

A man with a beard, wearing a green hat, a brown trench coat over a plaid shirt, and blue jeans, stands on a wooden staircase in a forest. He is looking to the left. The forest has many trees with green and some yellowing leaves. A large tree trunk with ivy is on the left.

# HOME NO MORE HOME TO ME

SONGS OF TRAVEL

JUNI L DEYOUNG, BARITONE

~ with ~

DR. CRYSTAL ZIMMERMAN, PIANO

# HOME NO MORE HOME TO ME: SONGS OF TRAVEL

SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 2023 • 3:00 PM

CONE CHAPEL, WALLER HALL, WILLAMETTE UNIVERSITY



A WILLAMETTE UNIVERSITY STUDENT RECITAL

JUNI L DEYOUNG, BARITONE

DR. CRYSTAL ZIMMERMAN, PIANO



MUSIC — RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS (1872–1958)

WORDS — ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON (1850–1894)

I. THE VAGABOND

II. LET BEAUTY AWAKE

III. THE ROADSIDE FIRE

IV. YOUTH AND LOVE

—INTERMISSION—

V. IN DREAMS

VI. THE INFINITE SHINING HEAVENS

VII. WHITHER MUST I WANDER?

VIII. BRIGHT IS THE RING OF WORDS

IX. I HAVE TROD THE UPWARD AND

THE DOWNWARD SLOPE

# PROGRAM NOTES

The *Songs of Travel* document the story of an unnamed traveler as he wanders through meadow and hillside, but more importantly, love and loss. The stories come in a non-linear order, jumping between past and present, and wandering through wistful memory along the way. The cycle opens on an almost militaristic marching motif, parading triumphantly through hill and valley, through summer, fall, and even winter; although towards the end of the first movement we see a slight angst and wistfulness enter “*The Vagabond’s*” tone—he is desperately clinging to “the life I love.” Keep an ear out for the *Vagabond* fanfare theme throughout the cycle.

“*Let Beauty Awake*” primes the listener for a shift into happier memories, comparing love and an unnamed lover to the natural world the vagabond is so fond of. He imagines the home they would build, full of delights and music, telling stories of “*The Roadside Fire*.” This movement introduces another important theme that will return at several points in the cycle.

In these movements, the vagabond seems truly happy, although a sense of listlessness soon enters his musings on “*Youth and Love*,” revealing that “pleasures assail him.” The perspective in this movement shifts, from the first-person present to a third-person narrator, presumably, a much older vagabond wondering what he could have done differently.

Here, the emotional valence shifts radically, from the proud chest-thumping of “*The Vagabond*” and the understated romance of the next three movements. We have seen fleeting previews of this change, but “*In Dreams*” is where the shift becomes profound, shifting back to a first-person narrative. The movement opens with an off-beat drone and its melody explores a rich chromatic texture, featuring acrobatic tritone leaps—and the melodic apex of the cycle, with the only high F in any of the movements. This is where we finally see the vagabond heartbroken and beaten, and we get insight on why he is so intent not to yield even to winter’s cold embrace.



Following this revelation, we see the vagabond begin to accept all that has happened to him; to once again take solace in the beauty of nature, reassured by the constant vigil held by “*The Infinite Shining Heavens*.” Silent visions of those he has lost come to him, and he is rejuvenated and inspired by them.

He begins to reflect on his journey, pondering “*Whither Must I Wander?*” Memories of hearth and home are bittersweet, but the vagabond realizes that the cold and darkness are soon to be replaced with the signs of spring—“red shall the heather bloom,” he states, seemingly one of his favorite sights to behold. This is the first explicit mention of spring in the entire cycle. He also recognizes, with melancholy, that the settled life is not for him, and affirms he can wander on his own terms, rather than running from the life he left behind. *Whither* is the longest movement, and was the first to be composed and published. Its success is presumed to have prompted the composition of the other eight movements.

Next, the wanderer proclaims, “*Bright is the Ring of Words*,” acknowledging his relationship to the society around him. He realizes that his his songs and words are “still caroled and said,” that “the maid remembers”—even after the singer has passed on. Just as he remembers fondly, he is remembered fondly.

The final movement declares, “*I Have Trod the Upward and the Downward Slope*.” Vaughan Williams quotes many of the major themes from previous movements, ending with the low bass “walking” motif from the opening. The vagabond has finally “closed the door” on this chapter of life, and proudly wanders onward to the next. It is only performed in public as the epilogue to the cycle, on Vaughan Williams’ instruction, and was first published posthumously in 1960, almost 60 years after *Whither* was first published in 1902. The 1960 “complete edition” is also the first time the entire cycle was published in performance order.



## I. THE VAGABOND

Give to me the life I love,	Or let autumn fall on me
Let the lave go by me,	Where afield I linger,
Give the jolly heaven above	Silencing the bird on tree,
And the byway nigh me.	Biting the blue finger.
Bed in the bush with stars to see,	White as meal the frosty field—
Bread I dip in the river—	Warm the fireside haven—
There's the life for a man like me,	Not to autumn will I yield,
There's the life for ever.	Not to winter even!
Let the blow fall soon or late,	Let the blow fall soon or late,
Let what will be o'er me;	Let what will be o'er me;
Give the face of earth around	Give the face of earth around,
And the road before me.	And the road before me.
Wealth I seek not, hope nor love,	Wealth I ask not, hope nor love,
Nor a friend to know me;	Nor a friend to know me;
All I seek, the heaven above	All I ask, the heaven above
And the road below me.	And the road below me.

## II. LET BEAUTY AWAKE

Let Beauty awake in the morn	Let Beauty awake in the eve from
from beautiful dreams,	the slumber of day,
Beauty awake from rest!	Awake in the crimson eve!
Let Beauty awake	In the day's dusk end
For Beauty's sake	When the shades ascend,
In the hour when the birds awake	Let her wake to the kiss of
in the brake	a tender friend
And the stars are bright in the west!	To render again and receive!

### III. THE ROADSIDE FIRE

I will make you brooches and toys for your delight  
Of bird-song at morning and star-shine at night.

I will make a palace fit for you and me  
Of green days in forests and blue days at sea.

I will make my kitchen, and you shall keep your room,  
Where white flows the river and bright blows the broom,  
And you shall wash your linen and keep your body white  
In rainfall at morning and dewfall at night.

And this shall be for music when no one else is near,  
The fine song for singing, the rare song to hear!  
That only I remember, that only you admire,  
Of the broad road that stretches and the roadside fire.

### IV. YOUTH AND LOVE

To the heart of youth the world is a highwayside.  
Passing for ever, he fares; and on either hand,  
Deep in the gardens golden pavilions hide,  
Nestle in orchard bloom, and far on the level land  
Call him with lighted lamp in the eventide.

Thick as [the] stars at night when the moon is down,  
Pleasures assail him. He to his nobler fate  
Fares; and but waves a hand as he passes on,  
Cries but a wayside word to her at the garden gate,  
Sings but a boyish stave and his face is gone.



## INTERMISSION



### V. IN DREAMS

In dreams, unhappy, I behold you stand  
As heretofore:  
The unremembered tokens in your hand  
Avail no more.

No more the morning glow, no more the grace,  
Enshrines, endears.  
Cold beats the light of time upon your face  
And shows your tears.

He came and went. Perchance you wept a while  
And then forgot.  
Ah me! but he that left you with a smile  
Forgets you not.

### VI. THE INFINITE SHINING HEAVENS

The infinite shining heavens  
Rose and I saw in the night  
Uncountable angel stars  
Showering sorrow and light.

I saw them distant as heaven,  
Dumb and shining and dead,  
And the idle stars of the night  
Were dearer to me than bread.

Night after night in my sorrow  
The stars looked over the sea,  
Till lo! I looked in the dusk  
And a star had come down to me.

### VII. WHITHER MUST I WANDER?

Home no more home to me, whither must I wander?

Hunger my driver, I go where I must.  
Cold blows the winter wind over hill and heather;  
Thick drives the rain, and my roof is in the dust.  
Loved of wise men was the shade of my roof-tree.  
The true word of welcome was spoken in the door—  
Dear days of old, with the faces in the firelight,  
Kind folks of old, you come again no more.



Home was home then, my dear, full of kindly faces,  
 Home was home then, my dear, happy for the child.  
 Fire and the windows bright glittered on the moorland;  
 Song, tuneful song, built a palace in the wild.  
 Now, when day dawns on the brow of the moorland,  
 Lone stands the house, and the chimney-stone is cold.  
 Lone let it stand, now the friends are all departed,  
 The kind hearts, the true hearts, that loved the place of old.  
 Spring shall come, come again, calling up the moorfowl,  
 Spring shall bring the sun and rain, bring the bees and flowers;  
 Red shall the heather bloom over hill and valley,  
 Soft flow the stream through the even-flowing hours;  
 Fair the day shine as it shone on my childhood—  
 Fair shine the day on the house with open door;  
 Birds come and cry there and twitter in the chimney—  
 But I go for ever and come again no more.

### VIII. BRIGHT IS THE RING OF WORDS

Bright is the ring of words	Low as the singer lies
When the right man rings them,	In the field of heather,
Fair the fall of songs	Songs of his fashion bring
When the singer sings them.	The swains together.
Still they are carolled and said—	And when the west is red
On wings they are carried—	With the sunset embers,
After the singer is dead	The lover lingers and sings
And the maker buried.	And the maid remembers.

## IX. I HAVE TROD THE UPWARD AND THE DOWNWARD SLOPE

I have trod the upward and the downward slope;

I have endured and done in days before;

I have longed for all, and bid farewell to hope;

And I have lived and loved, and closed the door.



## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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## ABOUT JUNI

Juni is a Computer Science and Mathematics double major at Willamette University from Boulder, CO. They have performed with the Chamber Choir and worked in the Music department office all four years. This recital is a project that has been in the making since spring of their very first year here.

Juni has been singing since well before they can remember, and took lessons through middle and high school before continuing their study at Willamette. They have participated in numerous small ensembles, as well as orchestras and choirs—both as a vocalist and as a violist.

The *Songs of Travel* are especially significant because they relate to Juni's history in Scouting. Along the trail to Eagle, Juni learned to love the outdoors. They grew to love the open road on innumerable family road trips, and hope to open the door on many new adventures to come, with roads below and shining heavens above.