

Voci WOMEN'S VOCAL ENSEMBLE

Special Thanks

Special thanks to Orinda Community Church,
Piedmont Center for the Arts, St. Perpetua Catholic Church,
Holy Names University Kodály Music Program,
and West Coast Arts, for supporting our Spring 2016 season.

Thank you also to Jana Branisa for help with our Czeck pronunciation, and to all the friends, family and members of Voci who volunteer hours of work to make our programs possible!

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through **your generous contributions**,
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Voci Women's Vocal Ensemble
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Songs of the Bygone: *Traces of a Vanishing World*



Sunday, May 15, 2016
Piedmont Center
for the Arts
Piedmont

Saturday, May 21, 2016
St. Perpetua
Catholic Church
Lafayette



Dr. Anne K. Hege, Conductor • Edna Yeb, Assistant Conductor
Kate Campbell, Piano • Maren Haynes Marchesini, Cello

About Today's Program

Today's concert, "Songs of the Bygone: Traces of a Vanishing World" presents an exploration, in song, of forgotten ways of life and forms of communication that no longer exist for us today.

Our first half runs the full gamut of emotions – expressing degrees of passion and longing that seem out of proportion today. We open with the unfettered joy of new love in "Fire, Fire My Heart," before turning to a set of songs about longing for recognition and love. Gwyneth Walker's "In Autumn" expresses the voice of a woman whose bones are left to whiten, lost and forgotten in the woods. Henry Purcell's "Lost is my Quiet" shares his alternately sorrowful and defiant response when his love is spurned, and "Five Fragments of Jade" by Jenő Takács present haiku-like moments of happiness, sadness, love and serenity. "Far from home," a collection of four short, but incredibly moving pieces by Györgi Ligeti, written in 1945, speak of the fleeting nature of time, and the loneliness of a man asking a raven to pass word of his death to his beloved as his last hope.

A series of vignettes by Holst, sung by small groups, sentimentally recall livelihoods and times past – with songs of shoe-makers, lumbermen, ship-builders and farmers. Brahms' "Song of Fingal" harkens back to a time of myth and legend. "Ach! Synku Synku" shares the conversation between a farmer and his son, who cannot plough the field, because his plough and spirit are broken following the loss of his love. Finally, J.S. Bach's "Wir eilen mit schwachen, doch emsigen Schritten" lightens then things up with hurrying feet, before Otmar Mácha's "Hoj, hura hoj!" rejuvenates our spirits with a light-hearted song of young men and women calling to each other across mountaintops as they tend cattle and sheep, and go to visit each other 'behind the hill'.

Voci Singers

Janet Biblin	Sally Goodman	Nicky Reed
Julie Blade	Julie Herndon	Karla Sagramoso
Elizabeth Brashers	Katherine McStravick	Lisa Sanders
Mimi Brennan	Susan Martin	Susan Sands
Ayyana	Terry Meyers	Lezak Shallat
Chakravartula	Connie Philipp	Victoria Skerritt
Mishaela De Vries	Dorothy Isaacson	Edna Yeh
Cynthia Dodge	Read	

Voci Staff

Artistic Director: Dr. Anne K. Hege

Assistant Conductor: Edna Yeh

Accompanist: Kate Campbell

Administrative Director: Terry Meyers

Administrative Coordinator: Kate Campbell

Publicity & Marketing: Kate Campbell,
Lezak Shallat & Susan Sands

Facebook: Lezak Shallat / **Website:** Edna Yeh

Graphic Design: Edna Yeh

Program: Elizabeth Brashers, Sally Goodman,
Mishaela De Vries, Susan Martin & Dorothy Isaacson Read
Program notes: Lezak Shallat

Librarian: Katherine McStravick; production
support from Sally Goodman & Dorothy Isaacson Read

House Staff: John Gibbins,
James King & Duane Marble

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Recording Engineer: Brian Shiratsuki

Voci Board of Directors

Susan Sands (President), Lisa Sanders (Treasurer),
Elizabeth Brashers (Secretary)
Susan Martin, Terry Meyers, Charles Seagrave

Our second half begins with the premiere of “On Music and Nature: Three Hopkins Settings” by East Bay composer Ann Callaway. The pieces draw on works by poet Gerard Manley Hopkins, and are the fabulous outcome of Voci’s inaugural *New Works Project*. The first piece, “Henry Purcell,” invokes a voice, speaking reverently of someone who has passed. Callaway’s composition opens with ghostly sounds, as of a tomb opening, and then rises and falls dynamically with a tumult of emotion. The second piece, “Moonrise, June 19, 1876,” evokes a completely different mood – the silent, but powerful reverence of a moonrise, which wakes one from sleep to wonder at its grace. And finally, “The Woodlark” portrays the joy and busyness of the woods in spring, as new leaves and flowers explode with life, and the elusive woodlark sings its bright song from the safety of the brush.

We follow Callaway’s portrayal of Henry Purcell with a composition by Purcell himself, which leads into a series of wry, and often ironic, pieces about changing perceptions of women. Purcell’s “What Can We Poor Females Do,” which ponders the conundrum of what to do with too many unwanted suitors, is countered by Gwyneth Walker’s “Women Should Be Pedestals,” an ironic presentation of a woman’s place as the silent rock of the family. We then shift gears to honor of the work of pioneer women in Alice Parker’s settings of three Canadian folk songs. Finally Smetana’s opening chorus from “The Bartered Bride” speaks to the tension of the transition from the carefree life of youth, to an eventual future where women stay home and do housework, while men get drunk at the bar. We round out the performances with a different musical form (and weather) from days past – of rain coming in torrents, and the carefree vision of Gene Kelly singing in that rain.

We hope you enjoy the performance – thank you for joining us!

Program

Fire, Fire My Heart Thomas Morley

In Autumn Gwyneth Walker

Katherine McStravick & Edna Yeh

Lost is my Quiet Henry Purcell

Five Fragments of Jade, op. 40 Jenő Takács

- I. Song On the River
- II. The Leaf On the Water
- III. The Fisherman
- IV. Intoxication of Love
- V. On the River

Elizabeth Brashers

Far from home György Ligeti

Lament
A dark raven
Once the forest
Summer sends a gentle breeze

Gesang aus Fingal Johannes Brahms
(Song from Fingal)

Songs of Land, Sea and Air Gustav Holst

Song of the Shoemakers

*Janet Biblin, Ayyana Chakravartula, Mishaela De Vries,
Cynthia Dodge, Nicky Reed, Karla Sagramoso, Lisa Sanders,
Susan Sands & Edna Yeh*

Song of the Fishermen

*Janet Biblin, Ayyana Chakravartula, Mishaela De Vries,
Cynthia Dodge, Terry Meyers, Karla Sagramoso, Lisa Sanders,
Susan Sands & Edna Yeh*

journalist. She has an adult son and enjoys traveling with her husband.

Lezak Shallat started singing choral music in college and has never stopped. She's sung mostly in chamber groups and symphonic choirs, and music from Latin America. In addition to singing in choirs, she loves to travel with choirs and participate in music festivals, and is famous for making copious notes in her scores.

Victoria Skerritt is passionate about a variety of music. She is happy to be a new member of Voci and is grateful to the Voci veterans for the guidance they graciously provide. Victoria's music background is rooted in musical theater, alternative rock bands, and jazz vocal ensembles. When she is not singing with Voci, Victoria manages parks and recreation activities for Contra Costa County. She thanks her co-workers, and her friends and family for encouraging this vocal journey.

Edna Yeh, Assistant Conductor, joined Voci in 2008. After a childhood spent playing the piano and violin, she began singing with a women's chorus in college, and eventually earned a master's degree in music theory. Edna works by day in web development, and is the mother of two teenagers.



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in Berkeley. In her life outside of music, Connie has a private psychotherapy practice in Berkeley. In her spare she time enjoys being with her granddaughters and other family members and friends, as well as hiking, birding, reading, and when the opportunity arises, traveling.

Dorothy Isaacson Read grew up in Oakland, loving music and playing piano and oboe. As an adult, she enjoyed singing in recitals, amateur opera scenes, and choruses, including the UC Chamber Chorus, Cantare con Vivo, and the UC Alumni Chorus. After a much-too-long period away from singing, she is delighted to be part of Voci, with its dedicated, talented group of singers.

Nicky Reed has sung with Voci for almost a year and is loving the experience! She sang in an all-women's choir in college and enjoys the complexity and sound of women's choral music. In addition to singing with Voci, she loves to trail run and bake desserts of all shapes and sizes.

Karla Sagramoso is very pleased to be part of Voci, having participated in choral singing of all sorts since childhood. She is convinced that if the world's people all belonged to choirs and ate regular infusions of chocolate, they'd all be happier and healthier, though perhaps not slimmer. She especially enjoys singing in small ensembles and house concerts, and loves learning repertoire from many centuries and countries. When not singing, she works as a clinical psychologist and enjoys her family.

Lisa Sanders enjoys being part of such a talented group of singers. Lisa also sings in The Dulcet Four, an a cappella quartet based in the San Francisco Bay Area, performing repertoire from the Great American Songbook and other classics. She has sung with Festival Opera in Walnut Creek and the Livermore Valley Opera. On weekends, Lisa cantors at the St. Perpetua Church in Lafayette. When not singing, Lisa teaches technology and math at St. Mary's School in Walnut Creek and keeps up with her two 20-something daughters and a traveling husband.

Susan Sands has been singing in groups all her life, and has sung with Voci for 23 years. She is a clinical psychologist in private practice, and also teaches, writes articles, and supervises other therapists. In her former life, she was a print and television

The Corn Song

Elizabeth Brashers & Katherine McStravick

Song of the Lumbermen

Elizabeth Brashers & Mishaela De Vries

Song of the Ship-builders

Susan Martin & Lisa Sanders

**Wir eilen mit schwachen,
doch emsigen Schritten**
*(We hasten with weak, yet
eager steps)*

Johann Sebastian Bach

*Elizabeth Brashers, Mishaela De Vries, Susan Martin,
Lisa Sanders, Terry Meyers & Edna Yeh*

Ach! Synku Synku
(Oh! My son, My son)

Czech Folk Song
Arr. Donald Patriquin

Hoj, hura hoj!
(O Mountain, O!)

Otmar Mácha

Ayyana Chakravartula, Susan Martin & Lisa Sanders

INTERMISSION

**On Music and Nature: Three
Hopkins Settings** *(premiere)*

Ann Callaway

Henry Purcell
Moonrise June 19, 1876
The Woodlark

Anne Hege

What Can We Poor Females Do?

Henry Purcell

Susan Martin & Edna Yeh

Women Should be Pedestals

Gwyneth Walker

Women on the Plains

Old Grandma
Away, Far down the River
Punching the Dough

Canadian Folk Songs,
Arr. Alice Parker

**Opening chorus from
“The Bartered Bride”**

Bedřich Smetana
Arr. Emily Ellsworth

**Songs of Land, Sea and Air
(continued)**

Gustav Holst

Clouds O’er the Summer Sky

Mishaëla De Vries & Karla Sagramoso

Round from ‘The Perfect Fool’

Julie Bladé, Susan Martin & Lisa Sanders

**La Lluvia
(The Rain)**

Stephen Hatfield

Singing in the Rain

Nacio Herb Brown
*Text by Arthur Freed
Arr. Anita Kerr*

Lesbian Feminist Chorus. She keeps on hoping we can make a revolution with music.

Julie Herndon is enjoying her first year with Voci. She is a singer, pianist, and composer who recently graduated from Mills College with a master’s in music composition. She thinks the best part of singing in a choir is sounding larger than life. In her spare time, Julie listens to BBC podcasts, drinks coffee, and writes songs.

Katherine McStravick’s musical roots began with the usual school and church ensembles and progressed to performing and recording for composers of various stripes; a brief period of singing jazz standards; daily concert chorale under Jane Hardester during two years as a music major; then joining Voci in 2003. A semi-retired RN, she is pursuing studies in alignment-based yoga and meditation. Her prescription for all maladies: singing and yoga!

Susan Martin has been singing with Voci since 2008. She is thrilled to have recently returned to school to pursue a degree in Vocal Performance at San Francisco State University. She lives in El Cerrito with her husband, daughter, and dog, and she has a son at San Jose State (also studying music). A few of her favorite things are her work as a veterinarian; singing with The Dulcet Four, an a cappella jazz quartet formed with three other Voci singers; and performing in concerts—such as this one—that let her sing every note in her range!

Terry Meyers, Voci Administrative Director, grew up in Los Angeles, the youngest child of two musicians. In a former life she danced, made art, played the violin, and performed in musical theater. Terry joined Voci as a founding member in 1991 while working on her dissertation and raising two young children. Today she is a clinical psychologist and her daughters are adults. She also sings with The Dulcet Four, an a cappella quartet. Her husband, John, has been a long-time supporter of Voci, and often serves as Voci’s box office volunteer. Terry’s administrative role in Voci also satisfies her yen to organize.

Connie Philipp is glad to have recently joined Voci. She has been singing in choirs for over 25 years, including the UC Alumni Chorus and Slavyanka. She also currently sings with Chora Nova

between UC Berkeley and UCSF. When she's not working or singing, Elizabeth loves being outdoors in the garden, the Sierras, or the hills of Mendocino.

Alexandra (Mimi) Brennan grew up singing in the Piedmont Children's Choir where her great love for choral music was fostered through international tours and wonderfully challenging repertoire. Following a long hiatus from choir, she is thrilled to be singing with Voci. Aside from vocalizing, she enjoys dance, reading, and stealing away to visit the epic scenery that surrounds our beautiful Bay Area.

Ayyana Chakravartula has sung in many choirs and a cappella groups, with one of the first being a high school madrigals group directed by Voci Artistic Director Anne Hege! She is delighted to be singing under Anne's direction again with the women of Voci. When not singing, Ayyana can be found analyzing, designing, and researching in her job as a mechanical engineer.

Mishaela De Vries is in her first season with Voci. She has studied music since the age of six, beginning with violin, and later studying piano and voice. Since graduating with her bachelor's degree in music education from the University of Oregon, she has taught private music lessons and studied choral conducting. After a few years off to begin her family of two boys, Mishaela is excited to dive back into choral singing.

Cynthia Dodge has enjoyed a lifetime of singing in all sizes of choral groups around the country. From Albany Pro Musica in New York to the Anchorage Opera Chorus in Alaska, she finds collaborating with fellow musicians to be a grounding and sustaining force. Cynthia is thrilled for the opportunity to sing with Voci, her first all-female ensemble. Early in her career she served as a Clinical Psychologist in the US Air Force, and now serves Veterans within the VA Northern California Healthcare System.

Sally Goodman has enjoyed singing with Voci on and off since 2005. A former electrician who got her BA at age 49, Sally now coordinates civil rights at your local bus company. She has previously sung with strikers on picket lines, the Denver-area Still Ain't Satisfied Feminist Singers, and Artemis Singers - Chicago's

The New Works Project

Today's concert features the premiere of "On Music and Nature: Three Hopkins Settings" by Ann Callaway, inaugural composer of Voci's New Works Project.

At the root of this annual commissioning project is the conviction that new compositions arise most powerfully out of interactions between the composer and the voices, lives, and bodies of those who perform them. Callaway developed the series of three works over a two-year period, during which time she and the ensemble had multiple opportunities to workshop, give feedback on, revise and perform the pieces. We are excited to premiere the full suite today.

A core element of Voci's mission is to commission and perform repertoire that is written for, and by, women. The New Works Project offers a unique opportunity to advance that mission, through a close collaboration between composer and ensemble, which leads to a beautifully-developed work that can then be passed on to others. Through this project, Voci hopes to help build a community of composers and singers dedicated to expanding the repertoire of new music written for and by women.

Please join us directly after our concert on May 21, for a champagne reception to celebrate Ann Callaway, and the culmination of our inaugural first *New Works Project!*

Bay Area composer Ann Callaway



Anne Hege and Ann Callaway in rehearsal, fall 2015



Texts and Translations

Fire, Fire My Heart (*Morley*)

Fire, fire, my heart!
Fa la la la.
O help! Alas! O help!
Ah me! I sit and cry me,
And call for help, alas!
But none comes nigh me.
Fa la la la.

In Autumn (*Walker*) *from Songs for Women's Voices* *poem by May Swenson*

I will lie down in autumn
let birds be flying
Swept in a hollow by the wind
I'll wait for dying
I will lie inert unseen
my hair same-colored with grass and leaves
Gather me for the autumn fires
with the withered sheaves
I will sleep face down in the burnt meadow
not hearing the sound of water over stones
Trail over me cloud and shadow
Let snow hide the whiteness of my bones

Lost is my Quiet (*Purcell*)

Lost is my quiet for ever,
Lost is life's happiest part;
Lost all my tender endeavours,
To touch an insensible heart.
But tho' my despair is past curing,
And much undeserv'd is my fate,
I'll show by a patient enduring
My love is unmov'd as her hate.

Maren Haynes Marchesini, Cello, earned her bachelor's degree in cello performance in 2006, and has since played with a wide variety of ensembles, including symphony orchestras, folk music, and indie rock. She has worked with award-winning artists Andy Statman (klezmer) and Kevin Burke (Irish fiddle), and incorporates ornamentation and improvisation into her playing and writing. Maren is currently completing her PhD in Ethnomusicology at the University of Washington, studying intersections between sacred and popular music in large American churches. She directs choral and ensemble activities at Pacific School of Religion in Berkeley and First Presbyterian Church of San Rafael, and sang with Voci in 2014-15.

Janet Biblin joined her first choir in fourth grade, where she discovered her love of choral music. She's been singing in choirs ever since, most recently as a founding member of the Berkeley choir Chora Nova. She is excited to join Voci and become part of the close harmony and sound of an all-women's group. In her free time, she enjoys playing the Appalachian dulcimer, hiking in the open spaces of the East Bay, and keeping track of the NBA.

Julie Blade has sung virtually all her life, with her first choral experience being in the fourth grade. She joined Voci in the fall of 2009 and considers this her finest choral experience. Julie has sung with notable community choruses and ensembles. She has also performed in a number of musical stage productions and dabbled in jazz and opera. After nearly 30 years as a learning and development professional, Julie now applies her talents as a personal historian and life storyteller, one life at a time. She has three adult children and four grandchildren, and lives with her "guys"—a Scottie dog and two cats. In addition to singing, Julie's passions are live music in many forms (opera, symphony, jazz), theater, ballet, gardening, hiking, and always learning, learning, learning.

Elizabeth Brashers has enjoyed singing all her life. She sang with the San Francisco Girls Chorus in her teens, and in college sang with and directed Yale's all-women's a cappella group, The New Blue. This is her 12th year with Voci. Elizabeth recently returned to UC Berkeley as Assistant Dean and Campus Liaison

Piedmont East Bay Children's Choir and the Oakland Youth Chorus' touring ensemble Vocal Motion. She completed her undergraduate studies in music at Wesleyan University, CT and an MA in composition at Mills College. In 2014, she completed her PhD in Music Composition at Princeton University where she studied how embodied cognition theory can be applied to musical multimedia analysis. She has founded and directed various vocal ensembles including the Albany Community Chorus (California), Cuatro Vientos (Mexico City), and Celestial Mechanics (New Jersey). Hege performs as a vocalist, composer, improviser, and electronic musician in her performance duo New Prosthetics, the laptop ensemble Sideband, for the Carrie Ahern Dance Company, and in her own productions. She currently loves her work as artistic director of Voci Women's Vocal Ensemble, chorus instructor at Holy Names University, and director of Level IV of the San Francisco Girls Chorus.

Edna Yeh, Assistant Conductor, joined Voci in 2008. She is the founder and former director of the Pacific Women's Chorus in San Diego and Concentus Women's Chorus in Rochester, New York. Edna received her Master of Music degree from the University of Texas at Austin, where she studied conducting with Morris Beachy and Craig Hella Johnson. In addition to her work with Voci, she is also assistant conductor of Sacred & Profane chamber chorus, and sings with Coro d'Amici and The Dulcet Four.

Kate Campbell, Accompanist, performs frequently as a soloist, chamber musician, and accompanist specializing in 20th and 21st century music. She has worked with many leading composers and ensembles, including Pulitzer Prize winners David Lang and Steve Reich. In addition to being the accompanist for Voci, she is the pianist for the San Francisco Contemporary Music Players. She is also the pianist in the chamber ensemble Redshift. With Redshift, Campbell will continue a guest-artist residency at California State University East Bay, premiering works by faculty and student composers. Other freelance projects include performances with the New Keys concert series, Hot Air Festival, and the Switchboard Music Festival. Campbell is also proud to be on the team of organizers for the Omaha Under the Radar Festival in her hometown of Omaha, Nebraska. She can be heard on New Amsterdam Records. She teaches privately in her home studio in Oakland, CA.

Five Fragments of Jade (*Takács*)

text from "The Book of Jade," translated from the French of Judith Gautier by James Whitall

I. Song On the River (*text by Li-Taï-Pé*)

My boat is of ebony,
The holes in my flute are golden.
As a plant takes out stains from silk,
So wine takes sadness out of heart.
When one has good wine, a graceful boat,
and a maiden's love,
Why envy the immortal gods?

II. The Leaf On the Water (*text by Quan Tsi*)

The wind tears a leaf from the willow tree,
it falls lightly upon the water and the waves carry it away.
Time has gradually effaced memory from my heart
and I watch the willow leaf drifting away.
Since I have forgotten her whom I loved,
I dream the day through in sadness
lying on the water's edge.
But the willow leaf floated back under the tree,
and it seemed to me that the memory could never be effaced
from my heart.

III. The Fisherman (*text by Li-Taï-Pé*)

The earth has drunk the snow
and now the plum trees are blossoming once more.
A fisherman casts forth his nets from a motionless boat
and the surface of the lake is broken.

IV. Intoxication of Love (*text by Li-Taï-Pé*)

The petals of the water lilies tremble
as the wind murmurs through the palace of the waters.
The king of Lou lounges idly on the terrace of Kou Sou;
before him is Syché
she is dancing and her movements are rhythmical
and full of delicate grace.
Then she laughs.
Sensuous in her weariness
she leans against the royal white jade bed
and gazes toward the East.

V. **On the River** (text by Tchou-Jo-Su)

A single gray cloud is floating in the sky
And my boat is alone on the river
Now the moon is climbing the heavens
and sinking into the water
The cloud is gray no longer
And I am happier in my boat
alone on the river.

Far from home (*Ligeti*)

Lament

Life is so dreary
Far from my homeland,
My joys are all past now,
And I'm so weary,
Yes, I'm so weary;
Hope itself is now dead.

Life is so dreary
Far from my home,
And far from you, love.

When I remember,
My best beloved,
Think of the days long past
How very happy
we were together
then the salt tears flow faster.

A dark raven

In the sky above me black and threatening clouds rise
And among them flies a dark raven.
Stop, oh bird, I beg you!
Father dear, mother dear
Carry home this note to my beloved
If they ask where I be,
Just say how I'm ailing;
Far away from them I feel so lonely.

Canadian **Stephen Hatfield** (b. 1956) is a teacher, composer, conductor, and arranger. His compositions and arrangements are often influenced by music from other parts of the world. In *La lluvia*, a prayer for rain based on a melody from Ecuador, the voices take turns imitating the melancholic strains of an Andean *zampoña* (panpipe) and the sweeping sounds of an unexpected downpour.

Songwriter **Nacio Herb Brown** (1896-1964) and lyricist/Hollywood producer **Arthur Freed** (1894-1973) wrote *Singin' in the Rain* for *The Hollywood Revue of 1929*, a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film that was one of the studio's earliest sound films. The song has been since performed by scores of artists and famously danced to by Gene Kelly in the 1952 film of the same name. This version was arranged by Memphis-born popular singer-songwriter **Anita Kerr** (b. 1927).

About Voci

Voci is an auditioned, volunteer women's vocal ensemble dedicated to musical excellence in the performance of both new and innovative music, as well as treasured repertoire, within the classical choral tradition. As we complete our 24th season, we enjoy an established reputation with Bay Area audiences and critics as one of the finest choral groups in the area.

Voci Leadership and Singers

Founded in 1991, Voci is recognized as one of the finest choral groups in the Bay Area. Voci's commitment to musical excellence, unique mastery of style and technique, and adventurous and innovative programming has earned high praise from critics and choral musicians alike. Voci champions music for, and by, women.

Artistic Director Dr. Anne K. Hege is a composer, conductor, independent researcher, and vocalist based in the San Francisco Bay Area. She began her musical studies singing with the

(1844-1889). In his preface to *Henry Purcell*, the poet “wishes well to the divine genius of Purcell and praises him that, whereas other musicians have given utterance to the moods of man’s mind, he has, beyond that, uttered in notes the very make and species of man as created both in him and all men generally.” The text of *Moonrise* is a fragment from Hopkins’ notebooks, penned after observing the night sky on June 19, 1876. In *The Woodlark*, the poet marvels at the joyous song of an unremarkable bird hidden from view.

Henry Purcell (see above)

Gwyneth Walker (see above)

Massachusetts-based composer/arranger **Alice Parker** (b. 1925) writes that she sang before she spoke, and composed her first orchestral score while still in high school. Known for her choral arrangements of spirituals, hymns and folk songs, Parker worked closely with choral conductor Robert Shaw. From 1949 to 1968, She was arranger and assistant to the Robert Shaw Chorale, writing folk songs, spirituals and American hymn settings that have become part of the standard choral repertoire. Parker, now 91 years old, listened to Voci and met with the directors and composers among us this past April as the special guest of the “Treble Voices Now” festival. Her generosity and warmth were much appreciated by all.

A setting of three Canadian folk songs, *Women on the Plains* was written in 1988. Speaking from the pioneer women’s perspective, the songs pay tribute to the loyalty, hard work and loneliness of women who left settled lives to build new homes on the frontier.

Czech composer **Bedřich Smetana** (1824-1884) was born in Bohemia and is famous for capturing Czech spirit and language in his music. *The Bartered Bride* is a folk opera full of popular spirit. In the opening chorus we sing tonight, villagers in a small 19th century town gaily celebrate a local church holiday, singing to the joys of being young and in good health before the sorrows of life—constant housework for the women and too much drinking for the men—set in.

Gustav Holst (see above)

Once the forest

Once the forest is behind you,
Tears of sorrow must not blind you.
Fainthearts are for ever homing,
Braver hearts are made for roaming.

Summer sends a gentle breeze

Oh! Summer sends a gentle breeze,
Summer scents fill the air,
Gentle breeze. Sends a cloud.
Waft away all our care.

Oh! Green forest, every tree,
Gladly I’d deck with gold,
Could I but see my love,
And enfold her in my arms, oh!

Gesang aus Fingal (Brahms)

(Song from Fingal)

from *Four Songs, Op 17*; text by James MacPherson

<p>Wein’ an den Felsen der brausenden Winde, Weine, o Mädchen von Inistore!</p>	<p>Weep on the rocks where the storm winds are raging. Weep, O thou maiden of Inistore!</p>
<p>Beug über die Wogen dein schönes Haupt, Leiblicher du als der Geist der Berge, Wenn er um Mittag in einem Sonnenstrahl Über das Schweigen von Morven fährt. Er ist gefallen, dein Jüngling liegt darnieder, Bleich sank er unter Cuthullins Schwert. Nimmer wird Mut deinen Liebling mehr reizen, Das Blut von Königen zu vergießen.</p>	<p>Bend thy lovely head over the stormy waves; Fairer art thou than the mountain spirit, When the brightness of the noontime sun Passes silently over Morven’s peak. For he is fallen - thy true love lies defeated, Slain by the might of Cuthullin’s sword. Never again will he be called to arms To spill the blood of kings.</p>

Wein' an den Felsen der
brausenden Winde,
Weine, o Mädchen von
Inistore!

Weep on the rocks where the
storm winds are raging.
Weep, O thou maiden of
Inistore!

Trenar, der liebliche Trenar
starb, starb!
O Mädchen von Inistore!
Seine grauen Hunde heulen
daheim;
Sie sehn seinen Geist vorüber
ziehn.
Trenar, der liebliche Trenar
starb, starb!
O Mädchen von Inistore!
Sein Bogen hängt ungespannt
in der Halle,
Nichts, nichts regt sich auf der
Haide der Rehe.

Trenar, the beloved Trenar is
dead – dead!
O maiden of Inistore!
His grey hounds howl in the
hall
Watching warily as his ghost
walks past.
Trenar, ah, Trenar the fair is
dead! Dead,
O maiden of Inistore!
His bow hangs unstrung in the
hall;
Never again to threaten the
lives of the deer.

Wein' an den Felsen der
brausenden Winde,
Weine, o Mädchen von
Inistore!

Weep on the rocks where the
storm winds are raging.
Weep, O thou maiden of
Inistore!

Songs of Land, Sea and Air (Holst) texts by John Greenleaf Whittier

Song of the Shoemakers

Ho! workers of the old time
styled
The Gentle Craft of Leather!
Young brothers of the ancient
guild,
Stand forth once more
together!
Call out again your long array,
In the olden merry manner!
Once more, on gay St.
Crispin's day,
Fling out your blazoned
banner!

Rap, rap! upon the well-worn
stone
How falls the polished
hammer!
Rap, rap! the measured
sound has grown
A quick and merry clamor.
Now shape the sole! now
deftly curl
The glossy vamp around it,
And bless the while the
bright-eyed girl Whose
gentle fingers bound it!

and 1917) use lyrics by American Quaker and abolitionist poet John Greenleaf Whittier (1807-1892) to tell the stories of shoemakers, fishermen, lumbermen, shipbuilders and other old-style craftsmen. The canon *Clouds O'er the Summer Sky* was written in 1898; *Perfect Fool* comes from Holst's comic opera by the same name, composed in 1922.

German composer **Johann Sebastian Bach** (1685-1750) was not only one of the greatest choral composers of all time (although not duly recognized in his lifetime), he was also one of the most prolific. Bach wrote more than 300 sacred cantatas, of which a third have been lost. These vary greatly in form and instrumentation, with parts for solo singers, single choruses, small instrumental groups, and grand orchestras. *Wir Eilen mit Schwachen, doch emsigen Schritten*, from Cantata 78 *Jesu, der du meine Seele*, was written as an aria for soprano and alto, and first performed in 1724 in Leipzig.

Canadian arranger **Donald Patriquin** (b. 1938), associated with McGill University in Montreal, is inspired by music from cultures around the world. *Ach! Synku Synku* is a popular Czech folk song.

Czech composer **Otmar Mácha** (1922-2006) was born in the Moravian region and drew inspiration from the region's folk music for his compositions. He was music director of Prague Radio from 1947 to 1962, and a onetime secretary of the Czech Composers' Union. His works include oratorios, stage works and symphonic pieces, with themes ranging from folk to farce and political commentary. *Hoj, hura, hoj!* draws a scene of traditional village life in which young people tending cows and sheep call out to each other across the mountain valleys, looking forward to their return to the village in the evening.

Ann Callaway (b. 1949) is the inaugural composer of Voci's New Works Project. Callaway is the recipient of a Guggenheim Fellowship and commissions from the National Endowment for the Arts and the American Guild of Organists. She has held residencies at the MacDowell Colony, Yaddo, and the Leighton Artist Colony in Banff. In 2012, Callaway and poet Jaime Robles premiered their chamber opera *Vladimir in Butterfly Country*.

Tonight's work, *On Music and Nature: Three Hopkins' Settings*, is a suite based on poems by English mystic Gerard Manley Hopkins

was composed in 1938. The words are from the *Book of Jade* (a collection of decadent and nihilistic verse, published anonymously in 1901 by a Harvard scholar). The music combines pentatonic influences with chromatic romanticism, and reflects the Western art world's fascination with the intrigue and mysteries of the "Orient" of the era.

György Sándor Ligeti (1923-2006) was born in Romania to Hungarian Jewish parents; his father and brother were killed in concentration camps in the Second World War. Widely considered as one of the most innovative composers of the second half of the 20th century, his early compositions were based heavily on Hungarian folk melodies. After the war, Ligeti studied in Budapest, but fled to Austria in the aftermath of the suppressed 1956 Hungarian revolution. There, he was influenced by electronic music and avant-garde movements, including the use of chromatic clusters and complex rhythms inspired by the music of Africa.

The melancholic songs in *Far from home (Idegen földön)* were written immediately after the war and speak to homesickness and loss. As the composer wrote in program notes to this cycle: "It is miserable for me to grow old in exile; my heart has withered, because of my great sadness; I don't have anywhere to go. When I am thinking, it comes into my mind how I lived in my homeland, and then, my beautiful love my tears fall, for I live on foreign land."

Universally beloved for his orchestral works, German composer **Johannes Brahms** (1833–1897) was also a pioneer in composing secular works for women and women's choirs. In *Song from Fingal*, the Maid of Inistore, the daughter of the king of the Orkney Islands, laments the death of the Scandinavian invader Trenar, who has died in a victor-less battle led by Scottish warrior Fingal and Irish chieftain Cuthullin. The poem was purportedly a translation of a third century Celtic epic by a bard named Ossian. In fact, it was written in 1762 by a Scottish poet, James MacPherson, whose work was accepted and championed by figures as esteemed as Goethe and Brahms.

English composer **Gustav Holst** (1874-1934) drew inspiration from folk music, Sanskrit literature, and astrology. Born into a musical family, Holst began to compose as a teen. In 1904, he was appointed Musical Director at St. Paul's Girls' School, a post he held until his death. The *Songs of Land, Sea and Air* (1910

The red brick to the mason's hand,
The brown earth to the tiller's,
The shoe in yours shall wealth command,
Like fairy Cinderella's!
As they who shunned the household maid
Beheld the crown upon her,
So all shall see your toil repaid
With hearth and home and honor.

Song of the Fishermen

HURRAH! the seaward breezes
Sweep down the bay amain;
Heave up, my lads, the anchor!
Run up the sail again!
Leave to the lubber landsmen
The rail-car and the steed;
The stars of heaven shall guide us,
The breath of heaven shall speed.

Now, brothers, for the icebergs of frozen Labrador,
Floating spectral in the moonshine,
Along the low, black shore!
Where like snow the gannet's feathers
On Brador's rocks are shed,
And the noisy murr are flying,
Like black scuds, overhead;

Then let the toast be freely quaffed,
In water cool and brimming,
'All honor to the good old Craft,
Its merry men and women!
Call out again your long array,
In the old time's pleasant manner:
Once more, on gay St. Crispin's day,
Fling out his blazoned banner!

Where in mist the rock is hiding,
And the sharp reef lurks below,
And the white squall smites in summer,
And the autumn tempests blow;
Where, through gray and rolling vapor,
From evening unto morn,

A thousand boats are hailing,
Horn answering unto horn.
In the darkness as in daylight,
On the water as on land,
God's eye is looking on us,
And beneath us is His hand!
Death will find us soon or later,
On the deck or in the cot;
And we cannot meet him better
Than in working out our lot.

Hurrah! hurrah! the west-
wind
Comes freshening down the
bay,
The rising sails are filling;
Give way, my lads, give way!
Leave the coward landsman
clinging
To the dull earth, like a weed;
The stars of heaven shall
guide us,
The breath of heaven shall
speed!

The Corn Song

Through vales of grass and
meads of flowers
Our ploughs their furrows
made,
While on the hills the sun and
showers
Of changeful April played.
We dropped the seed o'er hill
and plain
Beneath the sun of May,
And frightened from our
sprouting grain
The robber crows away.

All through the long, bright
days of June
Its leaves grew green and fair,
And waved in hot
midsummer's noon
Its soft and yellow hair.
And now, with autumn's
moonlit eves,
Its harvest-time has come,
We pluck away the frosted
leaves,
And bear the treasure home.

Where'er the wide old
kitchen hearth
Sends up its smoky curls,
Who will not thank the
kindly earth,
And bless our farmer girls!
Then shame on all the proud
and vain,
Whose folly laughs to scorn
The blessing of our hardy
grain,
Our wealth of golden corn!

Composers

(in order of appearance in the program)

The most famous composer of secular music in Elizabethan England, **Thomas Morley** (1557–1602) lived in London at the same time as Shakespeare and was organist at St Paul's Cathedral. He was also one of the first music publishers, and author of *Plaine and Easie Introduction to Practicall Musicke*, published in 1597. His *Fire, Fire! My Heart!* is one of the most well known English madrigals.

Music educator and composer **Gwyneth Walker** (b. 1947) lives on a dairy farm in Vermont and has been writing music in all genres for all her life. Many of her choral pieces draw from the works of modern American poets. The lyrics to tonight's songs, *In Autumn* and *Women Should Be Pedestals*, come from two poems by May Swenson (1913-1989), former chancellor of the Academy of American Poets.

Possibly the most beloved of early English composers, **Henry Purcell** (1659-1695) created a peculiarly English style of Baroque music. Not much is known of Purcell's life. His father was a gentleman of the Chapel Royal, and he received his earliest education there as a chorister. From 1674 to 1678 he tuned the organ at Westminster Abbey and was appointed organist of Westminster Abbey in 1679. He served there under the reigns of King James II and King William III and Mary. His devotion to sacred music was accompanied by a love of theater, and he pioneered new forms of musical drama. During his short lifetime, Purcell was most known for his songs. Tonight we sing two of his pieces: *Lost is my Quiet* (1691) and *What Can We Poor Females Do?* (1694).

Born in Hungary, **Jenő Takács** (1902-2005) taught music in Cairo, Manila, Switzerland and Cincinnati, and performed as a pianist throughout Europe, China, Japan and the United States. Throughout a life spanning 103 years, he collected native music and instruments from around the world. *Five Fragments of Jade*



Sing with us!

Voci is seeking experienced women choral singers in all treble voice parts to sing in its Fall 2016 25th Anniversary season—and beyond.

If you are interested in joining us, please contact artistic director Anne Hege at vocidirector@gmail.com about an audition.

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Song of the Lumbermen

Not for us the measured
ringing
From the village spire,
Not for us the Sabbath singing
Of the sweet-voiced choir.
Ours the old, majestic temple,
Where God's brightness
shines
Down the dome so grand and
ample,
Propped by lofty pines!

Cheerly, on the axe of labor,
Let the sunbeams dance,
Better than the flash of sabre
Or the gleam of lance!
Strike! With every blow is
given
Freer sun and sky,
And the long-hid earth to
heaven
Looks, with wondering eye!

Keep who will the city's
alleys,
Take the smooth-shorn
plain;
Give to us the cedar valleys,
Rocks and hills of Maine!
In our North-land, wild and
woody,
Let us still have part:
Rugged nurse and mother
sturdy,
Hold us to thy heart!

Song of the Ship-builders

Hark! roars the bellows, blast
on blast,
The sooty smithy jars,
And fire-sparks, rising far and
fast,
Are fading with the stars.
All day for us the smith shall
stand
Beside that flashing forge;
All day for us his heavy hand
The groaning anvil scourge.

From far-off hills, the
panting team
For us is toiling near;
For us the raftsmen down
the stream
Their island barges steer.
Rings out for us the axe-
man's stroke
In forests old and still;
For us the century-circled
oak
Falls crashing down his hill.

Where'er the keel of our good ship The sea's rough field shall plough; Where'er her tossing spars shall drip With salt-spray caught below That ship must heed her master's beck, Her helm obey his hand, And seamen tread her reeling deck As if they trod the land.	Be hers the Prairie's golden grain, The Desert's golden sand, The clustered fruits of sunny Spain, The spice of Morning-land! Her pathway on the open main May blessings follow free, And glad hearts welcome back again Her white sails from the sea!
--	---

Wir eilen mit schwachen, doch emsigen Schritten

(J.S. Bach)

(We hasten with weak, yet eager steps)

from Cantata No. 78 "Jesu, der du meine Seele"

Wir eilen mit schwachen, doch emsigen Schritten, O Jesu, O Meister, zu helfen zu dir. Du suchest die Kranken und Irrenden treulich. Ach, höre, wie wir die Stimmen erheben, um Hülfe zu bitten! Es sei uns dein gnädiges Antlitz erfreulich!	We hasten with weak, yet eager steps, O Jesus, O Master, to You for help. You faithfully seek the ill and erring. Ah, hear, how we lift up our voices to beg for help! Let Your gracious countenance be joyful to us!
--	--

Round from 'The Perfect Fool'

Water clear, water pure,
Never failing friend art thou.
Why do the poets never sing of thee,
Water pure, water clear?
As each day dawns we bring our pitchers,
Greeting thee and singing thy praise.

La Lluvia *(Hatfield)*

(The Rain)

based on a panpipe melody from Ecuador

[no words – sounds only]

Singing in the Rain *(Brown, Arr. Kerr)*

text by Arthur Freed

Bah dah bah dah bah dah bah dop blee dee-
Bah dah bah dah bah dah bah dah bah-

I'm singin' in the rain,
Just singin' in the rain,
What a glorious feeling
I'm happy again.

I'm laughing at the clouds,
So dark up above,
The sun's in my heart and I'm ready for love.

Let the stormy clouds chase
Ev'ry one from the place,
Come on with the rain
I've a smile on my face.

I'll walk down the lane
With a happy refrain
Just singin' in the rain.

No use of your snorting and
fighting your head,
If you like it with chili, just eat
what I said!
For I aim to be boss of this end
of the show:
While you're punching the cattle,
I'm punching the dough!

Opening chorus from "The Bartered Bride" (Smetana)

arr. Emily Ellsworth

We have cause for celebration, While we are still young and free There's no earthly way of knowing What our future fate will be.	Oh dear! Happiness is brief! No one can escape grief. Troubles, care and sorrow, Oh dear!
---	---

Married men and married
women
Fall into a sorry pattern!
Wives are slaves to daily
housework,
Husbands run off to the
tavern.

We have cause for celebration
While we are still young and free!
So observe the ancient proverb:
Always make the most of life!

Songs of Land, Sea and Air (Holst)

texts by John Greenleaf Whittier

Clouds O'er the Summer Sky

Clouds o'er the summer sky Come and then fly, Ever with changing hue Cross they the blue;	If o'er the sky of life Storms were not rife, And naught of an angry hue Darken'd our view,
--	--

Some have an angry glare, Others are fleecy fair; Skies without clouds are rare, But for the few.	No need of love there'd be, No need of sympathy; Thankful then should we be Storms sometimes blew.
--	---

Fal la la la...

Fal la la la...

Ach! Synku Synku (Czech Folk Song, Arr. Patriquin)
(Oh! My son, My son)

Oh! My son, my son, Are you at home?
Papa is asking if you plowed the field.

I have plowed, but not enough.
The plow broke and I could no longer plow.

The path plowed was too well trodden -
The one I used to go see my love.

This path is very hard and well trodden.
My love has walked on it, sad and lonely.

The path is no more for plowing,
For my love and I cannot marry.

Hoj, hura hoj! (Mácha)
(O Mountain, O!)

*Hoj, hura hoj!
Chasa zas kravičky vyhaňa,
kravaře zďestiny volava
Hura hoj!*

*Babulenky moje, pastě se
vy v kole ač odzvoňa klekani,
pujdu ja domu svami.
Pujdu za kopečky,
pastě se ovečky
pujdu já k Marušce,
svoji galanačce.
Hura hoj!*

O, Mountain, O!
The shepherds are bringing
the cows out to the pasture,
and from the meadow are
calling:

O, mountain, O!

My cows, graze yourselves.
You in the circle (dancing
girls),
when the evening bells peal,
I'll go to you;
I'll go beyond the hills, sheep,
graze.
I'll go to see Marushka,
my girlfriend.
O, mountain, O!

On Music and Nature: Three Hopkins Settings

(Callaway)

poems by Gerard Manley Hopkins

*premiere of the inaugural Voci New Works Project
commission*

Henry Purcell

poem by Gerard Manley Hopkins

*The poet wishes well to the divine genius of Purcell and
praises him that, whereas other musicians have given
utterance to the moods of man's mind, he has, beyond that,
uttered in notes the very make and species of man as created
both in him and in all men generally.*

HAVE fair fallen, O fair, fair have fallen, so dear
To me, so arch-especial a spirit as heaves in Henry Purcell,
An age is now since passed, since parted; with the reversal
Of the outward sentence low lays him, listed to a heresy, here.

Not mood in him nor meaning, proud fire or sacred fear,
Or love or pity or all that sweet notes not his might nurse:
It is the forged feature finds me; it is the rehearsal
Of own, of abrupt self there so thrusts on, so throngs the ear.

Let him oh! with his air of angels then lift me, lay me! only I'll
Have an eye to the sakes of him, quaint moomnarks, to his
pelted plumage under
Wings: so some great stormfowl, whenever he has walked his
while

The thunder-purple seabeach, plumèd purple-of-thunder,
if a wuthering of his palmy snow-pinions scatter a colossal
smile
Off him, but meaning motion fans fresh our wits with
wonder.

Away, Far down the River

Away far down the flowing
river,
I heard all the small birds
singing,
And this is what they sang:
Now may the blessing of the
Lord
be on this newly wedded pair.

The first day of the wedding,
My dress is white and fair.
The next day of the wedding,
I bid my home adieu;
And journey far across the
seas
To bear a heavy load of care,
And ask the blessing of the
Lord
To help this newly wedded
pair.

Punching the Dough

Come all you young waddies,
I'll sing you a song,
Stay back from the wagon,
stay where you belong;
I've heard you observing, "I'm
fussy and slow,"
While you're punching the
cattle,
I'm punching the dough.

When you're cutting the
stock, I'm cutting the steak;
When you're wrangling the
horses, I'm wrangling the
cake;
When you're hazing the
dogies and batting your eye,
I'm hazing dried apples that
aim to be pie.

Away far down the flowing
river,
I heard all the small birds
singing,
They sang a sorrowful song.
Goodbye, goodbye to all I
love,
I bear a heavy load of care;
Now may the blessing of the
Lord
Be on this newly wedded
pair.

Farewell, adieu, goodbye.

You brag about shooting out
windows and lights,
But try shooting biscuits for
twelve appetites;
When you crawl from your
roll and the ground it is
froze,
Then who boils the coffee
that thaws out your nose?

You say that I'm old and my
feets on the skid,
But I tell you right now you
are nothing but kids;
If you reckon your mounts
are some snaky and raw,
Just try riding herd on a
stove that won't draw.

Women on the Plains (*Canadian Folk Songs, arr. Parker*)

Old Grandma

Old Grandma, when the west
was new
She wore hoop skirts and
bustles too
When babies came and times
got bad,
She stuck right on to old
Granddad.

She worked hard seven days a
week
Milk the cows, feed the pigs
To keep Granddad well-fed
and sleek
*Bake the beans, iron the
shirts*
Twenty-one children came to
bless
*Wash the clothes, scrub the
floors*
Their happy home in the
wilderness.
Waste not, want not.

Twenty-one necks Grandma
would scrub
*Clean their nails, brush their
hair*
Twenty-one shirts in the old
washtub
Darn the holes, turn the cuffs
Twenty-one meals three times
a day -
Hoe the corn, shell the beans
Its' no wonder Grandma's
hair turned grey.
Churn the cream, raise the
dough.

And what she did was quite
all right,
*Bandage the wounded, bury
the dead;*
She worked all day and slept
all night;
*Welcome the stranger, feed
the poor;*
But young girls now are the
other way
They're all up at night and
sleep all day.

Old Grandma, when the west
was new
Old Grandma, old Grandma
She work hoop skirts and
bustles too.
*Old fashioned clothes, old
fashioned ways*
Whether times were good or
bad
Rain or shine, rich or poor
She stuck right on to old
Granddad.
*Grandma and Granddad
together*
Old Grandma.

Moonrise June 19, 1876 (*Callaway*)

poem by Gerard Manley Hopkins

I awoke in the Midsummer not to call night,
in the white and the walk of the morning:
The moon, dwindled and thinned to the fringe
of a finger-nail held to the candle,
Or paring of paradisaical fruit,
lovely in waning but lustreless
Stepped from the stool, drew back from the barrow,
of dark Maenefa the mountain;
A cusp still clasped him, a fluke yet fanged him,
entangled him, not quit utterly.
This was the prized, the desirable sight,
unsought, presented so easily,
Parted me leaf and leaf, divided me,
eyelid and eyelid of slumber.

The Woodlark (*Callaway*)

poem by Gerard Manley Hopkins

TEEVO cheevo cheevio chee:
O where, what can that be?
Weedio-weedio: there again!
So tiny a trickle of song-strain;

And all round not to be found
For brier, bough, furrow, or green ground
Before or behind or far or at hand
Either left either right
Anywhere in the sunlight.

Well, after all! Ah but hark--
'I am the little woodlark.
The skylark is my cousin and he
Is known to men more than me.
Round a ring, around a ring
And while I sail (must listen) I sing.

To-day the sky is two and two
With white strokes and strains of the blue.
The blue wheat-acre is underneath
And the corn is corded and shoulders its sheaf,
The ear in milk, lush the sash,

And crush-silk poppies aflash,
 The blood-gush blade-gash
 Flame-rash rudred
 Bud shelling or broad-shed
 Tatter-tangled and dingle-a-dangled
 Dandy-hung dainty head.

And down...the furrow dry
 Sunspurge and oxeye
 And lace-leaved lovely
 Foam-tuft fumitory.

I am so very, O so very glad
 That I do think there is not to be had
 [Anywhere any more joy to be in.
Cheevio:] when the cry within
 Says Go on then I go on
 Till the longing is less and the good gone,
 But down drop, if it says Stop,
 To the all-a-leaf of the treetop.
 And after that off the bough
 [Hover-float to the hedge brow.]
 Through the velvety wind V-winged
 [Where shake shadow is sun's-eye-ringed]
 To the nest's nook I balance and buoy
 With a sweet joy of a sweet joy,
 Sweet, of a sweet, of a sweet joy
 Of a sweet---a sweet---sweet---joy.'

What can we poor females do? (*Purcell*)
duet from 'Orpheus Britannicus'

What can we poor Females do;
 when Pressing, Teasing, Lovers sue?
 Fate affords no other way, but Denying, or Complying;
 And Resenting, or Consenting,
 does alike our Hopes be-tray.

Women should be pedestals (*Walker*)
from Songs for Women's Voices
poem by May Swenson

Women	Or they
should be	should be
pedestals	little horses
moving	those wooden
pedestals	sweet
moving	oldfashioned
to the	painted
motions	rocking
of men	horses

the gladdest things in the toyroom

The	feelingly
pegs	and then
of their	unfeelingly
ears	To be
so familiar	joyfully
and dear	ridden
to the trusting	rockingly
fists	ridden until
To be chafed	the restored

egos dismount and the legs stride away

Immobile	willing
sweetlipped	to be set
sturdy	into motion
and smiling	Women
women	should be
should always	pedestals
be waiting	to men