



Pacific Chamber
Orchestra
Lawrence Kohl, Music Director

Written Lyrics
for

Mahler
Symphony #4

Walton & Sitwell
Façade: An Entertainment

Artistry Passionately Shared

Since July 2021, when Pacific Chamber Orchestra could finally return to the concert hall after a long hiatus, we have held four amazing performances in Livermore and Orinda. In order to continue bringing such moving musical experiences to our community, we encourage your ongoing support! By making a tax-deductible donation, of any amount, to our organization, PCO will be able to present these same high caliber, exciting performances for audiences to enjoy well into the future! Please consider making a contribution either by mailing your donation to: Pacific Chamber Orchestra, PO Box 3134, Livermore, CA 94551, or by visiting our website www.pacificchamberorchestra.org and selecting the "Support" option.

501c3 EIN 94-3105631

Symphony #4 - Gustav Mahler

“Das himmlische Leben”

(aus Des Knaben Wunderhorn)

Wir genießen die himmlischen Freuden,
D’rum tun wir das Irdische meiden.
Kein weltlich’ Getümmel
Hört man nicht im Himmel!
Lebt alles in sanftester Ruh’!
Wir führen ein englisches Leben!
Sind dennoch ganz lustig daneben!
Wir tanzen und springen,
Wir hüpfen und singen!
Sankt Peter im Himmel sieht zu!

Johannes das Lämmlein auslasset,
Der Metzger Herodes d’rauf passet!
Wir führen ein geduldig’s,
Unschuldig’s, geduldig’s,
Ein liebliches Lämmlein zu Tod!
Sankt Lucas den Ochsen tät schlachten
Ohn’ einig’s Bedenken und Achten;
Der Wein kost’ kein Heller
Im himmlischen Keller;
Die Englein, die backen das Brot.

Gut’ Kräuter von allerhand Arten,
Die wachsen im himmlischen Garten!
Gut’ Spargel, Fisolen
Und was wir nur wollen,
Ganze Schüsseln voll sind uns bereit!
Gut’ Äpfel, gut’ Birn’ und gut’ Trauben;
Die Gärtner, die alles erlauben!
Willst Rehbock, willst Hasen?
Auf offener Straßen
Sie laufen herbei!

Sollt’ ein Fasttag etwa kommen,
Alle Fische gleich mit Freuden
angeschwommen!
Dort läuft schon Sankt Peter
Mit Netz und mit Köder,
Zum himmlischen Weiher hinein.[N]
Sankt Martha die Köchin muß sein!

Kein’ Musik ist ja nicht auf Erden,
Die unsrer verglichen kann werden.
Elftausend Jungfrauen
Zu tanzen sich trauen!
Sankt Ursula selbst dazu lacht!
Cäcilia mit ihren Verwandten
Sind treffliche Hofmusikanten!
Sind englischen Stimmen
Ermuntern die Sinnen!
Daß alles für Freuden erwacht.

“The Heavenly Life”

(from Des Knaben Wunderhorn,
translated by Deryck Cooke)

We revel in heavenly pleasures,
Leaving all that is earthly behind us.
No worldly turmoil
Is heard in heaven;
We all live in sweetest peace.
We lead an angelic existence,
And so we are perfectly happy.
We dance and leap,
And skip and sing;
Saint Peter in Heaven looks on.

Saint John has lost his lambkin,
And butcher Herod is lurking:
We lead a patient,
Guiltless, patient,
Darling lambkin to death.
Saint Luke is slaying the oxen,
Without the least hesitation;
Wine costs not a farthing
In the Heavenly tavern;
The angels bake the bread.

Fine sprouts of every description,
Are growing in Heaven’s garden.
Fine asparagus, fine herbs,
And all we desire,
Huge platefuls for us are prepared.
Fine apples, fine pears and fine grapes,
The gardeners let us pick freely.
You want venison, hare?
In the open streets
They go running around.

And when there’s a holiday near,
All the fishes come joyfully
swimming;
And off runs Saint Peter
With net and with bait,
Towards the celestial pond.
Saint Martha will have to be cook!

There’s no music at all on the earth
Which can ever compare with ours.
Eleven thousand virgins
Are set dancing.
Saint Ursula herself laughs to see it!
Cecilia with her companions
Are splendid court musicians.
The angelic voices
Delight the senses,
For all things awake to joy.

Façade: An Entertainment

Poems by *Edith Sitwell*

1. Hornpipe

Sailors come
To the drum
Out of Babylon;
Hobby-horses
Foam, the dumb
Sky rhinoceros-glum.

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

2. En Famille

In the early spring-time, after their tea,
Through the young fields of the springing Bohea,
Jemima, Jocasta, Dinah and Deb
Walked with their father Sir Joshua Jebb –
An admiral red, whose only notion
(A butterfly poised on a pigtailed ocean)
Is of the peruked sea whose swell
Breaks on the flowerless rocks of Hell.
Under the thin trees, Deb and Dinah,
Jemima, Jocasta, walked, and finer
Their black hair seemed (flat-sleek to see)
Than the young leaves of the springing Bohea;
Their cheeks were like nutmeg-flowers when swells
The rain into foolish silver bells.
They said, 'If the door you would only slam,
Or if, Papa, you would once say "Damn" –
Instead of merely roaring "Avast"
Or boldly invoking the nautical Blast –
We should now stand in the street of Hell
Watching siesta shutters that fell
With a noise like amber softly sliding;
Our moon-like glances through these gliding
Would see at her table preened and set
Myrrhina sitting at her toilette
With eyelids closed as soft as the breeze
That flows from gold flowers on the incense-trees.'

The Admiral said, 'You could never call –
I assure you it would not do at all!
She gets down from the table without saying "Please",
Forgets her prayers and to cross her T's.
In short, her scandalous reputation
Has shocked the whole of the Hellish nation;
And every turbaned Chinoiserie,
With whom we should sip our black Bohea,
Would stretch out her simian fingers thin
To scratch you, my dears, like a mandoline;
For Hell is just as properly proper
As Greenwich, or as Bath, or Joppa!'

3. Mariner Man

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

4. Long Steel Grass

Long steel grass –
The white soldiers pass –
The light is braying like an ass,
See
The tall Spanish jade
With hair black as nightshade
Worn as a cockade!
Flee
Her eyes' gasconade
And her gown's parade
(As stiff as a brigade).
Tee-hee!
The hard and braying light
Is zebra'd black and white
It will take away the slight
And free.
Tinge of the mouth-organ sound,
(Oyster-stall notes) oozing round
Her flounces as they sweep the ground
The
Trumpet and the drum
And the martial cornet come
To make the people dumb –
But we

Won't wait for sly-foot night
(Moonlight, watered milk-white, bright)
To make clear the declaration
Of our Paphian vocation,
Beside the castanetted sea,
Where stalks Il Capitaneo
Swaggart braggadocio Sword and moustachio –
He
Is green as a cassada
And his hair is an armada.
To the jade 'Come kiss me harder'
He called across the battlements as she
Heard our voices thin and shrill
As the steely grasses' thrill,
Or the sound of the onycha
When the phoca has the pica
In the palace of the Queen Lady*

5. Through Gilded Trellises

'Through gilded trellises,
Of the heat, Dolores, Inez, Manuccia,
Isabel, Lucia,
Mock Time that flies.
"Lovely bird, will you stay and sing,
Flirting your sheenèd wing, –
Peck with your beak, and cling
To our balconies?"
They flirt their fans, flaunting –
"O silence enchanting
As music!" then slanting
Their eyes.
Like gilded or emerald grapes,
They take mantillas, capes,
Hiding their simian shapes.
Sighs
Each lady, "Our spadille
Is done," ... "Dance the quadrille
From Hell's towers to Seville;
Surprise

Their siesta", Dolores
Said. Through gilded trellises
Of the heat, spangles
Pelt down through the tangles
Of bell-flowers; each dangles
Her castanets, shutters
Fall while the heat mutters,
With sounds like a mandoline
Or tinkled tambourine...
Ladies, Time dies!

6. Tango-Pasodoble

When Don
Pasquito arrived at the seaside
Where the donkey's hide tide brayed, he
Saw the banditto Jo in a black cape
Whose slack shape waved like the sea –
Thetis wrote a treatise nothing wheat is silver like the sea;
The lovely cheat is sweet as foam;
Erotis notices that she
Will
Steal
The
Wheat-king's luggage, like Babel
Before the League of Nations grew –
So Jo put the luggage and the label
In the pocket of Flo the Kangaroo.
Through trees like rich hotels that bode
Of dreamless ease fled she,
Carrying the load and goading the road
Through the marine scene to the sea.
'Don Pasquito, the road is eloping
With your luggage, though heavy and large;
You must follow and leave your moping
Bride to my guidance and charge!'
When
Don
Pasquito returned from the road's end,
Where vanilla-coloured ladies ride
From Sevilla, his mantilla'd bride and young friend

Were forgetting their mentor and guide.
For the lady and her friend from
Le Touquet In the very shady trees upon the sand
Were plucking a white satin bouquet
Of foam, while the sand's brassy band
Blared in the wind. Don Pasquito
Hid where the leaves drip with sweet...
But a word stung him like a mosquito...
For what they hear, they repeat!

7. Lullaby for Jumbo

Jumbo asleep!
Grey leaves thick-furred
As his ear, keep
Conversations blurred.
Thicker than hide
Is the trumpeting water;
Don Pasquito's bride
And his youngest daughter
Watch the leaves
Elephantine grey:
What is it grieves
In the torrid day?
Is it the animal
World that snores
Harsh and inimical
In sleepy pores? –
And why should the spined flowers
Red as a soldier
Make Don Pasquito
Seem still mouldier?

8. Black Mrs Behemoth

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

9. Tarantella

Where the satyrs are chattering, nymphs in their flattering
Glimpse of the forest enhance
All the beauty of marrow and cucumber narrow
And Ceres will join in the dance.
Where the satyrs can flatter the flat-leaved fruit
And the gherkin green and the marrow,
Said Queen Venus, 'Silenus, we'll settle between us
The gourd and the cucumber narrow.'
See, like palaces hid in the lake, they shake –
Those greenhouses shot by her arrow narrow!
The gardener seizes the pieces like
Croesus for gilding the potting-shed barrow.
There the radish roots
And the strawberry fruits
Feel the nymphs' high boots in the glade.
Trampling and sampling mazurkas, cachucas and turkas,

Cracoviaks hid in the shade.
Where, in the haycocks, the country nymphs' gay flocks
Wear gowns that are looped over bright yellow petticoats,
Gaiters of leather and pheasants' tail feathers
In straw hats bewildering many a leathern bat.
There they haymake
Cowers and whines in showers
The dew in the dogskin bright flowers;
Pumpkin and marrow
And cucumber narrow
Have grown through the spangled June hours.
Melons as dark as caves have for their fountain waves
Thickest gold honey.
And wrinkled as dark as Pan,
Or old Silenus, yet youthful as Venus
Are gourds and the wrinkled figs
Whence all the jewels ran.
Said Queen Venus, 'Silenus
We'll settle between us
The nymphs' disobedience, forestall
With my bow and my quiver
Each fresh evil liver:
For I don't understand it at all!'

10. A Man from a Far Countree

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

11. By the Lake

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

12. Country Dance

That hobnailed goblin, the bob-tailed Hob,
Said, 'It is time I began to rob.'
For strawberries bob, hob-nob with the pearls
Of cream (like the curls of the dairy girls),
And flushed with the heat and fruitish-ripe
Are the gowns of the maids who dance to the pipe.
Chase a maid?
She's afraid!
'Go gather a bob-cherry kiss from a tree,
But don't, I prithee, come bothering me!'
She said –
As she fled.
'The snouted satyrs drink clouted cream
'Neath the chestnut-trees as thick as a dream;
So I went,
And leant,
Where none but the doltish coltish wind
Nuzzled my hand for what it could find.
As it neighed,
I said,
'Don't touch me sir, don't touch me, I say,
You'll tumble my strawberries into the hay.
Those snow-mounds of silver that bee, the spring,
Has sucked his sweetness from, I will bring

With fair-haired plants and with apples chill
For the great god Pan's high altar...I'll spill Not one!
So, in fun,
We rolled on the grass and began to run
Chasing that gaudy satyr the Sun;
Over the haycocks, away we ran
Crying, 'Here be berries as sunburnt as Pan!
But Silenus
Has seen us...
He runs like the rough satyr Sun. Come away!

13. Polka

"Tra la la la la la la La!
See me dance the polka",
Said Mr Wagg like a bear,
"With my top hat
And my whiskers that –
(Tra la la la) trap the Fair.

Where the waves seem chiming haycocks
I dance the polka: there
Stand Venus' children in their gay frocks, –
Maroon and marine, – and stare
To see me fire my pistol
Through the distance blue as my coat;
Like Wellington, Byron, the Marquis of Bristol,
Busbied great trees float.

While the wheezing hurdy-gurdy
Of the marine wind blows me
To the tune of Annie Rooney, sturdy,
Over the sheafs of the sea;

And bright as a seedsman's packet
With zinnias, candytuffs chill,
Is Mrs Marigold's jacket
As she gapes at the inn door still,

Where at dawn in the box of the sailor,
Blue as the decks of the sea,
Nelson awoke, crowed like the cocks,
Then back to the dusk sank he.

And Robinson Crusoe Rues so
The bright and foxy beer, –
But he finds fresh isles in a lady's* smiles, –
he poxy doxy dear.

As they watch me dance the polka",
Said Mr Wagg like a bear,
"In my top hat and my whiskers that, – T
ra la la la, trap the Fair,
Tra la la la la la –
Tra la la la la la –
Tra la la la la la la la
La
La
La!"

14. Something Lies Beyond the Scene

Something lies beyond the scene, the encre de chine, marine,
ob- scene
Horizon In
Hell
Black as a bison
See the tall black Aga on the sofa in the alga mope, his
Bell-rope
Moustache (clear as a great bell!)
Waves in eighteen-eighty
Bustles
Come
Late with tambourines of
Rustling
Foam.
They answer to the names
Of ancient dames and shames, and
Only call horizons their home.
Coldly wheeze (cooly tease they please as these obsidian bees
that dance*) the breezes
Seeking for horizons
Wide; from her orisons
In her wide
Vermilion
Pavilion
By the seaside
The doors clang open and hide
Where the wind died
Nothing but the Princess
Cockatrice
Lean
Dancing a caprice
To the wind's tambourine.

15. Valse

'Daisy and Lily, Lazy and silly,
Walk by the shore of the wan grassy sea, –
Talking once more 'neath a swan-bosomed tree.
Rose castles,
Tourelles, Those bustles
Where swells
Each foam-bell of ermine,
They roam and determine
What fashions have been and what fashions will be, –
What tartan leaves born,
What crinolines worn,
By Queen Thetis, Pelisses
Of tarlatine blue,
Like the thin plaided leaves that the castle crags grew,
Or velours d'Afrande:
On the water-gods' land
Her hair seemed gold trees on the honey-cell sand
When the thickest gold spangles, on deep water seen,
Were like twanging guitar and like cold mandoline,
And the nymphs of great caves,
With hair like gold waves,
Of Venus, wore tarlatine.
Louise and Charlottine
(Boreas' daughters)
And the nymphs of deep waters,
The nymph Taglioni, Grisi the ondine,
Wear plaided Victoria and thin Clementine
Like the crinolined waterfalls;
Wood-nymphs wear bonnets, shawls,
Elegant parasols
Floating are seen.
The Amazons wear balzarine of jonquille
Beside the blond lace of a deep-falling rill;
Through glades like a nun
They run from and shun
The enormous and gold-rayed rustling sun;
And the nymphs of the fountains
Descend from the mountains
Like elegant willows
On their deep barouche pillows,

In cashmere Alvandar, barège Isabelle,
Like bells of bright water clearest wood-well.
Our élégantes favouring bonnets of blond,
The stars in their apiaries,
Sylphs in their aviaries,
Seeing them, spangle these, and the sylphs fond
From their aviaries fanned
With each long fluid hand
The manteaux espagnoles,
Mimic the waterfalls
Over the long and the light summer land.

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

16. Jodelling Song

'We bear velvet cream.
Green and babyish
Small leaves seem: each stream
Horses' tails that swish.

And the chimes remind
Us of sweet birds singing,
Like the jangling bells
On rose trees ringing.

Man must say farewell
To parents now,
And to William Tell
And Mrs Cow.

Man must say farewells
To storks and Bettas,
And to roses' bells,
And statuettes.

Forests white and black
In spring are blue
With forget-me-nots,
And to lovers true

Still the sweet bird begs
And tries to cozen Them:
"Buy angels' eggs
Sold by the dozen."

Gone are clouds, like inns
On the gardens' brinks.
And the mountain djinns, –
Ganymede sells drinks;

While the days seem grey,
And his heart of ice,
Grey as chamois, or T
he edelweiss.

And the mountain streams
Like cowbells sound –
Tirra lira, drowned
In the waiter's dreams

Who has gone beyond
The forest waves,
While his true and fond
Ones seek their graves.'

17. Scotch Rhapsody

'Do not take a bath in Jordan, Gordon,
On the holy Sabbath, on the peaceful day!
Said the huntsman, playing on his old bagpipe,
Boring to death the pheasant and the snipe –
Boring the ptarmigan and grouse for fun –
Boring them worse than a nine-bore gun.
Till the flaxen leaves where the prunes are ripe,
Heard the tartan wind a-droning through the pipe.
And they heard Macpherson say:
'Where do the waves go?
What hotels
Hide their bustles and their gay umbrelles?
And would there be room? –
Would there be room?
Would there be room for me?'
There is a hotel at Ostend
Cold as the wind, without an end.
Haunted by ghostly poor relations
Of Bostonian conversations
(Like bagpipes rotting through the walls.)
And there the pearl-ropes fall like shawls
With a noise like marine waterfalls.
And 'Another little drink wouldn't do us any harm'
Pierces through the sabbatical calm.
And that is the place for me!
So do not take a bath in Jordan, Gordon,
On the holy Sabbath on the peaceful day –
Or you'll never go to heaven, Gordon Macpherson,
And speaking purely as a private person
That is the place – that is the place – that is the place for me!

18. Fox-Trot 'Old Sir Faulk'

Old
Sir
Faulk,
Tall as a stork,
Before the honeyed fruits of dawn were ripe, would walk,
And stalk with a gun

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

19. Sir Beelzebub

When

Sir

Beelzebub called for his syllabub in the hotel in Hell

Where Prosperine first fell,

Blue as the gendarmerie were the waves of the sea,
(Rocking and shocking the bar-maid).

Nobody comes to give him his rum but the

Rim of the sky hippopotamus-glum

Enhances the chances to bless with a benison

Alfred Lord Tennyson crossing the bar laid

With cold vegetation from pale deputations

Of temperance workers (all signed in Memoriam)

Hoping with glory to trip up the Laureate's feet.

(Moving in classical metres)...

Like Balaclava, the lava came down from the

Roof, and the sea's blue wooden gendarmerie

Took them in charge while Beelzebub roared for his rum.

None of them come!

Notes:

Poems #14 *Four in the Morning* and #19 *Popular Song* are not included in this performance.

Words denoted with and asterisk (*) have been modified to reflect modern cultural norms and dialect.