

Introducing

GALATEA

directed by

Susanne Peck

Rich English Fare

Post - Romantic Choral Inspirations from Nature

Sunday, March 3, 1996
St. Luke's Episcopal Church
Somers, NY
4:00 P.M.

Sunday, March 10, 1996
Church of the Ascension, Parish Hall
12 West 11th Street
Manhattan, NY
8:00 P.M.

GALATEA

Artistic Director
Susanne Peck

Sopranos
Judith Cobb
Margaret O'Brien
Lisa Rein
Jeanette Rodriguez
Debbie Schaeffner
Sherry Zukof

Altos
Ann Berkhausen
Grace Check
Michèle Eaton
Maura May
Ellen Schorr

Tenors
Eric S. Brenner
Michael M. Chamberlin
Thomas Cirillo
David J. Deschamps
Philip Gallo

Basses
Peter Cobb
Steve Friedman
Shawn Hall
Mark Johnson
Seth S. Katz
Robb Moss

GALATEA

Rich English Fare

My Love Dwelt in a Northern Land
The Shower

Edward Elgar (1857-1934)

On Craig Ddu
The Splendour Falls on Castle Walls

Frederick Delius (1862-1934)

Three Shakespeare Songs

1. Full fathom five
2. The cloud-capp'd towers
3. Over hill, over dale

Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)

A Litany
Where Does the Uttered Music Go?

William Walton (1902-1983)

~ *Intermission* ~

Two Northern Songs
The Brook
Slumber Song

Edward A. MacDowell (1861-1908)

Reincarnations
1. Mary Hynes
2. Anthony O Daly
3. The Coolin

Samuel Barber (1910-1981)

Of Helen

John Allman (b. 1961)

Vernal Incantations
I, II, III

James Harold Carr (b. 1950)

My Love Dwelt in a Northern Land

My love dwelt in a northern land,
A dim tower in a forest green
Was his, and far away the sand
And gray wash of the waves were seen
The woven forest boughs between:
And thro' the Northern summer night
The sunset slowly, slowly died away,
And herds of strange deer, silver-white,
Came gleaming through the forest gray,
And fled like ghosts before the day.
And oft, that month, we watch'd the moon,
Wax great and white o'er wood and lawn
And wane, with waning of the June
Till, like a brand for battle drawn,
She fell, and flamed in a wild dawn.
I know not if the forest green still girdles round that castle gray,
I know not if the boughs between the white deer vanish ere the day:
The grass above my love is green,
His heart is cold, colder than the clay.

Andrew Lang

The Shower

Cloud, if as thou dost melt, and with thy train
Of drops make soft the
Earth, my eyes could weep,
O'er my hard heart, that's bound up and asleep;
Perhaps at last,
Some such showers past,
My God would give a sunshine after rain.

Henry Vaughan

On Craig Ddu (An Impression of nature)

The sky thro' the leaves of the bracken, tenderly, pallidly blue,
nothing but sky as I lie on the mountaintop.
Hark! for the wind as it blew, rustling the tufts of my bracken above me,
brought from below:
Into the silence the sound of the water.
Hark! for the oxen low, sheep are bleating, a dog barks, at a farm in the vale:
Blue thro' the bracken, softly enveloping,
Silence, a veil.

Arthur Symons

The Splendour Falls on Castle Walls

The splendour falls on castle walls and snowy summits old in story,
The long light shakes across the lakes and the wild cataract leaps in glory;
Blow, bugle, blow, send the wild echoes flying!
Blow, bugle, blow, answer echoes dying, dying, dying.

Oh hark, oh hear, how thin and clear and thinner, clearer, farther going,
Oh sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing:
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying,
Blow, bugle, answer echoes dying, dying, dying.

A. Lord Tennyson

Three Shakespeare Songs

1. Full fathom five (The Tempest, I.ii)

Ding dong, bell
Full fathom five thy father lies
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea change
Into something rich and strange,
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Hark! now I hear them, Ding dong bell.

2. The cloud-capp'd towers (The Tempest, IV.i)

The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded, leave not a rack behind:
We are such stuff as dreams are made on,
And our little life is rounded with a sleep.

3. Over hill, over dale (A Midsummer Night's Dream, II.i)

Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander everywhere
Swifter than the moone's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green.
The cowslips fall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favours;
In those freckles live their savours:
I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in ev'ry cowslip's ear.

Wm. Shakespeare

A Litany

Drop, slow tears and bathe those beauteous feet
which brought from heaven the news and Prince of Peace.
Cease not, wet eyes
His mercy to entreat-
To cry for vengeance, sin doth never cease.
Drop, slow tears in your deep flood
Drown all my faults and fears
Nor let His eye see sin,
But through my tears.

Phineas Fletcher

Where does the uttered music go?

Where does the uttered music go?
When well-tempered mind and hand
Have made the mortal clay to glow
And separate spirits understand?
Ah, whither, goes the boon,
The joy, that sweeps the wilful sense
Into the planetary tune
Of sun directed influence?
What is this creature,
Music, save the Art,
The Rhythm that the planets journey by?
The living Sun Ray entering the heart
Touching the Life with that which cannot die?
This Man with Music touched our minds
With rapture from the shining ranks
The Loves and Laws of unknown kinds
Who utter everlasting thanks.
All that he uttered, may remain
As Light, as Order, cleaving Space,
Within the emptiness, a gain,
Within the solitude, a grace.
O Mortals, praise him, for his hand
Brought to his brothers many a ray
From Light perceived, though never scanned,
From Law unknown, which all obey.
O Mortals, praise him.

John Masefield

Two Northern Songs

The Brook

In sunlight and shadow
Thro' forest and field,
Laughing and crying,
Softly sighing
A tiny stream shallow runs on.

From streamlet to river
Till lost in the ocean,
Dreaming of love, of strife, of devotion.
So runs our life,
Ends our life of emotion.

Slumber Song

Frozen is the ground,
The stream's ice bound,
Softly the north-wind croons, softly croons.
Drowsy, sleepily falls the snow,
As the frost-king carves his runes.
Misty dreamland's moon-lit strand
Awaits the coming guest.
The pine logs smolder,
As soft on my shoulder
A flaxen head sinks to rest.
Misty dreamland's moon-lit strand
Awaits the guest.

Edward A. MacDowell

Reincarnations

1. Mary Hynes

She is the sky
Of the sun!
She is the dart
Of love!
She is the love
Of my heart!
She is a rune!
She is above
The women
Of the race of Eve,
As the sun
Is above the moon!
Lovely and airy
The view from the hill
That looks down on Ballylea!
But no good sight
Is good, until
By great good luck
You see
The Blossom Of Branches
Walking towards you,
Airily.

2. Anthony O Daly

Since your limbs were laid out
The stars do not shine!
The fish leap not out
In the waves!
On our meadows the dew
Does not fall in the morn,
For O Daly is dead!
Not a flow'r can be born!
Not a word can be said!
Not a tree have a leaf!
For O Daly is dead!
Anthony, Anthony, Anthony!
After you
There is nothing to do!
There is nothing but grief!

3. The Coolin

Come with me, under my coat,
And we will drink our fill
Of the milk of the white goat,
Or wine if it be thy will.
And we will talk, until
Talk is a trouble, too,
Out on the side of the hill,
And nothing is left to do,
But an eye to look into an eye,
And a hand in a hand to slip,
And a sigh to answer a sigh,
And a lip to find out a lip, and an eye, and a hand, and a sigh!
What if the night be black!
And the air on the mountain chill!
Where the goat lies down in her track,
And all but the fern is still!
Stay with me, under my coat!
And we will drink our fill
Of the milk of the white goat,
Out on the side of the hill!

James Stephens

Of Helen

Knoweth she them she sent, knoweth she?
Lo, returning, knoweth she?
Comes instead of the man that went
Armour and dust of burning.

Aeschylus

Vernal Incantations

I

Scent of moist earth dares prod a wintered soul:
Leave me, it is not time to wake.
Hope is yet far from this dark within
That covets stillness, covets rest:
Leave, and prod me when these barren walls are weeping.

II

May I a hyacinth presume of thee,
Sullen Earth?
Hear my footsteps round the hedge-grove of my heart:
Faith sleeps, downcast,
I pace alone in winter's restive wait
As a lover recalls, the very flesh
That wrapped her once in fragrant eternity.
Entrust me, Earth, entrust me
With a tremor of your dormant heart
A single bud to break love's fallow shell
A bird song to stir the chrysalis wherein I wait:
Then shall its wings sound the pounding of your spring
And together shall we curl throughout the furrows of the universe
Enblooming every frozen branch, frozen heart:
Oh Earth, entrust me.

III

Stay, spring, that I may ever know your lips.
These lilies, these buds of my resurrection,
Harness them to my destiny.
Before you forsake me, as I know you must,
Steep me in your lavender folds
And blow my praise like pollen over the earth.

Lynette Peck

GALATEA is a new ensemble of some of New York City's finest amateur and semi-professional choral singers. Director Susanne Peck is dedicated to the pursuit of beauty in vocal lyricism, balance of timbre and texture and to the awesome, dramatic journey into the interpretation of music. Ms. Peck brings with her a solid technical understanding of singing and years of solo and ensemble performance in repertoire ranging from Medieval to Contemporary. Galatea is a work in progress, only just unfolding its identity and direction. Currently, the group is drawn to a capella composition from the Romantic period to the present.

Soprano SUSANNE PECK, highly acclaimed as a soloist, chamber singer and voice teacher in the New York area as well as throughout much of this country and abroad, has now stepped onto the conductor's podium.

Ms. Peck founded the vocal chamber ensemble Charis in Westchester County, New York in 1993. This group has been engaged by the chamber orchestra Philharmonia Virtuosi and appears regularly in Dobbs Ferry, Mt. Kisco and Somers, New York. Charis was featured last spring in the Soclair Music Festival in New Jersey and spent a week on tour in Italy last summer.

Ms. Peck was chosen in the summers of 1994 and 1995 to participate in Chorus America's conducting workshop at Saranac Lake, where she studied with Margaret Hillis, Gregg Smith and Dennis Keene, among others. She has been assistant to Dennis Keene, director of Ascension Music at Church of the Ascension, and to Kyler Brown at the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, home of the Virgin Consort in New York City. Ms. Peck also assists Johannes Somary in his direction of the Taghkanic Chorale in Peekskill, New York.

Galatea is Ms. Peck's newest conducting project.

Sunday, May 5
4:00 p.m.

Saturday, May 11
8:00 p.m.

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