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WA-WAN SERIES OF AMERICAN COMPOSITIONS

FOLK-SONGS

OF THE

WEST AND SOUTH

NEGRO COWBOY AND SPANISH-CALIFORNIAN

HARMONIZED BY

ARTHUR FARWELL

VOLUME IV [SPRING QUARTER—PART I] No. 27
THE WA-WAN PRESS
NEWTON CENTER, MASSACHUSETTS, 1905

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INTRODUCTION

FOLLOWING a discussion on the technic and technical deficiencies of American composers, and on the attitude of the Wa-Wan Press to technic, generally, in composition, Mr. Edward Burlingame Hill has kindly consented to give us an outline of his point of view, which we take pleasure in printing herewith. "It is better to stir a question without settling it, than to settle a question without stirring it," and no harm will come to any of us by taking measures toward clarifying our own ideas of the relation of technic to musical composition. Mr. Hill writes as follows: —

"During the three years of its existence the Wa-Wan Press has laid stress on two leading tendencies of its policy. First to explore and bring to light those treasures of musical material that exist in native folk-song, whether in the Indian melodies of the West or Southwest, the cow-boy songs or the plantation music of the South; second the necessity for American music to cast off the debilitating influence of European tradition, in so far as it is hamperingly pedantic, if it is to arrive at any emancipated individuality of expression. It is assuredly idle to deny the immediate or the ultimate potency of these beliefs. For those to whom Indian mythology is a reality, and not a mere tissue of the imagination, there can be no finer inspiration than to weave these vital expressions of poetic mood into a substantial woof of artistic value. The problem of arriving at a definitely representative American music is hardly less enthralling, no matter how remote the actuality of its achievement may seem. Any impulse in the direction of aesthetic truth is significant, and any movement that is sincerely planned and acutely directed must bring its lasting contribution to so worthy a cause.

"Important as these two leading principles of the Wa-Wan Press are, and large as the results may become, of which these tenets can prove the productive force, there is another element which cannot be overlooked without serious detriment to the expansiveness and freedom of future American artistic achievements. In its rightful perception of the necessity of employing material which shall be thoroughly characteristic of American conditions, the Wa-Wan Press has seemed virtually to overlook the inmost essence of expression — an elastic and perfectly controlled technique. If the recognition of the function of technique has been actual, though practically subconscious, it has not assumed a definite attitude in the introductions to the issues of the Wa-Wan Press. The exact relation which must exist between technique and expression cannot remain unanalyzed without impairing the tendencies which most concern the vital development of the latter quality. Through the frequent visits of foreign virtuosi whose most patent distinction has too often seemed to consist in a facile and academically schooled technique, and through the introduction in our concert-programs of foreign novelties which are too apt to exhibit technical proficiency at the expense of originality or vitality of expression, it is not surprising that technique should fall into ill-repute. The instinctive verdict is that slavish pursuit of mere technique has killed individuality, and for a moment the criticism seems a just one. Further reflection inevitably brings a corrective in the realization that nothing great has ever been acomplished without the co-operation of a sound and thorough technique. The present weakness in interpretive vitality, and in originality of thought should, it seems, be ascribed to lack of balance between technique and expression, rather than to over-cultivation of the technical side.

Folk-songs of the West and South : Negro cowboy and Spanish Californian/Farwell, Arthur 1872-1952;Haskell, Alice;Gilbert, Henry F. B. (Henry Franklin

"While this hypertrophy of technique (to borrow a metaphor) may exist as a considerable evil to the European musician, it need convey no warning to the American contemporary beyond the ordinary lesson taught by disregard of balance. To leave the instrumentalist out of the question, the American composer does not seem to be in any immediate danger from inadvertently acquiring an excessive technique in composition. The requirements for musical education have been, in the near past, scanty enough; it is only recently that the American student has been enabled to obtain a thorough-going schooling in the materials of his trade. In spite of the progress that has been made, the American composer is more likely to deviate from balance owing to the paucity of his technique rather than on account of feebleness in expression. It would seem that for some time to come that educative conditions and general environment would warrant the assumption that our composers will not suffer from an embarassment of technical facility.

"To approach the consideration of the real relation between technique and expression more closely, the first statement must seem so trite as hardly to justify itself, that to attempt expression with inadequate technique is obviously to invoke defeat. No matter how poignant the intensity of the germ of thought, its exposition alone, not to mention its logical development, must suffer in direct proportion to the extent and nature of the composer's technical weaknesses. It is surely not necessary to adduce such self-evident examples as the poorly equipped architect or bridge-builder to show up the futility of neglecting the absolute mastery of the practical details of one's craft. It would also seem as idle to demonstrate the same need for the American composer to have assimilated the technique of all epochs of musical history, and the accumulated experience of every musical country before he can treat the folk-song of his own country with any surety of effect, or arrive at any vitality of individual expression. There is nothing in the conventions or traditions of the past that need appal the progressive American of to-day. To be sure, there are worthy and unworthy elements in the traditions affecting music as in any art, which demand discrimination on the part of the student, but the American composer, if he do not profit by the artistic legacies of Truth from all ages, will fail as surely as if he were to follow shallow pedantry, or disregard tradition entirely. Tradition in the best sense, sums up the growth of art, and the study of the evolution of technique must remain the logical basis for expression today.

"Neglect of technique leads to another fallacy, namely, that concentration on expression leads to fuller powers in that direction. As a matter of fact the opposite is the case. If there be no substantial foundation of technique to rest upon, expression tends to become self-limited. Lack of technique distracts the composer from his primal object — expression. At the very time when technique should be offering the helping hand to expression, it must perforce restrain him in order to solve its own difficulties. What promised to become individuality must rest content, for lack of technical freedom, with achieving a decent idiosyncrasy. It is only by means of a judicious division of attention between technique and expression that the American composer can come into his own. Their interdependence and mutual support must be a foregone conclusion. The study of technique in the proper way, and with just perception of its function will broaden and ennoble the powers of expression; a clear appreciation of truth of expression as the final test of music will refine the study of technique and reclaim it from mere base acquisition of a sterile facility."

We are glad that Mr. Hill has called our especial attention to this matter. It is with a sincere desire to understand the term technic in its broadest application that we must approach the subject if we are not to be misled by any of its more re-

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stricted meanings. It is not to melody, harmony, counterpoint, the possibilities of rhythm or of form, in themselves, that we must look, but to an individual, appropriate and complete expression of any given idea, independent of an equally complete expression of all other ideas. It is not as an external thing, ever ready to be annexed to each idea as it appears, that we should regard technic, but as a part of a perfect organism consisting of an idea and its ultimate expression. It is as a fundamental principle that technic comes before us now, and the principle once established, each worker must carry out the details of its practice for himself. That is the prerogative of indivuality. But while self-development is the open road for the composer, *noblesse oblige* here as well as elsewhere, and self-development implies growth toward always greater truth and good, toward all beauty. The artist is one who is called; but failing this implication in his art, he is as certain not to be chosen as one who persists in evil is certain to degenerate. Lying, of course, is permitted to art, else what would become of the cherished beauty of myth and fairy-tale? But the particular lie having been decided upon, and its desirability established, its expression must be unflinchingly true to all that is good and true in art. Your giant must tread like a giant, and there must be no mistaking your thunder god for a child's rattle. And your true witch must not be caught in the third act without her broomstick and book of magic, unless the truthful expression of the lie demand it. Everything must convince. That is technic. If the artist would express the west, he must convince you that he is expressing the west; else he has failed, except in the event of your not being open to conviction. If he would express a dream-world of the imagination, it should be incapable of being mistaken for a labyrinth of the intellect. You should be not only interested, you should be transported. Given the conception, it is desire and will that sets the artist to work, but it is technic that enables him to realize that conception with authority and conviction in an art-form.

> "What hand and brain went ever paired?
> What heart alike conceived and dared?
> What act proved all its thought had been?
> What will but felt the fleshly screen?"

With technic and no ideas our work is but a barren waste. With ideas and no technic we are dreamers, or what work we accomplish is fatally vague. I knew of a peasant woman who had wonderful dreams, but could not express them. She had a son, however, who also had wonderful dreams, but he went the way of art, developing his technic to the point where he could adequately express them, and is now one of the foremost painters of Germany. This involves a point too often overlooked, that power and vividness of conception *compel* the development of adequate technic in the artist. The artist with a truly great and clear conception can brook no cessation of effort till he has found adequate expression for it, and that demands a sufficient technic. When we imagine we descry bad technic, it may be possible that the conception itself was imperfect or vague or weak, and that no degree of technic could have made of it anything but the half-formed or misshapen thing which it was at its inception in the mind. I do not see any use in acquiring a technic beyond the conceptive power. If we cannot think of a thing to do, what is the use of trying to learn how to do it? If our thought is little, demanding but slight expansion, it is a grevious sin against truth in art to spin it out beyond its intrinsic significance by recourse to technical knowledge, or to overburden it with refinements of which it is primarily unworthy. And if our thought is great, nothing can hinder us if we are determined to develop a technic adequate to it. Of course every composer should acquire as early as possible a thorough general working-knowledge of harmony, counterpoint and form. But even this gives no scope for the development of a notable individuality unless the composer

Folk-songs of the West and South : Negro cowboy and Spanish Californian/Farwell, Arthur 1872-1952;Haskell, Alice;Gilbert, Henry F. B. (Henry Franklin

have an intuitive perception of the possible immediate and future developments of these elements of technic. This perception cannot be taught, and without it there can be no individuality of expression. The great individuals in musical composition have always developed a technical working-knowledge peculiar to themselves and far beyond the general technical knowledge of their contemporaries. The acquisition of this surpassing technic was not the cause, but the result of their greatness; merely, they had great thoughts, which could not be put down without acquiring great and appropriate technic. But here again, while our composers should be informed in regard to such developments, they cannot attain individuality of expression by grafting upon themselves a technical system invented to be appropriate to another individual. The chief value of such knowledge is that another individual may have made the discovery of some universal principle which should become common knowledge as rapidly as possible.

By all means, let us demand that our composers gain a thorough general knowledge of technic to begin with, so that any ordinary musical conception may be fitly carried out in expression. This is a step to a higher stage. As to extraordinary conceptions, I believe that we do not have to bother about them, for the possessor of them is driven to the desired goal by an irresistible Need of their perfect expression. With a great artist this is a matter between himself and his God.

But while rightfully demanding an adequate technic on the part of the American composer, let us not forget to point out to him the greatness of the themes with which we are surrounded in American life, themes which if entertained by the ordinary artist, would exalt his own conception of his art and its possibilities and which might prove the means of his raising himself to a higher power. Given this desire to express larger ideas, and ideas appropriate to the needs of our time, he will not be long in discovering that he must emerge from his earlier technical system as a moth from the cocoon, and fly where before he crawled.

This issue of the Wa-Wan Press is devoted to a number of lyrical developments, instrumental and vocal, of American folk-songs. They are for the most part too self-explanatory to require comment, except the Bird Dance Song, the meaning of which is still a mystery to myself, but which can perhaps be cleared up at a later date. It is particularly desired to point out, however, that the Bird Dance Song in question, the two Spanish-American folk-songs, and the melody from which the Navajo War Dance was constructed, are from the collection of the Southwest Society of the Archaeological Institute of America, and were obtained and recorded by Mr. Chas. F. Lummis. The Spanish-American songs are from the forthcoming report of the society, in the preparation of which I helped last summer in Los Angeles. All who are interested in these examples, chosen at random, should make it a point to follow up the work of the society which under Mr. Lummis' able direction is "catching archaeology alive" at a remarkable rate.

"The Lone Prairee" is perhaps the first cowboy folk-song to be printed, both words and music, though this fact has not yet been definitely ascertained.

ARTHUR FARWELL.

Newton Center, April, 1905.

Folk-songs of the West and South : Negro cowboy and Spanish Californian/Farwell, Arthur 1872-1952;Haskell, Alice;Gilbert, Henry F. B. (Henry Franklin

TWO NEGRO SPIRITUALS.

The pure negro "spiritual" is not found where the negro lives in contact with whites. The origin of the melodies is unknown, but the words are often improvised anew at the religious meetings where the spirituals are sung. The two following specimens are from the islands off the South Carolina coast, where the negroes do not see a white man oftener than once a month. In each case the editor has, on principle, derived the harmony from a consideration of the dramatic or poetic content, and not from the harmony book.

DE ROCKS A-RENDERIN.'

Negro "spiritual" recorded by
ALICE HASKELL.

Harmonized by
ARTHUR FARWELL.

Broadly, impressively.

When yo' see de rocks a-ren-der-in,' In dat day, In dat day,
When yo' see de moon a-bleed - in,' In dat day, In dat day,
When yo' hear de trump a-call - in,' In dat day, In dat day,

1. 2. 3. O sin - nah, Why will yo' die in dat day?

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MOANIN' DOVE.

Negro "spiritual" recorded by
ALICE HASKELL.

Harmonized by
ARTHUR FARWELL

Andante. ♩ = 50

ingenuously, crooning

softly and dreamily throughout

pp molto legato

Some-times I feel like a moan-in' dove,

pp

Some-times I feel like a moan-in' dove, Some-times I feel like a moan-in' dove,

pp

feel like a moan-in' dove, feel like a moan-in' dove.

dim. *ppp* *pp* *pp*

Some-times I feel like a' ea-gle in de air, Some-times I feel like a'
Some-times I feel like a mud-der-less chile, Some-times I feel like a
Some-times I wish I'd a nev-er been born, Some-times I wish I'd a

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ea - gle in de air, Some-times I feel like a' ea - gle in de air,
mud - der - less chile, Some-times I feel like a mud-der-less chile,
nev - er been born, Some-times I wish I'd a nev - er been born,

pp

feel like a' ea - gle in de air, feel like a' ea - gle in de
feel like a mud - der - less chile, feel like a mud - der - less
wish I'd a nev - er been born, wish I'd a nev - er been

dim. *ppp* *pp*

1st and 2nd 3rd

air.
chile.
born.

pp almost inaudibly *ppp*

poco rit.

THE LONE PRAIREE.

Cowboy folk-song
recorded by
HENRY F. GILBERT.

Harmonized by
ARTHUR FARWELL.

With breadth and motion. ♩ = 63

mf

O

sf with abandon

fp R.H. Trem. ad lib. simile

Pedal throughout with changes of harmony.
Only special pedal effects are indicated.

mp

bu-ry me out* on the lone prai-ree, Where the wild coy-o-te will

howl o'er me. In a nar-row grave just 6 by 3, O

Note: Where bass passages occur, R.H. carries tremolo alone.

mf *pp*

maintain rapidity of tremolo

bu-ry me out on the lone prai-ree.

mp *p* *pp* *sf*

* Some versions give *not*.

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mf

And they

fp *f*

bur-ied him there on the lone prai-ree, Where the coy - o-te howls and the

mf *pp*

wind goes free, In his nar-row grave just 6 by 3, And they

mf

molto cresc.

ff

bur-ied him there on the lone prai-ree.

almost inaudible.

mp *p* *pp*

relard the tremolo evenly.

THE HOURS OF GRIEF.

LAS HORAS DE LUTO.

Spanish-American folk song
Recorded by
CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

Harmonized by
ARTHUR FARWELL

Moderately slow, with pathos.

No sa-bes del al-ma las ho-ras de lu-to,
No has vis-to las flo-res al-lá en el es-tí-o,
You know not the soul's wea-ry hours of griev-ing,
O have you not seen how the fair summer flow-ers

mp

No sa-bes que su-fro lo mas por tu a-mor, No sa-bes que au-
Do-blar-se mar-chi-tas al ra-yo del sol An-sian-do las
You know not how worn is my heart with des-pair, You know not by
Droop withered, and fade in the rays of the sun, And yearn for the

men-tas mi-nu-to á mi-nu-to Mi a-mar-go si-len-cio, mi ne-gro do-
per-las del nue-vo ro-cí-o Sus ho-jas ya se-cas per-di-do el co-
day and by night you are weav-ing The spell of dark grief that in si-lence I
pearls of the fresh-en-ing show-ers, Their pet-als a-thirst and their beau-ty un-

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lor. Tu no com - pren - des mi fre - net - i - co due - lo
lor. Di-cen que los muer - tos re - po - san en cal - ma,
bear. The grief that tor - ments me doth leave you un - feel - ing,
done? They say that death's chil - dren sleep calm - ly for - ev - er,

p

Tu no has com-pren - di - do mi tris - te can - ción Por e - so me
Que no hay su - fri - mien - tos en e - sa man - sión Si el cuer - po
You hear not the plead - ing of love's mel - o - dy, O canst thou for -
That none in that man - sion in sor - row re - pine The bo - dy may

p *rit.*

nie - gas la di - cha y con - sue - lo A - ma - me oh! bien mi - o,
mue - re, ja - más mue - re el al - ma Y e - sa es la que te a - ma
ev - er de - ny me love's heal - ing? O love me, be - lov - ed,
die, but the soul di - eth nev - er, And 'tis my soul's pas - sion,

p un poco lento *pp* *poco cresc.* *mp*

cual te a - mo yo.
con cie - ga pa - sión.
as I love thee.
my love, is thine.

2nd time.

p *dim.* *pp*

THE BLACK FACE.

LA CARA NEGRA.

Spanish-American folk song
Recorded by
CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

Harmonized by
ARTHUR FARWELL.

Lightly but with feeling.

Aun-que ten - go la ca - ra ne - gra, Y no ha - blo co-mo un se-
pe - nas el dia a - ma - ne - ce, Tu ca - ra la ten - go a -
Though so black is the face you gaze on, Though the speech that I speak is
scarce-ly the day is break-ing When it seems that your face I

p *legg.*

ñor, Aun-que yo no te di - ga na - da, Con el al - ma te a - do - ro
qui; Yo no sé lo que mi al - ma sien - te, Pe - ro di - cen que es por
rude, Though, a - las, noth-ing fine I tell you I a - dore you with all my
see, And what ails me I know no lon - ger But they say 'tis for you I

yo. Yo soy tan ne - gro co - mo el a - za -
tí. Me que - mo, me a - bra - so, me mue - ro de
soul. I am as black as the jet in the
sigh. I burn with a fe - ver, I die of the

mf p molto grazioso

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ba - che, Tu e - res tan blan - ca co - mo la luz, Por
fri - o, No co - mo ni duer - mo por il - lus ion;
quar - ry And you are as white as the morn - ing light, For
cold, For my dreams I can eat, I can sleep no more,

subito dim. *pp* *p*

e - so me des - es - pe - ro, Por e - so llo - ro si me ves
Con - cha, Con - cha del al - ma, Di - me que me a - mas, da - me tu a -
that I des - pair, for that I must weep when - ev - er you look on
Con - cha, my Con - cha, Soul of my soul, Ah, tell me your love is

tú. Yo soy tan ne - gro co - mo el a - za -
mor. Me que - mo, me a - bra so, me mue - ro de
me. I am as black as the jet in the
mine. I burn with a fe - ver, I die of the

mp

Folk-songs of the West and South : Negro cowboy and Spanish Californian/Farwell, Arthur 1872-1952;Haskell, Alice;Gilbert, Henry F. B. (Henry Franklin

ba - che, Tu e - res tan blan - ca co - mo la luz, Por
fri - o, No co - mo ni duer - mo por il - lus - ión;
quar - ry And you are as white as the morn - ing light, For
cold, For my dreams I can eat, I can sleep no more,

dim.

e - so me des - es - pe - ro, Por e - so llo - ro si me ves
Con - cha, Con - cha del al - ma, Di - me que me a - mas, da - me tu a -
that I des - pair, for that I must weep When - ev - er you look on
Con - cha, my Con - cha, Soul of my soul, Ah, tell me your love is

1. 2.

tu. A -
mor.
me. Ah,
mine.

p *dim.* *poco rit.* *pp*

Image 18 of 19

BIRD DANCE SONG.

CAHUILLA TRIBE.

Recorded by
CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

Harmonized by
ARTHUR FARWELL.

Moderately, with motion. ♪=

Coo - na loo - na lo co lä-u,* loo - na loo - na lo - co lä-u,

low and tremulous, flute like and in obvious imitation of low weird bird-tones.

pp

legato

Coo - na loo - na lo co† lä-u wi§ dem-a-i-qua to-qua-i-ca lo - co lä-u.

p *mp* *pp*

Coo - na loo - na lo co lä-u, loo - na loo - na lo co lä-u,

p

Coo - na loo - na lo co† lä-u dem-a-i-qua to-qua-i-ca lo - co lä-u.

mp *p*

* Syllabic division not clearly marked.
† A mere quaver of the voice, not a distinct triplet.
§ i like ee.

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