

American Orchestral Song

Patrick Mason, baritone
The Odense Symphony Orchestra
Paul Mann, conductor

1 **The Feast of Love** (1964) (9:08)

Virgil Thomson
(1896-1989)

Water-Colors (1916) (10:35)

- 2 I. On a Screen (2:13)
- 3 II. The Odalisque (2:25)
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(1884-1920)

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(1863-1919)

American Orchestral Song

Much of America's classical music heritage of the 19th and 20th centuries is unknown to modern audiences, even serious concert aficionados. All of the works featured on this recording were composed between 1893 and 1964, a time when ideas about what constituted authentic and lasting American music were topics of lively public debate. When Horatio Parker was teaching at Yale University around the turn of the century, and European concert culture was being widely imitated across North and South America, native-born writers of symphonies and art songs were much applauded--though their works were relatively few in number. Now, a century later, they are almost entirely neglected. In the same period, ragtime emerged as the newest and most threatening kid on the block, but it had yet to achieve middle class respectability, much less eligibility for canonization. Nevertheless its commercial impact would soon become massive and lead directly to a century

of lively productivity in the popular song and jazz arenas. The energy and attractiveness of our popular music between 1890 and 1960, however, need not force us to shun the quieter beauties to be found in other styles.

Following World War II, the United States, by dint of its wealth, political stability, and status as haven for European intellectual refugees, fostered a huge musical boom. The country's receptivity to a variety of sounds and temperaments also put it on track to become the leading music producing country in the world, at least with respect to its material products. By the late 1950s a system of public education that encouraged young children to participate in school bands, orchestras and choirs combined with a developing recording industry and lively informal amateur music making.

In 1964 rock'n'roll was dominating the commercial scene and has continued to do so for the increasingly large record buying public. But the purveyors of serious art music, jazz and Tin Pan Alley--

the publishers of songs used in cabaret, film, and musical theater--had not given up the field. In retrospect, we can view a huge menu of musical offerings, demonstrated with pride, and filled with possibilities for growth. Vocal music and the work of singers were always an important part of new American music. These five works, all stemming from the art or concert tradition, are related in a handful of technical ways. But they also demonstrate many contrasting sides of "American" style during the first two thirds of the twentieth century.

Although a prolific writer of songs for piano and voice, **Virgil Thomson** (1896-1989) set only a handful of songs for solo voices and orchestra. *The Feast of Love*, for baritone and small orchestra, was commissioned from him by the Library of Congress and first performed there at the Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge Birthday festival on November 1, 1964. Thomson translated several stanzas of anonymous classical Latin verse, a set entitled *Pervigilium Veneris* (approximately rendered as *Awaiting*

the Festival of Venus). For it he conceived some of his most supple and long-breathed melodies, and the result was an enchanting and original work in praise of the Roman goddess of beauty, love, and fertility.

Using a rolling compound meter in a "very rhythmic" tempo, he sets the text's central metaphor, new life in springtime, with a perpetually moving energy, in relentlessly playful figures, duple- against triple-note ostinatos with conflicting accent patterns. Thus, he makes the lubricious poetry seem as much gymnastic as erotic, taking for granted the direct sexual imagery of the words, but choosing to emphasize the constant presence and pervasiveness of Love's power. All the creatures of Nature, on land, sea, and air, are swept up in the poet's celebration. Everyone, whether experienced in the ways of Love or new to the feelings it arouses, is included in his Venusian paeon. The composer's emphasis on the refrain lines, "Tomorrow shall all know love / the unknowing shall know as well as

the knowing," exemplifies Thomson's characteristic use of syllabic repetition and word play, (although here it is not carried to the extremes of Gertrude Stein's text in the their famous collaboration, the opera *Four Saints in Three Acts*).

Chic, charming, and exquisitely arranged - Thomson includes parts for glockenspiel, cymbal and harp, but no brass--*The Feast of Love* reveals sweetness and lyricism without darkness, irony or bitterness. Also absent is the rural religious flavor that one often detects in Thomson in such works as *Symphony on a Hymn Tune*, *Sonata da Chiesa*, and the Pare Lorentz film scores, *The River* and *The Plow That Broke the Plains*. This work's transparent, Satie-like vitality is combined with his trademark clarity and sensitivity to words. It surely made a pleasing birthday tribute for the Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge centennial celebration and deserves to be heard more widely.

John Alden Carpenter (1876-

1951), the son of a wealthy Chicago businessman and a talented amateur singer who instilled in him a love of the arts, was celebrated in his lifetime as a clever though unradical modernist who humorously combined an easy Impressionistic style with up-to-date jazz and lively descriptive elements. He attended Harvard University, studied with John Knowles Paine, and graduated in the class of 1897, was well read and alive to the artistic and literary currents of his day. He resided in Chicago throughout most of his adult life. His works were widely performed and admired by the most distinguished critics.

At times his music sounds like Ravel or Puccini and then suddenly veers in the direction of George Gershwin (Carpenter's incorporation of jazz elements actually precedes such better known Gershwin works as *Blue Monday* and *Rhapsody in Blue* by a number of years), but it always exhibits a remarkable craft and range of ideas: organized, refined and intelligent. He

is most famous for having composed a child's eye view of the world, an orchestral suite called *Adventures in a Perambulator* (1914)--in which we hear an organ grinder, a cop on the beat, and barking dogs, as an infant in carriage and his nurse pass them by--and three ballets, *The Birthday of the Infanta* (1918), *Krazy Kat* (1921), and *Skyscrapers* (1924).

Carpenter composed his song cycle *Water-Colors* between January and May of 1916 (the year before Griffes' opus 10 on similar texts), having chosen a set of Chinese poems translated by the famous British linguist Herbert Giles. Carpenter performed the set with various singers, himself at the piano in 1916 and 1917, and the following year he arranged the piano part for chamber orchestra.

Carpenter's biographer Howard Pollack presumes that, based on stylistic grounds, Carpenter knew Debussy's second book of *Préludes*, which was published in 1913, suggesting that Carpenter was among the first American

professional musicians to recognize the importance of the Frenchman's work. Perhaps the most surprising aspect of *Water-Colors* is the manner in which Carpenter contrives, in the words of one music historian, "to [bring] out the drollery that lurks in the verses." For instance, in Li-She's poem "The Highwaymen" we are assured that though brigands may lurk in the misty mountains, "More than half the world consists of bigger rogues than they!"

Roy (originally LeRoy) **Harris** (1898-1979) was a composer of many moods and faces. His biographer reports, "Harris was assertive, bold and earthy in temperament, capable of both great anger and robust humour." His early hardscrabble upbringing in Oklahoma and California suggests the potential for legendary or mythic dimensions in his development--given his biography's Lincoln-like flavor. He most certainly composed many works encouraging hearers to observe his Americanist leanings, quoting from folk songs and favoring patriotic

descriptive titles for many instrumental works (*Kentucky Spring*, *When Johnny Comes Marching Home*, *Epilogue to Profiles in Courage--JFK*), and writing extensively for the concert band, as distinctly American institution. But such traits do not mark Harris's full output. His education was international, and his erudite and somewhat formal style is generally tonal, while receptive to a variety of influences. Some critics feel that his best works were his smaller, less expansive efforts, this cantata included.

Harris taught in several university composition departments, organized a plethora of musical festivals, and achieved many impressive kudos. But his achievements have been overshadowed somewhat by his contemporaries' works since his death. His output was sufficiently diverse and unclassifiable to have left his present stature in doubt. One of the challenges of evaluating the full accomplishment of Harris is the lack of extensive recordings, a problem that this disc should help to remedy.

Harris wrote four cantatas between 1953 and 1973, *Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight*, *Give Me the Splendid Silent Sun*, *Canticle of the Sun*, and *Life*. The second of these is a 1959 setting of Walt Whitman's poetry in which Harris interweaves the orchestra and voice in a fresh and brisk manner. The inescapable energy and overwhelming tragedy of the Civil War suffuses the poem and Harris's treatment of it. A striding and brassy opening militantly asserts the vivid text, "Give me the splendid silent sun . . . Give me juicy autumnal fruit . . . Give me fresh corn and wheat . . ." Harris provides an ever-changing accompaniment and a shifting tonal focus that nevertheless seems to circle around the key of F. He depicts the poet's rough enthusiasms and longings with sharp rhythmic gestures and interwoven timbres sampled from across the orchestral palette. Both composer and poet seem to reverse themselves at the midpoint of the work, with a lighter and more dance-inflected accompaniment to the

text, but the deeper message may be that the signs of war-induced melancholy are everywhere, and city lights fail to divert us for long. Manhattan is home to Whitman ("walking your streets where you hold me enchained"), but even there he cannot get enough of living, thronging crowds ("the soldiers in companies, . . . some their time up, returning with thinn'd ranks, young, yet very old, marching, noticing nothing"). Turning from scenes of nature to confront the swirl of urban humanity, Whitman declares desperately, "Keep your splendid silent sun, Keep your woods, o Nature, . . . Give me faces and streets, . . . interminable eyes, . . . women, comrades, lovers by the thousand!"

Harris's fluid use of tonality nicely mirrors Whitman's wide-ranging observations and passions while still preserving a lyrical line for the singer. But the notes are ever expressive of the poet's plaintive final words, "People endless, streaming, with strong voices, passions, pageants, . . .

the noisy chorus, even the sight of the wounded, . . . Manhattan faces and eyes forever." The subdued conclusion once again points to the dark side of war and death revealing Whitman's poignant sympathy for the full range of human and natural activity.

Charles T. Griffes' *Five Poems of Ancient China and Japan*, Op. 10, was published in 1917, the first of his works to employ his so-called "oriental" style, a new twist on the manner of Impressionism that the composer practiced between 1911 and 1917. His friends Russian dancer Adolf Bolm, Japanese mime Michio Ito, and Canadian mezzo-soprano Eva Gauthier were influential in this stylistic development. Gauthier sang the New York premiere of *Five Poems* on 1 November 1917. Indeed, Gauthier's first American performance of Stravinsky's *Three Japanese Lyrics* the same year surely made a deep impression on Griffes. His close association with her marks him as fully aware of the most contemporary

currents. (After Gauthier's death in 1958, Virgil Thomson, a long time loyal supporter, declared her "the high priestess of modern song," for having premiered works of Debussy, Ravel, Milhaud, Bartok, Schoenberg, and many others.) Griffes orchestrated his best known orientalist work in 1917 as well, *The Pleasure Dome of Kubla Khan* (originally composed for piano).

The *Five Poems* are less experimental than some other works, but pleasant and well crafted nonetheless. The individual verses, each by a different ancient Asian poet, are entitled: (1) So-fei Gathering Leaves, (2) Landscape, (3) The Old Temple Among the Mountains, (4) Tears, and (5) A Feast of Lanterns. The melodies range in mood and tempo from gay to sad to mysterious to slow to very lively. All five songs are set simply and syllabically with little or no text repetition. All use familiar pentatonic or whole tone scales. The orchestration is indebted to Ravel, this coloration heard most readily in Griffes's use of xylophone, celesta, gong and flute.

James Clarence Mangan (1803-1849) wrote the Romantic poem about an ancient Irish king that inspired **Horatio Parker's** Op. 40, "a rhapsody for baritone and orchestra." A native Dubliner, Mangan was a deep-dyed nationalist and committed eccentric, famous among his contemporaries in the last decade of his short life and was said to have influenced James Joyce who once wrote an extended essay about him. *Cahál Mór of the Wine-Red Hand* is a poem recounting a quasi-symbolist fantasy, a Celtic space in olden days. Pdraic Colum, who included *Cahál Mór* in an anthology of Irish poetry in 1922, claimed that it was "properly titled, 'A Vision of Connacht in the Thirteenth Century.'" But there is little of substance in the historical record about Cahál Mór. Mangan's imagination supplied the crucial details about one man's dream of a Golden Age ("of a time and clime" in Erin) suddenly turned to desolation and death before he wakes.

Composed in 1893 by a rising

star in the firmament of American concert composers, *Cahál Mór* shows all of the marks of Parker's mature, "highly expressive" style, according to musicologist William Kearns. Parker had recently adopted an intensely Wagnerian approach in his writing, and the repeated iterations of Cahál Mór's name in the poem seemed to call for a leitmotif, and that is precisely what appears several times during the work. The motive's appearances are organically prepared with chromatic harmonies typical of Parker and expressed with his characteristically skillful orchestration. When the poet sings, "Then I saw thrones/And circling fires/And a Dome rose near me, as by a spell," strains of Wagner's "Magic Fire Music" are strongly hinted at. The evocative color-conscious text careens from bright to dark in five resounding stanzas accompanied by the full range of orchestral timbres. The verses tell "the sun, with wondrous excess of light, shown down," and "silver lyres play," but later become ominous when

"the sky is flecked with blood" and a skeleton appears!

"American Orchestral Song" presents a selection of rare Americana. All five works on this disc are first modern recordings (only the Thomson is currently available in a recording made decades ago by Howard Hanson), and indeed, it is possible that a work such as Parker's *Cahál Mór of the Wine-Red Hand* has not been performed in more than a century. That there is a vast body of unexplored American repertoire is a given. What comes as such a delightful surprise is the unearthing of five such high quality scores that make up the inspired program heard on this recording.

--Thomas L. Riis,
December 2007

Thomas L. Riis has served as Professor of Musicology and Director of the American Music Research Center at the University of Colorado since 1992. He writes and lectures widely on African-American performers in the US and abroad, as well as many other topics in American popular and classical music.

THE FEAST OF LOVE

Tomorrow all know love;
Love knows all tomorrow.

Spring, singing spring!
Singing in spring, lovers love and all
birds mate;
Under spring's warm rain Diana's
woods unbind their hair.

Tomorrow shall all know love;
The unknowing shall know as well as
the knowing.

She who loves coupling lovers has
made them myrtle tents
And under bird-filled trees leads
dance with song;
Tomorrow all shall love; Venus
commands.

All shall love tomorrow,
All who have never loved.

In west-wind's warmth, clusters blush
and swelling buds burst open;

Star-lit globes of heavenly moisture
tremble, hesitate, explode;
By dawn the virgin vests are all
undone.

As Venus tears their robes away
And purple flowers burst into flame,
The shameless rose, glowing like
gems and fire,
From out its moistened sheath reveals
her hidden splendor.

Holy Diana, Venus brings to thy wood
Maidens of no less modesty
than thine;
Absent thyself tonight; shed no
beast's blood.

She would invite thee, wert thou
less chaste;
For three nights wouldst thou hear
their festive sound,
As joyful companies traverse
thy glades.

All night they dance to celebrate
the spring

With braided garlands and with
myrtle boughs;
With Ceres and with Bacchus,
god of song,
Venus triumphs in Diana's wood.

Love is for all tomorrow;
Tomorrow the unknowing and the
knowing know love.

Tomorrow remembers the
union primeval,
When fluid from Zeus shot through
the foam
To beget among rearing sea horses
Dione out of the sea.

Love shall find all tomorrow;
Tomorrow the unknowing as well as
the knowing shall love.

And now from out of the clouds
of spring,
Rains fill the lap of our mother-earth,
Then moves through the sea and sky
back to the land for feeding all.

Venus's voluptuous ways people
the countryside,
Where Love was born, a country boy.

There love doth multiply the herds;
Bulls rest with cows on
yellow broom;
Ewes lie in the shade with rams,
And singing is neglected by no bird.

Where swans call raucously from
pool to pool,
Tireus's daughter, by the poplar sings,
As if her passionate sweet song
Were all of love, not of her
sister's death.

She sings, not I; my voice is lost.
When shall the soaring swallow
mount again?
O, glance at me, Apollo, lest I remain
Forever mute, a ruin on the plain!

Tomorrow all know love;
Love knows all tomorrow.

Spring, singing spring!

Singing in spring, lovers love and all
birds mate;
Under spring's warm rain Diana's
woods unbind their hair.

Tomorrow shall all know love;
The unknowing shall know as well as
the knowing.

She who loves coupling lovers has
made them myrtle tents
And under bird-filled trees leads
dance with song;
Tomorrow all shall love;
Venus commands.

All shall love tomorrow,
All who have never loved.

*-from the Pervigilium Veneris
anonymous Latin stanzas of the 2nd
or 4th century A.D. translated by
Virgil Thompson*



WATER-COLORS

Four Chinese Tone Poems
Translations by Herbert A. Giles

“On a Screen”

A tortoise I see on a
lotus-flower resting,
A bird 'mid the reeds and the
rushes is nesting,
A light skiff, propelled by some
boatman's fair daughter,
Whose song dies away o'er
the fast flowing water.
Li-Po (A.D. 705-762)

“The Odalisque”

A gaily dressed damsel steps forth
from her bower,
Bewailing the fate that forbids
her to roam.
In the courtyard she counts the
buds on each flower,
While a dragon-fly flutters and
sits on her comb.
Yü-hsi (A.D. 772-842)

“Highwaymen”

The rainy mist sweeps gently o'er
the village by the stream,
And from the leafy forest glades
the brigand daggers gleam;
And yet, there is no need to fear,
or step from out their way,
For more than half the world
consists of bigger rogues than they!
Li-Shé (9th Century A.D.)

“To a Young Gentleman”

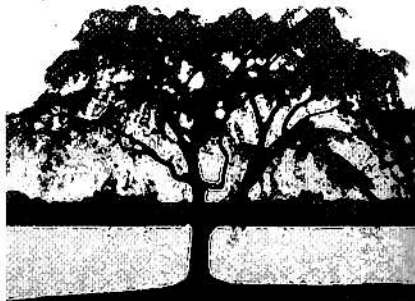
Don't come in, sir, please!
Don't break my willow-trees!
Not that *that* would very much
grieve me,
But, alack-a-day,
What would my parents say?
And love you as I may,
I cannot bear to think what that
would be.

Don't cross my wall, sir, please!
Don't spoil my mulberry-trees!
Not that *that* would very much
grieve me,

But, alack-a-day,
What would my brothers say?
And love you as I may,
I cannot bear to think what that
would be.

Then keep outside, sir, please!
Don't spoil my sandal-trees!
Not that *that* would very much
grieve me,
But, alack-a-day,
What the world would say?
And love you as I may,
I cannot bear to think what that
would be.

*From “National Odes of China”
collected by Confucius (B.C. 551-
479)*



GIVE ME THE SPLENDID SILENT SUN

Walt Whitman

I

Give me the splendid silent sun with all his beams full-dazzling,
Give me juicy autumnal fruit ripe and red from the orchard,
Give me a field where the unmow'd grass grows,
Give me an arbor, give me the trellis'd grape,
Give me fresh corn and wheat, give me serene-moving animals
teaching content,
Give me nights perfectly quiet as on high plateaus west of the Mississippi,
and I looking up at the stars,
Give me odorous at sunrise a garden of beautiful flowers where
I can walk undisturb'd,
Give me for marriage a sweet-breath'd woman of whom I should never tire,
Give me a perfect child, give me away aside from the noise of the world
a rural domestic life,
Give me to warble spontaneous songs recluse by myself, for my ears only,
Give me solitude, give me Nature, give me again O Nature
your primal sanities!
These demanding to have them (tired with ceaseless excitement,
and rack'd by the war-strife,)
These to procure incessantly asking, rising in cries from my heart,
While yet incessantly asking still I adhere to my city,
Day upon day and year upon year O city, walking your streets,
Where you hold me enchain'd a certain time refusing to give me up,
Yet giving to make me glutted, enrich'd of soul, you give me forever faces;
(O I see what I sought to escape, confronting, reversing my cries,
I see my own soul trampling down what it asked for.)

Keep your splendid silent sun,
 Keep your woods O Nature, and the quiet places by the woods,
 Keep your fields of clover and timothy, and your corn-fields and orchards,
 Keep the blossoming buckwheat fields where the Ninth-month bees hum;
 Give me faces and streets – give me these phantoms incessant and
 endless along the trottoirs!
 Give me interminable eyes – give me women – give me comrades
 and lovers by the thousand!
 Let me see new ones every day – let me hold new ones by the hand every day!
 Give me such shows – give me the streets of Manhattan!
 Give me Broadway, with the soldiers marching – give me the sound
 of the trumpets and drums!
 (The soldiers in companies or regiments – some starting away,
 flush'd and reckless,
 Some, their time up, returning with thinn'd ranks, young,
 yet very old, worn, marching, noticing nothing;)
 Give me the shores and wharves heavy-fringed with black ships!
 O such for me! O an intense life, full to repletion and varied!
 The life of the theater, bar-room, huge hotel, for me!
 The saloon of the steamer! the crowded excursion for me!
 the torchlight procession!
 The dense brigade bound for war, with high piled military wagons following;
 People, endless, streaming, with strong voices, passions, pageants,
 Manhattan street with their powerful throbs, with beating drums as now,
 The endless and noisy chorus, the rustle and clank of muskets,
 (even the sight of the wounded,)
 Manhattan crowds, with their turbulent musical chorus!
 Manhattan faces and eyes forever [for me].

Five Songs of Ancient China and Japan, Op. 10

“So-Fei Gathering Flowers”

In a dress of gauzy fabric
 Of the “Lien” leaf’s em’rald hue
 So-fei glides among the lilies
 Sprinkled with the morning dew.

Rose-hued are the lotus blossoms,
 Rose-hued, too, the maiden’s cheeks;
 Is it So-fei’s form I follow,
 Or the flowers she seeks?

Now I hear a song arising
 From the lotus bowers,
 Which distinguishes the maiden
 From her sister flowers.
Wang Chang-Ling (Circa 750 A.D.)

“Landscape”

Out across the wave all is bare,
 Not a scarlet leaf!
 Not a flower there!
 Only over thatched huts falling brief,
 Twilight, and the lonely autumn air.
Sada-ihe (Japanese: 13th Century)

“The Old Temple Among the Mountains”

The temple courts with grasses
 rank abound,
 And birds throng in the forest
 trees around!
 But pilgrims few, though tablets
 still remain,
 Come to the shrine while
 revolutions reign.
 The mice climb through the curtains
 full of holes,
 And thick dust overspreads
 the ‘broided stoles;
 The temple pool in gloomy
 blackness lies,
 To which the sleeping dragon
 sometimes hies.
*Chang Wen-Chang, T’ang Dynasty
(905-618 B.C.)*



"Tears"

High o'er the hill the
moon-barque steers.
The lantern lights depart.
Dead springs are stirring in my heart;
And there are tears.

But that which makes my grief
more deep,
Is that you know not when I weep.
Wang Sen-Ju (6th Century)

"A Feast of Lanterns"

In spring for sheer delight
I set the lanterns swinging through
the trees,
Bright as the myriad argosies of night
That ride the clouded billows
of the sky.
Red dragons leap and plunge in
gold and silver seas,
And O! my garden gleaming cold
and white,
Thou hast outshone the far,
faint moon on high.
Yuan-Mei (A.D. 1715-1797)

Cahál Mór of the Wine-Red Hand

A Rhapsody for
Baritone and Orchestra; Op. 40
A setting of the poem
A VISION OF CONNAUGHT IN
THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY
by James Clarence Mangan

I
I walked entranced
Through a land of Morn;
The sun, with wondrous excess
of light
Shone down and glanced
Over fields of corn
And lustrous gardens aleft and right.
Even in the clime
Of resplendent Spain
Beams no such sun upon such a land;
But it was the time,
'Twas in the reign,
Of Cáhal Mór of the Wine-red Hand.

II
Anon stood nigh
By my side a man
Of princely aspect and port sublime.
Him queried I,
"O, my Lord and Khan,

What clime is this, what
golden time?"
When he—"The clime
Is a clime to praise,
The clime is Erin's, the green
and bland;

[And it] This is the time,
These be the days,
Of Cáhal Mór of the Wine-red Hand!"

III

Then saw I thrones,
And circling fires,
And a dome rose near me,
as by a spell,
Whence flowed the tones
Of silver lyres
And many voices in wreathèd swell;
And their thrilling chime
Fell on mine ears
As the heavenly hymn of
an angel band—

"[It is now] This is the time,
These be the years,
Of Cáhal Mór of the Wine-red Hand!"

IV

I sought the hall,
And, behold!... a change

From light to darkness, from joy
to woe!
Kings, nobles, all
Looked aghast and strange;
The minstrel-groupe sate in
dumbest show!

Had some great crime
Wrought this dread amaze,
This terror? None seemed
to understand!

['Twas then the time,
We were in the days,
Of Cáhal Mór of the Wine-red Hand.]

V

I again walked forth;
But lo! The sky
Showed fleckt with blood,
[and] an alien sun
Glared from the north,
[And] there stood on high,
Amid his shorn beams,
A SKELETON!
[It was] 'Twas by the stream
Of the castled river Maine,
One autumn eve, in the Teuton's land,
That I dreamed this dream (I dreamed)
Of the time and reign
Of Cáhal Mór of the Wine-red Hand!



Patrick Mason has been hailed by critics and audiences for his masterful performances of an enormously wide range of repertoire

spanning the last ten centuries. He studied voice at the Peabody Conservatory with Francesco Valentino and art song with Ellen Mack. His performances and many recordings reveal his broad interest in music of all types and styles. His deep passion for teaching and Pedagogy finds an outlet at the University of Colorado at Boulder where he is Professor of Voice, and a Berton Coffin Faculty Fellow.

Patrick Mason has sung and recorded tenth-century chant with Schola Antiqua, Medieval and Renaissance music with the Waverly Consort and Baroque music with the Boston Camerata. He has concertized with his recital partner, guitarist David Starobin, since 1969 in festivals throughout the United States and Europe. His commitment to contemporary music has resulted in performances and recordings with many of this era's most notable

composers including Leonard Bernstein, Stephen Sondheim, Elliott Carter and George Crumb. Mr. Mason's recording of the dual lead in Tod Machover's opera, **VALIS** (BRIDGE 9007), was named by the *New York Times* as a "Best CD of the Year", and he premiered the lead role in John Duffy's opera, *BlackWater* (libretto by Joyce Carol Oates), to great acclaim. As the vocal coordinator of the John Duffy Composer's Institute (an annual two-week event which is part of the Virginia Arts Festival), Patrick Mason works with young singers and composers to create and hear new works for the musical stage.

Since 1972 Patrick Mason has made recordings for Sony, l'Oiseaux Lyre, Erato, Nonesuch and CRI. His association with Bridge Records was crowned in 2007 when his CD "Songs of Amy Beach" (BRIDGE 9182) was nominated for

a Grammy Award in the "Best Vocal Recording" category. Other Bridge recordings include Schubert's song-cycle, *Winterreise*, a recital of French melodies by Fauré, Poulenc, Dutilleux and Ravel and works by Stefan Wolpe, sung in Hebrew, Yiddish and English (BRIDGE 9209). Upcoming releases on Bridge include songs by the New York composer, John Musto, with the composer at the piano.

Patrick Mason was born and raised in Wellsville, Ohio. He has collaborated with his childhood friend P. Craig Russell (see the cover drawing of this disc) in adapting operas including Mozart's *The Magic Flute* and Wagner's *Ring of the Nibelung* for the comic books medium. Being raised in the Ohio River Valley his passions are (naturally) hiking and ceramics.

Odense Symphony Orchestra

Violin 1

Bjarne Hansen
Kazimierz Skowronek
Signe Madsen
Jørgen Vestergaard
Kjetil Ravnan Quamme
Esther Mielewczyk
Ulf Jeppesen
Hana Kovac
Stinus Christensen
Hanna Gaarn Corfixen
Gitana M. Balaban
Niels Mathiesen
Valeria Stadnicki
Ulrike Salter-Kipp
Kajetan M Balaban

Violin 2

Carl Sjöberg
Claus Th. Boe
Leif Bjørk
Inger Lassen
Anna Bodzon
El Bylin Bundgaard
Stig Andersen
Jovana Vukusic
Jan Erik Schousboe
Astrid Høier

Karsten Bidstrup
Henriette Hansen
Jørgen Larsen

Viola

Rafael Altino
Finn Winsløv
Martin Joacimsen
Annelise Just Boe
Anca Bold
Anna Caroline Jensen
Malte Bjerkø
Mette Brandt

Violoncello

Vanja Maria Louro
Anna Dorothea Wolff
Susanne Carstensen
Anna Pettersson
Ida Franck
Svend Winsløv
Pavel Dolinsky

Contrabass

Peter Prehn
Maria F. M. Jørgensen
Poul J. Find
Jens Krøgholt
Christian Jørgensen

Flute

Rune Most
Charlotte Norhold
Michael Uhelenstjerne

Oboe

Mats Hedelius
Henrik Skotte Larsen
Karsten Rose

Clarinet

Rene Højlund Rasmussen
Kenneth Larsen
John Kruse
Christian Steene

Bassoon

Morten Østergaard
Erik Carstensen
Kai Danvad

French Horn

Tone Sundgård Anker
Steen Madsen
Philip A. Sandholdt
Gustav Carsson
Susanne Skov

Trumpet

Henrik H Jørgensen
Lars Husum
Per Morten Bye

Trombone

Robert Holmsted
Mette Krüger
Jesper Rosenkilde

Tuba

Carl Boye Hansen

Timpani

Thomas Georgi

Percussion

Finn Christensen
Mikkel Burshardt
Mads Drewsen
David Sachsenskold

Harp

Angelika Wagner

Keyboards

Inke Kessler
Ole Killerick



Odense Symphony Orchestra



Paul Mann has made a name as one of the most talented of the younger generation of British conductors. Mr. Mann trained in England as a pianist and conductor, and in 1998 won the Donatella Flick Conducting Competition, which enabled him to conduct many of the leading orchestras in England, the USA, Europe, Japan, Australia, and South America. In 2005 he was appointed as the Odense Symphony Orchestra's Chief Conductor. Maestro Mann has had extensive engagements conducting the London Symphony Orchestra, the Halle Orchestra, the Royal Philharmonic, Orchestra Internazionale d'Italia, the New Japan Philharmonic, the

Norwegian Opera, the Norwegian Radio Symphony Orchestra, the Fresno Philharmonic, the City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra and others. He also appears frequently as guest conductor with the New York City Ballet. He has recorded with the English Chamber Orchestra and the London Symphony Orchestra for Decca and Warner Classics. His recordings for Bridge Records include music of Poul Ruders (BRIDGE 9237), Stephen Jaffe (BRIDGE 9255), and George Crumb (BRIDGE 9253).

Producer: David Starobin
Engineer: Viggo Mangor
Associate Engineer: Claus Byrith
Assistant Engineer: Silas Brown
Editor: Charlie Post
Mastering Engineer: Adam Abeshouse
Recorded in Carl Nielsen Hall, Odense Koncerthus, Odense, Denmark;
Thomson recorded June 18, 2007; Carpenter recorded June 11 and 12, 2007;
Harris recorded June 12 and 13, 2007; Griffes recorded June 11, 2007;
Parker recorded June 15 & 18, 2007.
Annotator: Thomas L. Riis
Design: Brook Ellis
Cover Artwork: P. Craig Russell
Photo of Paul Mann: Heidi Lundsgaard
Executive Producer: Becky Starobin

Special thanks to Daniel Dietrich, Daniel Sher, Finn Schumacker, Jesper Lützhøft, Per Holst, Marianne Granvig, Kirsten Strate, Asger Bondo, Stuart Serio, Kile Smith, Peter Sommerlund, Minna Jeppesen, Hanne Dreyer, Rasmus Frandsen, Ole T. Møller and Hanne Rystedt.

This recording was made with the assistance of the Dietrich Foundation Inc., and the University of Colorado at Boulder. This recording is a sponsored project of the New York Foundation for the Arts.

For Bridge Records: Charlotte Albert, Barbara Bersito, Natalie Bersito,
Brook Ellis, Douglas H. Holly, Charlie Post, Doron Schächter,
Robert Starobin, Sandra Woodruff

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Acknowledgements

When Bridge Records offered me the opportunity to make a recording with the Odense Symphony Orchestra, I was flattered and very excited. We talked about repertoire: Mahler (of course), Strauss, the huge amount of late Romantic European literature still unrecorded. Then I began to explore American orchestral song and there found an equally impressive body of work, almost all of it unrepresented by either performances or recordings. As I paged through books and scores, browsed websites and talked with colleagues, I began to compile a list of pieces that were musically strong and historically important.

Becky Starobin and I had lots of fun, and a few interesting adventures, finding instrumental parts that were usable. Kile Smith at the Philadelphia Free Library's Fleisher Collection turned up both the parts and Parker's manuscript score for Cahál Mór. Folks at G. Schirmer dug through long-forgotten piles of stuff to unearth the Carpenter and Griffes materials. (David Starobin had to hand-copy a conductor's score for the latter!) There

were piano-vocal scores to help me with everything but the Harris, easily the most complex piece of the lot. I was confident that it was a fine composition, but as the recording session unfolded we all realized that it was one of Harris's greatest works. Carpenter had re-written several of the Chinese songs when he did his orchestration, which came as a surprise and a delight - they are even more impressionistic and jazzy than the piano versions.

Conductor Paul Mann and the members of the Odense Symphony Orchestra were wonderful partners on this project. Dan Dietrich of Philadelphia and Daniel Sher, Dean of the College of Music at the University of Colorado at Boulder, provided essential funding at critical points. The office of Congressman Mark Udall of Colorado deftly solved a passport problem that threatened to doom the whole affair. My colleague at UC Boulder, Thomas Riis, wrote great liner notes. Charlie Post spent hours in the editing room with me (and many more by himself) correcting, tweaking and generally making everything sound good, and Adam Abeshouse provided his superb ears for the mastering of the CD. My dearest and oldest friend, P.

Craig Russell, created an inspirational All-American cover for the booklet. To all these and many others, my thanks and appreciation.

David and Becky Starobin have been my close friends and strongest supporters for almost 40 years. I can't adequately express how much my success as a performer and, indeed, my growth as a person is bound up with them. They have always been able to balance a tireless passion for music with obvious joy and sincere collegiality. As musicians, business people, parents and friends, they exhibit integrity and graciousness in equal measure. They have made it possible for me to become the best musician I can be and have done so with amazing good humor and generosity. To them, I dedicate this recording with deep love and respect.

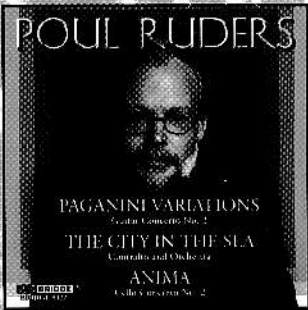
- Patrick Mason, December, 2007

Odense Symphony Orchestra

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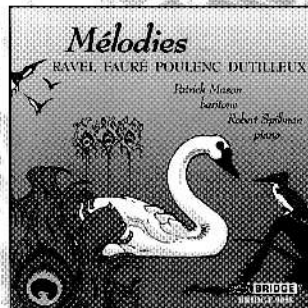
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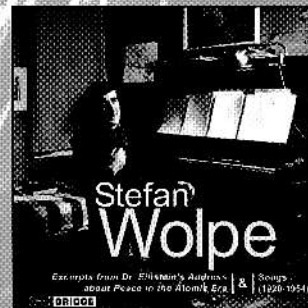
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