



Birds of Love and Prey

Song cycles by

Eric Kitchen

Andrew Earle Simpson

Gabriel Thibaudeau



Deborah Sternberg, Soprano

Andrew Earle Simpson, Mark Vogel, Piano



Birds of Love and Prey

Andrew Earle SIMPSON (b. 1967)		
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4	III. The Eagle (Text: Alfred, Lord Tennyson, 1809–1892)	1:47
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Eric KITCHEN (b. 1951)

The Olney Avian Verse of William Cowper (2000)

19:14

(Text: William Cowper, 1731–1800)

- | | | |
|-----------|--------------------------------|------|
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Gabriel THIBAudeau (b. 1959)

Cycle Avicellus (2014)

18:12

(Text: Mykalle Bielinski, b. 1987, translated by C. Schoch)

- | | | |
|-----------|--|------|
| 16 | I. De ton perchoir ('From your perch') | 5:03 |
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| 18 | III. Ils partent ('They're leaving') | 4:54 |
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WORLD PREMIERE RECORDINGS

Deborah Sternberg, Soprano

Andrew Earle Simpson **1–**10**, Mark Vogel **11**–**19**, Piano**

Birds of Love and Prey

Andrew Earle SIMPSON (b. 1967)

Birds of Love and Prey

Birds of Love and Prey was composed for soprano Deborah Sternberg in 2014. The cycle, drawing on a range of textural sources from antiquity to the present, contrasts songbirds and predator birds – and explores the assumptions relative to each (e.g., songbirds are sweet, predators are nasty). In some cases, the types

directly oppose each other (*The Owl and the Nightingale*); in others, they struggle with themselves (*The Tit and the Lovebird*). There are solo portraits, as well. The whole is framed by choruses from Aristophanes' *Birds*.

Andrew Earle Simpson

Eric KITCHEN (b. 1951)

The Olney Avian Verse of William Cowper

Eric Kitchen is an American composer born in Williamsport, Maryland in 1951. He studied piano with James Pierce at Frostburg State College, Maryland, and composition at West Virginia University where his main teacher was Thomas Canning. He was a semi-finalist in the prestigious Kennedy Center Friedheim Award for composition in Washington, DC in 1979. His recent works have been written for Deborah Sternberg, including the cycle *The Bridal of the Earth and Sky*, and the *Roses* cycle, which is published by Euphonion Press Publications. *The Olney Avian Verse of William Cowper* was written for his daughter in 2000.

The main purpose for writing this song cycle for soprano and piano was to provide beautiful voices with another reason for singing. With this sole objective in mind, it seemed natural to turn to the delightful observations of birds by the British poet William Cowper.

With confidence in the lyrics of one who gave us *God Moves in a Mysterious Way*, and *There is a Fountain*, my aim was to supply passages in ranges that I most enjoy hearing from the pleasant soprano voice.

The harmonic language was derived from transcriptions of actual bird songs, as was some of the thematic material.

Eric Kitchen

'Man, like the bird, was created to sing praises to God.' – *Eric Kitchen*

Gabriel THIBAudeau (b. 1959)

Cycle Avicellus

Born in 1959, the Canadian composer, pianist and conductor Gabriel Thibaudeau studied piano in Montreal at the École de musique Vincent-d'Indy and composition at the Université de Montréal. He started work at the age of 15 as a pianist for ballets. Since then, he has been a pianist for Les Grands Ballets Canadiens, the pianist at La Cinémathèque québécoise for the last 30 years and composer in residence with the Octuor de France for more than 20 years. Thibaudeau's work includes music for ballet, opera, chamber music and several orchestral compositions for silent films. His works are performed in the Americas, as well as in Europe and Asia. Several international institutions have commissioned work from Thibaudeau, including the Musée du Louvre in Paris, the Cineteca di Bologna, the Festival de Cannes, the National Gallery of Art in Washington, Les Grands Ballets Canadiens and the Orchestre symphonique de Montréal.

On Cycle Avicellus:

'All the songs are written in a style I could qualify as "modern impressionism". The first song, *De ton perchoir* ('From your perch'), is a mirror of the singer. By using a time signature of 7/4, I wanted to give movement to a simple accompaniment. The use of the register of the voice also recalls

the range of the bird's voice.

The second song, *Blanc harfang* ('Snowy owl'), uses a large ambitus, either at the piano or in the voice. I wanted to give the impression of the large and slow span of the wings of the snow owl. The melody is almost romantic and is suggestive of large landscapes.

The third song, *Ils partent* ('They're leaving'), about migrating birds, is a bit like the fading of the air over a country road under a hard sun. On the first beats you will almost never find a rooted bass. The accompaniment is always floating.

The fourth song, *Envol* ('Soaring'), is constantly moving, like the birds never touching the ground.

I would like to thank Mykalle Bielinski for her beautiful texts and of course, Deborah Sternberg, whose voice and musicality charmed me at the very first note!

I would like to dedicate this premiere of the *Cycle Avicellus* to the memory of my dear friend, the violinist Ugo Mantiglia.'

Gabriel Thibaudeau

Deborah Sternberg on *Birds of Love and Prey*

I am completely in love with this music: an amazing song cycle written for me by Andrew Simpson, along with two other new song cycles, each with its own unique flavour.

This project evolved when I received the score of a song cycle called *The Olney Avian Verse of William Cowper*, from Eric Kitchen, a composer in Cumberland, Maryland. The piece, a five movement work based on poetry by William Cowper, had never been performed.

Learning this work, with its remarkable, yet down-to-earth poetry, and music that evokes a complete story in each movement, inspired me to find opportunities to perform the piece – I felt it needed to be heard! I performed it first as part of the Friday Morning Music Club performance series, and then as part of DACOR-Bacon Musicale series (both in Washington, DC), and most recently at the Penn Alps Music Series in Cumberland, Maryland. Each performance has garnered praise from audience members.

After learning Kitchen's piece, I next contacted Andrew Simpson, for whom I'd premiered a role in his chamber opera *The Outcasts of Poker Flat*. He immediately agreed to write a piece for my project, and suggested I also approach Canadian composer Gabriel Thibaudeau. I had performed a score of Gabriel's own music (with himself at the organ!) at a screening of the 1923 movie *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* at the American Film Institute

(AFI) Silver Theatre in Silver Spring, Maryland. I consider both Andrew Simpson and Gabriel Thibaudeau to be absolutely brilliant composers and musicians.

I was excited when each of them acquiesced to writing me a song cycle with the theme of Birds, and even more thrilled when I received the scores!

Thibaudeau's piece, *Cycle Avicellus*, features a four movement cycle with beautiful new poetry by young Canadian poet Mykalle Bielinski. His arrangements are breathtaking!

Andrew Simpson's work includes striking poetry by Aristophanes, Tennyson, Keats, Barbier, and a few anonymous poems that are by turns deeply moving or hysterically funny. (Picture a tiny, obnoxious diva nightingale at war with a fierce, stately, Dame Owl.)

I subsequently ran a successful Kickstarter campaign to fund the project, and hired Ed Kelly as recording engineer. My pianist was Mark Vogel for Kitchen and Thibaudeau's pieces, and Andrew Simpson himself played for his own work. The recordings were done in the lovely Spencerville Church in Maryland, acoustically a very beautiful space.

The full programme was premiered in a recital at the The Lyceum's lovely performance hall in Alexandria, Virginia, and patrons and composers alike were delighted. One of my favourite comments was emailed to me, after this recital, from the late music director Norman

Scribner, whose loss is felt deeply in the DC area: 'Deborah Sternberg's recital featuring *The Avian Project* was a joy from beginning to end. With her luminous and beautiful natural voice combined with immaculate musicianship, Ms. Sternberg regaled us with optimum performances of these outstanding songs by American composers. Here is a stunning young vocal artist to watch out for!'

This album is dedicated to my beloved grandparents, who started me on my journey; my parents, who encouraged my passions; my teachers, friends and colleagues, who inspire me in so many ways; and my husband and children, who make me feel loved and valued every single day.

Deborah Sternberg

Thank you also to the following:

Mykalle Bielinski, poet

S.B. Ferrario, translator

Cynthia Schoch, translator

DACOR-Bacon House Musicales

Friday Morning Music Club

Penn Alps Music Series

Spencerville Seventh Day Adventist Church, Silver Spring, Maryland

Thank you to our Kickstarter Patrons, who brought this project to life.

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Deborah Sternberg

Deborah Sternberg is praised for her stage presence and radiance of tone. Recent performances include the soprano solo for the 2019 world premiere of Lera Auerbach's *Arctica* with the National Symphony Orchestra and The Washington Chorus in the Concert Hall of the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts, and presenting art songs of Lili and Nadia Boulanger, Lori Laitman, and Madeleine Dring with the Cantate Chamber Singers and Washington Master Chorale, respectively, among many other engagements. Sternberg premiered the role of Piney in Andrew E. Simpson's 2012 opera *The Outcasts of Poker Flat*, which was presented at the Capital Fringe Festival and the Kennedy Center Page-to-Stage New Play Festival. Sternberg is a winner of the 2007 state competitions of the National Association of Teachers of Singing and has been featured as a soloist on recordings of the Cathedral Choral Society, the Cantate Chamber Singers, and the St. Catherine of Siena Choir. She is currently a full-time artist with both the Washington Master Chorale and The Washington Chorus. Sternberg hails from New York, and holds degrees from the University of Maryland and Duquesne University.

www.singingdeb.com



Photo:
Johnny Shryock

Andrew Earle Simpson

Andrew Earle Simpson, composer of opera, silent film, orchestral, chamber, choral, and theatre music, is ordinary professor of music at The Catholic University of America in Washington, DC. One of America's foremost silent film accompanists, he performs across the US and abroad. His music has been recorded on Naxos, Albany Records and Fleur de Son Classics, and his film scores have been broadcast on the Turner Classic Movies channel and appeared on Kino-Lorber and Flicker Alley DVDs.

andrewesimpson.com



Mark Vogel

Pianist and music director Mark Vogel is an active performer and conductor of vocal and chamber music, performing at such venues as the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts, Strathmore Concert Hall, the Washington National Cathedral, Wolf Trap National Park for the Performing Arts, and the Library of Congress. He is currently artistic director of International Voices Houston, a 140-voice multicultural choir. His extensive musical training includes a Master's degree in piano performance from Manhattan School of Music studying with Ruth Laredo, and a Bachelor's degree in piano performance from the University of Iowa studying with René Lecuona.

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Birds of Love and Prey
(Music by Andrew Earle Simpson)

❶ **Prologue: Bird Cadenza**

Ee, yakakae, yakakae!

❷ **I. O Beloved Nightingale**

O beloved nightingale,
Best loved of birds,
Sharer in all my songs.
Nightingale, my friend.
You've come, I've found you,
Bring your sweet voice to me.

O, as you chirp your lovely flute,
With springtime voice,
Now begin our songs.

– from Aristophanes, *Birds*
(trans. S.B. Ferrario)*

❸ **II. The Tit and the Lovebird**

A little tit and a rosy-faced lovebird
Were a-sittin' on the branches of a tree.
Now the tit moved over to the lovebird,
And he said, 'Since you're a little lovebird,
Won't you give a little love to me?'

Rosy said to the lovebird,
'You're certainly a *forward* little tit!
There's courage in your poor words;
But you got too much of it!
Move on down the branch, boy:

(So soon to get so cozy!)
Move on down the branch, boy:
And find yourself another Rosy!'

'But I'm an honest bird,
Blue as the sky!'
The tit persisted still.
'I'm an honest bird,
True to my kind,
But I'm lonely as a bird can be, Rosy!'

'I'm an honest bird,' said Rosy in reply,
'But that don't mean I'm a fool!
If you want some love from a lovebird
Then you'd better go back to school,
Boy,
And learn this simple rule:

Lovebirds with lovebirds
Together will unite;
But lovebirds with no other birds:
For the rest we put to flight, blue boy,
The rest we put to flight.
That's right:
The rest we put to flight.
Good night!'

– Anonymous

❹ **III. The Eagle**

He clasps the crag with crooked hands;
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ring'd with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

– Alfred, Lord Tennyson

5 **IV. Night Interlude**

...tender is the night,
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne.
...
Thou wast not born for death, Immortal Bird!

The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:

...
The same that oft[times] hath
Charm'd magic casements,
opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

– from John Keats, *Ode to a Nightingale*

6 **V. The Owl and the Nightingale**

In a verdant valley,
I heard an owl and a nightingale dispute.
The nightingale started it.

She looked at the owl: looked her up and
down, detested her.
And then she said:
'You nasty creature!'
'You make me want to puke to look at you!
Your body is squat, your neck is scrawny,

your eyes are black like lumps of coal.
Your face is so ugly, it stops my song
in mid-...
You're disgusting!
Better I should *spit* than sing about
your screeching!'

The owl waited till dark, so ticked off she
could hardly breathe, and then she said:
'How does my song sound to you now?
If you were in my claws, you'd sing a
different song!
You insult me all the time.
Why not fly out into the open and
see which one of us is prettier?'

'No, you have very sharp claws.
Owl, *dites-moi*: Why do you do evil things?
You're ruthless and bully small birds.
You fly by night and not by day,
And ev'ry evil creature loves the dark
and not the light.
That is why so many birds despise you, owl.'

The owl replied:
'Well, you sing all the night,
And cheapen your song by singing so
much.
But I sing in the evening at the proper time.'

The nightingale answered:
'You mean you *screech* and I *sing*!
Your song is lament,

but mine is celebration!’

The owl answered:

‘You’re good for nothing except warbling.
Useless, tweeting away.
But I can catch mice in a barn, and in
church in the dark.’

The nightingale said:

‘No, it’s only when you’re *shot* that you
turn useful,
because then your carcass is put on a stick,
and you become a scarecrow!

But I sing about love. All my song is about it.
All love, of any kind, is good.’

– from anonymous English poem,
12th-13th century. Freely adapted by A. E.
Simpson, based on a translation
by Bella Millett, ed. L Kopar)*

7 VI. Bird Cadenza
Ah, yakakae, yakakae!

8 VII. The Turtle Dove
Your turtle-dove has flown away!
Ah, memory too sweet!
Vision too cruel!

Oh! On my knees,
I see him, I hear him!

Your turtle-dove has flown,
far, far from you.
But she is ever true.
My beautiful love, my voice is calling;
All my heart is yours.

Precious flower, newly opened,
answer me!
You know if he loves me still,
If he is yet true!
My beautiful love, my voice is longing...
Ah! That your heart would turn to face me.

Your turtle-dove has flown
Far from you.

– Jules Barbier,
from *Les Contes d’Hoffman*
(freely trans. AES)

9 VIII. Interlude

10 IX. Blest are the Birds on the Wing
Blest are the birds on the wing,
Who don no winter cloaks.
Summer’s shimmering beams
Do not melt us into misery
But I make my home in the leaves,
In the vales of flowering meadows,
When cicadas, sweet and clear,
Gone mad for love of the sun,
Cry forth their sharp songs

In the noontime heat.
I pass my winters in canopied caves,
At play with the nymphs of the mountains.

And in springtime we feed on the myrtle,
Virgin white,
And the gardens of the Graces.

– from Aristophanes, *Birds*
(trans. S.B. Ferrario)*

The Olney Avian Verse of William Cowper

11 I. The Faithful Bird

The greenhouse is my summer seat;
My shrubs displaced from that retreat
Enjoy'd the open air;
Two goldfinches, whose sprightly song
Had been their mutual solace long,
Lived happy prisoners there.

They sang as blithe as finches sing
That flutter loose on golden wing,
And frolic where they list;
Strangers to liberty, 'tis true,
But that delight they never knew,
And therefore never miss'd.

But nature works in every breast,
With force not easily suppress'd;
And Dick felt some desires,

That, after many an effort vain,
Instructed him at length to gain
A pass between his wires.

The open windows seem'd to invite
The freeman to a farewell flight;
But Tom was still confined;
And Dick, although his way was clear,
Was much too generous and sincere
To leave his friend behind.

So settling on his cage, by play,
And chirp, and kiss, he seem'd to say,
You must not live alone;
Nor would he quit that chosen stand
Till I, with slow and cautious hand,
Return'd him to his own.

Oh ye, who never taste the joys
Of friendship, satisfied with noise,
Fandango, ball, and rout!
Blush when I tell you how a bird
A prison with a friend preferr'd
To liberty without.

12 II. To the Nightingale

Whence is it, that amazed I hear
From yonder wither'd spray,
This foremost morn of all the year
The melody of May?

And why, since thousands would be proud
Of such a favour shown,

Am I selected from the crowd,
To witness it alone?

Sing'st thou, sweet Philomel, to me,
For that I also long
Have practised in the groves like thee,
Though not like thee in song?

Or sing'st thou rather under force
Of some divine command,
Commission'd to presage a course
Of happier days at hand?

Thrice welcome then! for many a long
And joyless year have I,
As thou to day, put forth my song
Beneath a wintry sky.

But Thee no wintry skies can harm,
Who only need'st to sing,
To make January charm,
And every season Spring.

13 III. On the Swallow

Attic maid! with honey fed,
Bear'st thou to thy callow brood
Yonder locust from the mead,
Destined their delicious food?

Ye have kindred voices clear,
Ye alike unfold the wing,
Migrate hither, sojourn here,
Both attendant on the spring!

Ah, for pity drop the prize;
Let it not with truth be said,
That a songster gasps and dies,
That a songster may be fed.

14 IV. Sparrows Self-Domesticated

None ever shared the social feast,
Or as an inmate or a guest,
Beneath the celebrated dome,
Where once Sir Isaac had his home,
Who saw not (and with some delight
Perhaps he view'd the novel sight)
How numerous, at the tables there,
The sparrows beg their daily fare.
For there, in every nook and cell,
Where such a family may dwell,
Sure as the vernal season comes
Their nests they weave in hope of crumbs,
Which kindly given, may serve with food
Convenient their unfeather'd brood;
And oft as with its summons clear
The warning bell salutes their ear,
Sagacious listeners to the sound,
They flock from all the fields around,
To reach the hospitable hall,
None more attentive to the call.
Arrived, the pensionary band,
Hopping and chirping, close at hand,
Solicit what they soon receive,
The sprinkled, plenteous donative.
Thus is a multitude, though large,
Supported at a trivial charge;

A single doit would overpay
The expenditure of every day,
And who can grudge so small a grace
To suppliants, natives of the place?

15 **V. Invitation to the Redbreast**

Sweet bird, whom the winter constrains-
And seldom another it can-
To seek a retreat, while he reigns,
In the well-shelter'd dwellings of man,
Who never can seem to intrude,
Though in all places equally free,
Come! oft as the season is rude,
Thou art sure to be welcome to me.

At sight of the first feeble ray,
That pierces the clouds of the east,
To inveigle thee every day
My windows shall show thee a feast;

For, taught by experience I know
Thee mindful of benefit long,
And that, thankful for all I bestow,
Thou wilt pay me with many a song.

Then, soon as the swell of the buds
Bespeaks the renewal of spring,
Fly hence, if thou wilt, to the woods,
Or where it shall please thee to sing:
And shouldst thou, compell'd by a frost,
Come again to my window or door,
Doubt not an affectionate host,
Only pay, as thou pay'dst me before.

Thus music must needs be confest
To flow from a fountain above;
Else how should it work in the breast
Unchangeable friendship and love?

And who on the globe can be found,
Save your generation and ours,
That can be delighted by sound,
Or boasts any musical powers?

Cycle Avicellus

by Mykalle Bielinski*

An English translation can be accessed
at www.naxos.com/libretti/579064.htm

16 I. De ton perchoir

De ton perchoir jus-qu'au fond des
histoires: Chante!
Ne t'arrête pas, je verrai dans ta voix:
Tout ce que j'ai, tout ce que j'ai oublié,
oublié
Chante, chante encore, rappelle moi
les décors d'autrefois.

De ton perchoir, soir après-soir, chante,
chante encore!
Qu'il y a longtemps déjà j'étais comme toi.
D'un safran orangé, dans la fleur de l'âge,
enrobée de plumage.

De ton perchoir ravive ma mémoire:
Chante!
Comme si j'y étais juste encore une fois.
Quand se lève le rideau et que j'entre en
scène.
Quand je sens sur ma peau le halo de
l'arène... oubliés...
Me reviennent les sons, me rappellent
à moi les odeurs, l'éventail des
couleurs d'autrefois.

De ton perchoir fais revivre mon art:
Chante!

Je t'écouterai épuiser les années, tout ce
que j'ai oublié.

Je le vis de plus belle.
Chante, chante encore, Chante encore!

Je serrai éternelle!

17 II. Blanc harfang

Blanc harfang, une seconde suffit à
réveiller la douceur
devant l'hiver, devant l'hiver.
Blanc harfang, une seconde suffit à faire
tanguer la beauté,
le son des neiges.
Vous avez caché trop longtemps à nos
yeux le printemps,
ce qui calmera du froid.

Blanc harfang, j'aime tant votre image.
Blanc harfang, je vous sais paysage de
l'instant.

C'est un hiver sybillin, c'est un âge de
givre.
Vous regarder longuement,
percera la gelée, réchauffera le frimas.
Je passerais des heurs à contempler ce
moment.

Blanc harfang, de vos yeux perçants vous
pouvez voir au delà
de la saison, de la saison.
Blanc harfang, vous passez par les

songes pour donner de l'ampleur
à votre majesté.

Nous garderons des visions de votre
passage,
de ce qui calme du froid.

Blanc harfang, j'aime tant votre image.
Blanc harfang, je vous sais paysage de
ce pays.
De ce pays couvert de blanc!

18 III. Ils partent

Ils partent on ne sait où quand l'hiver
les saisit.
Vers les jardins d'infinis soleils!

Ils ont soif d'espaces, insatiables nuées.
Voiliers des océans du ciel, où leurs
traces se confondent aux schémas
qu'on sonde pour voyager en soi...

Ils partent sans dire au revoir, l'été
les rappelle.
Leurs volières recouvertes de la
première neige.
Endormant les rêves qu'on veut dompter.
Leurs coeurs ne tolèrent aucun élevage.

Ils fuient les frontières de l'esprit.
Qui se terre quand la nuit interdit
l'effervescence.

Qu'elle confine l'utopie, met l'avenir en
cage.

Quand l'idéal obéit aux ennuis qui
ravagent.

Ils partent sans bruit.
Leur départ est un cri!

Ils sont libres toujours personne ne peut
forcer leurs retour.
D'un battement d'aile, ils se posent sur
les plages.

Effaçant l'orage qui les feraient tomber,
Qui les feraient tomber.

Se reposent des affronts puis se donnent
au paysage,
comme une chanson contre les naufrages
des saisons, des saisons.

Ils partent on ne sait où quand l'hiver
les saisit.
Vers les jardins d'infinis soleils!
Soleils!

19 IV. Envol

J'aimerais te dire
Nous sommes comme les astres
C'est ce qui nous tient en place audessus
des toits.

Nous passons par les champs les plaines
entières
Nous planons audessus des mers pour
nous mettre au monde.

Nos ailes s'ouvrent
Je nous vois survoler la vie, sa vue nous
soulevant.

J'aimerais dire que nous ne savons pas
où ce la nous conduira
Suivons les horizons
Nous trouverons de nouveaux noms
Fions-nous aux gestes du vent
Nous connaissons ce qu'il ressent
Son mouvement nous donnant l'élan!

J'aimerais te dire
Nous laissons des traces
de ce qui nous tient en place audessus
des toits
Il y a, il y a tant à voir.

Nous empruntons les voies rapides de
l'air
Nous traversons les hémisphères
par devant le monde
Nos ailes s'ouvrent je nous vois survoler
la vue,
la vie nous dépassant.

Et le chemin est de ne pas savoir
quand nous perdrons, perdrons le nord.
Où cela mène?
Il y a tant à voir!

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Recording session photograph
taken by Ed Kelly



**From left to right: Eric Kitchen, Maurice Saylor, Deborah Sternberg,
Mark Vogel and Andrew Earle Simpson**

Soprano Deborah Sternberg brings together three song cycles themed on birds, each with its own unique flavour and expressive vocabulary. Andrew Earle Simpson's eloquent skills as a composer and pianist are united in *Birds of Love and Prey*, in which both antique and modern textual sources contrast songbirds and predators in a variety of ways. Eric Kitchen uses transcriptions of actual birdsong in *The Olney Avian Verse of William Cowper*, while Gabriel Thibaudeau's *Cycle Avicellus* portrays birds within landscapes using a language of modern impressionism.

Birds of Love and Prey

Andrew Earle SIMPSON (b. 1967)

1–10 Birds of Love and Prey (2014) **23:33**

Eric KITCHEN (b. 1951)

11–15 The Olney Avian Verse of William Cowper (2000) **19:14**

Gabriel THIBAUDEAU (b. 1959)

16–19 Cycle Avicellus (2014) **18:12**

WORLD PREMIERE RECORDINGS

Deborah Sternberg, Soprano

Andrew Earle Simpson 1–10, Mark Vogel 11–19, Piano

A detailed tracklist can be found inside the booklet

The sung texts are included in the booklet and may also be accessed at www.naxos.com/libretti/579064.htm

Recorded: 12 and 23 May 2014 **1–10**, 10 September 2014 **11–15** and 8 July 2015 **16–19**

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