FESTIVAL OF AMERICAN CONTEMPORARY MUSIC at Rice University
November 5-15, 1989 celebrating American Music Week

"HOPKINS LIVES"
A Musical Tribute to poet Gerard Manley Hopkins
PAUL ENGLISH, composer
Thursday, November 9, 1989
8:00 p.m. in Hamman Hall

RICE UNIVERSITY
PROGRAM

CHAMBER JAZZ

*Missing Lady* (1974)  
*Korisong* (1985)  

Borrowing from the various jazz idioms and performance practice, these light miniatures serve as vehicles for improvisation.

HOPKINS LIVES (1989)

This performance dedicated to Carl Sutton (January 25, 1920 - October 8, 1989)  
(Houston premiere)

Poems by Gerard Manley Hopkins; music by Paul English.

*Thou art indeed just, Lord*  
*No worst, there is none*  
*Love preparing to fly*  
*Heaven-Haven*  
*Spring and Fall*  
*No News in the Times Today*  
*Cockle's Antibilious Pills*  
*The Child is Father to the Man*  
*Ashboughs*  
*Pied Beauty*

Commissioned in 1987 by Carl and Elizabeth Sutton and The International Hopkins Association to commemorate the centennial of the poet's death, this work received its world premiere at The University of Texas in Austin on June 1, 1989. The poems selected here are representative of the wide emotional range of Hopkins' poetry.
A Jesuit priest in Victorian England, GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS (1844-1889) lived a life of obscurity and frustration. He was awed and fascinated by the splendor of "God's Grandeur" and the beauty of nature. But he struggled tragically with his own relationship with God and the inevitable imperfections within himself and all men.

The soprano represents the lighter boyish, sometimes whimsical, always beautiful Hopkins. The baritone recalls the poet's darker side, the anguished priest, ill, severely depressed, bitterly ashamed of his own frail humanity.

In the last poem, the soprano joins the baritone in a song of praise to God. Not until his final words did it seem that Hopkins had resolved his struggle: "I am so happy!"

IMAGES DE SONS ET LUMINAIRE (1989)  
Paul English  
to Christa Cooper (October 8, 1929 - October 29, 1989)  
(World premiere)  
Artist Frank Larkey joins the ensemble in an improvisatory venture into the unknown and unexpected, integral and omnipresent elements of life as we know it.
THE ENSEMBLE

Julie Hill, soprano
Jeffrey Clayton, baritone
Melissa Suhr, flute
Richard Nunemaker, clarinet, bass clarinet, soprano saxophone
Thomas Bacon, horn
Max Dyer, cello
Paul English, piano, synthesizers

PAUL ENGLISH (b. 1951) has performed extensively as a jazz artist in much of the U.S., Europe, and South America with his own groups and with such jazz greats as Dizzy Gillespie, Arnett Cobb, Nat Adderley, Wilton Felder, Howard Roberts, and David Liebman. His serious works have been performed by the Houston Symphony Orchestra, the Texas Chamber Orchestra, and others. He earned both the Bachelor of Music and Master of Music degrees in composition at The Shepherd School of Music where he was a student of Paul Cooper. He is an advocate of improvisation as a vital element of performance, and he enjoys the confluence of mixed-genre composition, drawing as freely from jazz, electronic and popular styles as from traditional and classical music. Paul English is a native Texan and continues to live and work in Houston.
"HOPKINS LIVES"

text: Gerard Manley Hopkins
music: Paul English

Thou art indeed just, Lord

Thou art indeed just, Lord, if I contend
With thee; but, sir, so what I plead is just.
Why do sinners' ways prosper? and why must
Disappointment all I endeavour end?

Wert thou my enemy, O thou my friend,
How wouldst thou worse, I wonder, than thou dost
Defeat, thwart me? Oh, the sots and thralls of lust
Do in spare hours more thrive than I that spend,
Sir, life upon thy cause. See, banks and brakes
Now, leavèd how thick! lacèd they are again
With pretty chervil, look, and fresh wind shakes
Them; birds build - but not I build; no, but strain,
Time's eunuch, and not breed one work that wakes.
Mine, O thou lord of life, send my roots rain.

No worst, there is none

No worst, there is none. Pitched past pitch of grief,
More pangs will, schooled at forepangs, wilder wring.
Comforter, where, where is your comforting?
Mary, mother of us, where is your relief?
My cries heave, herds-long; huddle in a main, a chief
Woe, world-sorrow; on an age-old anvil wince and sing.
Then lull, then leave off. Fury had shrieked 'No lingering! Let me be fell: force I must be brief'.

O the mind, mind has mountains; cliffs of fall
Frightful, sheer, no-man-fathomed. Hold them cheap
May who ne'er hung there. Nor does long our small
Durance deal with that steep or deep. Here! creep,
Wretch, under a comfort serves in a whirlwind: all
Life death does end and each day dies with sleep.
Love preparing to fly

He play'd his wings as though for flight;
They webb'd the sky with glassy light.
His body sway'd upon tiptoes,
Like a wind perplexèd rose
In eddies of the wind he went
At last up the blue element.

HEAVEN-HAVEN
A nun takes the veil

I have desired to go
Where springs not fail,
To fields where flies no sharp and sided hail
And a few lilies blow.

And I have asked to be
Where no storms come,
Where the green swell is in the havens dumb,
And out of the swing of the sea.

SPRING AND FALL
to a young child

Màrgarèt, âre you grieving
Over Goldengrove unleaving?
Leaves like the things of man, you
With your fresh thoughts care for, can you?
Ah! ës the heart grows older
It will come to such sights colder
By and by, nor spare a sigh
Though worlds of wanwood leafmeal lie;
And yet you will weep and know why.
Now no matter, child, the name:
Sorrow's springs âre the same.
Nor mouth had, no nor mind, expressed
What heart heard of, ghost guessed:
It is the blight man was born for,
It is Margaret you mourn for.
No News in the *Times* Today

"No news in the *Times* to-day,"
Each man tells his next-door neighbour.
He, to see if what they say.
"No news in the *Times* to-day,"
Is correct, must plough his way
Through that: after three hours' labour,
"No news in the *Times* to-day,"
Each man tells his next-door neighbour.

Cockle's Antibilious Pills

"When you ask for Cockle's Pills,
Beware of spurious imitations."
Yes, when you ask for every ill's
Cure, when you ask for Cockle's Pills,
Some hollow counterfeit that kills
Would fain mock that which heals the nations.
Oh, when you ask for Cockle's Pills,
Beware of heartless imitations.

'The Child is Father to the Man'
(*Wordsworth*)

'The child is father to the man.'
How can he be? The words are wild.
Suck any sense from that who can:
'The child is father to the man.'
No; what the poet did write ran,
'The man is father to the child.'
'The child is father to the man!'
How can he be? The words are wild.
ASH-BOUGHS

Not of all my eyes see, wandering on the world,
Is anything a milk to the mind so, so sighs deep
Poetry to it, as a tree whose boughs break in the sky.
Say it is ash-boughs: whether on a December day and furled
Fast or they in clammyish lashtender combs creep
Apart wide and new-nestle at heaven most high.
They touch, they tabour on it, hover on it; here, there hurled,
    With talons sweep
The smouldering enormous winter welkin. Eye,
    But more cheer is when May
Mells blue with snowwhite through their fringe and fray
Of greenery and old earth gropes for, grasps at steep
    Heaven with it whom she childs things by.

PIED BEAUTY

Glory be to God for dappled things -
    For skies of couple-colour as a brinded cow;
    For rose-moles in all stipple upon trout that swim;
Fresh-firecoal chestnut-falls; finches' wings;
    Landscape plotted and pieced - fold, fallow, and plough;
    And all trades, their gear and tackle and trim.

All things counter, original, spare, strange;
    Whatever is fickle, freckled (who knows how?)
    With swift, slow; sweet, sour; adazzle, dim;
He fathers-forth whose beauty is past change:
    Praise him.