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Senior Recital- Benjamin Krutsch: The Road Goes Ever On by Donald Swann and other works of adventure

Benjamin Krutsch

Dallas Heaton

Utah State University, dallas.heaton@usu.edu

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-PROGRAM-

from *Die schöne Müllerin* Franz Schubert
Das Wandern (1797 – 1828)
Wohin?
Halt!

What's Next? Andrew Lipka
from *Big Fish: A New Broadway Musical* (b. 1964)
with Brad Summers, baritone

L'invitation au voyage Henry Duparc
(1848 – 1933)

-INTERMISSION-

The Road Goes Ever On Donald Swann
I. The Road Goes Ever On (1923 – 1994)
II. Upon the Hearth the Fire is Red*
III. In the Willow-meads of Tasarinan
IV. In Western Lands
V. Namárië*
VI. I Sit Beside the Fire and Think*
VII. Errantry

*with Chantry Olsen, guitar

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Wandern ist des Müllers Lust

Die schöne Müllerin by Wilhelm Müller

Das Wandern

Das Wandern ist des Müllers Lust,
Das Wandern!
Das muß ein schlechter Müller sein,
Dem niemals fiel das Wandern ein,
Das Wandern.

Vom Wasser haben wir's gelernt,
Vom Wasser!
Das hat nicht Rast bei Tag und Nacht,
Ist stets auf Wanderschaft bedacht,
Das Wasser.

Das sehn wir auch den Rädern ab,
Den Rädern!
Die gar nicht gerne stille stehn,
Die sich mein Tag nicht müde drehn,
Die Räder.

Die Steine selbst, so schwer sie sind,
Die Steine!
Sie tanzen mit den muntern Reihn
Und wollen gar noch schneller sein,
Die Steine.

O Wandern, Wandern, meine Lust,
O Wandern!
Herr Meister und Frau Meisterin,
Laßt mich in Frieden weiterziehn
Und wandern.

The Beautiful Girl of the Mill Translated by Celia Sgroi

Wandering

Wandering is the miller's joy,
Wandering!
A man isn't much of a miller,
If he doesn't think of wandering,
Wandering!

We learned it from the stream,
The stream!
It doesn't rest by day or night,
And only thinks of wandering,
The stream!

We also see it in the mill wheels,
The mill wheels!
They'd rather not stand still at all
and don't tire of turning all day,
the mill wheels!

Even the millstones, as heavy as
they are,
The millstones!
They take part in the merry dance
And would go faster if they could,
The millstones!

Oh wandering, wandering,
my passion,
Oh wandering!
Master and Mistress Miller,
Give me your leave to go in peace,
And wander!

Wandern ist des Müllers Lust

3 h6 hns mj ph ß

Wohin?

Ich hört' ein Bächlein rauschen
Wohl aus dem Felsenquell,
Hinab zum Tale rauschen
So frisch und wunderhell.

Ich weiß nicht, wie mir wurde,
Nicht, wer den Rat mir gab,
Ich mußte auch hinunter
Mit meinem Wanderstab.

Hinunter und immer weiter
Und immer dem Bache nach,
Und immer frischer rauschte
Und immer heller der Bach.

Ist das denn meine Straße?
O Bächlein, sprich, wohin?
Du hast mit deinem Rauschen
Mir ganz berauscht den Sinn.

Was sag ich denn vom Rauschen?
Das kann kein Rauschen sein:
Es singen wohl die Nixen
Tief unten ihren Reihn.

Laß singen, Gesell, laß rauschen
Und wandre fröhlich nach!
Es gehn ja Mühlenräder
In jedem klaren Bach.

Halt!

Eine Mühle seh ich blinken
Aus den Erlen heraus,
Durch Rauschen und Singen
Bricht Rädergebraus.

Ei willkommen, ei willkommen,
Stüßer Mühlengesang!
Und das Haus, wie so traulich!
Und die Fenster, wie blank!

Und die Sonne, wie helle
Vom Himmel sie scheint!
Ei, Bächlein, liebes Bächlein,
War es also gemeint?

Whither?

I heard a little brook rushing
From its source in the rocky spring,
Bubbling down to the valley
So clean and wonderfully bright.

I don't know what came over me,
Or who advised me to act,
I just had to go down with it,
Carrying my walking staff.

Downward, still further and further,
Always following the brook,
And the stream bubbled ever more briskly
And became ever clearer and brighter.

Is this my path, then?
Oh brook, tell me, whither?
You have completely captivated me
With your flowing.

What can I say about the rushing?
That can't be an ordinary sound.
It must be the nixies singing
Deep under their stream.

Sing on, friend, keep rushing,
And travel gladly along.
There are mill wheels moving
In every clear stream.

Stop!

I see a mill glinting
From among the elder trees,
The rushing and singing
Are pierced by the roar of wheels.

Ah welcome, ah welcome,
Sweet song of the mill!
And the house, how cozy!
And the windows, how shiny!

And the sun, how brightly
It glows in the sky!
Oh brook, dear brook,
Was this destined for me?

3 h6 hns mj ph ß

So many 3ms bridge paths

What's Next?

Words by Andrew Lipka

[Will:]

First things first: We're in this prison cell.
Have to find a way to break out,
find another place to stake out.

Look around. Be sure we aren't seen.
Slowly check the door before we're spotted.
Were we spotted?

I know you've been a secret double agent,
but we can turn the page into another kind of tale.

Let's go. The door is just our first opponent,
so step out of your state of shock,
we only need to pick this lock.

[Edward:]

No need!

[Will:]

"What's next?" is all anyone needs to begin.
"What's next?" has been a friend to you.
What's next to do?

One word and then suddenly one more again.
Just like a pen writing a perfect tale.

Out the door, and pray the coast is clear.
Noses to the ground before we're spotted.
We were spotted!

So now, we face the ultimate decision:
Relinquish our control as we surrender up the
fight.
Or else, we say hello to the collision,
just do our job and do it well.

[Edward:]

Or better yet: Let's run like hell!

[Will:]

What's next?" is all anyone needs to begin.
"What's next?" has been a friend to you.
What's next to do?

One word and then suddenly one more again.
Just like that pen writing a perfect tale.

[Edward:]

Will, look! My old Chevy!

[Will:]

Edward Bloom,
how did you swim through danger in the world?
What was in the heart that beats inside you?
Were you simply wetter than the ordinary average
man or was it just your fins and scales to guide
you to...

What's Next?

[Edward:]

We start the car.

[Will:]

What's next?

[Edward:]

We hit the road.

[Will:]

What's next?

[Edward:]

We find the river.

[Will:]

What's next?
What's next?

[Edward:]

I don't know!

[Will:]

And who do we see at the river to greet you?
Everyone there at the river to meet you.
Everyone you ever knew, ever spoke of
waiting for you to arrive.

Now can you see Karl
by the tree in the distance?
Amos arrives with his usual flair.
Zacky and Don,
gathered 'round, cheering on.
Yes, even the witch is there.
She is there!

What's next?" is all anyone needs to begin.
"What's next?" has been a friend to you.
What's next to do?

Only one dad only inspiring one son.
Edward, you're done
writing your perfect tale.
Telling the perfect tale.

It was a perfect tale.

So many 3ms bridge paths

מְיָרְמָהּ בְּלֵב יְיָ וְנִטְרָהּ בְּ

L'invitation au voyage

by Charles Baudelaire

Mon enfant, ma sœur,
Songe à la douceur
D'aller là-bas vivre ensemble,
Aimer à loisir,
Aimer et mourir
Au pays qui te ressemble.
Les soleils mouillés
De ces ciels brouillés
Pour mon esprit ont les charmes
Si mystérieux
De tes traites yeux,
Brillant à travers leurs larmes.

Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,
Luxe, calme et volupté.

Vois sur ces canaux
Dormir ces vaisseaux
Dont l'humeur est vagabonde;
C'est pour assouvir
Ton moindre désir
Qu'ils viennent du bout du monde.
— Les soleils couchants
Revêtent les champs,
Les canaux, la ville entière,
D'hyacinthe et d'or;
Le monde s'endort
Dans une chaude lumière.

Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,
Luxe, calme et volupté.

The Invitation to the Voyage

Translated by EL

My child, my sister,
Think of the rapture
Of living together there!
Of loving at will,
Of loving till death,
In the land that is like you!
The misty sunlight
Of those cloudy skies
Has for my spirit the charms,
So mysterious,
Of your treacherous eyes,
Shining brightly through their tears.

There all is order and beauty,
Luxury, peace, and pleasure.

See on the canals
Those vessels sleeping.
Their mood is adventurous;
It's to satisfy
Your slightest desire
That they come from the ends of the earth.
— The setting suns
Adorn the fields,
The canals, the whole city,
With hyacinth and gold;
The world falls asleep
In a warm glow of light.

There all is order and beauty,
Luxury, peace, and pleasure.

הָאֵלֹהִים יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ . טָהוֹרִים .
מִיָּהּ . בְּרֵאשִׁית :

Ինչպես որ ցուրտ է ձմեռը

The Road Goes Ever On
Poems by J. R. R. Tolkien
Translations by J. R. R. Tolkien

The Road Goes Ever On

The Road goes ever on and on,
Down from the door where it began.
Now far ahead the Road has gone,
And I must follow, if I can,
Pursuing it with weary feet,
Until it joins some larger way
Where many paths and errands meet.
And whither then? I cannot say.

Upon the Hearth the Fire is Red

Upon the hearth the fire is red,
Beneath the roof there is a bed;
But not yet weary are our feet,
Still round the corner we may meet
A sudden tree or standing stone
That none have seen but we alone.
Tree and flower and leaf and grass,
Let them pass! Let them pass!
Hill and water under sky,
Pass them by! Pass them by!

Still around the corner there may wait
A new road or a secret gate,
And though we pass them by today,
Tomorrow we may come this way
And take the hidden paths that run
Towards the Moon or to the Sun.
Apple, thorn, and nut and sloe
Let them go! Let them go!
Sand and stone and pool and dell,
Fare you well! Fare you well!

Home is behind, the world ahead,
And there are many paths to tread
Through shadows to the edge of night,
Until the stars are all alight.
Then world behind and home ahead,
We'll wander back to home and bed.
Mist and twilight, cloud and shade,
Away shall fade! Away shall fade!
Fire and lamp, and meat and bread,
And then to bed! And then to bed!

In the willow-meads of Tasarinan

In the willow-meads of Tasarinan I walked
in the Spring.
Ah! the sight and the smell of the Spring
in Nan-tasarion!
And I said that was good.

I wandered in Summer in the elm-woods
of Ossiriland.
Ah! the light and the music in the Summer by the
Seven Rivers of Ossir!
And I thought that was best.

To the beeches of Neldoreth I came
in the Autumn.
Ah! the gold and the red and the sighing of leaves
in the Autumn in Taur-na-neldor!
It was more than my desire.

To the pine-trees upon the highland of
Dorthonion I climbed in the Winter.
Ah! the wind and the whiteness and the black
branches of Winter upon Orod-na-Thôn!
My voice went up and sang in the sky.

And now all those lands lie under the wave,
And I walk in Ambaróna, in Tauremorna,
in Aldalómë,
In my own land, in the country of Fangorn,
Where the roots are long,
And the years lie thicker than the leaves
In Tauremornalómë.

In Western Lands

In western lands beneath the Sun
the flowers may rise in Spring,
the trees may bud, the waters run,
the merry finches sing.
Or there maybe 'tis cloudless night
and swaying beeches bear
the Elven-stars as jewels white
amid their branching hair.

Though here at journey's end I lie
in darkness buried deep,
beyond all towers strong and high,
beyond all mountains steep,
above all shadows rides the Sun
and Stars for ever dwell:
I will not say the Day is done,
nor bid the Stars farewell.

Ինչպես որ ցուրտ է ձմեռը . Ինչպես որ ցուրտ է ձմեռը

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Namárië

Ai! laurië lantar lassí súrinen,
yéni únótímë ve rámar aldaron!
Yéni ve lintë yuldar avánier
mi oromardi lisse-miruvóreva
Andúnë pella, Vardo tellumar
nu luini yassen tintilar i eleni
ómáryo airetári-lírinen.

Sí man i yulma nin enquantuva?

An sí Tintallë Varda Oioloossëo
ve fanyar máryat Elentári ortanë,
ar ilyë tier undulávë lumbulë;
ar sindanóriello caita mornië
i falmalinnar imbë met, ar hísíë
untúpa Calaciryó miri oialë.
Sí vanwa ná, Rómello vanwa, Valimar!

Namárië! Nai hiruvalyë Valimar.
Nai elyë hiruva. Namárië!

I Sit Beside the Fire and Think

I sit beside the fire and think
of all that I have seen
of meadow-flowers and butterflies
in summers that have been;

Of yellow leaves and gossamer
in autumns that there were,
with morning mist and silver sun
and wind upon my hair.

I sit beside the fire and think
of how the world will be
when winter comes without a spring
that I shall ever see.

For still there are so many things
that I have never seen:
in every wood in every spring
there is a different green.

I sit beside the fire and think
of people long ago
and people who will see a world
that I shall never know.

But all the while I sit and think
of times there were before,
I listen for returning feet
and voices at the door.

Farewell

Ah! like gold fall the leaves in the wind,
Long years numberless as the wings of trees!
The years have passed like swift draughts
Of the sweet mead in lofty halls beyond the West,
Beneath the blue vaults of Varda
Wherein the stars tremble in the song of her
voice, holy and queenly.

Who now shall refill the cup for me?

For now the Kindler, Varda, the
Queen of the Stars,
From Mount Everwhite has uplifted
her hands like clouds,
And all paths are drowned deep in shadow;
And out of a grey country darkness lies on the
foaming waves between us,
And mist covers the jewels of Calaciryra for ever.
Now lost, lost to those from the East is Valimar!

Farewell! Maybe thou shalt find Valimar.
Maybe even thou shalt find it. Farewell!

*A Elbereth Gilthoniel
silivren penna miriel
o menel aglar elenath!
Na-chaered palan-diriel
o galadhremmin ennorath,
Fanuilos, le linnathon
nef aear, si nef aearon!*

(translation)

O Elbereth Starkindler,
white-glittering, slanting down
sparkling like a jewel,
the glory of the starry host!
Having gazed far away
from the tree-woven lands of Middle-earth,
to thee, Everwhite, I will sing,
on this side of the Sea,
here on this side of the Ocean!

ṁṁ ṁṁṁṁṁṁ ṁṁṁṁṁṁ ṁṁṁṁṁṁ ṁṁṁṁṁṁ ṁṁṁṁṁṁ

הַיָּם וְהַיָּם וְהַיָּם וְהַיָּם

Errantry

There was a merry passenger,
A messenger, a mariner:
He built a gilded gondola
To wander in and had in her
A load of yellow oranges
And porridge for his provender;
He perfumed her with marjoram,
And cardamom and lavender.

He called the winds of Argosies,
With cargoes in to carry him,
Across the rivers seventeen,
That lay between to tarry him.
He landed all in loneliness,
Where stonily the pebbles on
The running river Derrilyn,
Goes merrily for ever on.
He journeyed then through meadow-lands,
To shadow-land that dreary lay,
And under hill and over hill,
Went roving still a weary way.

He sat and sang a melody,
His errantry a tarrying,
He begged a pretty butterfly,
That fluttered by to marry him.
She scorned him and she scoffed at him,
She laughed at him unpitying,
So long he studied wizardry,
And sigaldry and smithying.

He wove a tissue airy thin,
To snare her in; to follow her,
He made him beetle-leatherwing,
And feather wing of swallow hair.
He caught her in bewilderment,
With filament of spider-thread.

He made her soft pavilions,
Of lilies and a bridal bed,
Of flowers and of thistle-down,
To nestle down and rest her in,
And silken webs of filmy white,
And silver light he dressed her in.

He threaded gems and necklaces,
But recklessly she squandered them,
And fell to bitter quarrelling,
Then sorrowing he wandered on,
And there he left her withering
As shivering he fled away;
With windy weather following,
On swallow-wing he sped away.

He passed the archipelagoes,
Where yellow grows the marigold,
With countless silver fountains are,
And mountains are of fairy-gold.
He took to war and foraying,
A-harrying beyond the sea,
And roaming over Belmary,
And Thellamie and Fantasie.

He made a shield and morion,
Of coral and of ivory.
A sword he made of emerald,
And terrible his rivalry,
With elven knights of Aerie
And Faerie, with paladins
That golden-haired, and shining-eyed
Came riding by, and challenged him.

Of crystal was his habergeon,
His scabbard of chalcedony,
With silver tipped and plenilune,
His spear was hewn of ebony.
His javelins were of malachite
And stalactite - he brandished them,
And went and fought the dragon flies,
Of Paradise, and vanquished them.

He battled with the Dumbledors,
The Hummerhorns, and Honeybees,
And won the Golden Honeycomb,
And running home on sunny seas,
In ship of leaves and gossamer,
With blossom for a canopy,
He sat and sang, and furbished up,
And burnished up his panoply.

He tarried for a little while,
In little isles that lonely lay,
And found their naught but blowing grass.
And so at last, the only way
He took, and turned, and coming home
With honeycomb, to memory
His message came, and errand too!
In derring-do and glamoury,
He had forgot them, journeying
And tourneying, a wanderer.

So now he must depart again,
And start again his gondola,
For ever still a messenger
A passenger, a tarrier,
A roving as a feather does,
A weather-driven mariner.

וְהַיָּם וְהַיָּם וְהַיָּם וְהַיָּם

hantg chp ǝ h m' byjns̄ ǝ
ǝt'atg'ǝ

It is with greatest pleasure that I share this music with you today. Preparing this recital has been an absolute pleasure. This music reflects a love for adventure in my own life, and my desire to inspire adventurous desires in the lives of others. A great thank you to Dallas Heaton for always supporting me and for introducing me to this fantastic song cycle. I also express my gratitude to Cindy Dewey for allowing me to take the reins in preparing this recital.

To my friend Heshlon Asuro, who has accompanied me on my own adventures. And lastly to my father, John Krutsch, who has always inspired me to adventure and appreciate the things that this world, and others, have to offer.

Translations for decorative writings (In order of appearance)

“Not all those who wander are lost” – J.R.R. Tolkien
“All we have to decide is what to do with the time that is given us,” – J.R.R. Tolkien
The road goes ever on and on
In Memoriam: John Krutsch
Wandering is the miller's joy!
Allow me to go in freedom to wander!
Is this then my path?
How brightly the sun shines!
The door is your first opponent.
It was a perfect tale!
Dream of how it would be.
There all is order and beauty, / Luxury, peace, and pleasure.
The road goes ever on and on
Home is behind, the world ahead.
Namárië! Nai hiruvalyë Valimar. (Farewell! Maybe thou shalt find Valimar.)
In every wood there is a different green.
There was a merry passenger.
A roving as a feather does.
Thank you to all my friends and colleagues,
Who came to experience this music.
“Little by Little, One Travels Far” – J.R.R. Tolkien
I want to see mountains again.

ǝt'atg'ǝ ǝt'atg'ǝ h' m' h' m' h' m'

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Die schöne Müllerin tells the story of a young journeyman's unrequited love for the beautiful daughter of a master miller that he meets during his travels. Songs 1-3 of the cycle depict the beginning of the journeyman's travels alongside a brook to find a master miller. Typical of the style of nineteenth century Lied, Schubert took great care to characterize the brook through musical figures in the accompaniment. These figures create a sense perpetual motion, like flowing water, and often offer commentary on the words or actions of the miller.

Big Fish tells the story of Edward Bloom and his son, Will. Having reached adulthood, Will has expressed doubts about the exaggerated stories that his father told during his childhood. While near his father's hospital bed, Will struggles to reconcile his strained relationship with this father by helping him complete his final adventure.

Charles Baudelaire was among the leading poets in the Symbolist movement, which included other poets like Stéphane Mallarmé and Paul Verlaine. The Symbolist movement flourished in the mid to late 1800s and sought to depict absolute artistic truths indirectly through metaphor. In "L'invitation au voyage" a man speaks to his beloved of a dream to move away and live as they please, but the words "Si mystérieux/De tes traîtres yeux," reveal the speaker's pessimism about the realization of his dream. Duparc depicts this by using a higher timbre in both voice and piano during the preceding phrase, and then chromatically returns to the original somber timbre.

Donald Swann is best remembered as a member of the musical comedy duo Flanders and Swann, who wrote comedic songs similar to Gilbert and Sullivan. They toured around the world performing their variety shows *At the Drop of a Hat* and *At the Drop of Another Hat* until 1967. As a lover of *The Lord of the Rings*, and upon the suggestion of his wife, Swann decided to set some of the poems to music. He presented his songs to Tolkien who accepted most of the song settings, but rejected the tune for Namárië and offered his own in substitution which Swann used.

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