



JOHN
MUEHLEISEN

BUT WHO
SHALL RETURN
US OUR
CHILDREN?

A KIPLING PASSION

ROBERT BODE CONDUCTOR | CHORAL ARTS NORTHWEST

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GOTHIC

BUT WHO SHALL RETURN US OUR CHILDREN? A KIPLING PASSION

CHORAL ARTS NORTHWEST | ROBERT BODE CONDUCTOR | JOHN MUEHLEISEN COMPOSER

COMPACT DISC 1

Prelude

1		P.1 Bugle Calls: <i>Reveille</i>	1:11
2		P.2 Hymn #1: <i>Recessional</i>	3:21

Part One — Family Portrait

3		1.1 Recitative: John's Birth	2:06
4		1.2 Duet: <i>Lullaby for John</i>	2:32
5		1.3 Recitative: John's Destiny – "My attention is at present taken up..."	1:38
6		1.4 Duet: John Grows Up	1:24
7		1.5 Aria: <i>If—</i>	2:01

Part Two — The Gathering Storm

8		2.1 Recitative: August 4, 1914	2:15
9		2.2 Scena: At a recruiting rally – <i>For All We Have and Are – 1914</i>	2:54
10		2.3 Recitative: John's Commission	2:60
11		2.4 Recitative: "...there is nothing else to do."	1:35
12		2.5 Lament #1: "The young men of the world..."	4:15
13		2.6 Aria (Chaconne) + Recitative: Carrie's Farewell – <i>Son</i>	6:42
14		2.7 March #1: <i>The Call</i>	1:30

Part Three — The Battle of Loos

15		3.1 Aria with Chorus: John Kipling's Final Letter: "Just a hurried line..."	4:49
16		3.2 Soldiers' Song #1: <i>Bombed Last Night</i>	2:05
17		3.3 Aria with Chorus: <i>Secret Music</i>	4:26
18		3.4 Soldiers' Song #2: <i>Take Me Back to Dear Old Blighty</i>	1:15
19		3.5 Soldiers' Song #3: <i>Just Before the Battle, Mother</i>	4:54
20		3.6 Chorale #1: Soldier's Dream – "I dreamed kind Jesus fouled the big gun gears..."	1:52
21		3.7 Scena for Chorus + Tenor: The Attack (<i>Over the Top</i>)	3:23
22		3.8 John's Death	0:59
23		3.9 Chorale #2: "The dead men lay on the shell-scarred plain..."	1:31
24		3.10 Interlude: "I knew a simple soldier boy..."	1:40
25		3.11 Soldiers' Song #4: <i>The Old Barbed Wire</i>	1:54

26		3.12 Chorus with Recitative – "They shall not return to us..."	1:46
27		3.13 Choral Recitative: The Telegram	1:16
28		3.14 Reprise: <i>For All We Have and Are</i>	1:30
			Total: 69:55

COMPACT DISC 2

Part Four — Lost & Found

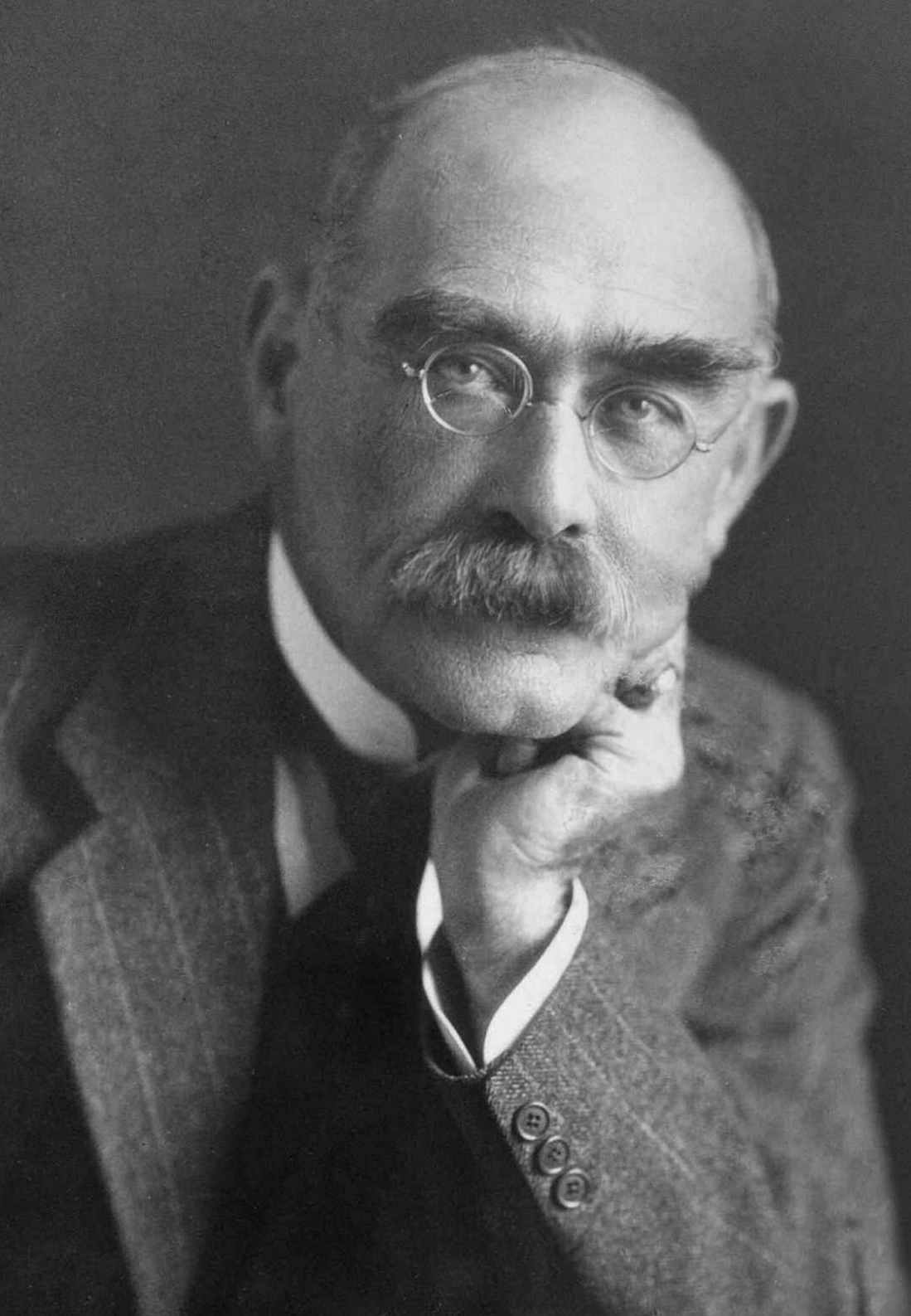
1		4.1 The Search for John Begins (1915)	1:49
2		4.2 Carol and Recitative: <i>A Nativity</i> – "Is it well with the child?"	4:43
3		4.3 The Search for John Continues (1916)	1:05
4		4.4 Chorale #3: <i>Advent, 1916</i> – "I dreamt last night Christ came to earth again..."	2:54
5		4.5 Recitative with Chorus: The Search for John Concludes (1917)	4:47
6		4.6 Soliloquy: <i>The Question</i>	1:13
7		4.7 Duet: <i>Perhaps</i>	4:26

Part Five — Armistice & Aftermath

8		5.1 Recitative with Chorus: The Armistice (November 11, 1918)	3:33
9		5.2 March #2: Return of the Irish Guards	3:11
10		5.3 Hymn #2: <i>Survivors</i>	2:15
11		5.4 Lament #2: <i>The Children</i>	3:09
12		5.5 Interlude: Statistics	1:07
13		5.6 Waltz: <i>Does It Matter?</i>	1:30
14		5.7 Recitative: John Officially Declared Dead (June 10, 1919)	3:03

Part Six — Reconciliation & Remembrance

15		6.1 Lament #3: "All that they had they gave..."	2:39
16		6.2 Recitative: "I have lost what I treasured most..."	0:49
17		6.3 Chorale #4: <i>On Another's Sorrow</i> ("Can I see another's woe?")	2:58
18		6.4 Scena: The Cenotaph (November 11, 1919)	3:53
19		6.5 Aria: Epitaph – "Remember me..."	2:38
20		6.6 Closing Chorus: "I am the grass..."	2:57
21		6.7 Remembrance Tapestry: "We will remember them"	1:36
			Total: 56:21



about the music

“INCIDENTALLY, ARMAGEDDON BEGINS.” Thus wrote Rudyard Kipling when Britain entered the First World War in August 1914. It is impossible to understate the effect that the War had on that nation. More than three-quarters of a million British died, largely in the trenches of Belgium and France. This accounted for fully two percent of the population of Great Britain. Nearly three times as many were wounded, many severely, some from amputations or shellshock—what we now call post-traumatic stress disorder. So many promising young men were slaughtered, and so many of the old regime were now dying or disillusioned. The course of British music, literature, and culture changed dramatically. Kipling demonstrates this shift aptly: he was very much of the old guard, and the death of his son at the Battle of Loos in September 1915 destroyed his world.

The tale of Kipling and his family's wartime woes inspired Seattle-based composer John Muehleisen while researching his *Pietà*, premiered in March 2012 by Choral Arts Northwest, conducted by Robert Bode. *Pietà* included an array of texts on the subject of mothers mourning their children; among the sources were writings of Kipling and his son, John. Yet after that premiere, Muehleisen and Bode knew that they were not done with Kipling yet. As early as January 2013, the composer began collecting source material for a much larger work dealing with the Kipling family and their personal tragedy. The result was *But Who Shall Return Us Our Children?*

By subtitling his oratorio "A Kipling Passion," Muehleisen invites comparisons to Bach, whose

eighteenth-century Passion music—recounting the final days and death of Jesus—remains the gold standard for large-scale choral writing. Muehleisen implicitly likens the suffering of fallen soldiers to that of Christ, a notion that Kipling himself had embraced. As in the Bach Passions, the principal soloists take on roles of specific characters: the father, Rudyard, bass-baritone; mother, Carrie, soprano; and son, John, tenor. Some choral singers emerge with smaller roles such as soldiers and nurses. The full choir often takes the role of Bach's Evangelist, or of a Greek chorus, introducing the action with textual attributions or otherwise moving the story forward. There are also moments of *turba* chorus, when the choir interjects briefly in the role of a crowd. In Bach, the chorus portrays an

angry mob; in Muehleisen, the disillusioned English populace. Most commonly, the chorus functions as an everyman: observing, commenting, and deeply feeling.

The instrumentation also suggests Bach, though modernized. The small orchestra consists of two woodwind players (one on flute, clarinet, and saxophone; the other on oboe and English horn), two brass players (trumpet and trombone), two percussionists, and a standard string quartet plus double bass. The percussion functions like a Baroque continuo, supporting the voices in narrative moments. Muehleisen largely associates the strings with Carrie, the military band of winds and percussion with Rudyard, and the full ensemble with John, as a symbolic merging of his parents. In John Kipling's



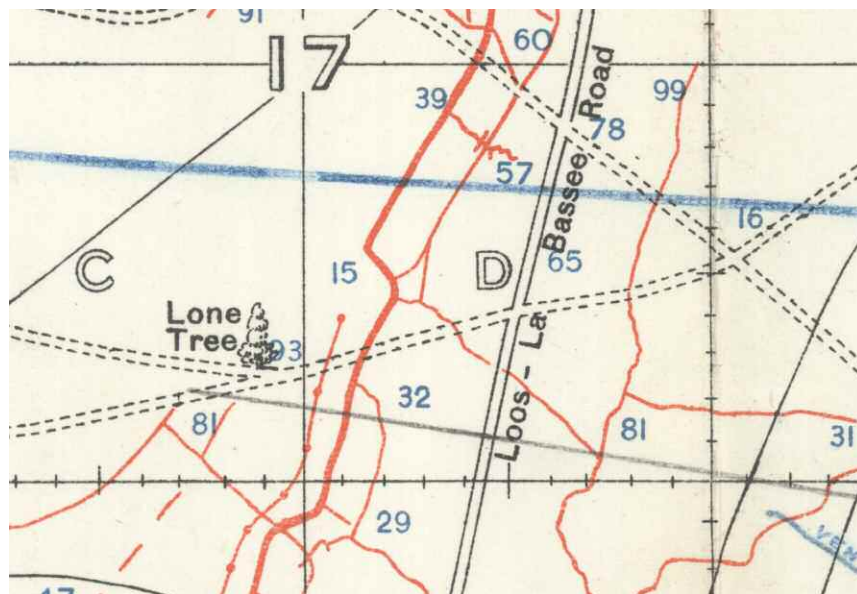
aria that begins Part 3, Muehleisen handles the instruments in a singularly Bach-like manner, scoring for solo voice, two solo winds, and the percussion continuo. Similarly, Carrie's aria "Son", her farewell to John as he heads off to war, is scored essentially for solo oboe and strings, in a modified *da capo* form. Even the oratorio's macro organization nods to Bach: fifty self-contained movements grouped into seven main units.

Those fifty sections use texts from many different sources, most of which are contemporary to the action of the story. Of course the poetry of Kipling is given center stage, including three of his most famous works: *If*—, his kindly advice to a young man entering adulthood, written two years before John's birth; *Recessional*, written for Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee; and selections from *Epitaphs of the War*. Muehleisen presents Kipling's writings in a roughly chronological order; we hear their evolution from simplistic optimism to vehement propaganda to bitter objectivity. Thirteen other English poets of the era appear, including some who served as soldiers (Wilfred Owen, Siegfried Sassoon, Robert Nichols) or as nurses (Vera Brittain, Eva Dobell), plus members of the older generation (Thomas Hardy, Laurence Binyon). Less literary sources include diaries and letters written by Carrie, Rudyard, and John. There are news reports, a telegram, a music-hall song, and a song from the U.S. Civil War. The text of the lullaby that accompanies John's birth was written by Tyler Griffin, a friend of the composer. In the final section, Muehleisen adds historical breadth with texts from the Bible, William Blake, Christina Rossetti, and Carl Sandburg.

The music itself also benefits from several sources. At different moments Muehleisen consciously imitates Anglican chant, Baroque recitative, Elgarian grand melody, and English folksong. He adapts Bach chorale harmonizations, largely from the Pas-

sions, and assigns them to new words, such as a poem by Wilfred Owen. *Abide with me* and other hymn tunes appear. And there are soldiers' songs, military bugle calls, an English church-bell pattern, a Christmas carol, and a funeral march from Handel's oratorio *Saul*. All of these elements comprise more than a *mélange*, as each serves a specific dramatic purpose.

One of the ways Muehleisen links these disparate influences is by a rich collection of original musical motives. For example, one bass ostinato first heard in "Lullaby for John" is later expanded to symbolize



the corruption of innocence. With John's birth we first hear a motive for loss and farewell. This returns at various prominent moments, including John's farewell to his mother: simultaneously a goodbye for John and a loss for Carrie. Another motive represents war. Instrumental elements heard during John's final letter home return at his death. At every moment Muehleisen deftly balances original music with overt borrowings.

The first sounds of the oratorio are a military call to attention and a procession. The text is Kipling's *Recessional*, written two months before

John's birth in 1897, and indicative of the fading away of the British Empire. The soloists are introduced not as their characters, but with lines that reveal their characters' eventual plights. Muehleisen's music here adapts the English hymn tune "Folkingham", with which the poem became affiliated in the *English Hymnal* of 1906. The crucial line is "Lest we forget"—the concept of remembrance is key, presaging the oratorio's final section.

In Part One, we hear a glimpse of life in the Kipling household in the 1890s. John is born. Rudyard's *If*— introduces a persistent, ominous drumbeat that will reappear. Part Two, "The Gathering Storm", leaps us to 1914. War is declared, Rudyard writes jingoistic propaganda and riles the choir—that is, the English people—to a nationalistic frenzy. He helps John gain a military commission, but wonders of the eventual cost of lost lives: "Who dies if England live?". Supported by strings and chimes, Carrie worries about her soldier-son: "We all must [...] live in the shadow of a hope that our boy will be the one to escape." The heart of Muehleisen's storm is the dramatic, dissonant choral lament, "The Young Men of the World", a violent treatment of the "war" motive, which has steadily infected the entire score. Carrie tenderly bids John farewell.

And so we proceed to the front in Part Three, "The Battle of Loos" (pronounced in English like "loss"). In a series of diversely scored numbers, soldiers sing of optimism, nostalgia, bravery, and hope. A quartet flippantly jokes about being bombed, gassed, and shelled in the trenches. At each step, Muehleisen's music and chosen texts gain richer depths. An orchestral churn depicts the soldiers' nervousness and anticipation, and time is suspended for John's inner monologue. Finally the battalion leaps "over the top" of the trench to attack. John is killed almost instantly amid crashing percussion. Matters turn more introspective, beginning with



compassionate consideration of the shellshocked, who, then as now, often suicided. The chorus delivers to the Kiplings a telegram stating that John is “missing, presumed injured” in a cold, bureaucratic, dot-dot-dash recitative. Carrie, Rudyard, and the disgruntled choral populace express disgust at incompetent military leadership.

Carrie and Rudyard struggle to discover if John is missing, captured, or in fact dead. A sequence of letters and diary entries fills the passage of two years. Kipling’s poem *A Nativity* is given its historical context: Jesus’ mother held his crucified corpse, but Carrie and Rudyard had no such consolation. A solo baritone finally delivers the detailed truth, not sung, but with the harsher tones of speech. Amid Carrie’s reaction, the choir paints the scene. Rudyard wonders, without the comfort of music, how to move forward in a new world bought by the slaughtered. Somehow, the couple’s healing begins.

Part Five, “Armistice and Aftermath”, focuses on the survivors’ struggles. The war ends amid the

clanging of church bells, represented by chimes and vibraphone. Carrie’s diary makes it clear, however, that the end of the war is not the end of the story. Amid a Handel march traditionally played at British military funerals, John’s regiment returns home, many physically or mentally maimed. A trio of nurses sings with optimistic naivety of those suffering from shellshock. Rudyard delivers a speech to draw attention to returned soldiers with forgotten but enduring pains. The choir sings what the composer calls “a carefree, sardonic waltz” that signifies “the too-often cavalier attitude of society to the challenges of returning veterans.” We find that questions have pervaded the “Aftermath” poems: “Does it matter?”—“But who shall return us our children?”—“The Spirit of Pity whispered, ‘Why?’”. All questions cease for Carrie and Rudyard, as John is officially, finally, pronounced dead.

“Reconciliation and Remembrance” are the challenges allotted to Part Six. Rudyard, Carrie, and the chorus of English mourners assemble, “grieving—grieving”, at the Cenotaph, a large monument to

the war dead, in the heart of London. The inclusion of Carl Sandburg’s *Grass* adds universality and timelessness to the discussion: we could be considering any war in history. The texts of the final number are typical of those that Kipling penned or chose for gravestones in his capacity as a member of the War Graves Commission. The pervading notion is aloneness: John is alone, then Rudyard and Carrie are alone, separated in canon. Bit by bit, the chorus, divided into five groups, emerges, symbolizing a growing community of support. Textual and musical fragments interweave richly in this final “Remembrance Tapestry”.

We are fortunate that Muehleisen was not done with the Kiplings back in 2012. There is so much to learn from these stories of the past. The process is painful for us, but it was far more painful for those who first trod these paths. Let us remember the fallen. Let us remember the injured and the impaired. Let us remember the family, the friends, the lovers, the neighbors. Let us remember all.

—Dr. Gary D. Cannon www.cannonesque.com

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BUT WHO SHALL RETURN
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CHORAL ARTS NORTHWEST
ROBERT BODE, CONDUCTOR

RUDYARD KIPLING

sung by Charles Robert Stephens, bass-baritone

CARRIE KIPLING

sung by Kimberly Giordano, soprano

JOHN KIPLING

sung by Eric Neuville, tenor

DEDICATION

*To the Fallen and the Survivors of World War I
and of all wars before and since;
To the Families, Friends, and Loved Ones of those
who fell and of those who survived;
and to Veterans of all Wars, Foreign and Domestic
for their Service and Sacrifice*

libretto

CD 1

Prelude

1. P.1 **Bugle Calls: Reveille**
Brass
2. P.2 **Hymn #1: Recessional**
with Percussion

Carrie

God of our fathers, known of old—

John

Lord of our far-flung battle line—

Rudyard

Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—

All Three

Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Choir and Soloists

The tumult and the shouting dies—
The Captains and the Kings depart—
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For [every] heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard—
Far-called our navies melt away—
On dune and headland sinks the fire—
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!
Amen.

– Recessional by Rudyard Kipling



Part One – Family Portrait

3. 1.1 **Recitative:** John's Birth *with Percussion*

Choir

North End House Rottingdean, Sussex, England
August 17, 1897

Carrie

"John born at 1.50 am. Both well."

Rudyard

"My son John arrived on a warm August night of '97, under what seemed every good omen."

– *Carrie and Rudyard Kipling writing in
Carrie's diary on August 17, 1897.*

Choir

Dec. 22, 1897

Rudyard

"Here ends the 6th year of our life together. – In all ways the richest of the years to us two personally. 'She shall do him good and not evil all the days of her life'. Bless you my dear."

– *Rudyard Kipling, writing in Carrie's diary on December 22,
1897, as was his habit. The biblical quote is Proverbs 31:12*

4. 1.2 **Duet:** Lullaby for John *with Orchestra*

Rudyard

"Reserved young person, John; but considerably better looking than he was two days ago."

– *Rudyard Kipling's Letters*

Carrie

This boy of mine shall be a man,
And yet I hold him in my hands.
Just days ago my son was born,
His eyes have seen the light of morn.

– *from Lullaby for John by Tyler Griffin*

Rudyard

"John, the beetle-browed John does nothing but grunt and yawn. He is getting a shade more presentable and in a week or so will be fit to look at."

– *Rudyard Kipling's Letters*

Carrie

His hands are soft, his nose is red,
His hair is strewn about his head.
He suckles sweet from mother's breast,
And slumbers 'pon my swollen chest.

Carrie, Rudyard

This boy of mine shall be a man,
And yet I hold him in my hands.
Just days ago my son was born,
His eyes have seen the light of morn.

– *from Lullaby for John by Tyler Griffin*

5. 1.3 **Recitative:** John's Destiny – "My attention is at present taken up..."

Rudyard

Dear Harding,

"[Regarding the torpedo boat destroyer] trials. My attention is at present taken up by one small craft recently launched from my own works – weight: approximately 8.957 lbs: horsepower: 2.0464, consumption of fuel unrecorded but fresh supplies needed every 2 ½ hrs. The vessel at present needs at least 15 years for full completion but at the end of that time may be an efficient addition to the Navy, for which service it is intended. Date of launch Aug. 17th 1.50 a.m. No casualties. Christened John.

– *Letter from Rudyard Kipling to W. J. Harding*

6. 1.4 **Duet:** John Grows Up
with Orchestra

Rudyard

“He has ferocious eyebrows and doesn’t say grace before meals.”

Carrie

He walks and talks, my babe has grown,
Was ignorant, but now is known.
Was hidden from the Earth so cruel,
He’ll soon know well the way of fools.

– *from Lullaby for John by Tyler Griffin*

7. 1.5 **Aria:** If–
with Orchestra

Rudyard

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don’t deal in lies,
Or being hated, don’t give way to hating,
And yet don’t look too good, nor talk too wise:

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds’ worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that’s in it,
And—which is more—you’ll be a Man, my son!

– *from If– by Rudyard Kipling*

Part Two – The Gathering Storm

8. 2.1 **Recitative:** August 4, 1914
with Percussion

Choir

From the Daily Mirror, August 4, 1914:

“Germany has declared war on Belgium and invaded the country.
The Germans have entered Belgium at three places.”

“The following statement was issued from the Foreign Office last night:

Owing to the summary rejection by the German Government of the request made by His Majesty’s Government for assurances that the neutrality of Belgium would be respected, His Majesty’s Ambassador in Berlin has received his passport, and His Majesty’s Government has declared to the German Government that a state of war exists between Great Britain and Germany as from 11pm on August 4.”

Carrie

“My cold possesses me.”

– *from Carrie Kipling’s diary for August 4, 1914*

Rudyard

“Incidentally, Armageddon begins. England declared war on Germany.”

– *Rudyard’s entry in Carrie’s diary for August 4, 1914*

9. 2.2 **Scena:** At a recruiting rally – *For All We Have and Are* - 1914
with Brass, Percussion

Rudyard

For all we have and are,
For all our children's fate,
Stand up and take the war.
The Hun is at the gate!
Our world has passed away,
In wantonness o'erthrown.
There is nothing left to-day
But steel and fire and stone!
 Though all we knew depart,
 The old Commandments stand: --
 "In courage keep your heart,
 In strength lift up your hand."

Rudyard, Choir

Once more we hear the word
That sickened earth of old: --
"No law except the Sword
Unsheathed and uncontrolled."
Once more it knits mankind,
Once more the nations go
To meet and break and bind
A crazed and driven foe.

No easy hope or lies
Shall bring us to our goal,
But iron sacrifice
Of body, will, and soul.

There is but one task for all --
One life for each to give.

Rudyard

What stands if Freedom fall?
Who dies if England live?

– *from For All We Have and Are by Rudyard Kipling*

10. 2.3 **Recitative:** John's Commission
with Percussion

Choir

August 17, 1914

Carrie

"John's 17th birthday. Rud takes him first to Hastings then to Maidstone [recruiting offices] about his commission, but they will not have him because of his eyes. He talks of enlisting."

– *CK's Diary: August 17, 1914*

Choir

August 28

Rudyard

"John is trying very hard to get a commission, but as he is only seventeen and his eyes are not what they should be, it is somewhat difficult."

– *from RK's letter to Julia Depew: August 28, 1914*

Choir

September 10

Carrie

"With the greatest difficulty Rudyard was persuaded to meet Lord Roberts at Irish Guards HQ about a commission for John. The Colonel says John is to report at once for duty."

– *CK's Diary: September 10, 1914*

Choir

September 11

Carrie

"John orders his uniform"

– *CK's Diary: September 11, 1914*

Rudyard

John goes off in a day or two to join his battalion at Warley [Barracks] in Essex – the rest is as God shall dispose."

– *RK's letter to Frank N. Doubleday (his publisher):
September 11, 1914*

Choir
September 14

Carrie

"We sent John away yesterday to his new life with outward good spirits and inward misery, but it must be born and after all every mother I know has had to do the same."

– from CK's letter to her mother, September 14, 1914

11. 2.4 **Recitative**: "...there is nothing else to do."
with Strings, Chimes

Choir

From Carrie Kipling, August 6, 1915

Carrie

"Dear Mother: You write you don't see where one finds the courage to send a boy but there is nothing else to do. The world must be saved from the Germans...One can't let one's friends' and neighbours' sons be killed in order to save us and our son. There is no chance John will survive unless he is so maimed from a wound as to be unfit to fight. We know it and he does. We all know it but we all must give and do what we can and live in the shadow of a hope that our boy will be the one to escape."

– from CK's letter to her mother, dated September 14, 1914

12. 2.5 **Lament #1**: "The young men of the world..."
with Orchestra

Choir

The young men of the world
Are condemned to death.
They have been called up to die
For the crime of their fathers.

The young men of the world,
The growing, ripening fruit,
Have been torn from their branches,
While the memory of the blossom
Is sweet in women's hearts;
They have been cast for a cruel purpose
Into the mashing-press and furnace.

The young men of the world
Look into each other's eyes,
And read there the same words:
Not yet! Not yet!
But soon perhaps, and perhaps certain.

The young men of the world
No longer possess the road:
The road possesses them.
They no longer inherit the earth:
The earth inherits them.
They are no longer the masters of fire:
Fire is their master;
They serve him, he destroys them.
They no longer rule the waters:
The genius of the seas
Has invented a new monster,
And they fly from its teeth.
They no longer breathe freely:
The genius of the air
Has contrived a new terror
That rends them into pieces.

The young men of the world
Are encompassed with death
He is all about them
In a circle of fire and bayonets.

Weep, weep, o women,
And old men break your hearts.

– Lament by F.S. Flint (1885–1960)

13. 2.6 **Aria (Chaconne) + Recitative:** Carrie's Farewell – Son
with Orchestra

Choir

From Carrie Kipling's Diary: August 15, 1915

Carrie

"John off to Warley [Barracks] at noon. Looks very smart and brave and straight and young as he turns at the top of the stairs to say:"

John

"Send my love to Daddo."

Carrie (Aria)

He hurried away, young heart of joy, under our Devon sky!
And I watched him go, my beautiful boy, and a weary woman was I.
For my hair is grey, and his was gold; he'd the best of his life to live;
And I'd loved him so, and I'm old, I'm old; and he's all I had to give.

Ah yes, he was proud and swift and gay, but oh how my eyes were dim!
With the sun in his heart he went away, but he took the sun with him.
For look! How the leaves are falling now, and the winter won't be long. . . .
Oh boy, my boy with the sunny brow, and the lips of love and of song!

(Recitative)

How we used to sit at the day's sweet end, we two by the firelight's gleam,
And we'd drift to the Valley of Let's Pretend, on the beautiful river of Dream.
Oh dear little heart! All wealth untold would I gladly, gladly pay
Could I just for a moment closely hold that golden head to my grey.

– from Son by Robert Service

Aria (da capo)

He's gone.

I do not understand.

I only know

That as he turned to go

And waved his hand

In his young eyes a sudden glory shone:

And I was dazzled by a sunset glow,

And he was gone.

– The Going (To The Memory of Rupert Brooke)
by Wilfrid Wilson Gibson (1878-1962)

14. 2.7 **March #1: The Call**
with Brass, Percussion

Choir

Far and near, high and clear,

Hark to the call of War!

Over the gorse and the golden dells,

Ringling and swinging of clamorous bells,

Praying and saying of wild farewells:

War! War! War!

Prince and page, sot and sage,

Hark to the roar of War!

Poet, professor and circus clown,

Chimney-sweeper and fop o' the town,

Into the pot and be melted down:

Into the pot of War!

Women all, hear the call,

The pitiless call of War!

Look your last on your dearest ones,

Brothers and husbands, fathers, sons:

Swift they go to the ravenous guns,

The gluttonous guns of War.

– from The Call by Robert Service (France, August 1, 1914)

I
* Saturday
C.M.
Sept 25th
* Friday *
5.30 p.m.

Dear F

Just a hurried line as we start
off ~~of~~ to night, the front line
trenches are nine miles off from
here. so it won't be a very long
march

This is the great effort to break
through & end the war.

The guns have been going
deafeningly all day, without
a single stop

We have to push through at
all costs so we ~~may~~ won't have
much time in the trenches which
is great luck.

Funny to think one will be

Part Three – The Battle of Loos

15. 3.1 **Aria with Chorus:** John Kipling's Final Letter: "Just a hurried line..."
with Woodwinds, Percussion

Choir

From John Kipling on September 25, 1915, at the Battle of Loos

John

Just a hurried line as we start off tonight. The front line trenches are nine miles off from here so it won't be a very long march. This is the GREAT effort to break through & end the war.

The guns have been going deafeningly all day, without a single stop. We have to push through at all costs so we won't have much time in the trenches, which is great luck.

Funny to think one will be in the thick of it tomorrow. One's first experience of shell fire not in the trenches but in the open.

This is one of the advantages of a Flying Division; you have to keep moving.

We marched 18 miles last night in the pouring wet. It came down in sheets steadily.

They are staking a tremendous lot on this great advancing movement as if it succeeds the war won't go on for long. You have no idea what enormous issues depend on the next few days.

This will be my last letter most likely for some time as we won't get any time for writing this next week, but I will try & send Field post cards.

Well so long dears. Dear love John.

16. 3.2 **Soldiers' Song #1:** *Bombed Last Night*
with Percussion

John (*gradually joined by others below*)
Bombed last night, and bombed the night before,
Gonna be bombed tonight, if we never get bombed any more.

John + Tenor 2
When we're bombed, we're scared as we can be,
Can't stop the bombing sent from higher Germany.

All
They're over us, they're over us,
One shell hole for just the four of us.
Thank your lucky stars there are no more of us,
'Cause one of us could fill it all alone.

Gassed last night, and gassed the night before,
Gonna get gassed tonight, if we never get gassed anymore.
When we're gassed, we're as sick as we can be,
'Cause Phosgene and Mustard Gas is much too much for me.

They're warning us, they're warning us,
One respirator for the four of us.
Thank your lucky stars that three of us can run,
So one of us can use it all alone.

Shelled last night, and shelled the night before,
We're gonna get shelled tonight, if we never get shelled anymore.
When we're shelled, we're windy as we can be
God stop the shelling by our Field Artillery.

They're warning us, they're warning us,
One tin hat between the four of us.
Soon there won't be any more of us
Only the tin hat all alone.

– *Traditional WWI soldiers' song sung in the trenches*

17. 3.3 **Aria with Chorus:** *Secret Music*
with Orchestra

John
I keep such music in my brain
No din this side of death can quell;
Glory exulting over pain,
And beauty, garlanded in hell.

My dreaming spirit will not heed
The roar of guns that would destroy
My life that on the gloom can read
Proud-surgin melodies of joy.

To the world's end I went, and found
Death in his carnival of glare;
But in my torment I was crowned,
And music dawned above despair.

–*Secret Music by Siegfried Sassoon*

Choir
MUSIC of whispering trees
Hushed by a broad-winged breeze
Where shaken water gleams;
And evening radiance falling
With reedy bird-notes calling.

John
O bear me safe through dark, you low-voiced streams.

I have no need to pray
That fear may pass away;
I scorn the growl and rumble of the fight
That summons me from...

Choir
...cool
Silence of marsh and pool
And yellow lilies islanded in light

John
O river of stars and shadows, lead me through the night.

– *Before the Battle by Siegfried Sassoon (June 25, 1916)*



18. 3.4 **Soldiers' Song #2:** *Take Me Back to Dear Old Blighty*

Quartet of Soldiers

Take me back to dear old Blighty!
 Put me on the train for London town!
 Take me over there,
 Drop me ANYWHERE,
 Liverpool, Leeds, or Birmingham, well, I don't care!
 I should love to see my best girl,
 Cuddling up again we soon should be,
 Oh!
 Tiddley iddley ighty,
 Hurry me home to Blighty,
 Blighty is the place for me!

– Music Hall song by Arthur J. Mills, Fred Godfrey and
 Bennett Scott

19. 3.5 **Soldiers' Song #3:** *Just Before the Battle, Mother*

John

Just before the battle, mother,
 I am thinking most of you,
 While upon the field we're marching
 With the enemy in view.

Comrades brave are 'round me lying,
 Filled with thoughts of home and God
 For well they know that on the morrow,
 Some will sleep beneath the sod.

CHORUS. Farewell, mother, you may never
 Press me to your heart again,
 But, oh, you'll not forget me, mother,
 If I'm numbered with the slain.

Oh, I long to see you, mother,
 And the loving ones at home,
 But I'll never leave our banner,
 Till in honor I can come.

Tell those traitors all around you
 That their cruel words we know,
 In every battle they kill our soldiers
 By the help they give the foe.

Hark! I hear the bugles sounding,
 'Tis the signal for the fight,
 Now, may God protect us, mother,
 As He ever does the right.

Hear the "Battle-Cry of Freedom,"
 How it swells upon the air,
 Oh, yes, we'll rally 'round the standard,
 Or we'll perish nobly there.

CHORUS. Farewell, mother, you may never
 Press me to your heart again,
 But, oh, you'll not forget me, mother,
 If I'm numbered with the slain.

– Traditional Civil War song (words and
 music by George F. Root)

20. 3.6 **Chorale #1: Soldier's Dream** - "I dreamed kind Jesus fouled the big gun gears..."

Choir

I dreamed kind Jesus fouled the big-gun gears;
And caused a permanent stoppage in all bolts;
And buckled with a smile Mausers and Colts;
And rusted every bayonet with His tears.

And there were no more bombs, of ours or
Theirs, Not even an old flint-lock, nor even pikel.
But God was vexed, and gave all power to
Michael; And when I woke he'd seen to our repairs.

- Soldier's Dream by Wilfred Owen

Sung to "Wie wunderbarlich," #46 from Bach's St. Matthew Passion

21. 3.7 **Scena for Chorus + Tenor: The Attack (Over the Top)**
with Orchestra

Chorus of Soldiers

Ten more minutes!- Say yer prayers,
Read yer Bibles, pass the rum!
Ten more minutes! Strike me dumb,
'Ow they creeps on unawares,
Those blooming minutes. Nine. It's queer,
I'm sorter stunned. It ain't with fear!

Eight. It's like as if a frog
Waddled round in your inside,
Cold as ice-blocks, straddle wide,
Tired o' waiting. Where's the grog?
Seven. I'll play yer pitch and toss -
Six. - I wins, and tails yer loss.

'Nother minute sprinted by
'Fore I knowed it; only Four
(Break 'em into seconds) more
'Twixt us and Eternity.
Every word I've ever said
Seems a-shouting in my head.

Three. Larst night a little star
Fairly shook up in the sky,
Didn't like the lullaby
Rattled by the dogs of War.
Funny thing - that star all white
Saw old Blighty, too, larst night.

Two. I ain't ashamed o' prayers,
They're wishes sent ter God
Bits o' plants from bloody sod
Trailing up His golden stairs.
Ninety seconds - Well, who cares!
One -

No fife, no blare, no drum

- Over the Top by Sybil Bristowe

John

"Not long, boys, now."
How's time? Soon now.
I lift a silent hand. Unseen I bless
Those hearts will follow me.
The whistle's twixt my lips....
The pale wrist-watch....
The quiet hand ticks on amid the din.
Time! Time!
I hear my whistle shriek
Between teeth set,
I fling an arm up,
Scramble up the grime
Over the parapet!

- from The Assault by Robert Nichols (1893-1944)

John and Chorus of Soldiers

Over the Top
Over the Top
Over the Top - to Kingdom Come!

- Over the Top by Sybil Bristowe

22. 3.8 **John's Death**
with Percussion

John
'Oh! Jesus Christ! I'm hit,'...

Choir
...he said; and died.
– *from The Last Laugh by Wilfred Owen*

Lost in a blurred confusion of yells and groans...
Down, and down, and down, he sank and drowned,
Bleeding to death. The counter-attack had failed.
– *from Counter-Attack by Siegfried Sassoon*

23. 3.9 **Chorale #2**: "The dead men lay on the shell-scarred plain..."

Choir
The dead men lay on the shell-scarred plain,
Where death and the autumn held their reign
Like banded ghosts in the heavens grey
The smoke of the conflict died away.
The boys whom I knew and loved were dead,
Where war's grim annals were writ in red,
In the town of Loos in the morning.
– Back at Loos by Patrick MacGill (1889–1963) sung to "Christus,
der uns selig macht" #15 from Bach's St. John Passion

24. 3.10 **Interlude**: "I knew a simple soldier boy..."
with Percussion

Choir
I knew a simple soldier boy
Who grinned at life in empty joy,
Slept soundly through the lonesome dark,
And whistled early with the lark.

In winter trenches, cowed and glum,
With crumps and lice and lack of rum,
He put a bullet through his brain.
No one spoke of him again.

You smug-faced crowds with kindling eye
Who cheer when soldier lads march by,
Sneak home and pray you'll never know
The hell where youth and laughter go.
– Suicide in the Trenches by Siegfried Sassoon

25. 3.11 **Soldiers' Song #4: The Old Barbed Wire**

Quartet of Soldiers
If you want to find the General, I know where he is,
I know where he is, I know where he is.
If you want to find the General, I know where he is,
He's pinning another medal on his chest.
I saw him, I saw him, pinning another medal on his chest,
I saw him, pinning another medal on his chest.

If you want to find the Colonel, I know where he is,
I know where he is, I know where he is.
If you want to find the Colonel, I know where he is,
He's sitting in comfort stuffing his bloody gut.
I saw him, I saw him, sitting in comfort stuffing his bloody gut,
I saw him, sitting in comfort stuffing his bloody gut.

If you want to find the Sergeant, I know where he is,
I know where he is, I know where he is.
If you want to find the Sergeant, I know where he is,
He's drinking all the Company rum.
I saw him, I saw him, drinking all the Company rum,
I saw him, drinking all the Company rum.

If you want to find the Private, I know where he is,
I know where he is, I know where he is.
If you want to find the Private, I know where he is,
He's hangin' on the old barbed wire.
I saw him, I saw him, hangin' on the old barbed wire,
I saw him, hangin' on the old barbed wire,
hangin' on the old barbed wire,
hangin' on the old....

– *Traditional WWI soldier's song. Tune: The British Grenadiers*

26. 3.12 **Chorus with Recitative** – “They shall not return to us...”
with Orchestra

Choir (Soldiers’ Families)

THEY shall not return to us, the resolute, the young,
The eager and whole-hearted whom we gave:

Rudyard

But the men who left them thriftily to die in their own dung,
Shall they come with years and honor to the grave?

Choir (Soldiers’ Families)

They shall not return to us; the strong men coldly slain
In sight of help denied from day to day:

Rudyard

But the men who edged their agonies and chid them in their pain,
Are they too strong and wise to put away?

Choir (Soldiers’ Families)

Our dead shall not return to us while Day and Night divide—
Never while the bars of sunset hold.

Rudyard

But the idle-minded overlings who quibbled while they died,
Shall they thrust for high employments as of old?

– *from Mesopotamia (1917) by Rudyard Kipling*

Men of choir (representing the Dead Soldiers):

*If any question why we died,
Tell them, because our fathers lied.*

– *from Epitaphs of the War by Rudyard Kipling*

27. 3.13 **Choral Recitative:** The Telegram
with Percussion

Choir

Name and Address of Sender: NO. 2 INFANTRY
Received by: CENTRAL TELEGRAPH OFFICE
2.36 PM OCTOBER 2nd, 1915

MRS C KIPLING & MR R KIPLING - BATEMENS, BURWASH, SUSSEX
REGRET TO REPORT YOUR SON JOHN KIPLING 2nd LIEUT. 879553
IS MISSING, PRESUMED INJURED, ON WAR SERVICE
LETTER FOLLOWS - ARMY FORM B. 237 - 54”

Signed: W.W. Haig

28. 3.14 **Reprise:** *For All We Have and Are*
with Orchestra

Choir

No easy hope or lies
Shall bring us to our goal,
But iron sacrifice
Of body, will, and soul.

There is but one task for all --
One life for each to give.

Carrie, Rudyard

What stands if Freedom fall?
Who dies if England live?

– *from For All We Have and Are by Rudyard Kipling*



JOHN KIPLING

CD 2

Part Four – Lost & Found

1. 4.1 The Search for John Begins (1915)

Rudyard (Spoken)

November 12, 1915

“Our boy was reported ‘wounded and missing’ since September 27th – the battle of Loos and we’ve heard nothing official since that date. But all we can pick up from the men points to the fact that he is dead and probably wiped out by shell fire.

However, he had his heart’s desire and he didn’t have a long time in the trenches. He was a senior ensign tho’ only 18 years and 6 weeks...It was a short life. I’m sorry that all the years’ work ended in that afternoon but – lots of people are in our position and it’s something to have bred a man. The wife is standing it wonderfully tho’ she of course clings to the bare hope of his being a prisoner. I’ve seen what shells can do and I don’t.”

– Letter from Rudyard Kipling to

Colonel Lionel Charles Dunsterville, November 12, 1915

Carrie (Spoken)

“We must always keep a window open to hope, since so many officers have turned up after even a year of absence – but as the weeks go by our anxiety – always with us, becomes very heavy. If he met his death fighting for all the things we hold to be of value, we are honoured through him, and though our sorrow is no less, yet we realize he only did what many many Englishmen have done and are prepared to do, and his loss, though so great a thing to us is a little thing to set against the greater.”

– Carrie Kipling’s response to a letter of condolence,
Autumn 1915

2. 4.2 **Carol and Recitative:** *A Nativity* – “Is it well with the child?”
with Orchestra

Choir

from Carrie Kipling’s diary on December Twenty-Fifth,
Nineteen-Fifteen:

Carrie

“Christmas Day...but to us a name only. We give no presents
and in no way consider the day, John not being with us.”

Choir

*The Babe was laid in the Manger
Between the gentle kine –
All safe from cold and danger –*

Carrie

‘But it was not so with mine,
(With mine! With mine!)
‘Is it well with the child, is it well?’

Choir

The waiting mother prayed.

Carrie

‘For I know not how he fell,
And I know not where he is laid.’

Choir

*A Star stood forth in Heaven;
The Watchers ran to see
The Sign of the Promise given --*

Carrie

‘But there comes no sign to me.
(To me! To me!)
‘My child died in the dark.
Is it well with the child, is it well?
There was none to tend him or mark,
And I know not how he fell.’

Choir

*The Cross was raised on high;
The Mother grieved beside –*

Carrie

‘But the Mother saw Him die
And took Him when He died.
(He died! He died!)

‘Is it well, is it well with the child?

For I know not where he is laid.
Ah, who will answer my word?’

Choir

The broken mother prayed.

Choir

*The Star stands forth in Heaven.
The watchers watch in vain
For a Sign of the Promise given
Of peace on Earth again–
(Again! Again!)*

Carrie

‘Is it well with the child—is it well?’

*– from A Nativity by Rudyard
Kipling. Music for the carol
text (in italics) adapted from
The Babe in Beth’lem’s Manger
Laid (Traditional Carol)*



3. 4.3 **The Search for John Continues (1916)**

Carrie (Spoken)

February 1916

"We have seen and heard from over 20 wounded 2nd Battalion men now and we are more at sea than ever. They all agree he was wounded, severely wounded, some...say killed but we have not found the man who was near him; he was killed perhaps too."

– *Letter from Carrie Kipling to Lady Edward Cecil, February 1916*

Rudyard (Spoken)

A letter to the War Office, September 18, 1916

Regarding your letter dated 14 September:

"I should be glad if you would postpone taking the course you suggested in [concluding that] my son Lieutenant John Kipling [is dead]. All the information I have gathered is to the effect that he was wounded and left behind near Puits 14 at the Battle of Loos on September 27th, 1915. I have interviewed a great many people and heard from many others, and can find no one who saw him killed."

– *Rudyard Kipling's letter to the War Office on September 18, 1916*

4. 4.4 **Chorale #3: Advent, 1916 -**

"I dreamt last night Christ came to earth again..."

I dreamt last night Christ came to earth again
To bless His own. My soul from place to place
On her dream-quest sped, seeking for His face
Through temple and town and lovely land, in vain.
Then came I to a place where death and pain
Had made of God's sweet world a waste forlorn,
With shattered trees and meadows gashed and torn,
Where the grim trenches scarred the shell-sheared plain.

And through that Golgotha of blood and clay,
Where watchers cursed the sick dawn, heavy-eyed,
There (in my dream) Christ passed upon His way,
Where His cross marks their nameless graves who died
Slain for the world's salvation where all day
For others' sake strong men are crucified.

– Advent, 1916 by *Eva Dobell (1876–1963)* sung to "Wie wunderbarlich," #46 from *Bach* St. Matthew Passion

5. 4.5 **Recitative with Chorus: The Search for John Concludes (1917)**
with Percussion

Carrie (Spoken)

October 4, 1917

"[We received] a letter from [Rud's nephew] Oliver Baldwin, who has talked to an Irish Guards Sergeant...who says what four others of John's platoon have said:

Oliver Baldwin (Spoken) - Choir Bass

"This is his story: Apparently in the heat of the advance on the 27th, Sergeant Farrell found four or five men and John trying to capture the farm building we have heard such a lot about. The men were at the door and John was calmly emptying his revolver into the 12 Huns and machine gun that were in the house. As Sergeant Farrell came up, John was hit through the temple and fell back into his arms. Farrell bound up his head as best he could. John was quite quiet, his eyes were closed. The Irish retired, Farrell carried John back with them. He placed him in a shell-hole and saw he was dead. Sergeant Farrell further adds that he was probably killed instantaneously. However, he never suffered and was probably buried by a shell afterwards. Farrell seems very clear about it all. It seems to clear a lot up, doesn't it?"

– *Letter from Oliver Baldwin to Rudyard Kipling, October 1917*

Carrie

'[John] fell as he'd have wished,'...

Choir

...the mother said,
And folded up the letter that she'd read.

Carrie

[Oliver] writes so nicely.'

Choir

Something broke
In the tired voice that quivered to a choke.
She half looked up.

Carrie

'We mothers are so proud
Of our dead soldiers.'

Choir

Then her face was bowed.
...her weak eyes
Had shone with gentle triumph, and brimmed with joy,
Because he'd been so brave, her glorious boy.

– From *The Hero* by Siegfried Sassoon, 1917

Choir

From Carrie Kipling's Diary on December 12, 1917

Carrie

“(Rud to London. Sergeant Farrell convinces him that John was shot through the head and carried to a shellhole at 6.30 on September 27th on the left of Chalkpit Wood.)”

Choir

December 25 (1917)

Carrie

“A few presents for Elsie but no others. One is thankful to have this day over. To me, since John left us, the most difficult of the year.”

– from *Carrie Kipling's Diary*

6. 4.6 Soliloquy: The Question

Rudyard should come downstage and speak directly to the audience, which are the “Brethren” to whom he addresses the questions below. To make the proper connection with the audience, the text should be memorized and not simply read from a script. The text should be delivered in the style of a semi-confessional soliloquy, that is, a spoken monologue in which Rudyard is partially confessing his sense of guilt to the audience and asking them for their verdict about his fate and reputation. This speech should break the classical “fourth wall” in such a way that Rudyard confronts the audience directly with the questions so that it is clear to them that he is addressing them as if he were a contemporary, physically present with them, and not as if he were addressing an abstract population of the British people of his own day.

Rudyard (Spoken)

Brethren, how shall it fare with me
When the war is laid aside,
If it be proven that I am he
For whom a world has died?

If it be proven that all my good,
And the greater good I will make,
Were purchased me by a multitude
Who suffered for my sake?

That I was delivered by mere mankind
Vowed to one sacrifice,
And not, as I hold them, battle-blind,
But dying with open eyes?

That they did not ask me to draw the sword
When they stood to endure their lot --
That they only looked to me for a word,
And I answered I knew them not?

If it be found, when the battle clears,
Their death has set me free,
Then how shall I live with myself through the years
Which they have bought for me?

Brethren, how must it fare with me,
Or how am I justified,
If it be proven that I am he
For whom mankind has died --
If it be proven that I am he
Who, being questioned, denied?

– Rudyard Kipling

7. 4.7 **Duet: Perhaps**
with Orchestra

Carrie, Rudyard

Perhaps some day the sun will shine again,
And I shall see that still the skies are blue,
And feel once more I do not live in vain,
Although bereft of You.

Carrie

Perhaps the golden meadows at my feet
Will make the sunny hours of spring seem gay,
And I shall find the white May-blossoms sweet,
Though You have passed away.

Rudyard

Perhaps the summer woods will shimmer bright,
And crimson roses once again be fair,
And autumn harvest fields a rich delight,
Although You are not there.

Carrie, Rudyard

Perhaps some day I shall not shrink in pain
To see the passing of the dying year,
And listen to Christmas songs again,
Although You cannot hear.

But though kind Time may many joys renew,
There is one greatest joy I shall not know
Again, because my heart for loss of You
Was broken, long ago.

– Perhaps by *Vera Brittain*

Part Five - Armistice & Aftermath

8. 5.1 **Recitative with Chorus:** The Armistice (November 11, 1918)
with Orchestra

Choir

From Carrie Kipling's Diary
November 11, 1918

Carrie

"A quite beautiful day. We are all waiting for news of the armistice."

Choir

November 12

Carrie

"The great news comes. We know it first by hearing the church bells at
Brightling and later from our church."

– from *Carrie Kipling's Diary, November 11–12, 1918*

Choir

And there was a great Calm. From Heaven distilled a clemency;
There was peace on earth, and silence in the sky;
Some could, some could not, shake off misery:
The Sinister Spirit sneered: "It had to be!"
And the Spirit of Pity whispered, "Why?"

– from 'And There Was a Great Calm' (on the Signing of the
Armistice, November 11, 1918) by *Thomas Hardy*

Choir

November 13

Carrie

"Rud and I feel as never before what it means, now the war is over,
to face the world to be remade without a son."

– from *Carrie Kipling's Diary, November 13, 1918*

9. 5.2 **March #2:** Return of the Irish Guards
with Woodwinds, Brass, Percussion

Rudyard (Spoken)

“In the spring of ’19 came the release, and the return of the [Irish] Guards to England, and, on a grey March day, the Division, for the last time, was massed and moved through London, their wounded accompanying them on foot or in the crowded lorries.”

– *from* The Irish Guards in the Great War, Vol. 2:
The 2nd Battalion *by Rudyard Kipling*

Carrie (Spoken)

[We saw the Guards Division,] “8 thousand strong who [were] marching past the King and through the city and so back 8 miles in all. The Irish Guards [were] quite splendid. It is the last tribute. How proud John would have been to have marched with his Regiment.”

– *Letter from Carrie Kipling*

Choir

The cruel war was over -- oh, the triumph was so sweet!
We watched the troops returning, through our tears;
There was triumph, triumph, triumph down the scarlet glittering street,
And you scarce could hear the music for the cheers.
And you scarce could see the house-tops for the flags that flew between;
The bells were pealing madly to the sky;
And everyone was shouting for the Soldiers of the Queen,
And the glory of an age was passing by.

– *from* The March of the Dead *by Robert Service*
sung to the Funeral March from Handel's oratorio Saul

Rudyard (Spoken)

“And, as they moved...one saw, here and there among the wounded,... young men with eyes which did not match their age, shaken beyond speech or tears by the splendour and the grief of that memory.”

– *from* The Irish Guards in the Great War, Vol. 2:
The 2nd Battalion *by Rudyard Kipling*

Choir

They were coming, gaunt and ghastly, sad and slow;
They were coming, all the crimson wrecks of pride;
With faces seared, and cheeks red smeared, and haunting eyes of woe,
And clotted holes the khaki couldn't hide.
Oh, the clammy brow of anguish! the livid, foam-flecked lips!
The reeling ranks of ruin swept along!
The limb that trailed, the hand that failed, the bloody finger tips!
And oh, the dreary rhythm of their song!

– *from* The March of the Dead *by Robert Service*

10. 5.3 **Hymn #2:** *Survivors*

Trio of Nurses

NO doubt they'll soon get well; the shock and strain
Have caused their stammering, disconnected talk.
Of course they're 'longing to go out again,'—
These boys with old, scared faces, learning to walk.
They'll soon forget their haunted nights; their cowed
Subjection to the ghosts of friends who died,—
Their dreams that drip with murder; and they'll be proud
Of glorious war that shatter'd all their pride...
Men who went out to battle, grim and glad;
Children, with eyes that hate you, broken and mad.

NO doubt they'll soon get well; they're 'longing to go out again,'—
These Children, with eyes that hate you, broken and mad.

– *Survivors by Siegfried Sassoon (Craiglockart. October, 1917)*
sung to the hymn tune, The Church's One Foundation

11. 5.4 **Lament #2: The Children**
with Percussion

THESE were our children who died for our lands: they were dear in our sight.
We have only the memory left of their home treasured sayings and laughter.

The price of our loss shall be paid to our hands, not another's hereafter.
That is our right.

But who shall return us the children?

They bought us anew with their blood, forbearing to blame us,
They believed us and perished for it. Our statecraft, our learning
Delivered them bound to the Pit and alive to the burning
Not since her birth has our Earth seen such worth loosed upon her!

Nor was their agony brief, or once only imposed on them.

The wounded, the war-spent, the sick received no exemption:

Being cured they returned and endured and achieved our redemption,
Hopeless themselves of relief, till Death, marveling, closed on them.

That flesh we had nursed from the first in all cleanness was given
To corruption unveiled and assailed by the malice of Heaven -
By the heart-shaking jests of Decay where it lolled on the wires
To be blanched or gay-painted by fumes - to be cindered by fires -
To be senselessly tossed and retossed in stale mutilation
From crater to crater. For this we shall take expiation.

But who shall return us our children?

- from The Children by Rudyard Kipling

12. 5.5 **Interlude: Statistics**

Rudyard (Spoken)

"I AM UNFORTUNATELY a producer of fiction; but outside office-hours, I plead guilty to an interest in facts. Will you allow me just to run through a few facts which may be of interest to our England of today?"

"Great Britain's quota of dead in the War was over eight hundred thousand when the books were closed in 1921 or 1922. It would be within the mark to say that three-quarters of a million of these were English. Furthermore, a large but unknown number died in the next few years from wounds or disease directly due to the war. There is a third category of men –incapacitated...by the effects of shock, gassing, tubercle and the like. These carry a high death-rate because many of them burned out half a life's vitality in three or four years. They, too, have ceased to count."

*- from a speech titled An Undefended Island by Rudyard Kipling
given to The Royal Society of St George at the Connaught
Rooms, London on May 6, 1935*

13. 5.6 **Waltz: Does It Matter?**
with Orchestra

Men

Does it matter?—losing your legs?...
For people will always be kind,
And you need not show that you mind
When others come in after hunting
To gobble their muffins and eggs.

Women

Does it matter?—losing your sight?...
There's such splendid work for the blind;
And people will always be kind,
As you sit on the terrace remembering
And turning your face to the light.

All
Do they matter—those dreams from the pit?...
You can drink and forget and be glad,
And people won't say that you're mad;
For they know that you've fought for your country
And no one will worry a bit.

Men
Does it matter?

Women
Does it matter?

Men
Does it matter?

Women
Does it matter?

Men
losing your legs?...

Women:
losing you sight?...

Men
losing your legs?...

Women
losing you sight?...

All
For they know that you've fought for your country
And no one will worry a bit.

– Does It Matter? by Siegfried Sassoon
(Craiglockhart, 1917)

14. 5.7 **Recitative:** John Officially Declared Dead (June 10, 1919)
with Percussion

Choir
From Rudyard Kipling to Herbert Smith, Goss, King & Gregory, Solicitors
April 30, 1919

Rudyard
“The search in Germany for missing men has not revealed any trace of
[John]...Please issue a certificate evidencing this.

Choir
From Sergeant J. A. Corcoran of the War Office on June 10, 1919

Sergeant Corcoran (Spoken) – Choir Bass
“[In view of] the length of time that lapsed since the Officer was officially
reported missing” and “the fact that his name has not appeared in any
list of prisoners of war received from the German Government, the Army
council are regretfully constrained to conclude, for official purposes, that
Lieutenant Kipling is dead, and that his death occurred on, or since, the
27th day of September, 1915.”

Choir
“...his body was never identified.”

From John Kipling's Record of Service: “Death accepted for official
purposes, 27 September 1915”

Date of Birth:

Rudyard
17th of August, 1897

Choir
Height:

Rudyard
Five feet, Six-and-a-half inches.

Choir
Name and Address of nearest relative (stating relationship):

Rudyard
Rudyard Kipling, Batemans / Burwash / Sussex (Father)

Part Six – Reconciliation & Remembrance

15. 6.1 **Lament #3:** “All that they had they gave...” *with Orchestra*

Choir

All that they had they gave—they gave; and they shall not return, For these are those that have no grave where any heart may mourn.

Rudyard, Carrie

Father and mother they put aside, and the nearer love also—
An hundred thousand men that died whose graves shall no man know.
– *from The King’s Pilgrimage by Rudyard Kipling*

Choir

Some there be, which have no memorial;
who are perished, as though they had never been;
and are become as though they had never been born;
But these were merciful men,
whose righteousness hath not been forgotten.
Their glory shall not be blotted out.
Their bodies are buried in peace;
but their name liveth for evermore.

– *Ecclesiasticus (Wisdom of Sirach) 44: 9-10, 14*

Choir, Rudyard, Carrie

All that they had they gave—they gave; and they shall not return, For these are those that have no grave where any heart may mourn.

– *from The King’s Pilgrimage by Rudyard Kipling*

16. 6.2 **Recitative:** “I have lost what I treasured most...”
with Percussion

Rudyard

“I have lost what I treasured most on earth, but I can only fold my hands and bow my head. When I look round and see what others have suffered I am silent.”

– Letter from Rudyard Kipling to Major-General L.C. Dunsterville

17. 6.3 **Chorale #4:** *On Another's Sorrow* (“Can I see another's woe?”)

Choir Soprano Solo

Can I see another's woe,
And not be in sorrow too?
Can I see another's grief,
And not seek for kind relief?

Choir Tenor Solo

Can I see a falling tear,
And not feel my sorrow's share?
Can a father see his child
Weep, nor be with sorrow fill'd?

Women

Can a mother sit and hear
An infant groan an infant fear?

Choir

No, no! never can it be!
Never, never can it be!

He doth give his joy to all;
He becomes an infant small;
He becomes a man of woe;
He doth feel the sorrow too.

Think not thou canst sigh a sigh
And thy maker is not by;
Think not thou canst weep a tear
And thy maker is not near.

O! he gives to us his joy
That our grief he may destroy;
Till our grief is fled & gone
And He doth sit by us and moan.

– On Another's Sorrow (*William Blake*)
sung to “Jesus meine Freude” from Bach Motet, BWV 227
and the chorale “Ein Feste Burg”

18. 6.4 **Scena:** The Cenotaph (November 11, 1919)
with Orchestra

Rudyard:

When you come to London Town,

Choir:

(Grieving—grieving!)

Rudyard:

Bring your flowers and lay them down
At the place of grieving.

Rudyard + Carrie:

When you come to London Town,

Choir:

(Grieving—grieving!)

Rudyard + Carrie:

Bow your head and mourn your own,
With the others grieving.

Rudyard + Choir Bass; Carrie + Choir Sop:

For those minutes, let it wake

Choir:

(Grieving—grieving!)

Rudyard + Choir Bass; Carrie + Choir Sop:

All the empty-heart and ache
That is not cured by grieving.

Rudyard, Choir Tenor, Choir Bass + Carrie, Choir Sop, Choir Alto

For those minutes, tell no lie:

Choir:

(Grieving—grieving!)

Rudyard, Choir Tenor, Choir Bass + Carrie, Choir Sop, Choir Alto
“Grave, this is thy victory;
And the sting of death is grieving.”

Rudyard, 2 Choir Tenors, 2 Choir Basses + Carrie, 2 Choir Sops,
2 Choir Altos
Where’s our help, from Earth or Heaven.

Choir:
(Grieving—grieving!)

Rudyard, 2 Choir Tenors, 2 Choir Basses + Carrie, 2 Choir Sops,
2 Choir Altos
To comfort us for what we’ve given,
And only gained the grieving?

Rudyard + Carrie + All Choir
Heaven’s too far and Earth too near,
(Grieving—grieving!)
But our neighbor’s standing here,
Grieving as we’re grieving.

What’s his burden every day?
(Grieving—grieving!)
Nothing man can count or weigh,
But loss and love’s own grieving.

What is the tie betwixt us two
(Grieving—grieving!)
That must last our whole lives through?
“*As I suffer, so do you.*”
That may ease the grieving.

– London Stone *by Rudyard Kipling*

19. 6.5 **Aria:** Epitaph – “Remember me...”
with Orchestra

John (sung from a distance)
Remember me when I am gone away,
Gone far away into the silent land;
When you can no more hold me by the hand,
Nor I half turn to go yet turning stay.
Remember me when no more day by day
You tell me of our future that you plann’d:
Only remember me; you understand
It will be late to counsel then or pray.
Yet if you should forget me for a while
And afterwards remember, do not grieve:
For if the darkness and corruption leave
A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,
Better by far you should forget and smile
Than that you should remember and be sad.

– Remember *by Christina Rossetti*

ASK not how it came I died
Whom no power on earth could save,
Who speaks to you from the grave.
Ask not whom the grass overgrows...

– *from Epitaph by Robert Nichols (1914)*

20. 6.6 **Closing Chorus:** “I am the grass...”
with Orchestra

Choir

Pile the bodies high at Austerlitz and Waterloo.
Shovel them under and let me work—
I am the grass; I cover all.

And pile them high at Gettysburg
And pile them high at Ypres and Verdun.
Shovel them under and let me work.
Two years, ten years, and passengers ask the conductor:
What place is this?
Where are we now?

I am the grass.
Let me work.
– *Grass by Carl Sandburg (1919)*

21. 6.7 **Remembrance Tapestry:** “We will remember them”
TUTTI: with Orchestra

John

Remember me when I am gone away,
Gone far away into the silent land;
– *from Remember by Christina Rossetti*

Carrie, Rudyard

“Their Name Liveth For Evermore”
– *Ecclesiasticus (Wisdom of Sirach) 44: 14b*

“We will remember them”
– *from For the Fallen (Laurence Binyon)*

Semi-Chorus #1

“Lest we forget— lest we forget”
– *from Recessional by Rudyard Kipling*

“We will remember them”

Semi-Chorus #2

“All that they had they gave— they gave; and they shall not return.”
– *from The King’s Pilgrimage by Rudyard Kipling*

“We will remember them”

Semi-Chorus #3

“Their Glory Shall Not Be Blotted Out”
– *Ecclesiasticus (Wisdom of Sirach) 44: 13b*

“We will remember them”

Semi-Chorus #4

“We will remember them”

Semi-Chorus #5

“We will remember them”

THE END OF THE ORATORIO

JOHN MUEHLEISEN COMPOSER

His music has been described as “imaginatively harmonized...beautifully realized... and brilliantly crafted... all of this characterizes the masterful writing of composer John Muehleisen.” He has been Composer-in-Residence for Seattle’s Opus 7 Vocal Ensemble almost continuously since 1996, as well as for the Dale Warland Singers (2003–2004) and Seattle’s Choral Arts Northwest (2011–2012 and 2016–2017), which commissioned the concert-length work, *Pietà*, premiered in March 2012 to instant critical acclaim, which marked the start of John’s recent success with large-form works. *Pietà* was chosen by Craig Hella Johnson to open Conspirare’s week-long *ComPassion* festival in June 2014. The work received its East Coast premiere in March 2015 by Schola Cantorum on Hudson, conducted by Deborah Simpkin King, and in Spring 2016, *Pietà* was performed by the choirs of St. Olaf College and Magnum Chorum, led by renowned conductor Anton Armstrong. Most recently *Pietà* was performed by the Portland Symphonic Choir, conducted by Erick Lichte in October 2017 and on Good Friday (March 30), 2018 in Lincoln, NE on the renowned Abendmusik series at First-Plymouth Church, performed by The Plymouth Choir (Tom Trenney, Artistic Director) and Nebraska Wesleyan University Choir (William Wyman, conductor) again led by Guest Conductor Anton Armstrong. John’s second concert-length work, *But Who Shall Return Us Our Children – A Kipling Passion*— premiered in March 2017—was commissioned to commemorate the Centennial of World War I by a consortium of organizations, including Choral Arts NW, the Conservatory of Music and Dance at University of Missouri – Kansas City, Spire Chamber Ensemble, Ember Vocal Ensemble of Schola Cantorum on Hudson, and the South Bend Chamber Singers. The work received seven performances in 2017 alone, with three additional performances in 2018, including a feature performance as one of the conference headliners at the March 2018 Northwest Region ACDA conference, performed by Choral Arts Northwest, conducted by Robert Bode.



John's works have been performed throughout North America, Europe, and Asia by numerous esteemed choral groups including the Ansan City Choir, Choral Chameleon, Incheon City Chorale, John Alexander Singers, and Yale Schola Cantorum, as well as by the Louisville Orchestra, conducted by Lawrence Leighton Smith. He has received commissions from Conspirare, The Esoterics, Northwest Girlchoir, Seattle Girls' Choir, Seattle Pro Musica, South Bend Chamber Singers, and Volti, amongst others, and his 2015 Harvard Glee Club commission, *The Field*, received multiple standing ovations during the ensemble's Spring 2015 Tour of the American South. More than 40 of his works have been recorded commercially, and his compositions have been featured at the Sixth World Choral Symposium; at the 2007 NEA American Masterpieces Choral Festival in Austin, TX; at multiple ACDA conferences, and at the 2013 Chorus America Conference. His work for women's choir, *Joy*, was performed in Avery Fisher Hall by The Distinguished Concerts Singers International in March 2014, conducted by Hillary Apfelstadt.

Awards include the 1988 Louisville Orchestra Orchestral Composition Competition Award and Third Place in the 2013 American Prize in Professional Choral Composition. John and Montana-based choral ensemble

Dolce Canto (conducted by Peter Park) were awarded the 2014 Dale Warland Singers Commission Award co-sponsored by Chorus America and the American Composers Forum. The resulting work was a collaboration with renowned poet and librettist, Charles Anthony Silvestri. Commissions, performances, and recordings of his works have been supported by grants from the Alice M. Ditson Fund of Columbia University, the American Music Center, Jerome Foundation, Meet the Composer, New Music USA, as well as several grants from the National Endowment for the Arts. John has a B.Mus. in Saxophone Performance from California State University, Sacramento; a M.Mus. in Composition from University of Washington, where he studied with William Bergsma, William O. Smith, and Diane Thome. He also attended Indiana University for Doctoral studies in composition with John Eaton, Eugene O'Brien, Harvey Sollberger, and Donald Erb and has participated in master classes with famed American composers Milton Babbitt, Earle Brown, David Felder, Lukas Foss, Bernard Rands, and Yehudi Wyner. Most of his compositions are self-published and available from Muehleisen Music at www.johnmuehleisen.com, as well as well as from Alliance Music Publications and Colla Voce Music.



KIMBERLY GIORDANO SOPRANO | CARRIE KIPLING

Lauded for being "smoothly eloquent" (KING-FM) and for her "polished", "sterling" and "honest performance" (Seattle Times), soprano Kimberly Giordano delights audiences with her consummate blend of elegance and emotion. Recent performances include Carrie Kipling in the premiere of John Muehleisen's *But Who Will Return Us Our Children? A Kipling Passion*, soprano soloist in Murry Sidlin's *Defiant Requiem – Verdi At Terezin*, Rosalinde in *Die Fledermaus*, Micaëla in *Carmen*, the title role in Tchaikovsky's *Iolanta* and Strauss' *Vier letzte Lieder*. She made her Carnegie Hall soloist debut singing Vaughan Williams' *Dona nobis pacem*. A Pacific Northwest favorite, Kimberly has performed with many area companies including Seattle Opera, Tacoma Opera, Spectrum Dance Theater, Music of Remembrance, Thalia Symphony, Cascade Symphony, Seattle Youth Symphony Orchestra, Whatcom Symphony, Kirkland Choral Society, and Choral Arts Northwest. Kimberly has sung the national anthem at Seattle Mariners games for five seasons so far, and can be found on the Naxos recording of the world premiere of Louis Karchin's *Jane Eyre*, to be released later this year.

ERIC NEUVILLE TENOR | JOHN KIPLING

Hailed for his “seemingly effortless vocal acrobatics” (Capital Times), Seattle-based tenor Eric Neuville is a regular on operatic and concert stages throughout the country. Recent highlights have included performances of Young Thompson in Cipullo’s *Glory Denied* with Nashville Opera, John Kipling in John Muehleisen’s *But Who Will Return Us Our Children? A Kipling Passion*, Laurie in Adamo’s *Little Women* with Madison Opera, Mozart’s *Requiem* with the Seattle Symphony conducted by Itzhak Perlman, Testo in Monteverdi’s *Il combattimento di Tancredi e Clorinda* with Seattle Opera, John Muehleisen’s *Pietà* with the St. Olaf Choir and Magnum Chorum, and a remounting of the award-winning recital *Modern Dickinson* at the Victoria Bach Festival.

His 2017-18 season included performances of Monteverdi’s *L’Orfeo* with Stephen Stubbs’ Pacific Musicworks, Pedrillo in Mozart’s *Die Entführung aus dem Serail* with Madison Opera, Bernstein’s *MASS* with the Austin Symphony, *Modern Dickinson* at St. Olaf College & Macalester College, Il messaggero in Verdi’s *Aida* with Seattle Opera, Britten’s *Cantata Misericordium* with Opus 7, and Bach’s *Mass in B minor* with the Seattle Bach Choir.

Past highlights include Bach’s *St. Matthew Passion* with Conspirare and the Victoria Bach Festival, Scaramuccio in Strauss’ *Ariadne auf Naxos* with Seattle Opera, Orff’s *Carmina Burana* with the Austin Symphony, Beethoven’s *9th Symphony* with the Seattle Symphony, Handel’s *Messiah* with Pacific Musicworks, Don Jose in *La tragédie de Carmen* with the Washington Idaho Symphony, Ulysses in Fauré’s *Pénélope* with Vespertine Opera, Tamino in *Die Zauberflöte* with Tacoma Opera, and Cary Ratcliff’s *Ode to Common Things* with Conspirare which earned him a 2015 Grammy nomination as a soloist.

Dr. Neuville is a graduate of St. Olaf College, The University of Texas at Austin, and The University of Washington.



CHARLES ROBERT STEPHENS BASS-BARITONE | RUDYARD KIPLING

Charles has enjoyed a career spanning a wide variety of roles and styles in opera and concert music. In his 20 years in New York City he sang leading roles with the New York City Opera and was hailed by the *New York Times* as a “baritone of smooth distinction.” He also appeared frequently in Carnegie Hall with the Opera Orchestra of New York and was active in regional opera throughout the US. On the international stage, he sang opera roles in Montevideo Uruguay, Taiwan, Santo Domingo and Mexico City.

Now based in Seattle, Charles has sung with the Seattle Symphony, Northwest Sinfonietta, Tacoma and Spokane Symphony, Spokane Opera, Portland Chamber Orchestra and many other orchestras and opera companies in the Pacific Northwest. He joined the roster of the Seattle Opera in 2010 for the premiere of *Amelia* by Daron Hagen.

Recent collaborations with early music expert Stephen Stubbs include the role of Tiresias in the Boston Early Music Festival’s lavish production of Steffani’s *Niobe, Queen of Thebes*. A long association with Maestro Gary Thor Wedow has led to two performances with the Seattle Symphony: *Messiah* and “Opera Festival.” He premiered the role of Rudyard Kipling in John Muehleisen’s world-premiere oratorio entitled *But Who Shall Return to Us Our Children? A Kipling Passion*.

The 2018-19 season brings performances of *Messiah*, Haydn’s *Creation*, Beethoven’s *Symphony # 9*, Bach *Christmas Oratorio*, Scarpia in *Tosca*, Melchior in *Amahl and the Night Visitors*, the Father in *Hansel and Gretel* and baritone soloist in Britten’s *War Requiem*.

Besides being an active recital and concert singer, he is also a highly sought-after voice teacher. He is on the voice faculty at Pacific Lutheran University and serves as soloist at St. Thomas Episcopal Church in Medina, WA.



ROBERT BODE CONDUCTOR

Robert H. Bode is the Raymond R. Neevel/Missouri Professor of Choral Music and Director of Choral Activities at the Conservatory of Music and Dance at the University of Missouri-Kansas City.

In addition to his distinguished teaching career, Dr. Bode has enjoyed a successful international conducting career as guest conductor of the Kammerorchester Leipzig, Germany; Filharmonia Sudecka, Walbryzch, Poland; Vratca Philharmonic, Vratca, Bulgaria; and the Yunnan Provincial Chorus, Kunming, China; among many others.

Dr. Bode is the Artistic Director of Choral Arts Northwest. In the spring of 2010, Bode and Choral Arts NW received the Margaret Hillis Award for Choral Excellence, presented by Chorus America. Choral Arts performed at the national Chorus America conference in Seattle in 2014 and the national ACDA conference in Salt Lake City in 2015. Bode's choirs at UMKC have performed for regional and national conventions of the American Choral Directors Association and the Missouri Music Educators Association.

Dr. Bode is noted for his dedication to the commissioning and performance of music by American composers. He has commissioned over fifty works for chorus from American composers, including William Averitt, John David Earnest, Eric Barnum, Jake Heggie, Gwyneth Walker, Richard Hundley, Rick Asher, Melinda Bargreen, William Hawley, John Muehleisen, Frank Ferko, Jake Runestad, Dominick DiOrio, Dale Trumbore, Shawn Kirchner, and others.



CHORAL ARTS NORTHWEST

Led by Artistic Director Robert Bode since 2007, **Choral Arts Northwest** has garnered national recognition and critical acclaim for exquisite performances and creative, diverse programming. CANW won the Margaret Hillis Award for Choral Excellence (2010); and the American Prize for choral performance (community division) twice, placing first in 2010 and second in 2013. CANW has also been awarded coveted performing slots at the 2018 ACDA NW Regional Conference in Portland, the 2015 ACDA National Conference in Salt Lake City, and the 2013 Chorus America National Conference held in Seattle. In December of 2015, Choral Arts Northwest accepted an invitation to perform at a White House Holiday reception and was selected to sing for a private audience with President and Mrs. Obama.

Made up of volunteer singers drawn almost exclusively from the Puget Sound region, CANW combines a deep sense of community with a passion for artistic excellence. While performing diverse repertoire from Renaissance polyphony through 20th century masterworks, CANW retains an abiding commitment to new music and has commissioned and premiered new choral compositions each season since 2007. Our *Composer-In-Residence* and *Finding Your Voice* programs have produced important collaborations with composers such as Shawn Kirchner, John Muehleisen, Eric Barnum, Jake Runestad, Melinda Bargreen, Jessica French, and John David Earnest.

CANW has eight studio recordings released under the Gothic/Loft record label and one self-released recording available at CD Baby. CANW's newest recording is a live concert production of John Muehleisen's oratorio *But Who Shall Return Us Our Children? A Kipling Passion*, our commissioned work commemorating the centennial of WWI with a powerful and meaningful message on the effects of war and loss, and how we might find healing in the face of tragedy.

CANW celebrated its 25th Anniversary Season in 2018-2019!

Choral Arts Northwest

SOPRANO

Sarah Anderson
Gakyung Chung
Marilyn Cleveland
Ginger Ellingson
Jessica French
Stacy Van Hoecke
Anneliese Johnson
Christine Oshiki
Susy Wingate

TENOR

Joe Cline
William Gardner
Nicholas Gorne
Chris Hathaway
Fred McIlroy
Tim Morrissey
Gary Panek
Ian Thomas

ALTO

Kate Abbott
Miriam Anderson
Kari Frost
Cindy Harris
Taylor Iverson
Emma Kusters
Ruth Preston

BASS

Matthew Blegen
Bill Burcham
David Figuracion
Dave Frost
Gabe Lewis- O'Connor
Lee Thompson
Philip Tschopp
Lorin Wingate

Orchestra

VIOLIN I

Tom Dziekonski

VIOLIN II

Emilie Choi

VIOLA

Shari Link

CELLO

Page Smith

BASS

Todd Larsen

FLUTE/CLARINET/

ALTO SAX

Dane Andersen

OBOE/ENGLISH HORN

Janet Putnam

TRUMPET

Charles Butler (March 5-7)
Gabriel Palmer (March 5-7, 11)

TROMBONE

Dan Marcus

PERCUSSION I

Matthew Kocmierski

PERCUSSION II

Denali Williams

CONTRACTOR

Virginia Dziekonski

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Spire Chamber Ensemble, Ben Spalding, Artistic Director
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Made possible in part by a generous grant from the
National Endowment of the Arts

JOHN KIPLING'S MEMORIAL PLAQUE

TO THE MEMORY
OF
JOHN KIPLING
LIEUTENANT SECOND BATTALION
IRISH GUARDS THE ONLY SON OF
RUDYARD AND CAROLINE KIPLING
OF BATEMAN'S WHO FELL AT
THE BATTLE OF LOOS
THE 27TH OF SEPTEMBER 1915
AGED
EIGHTEEN YEARS AND SIX WEEKS
'QUI ANTE DIEM
PERIIT'

*As inscribed on a plaque in
St. Bartholomew's Church in Burwash, Sussex.
Commissioned by his parents and designed
by their friend, the architect Sir Herbert Baker.
The Latin inscription is translated as
"Who died before his time"
from Henry Newbolt's poem, Clifton Chapel.*



“THE SCALE OF TRAGEDY in WWI was immense. It is hard to comprehend the impact it had on nations the world over.

A new world born, the consequences we still live with. Using the personal story of Kipling, Muehleisen weaves a powerful narrative of the tragic loss to one family – the beloved son of Caroline and Rudyard Kipling. Coupled with a compelling score and orchestration, I was deeply moved over and over again to hear the witness of love of country, grief and hope. Universal, yet personal, it resonates at the deepest levels.

MUEHLEISEN IS A MASTERFUL STORY-TELLER”

–Dr. Matthew Naylor, President and CEO of the National WWI Museum

credits

JOHN MUEHLEISEN BUT WHO SHALL RETURN US OUR CHILDREN? A KIPLING PASSION

ROBERT BODE, CONDUCTOR
CHORAL ARTS NORTHWEST

CHARLES ROBERT STEPHENS
BASS-BARITONE

KIMBERLY GIORDANO
SOPRANO

ERIC NEUVILLE
TENOR

Recorded live on March 5-7 & 11, 2018
Plymouth Church, Seattle, WA

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