

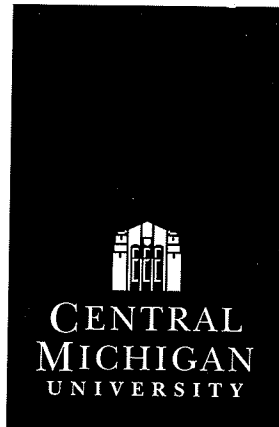
University of Texas at El Paso

From the Selected Works of Dominic Dousa

November 2, 2000

"Five U.K. Pubs I Have Known Intimately - Jeff Foote" and "Three Songs of Night", for bass-baritone voice and piano (Mt. Pleasant, MI)

Dominic Dousa, *University of Texas at El Paso*



S C H O O L
MUSIC

Faculty Artist
Jeffrey Foote, bass-baritone
Timothy Oonk, piano

Thursday, November 2, 2000
8:00 p.m.

Central Michigan University
School of Music
Recital Hall

Bridging Technology and Tradition



Faculty Artist
Jeffrey Foote, bass-baritone
Timothy Oonk, piano

Thursday, November 2, 2000
8:00 p.m.

Selections by Roger Quilter (1877-1953)

Five Folksong Arrangements:

Pretty Month of May
Since First I Saw Your Face
Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes
Ca' the Yowes to the Knowes
Three Poor Mariners

O Mistress Mine
The Jealous Lover
April
A Last Year's Rose
Fill a Glass with Golden Wine
Autumn Evening
Love's Philosophy

– *Intermission* –

Ariettes Oubliées

C'est l'Extase
Il pleure dans mon coeur
L'Ombre des Arbres
Chevaux de Bois
Green (*Aquarelle*)
Spleen (*Aquarelle*)

Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

“Five U.K. Pubs I Have Known Intimately – Jeff Foote”

(World Premier)

- I. The King’s Head (Bledington)
- II. The Fox and Hounds (Barley)
- III. The Peacock (Piltdown)
- IV. Cawdor Tavern (Cawdor)
- V. The Blue Anchor (Helston)

Dominic Dousa
(b. 1973)

Three Songs of Night

(World Premier)

- I. Friendly Light (William Barnes)
- II. A Night-Piece (William Wordsworth)
- III. Benighted (William Barnes)

Dominic Dousa

This recital is dedicated to Bob Hohner.

The use of audio and/or video recording equipment in the performance hall is prohibited without prior authorization

Translations

Ariettes Oubliées (poems by Paul Verlaine)
Forgotten Airs

"This is Ecstasy"

This is languorous ecstasy, this is sensual weariness, and this is all the rustling of forests in the embrace of the breezes. This is, through the gray boughs, the chorus of little voices.

Oh, the faint and cool murmur, it twitters and whispers, it resembles the gentle cry, which the ruffled grass exhales.

You might call it, – under the water which eddies – the muted rolling of pebbles! This soul which is lamenting in this subdued paint, it is ours, is it not? Say that it is mine and yours, which breathes this humble hymn, so softly, on this mild evening.

"Tears Fall in My Heart"

Tears fall in my heart like the rain upon the city. What is this languor that penetrates my heart?

Oh, gentle sound of the rain, on the ground and on the roofs! For a heart that is weary, oh, the sound of the rain!

Tears fall without reason in this anguished heart.

What! No betrayal? This mourning has no reason.

This is truly the keenest pain; to know not why, without either love or hate, my heart bears so much pain.

"The Shadow of the Trees"

The reflection of the trees in the misty river is vanishing like smoke, while, in the air amidst the real branches, the turtledoves lament.

How much, o traveler, this pallid landscape mirrored your own pale self, and how sadly, in the high boughs, they wept, – your drowned hopes!

"Wooden Horses"

Turn round, keep turning, good wooden horses, turn a hundred times, turn a thousand times. Turn often and do not stop, turn round, turn to the tune of the oboes.

The child quite red and the mother white, the boy in black and the girl in rose each one doing as he pleases, each one spending his Sunday penny.

Turn round, turn, horses of their choice, while at all your turning the sly rogue casts a surreptitious glance. Keep turning to the tune of the victorious trumpet!

It is astounding how it intoxicates you, to move thus in this foolish circus, with empty stomachs and dizzy heads, feeling altogether badly, yet happy in the crowd;

Turn, hobbyhorses, without needing ever the aid of spurs to make you gallop on.

Turn round; turn, without any hope of hay, and hurry, horses of their fancy,

Here, already the supper bell is sounded by Night, which falls and disperses the crowd of gay drinkers, whose thirst has made them famished.

Turn, turn round, the velvet sky arrays itself slowly with golden stars. The church tolls a mournful knell. Turn to the gay tune of the drums, keep turning.

"Green"

Here are fruits, flowers, leaves and branches, and here, also, is my heart, which beats only for you.

Do not tear it apart with your two white hands, and may this humble offering seem sweet to your so lovely eyes.

I come, still covered with dew, which the morning wind has turned to frost on my brow. Permit that my fatigue, reposing at your feet, may dream of the cherished moments that will refresh it.

On your young bosom let me cradle my head, still filled with music from your last kisses; let it be soothed after the good storm, and let me sleep a little, while you rest.

"Spleen" (depressed)

The roses were all red, and the ivy all black. Beloved, when you become a little restless, all my despair is reborn.

The sky was too blue, too tender, the sea too green, and the air too mild;

I am always afraid of what may come, of some cruel flight of yours!

Of the green-leaved holly, and of the shining box trees, I am weary, and of the endless countryside, and of everything, except you. Alas!

"Five U. K. Pubs I Have Known Intimately – Jeff Foote"

(from the Campaign for Real Ale (CAMRA) publication, The Good Beer Guide (1995))

I. King's Head (Bledington) [Cotswolds]

Delightful, sixteenth century, stone-built inn over-looking the village green. It specializes in food, with booking at weekends essential (no smoking area in the restaurant). Monthly changing guest beers. Cider in summer.

II. Fox & Hounds (Barley) [Cambridgeshire]

Large, lively, rural village pub which has brewed since the early days of the brew pub revival. Note the unusual gallows sign spanning the road. Extensive menu of good value food, and usually at least three guest beers.

III. Peacock (Piltdown) [East Sussex]

Picturesque, oak-beamed pub with an inglenook and a separate restaurant. A popular young people's meeting place near the site of the Piltdown Man hoax. Gardens front and rear.

IV. Cawdor Tavern (Cawdor) [Highland]

Pub close to the castle made famous by Shakespeare's Macbeth: a cosy oak-panelled lounge with a log fire, and a public bar with a collection of stuffed and mounted animals. Set in a beautiful and tranquil village. Patio for outside drinking. Children's certificate till 9 in the lounge. Winter eve meals: Friday and Saturday only.

V. Blue Anchor (Helston) [Cornwall]

An Inn for all reasons. A superb, unspoilt rambling, granite and thatch fifteenth-century building. The famous 'Spingo' beers come from the old brewhouse, whilst two friendly bars offer good chat (no jukebox).

Three Songs of Night

I. Friendly Light (William Barnes, 1801-1886)

And when the evening star arose, and blink'd to me with glitt'ring ray along the eastward-reaching way I took as day began to close, as there it hung on high, and flung its light abroad, it seem'd to say 'I'm up above the house you love, come on before I pass away!'

And when again the moon was full, and clear, and true-rimm'd all around, and shone on softly lighted ground, from shining clouds as soft as wool, to me before the porched door; in all my joy she seem'd to say 'I light your track both here and back, and give you yet a while to stay.'

And when again along the west she roll'd above the hills her rim, and in the shaded wall left dim the window where my love should rest: 'Now take your way,' she seemed to say, 'from this old court, though dear it be; I fall, I sink, ere my last blink pick out your road the while you see.'

II. A Night-Piece (William Wordsworth, 1770-1850)

- The sky is overcast with a continuous cloud of texture close heavy and wan, all whitened by the moon which through that veil is indistinctly seen, a dull, contracted circle, yielding light so feebly spread, that not a shadow falls, chequering the ground - from rock, plant, tree, or tower.

At length a pleasant instantaneous gleam startles the pensive traveller while he treads his lonesome path, with unobserving eye bent earthwards; he looks up - the clouds are split asunder, - and above his head he sees the clear moon, and the glory of the heavens there, in a black-blue vault she sails along, followed by multitudes of stars, that, small and sharp, and bright, along the dark abyss drive as she drives: how fast they wheel away, yet vanish not! the wind is in the tree, but they are silent; -still they roll along immeasurably distant; and the vault built round by those white clouds, enormous clouds, still deepens its unfathomable depth. At length the vision closes; and the mind, not undisturbed by the delight it feels, which slowly settles into peaceful calm, is left to muse upon the solemn scene.



III. Benighted (William. Barnes)

Invited by your sire's good will to me, I took the road by Downley, over heath and hill to go to your abode; and o'er my mare, as white as snow, full fain I sprightly threw my leg, and in my stirrup's bow I set my shining shoe, and merry-hearted, briskly started out by our old yew.

But when, at last, the sun had set upon my road, too soon, I found myself where three ways met below the western moon. There stood a shining holly tree, with firs of five-fold height, but yet no guide-post held for me an arm to send me right, as I benighted, moon-benighted, turn'd my wheeling sight.

And one road down a ground-slope sank, a darken'd, hollow way; and one beside a heathy bank ran on as light as day; and nigh it wound a shining brook, adown a shallow bed, and thitherward my mare would look with ever-steadfast head, as if well knowing, without showing, whitherward I sped.

And shortly, from the eastern sky, I found five bell-sounds sweep; your peal of bells – one shrill, one high, one loud, one low, one deep- and with my moonshade on before my mare's two ears' white tips, I soon had reached your gate, your door, your fire of blazing chips, where I, at meeting, found a greeting, out of many lips.

I never after that mistook the right road of the three, and well I knew the shallow brook, and firs, and holly tree; I ne'er mistook the road when day show'd houses from afar, nor when the moon was o'er my way, nor by the evening star, as I rode spanking on by banking, gapp'ed for gate or bar.