



Gordon **GETTY**

Beauty Come Dancing

The Netherlands Radio Choir
and Radio Philharmonic Orchestra

James **Gaffigan**



Cover image: *Four Dancers* (1899) by Edgar Degas

Beauty Come Dancing Choral Works by Gordon Getty

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Total playing time: 57.32

The Netherlands Radio Choir

Chorus Master **Klaas Stok**

The Netherlands Radio Philharmonic Orchestra

Concert master **Joris van Rijn**

Conducted by **James Gaffigan**



Gordon Getty

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Master of Multiple Muses

by Jeff Kaliss

Gordon Getty's adeptness at marrying words and music developed over a lifetime of loving both. As a child, "I thought I was going to be a singer," he recalls, long before his choir alto voice had matured into a resonant bass-baritone. Studying English at the University of San Francisco, Getty grew entranced by the history of poetry, and he went on to a bachelor's degree at the San Francisco Conservatory of Music. Among his earliest compositions were a setting of Alfred, Lord Tennyson's "All Along the Valley" (written while working for his father, J. Paul Getty, in the Middle East) and a garland of songs from the poems of Emily Dickinson (thirty-two of which were released in 2009 as *The White Election*, on PENTATONE).

Five years ago, on the eve of Getty's 80th birthday celebration by the San Francisco Symphony and Chorus, the Symphony's executive director Brent Assink opined to me that, "In this incredibly complex age, Mr. Getty tends to select [as a musical source] poetry that cuts through all the clutter and makes its point quite directly. His music is totally aligned with his selection of words, and he loves to write music that showcases a voice in sort of a wonderfully rare innocence, [which also] communicates a sense of the time when those words were written. It's almost nostalgic!"

This opinion was echoed in *There Will Be Music*, the 2015 documentary portrait of Getty by veteran filmmaker Peter Rosen, in the words of conductor Lawrence Foster, who'd led the San Francisco Ballet Orchestra and the Aspen Music Festival, as well as the PENTATONE

recording of Getty's opera *Usher House*. Foster credited Getty as a composer who knows how to write for singers, and enjoys doing it.

These talents and qualities are engagingly manifest in this new collection of choral settings of a delightful array of sources, ranging historically from Lord Byron to John Masefield to Gordon Getty, the poet. Of Getty the composer, we have here virtually all the recent choruses he's written anew, or has rearranged from settings for solo voice. The works range in date from 2009 to 2015.

At the outset, a pair of Getty's own poems prove his affinity and aptitude for applying poetry to courtly expressions on timeless topics. "The Old Man in the Night" is "one of the longest poems I've ever written", the longest of this album's offerings, and perhaps

the most generous showcase of Getty's multi-talents. "The poem is gentle and reflective throughout," he says about this pictorial, arboreal interchange between two men at the opposite ends of their lives, both of which Getty, by rights, claims to be. Full orchestra and chorus are engagingly deployed in the telling of the tale.

Getty's text for "The Old Man in the Morning", like the titular "Beauty Come Dancing", was written just a few years ago, when the composer was in attendance at the Festival Napa Valley, in California wine country. "My 'Old Man' is not into the hereafter, he's into the past," says Getty. "But he's still all there, emotionally, and he's with life, not death. There's an unrequited love, but then he thinks of the marvels of what's left out there: 'the hawks of Ida calling at the height'. Mount Ida figures in *The Odyssey*." The plaintive musical

accompaniment, on English horn, harp, and strings, delivers an unexpected major tonic resolution.

There's much of love and dance in this collection, commencing with Getty's take on "Ballet Russe", by John Masefield (1878-1967), acknowledged as the composer's second favorite poet. "I have so much in common with Masefield. He already impressed me in high school; every line is sublime," raves the composer. Masefield and his wife Constance were patrons of the ballet, and this poem's smiling ballerina — "all youth, all beauty, all delight, all that a boyhood loves and manhood needs" — is impelled by the sounds of Chopin. Getty's muse moved him to "aim for tunes Chopin might have written, but didn't". Like Chopin, Getty's pacing and coloration are inherently dance-friendly, the arpeggiated piano sparkling at the center of the choral display, partnered

by harp and strings. Tart, tangy harmonies evoke Maurice Ravel's *La valse*, as well as Getty's own *Ancestor Suite*, heard in a 2010 PENTATONE recording.

"Shenandoah" takes us outdoors, where the warm words and sounds of early 19th-century American folklore shine on composer and listener. Like Getty, I grew up in love with Fred Waring's choral setting of this on the radio, but when I first overheard this tune in Getty's arrangement, recorded by soprano Lisa Delan at Skywalker Ranch, I was awestruck by its alluring harmonies and potent lyricism. Working with full orchestra and chorus, the composer makes audible the currents of the "rolling river".

"There Was a Naughty Boy", confirms Getty's opinion about his (and one of Masefield's) favorite poets, John Keats

(1795-1821) that, “when he wants to be funny, he’s hilarious, so you’re crying and laughing at the same time”. The poem’s short lines and nods to nonsense suggest a children’s story song, and Getty accordingly keeps the pace and phrasing playful.

The only poem by a woman, Sara Teasdale (1884-1933), becomes the only song set here for women’s chorus. Getty invokes the magic in the poet’s mythic name-checks, and positions love as triumphant. “Triumph is part of the story,” says Getty, “and this lady gets the better of the deal, she has that inner life that not everybody has. But how are you going to be a poet or a composer if you don’t have that?”

Both the music and the form and allusions of Getty’s original “Beauty Come Dancing” reflect his admitted homage to the traditions of romance

and elegance which abounded in the latter half of the 19th century. Getty points out that here, as in the Masefield setting, “iambic pentameter is the metric scheme, but I have set these two poems to waltzes. Now, the waltz doesn’t naturally fit iambic pentameter. It can be tricky, and you could say the Devil made me do it.” The effect, entranced with flutes, clarinets, celesta, and strings, is devilishly giddy.

“For a Dead Lady” is darker, but Getty finds the poetry of multi-Pulitzer-winner Edwin Arlington Robinson (1869-1935) to be “sublime as well as overwhelming, at least the equal of Whitman and Poe. He has this gift of cumulative weight, and he piles it on with gentle, irresistible power.” Getty and chamber orchestra swirl this in sad waltz time, again, and the composer leaves the harmony artfully unresolved at the conclusion. Full orchestra and chorus are



summoned to “The Destruction of Sennacherib”, for this setting of the epic by George Gordon (Lord) Byron (1788-1824). It “begins with the Assyrian army stomping through you,” in the words of the composer. Getty marshals his trademark mastery of the individual instruments and sections of the orchestra, including harp and chimes, making advances on 20th-century chromatic modulations and anguished voicings. “But it’s an extremely beautiful poem,” he insists, “and the ending is reflective.”

Poet and novelist Ernest Christopher Dowson (1867-1900) is associated with the so-called Decadent Movement, whose aesthetic ideology of excess represents another facet of Getty’s inspirations. But the composer’s setting of “Cynara” for men’s chorus and chamber orchestra, though effectively dramatic, avoids the garish and

honors the febrile longing in Dowson’s declamatory verse. “Unrequited love, love from afar, are themes of poetry that work for me,” Getty points out.

Keats, whose prolific and influential output belies his brief life span, is represented here again by “one of his overpowering short poems”, a knightly tale of enchantment. “My idea of a good story is something that touches the heart,” the composer says about “La belle dame sans merci”. “I want laughter or tears, or both.” Alongside Keats’s “wither’d sedge” where “no birds sing”, Getty concludes our listen with an inventive and lovely trope, “a clarinet which sings what a bird *would* have sung, in that birdless and desolate place”.

Reflecting on his choral writing, Getty tells me that, “I have a certain tendency to set the last syllable of a line or a



verse as a high note. You'll also note that melisma and divisi are rare in my music, as was the case with Wagner. I think there's something artificial about them." Listen, and you may be inclined to agree with the composer.

Do the math, and you'll realize that Gordon Getty, born in 1933, has already lived far longer than all of the fellow poets whose words he's musicalized (excepting Masefield). "I'm probably going to set one or two of Keat's sonnets, or maybe his 'Ode to a Nightingale,'" Getty posits for the future. He wants to delve further into folk songs, including "Annie Laurie", "Danny Boy", and "Deep River". And he has a new opera in development. So keep your ears and your hearts open, because there'll be much more to enjoy...

Gordon Getty on Poets

I have yet to set the works of living poets, except me, because I prefer to avoid disagreement. It cramps your style, and I have to be free to change my mind. But in truth, Keats heads my pantheon of poets, with Masefield a close second, and all the poets represented here are old favorites of mine.

Edward Arlington Robinson, like Masefield, paid no court to modernism. His poems, including "For a Dead Lady," build like Bach fugues. Few can match him for cadence and the longer breath, though the fateful anapests of "The Destruction of Sennacherib" put Byron among those few. Sara Teasdale's "Those Who Love the Most" shows the equal power of a lighter touch.

— Gordon Getty

The Netherlands Radio Choir (Groot Omroepkoor)

With nearly 70 vocalists, The Netherlands Radio Choir (Groot Omroepkoor) is the largest professional choir of the Netherlands. Since its founding in 1945, the choir has performed a broad repertoire. The choir is closely connected with the Dutch Public Broadcasting Organization (Nederlandse Publieke Omroep). The majority of its concerts are staged as part of the broadcast series in Utrecht (TivoliVredenburg) and Amsterdam (e.g. NTR ZaterdagMatinee in The Royal Concertgebouw), often in cooperation with the Dutch Radio Philharmonic Orchestra, as well as a *cappella*. The very extensive repertoire in these series spans classical to contemporary music, with commissioned works by Dutch composers as well as premieres by foreign composers including Adams,

Glanert, Gubaidulina, Henze, Kancheli, MacMillan, Widmann and Whitacre. The program also includes “classical” twentieth-century works, opera and romantic music. The Netherlands Radio Choir has also been invited regularly by the Royal Concertgebouw Orchestra (Koninklijk Concertgebouworkest), the Rotterdam Philharmonic Orchestra (Rotterdams Philharmonisch Orkest) and the Berlin Philharmonic (Berliner Philharmoniker). Annually, The Netherlands Radio Choir organizes the Groot Meezing Concert: a tremendous event with a choir of 1000-1200 amateur singers (preceded by workshops), open to anyone who loves singing.

The first official chief conductor of The Netherlands Radio Choir was Kenneth Montgomery. He was followed by Robin Gritton, Martin Wright, Simon Halsey, Celso Antunes and Gijs Leenaars as chief conductors of the choir. Since

1 March 2015, Klaas Stok has been the choir director of The Netherlands Radio Choir. Michael Gläser has been the permanent guest director since September 2010. In September 2018, Peter Dijkstra will become the first guest director of The Netherlands Radio Choir. In September 2017, The

Netherlands Radio Choir – together with the Dutch Radio Philharmonic Orchestra – received the Concertgebouw Prize for the important contribution the choir has made to the artistic profile of the Amsterdam concert hall.

www.grootomroepkoor.nl



Radio Philharmonic Orchestra

The Dutch Radio Philharmonic Orchestra, founded in 1945, is an indispensable part of the music scene of the Netherlands. The orchestra plays extraordinarily programmed symphonic concerts and concert opera performances. Dutch and world premieres comprise an important part of its repertoire. Most concerts are staged as part of the broadcast series in Utrecht (TivoliVredenburg) and Amsterdam (e.g. NTR ZaterdagMatinee in The Royal Concertgebouw) and are broadcast live on NPO Radio 4. The orchestra has managed to reach new music fans of all ages with the concert series Pieces of Tomorrow and Out of the Blue in TivoliVredenburg, and with lunch concerts at the Music Centre of the Dutch Public Broadcasting Organisation (Muziekcentrum van de Omroep) in Hilversum.

Markus Stenz has been the chief conductor since 2012. He was preceded by Albert van Raalte, Paul van Kempen, Bernard Haitink, Jean Fournet, Willem van Otterloo, Hans Vonk, Sergiu Comissiona, Edo de Waart and Jaap van Zweden. The orchestra has also worked with guest conductors such as Leopold Stokowski, Kirill Kondrashin, Antal Doráti, Charles Dutoit, Mariss Jansons, Michael Tilson Thomas, Gennady Rozhdestvensky, Christoph Eschenbach, Pablo Heras-Casado, Vasily Petrenko, Vladimir Jurowski and Valery Gergiev. The American James Gaffigan has been a permanent guest conductor since the 2011-2012 season. Bernard Haitink's name has been attached to the orchestra as a patron.

In 2014, the Radio Philharmonic Orchestra was awarded an Edison Classical Oeuvre Prize for its contributions to the Dutch music

scene. As a key player of the Concertgebouw, the orchestra – together with The Netherlands Radio Choir (Groot Omroepkoor) – received the Concertgebouw Prize in September

2017, after previous winners such as Sir John Eliot Gardiner, Yo-Yo Ma, Janine Jansen and Thomas Hampson.

www.radiofilharmonischorkest.nl



James Gaffigan, Conductor

Hailed for the natural ease of his conducting and the compelling insight of his musicianship, James Gaffigan continues to attract international attention and is one of the most outstanding American conductors working today. James Gaffigan is currently the Chief Conductor of the Lucerne Symphony Orchestra and Principal Guest Conductor of the Netherlands Radio Philharmonic Orchestra. Since becoming Chief Conductor of the Lucerne Symphony Orchestra James has made a very significant impact on the orchestra's profile, both nationally and internationally, with a number of highly successful tours and recordings. In recognition of this success his contract has been further extended until 2022.

James was also appointed the first Principal Guest Conductor of the Gürzenich Orchestra, Cologne, in September 2013, a position that was created for him. In addition to these titled positions, James is in high demand working with leading orchestras and opera houses throughout Europe, the United States and Asia, and has made guest appearances with orchestras such as the New York Philharmonic; London Philharmonic; Dresden Philharmonic; Munich Philharmonic; Czech Philharmonic; Rotterdam Philharmonic; Wiener Symphoniker; Dresden Staatskapelle; Deutsches Symphony Orchestra Berlin; Konzerthaus Berlin; Zürich Tonhalle; Gothenburg; Tokyo Metropolitan and City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestras; Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment and Leipzig, Berlin and Stuttgart Radio Orchestras, as well as the Symphony Orchestras of Cleveland, Chicago, San Francisco,

Toronto, Detroit, Sydney, Bournemouth and the BBC Symphony Orchestra; Oslo Philharmonic, Seoul Philharmonic and Los Angeles Philharmonic; the Orchestre de Paris and Orchestre National de France. In the US he has also worked for the Dallas Symphony, Philadelphia Orchestra and St. Louis, Baltimore, Pittsburgh and National Symphony Orchestras. His opera appearances have included *La Traviata*, *La bohème*, *Don Giovanni*, and *Le nozze di Figaro* at the Wiener Staatsoper; *Don Giovanni* at the Bayerische Staatsoper; *Così fan tutte*, *La Cenerentola* and *Falstaff* at the Glyndebourne Festival; *La Traviata* for Norwegian Opera; *Salome* for Hamburg Opera, *La bohème* for the Opernhaus Zürich, and leading productions at the Chicago Lyric Opera and Washington National Opera.

James was a conducting fellow at the Tanglewood Music Center and

was part of the American Academy of Conducting at the Aspen Music Festival. In 2009, he completed a three-year tenure as Associate Conductor of the San Francisco Symphony, in a position specially created for him by Michael Tilson Thomas. Prior to that appointment, James was Assistant Conductor of the Cleveland Orchestra, where he worked under Music Director Franz Welser Möst. James was also named first prize winner of the 2004 Sir Georg Solti International Conducting Competition.



Gordon Getty

The music of the American composer Gordon Getty has been performed in such venues as New York's Carnegie Hall and Lincoln Center, London's Royal Festival Hall, Vienna's Brahmsaal, and Moscow's Tchaikovsky Hall and Bolshoi Theatre, as well as at the Aspen, Spoleto, and Bad Kissingen Festivals.

The first of his three operas, *Plump Jack*, involving adventures of Shakespeare's Sir John Falstaff, was premiered by the San Francisco Symphony and has been revived by the Los Angeles Chamber Orchestra, BBC Philharmonic, Munich Radio Orchestra and London Philharmonia, among other ensembles. His opera *Usher House* (after Edgar Allan Poe's *The Fall of the House of Usher*) was first performed by the Welsh National Opera and remounted by San Francisco Opera. His third opera,

The Canterville Ghost (after a tale by Oscar Wilde), received its premiere at the Leipzig Opera. *Usher House* and *The Canterville Ghost* were presented together as *Scare Pair* by Los Angeles Opera, as well as by the Center for Contemporary Opera in New York.

Joan and the Bells, a cantata portraying the trial and execution of Joan of Arc, has been widely performed, notably at Windsor Castle with Mikhail Pletnev conducting. His ballet *Ancestor Suite* was given its premiere staging by the Bolshoi Ballet and Russian National Orchestra at the Bolshoi Theatre in Moscow and has been reprised for performances in China.

Getty enjoys a fruitful relationship with the PENTATONE label. *Beauty Come Dancing* is the third album of Getty's choral work to be released by PENTATONE. The first was *Young*

America, performed by the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra and Chorus (Michael Tilson Thomas conducting) and the Eric Ericson Chamber Choir and Russian National Orchestra (conducted by Alexander Verdernikov). The second, *The Little Match Girl*, was recorded with Asher Fisch conducting the Bavarian Radio Symphony Choir and the Munich Radio Orchestra. In addition to his three operas and *Joan and the Bells*, PENTATONE has released an album devoted to six of his orchestral pieces, with Sir Neville Marriner conducting the Academy of St. Martin in the Fields; an album of his solo-piano works played by Conrad Tao; and *The White Election*, a much-performed song cycle on poems by Emily Dickinson, recorded with soprano Lisa Delan.

Getty was the subject of the documentary film *There Will Be Music*,

by director Peter Rosen. His music is published by Rork Music.

www.gordongetty.com

The Old Man in the Night
Gordon Getty

1

He was an old man, slow but straight; his head
Looked set on something far. He must have thought
That all of us had gone, but I had stayed
A rise above him, with young pines between,
To watch the sun fall. Now at last it caught
Something at sea, then windows on a street
Far off, and made them flash across the park
Blood molten; now the light leapt molten green
To sea again, then spilling in retreat,
Now foot by foot stretched thinner, tangled, frayed,
Guttered, the huge sun drowning, burning dark.

I meant to go, but then the old man said,
"I have come back. It is the day, the place,
And now the hour. There, it was there she turned
And looked at me. We walked again. Her hair
Blew round her like a fire; the late light burned
In her hair's colors, just as these.
My friends and I were silent. No man there
Had seen such beauty; I have seen none since,
Beauty to stop men's hearts and turn men white,

Beauty to mute the watcher and to bind,
Beauty to make him feel both clod and prince.
For how could such as we return such grace?
Then each man knew allegiance in his mind,
And each man thought: 'Well, Lady, I have sworn
To love and serve you to the Judgement Morn.'
But she had looked at me."

I had no right,
I knew, to hear such things. What spectral tryst
Had I profaned? For she of whom he spoke
Was now forever in some way his own,
And not for strangers. Yet I could not go
Unheard; the walks were gravel. It grew late.
The sun fell, now a star came, now a mist,
Then other stars. Surely he need not know.
Much better he should think himself alone;
Much better that it were not I who broke
That silence. Let that sundown hour long past
Be his alone for keeping. I could wait.
Then he said,

"It was here I sought the night,
The kindly night, with thoughts not to be told,

The kindly night, lest men should see and muse
'It is the grief that Adam knew of old,
Who learned and lost.' For grief is of the first,
And sorrow the old coinage men must use
To pay tuition as they learn the law
Of time exacting, time that takes his due,
Time that will have the best and leave the worst,
Of time that garners beauty as he must,
Of time most certain. Then at length I saw
That sorrow is a precious thing whereby
Beauty can stay awhile and may hold true,
That beauty gone may live in sorrow's trust,
In sorrow and the night until we die.
And so I walked, and thought the night a friend
Worthy to keep all secrets to the end."

This hint alarmed me. Had he found me out?
I felt a fool, though I had meant the best.
I could feign waking as from sleep, then leave.
A silly game, less likely to deceive
Than make things worse. Then as I sat in doubt
He spoke again, and put my doubt to rest.
He could not know, for what he said made clear
That none alive save he was meant to hear:

"O beautiful my love, it is the hour
To beauty sacred, beauty consecrate,
It is the night that gathers in its reach
Things past, things coming. Years fall, centuries
Fall and are counted, but the night is one;
We and Orion and the Pleiades,
The Herdsman and his flock, the Huntress Moon
Touch and are one. Now time yields up his power;
Now hasten, beauty, his hand drops, he frees
The prisoner decades, all is rebegun;
We and the Huntress and her prey above
All rebegun, renewed. O beauty lost,
O beauty lithe and delicate, come soon,
Make speed, O dextrous, beauty stepping light,
Sure-footed beauty, come, O come in state,
Come conquer, O majestic, reign and teach,
O beauty, come in the archaic night,
Beauty beyond all keeping, worth all cost,
O beautiful and merciless my love."

The Old Man in the Morning**Gordon Getty**

2

Here where she walked, her children's children play,
It is all spring, all morning, just as then,
Fennel and fern and springtime come again,
But she brought beauty to another day.
We cannot hold the robin or the rose,
Here where she walked and spoke, another goes,
And she borne westward, westward and away.

Here where she walks, her foot, her hair, her hand,
She is all rose and lily, red and white,
She is the morning, she and all the land
Are new again, awoken from the night,
All new, all found, the cloves of Samarkand,
The hawks of Ida calling at the height.

The Old Man in the Morning © 2013 Rork Music

Ballet Russe**John Masefield (Part I)**

3

The gnome from moonland plays the Chopin air,
The ballerina glides out of the wings,

Like all the Aprils of forgotten Springs.
Smiling she comes, all smile,
All grace; forget the cruel world awhile:
Forget vexation now and sorrow due.
A blue cap sits coquettish in her hair.

She is all youth, all beauty, all delight,
All that a boyhood loves and manhood needs.
What if an Empire perishes, who heeds?
Smiling she comes, her smile
Is all that may inspire, or beguile.
All that our haggard folly thinks untrue.
Upon the trouble of the moonlit strain
She moves like living mercy bringing light.

Soon, when the gnomish fingers cease to stray,
She will be gone, still smiling, to the wings,
To live among our unforgotten things,
Centaur and unicorn,
The queens in Avalon and Roland's horn,
The mystery, the magic and the dew
Of a to-morrow and a yesterday.

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Shenandoah
Traditional

4

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 calling,
Away, you rolling river.
For sev'n long years I've heard her calling,
Away, I'm bound away across the wide Missouri.

There was a Naughty Boy
John Keats

5

There was a naughty boy
A naughty boy was he
He would not stop at home*
He could not quiet be—
He took
In his knapsack
A book
Full of vowels
And a shirt
With some towels—
A slight cap
For night cap—
A hair brush
Comb ditto
New stockings
For old ones
Would split O!
This knapsack
Tight at 's back
He riveted close

And follow'd his nose
To the north
To the north
And follow'd his nose
To the north—

There was a naughty boy
And a naughty boy was he
For nothing would he do
But scribble poetry—
He took
An inkstand
In his hand
And a pen
Big as ten
In the other
And away
In a pother
He ran
To the mountains
And fountains
And ghostes
And postes
And witches

And ditches
And wrote
In his coat
When the weather
Was cool
Fear of gout
And without
When the weather
Was warm—
Och the charm
When we choose
To follow one's nose
To the north
To the north
To follow one's nose to the north!

There was a naughty boy
And a naughty boy was he
He kept little fishes
In washing tubs three
In spite
Of the might
Of the maid
Nor afraid

Of his granny-good—
He often would
Hurly burly
Get up early
And go
By hook or crook
To the brook
And bring home
Miller's thumb
Tittlebat
Not over fat
Minnows small
As the stall
Of a glove
Not above
The size
Of a nice
Little baby's
Little finger—
O he made
'Twas his trade
Of fish a pretty kettle
A kettle—a kettle
Of fish a pretty kettle

A kettle!

There was a naughty boy
And a naughty boy was he
He ran away to Scotland
The people for to see—
There he found
That the ground
Was as hard,
That a yard
Was as long,
That a song
Was as merry,
That a cherry
Was as red—
That lead
Was as weighty
That fourscore
Was as eighty
That a door
Was as wooden
As in England—
So he stood in
His shoes

And he wonder'd
He wonder'd
He stood in his
Shoes and he wonder'd—

**This line from the original poem is not included in this choral setting.*

Those Who Love the Most
Sara Teasdale

6

Those who love the most,
Do not talk of their love,
Francesca, Guinevere,
Deirdre, Iseult, Heloise,
In the fragrant gardens of heaven
Are silent, or speak if at all
Of fragile, inconsequent things.

And a woman I used to know
Who loved one man from her youth,
Against the strength of the fates
Fighting in somber pride,
Never spoke of this thing,
But hearing his name by chance,
A light would pass over her face.

Beauty Come Dancing
Gordon Getty

7

Beauty come dancing, beauty come apace,
Beauty and spring are full, come dancing lest
They lapse unharvested, the hour is pressed,
Diana's hounds are gathered for the chase,
Orion puts his shoulder to the trace,
And drives the stars to pasture in the west.

Where will the lapwing go, and where the lawn?
Over to windward, over and away,
Too soon the curfew sounds, too soon we pay
Passage to where the seeps of time are drawn,
Song ends, the dancer curtsseys, all is gone
To mist and mystery and yesterday.

Beauty come dancing now, the world is young,
Set foot upon the springtime, all the world
Is loud with music; mirth and music spill
And set the sky to dancing, rung by rung
Stars in their lattice dance to music sung
By owl and cricket, jar and whippoorwill.

For a Dead Lady
Edwin Arlington Robinson

8

No more with overflowing light
Shall fill the eyes that now are faded,
Nor shall another's fringe with night
Their woman-hidden world as they did.
No more shall quiver down the days
The flowing wonder of her ways,
Whereof no language may requite
The shifting and the many-shaded.

The grace, divine, definitive,
Clings only as a faint forestalling;
The laugh that love could not forgive
Is hushed, and answers to no calling;
The forehead and the little ears
Have gone where Saturn keeps the years;
The breast where roses could not live
Has done with rising and with falling.

The beauty, shattered by the laws
That have creation in their keeping,
No longer trembles at applause,

Or over children that are sleeping;
And we who delve in beauty's lore
Know all that we have known before
Of what inexorable cause
Makes Time so vicious in his reaping.

The Destruction of Sennacherib
Lord Byron

9

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.
Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen:
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd;
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail:
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

Cynara
Ernest Christopher Dowson

Last night, ah, yesternight, betwixt her lips and mine
There fell thy shadow, Cynara! thy breath was shed
Upon my soul between the kisses and the wine;
And I was desolate and sick of an old passion,
Yea, I was desolate and bowed my head:

I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion.

All night upon mine heart I felt her warm heart beat,
Night-long within mine arms in love and sleep she lay;
Surely the kisses of her bought red mouth were sweet;
But I was desolate and sick of an old passion,
When I awoke and found the dawn was gray:
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion.

I have forgot much, Cynara! gone with the wind,
Flung roses, roses riotously with the throng,
Dancing, to put thy pale, lost lilies out of mind;
But I was desolate and sick of an old passion,
Yea, all the time, because the dance was long:
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion.

I cried for madder music and for stronger wine,
But when the feast is finished and the lamps expire,
Then falls thy shadow, Cynara! the night is thine;
And I am desolate and sick of an old passion,
Yea, hungry for the lips of my desire:
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion.

La Belle Dame sans Merci

John Keats

11

O what can ail thee, knight at arms,
Alone and palely loitering?
The sedge has wither'd from the lake,
And no birds sing.

O what can ail thee, knight at arms,
So haggard and so woe-begone?
The squirrel's granary is full,
And the harvest's done.

I see a lily on thy brow
With anguish moist and fever dew,
And on thy cheeks a fading rose
Fast withereth too.

I met a lady in the meads,
Full beautiful, a fairy's child;
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild.

I made a garland for her head,

And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;
She look'd at me as she did love,
And made sweet moan.

I set her on my pacing steed,
And nothing else saw all day long,
For sidelong would she bend, and sing
A fairy's song.

She found me roots of relish sweet,
And honey wild, and manna dew,
And sure in language strange she said—
I love thee true.

She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she wept, and sigh'd full sore,
And there I shut her wild wild eyes
With kisses four.

And there she lulled me asleep,
And there I dream'd—Ah! woe betide!
The latest dream I ever dream'd
On the cold hill's side.

I saw pale kings, and princes too,
Pale warriors, death pale were they all;
They cried—"La belle dame sans merci
Thee hath in thrall!

I saw their starv'd lips in the gloam
With horrid warning gaped wide,
And I awoke and found me here
On the cold hill's side.

And this is why I sojourn here,
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is wither'd from the lake,
And no birds sing.



Gordon Getty, Job Maarse, Jean-Marie Geijssen & Karel Bruggeman

Acknowledgments

PRODUCTION TEAM

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Recording producer **Job Maarse**

Recording engineers **Jean-Marie Geijsen & Karel Bruggeman**

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