



An
American
Son

THE VOCAL WORKS OF
JOSEPH BABER

VOLUME 1

RANDALL BLACK *Tenor*
MARIE TAYLOR *Pianist*

Tenor Randall Black was approached by Joseph Baber in the spring of 1989 and asked if he would like to look at some of the composer's early works. That initial contact brought about a concert featuring the world premiere of *Emersonian Hymns, Op. 2b*. Baber then offered to copy out some works of his youth that were buried somewhere in a trunk in his attic; thus *Cavalier Lyrics, Op. 6* and *American Songs, Op. 12* came to light. In the spring of 1991, Black applied for and received a grant to study and record vocal works under the direct supervision of the composer.

Since that time, Black and pianist Marie Taylor have begun editing the vocal works of Baber. They also performed in the world premiere of *Shiloh and Other Civil War Songs, Op. 60* in Weill Recital Hall in New York City in December of 1991.

Joseph Baber

is composer-in-residence at the University of Kentucky in

Lexington. He is a graduate of Michigan State University, where he worked with Gomer Jones and Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco, and the Eastman School of Music where his mentors were Howard Hanson, Bernard Rogers, and John LaMontaine. Although he has written in all major forms, Baber is perhaps best known for his collaborations with the novelist John

Gardner on three operas. He is married to the singer Melissa Baber, for whom he has written many of his operatic works and songs. They have three children. Baber is somewhat apprehensive about "going public" with this music. He considers himself a hermit and has always imagined this body of work would be discovered after his death.

Cover photo - Richmond, Virginia: Monument Avenue at Lee Circle near the composer's boyhood home, taken by the composer about the time of "...Ere we be young again" *Op. 50*.

Randall Black

has won critical acclaim with orchestras and opera companies

throughout the United States for his portrayals of roles and repertoire ranging from Monteverdi to Eaton. Highly respected for his mastery in all musical styles, Black specializes in Baroque and twentieth-century repertoire.

As an operatic personality, Black made his professional debut with Opera Memphis as Ralph Rakestraw in *H. M. S. Pinafore* and went on that season to create the role of the First Soldier in the American Premiere of Henze's *We Come to the River* with the Santa Fe Opera. Other world premieres include the role of Orestes in John Eaton's *The Cry of Clytemnestra*, Dan in David Ott's *Lucinda Hero* and Choragos in Dinos Constantinides' *Antigone*.

As an oratorio singer, Black is in great demand, having performed with the Evansville and Lexington philharmonics and the North Carolina, Indianapolis and Atlanta symphonies. He has been featured with the Bach societies of Louisville and St. Louis, Christ Church Cathedral of Indianapolis and as a fellow with the Bach Aria Festival.

Frequently heard in the works of Bach, Handel, Haydn and Mozart, he has also performed extensively in the works of twentieth-century composers such as

Barber, Britten, Menotti, Orff, Stravinsky, and Vaughan Williams.

A native of Carbondale, Ill., Black received his bachelor of music degree from Southern Illinois University and his master and doctor of music degrees from Indiana University. He teaches voice, foreign language diction, and opera workshop at Murray State University in Murray, Ky. He and his wife, Kim, also a music teacher, have two children, Megan and Bradley.

Marie Taylor

is professor of music and keyboard unit coordinator at

Murray State University in Murray, Ky. She holds performance degrees from SIU-Carbondale, Ill., and Michigan State University with additional graduate work at Vanderbilt University in Nashville, Tenn., and the Early Music Institute in Indianapolis, Ind., where she studied harpsichord with Igor Kipnis.

Taylor is co-author of two harpsichord manuals and has conducted curriculum research in Australia, New Zealand and western United States. She has performed and taught in Queensland, Australia, and appears frequently as a chamber musician throughout the Midwest. She has also performed on the west coast, in the Kennedy Center in Washington, D. C., and in Carnegie Hall in New York City.

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fr. "A Childhood Garden of Verses"
Robert Louis Stevenson

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RAIN		
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Longfellow Songs Op. 2 a

IT IS NOT ALWAYS MAY 1

The sun is bright, —the air is clear,
The darting swallows soar and sing,
And from the stately elms I hear
The bluebird prophesying spring.

So blue yon winding river flows,
It seems an outlet from the sky,
Where waiting till the west wind blows,
The freighted clouds at anchor lie.

All things are new; —the buds, the leaves,
That gild the elm-tree's nodding crest,
And even the nest beneath the eaves;—
There are no birds in last year's nest!

All things rejoice in youth and love,
The fullness of their first delight!
And learn from the soft heav'ns above
The melting tenderness of night.

Maiden, that reads't this simple rhyme,
Enjoy thy youth, it will not stay;
Enjoy the fragrance of thy prime,
For O! it is not always May!

Enjoy the Spring of Love and Youth,
To some good angel leave the rest;
For time will teach thee soon the truth,
There are no birds in last year's nest!

THE AFTERMATH 2

When the summer fields are mown,
When the birds are fledged and flown,
And the dry leaves strew the path;
With the falling of the snow,
With the cawing of the crow,
Once again the fields we mow
And gather in the aftermath.

Not the sweet, new grass with flowers
Is this harvesting of ours;
Not the upland clover bloom;
But the rowen mixed with weeds,
Tangled tufts from marsh and meads,
Where the poppy drops its seeds
In the silence and the gloom.

SERENADE 3 fr. "The Spanish Student"

Stars of the summer night!
Far in yon azure deeps,
Hide, hide your golden light!
She sleeps! My lady sleeps!

Moon of the summer night!
Far down yon western steeps,
Sink, sink in silver light!
She sleeps! My lady sleeps!

Wind of the summer night!
Where yonder woodbine creeps,
Fold, fold thy pinions light!
She sleeps! My lady sleeps!

Dreams of the summer night!
Tell her, her lover keeps watch
While in slumbers light
She sleeps! My lady sleeps!
Sleeps! My lady sleeps!

THE RAINY DAY 4

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering Past,

But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

THE TIDE RISES, THE TIDE FALLS

5

The tide rises, the tide falls,
The twilight darkens, the curlew calls;
Along the sea-sands damp and brown
The traveller hastens toward the town,
And the tide rises, the tide falls.

Darkness settles on roofs and walls,
But the sea, the sea in the darkness calls;
The little waves, with their soft, white hands,
Efface the footprints in the sands,
And the tide rises, the tide falls.

The morning breaks; the steeds in their stalls
Stamp and neigh, as the hostler calls;
The day returns, but nevermore
Returns the traveller to the shore,
And the tide rises, the tide falls.

SNOWFLAKES

6

Out of the bosom of the Air,
Out of the cloud-folds of her garments shaken,
Over the woodlands brown and bare,
Over the harvest-fields forsaken,
Silent and soft, and slow
Descends the snow.

Even as our cloudy fancies take
Suddenly shape in some divine expression,
Even as the troubled heart doth make
In the white countenance confession,
The troubled sky reveals
The grief it feels.

This is the poem of the air,
Slowly in silent syllables recorded;
This is the secret of despair,
Long in its cloudy bosom hoarded.
Now whispered and revealed
To wood and field.

Emersonian Hymns Op. 2 b

THE INFORMING SPIRIT

7

There is no great and no small
To the Soul that maketh all:
And where it cometh, all things are;
And it cometh everywhere.

I am owner of the sphere,
Of the seven stars and the solar year,
Of Caesar's hand and Plato's brain,
Of Lord Christ's heart and Shakespeare's strain.

COMPENSATION

8

Why should I keep holiday
When other men have none?
Why but because, when these are gay,
I sit and mourn alone?

And why, when mirth unseals all tongues,
Should mine alone be dumb?
Ah! late I spoke to silent throngs
And now their *time is come.

**originally "hour"*

THINE EYES STILL SHINED

9

Thine eyes still shined for me, though far
I lonely roved the land and sea:
As I behold yon evening star,
Which yet beholds not me.

This morn I climbed the misty hill
And roamed the pastures through;
How danced thy form before my path
Amidst the deep-eyed dew!

When the redbird spread his sable wing,
And showed his side of flame;
When the rosebud ripened to the rose,
In both I read thy name.

THOUGHT

10

I AM not poor, but I am proud,
Of one inalienable right,
Above the envy of the crowd,—
Thought's Holy light.

Better it is than gems or gold,
And oh! it cannot die,
But thought will glow when the sun grows cold,
And mix with Deity.

TERMINUS

11

As the bird trims her to the gale,
I trim myself to the storm of time,
I man the rudder, reef the sail,
Obey the voice at eve obeyed at prime:
'Lowly faithful, banish fear,
Right onward drive unharmed;
The port, well worth the cruise, is near,
And every wave is charmed.'

TO ELLEN

12

And Ellen, when the graybeard years
Have brought us to life's evening hour,
And all the crowded Past appears
A tiny scene of sun and shower,

Then, if I read the page aright
Where Hope, the soothsayer, reads our lot,
Thyself shalt own the page was bright,
Well that we loved, woe had we not,

When Mirth is dumb and Flattery's fled,
And mute thy music's dearest tone,
When all but Love itself is dead
And all but deathless Reason gone.

NATURE

13

A SUBTLE chain of countless rings
The next unto the farthest brings;
The eye reads omens where it goes,
And speaks all languages the rose;
And, striving to be man, the worm
Mounts through all the spires of form.

The rounded world is fair to see,
Nine times folded in mystery:
Though baffled seers cannot impart
The secret of its laboring heart,
Throb thine with Nature's throbbing breast,
And all is clear from east to west.
Spirit that lurks each form within
Beckons to spirit of its kin;
Self-kindled every atom glows
And hints the future which it owes.

Cavalier Lyrics Op. 6

SONG

14

Sir Charles Sedley

Not, Celia, that I juster am,
Or better than the rest,
For I would change each hour like them,
Were not my heart at rest.

But I am tied to very thee
By every thought I have,
Thy face I only care to see,
They heart I only crave.

All that in Woman is adored
In thy dear self I find,
For the whole sex can but afford
The handsome and the kind.

Why then should I seek farther store,
And still make love anew?
When change itself can give no more,
'Tis easy to be true.

WHY SO PALE AND WAN
Sir John Suckling

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prithee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prithee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Prithee, why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do 't?
Prithee, why so mute?

Quit, quit for shame! This will not move;
This cannot take her.
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her:
The devil take her!

THE CONSTANT LOVER
Sir John Suckling

Out upon it, I have loved
Three whole days together!
And am like to love three more,
If it hold fair weather.

Time shall moult away his wings
Ere he shall discover
In the whole wide world again
Such a constant lover.

But a pox upon't, no praise
There is due at all to me:
Love with me had made no stay,
Had it any been but she.

Had it any been but she,
And that very very face,
There had been at least ere this
A dozen dozen in her place

TAKE, O TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY
fr. "Measure for Measure"
William Shakespeare

Take, O take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again,
Bring again;
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain,
Sealed in vain.

TO A LADY, ASKING HIM HOW LONG HE
WOULD LOVE HER
Sir George Etherege

It is not, Celia, in our power
To say how long our love will last;
It may be within this hour
May lose those joys we now do taste;
The blessed, that immortal be,
From change in love are only free.

Then, since we mortal lovers are,
Ask not how long our love will last;
But while it does, let us take care
Each minute be with pleasure passed:
Were it not madness to deny
To live because we're sure to die?

*THE SEAS ARE QUIET
Edmund Waller

The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er;
So, calm are we when passions are no more!
For then we know how vain it was to boast
Of fleeting things, so certain to be lost.
Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptiness which age descries.

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that Time has made;
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home.
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

** originally titled "Of the Last Verses in the Book"*

TO BLOSSOMS
Robert Herrick

FAIR pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast?
Your date is not so past,
But you may stay yet here a while,
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

What, were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid goodnight?
'Twas pity nature brought ye forth
Merely to show your worth,
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave;
And after they have shown their pride,
Like you, a while, they glide
Into the grave.

American Songs Op. 12

WORDS
John Hay

When violets were springing
And sunshine filled the day,
And happy birds were singing
The praises of the May,
A word came to me, blighting
The beauty of the scene,
And in my heart was winter,
Though all the trees were green.

Now down the blast go sailing
The dead leaves, brown and sere;
The forests are bewailing
The dying of the year;
A word comes to me, lighting
With rapture all the air,
And in my heart is summer,
Though all the trees are bare

THE DYING LOVER
Richard Henry Stoddard

The grass that is under me now
Will soon be over me, Sweet:
When you walk this way again,
I shall not hear your feet.

You may walk this way again
And shed your tears like dew:
They will be no more to me than
Than mine are now to you.

15

17

18

16

19

20

21

22

THE DARK HILLS
Edwin Arlington Robinson

23

Darks hills at evening in the west,
Where sunset hovers like a sound
Of golden horns that sang to rest
Old bones of warriors under ground,
Far now from all the bannered ways
Where flash the legions of the sun,
You fade—as if the last of days
Were fading, and all wars were done.

NANCIBEL
Bliss Carman

24

The ghost of a wind came over the hill,
While day for a moment forgot to die,
And stirred the sheaves
Of the millet leaves,
As Nancibel went by.

Out of the lands of Long Ago,
Into the land of By and By,
Faded the gleam
Of a journeying dream,
As Nancibel went by.

TO A GOLDEN HAIREd GIRL
IN A LOUISIANA TOWN
Vachel Lindsay

25

You are a sunrise,
If a star should rise instead of the sun.
You are a moonrise,
If a star should come in the place of the moon.
You are the Spring,
If a face should bloom instead of an apple-bough.
You are my love,
If your heart is as kind
As your young eyes now.

MYSTERIES
Emily Dickinson

26

The murmur of a bee
A Witchcraft yieldeth me.
If any ask me why,
'Twere easier to die
Than tell.

The red upon the hill
TaketH away my will;
If anybody sneer,
Take care, for God is here,
That's all.

The breaking of the day
Addeth to my degree;
If any ask me how,
Artist, who drew me so,
Must tell!

TERMINUS
Ralph Waldo Emerson

27

As the bird trims her to the gale,
I trim myself to the storm of time,
I man the rudder, reef the sail,
Obey the voice at eve obeyed at prime:
"Lowly faithful, banish fear,
Right onward drive unharmed;
The port, well worth the cruise, is near,
And every wave is charmed."

EVENING SONG
Sidney Lanier

28

Look off, dear Love, across the sallow sand,
And mark yon meeting of the sun and sea,
How long they kiss in sight of all the land.
Ah! longer, longer, we!

Now in the sea's red vintage melts the sun,
As Egypt's pearl dissolved in rosy wine,
And Cleopatra night drinks all. 'Tis done,
Love, lay thy hand in mind.

Come forth, sweet stars, and comfort heaven's
heart;
Glimmer, ye waves, round else unlighted
sands.
O night! Divorce our sun and sky apart,
Never our lips, our hands.

THE RUNNER IN THE SKIES
James Oppenheim

29

Who is the runner in the skies,
With her blowing scarf of stars,
And our Earth and sun hovering like bees about
her blossoming heart?
Her feet are on the winds, where space is deep,
Her eyes are nebulous and veiled;
She hurries through the night to a far lover . . .

FORCE
Edward Rowland Sill

30

The stars know a secret
They do not tell;
And morn brings a message
Hidden Well.

There's a blush on the apple,
A tint on the wing,
And the bright wind whistles,
And the pulses sting.

On mart and meadow,
*on Pavement or plain;
On azure mountain,
Or azure main—

Only babes whimper,
And sick men wail,
And faint hearts and feeble hearts,
And weaklings fail.

Down the great currents
Let the boat swing;
There was never winter
But brought the spring.

*not in the original poem

Shakespearean Songs Op. 19

FULL FATHOM FIVE
fr. "The Tempest"

31

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Hark! now I hear them, —ding-dong bell.

WILLOW SONG
fr. "Othello"

32

The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree
Sing all a green willow:
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow:
The fresh streams ran by her and murmur'd her
moans;
Sing willow, willow, willow:
Her salt tears fell from her and soften'd the
stones;
Sing willow, willow, willow:
Sing all a green willow must be my garland.

TAKE, O, TAKE (1)
fr. "Measure for Measure"

33

Take, O take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again,
Bring again;
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain,
Sealed in vain.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE
fr. "As You Like It"

34

Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

If it do come to pass
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease
A stubborn will to please,
*Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame;
Here shall he see
Gross fools as he,
If he will come to **me.

* pronounced "duck-dammy"
** originally "Ami"

TELL ME WHERE
fr. "The Merchant of Venice"

35

Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?

*Reply.
It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies:
Let us all sing fancy's knell;
I'll begin it, —Ding, dong, bell.
Ding, dong, bell.

* originally written as a madrigal from Op.9.
The second "reply," echoed by the voices
in the madrigal version, is in the piano part.

THE MASTER, THE SWABBER,
THE BOATSWAIN AND I
fr. "The Tempest"

36

The master, the swabber, the *boatswain and I,
The gunner, and his mate,
Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,
But none of us car'd for Kate:
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, Go hang;
She lov'd not the savour of tar nor of pitch,
Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch:
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang.

*pronounced "bo'sun"

TAKE, O, TAKE (2)
fr. "Measure for Measure"

37

Take, O take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again,
Bring again;
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain,
Sealed in vain.

IT WAS A LOVER AND HIS LASS
fr. "As You Like It"

38

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass
In the springtime the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
These pretty country folk would lie.
This carol they began that hour,
How that a life was but a flower:

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
For love is crowned with the prime
In the springtime the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND
fr. "As You Like It"

39

Blow, blow, thou winter *wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Their tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere
folly:
Then heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.

Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere
folly:

Then heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

*pronounced "wind" to rhyme with "kind"

"... 'Ere we be
young again." Op. 50

40

fr. "A Childhood Garden of Verses"
Robert Louis Stevenson

I. GOOD AND BAD CHILDREN

Children, you are very little,
And your bones are very brittle;
If you would grow great and stately,
You must try to walk sedately.

You must still be bright and quiet,
and content with simple diet;
And remain, though all bewild'ring,
Innocent and honest children.

Happy hearts and happy faces,
Happy play in grassy places—
That was how, in ancient ages,
Children grew to kings and sages.

But the unkind and the unruly,
And the sort who eat unduly,
They must never hope for glory—
Theirs is quite *another story!

Cruel children, crying babies,
All grew up as geese and gabies,
Hated, as their age increases,
By their nephews and their nieces.

* originally "a different"

II. LOOKING FORWARD

When I am grown to man's estate
I shall be very proud and great.
And tell the other girls and boys
Not to meddle with my toys.

III. WHOLE DUTY OF CHILDREN

A child should always say what's true
And speak when he is spoken to,
And behave mannerly at table:
At least so far as he is able.

IV. AT THE SEA-SIDE

When I was down beside the sea
A little spade they gave to me
To dig the sandy shore.
My holes were empty like a cup,
In every hole the sea came up,
Till it could come no more.

** originally "wooden"*

V. SINGING

Of speckled eggs the birdie sings
And nests among the trees;
The sailor sings of ropes and things
In ships upon the seas.

The children sing in far Japan,
The children sing in Spain;
The organ with the organ man
Is singing in the rain.

VI. RAIN

The rain is raining all around,
It falls on field and tree,
It rains on the umbrellas here,
And on the ships at sea.

VII. WHERE GO THE BOATS?

Dark brown is the river,
Golden is the sand.
It flows along forever,
With trees on either hand.

Green leaves a-floating,
Castles of the foam,
Boats of mine a-boating—
Where will all come home?

On goes the river
And out past the mill,
Away down the valley,
Away down the hill.

Away down the river,
A hundred miles or more,
Other little children
Shall bring my boats ashore.

VIII. THE SWING

How do you like to go up in a swing,
Up in the air so blue?
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
Ever a child can do!

Up in the air and over the wall,
Till I can see so wide,
Rivers and trees and cattle and all
Over the countryside—

Till I look down on the garden green,
Down on the roof so brown—
Up in the air I go flying again,
Up in the air and down!

IX. MY BED IS A BOAT

My bed is like a little boat;
Nurse helps me in when I embark;
She girds me in my sailor's coat
And starts me in the dark.

At night, I go on board and say
Good-night to all my friends on shore;
I shut my eyes and sail away
And see and hear no more.

And sometimes things to bed I take,
As prudent sailors have to do:
Perhaps a slice of wedding-cake,
Perhaps a toy or two.

All night across the dark we steer:
But when the day returns at last,
Safe in my room, beside the pier,
I find my vessel fast.

X. *ENVOY

The river, on from mill to mill,
Flows past our childhood's garden still;
But ah! we children never more
Shall watch it from the water-door!
Below the yew—it still is there—
Our phantom voices haunt the air
As we were still at play,
And I can hear them call and say:
"How far is it to Babylon?"

Ah, far enough, my dear,
Far, far enough from here—
Yet you have farther gone!
"Can I get there by candlelight?"
So goes the old refrain.
I do not know—perchance you might—
But only, children, hear it right,
Ah, never to return again!
The eternal dawn, beyond a doubt,
Shall break on hill and plain,
And put all stars and candles out,
Ere we be young again.

**fr the envoy to Minnie*

THIS RECORDING

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RANDALL BLACK *Tenor*

MARIE TAYLOR *Pianist*



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*An
American
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