



Design: Cindy Bouwers

ENCOUNTERS

Sunday
March 22, 1992
Convocation Hall
8:00 pm

The Department of Music
presents
ENCOUNTERS IV

The final in a series of four concerts.

Artistic Directors:
Malcolm Forsyth, William H Street

PROGRAMME

Passacaglia & Fugue
in C minor, BWV 582
Johann Sebastian Bach
(1685-1750)

Marnie Giesbrecht (organ)

Four Pieces for clarinet
and piano, op. 5 (1913)
Alban Berg
(1885-1935)

Dennis Prime (clarinet)
Roger Admiral (piano)

Mässig
Sehr Langsam
Sehr Rasch
Langsam

**Tango! for clarinet,
violin and piano** (1989)
Patrick Cardy
(b. 1953)

Dennis Prime (clarinet)
Norman Nelson (violin)
Marnie Giesbrecht (piano)

INTERMISSION

Façade (1921-22, revised 1942)
William Walton
(1902-1983)
poems: Edith Sitwell

Carl Hare (speaker)
Elizabeth Koch (flute & piccolo)
Dennis Prime (clarinet & bass clarinet)
William H Street (saxophone)
Alvin Lowrey (trumpet)
Brian Jones (percussion)
Colin Ryan (violoncello)
Malcolm Forsyth (conductor)

PROGRAM NOTES:

Four Pieces for clarinet and piano, op. 5

Alban Berg

Arnold Schoenberg (1874-1951) and his two pupils Alban Berg (1885-1935) and Anton Webern (1883-1945) constitute what is often called the "Second Viennese School", known for its revolutionary atonal and twelve-tone compositional methods. Berg maintained a lifelong friendship with Schoenberg, dedicating to him several works--including the *Four Pieces for Clarinet and Piano, op. 5*, and frequently submitting his works to Schoenberg for criticism. Op. 5 was criticized by Schoenberg as being "so brief as to exclude any possibility of extended thematic development."

This atonal work is brief, consisting of fifty-nine bars and lasting less than five minutes. Its four movements show some resemblance to the four-movement sonata, with the outer movements more complex and extensive, the second an *adagio*, and the third a *scherzo*. Berg employs certain unusual colors of the clarinet through the use of glissandos, flutter-tongue (rolling an "r" instead of normal tonguing), and muted passages.

The first movement (Mässig) is unified by the eighth-quarter-eighth pattern, with carefully graded densities of piano writing. It ends with a three-bar coda. The second movement (Sehr langsam) is constructed around the interval of a major third, the final chord consisting of superimposed major thirds. *Sehr rasch* is a short scherzo with a five-bar trio. Dynamic markings range from *pppp* to *p*. The final movement (Langsam) is in ABA form followed by a short fast section and slow coda.

Tom Holm

Passacaglia & Fugue in C minor, BWV 582

JS Bach

The celebrated *Passacaglia in C minor* is a singular work by this name in Bach's *oeuvre*. It is twenty variations over a repeated eight-measure bass line or theme. A fugue titled *thema fugatum* by Bach follows as the twenty-first variation. The subject is the first four measures of the passacaglia theme and is always accompanied by two countersubjects as in a triple fugue.

Some manuscripts of the *Passacaglia* have been interpreted as implying performance on a two-manual harpsichord or clavichord while others indicate a full organ registration (pro Organo Pleno) throughout. The registrations in tonight's performance point up the unique symmetry of the structure of the variations which reflects the proportions of the "golden mean." The first twelve variations clearly state the theme and build to a climactic point (total of thirteen statements); variations thirteen to fifteen have no pedal and obscure the theme; the last five variations intensify contrapuntally and texturally to the final cadence.

Marnie Giesbrecht

Tango! for clarinet, violin and piano

Patrick Cardy

Patrick Cardy was born in Toronto in 1953, received his musical training at the University of Western Ontario and McGill University, and currently teaches theory and composition at Carleton University in Ottawa. He has been the recipient of numerous composition awards, including two CAPAC Sir Ernest MacMillan Awards and the Canadian Federation of University Women Creative Arts Award.

The tango is a modern urban dance of Argentina, and is based on syncopated patterns within a 2/4 meter. Although Cardy's *Tango!* is certainly more complex in its form, rhythm and harmony, it does essentially capture the character and spirit of its model. It was commissioned in 1989 by Robert Riseling, professor of theory and clarinet at the University of Western Ontario. The short clarinet introduction--not unlike that of George Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue*--is followed by *Tempo di Tango*, in which rapid clarinet passages based on arpeggios and turns are accompanied by rhythmic syncopation in the piano and violin. Before this section closes the piano becomes the solo instrument, accompanied by clarinet and violin. *Prestissimo* begins with rapid scale passages and octave repetition in the piano, over which the violin and cello enter with expressive rhythmic and melodic interplay. It concludes with a series of *accelerando/ritardando* pairs, followed by the final codetta, a recall of the introduction and *Tempo di Tango*.

Tom Holm

Façade

William Walton

Façade was given its first public performance on June 12, 1923, at the Aeolian Hall at 3:15 in the afternoon. The painted backdrop consisted of two masks: a large centre one half white and half pink, and a smaller black one, through the mouths of which were Sengerphones, a type of megaphone used to amplify the voice without distortion, by which Edith recited the poems from the centre and her brother Osbert announced the poems from the other.

The performance was a disaster. As Edith wrote, "the attitude of certain of the audience was so threatening that I was warned to stay on the platform, hidden by the curtain, until they got tired of waiting for me and went home." In fact she was hurried behind the curtain because she was being pursued by someone she considered a sex maniac, who found her and had to be kicked by Sacheverell, who told him to get out; shortly afterwards an old woman tried to hit her with an umbrella. The scandal did not die down quickly; as Osbert wrote, "for several weeks subsequently, we were obliged to go about London feeling as if we had committed a murder. When we entered a room, there would fall a sudden unpleasing hush. Even friends avoided catching one's eye. . . ." It is therefore happy to report that *Façade* has become a favourite and well-loved piece, and its wit, humour and oblique gravity fully recognized.

Carl Hare

1. Hornpipe

Sailors come
To the drum
Out of Babylon;
 Hobby-horses
Foam, the dumb
Sky rhinoceros-glum
Watched the courses of the breakers' rocking-
 horses and with Glaucis
Lady Venus on the settee of the horsehair sea!
Where Lord Tennyson in laurels wrote a
 gloria free.
In a borealic iceberg came Victoria; she
Knew Prince Albert's tall memorial took the
 colours of the floreal
And the borealic iceberg; floating on they see
New-arisen Madam Venus for those whose sake
 from far
Came the fat and zebra'd emperor from Zanzibar
Where like golden bouquets lay far Asia, Africa,
 Cathay,
All laid before that shady lady by the fibroid Shah.
Captain Fracasse stout as any water-butt came,
 stood
With Sir Bacchus both a-drinking the black
 tarr'd grapes' blood
Plucked among the tartan leafage
By the furry wind whose grief age
Could not wither - like a squirrel with a gold
 star-nut.
Queen Victoria sitting shocked upon the
 rocking-horse
Of a wave said to the Laureate, "This minx
 of course
Is as sharp as any lynx and blacker deeper than
 the drinks and quite as
Hot as any hottentot, without remorse!
 For the minx,"
 Said she,
 "And the drinks,
 You can see

Hornpipe (continued)

Are as hot as any hottentot and not the goods
 for me!

2. En Famille

In the early spring-time, after their tea,
Through the young fields of the springing
 Bohea,
Jemima, Jocasta, Dinah, and Deb
Walked with their father Sir Joshua Jebb -
An admiral red, whose only notion,
(A butterfly poised on a pigtailed ocean)
Is of the peruked sea whose swell
Breaks on the flowerless rocks of Hell.
Under the thin trees, Deb and Dinah,
Jemima, Jocasta, walked and finer
Their black hair seemed (flat-sleek to see)
Than the young leaves of the springing Bohea;
Their cheeks were like nutmeg-flowers when
 swells
The rain into foolish silver bells.
They said, "If the door you would only slam,
Or if, Papa, you would once say 'Damn' -
Instead of merely roaring 'Avast'
Or boldly invoking the nautical Blast -
We should now stand in the street of Hell
Watching siesta shutters that fell
With a noise like amber softly sliding;
Our moon-like glances through these gliding
Would see at her table preened and set
Myrrhina sitting at her toilette
With eyelids closed as soft as the breeze
That flows from gold flow'rs on the incense -
 trees."
The Admiral said, "You could never call -
I assure you it would not do at all!
She gets down from the table without saying
 'Please,'
Forgets her prayers and to cross her T's.
In short, her scandalous reputation

En Famille (continued)

Has shocked the whole of the Hellish nation;
And every turbaned Chinoiserie,
With whom we should sip our black Bohea,
Would stretch out her simian fingers thin
To scratch you, my dears, like a mandoline;
For Hell is just as properly proper
As Greenwich, or as Bath, or Joppa!"

3. Mariner Man

"What are you staring at, mariner man
Wrinkled as sea-sand and old as the sea?"
"Those trains will run over their tails, if they can,
Snorting and sporting like porpoises. Flee
The burly, the whirligig wheels of the train,
As round as the world and as large again.
Running half the way over to Babylon, down
Through fields of clover to gay Troy town
A-puffing their smoke as grey as the curl
On my forehead as wrinkled as sands of the sea!
But what can that matter to you, my girl?
(And what can that matter to me?)"

4. Long Steel Grass

Long steel grass -
The white soldiers pass -
The light is braying like an ass.
See
The tall Spanish jade
With hair as black as nightshade
Worn as a cockade!
Flee
Her eyes' gasconade
And her gown's parade
(As still as a brigade).
Tee-hee!
The hard and braying light
Is zebra'd black and white
It will take away the slight
And free,

Long Steel Grass (continued)

Tinge of the mouth-organ sound,
(Oyster-stall notes) oozing round
Her flounces as they sweep the ground.
The
Trumpet and the drum
And the martial cornet come
To make the people dumb -
But we
Won't wait for sly-foot night
(Moonlight, watered milk-white, bright)
To make clear the declaration
Of our Paphian vocation,
Beside the castanetted sea,
Where stalks Il Capitaneo
Swaggart braggadocio
Sword and moustachio -
He
Is green as a cassada
And his hair is an armada.
To the jade: "Come kiss me harder"
He called across the battlements as she
Heard our voices thin and shrill
As the steely grasses' thrill
Or the sound of the onycha
When the phoca has the pica
In the palace of the Queen Chinee!

5. Through Gilded Trellises

"Through gilded trellises
Of the heat, Dolores,
Inez, Manuccia,
Isabel, Lucia,
Mock Time that flies.
'Lovely bird, will you stay and sing.
Flirting your sheened wing, -
Peck with your beak, and cling
To our balconies?'
They flirt their fans, flaunting -
'O silence, enchanting

Through Gilded Trellises (continued)

As music! then slanting
Their eyes,
Like gilded or emerald grapes,
They take mantillas, capes,
Hiding their simian shapes.
Sighs
Each lady, 'Our spadille
Is done' . . . 'Dance the quadrille
From Hell's towers to Seville;
Surprise
Their siesta,' Dolores
Said. Through gilded trellises
Of the heat, spangles
Pelt down through the tangles
Of bell-flowers; each dangles
Her castanets, shutters
Fall while the heat mutters,
With sounds like a mandoline
Or tinkled tambourine . . .
Ladies, Time dies!"

6. Tango-Pasodoble

When

Don

Pasquito arrived at the seaside
Where the donkey's hide tide brayed, he
Saw the banditto Jo in a black cape
Whose slack shape waved like the sea -
Thetis wrote a treatise noting wheat is silver like
the sea; the lovely cheat is sweet as foam;
Erotis notices that she

Will

Steal

The

Wheat-king's luggage, like Babel
Before the League of Nations grew -
So Jo put the luggage and the label
In the pocket of Flo the Kangaroo.
Through trees like rich hotels that bode

Tango-Pasodoble (continued)

Of dreamless ease fled she,
Carrying the load and goading the road
Through the marine scene to the sea.
"Don Pasquito, the road is eloping
With your luggage, though heavy and large;
You must follow and leave your moping
Bride to my guidance and charge!"

When

Don

Pasquito returned from the road's end,
Where vanilla-coloured ladies ride
From Sevilla, his mantilla'd bride and young
friend
Were forgetting their mentor and guide.
For the lady and her friend from Le Touquet
In the very shady trees upon the sand
Were plucking a white satin bouquet
Of foam, while the sand's brassy band
Blared in the wind. Don Pasquito
Hid where the leaves drip with sweet . . .
But a word stung him like a mosquito . . .
For what they hear, they repeat!

7. Lullaby for Jumbo

Jumbo asleep!

Grey leaves thick-furred
As his ears, keep
Conversations blurred.
Thicker than hide
Is the trumpeting water;
Don Pasquito's bride
And his youngest daughter
Watch the leaves
Elephantine grey:
What is it grieves
In the torrid day?
Is it the animal
World that snores
Harsh and inimical

Lullaby for Jumbo (continued)

In sleepy pores? -
And why should the spined flowers
Red as a soldier
Make Don Pasquito
Seem still mouldier?

8. Black Mrs. Behemoth

In a room of the palace
Black Mrs. Behemoth
Gave way to wroth
And the wildest malice.
Cried Mrs. Behemoth,
"Come, - come, -
Come, court lady,
Doomed like a moth,
Through palace rooms shady!"
The candle flame
Seemed a yellow pompion.
Sharp as a scorpion.
Nobody came . . .
Only a bugbear
Air unkind,
That bud-furred papoose
The young spring wind,
Blew out the candle.
Where is it gone?
To flat Coromandel
Rolling on!

9. Tarantella

Where the satyrs are chattering, nymphs in their
flattering
Glimpse of the forest enhance
All the beauty of marrow and cucumber narrow
And Ceres will join in the dance.
Where the satyrs can flatter the flat-leaved fruit
And the gherkin green and the marrow,
Said Queen Venus, "Silenus, we'll settle between us
The gourd and the cucumber narrow."

Tarantella (continued)

See, like palaces hid in the lake, they shake -
Those greenhouses shot by her arrow narrow!
The gardener seizes the pieces, like Croesus, for
gilding the potting-shed barrow.
There the radish roots
And the strawberry fruits
Feel the nymphs' high boots in the glade.
Trampling and sampling mazurkas, cachucas
and turkas,
Cracoviaks hid in the shade.
Where, in the haycocks, the country nymphs'
gay flocks
Wear gowns that are looped over bright yellow
petticoats,
Gaiters of leather and pheasants' tail feathers
In straw hats bewildering many a leathern bat.
There they haymake,
cowers and whines in showers,
The dew in the dogskin bright flowers;
Pumpkin and marrow
And cucumber narrow
Have grown through the spangled June hours.
Melons as dark as caves have for their fountain
waves
Thickest gold honey. And wrinkled as dark as Pan,
Or old Silenus, yet youthful as Venus,
Are gourds and the wrinkled figs
Whence all the jewels ran.
Said Queen Venus, "Silenus
We'll settle between us
The nymphs' disobedience, forestall
With my bow and my quiver
Each fresh evil liver:
For I don't understand it at all!"

10. A Man From A Far Countree

Rose and Alice,
Oh, the pretty lassies,
With their mouths like a calice

A Man From A Far Countree (continued)

And their hair a golden palace
Through my heart like a lovely wind they blow.
Though I am black and not comely,
Though I am black as the darkest trees,
I have swarms of gold that will fly like honey-bees,
By the rivers of the sun I will feed my words
Until they skip like those fleeced lambs
The waterfalls, and the rivers (horned rams),
Then for all my darkness I shall be
The peacefulness of a lovely tree -
A tree wherein the golden birds
Are singing in the darkest branches, oh!

11. By The Lake

Across the flat and the pastel snow
Two people go . . . "And do you remember
When last we wandered this shore?" . . . "Ah no!
For it is cold-hearted December."
"Dead, the leaves that like asses' ears hung on
the trees
When last we wandered and squandered joy here;
Now Midas your husband will listen for these
Whispers - these tears for joy's bier."
And as they walk, they seem tall pagodas;
And all the ropes let down from the cloud
Ring the hard cold bell-buds upon the trees - codas
Of overtones, ecstasies, grown for love's shroud.

12. Country Dance

That hobnailed goblin, the bob-tailed Hob,
Said, "It is time I began to rob,"
For strawberries bob, hob-nob with the pearls
Of cream (like the curls of the dairy girls),
And flushed with the heat and fruitish-ripe
Are the gowns of the maids who dance to
the pipe.
Chase a maid?
She's afraid!
"Go gather a bob-cherry kiss from a tree,

Country Dance (continued)

But don't, I prithee, come bothering me!"
She said -
As she fled.
The snouted satyrs drink clouded cream
'Neath the chestnut-trees as thick as a dream;
So I went,
And leant,
Where none but the doltish coltish wind
Nuzzled my hand for what it could find.
As it neighed,
I said,
"Don't touch me, sir, don't touch me, I say,
You'll tumble my strawberries into the hay.
Those snow-mounds of silver that bee,
the spring.
Has sucked his sweetness from, I will bring
With fair-haired plants and with apples chill
For the great god Pan's high altar . . . I'll spill
Not one!"
So, in fun,
We rolled on the grass and began to run,
Chasing that gaudy satyr the Sun;
Over the haycocks, away we ran
Crying, "Here be berries as sunburnt as Pan!"
But Silenus
Has seen us . . .
He runs like the rough satyr Sun.
Come away!

13. Polka

"Tra la la la la la la
La la! -
See me dance the polka,
Said Mr Wagg like a bear.
With my top hat
And my whiskers that -
(Tra la la la) trap the Fair.
Where the waves seem chiming haycocks
I dance the polka; there

Polka (continued)

Stand Venus' children in their gay frocks, -
Maroon and marine, - and stare
To see me fire my pistol
Through the distance blue as my coat;
Like Wellington, Byron, the Marquis of Bristol,
Buzbied great trees float.
Where the wheezing hurdy-gurdy
Of the marine wind blows me
To the tune of Annie Rooney, sturdy,
Over the sheafs of the sea;
And bright as a seedsman's packet
With zinnias, candytufts chill,
Is Mrs Marigold's jacket
As she gapes at the inn door still.
Where at dawn in the box of the sailor,
Blue as the decks of the sea,
Nelson awoke, crowed like the cocks,
Then back to the dust sank he.
And Robinson Crusoe
Rues so
The bright and the foxy beer, -
But he finds fresh isles in a Negress' smiles,
The poxy doxy dear.
As they watch me dance the polka,
Said Mr Wagg, like a bear,
In my top hat and my whiskers that, -
Tra la la la, trap the Fair.
Tra la la la la, la -
Tra la la la la, la -
Tra la la la la la la
La
La
La!"

14. Four In The Morning

Cried the navy-blue ghost
Of Mr Belaker
The allegro negro cocktail-shaker:
"Why did the cock crow

Four In The Morning (continued)

Why am I lost
Down the endless road to Infinity toss'd?
The tropical leaves are whispering white as
water:
I race the wind in my flight down the promenade,
Edging the far-off sand
Is the foam of the sirens' Metropole and Grand, -
As I raced through the leaves as white as water
My ghost flowed over a nursemaid, caught her,
And there I saw the long grass weep,
Where the guinea-fowl plumaged houses sleep
And the sweet ring-doves of curded milk
Watch the Infanta's gown of silk
In the ghost-room tall where the governante
Whispers slyly fading andante.
In at the window then looked he,
The navy-blue ghost of Mister Belaker,
The allegro negro cocktail-shaker, -
And his flattened face like the moon saw she, -
Rhinoceros-black yet flowing like the sea.

15. Something Lies Beyond the Scene

Something lies beyond the scene
the encre de chine, marine, obscene
Horizon
In
Hell
Black as a bison
See the tall black Aga on the sofa in the alga
mope, his
Bell-rope
Moustache (clear as a great bell!)
Waves in eighteen-eighty
Bustles
Come
Late with tambourines of
Rustling
Foam.
They answer to the names

Something Lies Beyond the Scene (continued)

Of ancient **dames** and shames, and
Only call **horizons** their home.
Coldly wheeze (**Chinese** as these black-armoured
fleas that dance) the breezes
Seeking for **horizons**
Wide; from **her** orisons
In her wide
Vermilion
Pavilion
By the seaside
The doors **clang** open and hide
Where the **wind** died
Nothing but **the** Princess
Cockatrice
Lean
Dancing a **caprice**
To the wind's **tambourine**.

16. Valse

"Daisy and Lily,
Lazy and silly,
Walk by the **shore** of the wan grassy sea, -
Talking once **more** 'neath a swan-bosomed tree.
Rose castles,
Tourelles,
Those bustles
Where swells
Each foam-bell of ermine,
They roam and **determine**
What fashions **have** been and what fashions
will be, -
What tartan **leaves** born,
What crinolines worn,
By Queen **Thetis**,
Pelisses
Of tarlatine **blue**,
Like the thin **plaided** leaves that the castle
cragg grew,
Or velour d'**Afrande**:

Valse (continued)

On the water-gods' land
Her hair seemed gold trees on the honey-
cell sand
When the thickest gold spangles, on deep
water seen,
Were like twanging guitar and like cold
mandoline.
And the nymphs of great caves,
With hair like gold waves,
Of Venus, wore tarlatine.
Louise and Charlottine
(Boreas' daughters)
And the nymphs of deep waters,
The nymph Taglioni, Grisi the ondine,
Wear plaided Victoria and thin Clementine
Like the crinolined waterfalls;
Wood-nymphs wear bonnets, shawls,
Elegant parasols
Floating are seen.
The Amazons wear balzarine of jonquille
Beside the blond lace of a deep-falling rill;
Through glades like a nun
They run from and shun
The enormous and gold-rayed rustling sun;
And the nymphs of the fountains
Descend from the mountains
Like elegant willows
On their deep barouche pillows,
In cashmere Alvandar, barege Isabelle,
Like bells of bright water from clearest woodwell.
Our elegantes favouring bonnets of blond,
The stars in their apiaries,
Sylphs in their aviaries,
Seeing them, spangle these, and the sylphs fond
From their aviaries fanned
With each long fluid hand
The manteaux espagnols,
Mimic the waterfalls
Over the long and the light summer land.
So Daisy and Lily,

Valse (continued)

Lazy and silly,
Walk by the shore of the wan grassy sea,
Talking once more 'neath a swan-bosomed tree.
Rose castles,
Tourelles.
Those bustles!
Mourelles
Of the shade in their train follow
Ladies, how vain, - hollow, -
Gone is the sweet swallow, -
Gone, Philomel!"

17. Jodelling Song

"We bear velvet cream,
Green and babyish
Small leaves seem; each stream
Horses' tails that swish,
And the chimes remind
Us of sweet birds singing,
Like the jangling bells
On rose trees ringing.
Man must say farewells
To parents now,
And to William Tell
And Mrs. Cow.
Man must say farewells
To storks and Bettes,
And to roses' bells,
And statuettes.
Forests white and black
In spring are blue
With forget-me-nots,
And to lovers true
Still the sweet bird begs
And tries to cozen
Then: "Buy angels' eggs
Sold by the dozen."
Gone are clouds like inns
On the gardens' brinks,

Jodelling Song (continued)

And the mountain djinns, -
Ganymede sells drinks;
While the days seem grey,
And his heart of ice,
Grey as chamois, or
The edelweiss,
And the mountain streams
Like cowbells sound -
Tirra lirra, drowned
In the waiter's dreams
Who has gone beyond
The forest waves,
While his true and fond
Ones seek their graves."

18. Scotch Rhapsody

"Do not take a bath in Jordan,
Gordon,
On the holy Sabbath, on the peaceful day!"
Said the huntsman, playing on his old bagpipe,
Boring to death the pheasant and the snipe -
Boring the ptarmigan and grouse for fun -
Boring them worse than a nine-bore gun.
Till the flaxen leaves where the prunes are ripe,
Heard the tartan wind a-droning through the pipe,
And they heard McPherson say:
"Where do the waves go? What hotels
Hide their bustles and their gay umbrelles?
And would there be room? - Would there be *room*?
Would there be room for me?"
There is a hotel at Ostend
Cold as the wind, without an end,
Haunted by ghostly poor relations
Of Bostonian conversations
(Like bagpipes rotting through the walls.)
And there the pearl-ropes fall like shawls
With a noise like marine waterfalls.
And "Another little drink wouldn't do us any harm"
Pierces through the Sabbatical calm.

Scotch Rhapsody (continued)

And that is the place for me!
So do not take a bath in Jordan,
Gordon,
On the holy Sabbath, on the peaceful day -
Or you'll never go to heaven, Gordon McPherson.
And speaking purely as a private person
That is the place - *that* is the place -
That is the *place* for me!

19. Popular Song

Lily O'Grady,
Silly and shady,
Longing to be
A lazy lady,
Walked by the cupolas, gables in the
Lake's Georgian stables,
In a fairy tale like the heat intense,
And the mist in the woods when across the fence
The children gathering strawberries
Are changed by the heat into negresses,
Though their fair hair
Shines there
Like gold-haired planets, Calliope, Io
Pomona, Anitope, Echo, and Clio.
Then Lily O'Grady,
Silly and shady,
Sauntered along like a
Lazy lady:
Beside the waves' haycocks her gown with tucks
Was of satin the colour of shining green ducks,
And her fol-de-rol
Parasol
Was a great sun o'er the haycocks shining,
But she was a negress black as the shade
That time on the brightest lady laid.
Then a satyr, dog-haired as trunks of trees,
Began to flatter, began to tease,
And she ran like the nymphs with golden foot
That trampled the strawberry, buttercup root,

Popular Song (continued)

In the thick gold dew as bright as the mesh
Of dead Panope's golden flesh.
Made from the music whence were born
Memphis and Thebes in the first hot morn,
- And ran, to wake
In the lake
Where the water-ripples seem hay to rake.
And Charlottine,
Adeline
Round rose-bubbling Victorine,
And the other fish
Express a wish
For mastic mantles and gowns with a swish;
And bright and slight as the posies
Of buttercups and of roses,
And buds of the wild wood-lillies
They chase her, as frisky as fillies.
The red retriever-haired satyr
Can whine and tease her and flatter,
But Lily O'Grady,
Silly and shady,
In the deep shade is a lazy lady;
Now Pompey's dead, Homer's read,
Heliogabalus lost his head,
And shade is on the brightest wing,
And dust forbids the bird to sing.

20. Fox-Trot "Old Sir Faulk"

Old
Sir
Faulk, -
Tall as a stork, -
Before the honeyed fruits of dawn were ripe,
would walk, -
And stalk with a gun -
The reynard-coloured sun.
Among the pheasant-feathered corn the
unicorn has torn, forlorn the
Smock-faced sheep -

Fox-Trot (continued)

Sit
 And
 Sleep; -
Periwigged as William and Mary, weep . . .
"Sally, Mary, Mattie, what's the matter, why cry?" -
The huntsman and the reynard-coloured sun
 and I sigh; -
"Oh, the nursery-maid Meg
With a leg like a peg -
Chased the feathered dreams like hens, and
 when they laid an egg
In the sheepskin
 Meadows
 Where
The serene King James would steer
Horse and hounds, then he
From the shade of a tree -
Picked it up as spoil to boil for nursery tea,"
 said the mourners. In the
Corn, towers strain
Feathered tall as a crane, -
And whistling down the feathered rain, old Noah
 goes again -
An old dull mome
With a head like a pome.
Seeing the world as a bare egg,
Laid by the feathered air; Meg
Would beg three of these for the nursery teas -
Of Japhet, Shem, and Ham; she gave it
Underneath the trees,
Where the boiling Water,
 the boiling Water
 Hissed, -
Like the goose-king's feathered daughter,
 feathered daughter
 kissed, -

Fox-Trot (continued)

Pot and pan and copper kettle
Put upon their proper mettle,
Lest the Flood - the Flood - the Flood begin again
 through these, -
 again through these!

21. Sir Beelzebub

When
Sir
Beelzebub called for his syllabub in the hotel in
 Hell
 Where Proserpine first fell,
Blue as the gendarmerie were the waves of the sea,
 (Rocking and shocking the bar-maid)
Nobody comes to give him his rum but the
Rim of the sky hippopotamus-glum
Enhances the chances to bless with a benison
Alfred Lord Tennyson crossing the bar laid
With cold vegetation from pale deputations
Of temperance workers (all signed in Memoriam)
Hoping with glory to trip up the Laureate's feet,
 (Moving in classical meters) . . .
Like Balaclava, the lava came down from the
Roof, and the sea's blue wooden gendarmerie
Took them in charge while Beelzebub roared for
 his rum.
 . . . None of them come!

*Reprinted from COLLECTED POEMS
by Edith Sitwell*

All are welcome at the post-concert reception in the Arts Lounge (Rm 132) located off the main foyer of this building. Please join the performers, faculty and students of the Department of Music for an opportunity to discuss the music and the performances you have just experienced!

Selections from tonight's concert are being recorded by the CBC for broadcast on *Sunday Arts*, heard between 6:00 and 8:30 am on CBC 740 AM. These works will also be heard on a future broadcast of *Alberta In Concert*, aired Sundays on CBC Stereo 90.9 FM.

This was the final concert in the 1991-92 ENCOUNTERS series. The Department of Music will begin programming the music for the 1992-93 series over the next few months and would welcome your comments regarding the series. Please correspond directly to Dr Malcolm Forsyth or Dr William Street c/o the Department of Music, 3-82 Fine Arts Building, University of Alberta, Edmonton, T6G 2C9.

Stay informed! The Department of Music's newsletter *In Tune Words on Music* contains concert and events listings as well as informative articles about the activities of our students, staff and alumni. Pick up your copy from the racks outside of Convocation Hall or call the Department of Music at 492-3263 and arrange to have **In Tune** mailed to your home.
