



(LEMS 8036)

DEAR FRIENDS AND GENTLE HEARTS Songs of Stephen C. Foster (1826 – 1864)

Jeffrey Dooley, countertenor
Kathryn Cok, harpsichord
with baroque instruments and Civil War drums

When Jeffrey Dooley asked me to write the notes to his recording of a Stephen Foster program, I was too nonplussed to say no. Country singers have performed Foster, but countertenors? If I'd thought about it for a second, I probably would have declined. Fortunately, I've had the opportunity and pleasure to think about it more deeply. If Foster never heard a countertenor, he never heard an electric guitar either, yet many a modern, plugged in arrangement does Foster's music proud. If an anachronistic setting using instruments from a later era can succeed, why not an anachronistic setting using a vocal technique and instrumentation from an earlier era?

It's trite to call a musical composition or other work of art "timeless", but after 150 years Foster's songs have stood the test of time. No other 19th century American songwriter wrote so many songs that are still remembered today. "Dear Friends and Gentle Heart: Songs of Stephen Foster" suggests that timelessness extends backward as well as forward. Paradoxically, Dooley's antique approach enables us to hear Foster afresh.

Dooley shows how sturdy yet flexible Foster's music-like the Beatles', which has also been recorded in baroque renditions-really is. Foster wrote songs to be performed by men in blackface and fright wigs on the raucous minstrel stage and by ladies at the piano in the privacy of their parlors. His first big hit, "Oh! Susanna", was sung by slaves and opera stars alike. People have never stopped making and remaking Foster's music in their own image, with the clangor of a Charles Ives orchestration, the high lonesome moan of a bluegrass tenor, or Dooley's baroque vocal ornamentation's. Foster survives sand to this day thrives in pop music, jazz, country and even classical music. Elasticity has made his songs last.

Foster stitched this elasticity into the very fabric of his music. He was the first great American songwriter because he was the first composer to gather up all the strands of music that Americans had brought with them from elsewhere - English ditties, African chants, Italian arias, Irish ballads, Scottish lays and even German lieder - and weave them into a multicultural and quintessentially American song.

An extra advantage of Dooley's countertenor is that it invites us to consider Foster's music like Monteverdi's or Purcell's, as art. We tend to think of Foster's work as "folk" or "popular" rather than "art" song, but these distinctions are less clear-cut than many people who draw them would like to believe. They were extremely dubious during Foster's day, when arias became hit tunes and classical virtuosos performed variations on "Yankee Doodle" and Foster's own "Old Folks at Home" ("Way down upon the Swanee River..."). Foster was well-acquainted with classical (though not baroque) music. He played the flute, violin and piano. He loved opera, translated the lyrics to a Meyerbeer aria, and published arrangements of arias by Donizetti and Mozart, as well as of a Schubert song. By placing him in the classical tradition, "Dear Friends and Gentle Hearts" dispels the cliché that Foster drew all his inspiration down on the levee from African Americans, adding to their oppression by ripping off their music.

Stephen Foster was born on July 4, 1826, the day Thomas Jefferson and John Adams died, just outside of Pittsburgh in Lawrenceville, Pennsylvania. His father - a politician, businessman and real estate speculator - had founded Lawrenceville but soon went bankrupt, condemning Stephen and the rest of his large family to a life of downward mobility. Stephen showed a precocious talent for music but little enthusiasm for anything else. He dropped out of college after only one week and later moved for a couple of years to Cincinnati, where he worked as a bookkeeper for one of his brothers.

Foster began to compose songs to amuse himself and his friends, but he gave little thought to turning his avocation into what was then an unheard-of occupation. Only after "Oh! Susanna" (which he gave to a music publisher for free) became an international hit in 1847-48 did Foster make the audacious decision to become America's first full-time professional songwriter. (Other composers supported themselves by performing, teaching or managing music stores).

Returning from Cincinnati to Pittsburgh in 1850, Foster wed Jane Denny McDowell and fathered a daughter, Marion. "De Camptown Races," "Old Folks at Home", "My Old Kentucky Home, Good-Night!" and other songs became world-famous, yet Foster's royalties in what was then a fledgling industry could not support a family for long. Financial difficulties troubled the Foster's marriage, as did Foster's increasing fondness for alcohol. The couple parted and Stephen moved to New York, he and Jane reunited briefly in Hoboken, New Jersey, and returned to Pittsburgh.

The deaths of his parents and two brothers plunged Foster into depression and deeper into the bottle. Yearning for a genteel respectability that blackface minstrel songs would never win him, Foster turned exclusively to parlor ballads, which did not meet with the same success. In a last-ditch attempt to save his marriage and salvage his career, Foster moved back to New York City with his family as the nation girded for the Civil War. He had a hard time adjusting to the martial tenor of the times, and an even harder time controlling his drinking.

In desperation, Jane and Marion departed. Unable to arrest his downward spiral, Foster fell and injured himself in a Bowery hotel. He died three days later on January 13, 1864, a has-been at age 37. His worn brown leather-purse contained 38 cents in pennies and scrip, and a scrap of paper on which he had written in pencil a song title or fragment of a lyric, "dear friends and gentle hearts."

Beautiful Dreamer was published posthumously and advertised as the last song Foster wrote, although it seems actually to have been composed in 1862. Written in an unusual 9/8 meter, its melody evokes Foster's love of Italian opera, but the mermaids in Foster's lyric are German - Heine's famous "Die Lorelei", whose siren song lures sailors to their ruin. Beneath the song's rippling arpeggios lies an ominous undercurrent of suggestion that Foster's beautiful dream is the dissolution of death.

Kathryn Cok's shifting tempi dramatize how the polka once made people feel breathless and tipsy. When the latest dance craze arrived in America from Prague to Paris, one critic dismissed it as "a kind of insane Tartar jig, performed to disagreeable music of an uncivilized character". Foster published *The Soiree Polka* in 1850, arranged for four hands on the piano.

Ah! May the Red Rose Live Always! appeared the same year and is steeped in the Irish balladry of Thomas Moore. Songs like "'Tis the Last Rose of Summer" made Moore the most popular songwriter in the English-speaking world before Foster.

We Are Coming, Father Abraham, 300,000 More is the first song in this program for which Foster did not write the words as well as the music. James Sloane Gibbons' poem answering Abraham Lincoln's call for additional Union volunteers inspired many settings. By 1862, when this song was published, Foster's popularity had long since peaked, and his version was far less successful than Luther O. Emerson's, perhaps because it was not arranged for a lively baroque ensemble.

Linger in Blissful Repose (1858) is as Italian as "*Ah! May the Red Rose Live Always!*" is Irish. Foster originally published this bel canto lullaby in 1854 as a wordless instrumental entitled "*Irene*".

Santa Anna's Retreat from Buena Vista (1848) was the first instrumental piece Foster ever published. The quickstep celebrated and American victory in the war with Mexico, in which one of Foster's older brothers fought.

Farewell Mother Dear is by far the most obscure selection on this program. Indeed, before Jeffrey Dooley exhumed it, I'd never heard a performance or recording of this poignant song that appeared in 1861. An expression of everlasting mother love, it reverses the roles and sequence of events in Foster's own life. Foster's mother died six years earlier, but this song suggests that she was still very much alive in her son's forlorn imagination, and Leah Nelson's baroque violin evokes her ghostly presence.

In early drafts *Jennie with the Light Brown Hair* (1854) was "*Jennie with the Light Brown Hair*". Jennie was Foster's nickname for his wife, eliding Jane Denny McDowell, and he may have written this song while they were separated. In the initial draft, Jennie was not just absent but unequivocally dead. Uncharacteristic daggerlike downstrokes in Foster's handwriting suggest that he was stabbing her corpse or driving nails into her coffin. By the song's final version,

he had gone from wishing Jennie were dead to wishing they were reunited. His second wish came true when she joined him in Hoboken.

Foster betrays his irritation at the Civil War in the querulous *That's What's the Matter* (1862). The times were indeed too sad for the mirth and too rough for the rhymes that had made Foster famous. An additional source of frustration was Foster's identification with the Democrats rather than Lincoln's Republican Party. Foster's family members were active Democrats, and one of his had married the brother of James Buchanan, the Democratic president whom Lincoln succeeded.

Hard Times Come Again No More was not a big hit when Foster published it in 1854, but unquestionably it has been his most popular song in the 1990's, recorded by, among others the McGarrigle Sisters, Emmylou Harris, Thomas Hampton, Bob Dylan and Willie Nelson. Mare Winningham sang a folk-rock rendition at the beginning of the film "Georgia" and Jennifer Jason Leigh performed a punk-grunge version at its end. The novelist Peter Quinn has rightly called this song the 19th century's "Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?" When Jeffrey Dooley sang it as an encore at a recital of baroque songs, the audience's enthusiastic response inspired him to delve more deeply into Foster's music and record this all-Foster program.

The Irish poet Denis MacCarthy provided the lyrics for Foster's early (1849) but eloquent *Summer Longings*.

I'm Nothing but a Plain Old Soldier (1863) invokes George Washington in order to rebuke Abraham Lincoln, grumping at Lincoln's inability to settle on a single military commander in the field.

Today we tend to think of *My Old Kentucky Home, Good-Night!* (1853) as a celebration of life on the old plantation, of cavalier gentry and their ladies in crinolines. The Yale Glee Club, protesting that the song was racist, refused to sing it at a 1996 concert. But in fact the song was inspired by Harriet Beecher Stowe's abolitionist novel, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and Frederick Douglass praised the song because it "awaken(s) the sympathies for the slave, in which antislavery principles take root and flourish." The baroque instrumental arrangement is especially ingenious here, substituting for the vocal harmonies that Foster composed for his eloquent chorus.

- Ken Emerson

KEN EMERSON

Ken Emerson, a former editor of *The New York Times Magazine* and op-ed editor of *New York Newsday*, has written about popular music for thirty

years. He is the author of Doo-dah!: Stephen Foster and the Rise of American Popular Culture (Da Capo Press). His critically acclaimed Foster biography is available at fine bookstores, online at Amazon.com, or directly from Da Capo Press, 233 Spring Street, New York, NY 10012.

TRACKS AND TIMES (words to the songs begin on page 9)

1. Beautiful Dreamer for voice & piano - 3:22
2. Soirée Polka for piano - 2:15
3. Ah! May the Red Rose Live Always for voice & piano (or orchestra) - 6:51
4. We Are Coming, Father Abraham for voice & piano - 3:21
5. Linger in Blissful Repose for voice & piano - 4:00
6. Santa Anna's Retreat - 2:01
7. Farewell! Mother Dear I Go - 4:11
8. Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair for voice & piano - 5:15
9. That's What's the Matter for voice & piano - 3:41
10. Hard Times Come Again No More for voice & piano - 6:52
11. Summer Longings for voice & piano - 5:33
12. I'm Nothing But a Plain Old Soldier - 3:47
13. My Old Kentucky Home, for voice & piano - 7:12

PERFORMER'S NOTE

The idea for this project was inspired by a recital which Kathryn Cok and I gave in the summer of 1996 in New York at which we performed Stephen Foster's "Hard Times Come Again No More" as an encore. This has always been one of my favorite songs, and I was very moved by the enthusiastic response of the audience. Nick Fritsch, Tony Cok, Kathryn and I discussed the possibility of making a recording of Foster's songs, and the happy result of that conversation has now become a reality.

Writers are often encouraged to "write what you know" in order to bring a sense of clarity and authenticity to their work, and the same concept can be applied to musical interpretation. This is the strategy which I and my colleagues, being veterans in 17th and 18th century performance practice, have followed in adapting baroque techniques to Stephen Foster's music. As a countertenor, I have found his songs to be eminently suited to this voice with their splendidly crafted melodies and effective settings of the poetry qualities which are inherent in the lute songs of John Dowland, Handel arias and Purcell's airs.

Countertenors today can be heard in an increasingly expanded variety of venues from the medieval lied to 20th century operas and even musical theater. So perhaps it is not surprising after all that Stephen Foster's lovely songs may become a source of exploration for

the male alto. Certainly, the repertory of any singer should be based primarily on personal choice in the spirit of exploration.

- JEFFREY DOOLEY 12/13/98

PRODUCER BIOGRAPHY

"Dear Friends and Gentle Hearts" represents the first of a number of projects which John Ostendorf is producing for the Lyrichord Early Music Series. Following a distinguished career as a bass-baritone in which he appeared with every major U.S. orchestra and most opera companies here and in Europe, Ostendorf has in recent years turned to record (CD) producing, with a specialty in early music vocal literature. He has produced numerous highly acclaimed recordings for Dorian, Newport Classics, Vox and Albany as well as other labels. His musical association with Jeffrey Dooley spans more than two happy decades.

BIOGRAPHIES OF THE MUSICIANS

Countertenor Jeffrey Dooley maintains a highly successful career in the countertenor repertory of the Renaissance, Baroque and Classical periods, with a specialty in the works of Purcell and Handel. His appearances in many concerts, recitals and festivals have included the Norddeutscher and Rundfunk (Berlin), Basically Bach (Lincoln Center), Berkeley Early Music Festival, Madeira Bach Festival (Portugal), Clarion Opera Society (Venice), Amor Artis (Switzerland) and Stour Music Festival (England).

A Native of Milwaukee, JEFFREY DOOLEY attended the Wisconsin Conservatory (B.M.) and subsequently apprenticed in England with the renowned British countertenors Alfred and Mark Deller.

Several of Jeffrey's recordings have been groundbreaking: Henry Purcell's "Airs and Duets" with tenor Howard Crook (recently rereleased on The Lyrichord Early Music Series, LEMS 8024) was the first recording of Purcell songs by an American singer since Russell Oberlin's in the 1960's; Joshua Rifkin's historic and controversial recording of Bach's "Mass in B Minor" (Nonesuch) - a Gramophone Record of the Year for 1983 - was the first to utilize the soloists for the choruses (one singer to a part) as well as the arias; and, once more, Jeffrey Dooley explores new territory by becoming not only the first countertenor to record the songs of Stephen Foster, but also the first to present them from a Baroque perspective.

Harpsichordist KATHRYN COK has been heard throughout the eastern United States and the Netherlands as a soloist and chamber musician. She has performed at the Holland Early Music Festival in Utrecht, the Boston Early Music Festival and the Amherst Early Music Festival. Ms. Cok

has worked under such noted conductors as Monica Huggett, Philippe Herreweghe, Sigiswald Kuijken and William Christie. A native of New York, Ms. Cok graduated from the Manhattan School of Music, where she studied with Louis Bagger. She currently resides in the Netherlands, where she is completing a postgraduate degree at the Royal Conservatory in The Hague. After two years with Jacques Ogg, she is now studying with Ton Koopman and Tini Mathot.

LEAH NELSON, violin, has established herself as a dedicated artist in the field of historically informed performance practice specializing in 17th century and 18th century repertory. A founding member of the ensemble Louis Louis, Ms. Nelson is a familiar performer to audiences in New York and along the East Coast, appearing frequently with the Mannes Camerata, Clarion Music Society, The Boston Camerata, the Orchestra of the Old Fairfield Academy and The Smithsonian Chamber Orchestra. She has also worked with Musica Angelica Baroque Orchestra in Los Angeles, the Opera Theatre Company of Dublin and the Brooklyn Academy of Music Baroque Orchestra, and has recorded for Vox and Lyrichord. A native Texan raised in Minnesota, she earned her Bachelor of Music degree in Violin Performance at Chicago Musical College (Roosevelt University) and Master of Music from Mannes College of Music in New York, where she is a member of the faculty.

JOHN DeLUCIA, recorderist and specialist in early music and baroque performance practice, has toured Europe and completed virtuoso recorder programs in the Netherlands and Italy. He is presently Music Director of the New York Recorder Guild and is constantly in demand for recorder workshops, seminars and festivals throughout the U.S. Frequently a guest artist with chamber ensembles, he has collaborated often with Jeffrey Dooley.

DAVID DIXON studied horn in Mannheim, Germany and performed in various German chamber groups, most notably with the Heidelberg Chamber Orchestra. Now also a recorderist, he resides in eastern Long Island where he performs with the Sound Symphony and the Paumanok Winds Chamber Quintet, as well as a number of early music ensembles in New York City and Long Island.

PAULA RAND performs on recorders, dulcian and baroque classical bassoons. She has appeared with the Grande Bande, The Mannes Camerata, the Bel Canto Opera Company and the New York City Ballet. She performs and has recorded with the American Virtuosi and with ARTEK.

Cellist CHRISTINE GUMMERE has been performing in New York since 1978. She plays a wide variety of styles including classical baroque on

period instruments, American and European 20th century orchestral music and swing.

PATRICIA ANN NEELY is a member of The Publick Musick Rochester's Baroque Orchestra and NYS Baroque. She has also appeared with New York's Ensemble for Early Music and its Grande Bande, ARTEk, The Boston Camerata, The Folger Consort, Glimmerglass Opera, The New York Consort of Viols, the Rheinischen Kantorei, Koln, the Philadelphia Classical Symphony, the Smithsonian Chamber Players and its Orchestra and the Waverly Consort. For several years, she was a member of the Cologne-based medieval ensemble Sequentia. Ms. Neely has been co-director for the Mannes Camerata's production of Hildegard von Bingen's *Ondo virtutum*. She has recorded for Deutsche Harmonia Mundi, Erato and Lyrichord and is on the faculty of Mannes College of Music and the Brearley School.

Percussionist RANDY CRAFTON merges his background in Western classical music with studies of non-western percussion and music from around the world. Randy has been percussionist for the Albany Symphony Orchestra and has performed and recorded with Glen Velez, Steve Gorn, Howard Levy, Liz Knowles and David Amram. Recording and producing credits include the Classical Music Inc., Newport Classics, Interworld Music, Earwig Music, Alfamusic, CMP and Lyrichord labels. Mr. Crafton's extensive studies with Glen Velez make him a leading proponent of the frame drum.

LYRICS TO THE SONGS

1. Beautiful Dreamer

Beautiful dreamer, wake unto me,
Starlight and dewdrops are waiting for thee,
Sounds of the rude world heard in the day,
Lull'd by the moonlight have all pass'd away!
Beautiful dreamer, queen of my song,
List while I woo thee with soft melody;
Gone are the cares of life's busy throng,
Beautiful dreamer, awake unto me!

Beautiful dreamer, out on the sea,
Mermaids are chanting the wild lorelie;
Over the streamlet vapors are borne,
Waiting to fade at the bright coming morn,
Beautiful dreamer, beam on my heart,
E'en as the morn on the streamlet and sea;
Then will all clouds of sorrow depart,
Beautiful dreamer, awake unto me!

3.) Ah! May the Red Rose Live Always!

Ah! may the red rose live alway,
To smile upon earth and sky!
Why should the beautiful ever weep!
Why should the beautiful ever die?
Lending a charm to every ray
That falls on her cheeks of light,
Giving the zephyr kiss for kiss,
And nursing the dewdrop bright,
Ah! may the red ros live alway,
To smile upon earth and sky!
Why should the beautiful ever weep?
Why should the beautiful ever die?

Long may the daisies dance the field,
Frolicking far and near!
Why should the innocent hide their heads?
Why should the innocent fear?
Spreading their petals in mute delight
When morning in its radiance breaks,
Keeping a floral festival
Till the night-loving primrose wakes,
Long may the daisies dance the field
Frolicking far and near!
Why should the innocent hide their heads?
Why should the innocent fear?

Lulled be the dirge in the cypress bow,
That tells of departed flowers!
Ah! that the butterfly's gilded wing
Fluttered in evergreen bowers!
Sad is my heart for the blighted plants
Its pleasures are aye as brief-
They bloom at the young year's joyful call,
And fade with the autumn leaf;
Ah! may the red rose live alway,
To smile upon earth and sky!
Why should the beautiful ever weep?
why should the beautiful die?

4.) We Are Coming Father Abraham, 300,000 More
We are coming, Father Abraham,
three-hundred-thousand more,
From Mississippi's winding stream
and from New England's shore;
We leave our plows and workshops,

our wives and children dear,
With hearts too full for utterance,
with but a silent tear;
We dare not look behind us
but steadfastly before,
We are coming, Father Abraham,
three-hundred-thousand more

Chorus:

We are coming, coming our union to restore
We are coming, Father Abraham,
with three-hundred-thousand more

If you look across the hilltops
that meet the northern sky,
Long moving lines of rising dust
your vision may descry;
And now the wind an instant
tears the cloudy veil aside,
And floats aloft our spangled flag
in glory and in pride;
And bayonets in the sunlight gleam,
and bands brave music pour,
We are coming, Father Abraham,
three-hundred-thousand more

Chorus:

If you look up all our valleys,
where the growing harvests shine,
You may see our sturdy farmer boys
fast forming into line;
And children from their mothers' knees
are pulling at the weeds,
And learning how to reap and sow,
against their country's needs;
And a farewell group stands weeping
at every cottage door,
We are coming, Father Abraham,
three-hundred-thousand more

Chorus:

You have called us and we're coming
by Richmond's bloody tide,
To lay us down for freedoms sake,
our brother's bones beside;
Or from foul treason's savage group
to wrench the murd'rous blade,

And in the face of foreign foes
it's fragments to parade;
Six-hundred-thousand loyal men
and true have gone before,
We are coming, Father Abraham,
three-hundred-thousand more

5.) Linger in Blissful Repose
Linger in blissful repose,
Free from all sorrowing care, love,
While round the melody flows,
Wafted on pinions of air, love,
Let not thy visions depart,
Lured by the stars that are beaming,
Music will flow from my heart
While thy sweet spirit is dreaming.
Dreaming, dreaming, unfettered by the day,
In melody I'll breathe my soul away.

Softly the night winds are heard,
Sighing o'er mountain and dale, love,
Gently the vapors are stirred
Down in the shadowy vale, love,
While o'er the dew-covered plain
Starlight in silence is gleaming,
Lightly I'll breathe a refrain
Round the young heart that is dreaming
Dreaming, dreaming, unfettered by the day,
In melody I'll breathe my soul away.

7.) Farewell! Mother Dear I Go
Farewell! Mother Dear I Go.
Where loved ones never can be parted
We will meet again I know;
be not weeping and down hearted

Last night I dreamed of thee
Saying pleasant things to me;
Still again those vigils keep
While I lay me gently down to sleep.
Oh! Farewell! Mother Dear I Go.
Where loved ones never can be parted
We will meet again I know;
Be not weeping and down hearted.

Weep not Mother dear for me
When I'm laid underneath the willow;
I'll keep guard upon my soul;
Thou hast guarded o'er my pillow.
Far in a radiant land
I will join a sister band
They are singing a sweet refrain
I am called: Farewell! We meet again!
Oh! Farewell! Mother Dear I Go.
Where loved ones never can be parted
We will meet again I know;
Be not weeping and down hearted.

8.) Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair
I dream of Jeanie with the light brown hair,
Borne, like a vapor, on the summer air;
I see her tripping where the light streams play,
Happy as the daisies that dance on her way.
Many were the wild notes
her merry voice would pour,
Many were the blithe birds
that warbled them o'er:
Oh! I dream of Jeanie with the light brown hair,
Floating like a vapor, on the soft summer air.

I long for Jeanie with the day dawn smile,
Radiant in gladness, warm with winning guile;
I hear her melodies, like joys gone by,
Sighing 'round my heart o'er the fond hopes that die;
Sighing like the night wind
and sobbing like the rain,
Wailing for the lost one that comes not again:
Oh! I long for Jeanie, and my heart bows low,
Never more to find her where the bright waters flow.

I sigh for Jeanie, but her light form strayed
Far from the fond hearts round her native glade;
Her smiles have vanished and her sweet songs flown,
Flitting like the dreams that have cheered us and gone,
Now the nodding wildflow'rs may wither on the shore,
While her gentle fingers will cull them no more:
Oh! I sigh for Jeanie with the light brown hair,
Floating like a vapor on the soft summer air.

9.) That's What's the Matter
We live in hard and stirring times,

Too sad for mirth, too rough for rhymes;
For songs of peace have lost their chimes,
And that's what's the matter!
The men we held as brothers true,
Have turned into a rebel crew;
So now we have to put them throo;
And that's what's the matter!

Chorus:
That's what's the matter,
The rebels have to scatter;
We'll make them flee By land and sea,
And that's what's the matter

h! yes, we thought our neighbors true,
Indulged them as their mothers do;
They stormed our bright Red, White and Blue,
And that's what's the matter!
We'll never give up what we gain,
For now we know we must maintain
Our Laws and Rights with might and main;
And that's what's the matter!

Chorus:
The rebels thought we would divide,
And democrats would take their side;
They would let the Union slide,
And that's what's the matter!
But, when the war had once begun,
All party feeling soon was gone;
We joined as brothers, everyone!
And that's what's the matter!

Chorus:
The Merrimac with heavy sway,
Had made our Fleet an easy prey.
The Monitor got in the way,
And that's what's the matter!
So health to Captain Ericson,
I cannot tell all he has done.
I'd never stop when once begun,
And that's what's the matter!

Chorus:
We've heard of General Beauregard.
And thought he'd fight us long and hard:

But he has played out his last card,
And that's what's the matter!
So what's the use to fret and pout,
We soon will hear the people shout,
Secession dodge is all played out!
And that's what's the matter!

Chorus:

10.) Hard Times Come Again No More
Let us pause in life's pleasure and count it's many tears,
While we all sup sorrow with the poor:
There's a song that will linger forever in our ears;
Oh! Hard Times, come again no more.

Chorus:

'Tis the song, the sigh of the weary:
Hard Times, Hard Times, come again not more.
Many days you have lingerd around my cabin door;
Oh! Hard Times, come again not more.

While we seek mirth and beauty,
and music light and gay,
There are frail forms fainting at the door;
Though their voices are silent,
their pleading looks will say,
Oh! Hard Times, come again no more.

Chorus:

There's a pale drooping maiden
who toils her life away,
With a worn heart whose better days are o'er:
Though her voice would be merry,
'tis sighing all the day,
Oh! Hard Times, come again no more.

Chorus:

"tis a sigh that is wafted
across the troubled wave,
'Tis a wail that is heard upon the shore,
'Tis a dirge that is murmured
around the lowly grave,
Oh! Hard Times, come again no more.

11.) Summer Longings
(Denis Florence MacCarthy)
Ah! my heart is weary waiting,

Waiting for May.
Waiting for the pleasant rambles,
Where the fragrant hawthorne brambles,
With the woodbine alternating,
Scent the dewy way.
Ah! my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May.

Ah! my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May.
Longing to escape from study,
To the young face fair and ruddy,
And the thousand charms belonging
To the summer's day.
Ah! my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May.

Ah! my heart is sore with sighing
Sighing for the May.
Sighing for their sure returning
When the summer beams are burning
Hopes and flower's that dead or dying
All the winter lay.
Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the May

Ah! my heart is pained and throbbing,
Throbbing for the May.
Throbbing for the sea-side billows,
Or the water-weary willows.
Where in laughing and in sobbing
Glide the streams away.
Ah! my heart is pained and throbbing,
Throbbing for the May.

Waiting sad, dejected, weary,
Waiting for the May
Spring goes by with wasted warnings,
Moonlight evenings, sunbright mornings,
Summer comes, yet dark and dreary
Life still ebbs away.
man is ever weary, weary,
Waiting for the May.

12.) I'm Nothing but a Plain Old Soldier
I'm nothing but a plain old soldier,
An old revolutionary soldier,
But I've handled a gun
Where noble deeds were done,
For the name of my commander
was George Washington.
My home and my country to me were dear,
And I fought for both when the foe came near,
But now I will meet with a slight or sneer
For I'm nothing but a plain old soldier.

Chorus:
Nothing but a plain old soldier,
An old revolutionary soldier,
But I've handled a gun
Where noble deeds were done,
For the name of my commander
was George Washington.

The friends I loved the best have departed,
The days of my early joys have gone,
And the voices once dear
And familiar to my ear,
Have faded from the scenes
of the earth one by one,
The tomb and the battle have laid them low,
And they roam no more where the bright streams flow,
I'm longing to join them and soon must go,
For I'm nothing but a plain old soldier.

Chorus:
Again the battle song is resounding,
And who'll bring the trouble to and end?
The union will pout and Secession ever shout,
But none can tell us now which will yield or bend,
You've had many Generals from over the land
You've tried one by one and you're still at a stand,
But when I took the field we had one in command,
Yet I'm nothing but a plain old soldier.

13.) My Old Kentucky Home, Good Night
The sun shines bright
in the old Kentucky home,
'Tis summer, the darkies are gay,
The corntop's ripe

and the meadow's in the bloom,
While the birds make music all the day.

The young folks roll
on the cabin floor,
All merry, all happy and bright:
By 'n by Hard Times
comes a -knocking at the door,
Then my old Kentucky home, good night!

Chorus:
Weep no more, my lady,
Oh! weep no more today!
We will sing one song
for the old kentucky home,
For the old kentucky home far away.

They hunt no more
for the possum and the coon
On the meadow, the hill and the shore,
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,
On the bench by the old cabin door.
The day goes by
like a shadow o'er the heart,
With sorrow where all was delight:
The time has come when the darkies have to part,
Then my old Kentucky home, good night!

Chorus:
The head must bow
and the back will have to bend,
Wherever the darkey may go:
A few more days,
and the trouble all will end
In the field where the sugar canes frow.
A few more days
for to tote the heavy load,
No matter, 'twill never be light,
A few more days 'til we totter on the road,
Then my old Kentucky home, good night!

SPECIAL THANKS TO:

Cooperman Fife and Drum Co., Randy Crafton, John DeLucia, John and
Rowena Doyel, Ken Emerson, Carlyn Guzski, Mary Homan, Sylvia Kahan,
Tom Leander, Leah Nelson and John Ostendorf

INSTRUMENT CREDITS:

Kathryn Cok plays a French double manual built by Eric Herz in 1978, 8'8'4" buff; transposing keyboard from 415 to 440. Brass strung, three pedals (for changing registers), with a cherrywood case. FF-g3 range with an ebony and bone keyboard.

Leah Nelson performs on violins by Sebastian Klotz, Mittenwald 1737 and by Thomas Smith, England, c. 1775.

The recorders John DeLucia performs on are alto (Moeck), after J.H. Rottenburgh, and Sopranino (Yamaha).

David Dixon performs on soprano, alto and tenor recorders (Yamaha), after J.H. Rottenburgh.

Christine Gummere: cello (Lawrence Furse), after Manuagna, 17th century.

Paula Rand, baroque bassoon (Lesley Ross), after Eichentoph, 1720.

Patricia Ann Neely performs on a double bass from Czechoslovakia, c. 1930, based on an original by Antonio Stradivarius, Cremona, 1721.

Randy Crafton performs on a reproduction of Civil War-era rope-snare drum(s) provided by Cooperman Fife and Drum Co., Bellows Falls, VT

PRODUCTION CREDITS:

Produced by John Ostendorf

Recording engineer, Stephen J. Epstein

Executive producer, Nick Fritsch

Mastering engineer, Vivian Stoll

Digitally recorded by John Ostendorf and Stephen J. Epstein at St.

John's in the Village, New York City, August 3, 4 and 5 1998

Additional instrumental parts for tracks 4, 7, 10, 11, 12 & 13

recorded and mixed October and November 1998, by Randy Crafton at Crafty Productions, Jersey City, NJ

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