

**Edmund Connolly** baritone  
**Donna Bacon** violin  
**Maxine Thévenot** piano  
**Spencer Beckwith** narrator

**chatter** music  
worth  
talking  
about  
**SUNDAY**

**Childhood among the ferns** by Thomas Hardy (1928)

Gerald Finzi (1901–1956)

**Desire in Spring** by Francis Ledwidge (1956)

Ivor Gurney (1890–1937)

POEM: THE LAST DAY OF LEAVE BY ROBERT GRAVES (1895–1985)

**Four songs for voice and violin** op. 35, by anon. (1916–17)

Gustav Holst (1874–1934)

I Jesu, sweet

II My soul has but fire and ice

**The Fiddler of Dooney** by W. B. Yeats (1925)

Robin Milford (1903–1959)

POEM: WHEN YOU SEE MILLIONS OF THE MOUTHLESS DEAD CHARLES SORLEY (1895–1915)

**The Moor** by Ralph Hodgson (pre-1924)

Robin Milford

**Sleep** by John Fletcher (1912)

Ivor Gurney

POEM: TO GERMANY CHARLES SORLEY

**King David** by Walter de la Mare (1919)

Herbert Howells (1892–1983)

POEM: THE UNKNOWN BIRD EDWARD THOMAS (1878–1917)

**The Lark Ascending** by George Meredith (1914)

Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872–1958)

**On the Idle Hill of Summer** by A.E. Housman (1912)

George Butterworth (1885–1916)

POEM: DULCE ET DECORUM EST WILFRED OWEN (1893–1918)

**Channel Firing** by Thomas Hardy

Gerald Finzi

POEM: EVERYONE SANG SIEGFRIED SASSOON (1886–1967)

**Bright is the ring of words** by Robert Louis Stevenson (1905–12)

Ralph Vaughan Williams

Celebration of Silence :: Two Minutes

**chatter SUNDAY**

Sun, Nov 18 at 10:30am at Las Puertas

Works by **Shaw** and **Borodin**  
Performed by **Young, Kountoupes,**  
**Felberg** and **Winograd**

**Laura Jagles** Spoken Word

**chatter CABARET**

Sun, Nov 25 at 5:00pm at the Albuquerque Museum

Works by **Bach, Glass** and **Korngold**  
Performed by **Shields, Ukens, Hamm,** and **Gordon**

More info at [ChatterABQ.org](http://ChatterABQ.org)

*To come, Barb?*

**Chatter's 11<sup>th</sup> happening  
at SITE Santa Fe!**

Sat, Nov 10, 10:30am

SITE Santa Fe: a contemporary art space  
1606 Paseo de Peralta, Santa Fe

More info at [ChatterABQ.org](http://ChatterABQ.org)

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Contact Barb Leviton

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50 weeks every year at 10:30am

Las Puertas, 1512 1st St NW, Abq

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## **Childhood among the ferns—from Before and After Summer—Gerald Finzi, poem by Thomas Hardy**

I sat one sprinkling day upon the lea,  
Where tall-stemmed ferns spread out luxuriantly,  
And nothing but those tall ferns sheltered me.  
The rain gained strength, and damped each lopping frond,  
Ran down their stalks beside me and beyond,  
And shaped slow-creeping rivulets as I coned,  
With pride, my spray-roofed house. And though anon  
Some drops pierced its green rafters, I sat on,  
Making pretence I was not rained upon.  
The sun then burst, and brought forth a sweet breath  
From the limp ferns as they dried underneath;  
I said: "I could live on here thus till death;"  
And queried in the green rays as I sate:  
"Why should I have to grow to man's estate,  
And this afar-noised World perambulate?"

## **From Four songs for voice and violin, op. 35—Gustav Holst, poems anon. (medieval)**

1. Jesu Sweet, now will I sing  
To Thee a song of love longing;  
Do in my heart a quick well spring  
Thee to love above all thing.

Jesu Sweet, my dim heart's gleam  
Brighter than the sunnèbeam!  
As thou wert born in Bethlehem  
Make in me thy lovèdream.

Jesu Sweet, my dark heart's light  
Thou art day withouten night;  
Give me strength and eke might  
For to loven Thee aright.

Jesu Sweet, well may he be  
That in Thy bliss Thyself shall see:  
With love cords then draw Thou me  
That I may come and dwell with Thee.

2. My soul has nought but fire and ice  
And my body earth and wood:  
Pray we all the Most High King  
Who is the Lord of our last doom,  
That He should give us just one thing  
That we may do His will.

## **Desire in Spring—Ivor Gurney, poem by Francis Ledwidge**

I love the cradle-songs the mothers sing  
In lonely places when the twilight drops,  
The slow, endearing melodies that bring  
Sleep to the weeping lids; and, when she stops,  
I love the roadside birds upon the tops  
Of dusty hedges in a world of Spring.  
And when the sunny rain drips from the edge  
Of mid-day wind, and meadows lean one way,  
And a long whisper passes thro' the sedge,  
Beside the broken water let me stay,  
While these old airs upon my memory play,  
And silent changes colour up the hedge.

## **The Fiddler of Dooney—Robin Milford, poem by William Butler Yeats**

When I play on my fiddle in Dooney,  
Folk dance like a wave of the sea;  
My cousin is priest in Kilvarnet,  
My brother in Mocharabuiee.

I passed my brother and cousin:  
They read in their books of prayer;  
I read in my book of songs  
I bought at the Sligo fair.

When we come at the end of time  
To Peter sitting in state,  
He will smile on the three old spirits,  
But call me first through the gate;

For the good are always the merry,  
Save by an evil chance,  
And the merry love the fiddle,  
And the merry love to dance:

And when the folk there spy me,  
They will all come up to me,  
With "Here is the fiddler of Dooney!"  
And dance like a wave of the sea.

### **The Moor—Robin Milford, poem by Ralph Hodgson**

The world's gone forward to its latest fair  
And dropt an old man done with by the way,  
To sit alone among the bats and stare  
At miles and miles and miles of moorland bare  
Lit only with last shreds of dying day.  
Not all the world, not all the world's gone by:  
Old man, you're like to meet one traveller still,  
A journeyman well kened for courtesy  
To all that walk at odds with life and limb;  
If this be he now riding up the hill  
Maybe he'll stop and take you up with him . . .  
'But thou art Death?' 'Of Heavenly Seraphim  
None else to seek thee out and bid thee come.'  
'I only care that thou art come from Him,  
Unbody me - I'm tired - and get me home.'

### **Sleep—Ivor Gurney, poem by John Fletcher**

Come, Sleep, and with thy sweet deceiving  
Lock me in delight awhile;  
Let some pleasing dreams beguile  
All my fancies; that from thence  
I may feel an influence  
All my powers of care bereaving.  
Though but a shadow, but a sliding,  
Let me know some little joy!  
We that suffer long annoy  
Are contented with a thought  
Through an idle fancy wrought:  
O let my joys have some abiding!

### **King David—Herbert Howells, poem by Walter de la Mare**

King David was a sorrowful man:  
No cause for his sorrow had he;  
And he called for the music of a hundred harps,  
To ease his melancholy.

They played till they all fell silent:  
Played and play sweet did they;  
But the sorrow that haunted the heart of King David  
They could not charm away.

He rose; and in his garden  
Walked by the moon alone,  
A nightingale hidden in a cypress tree,  
Jargoned on and on.

King David lifted his sad eyes  
Into the dark-boughed tree --  
"Tell me, thou little bird that singest,  
Who taught my grief to thee?"

But the bird in no-wise heeded;  
And the king in the cool of the moon  
Hearkened to the nightingale's sorrowfulness,  
Till all his own was gone.

### **On the idle hill of summer— George Butterworth, poem by A.E. Housman**

On the idle hill of summer,  
Sleepy with the flow of streams,  
Far I hear the steady drummer  
Drumming like a noise in dreams.

Far and near and low and louder,  
On the roads of earth go by,  
Dear to friends and food for powder,  
Soldiers marching, all to die.

East and west on fields forgotten  
Bleach the bones of comrades slain,  
Lovely lads and dead and rotten;  
None that go return again.

Far the calling bugles hollo,  
High the screaming fife replies,  
Gay the files of scarlet follow;  
Woman bore me, I will rise.

**Channel Firing—from Before and After Summer—  
Gerald Finzi, poem by Thomas Hardy**

That night your great guns, unawares,  
Shook all our coffins as we lay,  
And broke the chancel window-squares;  
We thought it was the Judgment-day

And sat upright. While drearishome  
Arose the howl of wakened hounds:  
The mouse let fall the altar-crumbs,  
The worms drew back into the mounds,

The glebe cow drooled. Till God called, "No;  
It's gunnery practice out at sea  
Just as before you went below;  
The world is as it used to be:

"All nations striving strong to make  
Red war yet redder. Mad as hatters  
They do no more for Christ's sake  
Than you who are helpless in such matters.

"That this is not the judgment-hour  
For some of them's a blessed thing;  
For if it were they'd have to scour  
Hell's floor for so much threatening ...

"Ha, ha. It will be warmer when  
I blow the trumpet (if indeed  
I ever do; for you are men,  
And rest eternal sorely need)."

So down we lay again. "I wonder,  
Will the world ever saner be,"  
Said one, "than when He sent us under  
In our indifferent century!"

And many a skeleton shook his head.  
"Instead of preaching forty year,"  
My neighbour Parson Thirdly said,  
"I wish I had stuck to pipes and beer."

Again the guns disturbed the hour,  
Roaring their readiness to avenge,  
As far inland as Stourton Tower,  
And Camelot, and starlit Stonehenge.

**Bright is the ring of words—  
from Songs of Travel—Ralph Vaughan Williams,  
poem by Robert Louis Stevenson**

Bright is the ring of words  
When the right man rings them,  
Fair the fall of songs  
When the singer sings them,  
Still they are carolled and said -  
On wings they are carried -  
After the singer is dead  
And the maker buried.

Low as the singer lies  
In the field of heather,  
Songs of his fashion bring  
The swains together.  
And when the west is red  
With the sunset embers,  
The lover lingers and sings  
And the maid remembers.