



Village Scenes
October 28 7.30 pm
Hope Creative Campus, Cornerstone Building

Four Slovak Songs, by Bela Bartok

1. Wedding Song from Poniky

Thus sent the mother her little daughter into a distant land.
Sternly she bid her "Follow thy husband. Never return to me!"

"Lo! I shall change me into a blackbird. Shall fly to mother's home;
There I'll be waiting perch'd in her garden on a white lily's stem."

Out came the Mother. "Who is this blackbird? Strange is her song and sad.
Forth and begone now, thou little birdling, from my white lily's stem."

"To a bad husband, Mother, hast sent me forth to a distant land.
Hard 'tis to suffer such bitter pining in an ill-mated bond."

2. Song of the Hay Harvesters from Hiadel

Where the Alps soar so free, flow'ry vale bright with glee;
There to rest! Oh, there's no bed in the world softer!
Done the work of the day. Fill'd the barn with our hay.
Come the night, let us turn peacefully home, Brethren.

3. Dancing Song from Medzibrod

Food and drink's thy only pleasure,
And to dance recklessly,
And to dance recklessly,
And to dance recklessly.
But to work with pin and needle
Never appeals to thee, never appeals to thee.
To the bagpipe player have I paid 4 dimes foolishly, paid 4 dimes foolishly
So that you may dance with others
And I am quite lonely,
And I am quite lonely,
And I am quite lonely,
And I am quite lonely.

4. Dancing Song from Poniky

Bagpipe shall be playing! Pairs in dance be swaying!



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Piper play 'til all is spent, to our hearts' and heels' content.
Play on, bright and bonny, while yet lasts the money!
Tavern keeper, here's for thee! Here is for the piper's fee!
Once a goat was straying: now his skin is playing!
While the goat no more can prance
Bagpipe now makes young folk dance!

Transylvanian Lament , by Zoltan Kodaly

Ah, weep for me, dear Mother, while I am yet with you
Vain will be your weeping when I have to leave you.
Now I have to leave you, longer here I stay not,
Jealous hate pursues me. Linger here I may not.
Lord, my lord, oh tell me, where will death enfold me?
Will green field or forest or deep ocean hold me?
If 'tis in the forest who will lay earth o'er me?
If dark waves engulf me who will then deplore me?
Ocean's widest bounds would be for me a coffin
Ocean's deepest bed the bier whereon I'd rest me
Ocean's mighty billows be the pall to hide me,
Ocean's furious rage would be for me a death-knell.
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Deep in earth may lay me wild beasts of the forest
Sadly will lament me wild birds flying heav'ward.
Deep in earth may lay me wild beasts of the forest
Sadly will lament me wild birds flying heav'ward.
Wild beasts of the forest.

Evening Song, by Zoltan Kodaly

Peaceful woods, the dusk descending
Fragrant now with summer's ending
There I rested and, e'er sleeping,
Praying, sought His sweet safe-keeping.
Thus I lay there, silent, praying:
"Lord, I wander, ever straying;
Wand'ring through the world, yet knowing
Thou wilt guard me and my going.
Let not darkness from Thee hide me,
May Thine angels watch beside me.



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Guard us all while we are sleeping
Safe forever in Thy keeping.”

Cradle Song, by Smetana arr. John Moseley

When in the heavens the holy stars shine
We see the moonlight o’er woodland and glade.
See the stars shining for us
Wishing your life may be burnished with love.
Fly, little soul, to the heavens above.
While you sleep safely I’ll watch over you.
Rock your cradle, shade your dreams,
May you sleep safely in heart-felt repose.
Sleep on, dear child, sleep on . . .