elders is found in an apocryphal chapter of the book of Daniel: unaware that the Elders had concealed themselves to watch, Susanna bathes in the privacy of her garden. The beauty of her naked body arouses the Elders’ lust and they demand that she give herself to them. When she refuses, they call her servants and falsely accuse her of adultery and condemn her to death. In the end, justice prevails.

Stevens’ poem takes Susanna’s story for a metaphor of the emotive power of beauty on the human spirit (in particular, the beauty of music), its use and abuse in stirring our feelings, and its lingering strength in memory. In short, the poem is a marvelous meditation on the nature of beauty.

I must confess that I am uncertain what Stevens intended by the reference to Peter Quince in the title. He is, of course, the comic carpenter in Shakespeare’s “Midsummer Night’s Dream” who organizes and rehearses his fellow-rustics for the interlude of Pyramus and Thisby. I have chosen to seat Quince literally ‘at the clavier’ and have him function as a kind of agent provocateur, prompting the chorus, commenting, and generally supervising the piece. The four sections of the poem seemed to suggest a little sonata form: a first movement; a slow movement; a scherzo; and a finale — hence, the work’s subtitle: Sonatina for Mixed Chorus and Piano Concertante. My elevation of Peter Quince to such an important role may well be at odds with whatever Wallace Stevens intended by his title. I do know, however, that we are in full agreement about the poem’s fourth line: “Music is feeling . . . not sound.”

— Dominick Argento
I

Just as my fingers on these keys
Make music, so the selfsame sounds
On my spirit make a music, too.

Music is feeling, then, not sound;
And thus it is that what I feel,
Here in this room, desiring you,

Thinking of your blue-shadowed silk,
Is music. It is like the strain
Waked in the elders by Susanna.

Of a green evening, clear and warm,
She bathed in her still garden, while
The red-eyed elders watching, felt

The basses of their beings throb
In witching chords, and their thin blood
Pulse pizzicati of Hosanna.

II

In the green water, clear and warm,
Susanna lay.
She searched
The touch of springs,
And found
Concealed imaginings.
She sighed,
For so much melody.

Upon the bank, she stood
In the cool
Of spent emotions.
She felt, among the leaves,
The dew
Of old devotions.

She walked upon the grass,
Still quavering.
The winds were like her maids,
On timid feet,
Fetching her women scarves,
Yet wavering.

A breath upon her hand
Muted the night.
She turned—
A cymbal crashed,
And roaring horns.

III

Soon, with a noise like tambourines,
Came her attendant Byzantines.

They wondered why Susanna cried
Against the elders by her side;

And as they whispered, the refrain
Was like a willow swept by rain.

Anon, their lamps' uplifted flame
Revealed Susanna and her shame.

And then, the simpering Byzantines
Fled, with a noise like tambourines.

IV

Beauty is momentary in the mind—
The fitful tracing of a portal;
But in the flesh it is immortal.

The body dies; the body's beauty lives.
So evenings die, in their green going,
A wave, interminably flowing.
So gardens die, their meek breath scenting
The cowl of winter, done repenting.
So maidens die, to the auroral
Celebration of a maiden's choral.

Susanna's music touched the bawdy strings
Of those white elders; but, escaping,
Left only Death's ironic scraping.
Now, in its immortality, it plays
On the clear viol of her memory,
And makes a constant sacrament of praise.

— Wallace Stevens

Intermission
A SESQUICENTENNIAL BIRTHDAY TRIBUTE TO JOHANNES BRAHMS

In Brahms we find the rare, even unique, case of an artist who belonged heart and soul to the Romantic movement, yet who at the same time turned quite as naturally towards the Classic style. As a matter of fact, the threads that connect Brahms' compositions with the music of the past reach not only into the Classical period, but much farther back. The medieval Church modes, the masterpieces in canon form of the old Dutch composers, and the style of Palestrina: all celebrate their resurrection in Brahms' works. With his a cappella motets and other works he built a bridge to the art of Bach, and with his Triumphal Hymn to Handel's oratorios.

The musical output of 500 years is summarized in Brahms' works. But in spite of their unbending rigidity of form, they are not servile imitations of preceding models. They are saved from this fate by the modern and progressive note in Brahms' creative work, and by the original personality of the master. Brahms was able to aim at a true creative renaissance of the old masters, in which the rigid forms and laws are filled with a new spirit.

— Karl Geiringer, from Brahms: His Life and Work

GOD, CREATE IN ME A PURE HEART (Opus 29, Number 2)

for five-part chorus, a cappella

The Plymouth Festival Choir

God, create in me a pure heart, and grant me Thy spirit of holiness.

Turn not away Thy gracious countenance, and take not Thy holy spirit from me.

Grant me the comfort of Thy salvation, and let Thy spirit of joy come over me.

— Psalm 51: 12-14
WHY THEN HAS THE LIGHT BEEN GIVEN FOR SUCH MISERY (Opus 74, Number 1)

for four-part chorus, a cappella

The Plymouth Festival Choir

I

Why then? Why then has the light been given for such misery, and this life to afflicted spirits? Why then?
For they wait for death that comes not, and dig for it as they dig for hidden things; and they rejoice and are contented, when they at last may perish. Why then?
Why, also, is light on the man whose ways are hid, and whom our God has wholly confounded? Why then?

— Job 3: 20-23

II

Let us all lift our hands and our hands up to God in heaven.

— Lamentations 3:41

III

Truly we call them happy that endure in patience. Job and his patience you have all heard of, and the purpose of God by this was shown you; for the Lord has compassion and plenteous mercy.

— James 5:11

IV

In peace and joy I go my way, as God ordains it. My spirit has found grace this day; He maintains it. God has promised unto me Death's sleep shall come upon me.

— Martin Luther, 1524
WHY THEN HAS THE LIGHT BEEN GIVEN FOR SUCH MISERY (Opus 74, Number 1)
for four-part chorus, a cappella

The Plymouth Festival Choir

I

Why then? Why then has the light been given for such misery, and this life to afflicted spirits? Why then?
For they wait for death that comes not, and dig for it as they dig for hidden things; and they rejoice and are contented, when they at last may perish. Why then?
Why, also, is light on the man whose ways are hid, and whom our god has wholly confounded? Why then?

— Job 3: 20-23

II

Let us all lift our hearts and our hands up to God in heaven.

— Lamentations 3:41

III

Truly we call them happy that endure in patience.
Job and his patience you have all heard of, and the purpose of God by this was shown you; for the Lord has compassion and plenteous mercy.

— James 5:11

IV

In peace and joy I go my way, as God ordains it.
My spirit has found grace this day; He maintains it.
God has promised unto me
Death’s sleep shall come upon me.

— Martin Luther, 1524
FOUR SERIOUS SONGS, Opus 121

LeRoy Lehr, bass-baritone, and Orchestra

The Four Serious Songs date from Brahms' last years, with the first three songs taking their texts from the Old Testament books of Ecclesiastes and Ecclesiasticus with their sense of the inescapable brevity, even futility, of all human life.

Only in the fourth song in going to the words of St. Paul does Brahms seem to lift the veil of pessimism that haunts the first three songs and in fact haunted his own life. The songs are thought to be a reflection upon the end of his beloved Clara Schumann, who died in May 1896. With his loved one slipping away from him he had to console himself, and maybe that is why he referred to these songs as 'a birthday present to myself.'

— Burnett James, from Brahms: A Critical Study

I

For it befalleth man even as it befalleth the beast; just as one dies, so the other also dies; they all have but one breath, and man has nothing more, just as the beast, for it is all vanity.

All go to one place; all are made of dust and return again to dust. Who knows of the spirit of man that goes upward? And of the spirit of the beast that goes downward into the earth?

Therefore I say that there is nothing better than that a man should rejoice in his work, for that is his portion. For who can bring him to see what shall be after him?

— Ecclesiastes, chapter 3

II

So I returned and witnessed all the unjust suffering under the sun, and beheld — there was weeping from the oppressed and they had no comforter; and the oppressors were too powerful, so that no comforter could know.

Therefore I praised the dead, those who had already died more than the living, yea those who still were alive; and he who is not yet is better than both of these, for the evil is not in him, the evil that is done under the sun.

— Ecclesiastes, chapter 4

III

O death, how bitter is the thought of you; when a man has plenty and is free of care, when he is prosperous in all things and has strength to receive meat! O death, how bitter you are.

O death, how welcome you are to the poor, to those who are weak and of extreme old age, those who are distracted and have nothing better to wait for! O death, how welcome you are.

— Ecclesiasticus, chapter 41
IV

Though I speak with the tongues of men — and with the tongues of angels, but have not love, I am as a sounding brass or a tinkling bell. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries and know all things; and though I have all faith, that I could move mountains, but have not love, I am nothing. And though I give all my goods to the poor, but have not love, then it profiteth me nothing.

Now we see through a mirror as in darkness; but then we shall see face to face. Now I know only in part, but then I will know even as I am known.

Now abideth faith, hope, love — these three; but the greatest of these is love.

— St. Paul’s first letter to the Corinthians, chapter 13

English translations by LeRoy Lehr

TRIUMPHAL HYMN, Opus 55

for Double Chorus, Baritone Solo, and Orchestra

The Plymouth Festival Choir — The Dale Warland Singers

LeRoy Lehr, bass-baritone

Philip Brunelle, conductor

The Triumphal Hymn (Triumphlied) was composed specifically to celebrate the victory of Prussian forces over the French in 1870-71, and was probably suggested initially by Handel’s Te Deum for the Peace of Utrecht and Dettingen. It was Brahms’ intent in the choice of a double chorus to exploit Baroque antiphony in this kind of late Romantic Te Deum.

I

Hallelujah! Blessing, praise, honor, power and glory to God! For in righteousness and truth the Lord giveth judgment.

— Revelation 19: 1-2

II

Glory unto God, all ye servants bow in homage, and ye that fear Him, both the humble and mighty.

Hallelujah! For the omnipotent God hath exalted His Kingdom. O be joyful and all be glad, and to Him be honor given.

— Revelation 19: 5-7

III

And behold then the heavens opened wide, and yonder, a snowwhite horse, and on it sat One: called Steadfast and Faithful, who warreth and judgeth all with righteousness.

And he treads the winepress of wrath of the Lord God Almighty. And lo! a great name hath he written upon his vesture and upon his girdle, called: King of Kings and Lord of Lords. Hallelujah! His Kingdom is forevermore, and He shall reign for ever and ever. Hallelujah, Amen!

— Revelation 19: 11, 15-16
**THE ORCHESTRA**

Violin  Frederick Sewell, *concertmaster*, James Riccardo, Shirley Thomson, JoAlta Danner, Helen Foli, Mary Horozaniecki, Martha DeVries, Mark Bjork, Liz Ericksen, Janet Schmidt, Joanna Shelton, Liz Sobieski, Julie Moyer  

Viola  John Taddiken, Anne Paradise, Annette Christensen, Stella Anderson  

Cello  David Ferguson, Dale Newton, David Aks, Laura Sewell  

Bass  Nancy Bjork, Paul Henry  

Flute  Cynthia Stokes, Carol Gilkey  

Oboe  Marilyn Ford, Merilee Klemp  

Clarinet  Robert Samarotto, Doug Haining  

Bassoon  Lynn Moran, William Jones  

Horn  Tom Gilkey, Eric Kodner, Alice Williams, Larry Barnhart  

Trumpet  Ron Hasselman, Don Hakala, Lynn Erickson  

Tuba  Ralph Hepola  

Timpani  David John Olsen

---

**GUEST ARTISTS**

JANIS HARDY returns from New York to sing with the Plymouth Music Series for her 15th season. Ms. Hardy has performed regularly with the Minnesota Orchestra, St. Paul Chamber Orchestra, and the Minnesota Opera. For Pro Arte Records she has recently recorded Copland's *Old American Songs* and Grieg's song cycle, *Haugtusse*, which will be released in early 1984.

LeROY LEHR also celebrates his fifteenth year of collaboration with the Plymouth Music Series. In addition to the Minnesota Orchestra, St. Paul Chamber Orchestra and Minnesota Opera, Mr. Lehr has recently performed with the National Symphony, as well as the Chicago Symphony and Detroit Symphony.

THE DALE WARLAND SINGERS are an important part of the cultural life of the Twin Cities and of the Midwest. In addition to their own concerts, the Singers have appeared with the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra, Minnesota Opera, American Brass Quintet and the Minnesota Orchestra. Conductor and founder Dale Warland is Professor of Music at Macalester College, and Chairman of the Choral Panel for the National Endowment for the Arts.

---

PHILIP BRUNELLE'S PLYMOUTH MUSIC SERIES presents music of the present — commissioned works and first performances — as well as important, but rarely heard, works of the past. Their two most recent recordings on Pro Arte Records, *IN A WINTER GARDEN* by Libby Larsen and CAROLS of Vaughan Williams and Rutter were released nationally last month.

Philip Brunelle, in addition to his Music Directorship of the Plymouth Music Series, is Principal Conductor of the Minnesota Opera, Music Advisor for the Walker Art Center, a member of the Minnesota State Arts Board, and was recently appointed to the Choral Panel of the National Endowment for the Arts.
### THE PLYMOUTH FESTIVAL CHOIR

**Philip Brunelle**, Music Director  
**Cary John Franklin**, Assistant Music Director  
**James Westbrock**, Librarian  
**Jeanne Patterson**, Business Manager

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Soprano</th>
<th>Alto</th>
<th>Tenor</th>
<th>Bass</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Mary Adair, Connie Adorn, Judy Axel, Annie Bailey, Terry Baker, Polly Barten, Ozzie Barton, Suzanne Brust, Vicky Dean, Dorothy Durose, Georgia George, Pamela Hanold, Ann Harding, Sue Herber, Barbara Merrill, Betty Mesley, Jill Nelson, Wendy Nilsson, Pamela Parker, Beth Passi, Jennifer Regan, Dorothy Scott, Virginia Shaw, Brenda Sielaff, Roxanne Stouffer, Jan Taylor, Peggy Widtfeldt, Linda Wilcox</td>
<td>Mary Aspnes, Marlene Baver, Carolyn Brunelle, Shelley Chaney, Judy Grant, Joyce Gustafson, Peggy Hammond, Debbie Hendricks, Pat Hoyt, Jeannie Koller, Susan Nicol, Judy Nordland, Ouida Peebles, Bonnie Podraza, Mary Louise Poquette, Linda Rasmussen, Susan Rhetts, Roxanne Schenzel, Lynn Shackelford, Barb Souther, Judy Stinson, Bettye Ware, Carolyn White</td>
<td>Loren Abraham, Rolan Anderson, Neal Bailey, John Barber, Karl Bottemiller, Gary Cunningham, Dan Dressen, John Geertz-Larson, Joe Holmberg, Mike Holmberg, Mike Lawrence, Craig Moen, Charles Pinkney, James Westbrock</td>
<td>Warren Beck, David Buran, Karl Doeringsfeld, John Hanold, David Hanson, Stephen Houtz, Steve Landby, LeRoy Lehr, Warren Loud, Ray Martin, Gordon Mesley, Lee Shaw</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### THE DALE WARLAND SINGERS

**Dale Warland**, Music Director  
**Sigrid Johnson**, Assistant Conductor  
**Dan Kallman**, Librarian  
**Craig Carnahan**, General Manager  
**Celeste Koeberl**, Assistant Manager

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Soprano</th>
<th>Alto</th>
<th>Tenor</th>
<th>Bass</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

*Section Leader
THE PLYMOUTH MUSIC SERIES PATRONS

SUSTAINER

GUARANTOR
The Anderson Shop, Norman & Theresa Baker, Marlene Baver, Robert & Annabelle Bush, Norman & Mary Lou J. Carpenter, Mary Elizabeth Chaney, Mr. & Mrs. David Colwell, Glenn & Dorothy Durose, Mrs. Edward C. Erland, Dr. & Mrs. Donnell Etzwiler, Mr. & Mrs. Richard Fishel, Mr. & Mrs. Roscoe Furber, Judy R. Grant, Tor & Sunny Hansen, Phebe Haugen, Totton P. Heffelfinger, Thomas C. Hunt, Alice Huston, Gustave Johnson, LeRoy Lehr, Charles & Janice Lloyd, Vicky & Peter Myers, Mr. & Mrs. Philip H. Nason, Mr. & Mrs. Donald Norris, Mr. & Mrs. John C. Parsons, Jr., Don & Helen Pellowe, Nancy Perry Peterson, Marlene Schlueter, Leon O. Shaw, Mrs. Philip F. Sherman, Margaret Sprague, Richard & Vivian Stuck, Mr. & Mrs. Alton Tekse, Bruce & JoAnn Winslow

FRIEND
Dick & Mary Adair, Henry Allen, Rolan & Muriel Anderson, William & Margery Bailey, John Barber, Mr. & Mrs. David Brink, Mr. & Mrs. Thomas Brown, Marilyn Queen Bryant, Walter & Doris Bury, Elizabeth & Winston Close, Mr. & Mrs. Thomas Davies, Karl & Helen Doeringsfeld, Len & Susan Druskin, Mr. & Mrs. Milton Edgren, Jr., David & Shirley Ferguson, Mr. & Mrs. Steve George, Margaret Hammond, Bill & Ruth Hastings, Dr. & Mrs. George Janda, Ruth Kincaid, Dr. & Mrs. Robert Koller, Robert L. Kriel, Dr. & Mrs. Mancel Mitchell, Mr. & Mrs. Earl Mosiman, Mrs. Courtland E. Newman, Mr. & Mrs. I. D. Owen, Gary & Pam Reierison, Mary Lynn Shackelford, Gaius & Ann Slosser, Mr. & Mrs. Alan Struthers, Mr. & Mrs. James Thompson, Mr. & Mrs. Albert Trostel III, Wellington Tully, Lillian & Lowell Weber, Robert Wetzler, Mr. & Mrs. E. M. Whitacre, Mr. & Mrs. H. Eugene Widtfeldt, Mrs. W. A. Wilson, Frank & Laurel Winsor, Mr. & Mrs. Louis Zelle

SPECIAL ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

This project supported by Affiliated State Arts Agencies of the Upper Midwest: Iowa Arts Council, Minnesota State Arts Board, North Dakota Council on the Arts, South Dakota Arts Council, Wisconsin Arts Board, with funds provided by the National Endowment for the Arts, a Federal agency.

This Program is supported by the Metropolitan Regional Arts Council with special assistance from the McKnight Foundation.

Richard Stuck Colwell Press & Charlene Young Raymond Martin