

**PENTATONE TRACK INFORMATION LINER NOTES ACKNOWLEDGMENTS** SONGS **ARTISTS MORE** 

> I lovingly dedicate this recording to my father Arthur Delan who brought me into the world of music, Gordon Getty who illuminated the path, and Kristin Pankonin with whom I was blessed to share the journey.

> > Lisa Delan

## **OUT OF THE SHADOWS**

#### **REDISCOVERED AMERICAN ART SONGS**

## Paul Nordoff (1909-1977)

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2	Music I heard with you (Conrad Aiken)	2. 02
3	Elegy (Elinor Wylie)	0. 44
4	This is the shape of the leaf (Conrad Aiken)	3. 06
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## Paul Bowles (1910-1999)

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8	Lonesome Man	1. 21
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## Stephen Paulus (1949-2014)

## **Songs of Love and Longing** (All poems translated by Sam Hamill)

11	Endless Autumn Nights (Anonymous)	1. 48
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**PENTATONE** TRACK INFORMATION **LINER NOTES SONGS ARTISTS ACKNOWLEDGMENTS MORE** 

15 Moonless Nights (Ono no Komachi)	1. 09	Norman Dello Joio (1913-2008)	
16 The Bashful Moon (Anonymous)	2. 10	Three Songs of Adieu	
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David Garner (b. 1954)		27 Farewell (John Addington Symonds)	2. 43
18 Auld Lang Syne (Traditional, poem by Robert Burns)	4. 10		
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		28 A Letter From Sullivan Ballou (Based on the letter written	7. 30
Gordon Getty (b. 1933)		by Major Sullivan Ballou on July 14, 1861)	
19 Shenandoah (Traditional)	3. 42		
Arranged for soprano, cello and piano by Gordon Getty		Randall Thompson (1899-1984)	
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Jack Perla (b. 1959)		30 Tapestry (William Douglas)	3. 04
20 Home, Sweet Home (Original melody by Henry Bishop, poem by John Howard Payne)	4. 14	31 Velvet Shoes (Elinor Wylie)	5. 01
Arranged for soprano, cello and piano by Jack Perla			
		Total playing time:	76. 07
John Duke (1899-1984)			
(Poems by e. e. cummings)			
21 Just-Spring	1. 53		
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23 i carry your heart	2. 43	<b>Lisa Delan,</b> Soprano	
24 The Mountains Are Dancing	2. 33	Kevin Korth, Piano	
		with <b>Matt Haimovitz,</b> Cello	



























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**PENTATONE** TRACK INFORMATION **LINER NOTES** SONGS **ARTISTS ACKNOWLEDGMENTS MORE** 

#### **Publishers**

Paul Nordoff songs published by Schott & Co. Ltd, London 1938

Paul Bowles songs published by G.Schirmer, Inc. 1946

Stephen Paulus songs published by Schott Music Corp. New York 1992

David Garner (Auld Lang Syne) copyright by David Garner 2014

Gordon Getty (Shenandoah) published by Rork Music 2015

Jack Perla (Home, Sweet Home) copyright Jack Perla 2015

John Duke (Just-Spring) published by Carl Fischer, Inc. New York 1954

John Duke (hist...whist) published by Southern Music Publishing Co., Inc. 1957

John Duke (i carry your heart) published by G.Schirmer, Inc. 1962

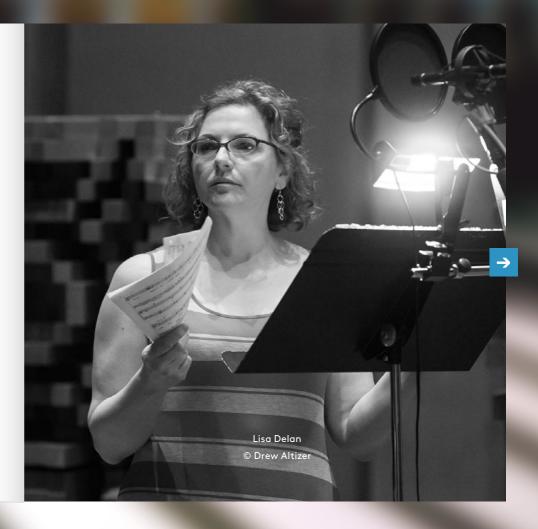
John Duke (The Mountains Are Dancing) published by Carl Fischer, Inc. New York 1956

Norman Dello Joio songs published by Edward B. Marks Music Corp. 1962

John Kander (A letter from Sullivan Ballou) published by Kander and Ebb, Inc. (BMI),

administered by Warner-Tamerlane Publishing Corp. 1994

Randall Thompson songs published by E.C. Schirmer Music Co., Boston 1962, 1986, 1938/1965



















































Paul Nordoff is widely recognized as the co-creator of the Nordoff-Robbins method of music therapy, but he has left a legacy of song literature that stands proudly with the output of his most highly regarded contemporaries (including Barber, Rorem and Copland). Only 12 of over 100 songs were published in Nordoff's lifetime, and as Colin Andrew Lee writes in his book PAUL NORDOFF: composer & music therapist, "The result has inevitably been an almost complete lack of awareness of his seminal contribution to American art song." The songs on this CD have come full circle for me. My San Francisco Conservatory of Music voice teacher, Elizabeth Parham, gave me copies of several of them in the 1980s, but when I tried to order the complete published volume in preparation for this CD I discovered that all but one of the

songs were out of print. Librarian Ron Romano (husband of my long time and current voice teacher and mentor, Jane Randolph) spent months tracking down the songs for me through libraries around the country, finding one here and one there until he had generously collected the complete works for me. Kevin and I delighted in the Nordoff songs on this CD and were honored to give "Serenade," "Music I heard with you," "Elegy" and "This is the shape of the leaf" their recording debuts.

#### **Paul Bowles**

Paul Bowles was a novelist, storyteller, poet, nomad, expatriate and composer. His literary and musical languages reflect the irreverent originality with which he navigated his journey through life. He studied with Aaron Copland, Roger Sessions, Virgil Thomson and Israel Citkowitz but eschewed formal

study and musical convention in favor of an intuitive and untethered approach to composition. As a writer he is best remembered for his novel The Sheltering Sky (filmed by Bertolucci); as a composer he contributed chamber and orchestral works, art songs, opera, ballet, zarzuela and incidental music for theater, much of which remained unpublished during his lifetime. He collaborated closely with Tennessee Williams on several projects, and in Blue Mountain Ballads, Bowles' idiomatic style, manifested in miniatures, reaches the listener as intimate and offhand conversation. Thomas Hampson sang the only previously released version of Blue Mountain Ballads (for Orfeo International Music), and it was great fun for me to note the differences in timbre, tempo and tone when interpreting these Tennessee Williams texts from a woman's perspective.

## **Stephen Paulus**

I was introduced to the music of Stephen Paulus by the magnificent Janet Bookspan, who was a dear friend of the composer, and for whom Paulus wrote two major works for narrator and orchestra (Voices from the Gallery and The Five Senses - Windows of the Mind). Jan was like a second mother to me and knew both my voice and my artistic spirit as she would have known the facets of her own children. Years before her passing, Jan handed me the score to Songs of Love and Longing during lunch at the now long gone PlumpJack Cafe in San Francisco saying, "this will be perfect for you someday!" As always, she was not only intuitive and insightful but also prescient - I needed to grow as a woman and as an artist to convincingly lend my voice to these songs, and as we began to prepare this recording I knew that it was time. And













































I knew that Jan was right beside me in the process. Albany records released two recordings that included this cycle (in 2007 and 2008) which faithfully represented Paulus' music; Kevin and I have endeavored to color the text more fully, infusing Paulus' brilliantly conceived score with the mood of the Japanese tanka.

## Garner-Getty-Perla

In the midst of finalizing repertoire for this recording, Gordon Getty contributed an unexpected and lovely idea: that we include a few contemporary settings of nostalgic works that resonate with the period and mood of the songs we had chosen for Out of the Shadows. Both "Auld Lang Syne" and "Home, Sweet Home" were his suggestions, and I was grateful to be able to put them in the hands of the supremely talented composers David

Garner and Jack Perla. I then asked Mr. Getty to lend his singular voice to a setting for this group of songs; he considered the request and came back with his sublime interpretation of "Shenandoah," which I am honored to premiere here.

#### John Duke

John Duke's prolific contribution to the art song repertoire—more than 265 songs—is often overlooked by people who favor modernism in twentieth-century music. But generations of singers and listeners have delighted in his romantic, whimsical and lush compositional style. Duke began to study the piano in childhood. By the age of 16 he had won a three-year scholarship to the Peabody Conservatory, where he continued his piano studies as well as studying composition. He later

worked with Nadia Boulanger in Paris and Artur Schnabel in Berlin. Duke's e. e. cummings settings are among my favorite art songs. I had loved e. e. cummings from the time, as a teenager, I discovered my mother's dog-eared copy of his complete poems. I was thrilled when Elizabeth Parham suggested these settings to me during a voice lesson when I studied with her at the San Francisco Conservatory of Music. The four Duke cummings settings had never been recorded as a set until Parnassus released them on a CD in 2001 with Carole Bogard; the American soprano is from an earlier era (born in 1936), and the more rigid performance practices of the time are reflected in her recording of these songs. Kevin and I wanted to bring out the organic simplicity, spontaneity and pure wonder in cummings' texts. We had two goals in recording these settings: to realize the range of Duke's style, and to have the

most possible fun delivering cummings' eclectic poetry... and what fun we had!

#### Norman Dello Joio

These songs first came to my attention at a voice department recital during my conservatory days. A fellow student performed them, and I was amazed by their immediacy, nuance and emotional range. I began to perform the songs in recitals after graduation, then put them away for a good many years. Occasionally, in the solitude of my practice, I would sing through them just to experience the pointed words and soaring notes. I was delighted to introduce this cycle of songs to Kevin and to include the premiere recording in our collection. Dello Joio reached great renown as a composer during his lifetime (winning many awards, including the Pulitzer Prize for Music in 1957), and I am somewhat













































incredulous that *Three Songs of Adieu* had not, before this, made it into his recorded legacy. In these songs, the grief of loss travels full circle: from recognition with resistance, to impassioned renunciation, to acceptance and release. Dello Joio's through-line is a cathartic one, which perfectly reflects the essential human experience of grappling with the death of romantic love.

#### John Kander

Composer John Kander became a household name as part of the songwriting team Kander and Ebb, whose great genius gave us the musicals Chicago, Cabaret, Kiss of the Spider Woman and The Scottsboro Boys (to name just a few). However, it was in classical music that Kander began his studies, first at the Oberlin Conservatory of Music, then at Columbia University

where he received his master's degree (he was a protégé of composer Douglas Moore and also studied composition with Jack Beeson and Otto Leuning). In "A Letter from Sullivan Ballou," the composer brings his full stylistic palette to bear. Here Kander's masterful score blends classical form with theatrical brilliance. It is a work that is both powerfully moving and painfully tender.

Sullivan Ballou, a volunteer major for the Union, wrote his now famous letter to Sarah from the Civil War battlefront on July 14, 1861. He left it among his personal effects so that she might find it if he were killed; indeed, a week later, he died in the Battle of Bull Run. The letter was featured prominently in the Ken Burns documentary *The Civil War*, where it captured the imagination of a nation. In preparing for this recording, Kevin and I learned how deeply that letter captured the imagination of the

composer. John Kander was moved not only by the content of the letter but by the style in which it was written, the "eloquence of expression coming from a man who was not a writer and what that says about the culture of his time." Sullivan's beautifully crafted and articulate declaration reveals a man ready and willing to lose his life for his conviction that Lincoln's cause was for the nation's highest good, but devastated by the prospect of leaving his wife and children. Sullivan and Sarah's marriage was, by all accounts, a deeply happy partnership; John Kander shows us a reflection of the playfulness and intimacy the young couple would have shared. Sarah never remarried. She was buried next to her husband when she passed at the age of 81. The original document has never been found: it has been said that Sarah asked her sons to bury her with it in her hands.

"A Letter from Sullivan Ballou" was

premiered by Renee Fleming and Warren Jones in 1994 for Marilyn Horne's 60th birthday celebration gala at Carnegie Hall, a live recording of which was released on RCA Victor. I stumbled upon this recording in 1995 and have been haunted by John Kander's profoundly moving setting ever since. The moment I showed the score to Kevin we knew we had to include it in this collection; its warmth resonates with the musical voices from much earlier in the twentieth century, and it evokes a compelling vision of the challenges and gifts of life in the nineteenth century. We were honored to have had the opportunity to discuss and rehearse this work with the composer and are deeply gratified to present the first studio recording of this magnificent song.

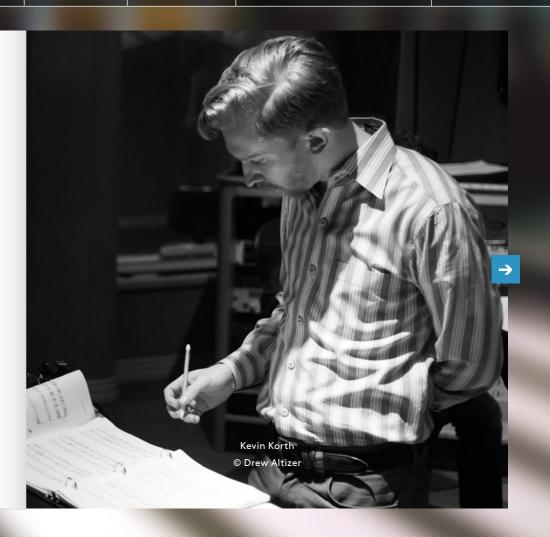


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## Randall Thompson

Randall Thompson is best known for his stunning choral settings, particularly his Alleluia. Alleluia was commissioned by Serge Koussevitzky to celebrate the opening of the Berkshire Music Center at Tanglewood in the summer of 1940. Koussevitzky's request for a "fanfare" was translated by Thompson into a tender affirmation of humanity, written while war was devastating Europe. The composer, like many fellow Americans at that time, found solemnity more fitting than celebration. This kind of soulfulness is abundantly evident in his songs included on this CD. Deep connections are expressed in these songs: to faith in "My soul doth magnify the Lord," to the grace of living creatures in "Tapestry," and to nature in "Velvet Shoes." I had sung Thompson's choral music as a teenager but was completely unaware of the few works he had written for solo

voice until Gordon Getty urged me to find the music for "Velvet Shoes" almost a decade ago. It would take years for me to turn my attention to "Velvet Shoes," but when I did, I shared Getty's fascination with this gem. It was, in fact, this song (which was recorded by Povla Frijsh in 1999 and Roberta Alexander in 2000) that served as the genesis for Out of the Shadows - Rediscovered American Art Songs. I then searched for other Thompson solo works to join "Velvet Shoes" on the CD. "Tapestry" evoked the works of the French impressionist composers, and "My soul" overwhelmed me with the beauty of Thompson's melismatic writing. It seemed only fitting that "Velvet Shoes" close the recording. The composer indicated the tempo as "Quasi una marcia in Iontananza" (Like a march in the distance). For Kevin and me, this march manifested itself as a pilgrimage, with "footsteps quiet and slow," fading away into the distance.









































## **Paul Nordoff**

#### Serenade

(Kathleen Millay)

I took my little song around and sang it to my lover. High up and low down and like a bird a-flying, I took it to my loving lad and now I wish I never had. High up and low down and like a wind a-crying my little song is dying.

Back and forth and through the town and up the hill and going down. I took my little song around and sang it to my lover. Deep down and underground and dead and under cover, I took my little song around and sang it to my lover.

#### Music I heard with you

(Conrad Aiken)

Music I heard with you was more than music,

And bread I broke with you was more than bread.

Now that I am without you, all is desolate,

All that was once so beautiful is dead.

Your hands once touched this table and this silver.

And I have seen your fingers hold this glass.

These things do not remember you, beloved.

And yet your touch upon them will not pass.

For it was in my heart you moved among them,

And blessed them with your hands and with your eyes.

And in my heart they will remember always:

They knew you once, O beautiful and

#### Elegy

(Elinor Wylie)

Withouten you

No rose can grow; No leaf be green If never seen Your sweetest face; No bird have grace Or power to sing; Or anything Be kind, or fair,

And you nowhere.

## This is the shape of the leaf

(Conrad Aiken)

This is the shape of the leaf, and this of the flower.

And this the pale bole of the tree Which watches its bough in a pool of unwavering water

In a land we shall never see.

The thrush on the bough is silent, the dew falls softly, In the evening is hardly a sound. And the three beautiful pilgrims who come here together Touch lightly the dust of the ground.

Touch it with feet that trouble the dust but as wings do, Come shyly together, are still, Like dancers who wait, in a pause of the

music, for music The exquisite silence to fill.















































This is the thought of the first, and this

'Linger we thus for a moment, palely expectant,

And silence will end, and the bird

'Sing the pure phrase, sweet phrase, clear phrase in the twilight To fill the blue bell of the world; And we, who on music so leaflike have drifted together, Leaflike apart shall be whirled

'Into what but the beauty of silence, silence forever?' . . .

... This is the shape of the tree, And the flower, and the leaf, and the three pale beautiful pilgrims; This is what you are to me.

#### Willow River

(Marjorie Allen Seiffert)

Spring comes early In Willow Valley, The sky shines clearly, The stream flows stilly;

And shadows of little Willow leaves dapple Waters that ripple Past wading cattle.

Like ribbon uncurling From a spool and spilled On the green, sweet smelling Floor of the world.

Lies Willow River Held by shadows Willing forever To wind through meadows. A spellbound stream, Careless of moving, Caught in a dream Like a woman loving;

It cares not the least, For ships in the South, Or the cold, sharp taste Of salt at its mouth.

I saw none living Along Willow River Where I went driving Once with my lover.

## There shall be more joy

(Ford Madox Ford)

The little angels of Heaven Each wear a long white dress, And in the tall arcadings Play ball and play at chess;

With never a soil on their garments, Not a sigh the whole day long, Not a bitter note in their pleasure, Not a bitter note in their song.

But they shall know keener pleasure, And they shall know joy more rare— Keener, keener pleasure When you, my dear, come there.

The little angels of Heaven Each wear a long white gown, And they lean over the ramparts Waiting and looking down.







































## **Paul Bowles**

#### **Blue Mountain Ballads**

(Poems by Tennessee Williams)

#### **Heavenly Grass**

My feet took a walk in heavenly grass, All day while the sky shone clear as glass.

My feet took a walk in heavenly grass, All night while the lonesome stars rolled

Then my feet come down to walk on earth,

And my mother cried when she give me birth.

Now my feet walk far and my feet walk fast

But they still got an itch for heavenly grass.

#### Lonesome Man

My chair rock-rocks by the door all day But nobody ever stops my way, Nobody ever stops by my way.

My teef chaw-chaw on an old ham bone An' I do the dishes all alone, I do the dishes all by my lone.

My feet clop-clop on the hardwood floor 'Cause I won't buy love at the hardware

I don't want love from the mercantile store.

Now the clock tick-tocks by my single

While the moon looks down at my sleepless head,

While the moon grins down at an ole fool's head

#### Cabin

The cabin was cozy and hollyhocks grew Bright by the door till his whisper crept through.

The sun on the sill was yellow and warm Till she lifted the latch for a man or a storm.

Now the cabin falls to the winter wind And the walls cave in where they kissed and sinned.

And the long white rain sweeps clean the room

Like a white-haired witch with a long straw broom!

#### 10. Sugar in the Cane

I'm red pepper in a shaker, Bread that's waitin' for the baker. I'm sweet sugar in the cane, Never touched except by rain. If you touched me God save you,

These summer days are hot and blue.

I'm potatoes not yet mashed, I'm a check that ain't been cashed. I'm a window with a blind, Can't see what goes on behind. If you did, God save your soul! These winter nights are blue and cold.

## **Stephen Paulus**

#### Songs of Love and Longing

(All poems translated by Sam Hamill)

## I. Endless Autumn Nights

(Anonymous)

Endless autumn nights, almost unbearably long, are not long enough for one to finally overcome the loneliness of our love.































## II. The One Who Greets Me

(Otomo no Yakamachi)

Late evening finally comes: I unlatch the door and quietly await the one who greets me in my dreams.

#### III. Dark Seed

(Sosei)

Where is the dark seed that grows the forget-you plant? Searching, now I see it grows in the frozen heart of one who has murdered love.

#### IV. Echoes

(Mibu no Tadamine)

The soft autumn winds bring echoes of a koto played in the distance.

Why must the whispered refrain remind me I love in vain?

#### V. Moonless Nights

(Ono no Komachi)

I long for him most during those long moonless nights. I lie awake, hot, the growing fires of passion bursting, blazing in my heart.

#### VI. The Bashful Moon

(Anonymous)

I worried: might you come here; might I go there; might we meet again? Then, at last, the bashful moon: I slept with my door unlatched.

#### VII. From This World

(Anonymous)

I cannot ask you when, exactly, you plan to leave. Surely, when you go, like a single drop of dew I will vanish from this world.

Text translated by Sam Hamill, and used by kind permission of Mr. Hamill and Shambhala Publications,

## **David Garner**

#### **Auld Lang Syne**

(Robert Burns)

Lang, lang syne, sin' auld lang syne... we've wander'd mony a weary fit, sin' auld lang syne.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot, and never brought to mind? Should auld acquaintance be forgot, and auld lang syne?

For auld lang syne, my jo, for auld lang syne, we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet, for auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup! and surely I'll be mine! And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet, for auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, my jo, for auld lang syne, we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet, for auld lang syne.

We two hae run about the braes. and pou'd the gowans fine; But we've wander'd mony a weary fit, sin' auld lang syne.













Acad Suppose

Acad Suppose

Social Suppose

So

































We two hae paidl'd in the burn, frae morning sun till dine; But seas between us braid hae roar'd sin' auld lang syne.

And there's a hand, my trusty fier'! and gie's a hand o' thine! And we'll tak' a right gude-willie waught, for auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, my jo, for auld lang syne, we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet, for auld lang syne.

## **Gordon Getty**

#### Shenandoah

(Traditional)

Oh Shenandoah, I long to see you, Away you rolling river.

Oh Shenandoah, I long to hear you, Away, I'm bound away across the wide Missouri.

Missouri, she's a mighty river, Hi-o, you rolling river. When she rolls down, her topsails shiver, Away, I'm bound away across the wide Missouri.

Oh Shenandoah, I love your daughter, Away you rolling river. I hear her voice across the water, Away, I'm bound away across the wide Missouri.

For sev'n long years I've heard you

Away you rolling river.

For sev'n long years I've heard her calling,

Away, I'm bound away across the wide Missouri.

## Jack Perla

#### Home, Sweet Home

(John Howard Payne)

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,

Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there

Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home. There's no place like home, there's no place like home.

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;

Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again.

The birds singing gaily that came at my

Give me the peace of mind, dearer than

all.

My Home, my home, home... My home, sweet home!

#### John Duke

(Poems by e. e. cummings)

#### **Just-Spring**

in just-

spring when the world is mudluscious the little lame balloonman

whistles far and wee

and eddieandbill come running from marbles and piracies and it's spring

when the world is puddle-wonderful





















































the queer old balloonman whistles

and wee

and bettyandisbel come dancing

from hop-scotch and jump-rope and

it's spring and

> the goat-footed

balloonMan whistles

far and wee

Poem Copyright 1923, 1951 by e. e. cummings

hist...whist

hist whist

little ghostthings

tip-toe

twinkle-toe

little twitchy

witches and tingling

goblins

hob-a-nob hob-a-nob

little hoppy happy toad in tweeds

tweeds

little itchy mousies

with scuttling

eyes rustle and run and

hidehidehide

whisk

whisk look out for the old woman

with the wart on her nose what she'll do to yer

nobody knows

for she knows the devil ooch

the devil ouch

the devil

ach the great

green

dancing

devil

devil

devil devil

wheeEEE

Poem Copyright 1923, 1951 by e. e. cummings

i carry your heart

i carry your heart with me (i carry it in my heart) i am never without it

(anywhere

i go you go, my dear; and whatever is

by only me is your doing, my darling)

i fear

no fate (for you are my fate, my sweet)

no world (for beautiful you are my

world, my true)

and it's you are whatever a moon has

always meant

and whatever a sun will always sing is

here is the deepest secret nobody knows (here is the root of the root and the bud

of the bud

and the sky of the sky of a tree called

life; which grows

higher than the soul can hope or mind

can hide)

and this is the wonder that's keeping

the stars apart

i carry your heart (i carry it in my heart)

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## The Mountains Are Dancing

when faces called flowers float out of the ground

and breathing is wishing and wishing is having-

but keeping is downward and doubting and never

-it's april (yes, april; my darling) it's spring!

yes the pretty birds frolic as spry as can

yes the little fish gambol as glad as can

(yes the mountains are dancing together)

when every leaf opens without any sound

and wishing is having and having is giving-

but keeping is doting and nothing and

-alive; we're alive, dear: it's (kiss me

now) spring!

now the pretty birds hover so she and

now the little fish quiver so you and so i (now the mountains are dancing, the mountains)

when more than was lost has been found has been found and having is giving and giving is livingbut keeping is darkness and winter and cringing

-it's spring (all our night becomes day) o, it's spring!

all the pretty birds dive to the heart of the sky

all the little fish climb through the mind

(all the mountains are dancing; are dancing)

"when faces called flowers float out of the ground" Copyright, 1950, by e. e. cummings

## Norman Dello Joio

#### Three Songs of Adieu

#### After Love

(Arthur Symons)

O, now to part, and parting now, never to meet again; to have done forever, I and thou with joy, and so with pain.

It is too hard, too hard to meet as friends and love no more; those other meetings were too sweet, too sweet that went before.

And I would have, now love is over, an end to all, to all an end: I cannot, having been your lover, stoop to become your friend.

## Fade, Vision Bright

(Anonymous)

Fade, vision bright! No clinging hands can stay thee. Die, dream of light! No clasping hands can pray thee; Farewell, delight! I have no more to say to thee.

The gold was gold the little while it lasted. The dream was true, although its joy be blasted. That hour was mine so swift a time it lasted.

Fade, vision bright! Die, dream of light! Farewell, farewell.













































## Farewell

(John Addington Symonds)

Farewell, to what distant place wilt thou thy sunlight carry? I stay with cold and clouded face; How long am I to tarry? As thou goest, morn will be; Thou leavest night and gloom to me.

The night and gloom I can take; I do not grudge thy splendour: Bid souls of eager men awake; Be kind and bright and tender. Give day to other worlds; for me it must suffice to dream of thee.

Farewell, farewell.

## John Kander

#### A Letter from Sullivan Ballou

(Sullivan Ballou)

My very dear Sarah:

The indications are very strong that we shall move in a few days — perhaps tomorrow. Lest I should not be able to write again, I feel impelled to write a few lines that may fall upon your eye when I am no more.

I have no misgivings about or lack of confidence in the cause in which I am engaged, and my courage does not halt or falter. I know how strongly American civilization now leans on the triumph of the government and how great a debt we owe to those who went before us through the blood and sufferings of the revolution. And I am willing, perfectly willing to lay down all my joys in this life

to help maintain this government and to pay that debt...

Sarah, my love for you is deathless. It seems to bind me with mighty cables that nothing but omnipotence could break; and yet my love of country comes over me like a strong wind and bears me unresistably on with all these chains to the battlefield.

The mem'ries of the blissful moments I have spent with you come creeping over me, and I feel most gratified to God and to you that I have enjoyed them so long. And hard it is for me to give them up and burn to ashes the hopes of future years when, God willing, we might still have lived and loved together and seen our sons grown up to honorable manhood around us. I have, I know, but a few and small claims upon divine providence, but something whispers to me, perhaps it is the wafted

prayer of my little Edgar, that I shall return to my loved ones unharmed. If I do not, my dear Sarah, never forget how much I love you, and when my last breath escapes me on the battlefield, it will whisper your name.

Forgive my faults and the many pains I have caused you. How thoughtless and foolish I have oftentimes been! How gladly would I wash out with my tears ev'ry little spot upon your happiness...

But, oh, Sarah! If the dead can come back to this earth and flit unseen around those they loved, I shall always be near you; in the gladdest days and in the darkest nights, always, always. And if there be a soft breeze upon your cheek, it shall be my breath, as the cool air fans your throbbing temple, it shall be my spirit passing by.

























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Sarah, do not mourn me dead; think I am gone and wait for thee, for we shall meet again...

Based on the letter written by Major Sullivan Ballou on July 14, 1861

## **Randall Thompson**

# My soul doth magnify the Lord (Magnificat)

(Luke 1: 46-55)

My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoic'd in God my Saviour.

For he hath regarded the low estate of his handmaiden:

for, behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed. For he that is mighty hath done to me great things;

and holy is his name.

And his mercy is on them that fear him

from generation to generation.

He hath shewed strength with his arm. He hath scatter'd the proud in the imagination of their hearts.

He hath put down the mighty from their seats,

and exalted them of low degree. He hath fill'd the hungry with good things;

and the rich he hath sent empty away. He hath holpen his servant Israel in remembrance of his mercy; as he spake to our fathers, to Abraham, and to his children forever. Amen.

### Tapestry

(William Douglas)

I saw the brown deer feeding, Dappl'd like adder's tongue, And quietly were they leading Their nimble-footed young, By some enchantment herded Among the bamboo trees, Whose stems with light were girded In flick'ring fantasies;

And as I stood there gazing In sunlight and in shade They rais'd small heads from grazing With soft eyes unafraid.

I could not pull my golden dart Out of its broider'd case. It seem'd as if my very heart Were silent in its place.

#### **Velvet Shoes**

(Elinor Wylie)

Let us walk in the white snow In a soundless space; With footsteps quiet and slow, At a tranquil pace, Under veils of white lace. I shall go shod in silk
And you in wool
White as a white cow's milk,
More beautiful
Than the breast of a gull.

We shall walk in velvet shoes:
Wherever we go
Silence will fall like dews
On the white silence below,
We shall walk in the snow.

Text used by permission of Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.









## Lisa Delan

American soprano Lisa Delan has won acclaim as an interpreter of a vast range of repertoire and is recognized for her versatility and breadth of accomplishment both onstage and in recording. She has performed on some of the world's leading concert stages including Lincoln Center, Davies Symphony Hall, Zellerbach Hall, Madrid's Auditorio Nacional, the Moscow Conservatory, Tchaikovsky Hall, and in a special appearance at Windsor Castle. Her festival appearances include the Bad Kissingen Festival in Germany, the Colmar Festival in France, the Rachmaninoff Festival in Novgorod, Russia, Festival del Sole in Napa Valley, the Tuscan Sun Festival in Italy, and the Domaine Forget Festival in Quebec.

Ms. Delan is privileged to collaborate with composers whose musical lives

are still works in progress, and has performed and recorded the music of William Bolcom, John Corigliano, David Garner, Gordon Getty, Jake Heggie, Jack Perla, Mikhail Pletnev and Luna Pearl Woolf, among others. Her complete discography can be found on www.lisadelan.com. In reviewing her recordings Sequenza 21 concluded, "As a song interpreter she may well be unequaled." And Audiophile Audition added, "I reviewed Lisa Delan's first issue in this series in 2009... I said then 'I am not sure I have heard a finer American song album since Songs of America made its debut [20] years ago.' Well, guess what? I can say it again, with a lot of confidence.... Lisa Delan is still the master of this sort of recital."

In 2013 Oxingale Records released Angel Heart, a music storybook, created by Ms. Delan and composer Luna Pearl Woolf, featuring the soprano together













































with Frederica von Stade, Zheng Cao, Sanford Sylvan and Daniel Taylor with Matt Haimovitz and his all-cello ensemble Uccello. The recording also features Jeremy Irons narrating an original story by best-selling author Cornelia Funke. Angel Heart has been performed as a live multimedia performance presented by Cal Performances in Berkeley, Carnegie Hall in New York City and Festival del Sole in Napa, CA, and will next be presented by LA Opera. The family-oriented project has been lauded by The Wall Street Journal, Publishers Weekly and The New York Times.

Ms. Delan is currently developing a genre-defying recording with Christopher O'Riley and Matt Haimovitz featuring art songs written for the soprano by Mark Adamo, John Corigliano, Aaron J. Kernis, Philip Glass, David Sanford, Conrad Tao and Luna

Pearl Woolf on texts by Joni Mitchell, The National, Lou Reed, Guided by Voices, Elliot Smith, Portishead and Gabriel Kahane.

#### **Kevin Korth**

Pianist Kevin Korth moved to California in 2006, after being accepted into the San Francisco Conservatory's renowned Chamber Music Degree Program. Upon graduation, he was immediately offered a position at the Conservatory on the vocal coaching faculty, becoming its youngest member. Now an indemand recitalist and coach in the Bay Area, Kevin has collaborated with artists such as Frederica von Stade, Suzanne Mentzer, Nadine Sierra, Marnie Breckenridge, Kristen Clayton, Brian Asawa, Robert Mann, Axel Strauss, and Joel Krosnick, Mr. Korth is also an avid practitioner of yoga and meditation and seeks to use performance as a vehicle to

bring himself and the audience deeper into the present moment.

#### Matt Haimovitz

Renowned as a musical pioneer, Grammy-nominated cellist Matt Haimovitz is acclaimed for his visionary approach, groundbreaking collaborations and innovative recording projects, which he combines with a tireless touring schedule and with mentoring an award-winning studio at McGill University's Schulich School of Music in Montréal. Born in Israel, Haimovitz made his debut in 1984, at the age of 13, as a soloist with Zubin Mehta and the Israel Philharmonic, and at 17 he made his first recording for Deutsche Grammophon with James Levine and the Chicago Symphony. Haimovitz's recording career encompasses more than 20 years of award-winning work on Deutsche

Grammophon (Universal) and Oxingale Records, now in collaboration with PENTATONE. His honors include the Trailblazer Award from the American Music Center, the Avery Fisher Career Grant, the Grand Prix du Disque, and the Premio Internazionale "Accademia Musicale Chigiana." He studied with Leonard Rose at the Juilliard School and graduated with highest honors from Harvard University. Haimovitz plays a Venetian cello, made in 1710 by Matteo Goffriller.























































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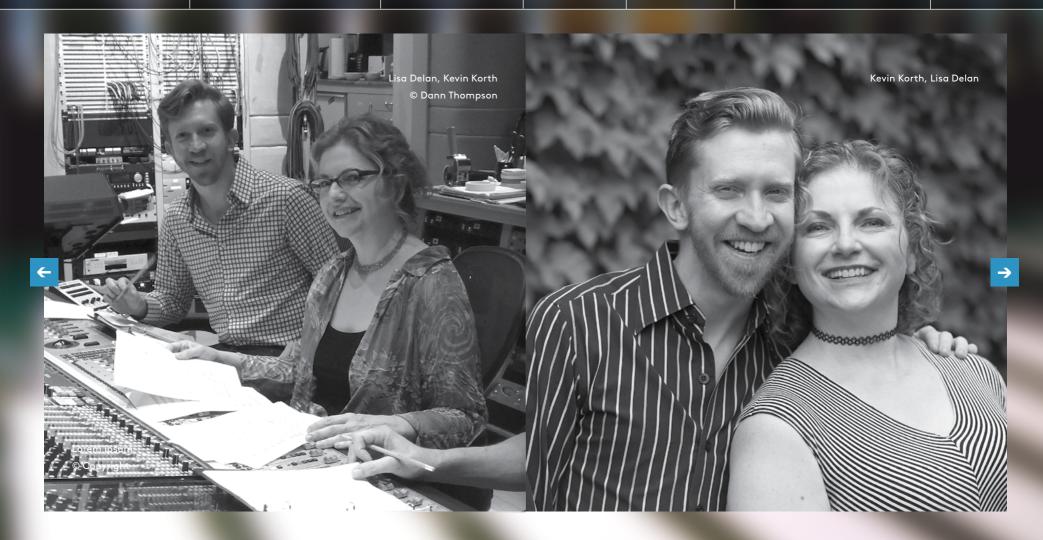








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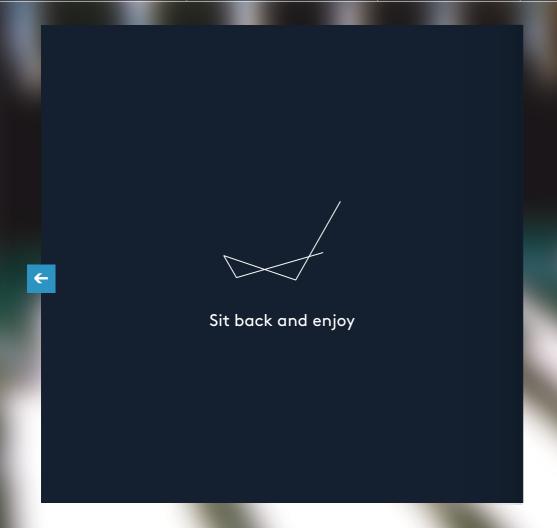








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