

2018

Concert recording 2018-04-21b

Chandler Reid Evans

Jason Burrow

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Senior Voice Recital
Chandler Reid Evans, *tenor*
Jason Burrow, *piano*

April 21st, 2018 | 1:45pm
Stella Boyle Smith Concert Hall

Program

Gesänge des Harfners op. 12 Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
I. Wer sich der Einsamkeit ergibt
II. Wer nie sein Brot mit Thränen ass
III. An die Türen will ich schleichen

Poème d'avril op. 14 Jules Massenet (1842-1912)
I. Prélude
II. Sonnet matinal
III. Voici que les grans lys
IV. Riezvous
V. Vous aimerez demain
VI. Que l'heure est donc brève
VII. Sur la source
VIII. Adieu (Complainte)

-Pause-

Clear or Cloudy John Dowland (1563 – 1626)
In Darkness Let Me Dwell
Andrew Flory, *guitar*

I Canti Della Sera Francesco Santoliquido (1883 – 1971)
I. L'assiuolo canta
II. Alba di luna sul bosco
III. Tristezza crepuscolare
IV. L'incontro

A Letter From Sullivan Ballou John Kander (b.1927)

Chandler Reid Evans is a student of Dr. Christopher MacRae
This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the Bachelor of Music in Voice Performance.

We hope you enjoy tonight's performance.

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Ushering and stage management for this concert provided by Sigma Alpha Iota and Phi Mu Alpha

"Gesänge des Harfners op. 12"

Franz Schubert (1797 – 1828) was an extremely prolific composer who many consider to be the bridge between the classical era of music and the new romantic era of music. During life however he was not particularly well known. He had a following of sorts in Vienna but was not successful enough to achieve financial stability until later in his life and even then it was just enough success to pull him from the brink of destitution. Not long after his death the world began to realize his brilliance with Schubert having a large influence on many significant composers that came after him.

"Gesänge Des Harfners op. 12" translated as "songs of the harpist" are settings of text from "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship" by the German juggernaut Renaissance man Goethe. In the novel the Harper had a child with his sister, he refused to believe it was his sister until it was too late, and throughout most of the novel he hides the truth from his daughter Mignon¹.

Wer sich der Einsamkeit ergibt

Wer sich der Einsamkeit ergibt
Ach! der ist bald allein,
Ein jeder lebt, ein jeder liebt,
Und läßt ihn seiner Pein.

Ja, laßt mich meiner Qual!
Und kann ich nur einmal
Recht einsam seyn,
Dann bin ich nicht allein.

Es schleicht ein Liebender lauschend sacht!
Ob seine Freundin allein?
So überschleicht bei Tag und Nacht
Mich Einsamen die Pein,
Mich Einsamen die Qual.
Ach werd ich erst einmal
Einsam in Grabe seyn,
Da läßt sie mich allein!

Wer nie sein Brod mit Thränen aß

Wer nie sein Brod mit Ithranen aß,
Wer nie die kummervollen Nächte
Auf seinem [Bette]² weinend saß,
Der kennt euch nicht, ihr himmlischen Mächte!

Ihr führt ins Leben uns hinein,
Ihr laßt den Armen schuldig werden,
Dann überlaßt ihr ihn der Pein:
Denn alle Schuld rächt sich auf Erden.

An die Thüren will ich schleichen

An die Thüren will ich schleichen,
Still und sittsam will ich stehn;
Fromme Hand wird Nahrung reichen;
Und ich werde weiter gehn.

Jeder wird sich glücklich scheinen,
Wenn mein Bild vor ihm erscheint;
Eine Thräne wird er weinen,
Und ich weiß nicht was er weint.

He Who Gives Himself Over to Solitude

He who gives himself over to solitude,
ah! he is soon alone;
everyone lives, everyone loves,
and everyone leaves him to his pain.

Yes! Leave me to my torment!
And can I only once
be truly lonely,
then I will not be alone.

A lover creeps up and listens softly -
is his beloved alone?
So, both day and night, does
the pain creep up on my solitude,
and the torment creep up on my loneliness.
Ah! only once, when
I am alone in my grave,
will it then truly leave me alone!

He Who Never Ate his Bread with Tears

He who never ate his bread with tears,
He who never, through miserable nights,
Sat weeping on his bed -
He does not know you, Heavenly Powers.

You lead us into life,
You let the wretched man feel guilt,
And then you leave him to his pain -
For all guilt avenges itself on earth.

I Will Creep from Door to Door

I will creep from door to door;
Quiet and humble will I stand.
A pious hand will give me food,
And I shall go on my way.

Everyone will think himself lucky
When he sees me before him;
A tear will he shed,
But I won't know why he weeps.

"Poème D'avril op. 14"

Jules Massenet (1842 – 1912) started his music education at a young age with his mother and at age 11 Massenet began attending the Paris Conservatory of music. It was at the conservatory where he came under the mentorship of the Conservatory's director, Ambroise Thomas, a man with whom Massenet formed a close bond that lasted for the rest of Thomas' life. Massenet went on to win the coveted Prix de Rome award for composition. The Prix de Rome was a huge stepping stone for aspiring composers granting Massenet three years of Study in Rome. Massenet emerged from his time in Rome greatly improved as a composer and from there his career skyrocketed. Massenet wrote in many different genres but it was his deft hand at bringing an exquisite sense of theatricality to opera that garnered him the most fame. He became the preeminent composer of French Opera. Massenet also taught at the Paris Conservatory of Music for many years until the death of Ambroise Thomas. Upon Thomas' death Massenet left his position at the Conservatory and focused on composition for the remainder of his life. Massenet's popularity had cooled by the time of his death. He was seen as old fashioned and tame, but a few decades later his works were reexamined and he took his place as a prominent figure in the repertoire of French Operaⁱⁱ.

"Poème D'avril op. 14" is the first of eight song cycles Massenet would write during his life. Though this set was written earlier in his career it demonstrates how Massenet was already blending music and drama through the use of spoken text. "Poème D'avril" is a setting of poems by French poet Armand Silvestre. The poems loosely chronicle a brief spring romance.

Prélude

Une rose frileuse, au cœur noyé de pluie,
Sur un rameau tremblant vient de s'épanouir,
Et je me sens repris de la douce folie
De faire des chansons et de me souvenir.

Les amours trépassés qui dormaient dans mon âme,
Doux Lazare sur qui j'ai tant versé de pleurs,
Soulèvent, en riant, leur suaire de fleurs,
Et demandent le nom de ma nouvelle dame.

Ma Mignonne aux yeux bleus, mets ta robe et fuyons,
Sous les bois remplis d'ombre et de mélancolie,
Chercher le doux remède à la douce folie.
Le soleil m'a blessé de ses premiers rayons!

Sonnet matinal

Les étoiles effarouchées viennent de
s'envoler des cieux: J'en sais deux qui se
sont cachées, mignonne, dans vos jolis yeux,

A l'ombre de vos cils soyeux
Et sous vos paupières penchées:
Attendez! mes baisers joyeux les auront
bientôt dénichées!

Vous feignez de dormir encor:
Éveillez-vous, mon doux trésor!
L'aube pleure sous les feuillées,
Le ciel désert est plein d'ennui. Ah!
Ouvrez les yeux et rendez-lui
Les deux étoiles envolées!

Prelude

A delicate rose, with its heart full of rain,
has just opened on a trembling stem,
and I am gripped again by the sweet madness
of making songs and remembering!

The dead loves that lay dormant in my soul
(sweet Lazaruses on whom I've shed many tears)
laughingly lift up their shroud of flowers
and ask the name of my new lady.

Oh blue-eyed darling, put your dress on, let's run
away through the melancholy shady woods
to seek the sweet remedy for sweet madness.
- The sun has wounded me with its first rays!

Morning Sonnet

The frightened stars have just flown from
the sky: I know two that have hidden
themselves sweetheart, in your pretty eyes,

In the shade of your silky eyelashes and
beneath your lowered eyelids.
Wait! My joyful kisses will soon have
brought them out (of hiding)!

You pretend to be still asleep.
Wake up, my sweet treasure!
The dawn is weeping under the leaves.
The empty sky is full of boredom. Ah!
Open your eyes and return to it
the two stars that flew away!

Voici que les grans lys

Voici que les grans lys ont vêtu leur blancheur:
Sur les gazons tremblants l'aube étend sa fraîcheur!
C'est le printemps! c'est le matin! Double jeunesse.

Ma mie, en s'éveillant, m'a dit: "Le beau soleil!
Le temps est donc venu que tout charme renaisse.
Partout des chants! Partout des fleurs!
Double réveil!"

Mais le tièdeur de l'air la rendant moins farouche,
Je me penchai vers elle et je posai ma bouche
Sur son front et sur ses cheveux, double trésor!

Riez-vous?

Riez-vous? Ne riez-vous pas?
Quand vous l'avez dit tout à l'heure,
Ce mot! Vous l'avez dit si bas!
Je n'ai pas compris, mais je pleure.
Riez-vous? Ne riez-vous pas?

Pitié ! votre bouche m'effleure.
Ce bruit! Vous l'avez fait si bas!
Si c'est un baiser, que je meure!
Riez-vous? Ne riez-vous pas?

Si c'est un baiser, que je meure!
Sur mon cou je sens votre bras
Vous m'avez baisé tout à l'heure!
Je n'ose y croire, mais je pleure.
Riez-vous? Ne riez-vous pas?

Vous aimerez demain

Le doux printemps a bu, dans le creux de sa main,
Le premier pleur qu'au bois laissa tomber l'aurore;
Vous aimerez demain, vous qui n'aimiez encore,
Et vous qui n'aimiez plus, vous aimerez demain!
Le doux printemps a bu dans le creux de sa main.

Le printemps a cueilli, dans l'air, des fils de soie
Pour lier sa chaussure et courir par les bois;
Vous aimerez demain pour la première fois,
Vous qui ne saviez pas cette immortelle joie!
Le printemps a cueilli, dans l'air, des fils de soie.

Le printemps a jeté des fleurs sur le chemin
Que mignonne remplit de son rire sonore;
Vous aimerez demain, vous qui n'aimiez encore,
Et vous qui n'aimiez plus, vous aimerez demain!
Le printemps a jeté des fleurs sur le chemin.

See How the Tall Lilies

See how the tall lilies have dressed themselves in white,
and dawn spreads her freshness on the trembling lawn.
It is spring! It is morning! A double time of youth!

My darling, as she awoke, said: "The beautiful sun!
The time has come when all things charming are reborn.
Songs everywhere! Flowers everywhere!
A double awakening!"

Since the warmth of the air made her less coy,
I leant over her and I placed my lips
on her forehead and her hair - oh, double treasure!

Are You Laughing?

Are you laughing? Or aren't you?
When just now you said
that word - you spoke so softly -
I didn't understand, but I'm in tears.
Are you laughing? Or aren't you?

Have pity! Your lips brush against me;
that noise - you made it so softly -
if it's a kiss, oh may I die!
Are you laughing? Or aren't you?

If it's a kiss, oh may I die!
I feel your arm on my neck.
You kissed me a moment ago!
I don't dare believe it, but I'm in tears.
Are you laughing? Or aren't you?

You Will Love Tomorrow

Sweet Springtime has drunk from the hollow of his hand
the first tear which dawn let fall in the woods.
Tomorrow you will love, you who've not yet been lovers;
and you whose love was over, tomorrow you will love!
Sweet Springtime has drunk from the hollow of his hand

From the air Spring has gathered threads of silk
so as to lace his shoes and run through the woods.
Tomorrow you will love for the very first time,
you who did not know this immortal joy.
From the air Spring has gathered threads of silk.

Spring has strewn flowers along the path
which my darling fills with her sonorous laugh.
Tomorrow you will love, you who've not yet been lovers;
and you whose love was over, tomorrow you will love!
Spring has strewn flowers along the path.

Que l'heure est donc brève

Que l'heure est donc brève, Qu'on passe en aimant!
C'est moins qu'un moment, Un peu plus qu'un rêve

Le temps nous enlève Notre enchantement.
Que l'heure est donc brève, Qu'on passe en aimant!

Sous le flot dormant Soupirait la grève;
M'aimais-tu vraiment?
Fût-ce seulement Un peu plus qu'un rêve?
Que l'heure est donc brève, Qu'on passe en aimant!

Sur la source

Sur la source elle se pencha;
La source doubla son image,
Et ce fut un charmant mirage,
Qu'un peu de vent effaroucha.

Sous les grands bois elle chanta:
L'oiseau doubla son chant sauvage,
Et ce fut un charmant ramage,
Que le vent lointain emporta.

Quand j'effleurai son doux visage,
Sa bouche ma bouche doubla...
Le vent peut balayer la plage,
Mignonne, que me fait l'orage?
Ton baiser reste toujours là!

Adieu (Complainte)

Nous nous sommes aimés trois jours;
Trois jours elle me fut fidèle.
-Trois jours! La constance éternelle
Et les éternelles amours!

Je pars! Adieu, ma chère âme,
Garde bien mon souvenir!
Quoi! si tôt partir, ma Dame!
Ne devez-vous revenir?

Si, je reviendrai peut-être;
Si, bien sûr je reviendrai,
Va m'attendre à la fenêtre;
De plus loin te reverrai.

J'attendis à la fenêtre
Le retour tant espéré,
Mais, ni bien sûr, ni peut-être,
Ni jamais la reverrai!

Bien fol qui croit quand sa Dame
Lui jure de revenir.
Je meurs! Adieu, ma chère âme!
J'ai gardé ton souvenir.

How Brief is the Hour

How brief is the hour that we spend in loving!
it's less than a moment, a little longer than a dream.

Time takes away from us all our enchantments.
How brief is the hour that we spend in loving!

Under the sleeping waves the beach kept on sighing;
Did you really love me?
If only for a little longer than a dream?
How brief is the hour that we spend in loving!

Over the Pool

Over the pool she leaned;
the pool mirrored her form-
it was a charming mirage,
which a gust of wind scared away

Under the tall trees she sang;
a bird echoed her wild song-
it was a charming song,
which the wind carried off into the distance.

When I stroked her sweet face,
her mouth mimicked my mouth.
Oh the wind may sweep the beach, darling,
but what do I care about the storm?
Your kiss stays forever!

Farewell (Lament)

We were lovers for three days.
For three days she was faithful.
Three days: that's eternal constancy,
eternal love!

I'm off! Farewell, my dear,
remember me well!
What? Leaving so soon, madam?
Won't you be returning?

Yes, perhaps I will.
Yes, of course I'll be back.
Wait for me at the window;
I'll see you from a distance.

I waited at the window
for her hoped-for return.
But neither "of course" nor "perhaps"
nor ever will I see her again!

When a woman swears she'll return,
only a foolish man believes her.
I'm dying! Good-bye, my dear!
Yes, I've remembered you!

"Clear or Cloudy" and "In Darkness Let Me Dwell"

John Dowland (1563 – 1626) was an English composer, singer, and lutenist of extreme prominence during his lifetime. While there are very few solid details about his life -particularly his early life- Dowland's impact on music in his lifetime and beyond is hard to understate. He was a highly skilled lute player who advanced the instrument significantly and contributed many of the most famous pieces for the instrument. But his contributions to music extended far behind the lute as well. Dowland was living in a time when secular music was growing in complexity and prominence, largely because of the invention of the printing press. Dowland was one of the earliest composers to publish secular music; even going so far as to revolutionize how music was published by using a "table layout", which was a single table-sized sheet of music that people could gather around and sing from, offering the option of four or five part vocal harmonies, or solo voice with lute accompaniment. This stood in contrast to the typical small books of music previously published. After publishing his first book of songs Dowland became terrifically famous. He was essentially a pop star of his time. He went on to publish several more works and had many of his works reprinted. Dowland was the only composer of his era to compose in all seven English musical styles of the time. The majority of his most famous works tended to be deeply melancholic and sad, pondering the loss of love or happiness, which is certainly not uncommon in modern music, pop or otherwise, but in Dowland's time expressing sadness or sorrow was valued as a sign of maturity. Experiencing melancholy was emblematic of a depth of feeling and of superiorityⁱⁱⁱ.

"Clear or Cloudy" is not a sad song and shows another side of Dowland that is much more playful and light. It is representative of some of Dowland's earlier work in that it is more simply structured and strictly strophic.

"In Darkness Let Me Dwell" says it all in the name. It is a later work of Dowland's exemplifying his turn later in life towards more complex harmonies and rhythms and away from strophic song structure.

Clear or Cloudy

Clear or cloudy sweet as April showing,
smooth or frowning so is her face to me,
pleased or smiling like mild may all flowing,
when skies blue silk and meadows carpets be,

Her speeches notes of that night bird that singeth,
Who thought all sweet yet jarring notes outringeth.

Her grace like June, when earth and trees be trimmed,
In best attire of complete beauties height,
her love again like summers days bee dimmed,
with little clouds of doubtful constant faith,

Her trust her doubt, like rain and heat in Skies,
Gently thundring, she lightning to mine eies.

Sweet summer spring that breatheth life and growing,
In weeds as into herbs and flowers, and sees of
service divers sorts in sowing, some haply seeming
and some being yours,

Rain on your herbs and flowers that truly serve,
And let your weeds lack dew and duly starve.

In Darkness Let Me Dwell

In darkness let me dwell; the ground shall sorrow be,
The roof despair, to bar all cheerful light from me;

The walls of marble black, that moist'ned still shall weep,
My music, hellish jarring sounds, to banish friendly sleep.

Thus, wedded to my woes, and bedded in my tomb,
O let me dying live, till death doth come, till death doth come.

In darkness let me dwell

"I Canti Della Sera"

Francesco Santoliquido (1883 – 1971) is a relatively obscure Italian composer who composed in many different genres but unlike most other Italian composers he barely composed Opera focusing mainly on art songs and song cycles. During his life he gained some fame, having his works performed in Italy, the United States, and beyond but he failed to really take off and eventually lost most of the popularity he had gained. There are two main reasons why Santoliquido has remained largely unknown compared to some of his contemporaries. The first being that he lived for large portions of his life in smaller cities in Africa. His decision to live apart from the bigger European cities served to cut off Santoliquido in a significant way from the mainstream music world in a big way. The second point is that Santoliquido was an outspoken supporter of Mussolini and in the late 1930's Santoliquido published several fascist and racist writings in a prominent fascist newspaper in Italy such as "The Jewish Musical Bloodsucker" After these publications no works of Santoliquido's were ever published^{iv}.

"I Canti Della Sera" is a set of song settings of poems written by Santoliquido his fascist writings and subsequent fall from grace. They contemplate and celebrate love, romance, and sadness through the lens of the night time and how at different times the night can be romantic, mysterious, and melancholy.

L'assiolo canta

Vieni! Sul bosco splende serena la note
dell'estate e l'assiolo canta.

Vieni, ti voglio dir quell che non dissi mai. E sul
sentiero fioriscono le steli, magici fiori.

Inoltriamoci insieme e là nel folto ti dirò perchè
piansi una triste sera che tu non c'eri

Inoltriamoci insieme. Un mister c'invita, odi:
L'assiolo canta.

Alba di luna sul

Guarda, la luna nasce tutta rossa come
una fiamma congelata nel cielo, lo
stagno la riflette e l'acqua mossa dal
vento par rabbrivire al gelo.

Che pace immense! Il bosco
addormentato, si riflette nello stagno.

Quando silenzio intorno! Dimmi: È un
tramonto o un'alba per l'amor?

The Horned Owl

Oh Come, the summer night shines so serene above
the woods and the horned owl sings.

Oh come, I wish to tell you what I never said before.
Above our path the stars are blooming like magic
flowers.

We'll enter together and here in the thicket I'll tell you
why I cried one sad twilight while you were gone.

We'll enter together. A mystery invites us, you hear:
The horned owl sings.

Moonrise Over the Woods

Look, the moon appears all red like a frozen in
the heavens, reflected on the pond where the
water shimmers in the wind as if shivering
from the cold

Such immense peace! The sleeping wood,
itself reflected in the pool.

Such great silence surrounds us! Tell me: Is
this the twilight or the dawning of our love?

Tristezza crepuscolare

È la sera. Dalla terra bagnata sale l'odore delle foglie morte. È l'ora delle campane, è l'ora in cui respirare il vano profumo d'un amore passato. E sogno e piango.

È la sera, È la sera, una sera piena di campane, una sera piena di profumi, una sera piena di ricordi e di tristezze morte.

Piangete, piangete campane della sera, empite tutto il cielo di malinconia.
Ah! Ah! Piangete ancor.

Questa è l'ora dei ricordi, è l'ora in cui l'antica fiamma s'accende nel cuore disperatamente e lo brucia, e lo brucia.

Campane. Odore di foglie morte. Tristezza disepolte!

L'incontro

Non mi ricordo più quando noi c'incontrammo la prima volta ma fu certo una lontana sera tutta soffusa di pallide tristezze lungo un benigno mar!

A noi giungevano di lontano suoni di campane e di greggi ed una pace strana ci veniva dal mare. Questo rammento! Cosa dicemmo quel giorno lo rammentate? Il non ricordo più. Ma che importa?

Oggi mi fiorisce nel cuore la dolcezza appassita di quell'ora lontana.

È m'è dolce stringere nella mia la vostra mano Bianca e parlarvi d'amar, anch'oggi vengono di lontano suoni di campane di greggi e anch'oggi il mar come allora ci sorride lontana.

Ma oggi forse m'amate un poco non sorridete più.
Ah! La vostra mano trema. Se oggi le belle labbra voi mi darete non scorderemo più questa dolce ora d'amar!

Twilight Gloom

It's the evening. Out of the damp earth rises the smell of dead leaves. It's the hour of bells, it's a time to breathe the faded perfume of a bygone love. And I dream and I weep.

It's the evening, it's the evening, an evening full of bells, and evening full of perfumes, and evening full of death's own sadness.

Weep, weep bells of the night, fill the vastness of heaven with melancholy.
Ah! Ah! Weep again.

This is the hour of remembrance, it's the time when the old flame engulfs my desperate heart and ignites it, and ignites it.

Bells. The smell of dead leaves. Sorrows unearthed!

The Encounter

I no longer remember when it was that we met the first time but surely it was a bygone night suffused with faded sadness along a friendly sea!

The sounds of bells and birds came to us from afar and a strange peace washed over us from the sea. I remember that! Do you remember what I said that day? I no longer remember. But who cares?

Today my heart blooms with sweet passion from that time long past.

It's so sweet for me to clasp your white hand in mine and speak to you of love, for today, just as then, there comes from afar the sounds of bells and birds and the sea, just as then, is smiling at us in the distance.

But maybe today you love me a little, you're not smiling now. Ah! Your hand trembles! If you'll give me your lips today we'll never forget this sweet moment of love.

"A Letter from Sullivan Ballou"

Kander (b.1927) is a Tony award winning composer from Kansas City, Missouri. He is half of the musical writing duo Kander and Ebb. They wrote many musicals most notably "Cabaret", "Chicago", and "Kiss of the Spider Woman".

"A Letter from Sullivan Ballou" was written for world famous soprano Renée Fleming. It is a setting of a real letter written by Sullivan Ballou, a Major in the union army, to his wife Sarah. Ballou had both of his parents die at an early age but despite being orphaned as a boy he went on to become a lawyer in Rhode Island and a member of the House of Representatives. Ballou was a Republican and outspoken supporter of Abraham Lincoln. He would marry Sarah (then Sarah Hart Shumway in 1855 and they would have two children named Edgar and William. When the war started Ballou was eager to join the cause and fight to defend the Union. As his regiment was awaiting orders to enter their first battle Ballou was keenly aware that he could, and most likely would, lose his life. He wrote a letter to his wife assuming that he would die. He wrote down everything he wanted to say to her about the war, his death, their children, and his everlasting love for her. He never mailed the letter choosing instead to leave it with his belongings at the camp in the hopes that it would find its way to her if he died. One week after writing the letter his regiment engaged in the First Battle of Bull Run. As a major Ballou opted to place himself on horseback in front of his men so he could lead more effectively. The Union army lost the battle and amidst the chaos a cannonball would strike Ballou, tearing off part of his leg and killing his horse. The army retreated and Ballou was left on the battlefield under the care of army surgeons. One week later he would succumb to his wound. He was buried in a nearby church. After the war his letter would find its way to his wife Sarah^Y.

A Letter from Sullivan Ballou (The brackets "[]" indicate text omitted from the song)

My very dear

Sarah:

The

indications are very strong that we shall move in a few days -- perhaps tomorrow. Lest I should not be able to write you again, I feel impelled to write lines that may fall under your eye when I shall be no more.

[Our movement may be one of a few days duration and full of pleasure -- and it may be one of severe conflict and death to me. Not my will, but thine O God, be done. If it is necessary that I should fall on the battlefield for my country, I am ready.]

I have no misgivings about, or lack of confidence in, the cause in which I am engaged, and my courage does not halt or falter. I know how strongly American Civilization now leans upon the triumph of the Government, and how great a debt we owe to those who went before us through the blood and suffering of the Revolution. And I am willing -- perfectly willing -- to lay down all my joys in this life, to help maintain this Government, and to pay that debt.

[But, my dear wife, when I know that with my own joys I lay down nearly all of yours, and replace them in this life with cares and sorrows -- when, after having eaten for long years the bitter fruit of orphanage myself, I must offer it as their only sustenance to my dear little children -- is it weak or dishonorable, while the banner of my purpose floats calmly and proudly in the breeze, that my unbounded love for you, my

[I cannot describe to you my feelings on this calm summer night, when two thousand men are sleeping around me, many of them enjoying the last, perhaps, before that of death -- and I, suspicious that Death is creeping behind me with his fatal dart, am communing with God, my country, and thee. I have sought most closely and diligently, and often in my breast, for a wrong motive in thus hazarding the happiness of those I loved and I could not find one. A pure love of my country and of the principles I have often advocated before the people and "the name of honor that I love more than I fear death" have called upon me, and I have obeyed.]

Sarah, my love for you is deathless, it seems to bind me to you with mighty cables that nothing but Omnipotence could break; and yet my love of Country comes over me like a strong wind and bears me irresistibly on with all these chains to the battlefield.

The memories of the blissful moments I have spent with you come creeping over me, and I feel most gratified to God and to you that I have enjoyed them so long. And hard it is for me to give them up and burn to ashes the hopes of future years, when God willing, we might still have lived and loved together, and seen our sons grow up to honorable manhood around us. I have, I know, but few and small claims upon Divine Providence, but something whispers to me -- perhaps it is the wafted prayer of my little Edgar -- that I shall return to my loved ones unharmed. If I do not, my dear Sarah, never forget how much I love you, and when my last breath escapes me on the battlefield, it will whisper your name.

Forgive my many faults, and the many pains I have caused you. How thoughtless and foolish I have oftentimes been! How gladly would I wash out with my tears every little spot upon your happiness, [and struggle with all the misfortune of this world, to shield you and my children from harm. But I cannot. I must watch you from the spirit land and hover near you, while you buffet the storms with your precious little freight, and wait with sad patience till we meet to part no more.]

But, O Sarah! If the dead can come back to this earth and flit unseen around those they loved, I shall always be near you; in the gladdest day and in the darkest night [-- amidst your happiest scenes and gloomiest hours --] always, always; and if there be a soft breeze upon your cheek, it shall be my breath; as the cool air fans your throbbing temple, it shall be my spirit passing by.

Sarah, do not mourn me dead; think I am gone and wait for thee, for we shall meet again.

[As for my little boys, they will grow as I have done, and never know a father's love and care. Little Willie is too young to remember me long, and my blue-eyed Edgar will keep my frolics with him among the dimmest memories of his childhood.

Sarah, I have unlimited confidence in your maternal care and your development of their characters.

Tell my two mothers his and hers I call God's blessing upon them.

O Sarah, I wait for you there! Come to me, and lead thither my children.

Sullivan]

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