



“INTERSECTIONS/INTERSEZIONI” INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE
Florence, June 5th-7th, 2015

FLORENCE-BORN US COMPOSER MARIO CASTELNUOVO-TEDESCO
(1895-1968)
AND HIS UNPUBLISHED SETTINGS OF WHITMAN & SHAKESPEARE POETRY
With Live Performance
An ICAMus Session

Participants:

ALOMA BARDI · SALVATORE CHAMPAGNE · HOWARD LUBIN · JOHN CHAMPAGNE

Special Guests:

MILA DE SANTIS · ELEONORA NEGRI

Kent State University - Florence Program
Palazzo dei Cerchi · Vicolo dei Cerchi 1 · Florence
Friday, June 5th, 2015

LIVE PERFORMANCE

Salvatore Champagne (Oberlin Conservatory of Music) Tenor
Howard Lubin (Oberlin Conservatory of Music) Piano

Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco
Unpublished Works and Premières

SALVATORE CHAMPAGNE, tenor
HOWARD LUBIN, piano

MARIO CASTELNUOVO-TEDESCO
(1895-1968)

TEXTS

Louisiana

Poem: **Walt Whitman, 1819-1892**

Op. 89a; composed: 1936; published: Galaxy Music Corp., 1940.

I saw in Louisiana a live-oak growing,
All alone stood it and the moss hung down from the branches,
Without any companion it grew there uttering joyous leaves
 of dark green,
And its look, rude, unbending, lusty, made me think of myself,
But I wonder'd how it could utter joyous leaves standing alone
 there without its friend,
Its lover near, for I knew I could not,
And I broke off a twig with a certain number of leaves upon it,
 and twined around it a little moss,
And brought it away, and I have placed it in sight in my room,
It is not needed to remind me as of my own dear friends,
(For I believe lately I think of little else than of them.)
Yet it remains to me a curious token, it makes me think
 of manly love;
For all that, and though the live-oak glistens there in Louisiana
 solitary in a wide flat place,
Uttering joyous leaves all its life without a friend a lover near,
I know very well I could not.

Recuerdo

Poem: Edna St. Vincent Millay, 1892-1950

Op. 105; composed: 1941; published: Fischer, 1941.

We were very tired, we were very merry—
We had gone back and forth all night on the ferry.
It was bare and bright, and smelled like a stable—
But we looked into a fire, we leaned across a table,
We lay on a hill-top underneath the moon;
And the whistles kept blowing, and the dawn came soon.

We were very tired, we were very merry—
We had gone back and forth all night on the ferry;
And you ate an apple, and I ate a pear,
From a dozen of each we had bought somewhere;
And the sky went wan, and the wind came cold,
And the sun rose dripping, a bucketful of gold.

We were very tired, we were very merry,
We had gone back and forth all night on the ferry.
We hailed, “Good morrow, mother!” to a shawl-covered head,
And bought a morning paper, which neither of us read;
And she wept, “God bless you!” for the apples and pears,
And we gave her all our money but our subway fares.

The Legend of Jonas Bronck

Poem: Arthur Guiterman, 1871-1943

Composed: 1941; published: Galaxy Music Corp., 1941.

At end of manuscript score, Castelnuovo-Tedesco’s handwritten copy of Guiterman’s poem.

With sword and Bible, brood and dame,
Across the seas from Denmark came
Stout Jonas Bronck. He roved among
The wooden vales of Ah-qua-hung.
“Good sooth! On ev’ry hand,” quoth he,
“Are pleasant lands and fair to see;
But which were best to plow and till.
And meetest both for manse and mill?”

“Bronck! Bronck! Bronck!”

Called the frogs from the reeds of the river;

“Bronck! Bronck! Bronck!”

From the marshes and pools of the stream.

“Here let your journeyings cease;

Blest of the Bounteous Giver.

Yours is the Valley of Peace,

Here is the home of your dream.”

“O-ho!” laughed Jonas Bronck; “I ween

These pop-eyed elves in bottle-green

Do call my name to show the spot

Predestined! Here I cast my lot!”

So there he reared his dwelling place

And built a mill, with wheel and race.

And even now, beneath the hill

When summer nights are fair and still:

“Bronck! Bronck! Bronck!”

Rise the cadenced batrachian numbers;

“Bronck! Bronck! Bronck!”

Chant a myriad chorister gnomes;

“High on the shadowy crest,

Under the hemlock he slumbers,

Here is the region of rest,

Come to our Valley of Homes!”

Leaves of Grass: IX. Trickle Drops!

Poem: Walt Whitman, 1891-1892

10-Song Cycle, Op. 89b; composed: 1936; unpublished manuscript, The Library of Congress Music Division, Washington, D.C.

Trickle drops! my blue veins leaving!

O drops of me! trickle, slow drops,

Candid from me falling, drip, bleeding drops,

From wounds made to free you whence you were prison'd,

From my face, from my forehead and lips,

From my breast, from within where I was conceal'd, press forth

red drops, confession drops,

Stain every page, stain every song I sing, every word I say,

bloody drops,

Let them know your scarlet heat, let them glisten,

Saturate them with yourself all ashamed and wet,

Glow upon all I have written or shall write, bleeding drops,

Let it all be seen in your light, blushing drops.

Shakespeare Sonnets: Sonnet XVIII. Shall I compare thee to a summer’s day?

Poem: William Shakespeare, 1564-1616

Opus 125; composed: 1944; unpublished manuscript, The Library of Congress Music Division, Washington, D.C.

Shall I compare thee to a summer’s day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer’s lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm’d;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or nature’s changing course, untrimm’d;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
Nor shall Death brag thou wander’st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest;
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

