

Program Notes and Texts

Introduction

Jeffrey Van, whose piece for guitar and chorus is the title work of this concert, provides the unifying principle for these notes in *his* note for his 2016 *Music of Love and the Stars*. He makes a passing reference to the genre of Spanish music called *cante jondo* or “deep song.” The evocativeness of this term is not just because of it being foreign and in Spanish (in the dialect of the region called Andalusia), but that helps. The fact that Jeffrey Van assumes that we concert-goers already know what it means – that also helps. The expression, “Deep Song,” is an old one; yet it is new to me. I learned that it refers to the “unspoiled form of Andalusian folk music” which, in the words of the poet Federico García Lorca, “is the primitive song, the oldest of all Europe; it is a lyrical fragment that has survived the ruins of history and which appears alive again like on the first morning of its life.”

Lorca’s words (from 1931) may contain more than a bit of Spanish chauvinism but I think they can be applied to all the music the Chamber Chorale is singing, and that the Minneapolis Guitar Quartet is playing. They are all “lyrical pieces” (or “fragments”) that are both rooted in history and “alive again” when they are performed. We didn’t invent our languages – or our music, or our songs. They are linked to both a historical past and to a mythical past. At the risk of dating myself, the song from my high school days that came first into my mind when I learned of the genre called “deep music,” is one that Joni Mitchell (and others) sang about Woodstock. You all know it too, at least the chorus: “We are stardust, we are golden, we are billion year old carbon, and we’ve got to get ourselves back to the Garden.”

John Bennet’s *Let go, why do you stay me?*

Let go, why do you stay me?
I will for spite, go run and slay me.
O new found tormenting,
O strange disdainig,
I die for love, yet fain’d is my complaining;
But you that say I fained,
Now see what you have gained!

William Byrd's *I thought that Love had been a Boy*

I thought that Love had been a boy,
With blinded eyes,
Or else some other wanton toy
That men devise,
Like tales of fairies often told
By doting age that dies for cold.

These two short madrigals, both from the time of Shakespeare, deal with the age-old theme summed up in the proverbial saying (first declared by a character in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*): "The course of true love never did run smooth." As in that play and so many others not just by Shakespeare, the madrigals are made up of the everyday stuff of lovers' quarrels, the deep psychology that links love and death (e.g. Wagner's *Tristan*), the mythology of ancient Greece and Rome, and the inherent magic or mystery of love (at least for men). All this (and more!) is still found in almost every modern love song. To go back to 1970 again, John Bennet's and William Byrd's madrigals evoke Carlos Santana's "I've got a black magic woman, Got me so blind I cannot see."

And then, there is the music woven out of and into the words. These madrigals give structure to passion and to feelings. The music literally "plays" with the words. It is because I was an English major and not a Music major that I write, "The words are easier to understand than the music." But then I get to add, "There the words are, right in front of you. The madrigals make them go by pretty quickly. So make sure you read them, perhaps more than once!"

Quentin Roberts's arrangement of the 18th century French folk song, *Au Clair de la Lune*

*Au clair de la lune,
mon ami Pierrot,
Prête-moi ta plume
pour écrire un mot.
Ma chandelle est morte,
je n'ai plus de feu,
Ouvre-moi ta porte
pour l'amour de Dieu.*

"By the light of the moon,
my friend Pierrot,
Lend me your pen,
so I can write a note.
My candle has died,
my fire has gone out,
Open your door,
for the love of God!"

*Au clair de la lune,
Pierrot répondit,
J'n'ai ni feu ni plume,
je sors de mon lit.
Va chez la voisine,
je crois qu'elle y est,
Car dans sa cuisine,
on bat le briquet.*

By the light of the moon,
Pierrot answered,
“I have neither fire nor pen,
you just woke me up!
Go to the neighbor’s,
I think she’s there,
because in her kitchen,
someone is striking a flint.”

*Au clair de la lune
s'en fut Arlequin.
Frapper chez la brune,
ell' répond soudain:
Qui frapp' de la sorte?
Il dit tout mielleux:
Ouvrez votre porte,
j'voudrais plume et feu!*

By the light of the moon,
Arlequin went
away to knock at the door of the brunette.
Suddenly she answers,
“Who’s knocking like that?”
He says, in a honey-toned voice,
“Open your door.
I’d like a pen and some fire.”

*Au clair de la lune
restez, mon gaillard.
Riposte la brune,
j'n'ouvre pas si tard.
Gagnez donc un rhume,
a rôder ainsi,
Car votr' feu, votr' plume,
ça n'prend pas ici!*

By the light of the moon,
“Stay right there, buddy,”
retorts the brunette.
“I don’t open my door this late!
Go ahead, catch a cold,
prowling around like this;
Because, your fire and your pen,
you won’t get them here!”

—translation by Barbara Rusterholz

Pierrot, or Harlequin, being French, is slightly more sophisticated than the mythical English character Robin Goodfellow, or Puck. To quote from a song popular a few years before 1970, he’s out there “by the light of the silvery moon” and he “wants to spoon.” He is not being original in doing this: he’s imitating the unknown character who starts the little narrative song by appearing at his door “crooning” some not completely logical words about needing a pen, a candle and some matches. Pierrot sends this serenader away but, once awake and out of bed, he sets out to do the same thing. Being a clown, he thinks that what did not work at his house (“chez Pierrot”) will work at the house of his beautiful neighbor who happens to be a brunette. He’s convinced that the request for a pen and a light will be a perfect come-on and so will be the magic words that will get him admitted to the house of his long-admired

“love.” Again, like a Shakespearian comedy, it’s both mad-cap and logical, both fun and risqué.

This French folk song, which has been popular for over 200 years, essentially asks the same question as the oldie but goodie from 1959: “Each night I ask the stars up above, why must I be a teenager in love?” It doesn’t give any answers – but that’s the answer: there aren’t any!

Here’s a fact that perhaps is of interest only to me: *Au Claire de la Lune* is cited, as an example of a love serenade, in Offenbach’s 1861 popular one-act operetta, *La Chanson de Fortunio* (“Fortunio’s Song”). This 2016 arrangement is by Quentin Roberts, a member of Poly-Sons, the choir from Épinal, the French sister city of La Crosse. It was given (“dedicated to the one I love”) to the Chamber Chorale on the occasion of the visit here in August of our French sister choir.

Gabriel Fauré’s *Madrigal*

<i>Inhumaines qui, sans merci Vous raillez de notre souci, Aimez quand on vous aime!</i>	Inhuman women, who without mercy mock our turmoil, Love when you are loved!
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<i>Ingrats qui ne vous doutez pas Des rêves éclos sur vos pas, Aimez quand on vous aime!</i>	Ungrateful men, who do not suspect the dreams you arouse in your wake, Love when you are loved!
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<i>Sachez, ô cruelles Beautés, Que les jours d’aimer sont comptés.</i>	Know, o cruel beauties, that the days for loving are numbered.
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<i>Sachez, amoureux inconstants, Que le bien d’aimer n’a qu’un temps. Aimez quand on vous aime!</i>	Know, inconstant lovers, that the gift of love has only one moment. Love when you are loved!
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<i>Un meme destin nous poursuit Et notre folie est la même: C’est celle d’aimer qui nous fuit C’est celle de fuir qui nous aime!</i>	The same destiny pursues us and our madness is the same: we love the one who flees from us, and we flee from the one who loves us!
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—poetry by Armand Silvestre (1837-1901)
—translation by Barbara Rusterholz

Here the clever French wisdom of the prolific author, Armand Silvestre,

joins the French musical beauty of Gabriel Fauré. The poem is clever as it presents both sides of the eternal story of boys meeting (and needing) girls and girls meeting (and needing) boys. Silvestre tells it like it is, or rather like it has always been. He's not like the hit song from 1958, "I wonder wonder, who wrote the book of love." But he's close. His wisdom consists in having the men and women advise (or accuse!) one another, starting first with the men. But note that they both use the same refrain: *Aimez quand on vous aime!* ("Love when you are loved!") The English major in me hears an echo of Shakespeare's song from *Twelfth Night* that concludes, "In delay there lies no plenty, so come kiss me, sweet and twenty: youth's a stuff will not endure."

Silvestre ends his poem with something like a sigh, about "love, love, hopeless love." And he's honest enough to include himself in "the destiny that pursues us [all]." But the interlocking singing and rhymes (at least in the original French) belie the prediction that the lovers will not get together!

Minneapolis Guitar Quartet

***Two Finnish Pieces* by Maria Kalaniemi**

***Two Pieces from Cuatro Piezas* by Joaquin Rodrigo**

This is a rare moment in a Chamber Chorale concert: instrumental pieces with no singing. And because they have no words, what can an English major program notes writer say about them? Answer: he can ask for help from Joseph Hagedorn, the member of the Guitar Quartet who arranged them!

Maria Kalaniemi has won acclaim in Europe as a pioneer of the "New Finnish Folk Music" while being known as an accomplished interpreter of the folk music of Finland, Sweden and the area shared by Russia and Finland: Karelia. She is a master performer on her instrument, the five-row accordion. *Two Finnish Pieces* was originally written for the accordion and other instruments. "Skymingspolskan" is mesmerizing and tinged with melancholy, while "Hermannin Riili" offers quite a contrast with its energy and playfulness. Hagedorn adds, "Watch for the 'funk break' in the middle of the reel."

The Spanish composer Joaquin Rodrigo composed his *Cuatro Piezas*, or "Four Pieces," in 1938, when he was living in France, an exile during the

Spanish Civil War. They were originally written for piano. *Plegaria de la Infanta de Castilla*, or “Prayer of the Princess of Castille” reflects on the real life story of Isabella I of Castille (most famous for us Americans as the monarch who sponsored Christopher Columbus). *Danza valenciana* is a lively dance from the Mediterranean province of Valencia – the region of Rodrigo’s birth. Hagedorn adds, “There is a slow, expressive section that interrupts the dance right in the middle. This recalls the more seriously emotional “Prayer.”

Johannes Brahms’s *Six Songs and Romances*, translations by Hans Laping and Paul Rusterholz

Der bucklichte Fiedler

*Es wohnt ein Fiedler
zu Frankfurt am Main,
der kehret von lustiger Zeche heim;
und er trat auf den Markt,
was schaut’ er dort?
Der schönen Frauen schmausten
gar viel’ an dem Ort.*

*Du bucklichter Fiedler,
nun fiedle uns auf,
wir wollen dir zahlen des Lohnes vollauf!
Einen feinen Tanz, behende geigt,
Walpurgis Nacht
wir heuer gefeir’t!*

*Der Geiger strich einen
fröhlichen Tanz,
die Frauen tanzten
den Rosenkranz;
und die erste sprach:
Mein lieber Sohn,
du geigtest so frisch,
hab’ nun deinen Lohn!*

*Sie griff ihm behend
unter’s Wams sofort,
und nahm ihm den Höcker
vom Rücken fort:*

The Hunchbacked Fiddler

There once lived a fiddler
in Frankfurt
who returned from a wild revelry.
He stepped into the market,
and what did he see?
The pretty women feast
a great deal around here!’

“You hunchbacked fiddler,
play something for us.
We wish to pay you handsomely!
A fine dance, smartly played!
Walpurgis Night
will be celebrated tonight.”

The fiddler struck up
a cheerful dance:
the ladies danced
the Rosenkranz.
And the first one spoke,
“My dear son,
you play so brightly,
now have your reward!”

She nimbly reached
under his jacket
and took his hump
from his back.

*So gehe nun hin,
mein schlanker Gesell,
dich nimmt nun jedwede
Jungfrau zur Stell'!*

"Now go to it,
my slender companion;
any young maiden would take
you now, right on the spot."

—*Rhenish Folksong*

Das Mädchen

*Stand das Mädchen,
stand am Bergesabhang,
Widerschien der Berg
von ihrem Antlitz,
Und das Mädchen sprach
zu ihrem Antlitz:*

*"Wahrlich, Antlitz, o du meine Sorge,
Wenn ich wüßte,
du mein weißes Antlitz,
Daß dereinst ein Alter
dich wird küssen,
Ging hinaus ich zu
den grünen Bergen,
Pflückte allen Wermuth
in den Bergen,
Preßte bitt'res Wasser
aus dem Wermuth,
Wüsche dich, o Antlitz,
mit dem Wasser,
Daß du bitter,
wenn dich küßt der Alte!*

*Wüßt' ich aber,
du mein weißes Antlitz,
Daß dereinst ein Junger
dich wird küssen,
Ging hinaus ich
in den grünen Garten,
Pflückte alle Rosen in dem Garten,
Preßte duftend Wasser
aus den Rosen,
Wüsche dich, o Antlitz,
mit dem Wasser,*

The Maiden

The girl stood
on the mountainside;
the mountain reflected
her face,
and the girl said
to her reflection:

"Truly, visage, O you my sorrow,
If I knew,
my white face,
that someday an old man
would kiss you,
I would go out
into the green mountains,
pick all the wormwood
in the mountains,
squeeze bitter water
out of the wormwood,
wash you, O face,
with that water,
so that you would be bitter
when the old one kissed you."

"But if I knew,
my white visage,
that one day a young man
would kiss you,
then I would go out
into the green garden,
pick all the roses in the garden,
squeeze fragrant water
out of the roses,
wash you, O face,
with that water,

*Daß du duftest,
wenn dich küßt der Junge!"*

O süßer Mai

*O süßer Mai,
Der Strom ist frei,
Ich steh verschlossen,
Mein Aug' verdrossen,
Ich seh nicht deine grüne Tracht,
Nicht deine buntgeblümte Pracht,
Nicht dein Himmelsblau,
Zur Erd' ich schau;
O süßer Mai,
Mich lasse frei,
Wie den Gesang
An den dunkeln Hecken entlang.*

Fahr wohl

*Fahr' wohl,
O Vöglein,
das nun wandern soll;
Der Sommer fährt von hinnen,
Du willst mit ihm entrinnen:
Fahr' wohl, fahr' wohl!*

*Fahr' wohl,
O Blättlein, das nun fallen soll,
Dich hat rot angestrahlet
Der Herbst im Tod gemalet:
Fahr' wohl, fahr' wohl!*

*Fahr' wohl,
All Liebes,
das nun scheiden soll!
Und ob es so geschehe,
Daß ich nicht mehr dich sehe:
Fahr' wohl, fahr' wohl!
Fahr' wohl!*

so that you would smell sweet,
when the young man kisses you."

—*Serbian Folk Song*

O Sweet May

O sweet May,
the torrent is free;
I stand locked,
my eyes sullen;
I do not see your green attire,
nor your colorful majesty,
nor your blue heavens;
to the earth I gaze.
O sweet May,
let me be free
like the song
along the dark hedge row.

—*Achim von Arnim*

Farewell

Farewell,
O little bird!
You should be flying south.
Summer departs,
you should slip away with it.
Farewell, farewell!

Farewell,
O little leaf that now must fall!
In death,
fall has painted you red.
Farewell, farewell!

Farewell,
everything lovely
that now must part.
And if it should happen
that I will no longer see you:
Farewell, farewell!
Farewell!

—*Friedrich Rückert*

Der Falke

*Hebt ein Falke sich empor,
wiegt die Schwingen stolz und breit,
fliegt empor, dann rechtshin weit,
bis er schaut der Veste Tor.*

*An dem Tor ein Mädchen sitzt,
wäscht ihr weißes Angesicht,
Schnee der Berge glänzet nicht,
wie ihr weißer Nacken glitzt.*

*Wie es wäscht und wie es sitzt,
hebt es auf die schwarzen Brau'n,
und kein Nachtstern ist zu schau'n,
wie ihr schwarzes Auge blitzt.*

*Spricht der Falke aus den Höh'n:
O du Mädchen wunderschön!
Wasche nicht die Wange dein,
daß sie schneelig glänze nicht!*

*Hebe nicht die Braue fein,
daß dein Auge blitze nicht!
Hüll' den weißen Nacken ein,
daß mir nicht das Herze bricht!*

Beherrigung

*Feiger Gedanken
Bängliches Schwanken,
Weibisches Zagen,
Ängstliches Klagen
Wendet kein Elend,
Macht dich nicht frei.*

*Allen Gewalten
Zum Trutz sich erhalten,
Nimmer sich beugen,
Kräftig sich zeigen
Rufet die Arme
Der Götter herbei!*

The Falcon

A falcon flies up
proudly soaring, widely circling,
climbs higher yet,
'til he sees the castle gate.

At the gate a girl sits
washing her white face.
Snows of the mountains don't glisten
as brightly as her white neck!

How she washes! How she sits!
She lifts up those black brows;
no star shines as brightly
as her bright black eyes!

From high up the falcon speaks:
"O lovely maiden,
don't wash your cheek
so that it glistens like the snow!

Don't lift your beautiful eyebrows
so that your eyes glitter so brightly!
Cover your white neck,
to keep my heart from breaking!"

—Serbian Folk Song

Take Heart!

Cowardly thoughts,
fearful waffling,
feminine indecision,
fearful complaining,
giving in to misery,
will not make you free.

Against all forces
stand defiantly!
Never bend,
show your resolve!
Call up the arms
of the gods!

—Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

You are ahead of me if you can tell the difference between a “song” and a “romance” here. Perhaps the romances are the longer songs that are like short stories, or folk tales. These are the first two: one about “How the Humpback Lost his Hump” and one about “How a Young Maiden Wants to Know her Future” (or at least what kind of husband she will have). Both the Humpback and the Maiden are musicians, so it’s not unexpected that they will be rewarded.

The Humpback’s tale takes place on the German equivalent of Halloween, *Walpurgis Nacht*, a kind of magical mystery tour when anything can happen. He’s just finished playing at one wild party when he’s asked to perform at another, in the village market place that has been transformed into a dance floor. It’s not completely clear, but the dance may be part of a “Witches’ Sabbath” – at least there are no other men mentioned. But the pretty women dance so well, and the hunchback plays so brightly, that one of them, a good witch no doubt, magically changes him into a healthy young man. And the newly-made Don Giovanni heads off for his next conquest.

The Maid on the mountainside ponders two contrasting stories for her life. She can somehow see both in a pool of water, or a snatch of snow. She first sees herself married to an old man and this prospect makes her want to wash her face in water made out of the essence of wormwood (a plant as nasty as its name). She imagines that if she does this she would avoid her nasty fate. Then she envisions being married to a young man. This makes her want to leave the mountain side, go to the nearest rose garden, and prepare the simple, poor person’s perfume of rosewater. She literally wants to embrace this fate.

The next four songs (or “romances”) also tell stories – for the most part, sad Germanic ones which date from that region’s “Romantic Period” when it was an “in thing” to be in despair, both defiantly and passively (cf. *The Sorrows of Young Werther*). In Achim von Arnim’s song about the merry month of May, we find just the opposite of what we’d expect: the poet feels “locked,” not free; a rushing torrent is close by, but he’s stuck in the mud; the blue sky is all about him, but he can only look down. The hope here is like that of singing the blues: the song itself makes you feel better.

Friedrich Rückert can only see separation at the end of the warm season. It doesn’t enter into his head to sing, “I want to thank you for

giving me the most wonderful summer of my life.” As you can do in romances, he talks to a migratory bird who’s just about to fly south; and he talks to a single leaf who’s been “painted red by autumn.” But they don’t answer him. He too feels stuck. The hope here is the speaker will get to do what Rückert got to do in real life: spend the cold months in sunny Italy!

“The Falcon” is clearly a romance, for it has a speaking bird and the romantic setting of a Disneyland castle. There is also a beautiful maid – not quite a princess as she’s sitting at the castle gate. Is the song meant to warn women about predatory falcons – I mean men? Or is its purpose to make us feel sorry for the falcon – I mean a man – who will never be able to attain the woman he admires from afar? Perhaps the answer is in bachelor Brahms’s music.

And the final lyric is by Goethe, the Shakespeare of German literature. But here Goethe sounds like Lord Byron – he’s defiantly pouring out his soul. He’s also showing off with his series of short rhyming couplets, something that’s hard to do in non-romance languages. Is it a “deep song”? Is it a pagan prayer to the gods of the austere North? Perhaps you need to be German to know for sure.

***Serenity (O Magnum Mysterium)* by Ola Gjeilo**

<i>O magnum mysterium,</i>	O great mystery,
<i>et admirabile sacramentum,</i>	and wondrous sacrament,
<i>ut animalia viderent</i>	that animals should see
<i>Dominum natum,</i>	the new-born Lord,
<i>iacentem in praesepio:</i>	lying in their manger!
<i>Beata Virgo, cujus viscera</i>	Blessed is the Virgin whose womb
<i>meruerunt portare</i>	was worthy to bear
<i>Dominum Christum.</i>	the Lord Jesus Christ.
<i>Alleluia.</i>	Alleluia!

Here is what the Norwegian composer Ola Gjeilo (who is alive and well and living in New York City) wrote about his 2012 work, *Serenity*:

With it, I wanted to write choral music that has a symphonic, abundant feel. This is the case with quite a few of my more recent works for choir. I love a warm, lush sound that can give a feeling of space and evocativeness – but still be intimate, somehow.

As a musicologist, I am really only an enthusiastic amateur (who can speak some Norwegian!) As such, I'd love to ask Ola Gjeilo why he chose to use Latin for this piece. Is it, I wonder, because the ancient language of Latin provides a direct link with the "deep song" that composers both have within them and search for?

The text of *Serenity* is taken from a well-known medieval hymn that combines elements of Christmas carols with traditional praises to Mary. It is both devotional and popular. Many other composers have set its poetic words to music. One of the main ways that the unknown Latin poet conveys the amazing message of the incarnation is by using all those words (eight out of twenty) which end with the letter "m" – thus forcing speakers (and singers!) to shut their mouths for an instant and ponder the great and wondrous mystery.

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Jeffrey Van's *Music of Love and the Stars*

I. TRANSFORMATION

There is that star,
scintillating
like a trill of diamond
on the blue water
of the night.

Look at her,
and with the tender light
of your divine eyes,
she could turn to gold
my thorns,
and cover with white flowers
the solitary route
of my fate.

III. ETERNITY

When I die,
think that I only sleep....
Take me in your arms
and put me to dream
on your blue bed
full of stars.

And listen....

Every night
the silence
and my nostalgia
will sing for you
my sweetest songs,
like an eternal echo
of your languid sighs.

II. PASSION

May the music
of all the stars
wrap you in my name.

And I will ascend to you
in a pale ray
of light of the moon....

Give me your hands
so that my blind eyes
are dazzled,
and I dissolve in you
in the instant of a sigh.

IV. PRESENCE

I am going,
and I leave here
my sad lamps
by all the corners.

The birds and the wind
will sing my songs
in the rough woods and roads...

and when you sleep
the violet shadows of the night
will bring to your eyes
my message of love
from my dreams.

— *Poetry by Jesús Silva (1914-1996)*

Jeffrey Van was commissioned in 2016 by the Minneapolis Guitar Quartet to write this piece. Here is the composer's modest program note:

It was a unique pleasure in composing this work to explore the potential for the Guitar Quartet to support and enhance the choral settings of these beautiful texts by Jesús Silva. Prof. Silva was a well-known figure in the guitar world. He was the first guitar professor at the North Carolina School of the Arts in Winston-Salem.

Guitar introductions and interludes throughout the four movements highlight the quartet, provide contrast, and serve to anticipate and support the nature of the choral settings.

The guitar has always been the traditional instrument of romance and passion – from the amorous serenades of a Rossini opera, to the emotion of the flamenco cante jondo, to give the original Spanish for “deep song.” And here we have not one, but four guitars, together with a vocal ensemble to reflect upon Jesús Silva’s poems, his “deep songs” for the woman he loved, Jane Goco.

These words invite us, in turn, to reflect on this beautiful combination of love poems and music. Together they provide us with a vision of harmony, of completing a journey. I’m sure that Jesús Silva had somewhere in mind the famous concluding words to Dante’s *Paradiso* where the poet/pilgrim combines human and divine love as he glimpses “the Love which moves the sun and the other stars.”

Angel Band (music by William Bradbury, adapted and arranged by Shawn Kirchner, words by Jefferson Hascall)

The latest sun is sinking fast,
 My race is almost run.
My strongest trials now are past,
 My triumph is begun

*O come, angel band
Come and around me stand
O bear me away on your snow-white wings
 To my immortal home.*

I know I’m near the holy ranks
 Of friend and kindred dear;
I’ve brushed the dew on Jordan’s banks,
 The crossing must be near. *Chorus*
I’ve almost gained my heav’nly home –

My spirit loudly sings.
The Holy Ones, behold they come –
I hear the noise of wings. *Chorus*

***I Don' Feel No Ways Tired*, traditional Spiritual, arranged by Stacey V. Gibbs**

Oh, I am seekin' fo' a city, hallelujah,
I am seekin' (Oh yes!) fo' a city, hallelujah
Fo' a city into de Kingdom, hallelujah,
Fo' a city (Oh yes!) into de Kingdom, hallelujah.

Oh, Lord, I don't feel no ways tired, childun oh,
Glory hallelujah, fo' I hope to shout glory when dis worl' is on fiyer,
childun, oh,
Glory hallelujah.

Dere's a bettuh day a comin' hallelujah.
Dere's a better (Oh yes!) day a comin' hallelujah.
When I leave dis worl' of sorrow, hallelujah,
Fo' to jine dat (Oh yes!) holy numbuh, hallelujah. (repeat, with variation)

There's no argument over the nature of Gospel hymns: they are "deep songs." They're connected with the ancient texts and images of the Bible. In the form of African-American spirituals, they're connected with the ancient rhythms and dances of Africa. Sometimes their authors are known, as in the case of *Angel Band*, the tune of which was written by William Bradbury, who wrote hymns familiar to almost everyone. These include *Sweet Hour of Prayer, Just as I Am, Without One Plea*, and *Jesus Loves Me This I Know*. The author of the words of *Angel Band* is not very well-known. But we still know his name. It's Rev. Jefferson Hascall.

We simply do not know who wrote *I Don' Feel No Ways Tired*. As a folk song, a folk hymn, it belongs to everyone. And there are different versions, some of them with several more verses than Stacey V. Gibbs's arrangement. Perhaps the best-known is sung by Rev. James Cleveland. (You can find this version, and others, on YouTube.) Stacey V. Gibbs arranged his version of *I Don' Feel No Ways Tired* for The Boys Choir of Harlem and its director, Walter Turnbull.

Program Notes by Rev. Donald Hardie Fox – in memoriam matris suae Hannah Putnam Fox, May 16, 1920 - December 30, 2016.