



An American Song Album
Melody Moore Bradley Moore

Samuel Barber (1910-1981)
Hermit Songs, Op. 29 (1953)

1	I. At Saint Patrick's Purgatory (13 th century, translated by Sean O'Faolain)	1. 33
2	II. Church Bell at Night (12 th century, translated by Howard Mumford Jones)	0. 45
3	III. St. Ita's Vision (Attributed to Saint Ita, 8 th century, translated by Chester Kallman)	3. 13
4	IV. The Heavenly Banquet (Attributed to Saint Brigid, 10 th century, translated by Sean O'Faolain)	1. 14
5	V. The Crucifixion (From <i>The Speckled Book</i> , 12 th century, translated by Howard Mumford Jones)	2. 05
6	VI. Sea-Snatch (8 th -9 th century, translated by Kenneth Jackson)	0. 38
7	VII. Promiscuity (9 th century, translated by Kenneth Jackson)	1. 01
8	VIII. The Monk and His Cat (8 th or 9 th century, translated by W.H. Auden)	2. 17
9	IX. The Praises of God (11 th century, translated by W.H. Auden)	0. 55
10	X. The Desire for Hermitage (8 th -9 th century, based on a translation by Sean O'Faolain)	3. 40

Jake Heggie (b. 1961)
These Strangers (2018)

11	I. These Strangers (Poem by Emily Dickinson)	1. 22
12	II. In the Midst of Thousands (Poem by Frederick Douglass)	1. 55
13	III. I Did Not Speak Out (Poem by Martin Niemöller)	3. 34
14	IV. To a Stranger (Poem by Walt Whitman)	4. 06

Jake Heggie
How Well I Knew the Light (2000)

(on poetry by Emily Dickinson)

15	I. Ample make this Bed	1. 37
16	II. The Sun kept setting	3. 01

Carlisle Floyd (b. 1926)
The Mystery: Five Songs of Motherhood (1960)
(Poems by Gabriela Mistral, translated by Anita K. Fleet)

17	I. He has kissed me	3. 13
18	II. Gentleness	4. 12
19	III. To my husband	4. 48
20	IV. At dawn	2. 55
21	V. Rocking	3. 04

Aaron Copland (1900-1990)

Four Early Songs (published posthumously in 1998)

22	I. Night (Poem by Aaron Schaffer)	3. 30
23	II. A Summer Vacation (Poem by Aaron Schaffer)	2. 20
24	III. My Heart is in the East (Poem by Aaron Schaffer)	2. 25
25	IV. Alone (Arabic Text by John Duncan, translated by E. Powys Mathers)	2. 08

Gordon Getty (b. 1933)

Goodbye, Mr. Chips (2018)

26	Kathy's Aria: Chips, darling, it's started (Text adapted from James Hilton by Gordon Getty)	4. 22
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Gordon Getty

Three Welsh Songs (2002)

(Traditional Welsh folk songs, adapted and arranged by Gordon Getty)

27	I. Welcome Robin	1. 59
28	II. Kind Old Man	3. 59
29	III. All Through the Night	3. 45

Gordon Getty

30	Deep River (2018) (African-American Spiritual, arranged by Gordon Getty)	2. 37
31	Danny Boy (2018) (Tune: Londonderry Air, arranged by Gordon Getty Poem by Frederic E. Weatherly)	4. 09

Total playing time: 82. 38

Melody Moore, Soprano

Bradley Moore, Piano



When I was pondering the potential repertoire of an American Song Album, there were obvious composers and pieces that came to mind. The first, Barber's *Hermit Songs*, I first ever heard in college at Louisiana State University when a student performed 'St. Ita's Vision' for a song literature class. I was immediately struck by the storytelling — the fact that Barber kept the author's voice intact, but then launched into a lyric lullaby that is one of the most tender tunes I've heard to this day. Upon delving further, I found it remarkable that the texts of the *Hermit Songs*, with all their profundity and relatability, were written in cloisters upwards of a millennium ago.

The Copland (*Early Songs*) and Heggie (*These Strangers*) took our timeline forward and into social conflict and the ongoing struggle of humanity to embrace one another and speak out for those who cannot do so for themselves. Woven amid the texts is also a deep sense of loneliness brought forth in *How Well I Knew the Light*.

I first found and performed Floyd's *The Mystery* in college at Cincinnati Conservatory of Music when I fell upon an LP of Phyllis Curtin performing the songs with orchestra. Again, the colors that Floyd found for the varying stages of motherhood, from conception to birth and rocking, were palpable, and I empathetically found myself caressing the songs in the same manner.

Lastly, Gordon Getty has become such a friend and support over the last decade of my singing. I've been lucky enough to sing and record his *Plump Jack* and *Joan and the Bells* in Germany with Ulf Schirmer. We decided to take some of Getty's most vulnerable and tender songs and create a cushion upon which the other sets rest.

Aside from choosing music and committing to the stories as expressively and honestly as possible, one must find a collaborative pianist/artist with whom to share and create that vision. I had a VERY short list of artists in my mind and fell upon the gold mine of Bradley Moore and the one free month in his schedule. Luck cannot describe what I feel when I think of those beginnings and of what came of our talks, laughter, tears and discoveries.

This recording was done exclusively in the STUNNING Mechanics Hall in Worcester, Massachusetts. The recording engineers had a direct relay response line down to us and, using this system, they could ask for repeats or changes. However, it felt to me like Brad and I had the hall and its history to ourselves. I could feel the music made in this space, the audiences awaiting the next transport and instruments tuned to perfect pitch. What an honor to open my singular mouth with Brad's poetic playing beside me and release what I hope to be a very singular interpretation of these works.

— Melody Moore —

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Melody Moore', with a stylized, flowing script.

From America: Songs Beyond Borders

The title of this welcome offering from American soprano Melody Moore poses many questions. And that's a good thing, and a very American thing.

The 31 songs in *An American Song Album* were indeed artfully set by five esteemed American composers, three of them still living. But their words are drawn from poems and lyrics without geographic or temporal borders. They take us from a vacation in 20th-century New England to a boys' public school in Old England, to a pregnancy in Chile and a Welsh lullaby, back to black and white poets of 19th-century America, further back still to the musings of Irish monks in the Dark Ages, and beyond.

No surprise your guide on this far-flung musical flight is a classically trained and practiced songbird who can't be caged. "I didn't feel, when I was picking

the music, that I had to pick within a certain window," Melody Moore tells me. "It's a really good collection because you're going to hear a lot of things. If you try to pigeonhole this album, it's not going to work. If you want to listen to an interpretation fresh off the page for each individual song, then this album is for you."

Jake Heggie, one of Moore's compositional collaborators and a generational peer, opines in an interview that, "a thing I love about Melody is that she's very curious. She has great intellect, and she's interested in different art forms, so for her to explore a lot of things makes total sense to me. I'm grateful to be on this big journey with her."

It begins with *Hermit Songs*, Op. 29, the late Samuel Barber's setting of poems left by Irish monks between the 8th and 13th centuries, premiered in English translation by Leontyne Price at the Library of Congress in 1953, with Barber at the piano.

The accompanist here, Bradley Moore, parallels the flexibility of this soprano (who's not his relation) across the variety that abounds in this album, and even within this particular set. The artists bring a vigorous and psychologically credible reading to the self-questioning of the penitent in "At Saint Partick's Purgatory"; a moodiness to the abstinent affirmation of "Church Bell at Night"; reverent empathy with Mary's maternity in "St. Ita's Vision"; a surprising religious beer bash at "The Heavenly Banquet"; Moore's powerful emotional investment in Barber's sweet and sad perspective on "The Crucifixion"; a roiling plea to the King of Heaven in the form of a "Sea-Snatch"; a simple minor diatonic motif about "Promiscuity"; an alluring and timelessly familiar purring of pianist and story-telling singer on "The Monk and His Cat"; skippity "Praises of God" which move towards *bel canto*; and finally a haunting hymn to solitude in "The Desire for Hermitage."

The translation from the monastic originals involves an awesome conclave of 20th-century literary practitioners, including W.H. Auden. The texts are as charming as they are perennially accessible.

These Strangers is the most recent of the album's compositions, created by Jake Heggie for Hannah Kidwell, winner of the Music Academy of the West's Marilyn Horne Song Competition, in 2018. "These four songs spoke to me so strongly and individually, especially at the time we did them, when [Americans] were smack in the middle of big turmoil, and wondering where we're going," points out Moore, who shares the activist motivation of her and Heggie's generation. "I wanted to say: I am the other, I am my brother's keeper, and we are connected to one another."

The title of this set is taken from Emily Dickinson's poem, for which Moore moves sinuously over a resounding piano accompaniment in the lower register.

“In the Midst of Thousands” can be found in Frederick Douglass’s oratorical autobiography from a century-and-a-half ago, from which Moore works majestic phrasing against Heggie’s urgent lament. “I Did Not Speak Out” is part of wider musical explorations by both Heggie and Moore of the Holocaust, reflected here in the words of Martin Niemöller, a German Lutheran theologian best known for his outspoken opposition to the Nazis but seemingly self-critical here for not having raised his voice sooner. Moore channels the passionate confession against the music’s inexorable march, while in Walt Whitman’s ode “To a Stranger,” she brightens in a sensual clarion call to shared humanity, resonant throughout Whitman’s pioneering cultivation of free verse.

Heggie returns to 19th-century Massachusetts muse Emily Dickinson, a source he shares with fellow composer Gordon Getty and others, for a pair of poems in *How Well I Knew the Light*,

which Heggie wrote for Nicole Foland’s Cal Performances debut in 2000. “The precarious difference between a major and a minor third,” heard oscillating in “Ample make this bed,” is “pretty common in my work,” says the composer. “Which is happy, and which is sad? Or do they alternate, based on what’s going on around them?” He demonstrates on this piece and on the ensuing “the Sun kept setting,” as in his operatic writing, a wonderful support for the concertizing voice, with melodies and dynamics which are substantial but not intrusive. And Dickinson, as ever, impresses with her honest ambiguity and clarity of vision.

“When you appear side-by-side with some of your heroes and inspirations, it’s very humbling,” attests Heggie. He’s referring to his inclusion on this album with 93-year-old Carlisle Floyd and 85-year-old Gordon Getty, composers with whom he shares mutual admiration. Floyd is represented here by a setting of poems

by Chilean Nobel laureate Lucila Godoy y Alcayaga, who wrote under the pen name Gabriela Mistral. The pieces were created in 1959 for soprano Phyllis Curtin, Floyd’s friend and frequent collaborator, with translation by another friend, Spanish language scholar Anita Fleet, who preserves Mistral’s thrilling poignancy. The poetic subjects — marriage, pregnancy, and the maternal aftermath — were chosen by the composer, he tells me, “since Phyllis was so devoted to her husband, and was looking forward to motherhood.” After his first and best-known opera, *Susannah* — another reflection on the female condition — Floyd says he “wanted to write in a harmonically richer way, a more adventuresome way, and I wanted to develop more rhythmic complexities.” This evolution is evident in this set, titled *The Mystery*.

In the opening song, “He has kissed me,” Moore’s voice extends a soft pillow of a vocalization in the pastel declaration of love so prettily put to music by Floyd.

“Gentleness” is a more urgent desire of a woman to connect with the outside world as she invites the world to connect with her maternal directive. “To my husband” is a sincere and compelling poetic aria, carried by Moore with a virtuosity reflective of her continuing success on the operatic stage. Moore draws on the confident high end of her register in that song and the follower, “At dawn,” with which poet, composer, and both Moores — singer and pianist — induce in us the exquisite pain and ecstasy of natal delivery. “Rocking” comes off as a fortissimo primal lullaby, mother and child cradled by a transcendent force.

The late Aaron Copland was a teenager on vacation in Upstate New York when he met Aaron Schaffer, a somewhat older literary scholar who became a mentor and the provider of the three gently reflective poems which Copland here set to song, early in his storied career (the only one among these composers which did not include an opera). Perhaps still under the

youthful influence of the Impressionists, Copland deploys a whole tone scale in parallel thirds on "Night", while his limpid en plein air ecstasies on "A Summer Vacation" may owe more to Duparc or Strauss. Moore joyously transmits both these studies, and then moves on to "My Heart is in the East", alluding musically to lieder. "Alone" is based on an Arabic text, and encourages both Copland and Moore to move in Persian modes, with aromas of erotic adventure.

Gordon Getty got to be present for part of the recording of *An American Song Album*, at the unanimously praised Mechanics Hall in Worcester, Massachusetts, built while Dickinson, Douglass, and Whitman were all still working, in 1857. "Melody is an amazing singer," Getty attests, at home in his San Francisco studio. "Hers is a rich voice, but totally natural, not a contrived sound, and with an easy top, on top of everything else, well over 'C.'" "You have to be a great singing actor, and that is what

Melody has become," adds Heggie. "It's not just about making beautiful sounds, it's about *why*, and the whole emotional emphasis behind making a sound in the first place. Those things were also important to Mozart, Verdi, and Puccini, because being a singing actor is what makes opera come to life."

On this album, Moore applies those multi-talents to her reading of "Chips, darling, it's started," aka Kathy's Aria, from Getty's newest opera, *Goodbye, Mr. Chips*. With a text adapted by Getty from the novella by English writer James Hilton, Moore credibly inhabits the good-hearted persona of Kathy, the schoolteacher's loving and beloved wife, jocular even as she faces what she intimates may be the life-threatening delivery of their child. Getty's libretto and musical lines are luminous, and Moore lightens up the experiences of both her singing and our listening. Variety sparkles again among the *Three Welsh Songs* set by Getty, who felt they needed

"better accompaniment" than what he'd first discovered long ago in "a rather incompetent songbook from the British Isles." In "Welcome Robin" Getty perceives "a gentle and mysterious spirit, and sad, and I threw in a lot of counterpoint." Moore virtually warbles, in resonance with that spirit.

With the doggerel of "Kind Old Man," Getty says he intended "to ham up the mock sadness and boisterous contrast," and Moore audibly tickles her own humor. She also gets to flex her vocal range by at one point singing an octave below the written melody, to good comic effect, reportedly unanticipated by the composer. From the familiar "All Through the Night," Getty "took the first two lines of the original poem, but the rest are my own." Moore offers her cred as a lyric soprano to this lullaby, resting sweet yet dynamic throughout, but finding a somewhat different interpretation for each of the three verses.

Getty says he came to Mechanics Hall with two additional songs, and since "Melody's a quick study and [pianist] Bradley is a first-rate guy," producer Job Maarse agreed to add the pair to this album. "Deep River" is an abiding African-American spiritual, for Moore harkening back to the music of her childhood. "I have deep roots in church music and Gospel," she points out, "and to their being the basis of blues, jazz, and even bluegrass. There were questions about whether we should put a spiritual on the album, and it was the very last piece of our last day of recording. I was exhausted. But I thought the color of my exhaustion could lend to this piece. You can hear that I can't go on without a power that is higher than me." The result is fetchingly understated and elegant, and respectful of the religious text.

The very last track on the album is the even more familiar "Danny Boy," with lyrics by English lawyer and lyricist Frederic E. Weatherly and the melody borrowing an ancient Irish air from County Londonderry.

Getty rearranges the song with his trademark questing, surprising, arpeggiated obligato in the piano part, and Moore embraces the love and the longing in the lyric.

An American Song Album effectively lets Moore present her own personal intention and spirit, uncostumed in any of the operatic roles she's so long sung and been praised for. She rejoices in this opportunity.

"I believe my career has been marked by saying really interesting things," she insists. "I've done world premieres, political operas, operas pertaining to race relations, and storytelling (especially about the Holocaust) that could make people have to question very deep topics. So I want to continue that, to see that I did do something that mattered. I think my life has led me to understand very intense and very subtle changes in human perception. So I can be trusted with this kind of material."

All parties involved in putting this album together, including the living composers, have been rewarded by putting their trust in this talented and committed vocalist. You will be, too.

Jeff Kaliss

Melody Moore

More than a promise for the future

Soprano Melody Moore is enjoying a thriving career on the world's leading stages, prompting *Opera News* to label her "a revelation." After her recent sold-out solo recital at Carnegie Hall, the same publication raved, "As I left the auditorium, I could only think: more of Moore, please."

In 2012, Melody Moore proved her mettle stepping in for Angela Gheorghiu after the first act in Puccini's *Tosca* at San Francisco Opera. It was a huge success that launched her career. The singer with such a suitably apt first name is carefully developing her repertoire in the Italianate and Germanic spinto soprano roles of Verdi, Puccini, Strauss and Wagner, while maintaining her passion for American opera and song. In a short period of time, she has added – or rather, conquered – numerous new roles.

Long gone are the days when the young girl stood up before her small church congregation to sing. Now, she is adored by the audiences at the great opera houses of the world.

Melody Moore's voice is more than just a promise for the future, as the critics point out: "She has a lyrical voice with pronounced dark overtones. Besides, she has the typical 'kapow!' of the spinto soprano. Her extraordinary abilities can best be described by mentioning the names of Renata Tebaldi and Gabrielle Tucci." A truly powerful artistic prediction, which Melody Moore is only too happy to confirm on stage as well as in the recording studio.



Bradley Moore

Bradley Moore enjoys recital partnerships with singers including Susan Graham, Renée Fleming, Jamie Barton, Angela Meade, and Eric Cutler. He has appeared with Graham at the Casals Festival and the Gilmore Festival; with Barton at the Kennedy Center, Koerner Hall, Oper Frankfurt, and Zankel Hall, where they and cellist Anne Martindale Williams gave the world premiere of Jake Heggie's *The Work at Hand*. With Fleming and Graham, he has appeared at Carnegie Hall, Boston Symphony Hall, Davies Symphony Hall, and the Walt Disney Concert Hall.

Mr. Moore conducted the world premieres of *The House Without a Christmas Tree* (Ricky Ian Gordon) and *Some Light Emerges* (Laura Kaminsky) at the Houston Grand Opera, as well as *The Little Prince*, *Tosca*, *L'elisir d'amore*, and *The Magic Flute*. He has conducted *Ariadne auf Naxos*, *Dead Man Walking*, *The Cunning Little Vixen*, and

The Crucible at the Miami Music Festival and *Madama Butterfly* at the Castleton Festival. He has been Associate Music Director at the Houston Grand Opera, and assistant conductor at the Metropolitan Opera, the Salzburg Festival, Opéra National de Paris, the Canadian Opera Company, and the Los Angeles Opera.

He has been a piano soloist with the National Symphony Orchestra and the Buffalo Philharmonic and performed the Martinů Harpsichord Concerto with the San Francisco Ballet for the world premiere of Mark Morris' *Beaux*. His discography includes *The House Without A Christmas Tree* (PENTATONE), a recital with Cutler, and a recital with clarinetist Julian Bliss.



Samuel Barber (1910-1981)
Hermit Songs, Op. 29

1

At Saint Patrick's Purgatory

Pity me on my pilgrimage to Loch Derg!
O King of the churches and the bells
bemoaning your sores and your wounds,
but not a tear can I squeeze from my eyes!
Not moisten an eye after so much sin!
Pity me, O King!

What shall I do with a heart that seeks only its
own ease?
O only begotten Son by whom all men were
made,
who shunned not the death by three wounds,
pity me on my pilgrimage to Loch Derg
and I with a heart not softer than a stone!

2

Church Bell at Night

Sweet little bell, struck on a windy night,
I would liefer keep tryst with thee
Than be
With a light and foolish woman.

3

St. Ita's Vision

"I will take nothing from my Lord," said she,
"unless He gives me His Son from Heaven
In the form of a Baby that I may nurse Him."
So that Christ came down to her
in the form of a Baby and then she said:
"Infant Jesus, at my breast,
Nothing in this world is true
Save, O tiny nursling, You.
Infant Jesus at my breast,
By my heart every night,
You I nurse are not
A churl but were begot
On Mary the Jewess by Heaven's Light.
Infant Jesus, at my breast,

What King is there but You who could
Give everlasting good?
Wherefore I give my food.
Sing to Him, maidens, sing your best!
There is none that has such right
To your song as Heaven's King
Who every night
Is Infant Jesus at my breast."

4

The Heavenly Banquet

I would like to have the men of Heaven in my own
house;
with vats of good cheer laid out for them.
I would like to have the three Mary's, their fame
is so great.
I would like people from every corner of Heaven.
I would like them to be cheerful in their drinking.
I would like to have Jesus sitting here among
them.
I would like a great lake of beer for the King of
Kings.
I would like to be watching Heaven's family
Drinking it through all eternity.

5

The Crucifixion

At the cry of the first bird
They began to crucify Thee, O Swan!
Never shall lament cease because of that.
It was like the parting of day from night.
Ah, sore was the suffering borne
By the body of Mary's Son,
But sorer still to Him was the grief
Which for His sake
Came upon His Mother.

6

Sea-Snatch

It has broken us, it has crushed us, it has drowned
us,
O King of the starbright Kingdom of Heaven;
The wind has consumed us, swallowed us,
as timber is devoured by crimson fire from
Heaven.
It has broken us, it has crushed us, it has drowned
us,
O King of the starbright Kingdom of Heaven!

7

Promiscuity

I do not know with whom Edan will sleep,
but I do know that fair Edan will not sleep alone.

8

The Monk and His Cat

Pangur, white Pangur,
How happy we are
Alone together,
Scholar and cat.
Each has his own work to do daily;
For you it is hunting, for me study.
Your shining eye watches the wall;
My feeble eye is fixed on a book.
You rejoice when your claws entrap a mouse;
I rejoice when my mind fathoms a problem.
Pleased with his own art
Neither hinders the other;
Thus we live ever
Without tedium and envy.
Pangur, white Pangur,
How happy we are,

Alone together,
Scholar and cat.

9

The Praises of God

How foolish the man
Who does not raise
His voice and praise
With joyful words,
As he alone can,
Heaven's High King.
To whom the light birds
With no soul but air,
All day, everywhere
Laudation sing.

10

The Desire for Hermitage

Ah! To be all alone in a little cell with nobody near
me;
beloved that pilgrimage before the last pilgrimage
to Death.
Singing the passing hours to cloudy Heaven;

feeding upon dry bread and water from the cold
spring.

That will be an end to evil when I am alone
in a lovely little corner among tombs
far from the houses of the great.

Ah! To be all alone in a little cell,
to be alone, all alone:

Alone I came into the world
alone I shall go from it.

Jake Heggie (b. 1961)

These Strangers

_____ 11 _____

These Strangers, in a foreign World

These Strangers, in a foreign World,
Protection asked of me —
Befriend them, lest Yourself in Heaven
Be found a Refugee —

_____ 12 _____

In the Midst of Thousands

There I was in the midst of thousands,
And yet a perfect stranger;
Without home and without friends,
Afraid to speak to anyone
For fear of speaking to the wrong one
I saw in every white man an enemy
And in almost every colored man
Cause for distrust.

_____ 13 _____

I did not speak out

First they came for the Communists, and I did not
speak out
Because I was not a Communist

Then they came for the Socialists, and I did not
speak out
Because I was not a Socialist

Then they came for the Trade Unionists, and I did
not speak out
Because I was not a Trade Unionist

Then they came for the Jews, and I did not speak
out
Because I was not a Jew

Then they came for me — and there was no one
left to speak out for me

_____ 14 _____

To a Stranger

Passing stranger! You do not know how longingly I
look upon you,
You must be he I was seeking, or she I was
seeking, (it comes to me, as of a dream,)
I have somewhere surely lived a life of joy with
you,
All is recall'd as we flit by each other, fluid,
affectionate, chaste, matured,
You grew up with me, were a boy with me, or a
girl with me,
I ate with you and slept with you — your body has
become not yours only, nor left my body mine
only,
You give me the pleasure of your eyes, face, flesh,
as we pass — you take of my beard, breast,
hands, in return,
I am not to speak to you — I am to think of you
when I sit alone, or wake at night alone,
I am to wait — I do not doubt I am to meet you
again,
I am to see to it that I do not lose you.

Jake Heggie

How Well I Knew the Light

_____ 15 _____

Ample make this Bed

Ample make this Bed —
Make this Bed with Awe —
In it wait till Judgment break
Excellent and Fair.

Be its Mattress straight —
Be its Pillow round —
Let no Sunrise' yellow noise
Interrupt this Ground —

_____ 16 _____

The Sun kept setting

The Sun kept setting — setting — still
No Hue of Afternoon —
Upon the Village I perceived —
From House to House 'twas Noon.
The Dusk kept dropping — dropping — still
No Dew upon the Grass —

But only on my Forehead stopped —
And wandered in my Face —

My Feet kept drowsing — drowsing — still
My fingers were awake —
Yet why so little sound — Myself
Unto my Seeming — make?

How well I knew the Light before —
I could not see it now —
'Tis Dying — I am doing — but
I'm not afraid to know —

Carlisle Floyd (b. 1926)

The Mystery: Five Songs of Motherhood

_____ 17 _____

He has kissed me

He has kissed me and now I am another: I am
another by the throb which repeats the throb of
my veins; I'm another by the quickening which I
feel in my breath.

My womb is now as noble as my heart...
And I even find in my breath the fragrance of
flowers: all because of him who gently rests
inside me like the dew on the grass!

_____ 18 _____

Gentleness

Because of the sleeping child I carry, my step has
become silent. And all my heart is reverent, ever
since it has carried the mystery.
My voice is soft, as if muted by love, because I fear
to awaken him.
With my eyes I now look for the pain of the womb
in other faces, so that others may look and

understand why my cheek has grown pale.
I move with tender fear through the grass where
quail nest.

And I move through the country silent, heedful: I
believe that trees and all bending things, watch
over sleeping children.

_____ 19 _____

To my husband

Husband, do not embrace me. You made him rise
from the depth of my being like a water lily. Let
me be like water in repose. Love me, love me now
a little more! I, so humble, will duplicate you in
the world. I, so modest, will grant you other eyes,
other lips, with which you shall enjoy the world. I,
so tender, will be shattered by love like an urn, so
that this wine of life shall flow from me.

Forgive me! I am heavy in walking, slow at serving
your wine; but you filled me thus and gave me
this strangeness with which I move among
things.

Be more than ever sweet to me. With your
eagerness do not stir my blood; do not agitate
my breath.

Now I am only a cloak; all my body is a cloak
beneath which there is a child asleep!

20

At dawn

All night I have suffered, all night my flesh has
shuddered to deliver its gift. The sweat of death
is on my brow; but it is not death, it is life!
And now I call to you, O Lord, Infinite Sweetness,
so that you will loosen it gently.
Let it be born, and let my cry of pain rise in the
dawn, braided with the singing of birds.

21

Rocking

The sea rocks its millions of waves — infinitely. —
Listening to the loving seas — I rock my child.
The wind, wandering in the night — rocks its fields
of grain. —
Listening to the loving winds I rock my child.
God, our Father, rocks his thousands of worlds —
soundlessly. —
Sensing God's hand in the darkness — I rock my
child.

Aaron Copland (1900-1990)

Four Early Songs

22

Night

My heart is placid as the lake
Which softly flows 'neath starlit skies.
And, as I walk, faint melodies of night,
Of things but half awake,
Stand soothing to its very deeps:
It thrills and starts while mankind sleeps.
The gentle murmur of the lake
Is silvered by a fountain's play.
A nightbird sings its tuneful lay
Full of the night's vast joy and ache.
A low wind sighs thru ghostly trees
Which shiver in the dancing breeze.

23

A Summer Vacation

Days of joy, how have ye fled?
Joy immortal, are ye dead?
Is there nothing that can hold you?
Can my limp arms not enfold you?

Days of floating on the stream,
Softly lapped as in a dream,
With the white clouds swimming slowly
In an ether pure and holy!

24

My Heart is in the East

While I in western lands do pine,
My heart is in the East!
How can I taste of food and wine
When thou art sore oppress'd?
How can I vows and oaths repay
While Edom Zion holds,
While Arab's bond my land doth sway,
His chain me tight enfolds?
Th'abundance of this Spanish land
It is but nought to me,
If I midst brimming tears
Thy strand, Thy ruined strand could see.

25

Alone

I shall never see your tired sleep
In the bed that you made beautiful,
Nor hardly ever be a dream
That plays by your dark hair.
Yet I think I know your turning sigh
And your trusting arms' abandonment,
For they are the picture of my night,
My night that does not end.

Gordon Getty (b. 1933)

Goodbye, Mr. Chips

26

Kathy's Aria: Chips, darling, it's started

Chips, darling, it's started.
They'll kick you out soon.
Dr. Cole says that things are a bit touchy.
Our baby has decided to stretch out the wrong
way, it seems,
And doesn't want to budge.
Stubborn as a true Chips.
Not to worry.
We always get it right in the end.
It will take more than a jam in the piping
To stop a Chips, much less two of us!
But just in case, my darling, just in case,
You must know what to do.
You must marry again,
So that she and our baby can love you as much
as I do.
And you must stay just the same.
You must cram your fists in your pockets when
you are angry,
Which is never for long,

And you must slide your glasses back up your nose
When they slide down, which is often.
And you must teach the boys, just as you have,
So that they will learn to teach themselves,
And teach the world,
Because now they are my boys too.
And then one day,
One wintery day at the end,
When all the world is falling upside down,
So that our boys will have to put it right,
One day far off, I will call on you.
I will knock on your door,
And take your hand,
And help you down the mountain one more time.
And all the while,
I will save a place for you if I am sent the right
way,
And keep an eye on you,
If their telescopes are strong enough,
And put in a word for you,
If I can find the right ear,
Because I love you forever and ever and ever.

Gordon Getty
Three Welsh Songs

27

Welcome Robin

Welcome, Robin, with thy greeting,
On the threshold meekly waiting,
To the children's home now enter
From the snow and cold of winter.

Art thou cold? Or art thou hungry?
Pretty Robin, don't be angry.
All the children round thee rally,
While the snow is in the valley.

Robin, come and tell thy story,
Leave outside thy care and worry,
Tell the children, Robin dearest,
Of the babies in the forest.

28

Kind Old Man

Where have you been wand'ring, kind old man,
The kindest man alive?
I Went out a fishin', boys,
Fal-dee-ree-dee-ree-do,
Made 'em pay admission, boys,
Fal-dee-ree-dee-ree-do,
Boiled 'em in me hat, boys,
Fal-dee-ree-dee-rid-dle-o,
Sold 'em to the cat, boys,
Fal-dee-ree-dee-rid-dle-o,
What d'ya think of that, boys,
Fal-dee-ree-dee, heigh-ho!

Why are you shivering, kind old man,
The kindest man alive?
I fell into a ditch, boys,
Fal-dee-ree-dee-ree-do,
Can't remember which, boys,
Fal-dee-ree-dee-ree-do,
Comes from gettin' old, boys,
Fal-dee-ree-dee-rid-dle-o,
Caught a lovely cold, boys,

Fal-dee-ree-dee-rid-dle-o,
Worth its weight in gold, boys,
Fal-dee-ree-dee, kachoo!

What if you get a fever, kind old man,
The kindest man alive?
I'll have to take the cure, boys,
Fal-dee-ree-dee-ree-do,
Keeps the system pure, boys,
Fal-dee-ree-dee-ree-do,
Circulate the jug, boys,
Fal-dee-ree-dee-rid-dle-o,
Take another tug, boys,
Fal-dee-ree-dee-rid-dle-o,
Throw away the plug, boys,
Fal-dee-ree-dee, here's how!

What if you should die then, kind old man,
The kindest man alive?
Then bury me in state, boys
Fal-dee-ree-dee-ree-do,
Underneath the grate, boys,
Fal-dee-ree-dee-ree-do,
To hear the porridge bubble, boys,
Fal-dee-ree-dee-rid-dle-o,

Thank you for your trouble, boys,
Fal-dee-ree-dee-rid-dle-o,
Pour another double, boys,
Fal-dee-ree-dee, God bless!

29

All Through the Night

Sleep, my love, and peace attend thee,
All through the night.
Guardian angels God will lend thee
All through the night.
Hushed, the world lies lost in sleeping,
Hushed the harvest, hushed its reaping.
Hushed the stars their vigil keeping
All through the night.

Once I told my love in sorrow
All through the night.
Long the waiting, cold the morrow
All through the night.
Sleep, my love, and dreams will bring thee
Clothes of starry wreathes to ring thee,
Angel choirs their songs to sing thee
All through the night.

Come the kings and come the lowly,
All through the night.
Keep the watch and keep it holy,
All through the night.
Voices from the dreamland woken,
She will hear your words unspoken,
Hold her in your pledge unbroken,
All through the night.

30

Gordon Getty

Deep River

Deep river, my home is over Jordan.
Deep river, Lord, I want to cross over into
campground.
Oh, don't you want to join in that Gospel feast,
In that promised land, where all is peace?
Deep river, my home is over Jordan.
Deep river, Lord, I want to cross over into
campground.

31

Gordon Getty

Danny Boy

Oh, Danny boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling
From glen to glen, and down the mountainside.
The summer's gone, and all the roses falling,
It's you, it's you must go and I must bide.
But come ye back when summer's in the meadow,
Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow,
It's I'll be here in sunshine or in shadow,
Oh Danny boy, oh Danny boy,
I love you so!

And when ye come, if all the flowers are
dying,
If I am dead, as dead I well may be,
You'll come and find the place where I am lying,
And kneel and say an Ave there for me.
And I shall hear, though soft you tread above me,
And all my grave will warmer, sweeter be,
For you will bend and tell me that you love me,
And I shall sleep in peace until you come to me!

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