

MUSIC AT NOON PROGRAM

OCTOBER 3, 2023
University Recital Hall
David Mikuliak, baritone
Bente Hansen, piano

With special guests
Carson Froehlich, guitar
Franz Faeldo, tenor

Songs of Travel

1. *The Vagabond*
2. *Let Beauty Awake*
3. *The Roadside Fire*
4. *Youth and Love*
5. *In Dreams*
6. *The Infinite Shining Heavens*
7. *Whither Must I Wander*
8. *Bright Is the Ring of Words*
9. *I Have Trod the Upward and the Downward Slope (Op. posth.)*

R. Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)
R.L. Stevenson (1850-1894)

Stars

C.M. Schönberg (b. 1944)
H. Kretzmer (1925-2020)
A. Boublil (b. 1941)

Man of La Mancha (I, Don Quixote)

M. Leigh (1928-2014)
J. Darion (1917-2001)
D. Wasserman (1914-2008)

I Can See It

H. Schmidt (1929-2018)
T. Jones (1928-2023)

Including Me

M. Drynan (1915-1999)
G. Drynan



FACULTY OF
FINE ARTS

UNIVERSITY OF LETHBRIDGE
DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

Songs of Travel

Music by Ralph Vaughn Williams, words by Robert Louis Stevenson

THE VAGABOND

Give to me the life I love, Let the lave go by me. Give the jolly heaven above, And the byway nigh me. Bed in the bush with stars to see, Bread I dip in the river. There's the life for a man like me, There's the life forever.

Let the blow fall soon or late, Let what will be o'er me; Give the face of earth around, And the road before me. Wealth I seek not, hope nor love, Nor a friend to know me; All I seek, the heaven above, And the road below me.

Or let autumn fall on me where afield I linger, Silencing the bird on tree, Biting the blue finger. White as meal the frosty field, Warm the fireside haven. Not to autumn will I yield, Not to winter even!

Let the blow fall soon or late, Let what will be o'er me; Give the face of earth around, And the road before me. Wealth I ask not, hope nor love, Nor a friend to know me; All I ask, the heaven above, And the road below me.

LET BEAUTY AWAKE

Let Beauty awake in the morn from beautiful dreams, Beauty awake from rest! Let Beauty awake for Beauty's sake. In the hour when the birds awake in the brake And the stars are bright in the West.

Let Beauty awake in the eve from the slumber of day, Awake in the crimson eve! In the day's dusk end, When the shades ascend, Let her wake to the kiss of a tender friend, To render again and receive!

THE ROADSIDE FIRE

I will make you brooches and toys for your delight, Of birdsong at morning and starshine at night. I will make a palace fit for you and me, Of green days in forests and blue days at sea.

I will make my kitchen, and you shall keep your room, Where white flows the river and bright blows the broom; And you shall wash your linen, and keep your body white In rainfall at morning and dewfall at night.

And this shall be for music when no one else is near, The fine song for singing, the rare song to hear! That only I remember, that only you admire, Of the broad road that stretches and the roadside fire.

YOUTH AND LOVE

To the heart of youth the world is a highway side. Passing forever, he fares; and on either hand, Deep in the gardens golden pavilions hide, Nestle in orchard bloom, and far on the level land Call him with lighted lamp in the eventide.

Thick as stars at night when the moon is down Pleasures assail him. He to his nobler fate Fares; and but waves a hand as he passes on, Cries but a wayside word to her, at the garden gate, Sings but a boyish stave and his face is gone, is gone.

IN DREAMS

In dreams unhappy, I behold you stand as heretofore: The unremember'd tokens in your hand avail no more. No more the morning glow, no more the grace, enshrines, endears. Cold beats the light of time upon your face and shows your tears. He came and went. Perchance you wept awhile and then forgot. Ah, me! But he that left you with a smile forgets you not.

THE INFINITE SHINING HEAVENS

The infinite shining heavens Rose, and I saw in the night Uncountable angel stars Showering sorrow and light. I saw them distant as heaven Dumb and shining and dead. And the idle stars of the night Were dearer to me than bread. Night after night in my sorrow The stars looked over the sea, Till lo! I looked in the dusk and a star had come down to me.

WHITHER MUST I WANDER?

Home no more home to me, whither must I wander? Hunger my driver, I go where I must. Cold blows the winter wind over hill and heather: Thick drives the rain and my roof is in the dust. Lov'd of wisemen was the shade of my roof-tree, The true word of welcome was spoken in the door: Dear days of old with the faces in the firelight; Kind folks of old, you come again no more.

Home was home then my dear, full of kindly faces, Home was home then my dear, happy for the child. Fire and the windows bright glittered on the moorland; Song, tuneful song, built a palace in the wild. Now when the day dawns on the brow of the moorland, Lone stands the house and the chimney stone is cold. Lone let it stand now the friends are all departed, The kind hearts the true hearts, that loved the place of old.

Spring shall come, come again, calling up the moorfowl, Spring shall bring the sun, the rain, bring the bees and flowers; Red shall the heather bloom over hill and valley Soft, flow the stream, through the even flowing hours. Fair the day shine as it shone on my childhood; Fair shine the day on the house with open door. Birds come and cry there and twitter in the chimney But I go forever and come again no more.

BRIGHT IS THE RING OF WORDS

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.

I HAVE TROD THE UPWARD AND THE DOWNWARD SLOPE (Op. posth.)

I have trod the upward and the downward slope; I have endured and done in days before; I have longed for all, and bid farewell to hope; And I have lived and loved, and closed the door.