



# SUMEIDA'S SONG

*An Opera in Three Scenes, based on Tawfiq al-Hakim's "Song of Death"*  
*Music and Libretto adaptation by MOHAMMED FAIROUZ*

<b>SCENE I</b>	(17:29)
1) Scene One: beginning	(04:16)
2) Aria: Let Them Learn (Asakir)	(03:23)
3) Aria: The Days of Fear Have Gone (Mabrouka)	(08:18)
4) Ughnia: Sumeida's Song (Sumeida)	(01:32)
<b>SCENE II</b>	(25:49)
5) Scene Two: beginning	(05:16)
6) Aria: The Saddle Bag (Asakir)	(09:13)
7) Aria: I Shall Tell Them (Alwan)	(11:20)
<b>SCENE III</b>	(18:58)
8) Scene Three: beginning	(02:00)
9) Lament: Impossible Life (Asakir)	(14:47)
10) Ughnia: Sumeida's Song (Sumeida)	(02:11)

Mabrouka (soprano): Jo Ellen Miller • Asakir (mezzo-soprano): Rachel Calloway  
Sumeida (tenor): Robert Mack • Alwan (baritone): Mischa Bouvier

The Mimesis Ensemble • Scott Dunn, conductor  
Katie Reimer, Artistic Director

**S**umeida's Song is Fairouz's first opera. The libretto is based on the well-known tragedy "Song of Death" by the Egyptian writer Tawfiq al-Hakim. Like Britten's *Turn of the Screw* there is no escape from fate. Fairouz's music conveys all the complicated emotions in the story. It touches the listener in many different ways. I was greatly moved by it.

—*Mariam C. Said, New York City, July 2012*

### Notes by Mohammed Fairouz

I wrote *Sumeida's Song*, my first opera, in response to Tawfiq al-Hakim's play "Song of Death". It resonated with me so powerfully that I knew I had to create a musical and theatrical adaptation. As I composed the opera, I was completely and unmistakably possessed by the story, its characters and its message. *Sumeida's Song* follows the return of Alwan, a young man, from Cairo to his peasant village in Upper Egypt. He defies his family's expectations that he will fulfill an age-old blood feud. Instead, he reveals that the true purpose of his return is to end the violence, and bring light and enlightenment to his village. For challenging the structure of his society, he pays the ultimate price—at the hands of his own family. While I wrote *Sumeida's Song*, Alwan became my alter ego. I lived and

breathed his noble mission of justice and progress by retelling, through my score, Tawfiq al-Hakim's timeless and universal story.

The opera opens with extensive dialogue between Asakir (Alwan's mother), and Mabrouka, (her sister). Over the course of the first scene, they give us Alwan's backstory as they eagerly expect his arrival from Cairo by train. The tone is one of anticipation with an underlying sense of anxiety. If Alwan does not come, as he said in he would in his letter, the hopes that Asakir has been nurturing for seventeen years will be quashed. Each train whistle, as it enters and leaves the station, brings with it a shrill feeling of trepidation. Mabrouka's son, Sumeida, has gone to meet Alwan at the station and Asakir has instructed him to sing if Alwan has indeed come.

Alwan arrives in a turban and gibba that he wears as a Sheikh of the great Al-Azhar University. His mother meets him with the expectation that he will kill the man who she thinks murdered his father. Alwan reveals quickly that his mission is not murder, and meets his mother with azharite reasoning that she simply does not understand and chooses to dismiss, citing his "bookish talk". She urges him to take off his Sheikh's clothes, don an abba, take the knife stained with his father's blood that she has kept for seventeen years, and use it to avenge her and restore the family name. He responds unequivocally "I won't kill!", and an irreconcilable rift between mother and son results. She screams, half out of her mind, as he attempts to reason with her. On the brink of madness, she disowns him with the words

"get out of my house". In the Arabic world those words are extraordinarily meaningful, signifying a point of no return in a relationship. Alwan leaves her staring catatonically into darkness; he prays for her "agitated soul".

As the third scene begins and Sumeida enters the house, Asakir is still in a daze. He asks where Alwan has gone and she issues a long lament for her son, who is symbolically dead to her. She then appeals to Sumeida to chase after Alwan and kill him with the knife, so that their family name, Azizi, will not be eternally dishonored by Alwan's "womanish" and "cowardly" ways. She tells Sumeida that if he does not go through with this he will be regarded as a "woman hiding behind a woman". It takes little more than this to blind Sumeida with rage and convince him to murder his cousin.

For Sumeida, this is the honorable thing to do; he will be fulfilling his society's expectations and salvaging his honor as the remaining man of the Azizi clan. He tells her that he will sing if he catches and kills Alwan. Asakir waits, just as she waited for Alwan's arrival, to hear the song that will signify the death of her son. Surely enough Sumeida's voice is raised in song and Alwan is no more. The words "my son" escape from Asakir's mouth, rattling her lips as she collapses utterly alone.

**A**l-Hakim chose the names of these characters carefully. In Arabic, Alwan means "he who comes from on high," and Alwan does indeed exist on a higher plane throughout the narrative. In the original Arabic, Alwan speaks classical Arabic, the highest and most ancient variant of the language,

while Asakir and Mabrouka speak in a vernacular. Sumeida speaks with the strong dialect of Upper Egypt throughout. The name of the family, Azizi, means "strength".

The narrative has an economic and classical structure and contains as a subtext one of the oldest and most effective Middle Eastern narratives. It has been likened in Arabic literary circles to a Passion. As the first scene ends, Sumeida sings "When of the father I did hear/ my shame no bounds did know/ And both mine eyes did open wide/ and copious tears did flow". But, it is only after the second time he sings the same words, at the end of the opera, that we fully realize their significance, as he has now fulfilled his role, betraying and martyring Alwan. It is the traditional role of Judas in Arabic literature while

Asakir, in her manipulation of the simple Sumeida, fulfills the Quranic role of "the retreating whisperer who whispers evil into the breast of humanity". These points of familiarity, as well as their universality, have helped to make this story one of the most popular and studied in the Arab World.

**S**umeida's Song was my main occupation in 2007-2008 when I was 21-22 years old and it was a watershed work for me. The music represented my most adventurous attempt at synthesizing the intuitive microtonal inflections of Arabic maquam (modes). While the score begins with the fairly external world of a ruckety train (with whistles, song and drums), by the time we reach Asakir's lament in the third scene we have entered her interior reality, where the world is bending and her mind is slipping away. As the story

unfolds, the music gradually becomes saturated with these bending microtones. Throughout *Sumeida's Song* solo string instruments are highlighted as alter-egos to accompany the major statements of the characters in the drama, with the orchestra essentially a storyteller throughout.

I was particularly affected when I wrote the death of Alwan, and it has been pointed out to me that *Sumeida's Song* has come into being at a poignant time for the contemporary Arab world. I can, however, hardly think of a time when the delivery of this story would not be poignant. Alwan is emblematic of the universal human desire to aspire to a better life. In that sense, while this story is timely, it is also timeless. Alwan asks the eternal question: "Have not our people the same rights in life as others?"

—Mohammed Fairouz, July 2012

SCENE I

*A peasant house in Upper Egypt circa early Twentieth Century. Two women are sitting by the entrance dressed in black: they are Asakir and Mabrouka. A step or two away from them stand a calf and a goat eating grass and dried clover. The two women are sitting in silence with heads lowered.*

**Mabrouka:** That's the train.

**Asakir:** Do you think he's on it?

**Mabrouka:** Didn't he say so in his letter which Sheikh Mohammed al Isnawi, the assistant school master read over to us yesterday?

**Asakir:** I hope, Mabrouka. You haven't told anyone he's my son.

**Mabrouka:** Am I crazy? Everyone knows your son Alwan was drowned in the water well when a child of only two years. The whole village knows that...

**Asakir:** But they still can't swallow that story...

**Mabrouka:** ...who are they, the Tahawis?

**Asakir:** Didn't your son Sumeida tell you what he heard in the market place the other day?

**Mabrouka:** What did he hear?

**Asakir:** He heard them say, in a crowd of people, that either the Azizis have nothing but women left, or they are hiding a man to take vengeance. A man nearer to the murdered man than his cousin Sumeida.

**Mabrouka:** Yes, my son Sumeida did say that. Were it not for this rumour, he wouldn't be able to walk around the village with raised head.

**Asakir:** Let them learn that the son of the murdered man is still alive. There is no reason to fear for him, now that he has attained manhood. It is no longer I who live in fear, but those who cannot sleep at night for fear. Bring him quickly, train, quickly, for I have waited so long! Seventeen years! I have counted them hour by hour, seventeen years! I have milked them from Time's udders drop by drop, just as the milk drips out from the udder of an old cow.

**Mabrouka:** There's the train as it enters the station.

**Asakir:** Yes.

**Mabrouka:** He'll find my son, Sumeida, waiting for him there. What's wrong, Asakir? You're trembling?

**Asakir:** Sumeida's song will tell me...

**Mabrouka:** Tell you?

**Asakir:** ...about whether he's come.

**Mabrouka:** You told my son to sing as a sign that Alwan had come?

**Asakir:** Yes, as they approach from the district office.

**Mabrouka:** Take heart, Asakir, take heart. Much has passed, only little yet remains.

**Asakir:** What I feel now is neither fear nor weakness.

**Mabrouka:** The days of fear have gone, never to return. I shall never forget the day I hid your son Alwan. When he was two years old in the large basket of meal, and carried him off by night away from the village to Cairo...to put him with your relative who worked

as a grinder in the perfume shop in the district of Sayyidna al Husein.

**Asakir:** I told him: bring him up as a butcher so that he can use a knife well.

**Mabrouka:** He didn't carry out your wish.

**Asakir:** No, he did—when he was seven years old he put him into the butcher's shop, but the boy ran away.

**Mabrouka:** To join al Azhar University.

**Asakir:** Yes, and when I went to see him last year, I saw him dressed in his turban and gibba. I said to him: If your father could have seen you like this, he would have been proud of you. But they didn't allow him to see his son grow up and know such joy.

**Mabrouka:** Wouldn't it have been better had he stayed at the butcher's shop?

**Asakir:** Why do you say that, Mabrouka?

**Mabrouka:** I fear...

**Asakir:** Fear what?

**Mabrouka:** That...that he does not know well how to use a knife.

**Asakir:** Have trust Mabrouka, have trust. When you see Alwan now that he's grown, you'll find that he has the strength of arm, that you know about, in the Azizis.

**Mabrouka:** The train is leaving the station.

**Asakir:** Let it leave to where it will, just as long as it's brought us Alwan to take away the life of the murderer and leave him a rotting corpse for the farm dogs.

**Mabrouka:** And if he doesn't come?

**Asakir:** Why do you say that, Mabrouka?

**Mabrouka:** What is there to induce him to leave the civilization of Cairo and of

Al-Azhar to come here?

**Asakir:** It's his birthplace, it's where blood calls out to him for revenge.

**Mabrouka:** How far is our village from Cairo?! Can the voice of blood reach to the capital?

**Asakir:** Do you believe that he won't come?

**Mabrouka:** If he'd come, my son would have burst into song before leaving the district office.

**Mabrouka & Asakir:** I don't hear singing. No one singing, not even a shepherd. Nothing singing, not even an owl in some ruins. I believe he has not come.

**Asakir:** My heart tells me something...

**Mabrouka:** What does it tell you?

**Asakir:** Of things that will come...

**Mabrouka:** Tell me.

**Asakir:** Quiet! Listen! Do you hear, Mabrouka? Do you hear?

**Mabrouka:** Sumeida's singing.

**Asakir:** Oh what joy!

**Sumeida:** Friend, what excuses have we given? What assurances that we'd repent? And when your blame you yet continued your shirt and outer robe we rent. When of the father I did hear, my shame no bounds did know. And both mine eyes did open wide. And copious tears did flow.

**Mabrouka:** Oh what joy!

**Asakir:** From now, Oh Suweilam Tahawi, your hours are numbered.

## SCENE II

*In the same house, Asakir and Mabrouka are waiting by the entrance.*

*Sumeida appears, carrying a bag.*

**Sumeida:** I've brought Sheikh Alwan...

*Alwan enters*

**Asakir:** My son, Alwan, my boy!

**Alwan:** *(kisses her on the head)* Mother!

**Asakir:** Give greetings to your Aunt Mabrouka.

**Alwan:** How are you, Aunt Mabrouka?

**Mabrouka:** Nothing's changed with us Alwan, our hopes lie in you.

*(Mabrouka goes off with her son Sumeida. Only Asakir and Alwan remain onstage.)*

**Asakir:** Aren't you hungry, Alwan?

**Alwan:** I'm not hungry.

**Asakir:** Aren't you thirsty?

**Alwan:** Nor thirsty.

**Asakir:** No, you have not come for our food or our drink, you have come to eat of his flesh and to drink of his blood.

**Alwan:** I have come, mother, for something great!

**Asakir:** I know, my son, I know. Wait while I show you something you have never seen before.

*She hurries off into an inner room and appears from the room carrying a saddlebag which she throws down in front of her son.*

**Asakir:** Seventeen years I've kept these things for you!

**Alwan:** *(looks at the saddlebag without moving)* What's this?

**Asakir:** The saddle bag on which your father's body was brought to me, carried upon his donkey. In this pocket I found his head, in the other the rest of his body cut into pieces. They killed him with the knife he was carrying. They put the knife with his body in the saddle bag. Look, this is the knife! I've kept it like this, with the blood on it. So that it's gone rusty. As for the donkey which brought your murdered father: I have been unable to keep it for you. It had died unable to bear the long years.

**Alwan:** And who did all this?

**Asakir:** Suweilam Tahawi.

**Alwan:** How do you know?

**Asakir:** The whole village knows.

**Alwan:** Was this crime investigated?

**Asakir:** We have no enemies but the Tahawis.

**Alwan:** And how are you to know that it's Suweilam Tahawi himself?

**Asakir:** Because he believes it was your father who killed his father.

**Alwan:** And did my father really kill his father?

**Asakir:** God knows best!

**Alwan:** And what's the origin of the enmity between the two families?

**Asakir:** God knows best!

**Alwan:** The origin could be that one day a calf belonging to one of our forefathers drank from a watering place in a field of one of their forefathers!



**Asakir:** Knowledge of this lies with Him who knows the invisible. All that people know is that between the Azizis and the Tahawis, rivers of blood have flowed.

**Alwan:** They irrigate no vegetation or fruit.

**Asakir:** Rise up my son, rise up and quench my fire; water my thirst for revenge with the blood of Suweilam Tahawi!

**Alwan:** How heavy is the price of revenge upon the person taking it!

**Asakir:** Take off your clothes and I'll bring you the aba. I'll sharpen the knife with my own hand.

**Alwan:** Is there no mosque nearby?

**Asakir:** We have only a small prayer room near Sheikh Mohammed Al-Isnawi's school.

**Alwan:** I shall go to it to perform the evening prayer.

**Asakir:** Do you want all the village to see you there?

**Alwan:** It's the best opportunity for serving my purpose.

**Asakir:** I can't think you're going to tell the villagers what you've come for!

**Alwan:** I must let them know about it.

**Asakir:** Alwan, my son, my boy! What am I hearing from you?! Are you being serious? Are you in your right mind? What will you say to them?

**Alwan:** I shall tell them what I've come to tell them. For so long I have thought about my village and its people, despite my long absence. In the free time from lessons at Al-Azhar when fellow students gather together, when newspapers are read, and when we are overcome by yearning for the land where we've been raised, we ask ourselves longingly: When will our people in the countryside live like human beings

in houses where the animals do not sleep with them? When will the water pitcher be replaced by clean running water?! Is that too much to wish for our people? Have not our people the same rights in life as others?

**Asakir:** This bookish talk is something to chat about later on with Sheikh Mohammed Al-Isnawi, who will understand it. As for now Alwan, we have more important things before us.

**Alwan:** Oh God, Oh God! What shall I do with these people?

**Asakir:** Why do you keep your head lowered like that? Get up and don't waste time. Get up.

**Alwan:** Mother...Mother...Mother...I won't kill!

**Asakir:** What do I hear from you?

**Alwan:** I won't kill!

**Asakir:** Your father's blood!

**Alwan:** My hand was not created to bring about someone's death.

**Asakir:** The blood of your father!

**Alwan:** Mother, what's happened to you?

**Asakir:** The blood of your father...seventeen years...the blood of your father...seventeen years...se-ven-teen years!

**Alwan:** Calm yourself mother, calm yourself!

**Asakir:** seventeen years... revenge for your father... seventeen years...

**Alwan:** I know that you have suffered and I know that you've endured, were your patience for a worthwhile end. I would have performed miracles for you, but you must understand...

**Asakir:** The blood of your father!

**Alwan:** Mother!

**Asakir:** Who are you?

**Alwan:** Your son, Alwan...your son...your boy.

**Asakir:** My son? My own son? No! Never, ne-ver!

**Alwan:** Mother!

**Asakir:** I am not your mother. I do not know you.

**Alwan:** Try to understand, mother!

**Asakir:** Get out of my house! God's curse be on you until the Day of Judgement!

Get out of my house!

**Alwan:** Mother!

**Asakir:** Get out of my house! Get out!

**Alwan:** Mother!

**Asakir:** Get out of my house!

**Alwan:** I shall go to the station to return whence I came. I ask God to calm your agitated soul and see you in Cairo; then I'll explain my point of view to you in a place of calm, far from here. Till we see each other again, mother.

*Lights fade slowly to Blackout.*



### SCENE III

*In the same house, the lights come up on Asakir alone staring into the distance.*

*Sumeida appears, putting his head round the door and pushing it open gently.*

**Asakir:** Come, Sumeida!

**Sumeida:** Where's your son, Alwan?

**Asakir:** Had I a son, he would take revenge for his father.

**Sumeida:** Where has he gone?

**Asakir:** To the station in order to return to Cairo.

**Sumeida:** I knew it! My mother was right! When she saw him just now she said, "This is not the man to kill Suweilam Tahawi."

**Asakir:** Everything is easy to bear except this disgrace. After it, life becomes impossible. How am I to live in the village when the people know that I have such a son? Everyone will spit in disgust at the mere mention of his name. Would that he really died as a child in the water well... from every side voices will be raised saying what a failure of a belly could bring forth such a son? Yes, this belly! All the women of the village will scoff at it... even the barren, the deformed, and the dull-witted. This belly! This belly!

**Sumeida:** Aunt Asakir do not hurt yourself in this way!

**Asakir:** Bring the knife, I'll rip my belly open with it.

**Sumeida:** Have you gone mad?

**Asakir:** Sumeida, are you a man, Sumeida?



**Sumeida:** What do you want?

**Asakir:** Plunge this knife into his chest!

**Sumeida:** Kill whom?

**Asakir:** Alwan.

**Sumeida:** My cousin!

**Asakir:** If you're a man, Sumeida...

**Sumeida:** My cousin...

**Asakir:** You won't allow him to dishonor the Azizis!

**Sumeida:** My cousin...

**Asakir:** After today you will not be able to walk like a man amongst people... they will point at you saying, "A woman hiding behind a woman!"

**Sumeida:** A woman hiding behind a woman!

**Asakir:** Yes! Yes, you. If you accept to condone your cousin, after what he has done.

**Sumeida:** Bring me the knife!

**Asakir:** Take it... no, wait... I'll wash off the rust and blood.

**Sumeida:** Give it here, give it here before he makes his escape on the evening train.

**Asakir:** Take it, and may his blood wash off his father's blood that has dried on the blade.

**Sumeida:** If his killing is brought about, Aunt, you will hear my voice raised in song.

*Sumeida goes out hurriedly. Asakir remains alone, rooted to the ground like a statue her eyes staring out like someone stupefied. Mabrouka appears at the door carrying a dish on her head.*

**Mabrouka:** A salted fish I brought for Sheikh Alwan.

**Asakir:** Someone has died, Mabrouka!

**Mabrouka:** God spare you, who?

**Asakir:** Alwan.

**Mabrouka:** Your son?

**Asakir:** I now have no son, he has become one with the dust.

**Mabrouka:** What's this you're saying, Asakir? I left him with you just a while ago. Where has he gone?

**Asakir:** To the station in order to return from whence he came, and to flee from taking vengeance for his father...seventeen years we waited...

**Mabrouka:** What degradation for the Azizis!

**Asakir:** Yes, were he to remain alive...but soon he'll be buried in the ground.

**Mabrouka:** Where's Sumeida?

**Asakir:** Quiet! There's the evening train as it enters the station.

**Mabrouka:** Where's Sumeida? Where's Sumeida, Asakir?

**Asakir:** Quiet! Be quiet! At this moment...

**Mabrouka:** What about this moment?

**Asakir:** Do you think he has caught the train? Or has he been caught by Su...

**Mabrouka:** So long as he's gone to the station as you said, he must have caught the evening train, and no good will come from these pleas for perdition you heap on him.

**Asakir:** D'you really think he's caught the train, Mabrouka?

**Mabrouka:** And what's to stop him?

**Asakir:** Sumeida!

**Mabrouka:** Sumeida? Did he go after him to stop him from going?

**Asakir:** Yes.

**Mabrouka:** When did he go?

**Asakir:** Shortly before you came.

**Mabrouka:** I don't think he'll catch up with him.

**Asakir:** Do you think so, Mabrouka?

**Mabrouka:** Unless he ran hard...

**Asakir:** The train is leaving the station!

**Mabrouka:** Your face, Asakir, frightens me!

**Asakir:** Quiet! Listen! Listen! D'you hear, Mabrouka? Do you now hear something?

**Mabrouka:** No! What should I hear?

**Asakir:** Sumeida singing.

**Mabrouka:** No, I don't hear singing.

**Asakir:** No!

**Mabrouka:** Nothing singing, not even an owl in some ruins...why is your face flushed, Asakir?

**Asakir:** He has not caught up with him.

**Mabrouka:** You are not listening to me, Asakir.

**Asakir:** No, I hear nothing!

**Mabrouka:** But that's Sumeida singing, Asakir! Asakir! What's happened to you? You're frightening me!

**Asakir:** Al-wan!

*Asakir and Mabrouka listen with all their attention to Sumeida's song which is heard coming from outside more and more clearly.*

**Sumeida:** Friend, what excuses have we given? What assurances that we'd repent? And when your blame you yet continued your shirt and outer robe we rent. When of the father I did hear, my shame no bounds did know. And both mine eyes did open wide. And copious tears did flow.

**Asakir:** My son!



Mohammed Fairouz, born in 1985, has been hailed by the *New York Times* as "an important new artistic voice," and by *BBC News* as "one of the most talented composers of his generation." A precociously gifted musician, Fairouz first set poems of Oscar Wilde at the age of 7 and has gone on to write hundreds of songs and more than a dozen song cycles. His large vocal catalog led *Gramophone*

to call him a "post-millennial Schubert." Fairouz's distinctive compositional voice melds Middle-Eastern modes with Western forms in a catalog of works that include four symphonies, an opera, concerti, and an extensive list of solo and chamber works. Fairouz's Fourth Symphony *In the Shadow of No Towers* (2012) is scored for wind ensemble and is inspired by Art Spiegelman's graphic novel of the same



title. The symphony explores American life in the aftermath of 9/11. His Third Symphony *Poems and Prayers* (2010) was commissioned by the Middle East Center for Peace Culture and Development and is cast for solo voices, mixed chorus and orchestra. It sets the texts of Arab poets Fadwa Tuqan and Mahmoud Darwish, the Israeli poet Yehuda Amichai, and prayers including the Aramaic Kaddish.

Prominent advocates of Fairouz's music include the Borromeo and Lydian String Quartets, the Imani Winds, The Knights Chamber Orchestra, Metropolis Ensemble, violinists Rachel Barton Pine and James Buswell, clarinetist David Krakauer, and conductors Gunther Schuller, Fawzi Haimor, and Yoon Jae Lee. Commissions have come from the Borromeo Quartet, Imani Winds, New York Festival of Song, Da Capo Chamber Players, New

Juilliard Ensemble, Cantus Vocal Ensemble, Cygnus Ensemble, Counter)induction, Alea III, and Musicians for Harmony. Recordings of his music are available on the Naxos, Bridge, Dorian Sono Luminus, Cedille, Albany, GM and GPR labels. In 2012, Mohammed Fairouz was the subject of a documentary by *BBC World Service TV*, as well as NPR's *All Things Considered*, and BBC/PRI's *The World*. His work has been profiled in *Symphony*, *Strings*, *New Music Box*, and the *Houston Chronicle*. Principal teachers in composition have included György Ligeti, Gunther Schuller, and Richard Danielpour, with studies at the Curtis Institute and New England Conservatory. His works are published by Peermusic Classical. Mohammed Fairouz lives in New York City.

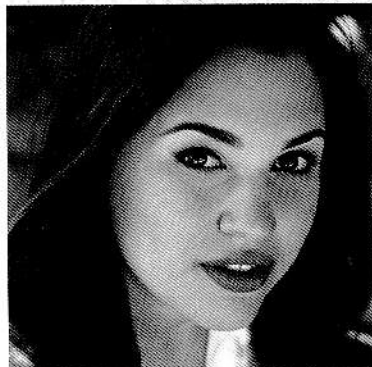
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**M**ischa Bouvier has been praised by *The New York Times* for his “rich timbre” and “fine sense of line,” and noted for his “immensely sympathetic, soulful voice” and “rare vocal and interpretive gifts” (*San Francisco Classical Voice*). His performances include collaborations with James Levine at Tanglewood, Jeffrey Thomas and the American Bach Soloists, Keith Lockhart and the Boston Pops, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the Colorado Symphony, the New Mexico Symphony

Orchestra, the Long Island Philharmonic, the New Philharmonic, The Knights, Lyric Opera Cleveland, Bronx Opera, DuPage Opera, Opera in the Heights, TENET, Anonymous 4, the Mark Morris Dance Group, American Handel Society, the Bach and the Baroque Ensemble of Pittsburgh, the Metropolis Ensemble, Bach Collegium San Diego, Chatham Baroque, Sting, the Concord Ensemble, the Folger Consort, Baroque Band, and the Metropolis Ensemble. An avid recitalist, Mischa has performed under the auspices of the New York Festival of Song and Tanglewood’s Festival of Contemporary Music among numerous others. Mischa holds degrees in vocal performance from Boston University and the University of Cincinnati College-Conservatory of Music.

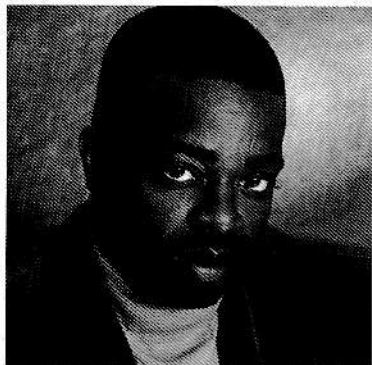
[mischabouvier.com](http://mischabouvier.com)



**R**achel Calloway has been praised by the *New York Times* for her “depth of expression” and by the *Pittsburgh Post Gazette* for her “emotional characterizations, sumptuous voice and remarkable sensitivity.” Ms. Calloway recently made her European debut as Mrs. Grose in *The Turn of the Screw* at Le Théâtre d’Arras, Opéra de Reims, Athénée Théâtre Louis-Jovet (Paris), Le Phénix- Scène Nationale Valenciennes, Opéra de Lille, and Château

d’Hardelot (Condette). Ms. Calloway has appeared with Lorin Maazel at both the Castleton Festival and Cal Performances. Other operatic credits include the Glimmerglass Festival, Gotham Chamber Opera, Tulsa Opera, Central City Opera, and appearances with the Metropolitan Opera in workshops of Nico Muhly’s *Two Boys* and Michael Torke’s *Senna*. Ms. Calloway has appeared with the Los Angeles Symphony’s Green Umbrella Series as well as with the Berkeley Symphony under conductor Joana Carneiro. She is a member of Ekmeles, a vocal ensemble dedicated to the performance of new and unknown vocal works. Ms. Calloway is a founding member of Shir Ami ([shiramimusic.com](http://shiramimusic.com)), an ensemble dedicated to the performance and preservation of Jewish art music. Ms. Calloway holds degrees from both the Juilliard School and Manhattan School of Music.

[rachelcalloway.com](http://rachelcalloway.com)



**R**obert Mack has performed principal roles with noted opera companies, including the New York City Opera, Opéra Française de New York, Houston Grand Opera, Opera Carolina, Opera Company of Philadelphia, Indianapolis Opera, The Paris Bastille, The Teatro Real in Spain, and is on the roster of the Metropolitan Opera. Mr. Mack is noted for the diversity of his work, singing opera, oratorio, Broadway and works composed by contemporary

composers. He performs tenor solos with the Alvin Ailey Dance Company in *Revelations* and has performed with other notable organizations and festivals including the Collegiate Chorale and The Spoleto Festival. He recorded the role of Sportin' Life (*Porgy and Bess*) with the Nashville Symphony (Decca) and Andy (*Treemonisha*) with The Paragon Orchestra (New World). Mr. Mack is the co-founder and General Director of Opera Noire of New York.

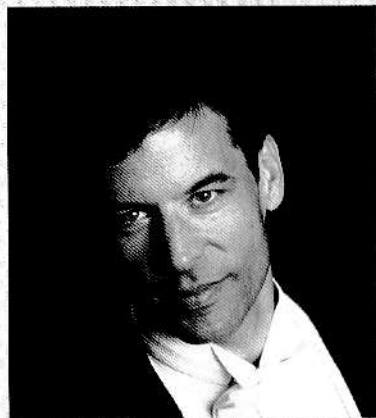


**J**o Ellen Miller is a versatile performer known for her work as an interpreter of contemporary works. She has appeared with James Levine and the Met Chamber Ensemble at Carnegie Hall, and performed Elliott Carter's *A Mirror on Which to Dwell* with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Pierre Boulez. Ms. Miller has appeared



at Tanglewood, Ravinia, the Library of Congress, and with the Boston Pops. She has collaborated with composers including Charles Wuorinen, Ulrich Krepppein, Louis Karchin, Matthias Pintscher, and Richard Festinger and is featured on the recording "Stillness and Change," music by John Aylward (Albany). Ms. Miller has sung Mahler's *Symphony No. 4*, Rutter's *Requiem*, Fauré's *Requiem*, Handel's *Messiah*, and Beethoven's *Symphony No. 9*. She has also sung operatic

roles including Gretel in *Hansel and Gretel*, Zerlina in *Don Giovanni*, Mimi and Musetta in *La Bohème*, and Juliette in *Roméo et Juliette*.  
joellenmiller.com



**S**cott Dunn is the Associate Conductor of the Los Angeles Philharmonic's Hollywood Bowl Orchestra. In addition to the world premiere and Zankel Hall performance of *Sumeida's Song*, Dunn's past season included appearances with



the Los Angeles Philharmonic, the Atlanta Symphony, the Colorado Symphony and the Pittsburgh Symphony; the Russian premiere of Vernon Duke's *Orphic Trilogy* with the St Petersburg Philharmonic; extensive work with the Hollywood Bowl Orchestra and LA Philharmonic; appearances with such noted headliners as Trey Anastasio of Phish, Beck, Chris Botti and Sean Lennon and others; premieres for American Opera Projects; and the West Coast premiere of Phillip Glass's rarely heard *Another Look at Harmony Part IV*. Also a distinguished pianist, Dunn made his 1999 Carnegie Hall debut performing his own orchestration of Vernon Duke's 'lost' *Piano Concerto in C*. More recently, Dunn reconstructed, for their 2011 premieres in Russia, Duke's 1934 *End of St. Petersburg* oratorio and his 1937 *Dedicaces*.



The **Mimesis Ensemble** is a New York City-based ensemble dedicated to performing 20<sup>th</sup> and 21<sup>st</sup> century music. Founded in the Fall of 2008 by pianist Katie Reimer, Mimesis has performed at venues including Zankel Hall at Carnegie Hall, Merkin Concert Hall, Symphony Space, the Miller Theatre at Columbia University, the Kennedy Center in Washington D.C., and the New England Conservatory's Jordan Hall. The Mimesis Ensemble regularly presents performances with forces ranging from solo to chamber to orchestral. This programming flexibility allows Mimesis to embrace an exceptionally wide range of repertoire. Fostering close relationships with the composers that Mimesis programs, musicians are frequently coached and/or conducted by the composers themselves. The Mimesis Ensemble has worked with Samuel Adler, Martin Bresnick, Richard Danielpour, Halim El-Dabh, Mohammed Fairouz, John Heiss, Malcolm Peyton, Gunther Schuller and Yehudi Wyner.

## Mimesis Ensemble



### VIOLIN 1

Curtis Stewart  
*Concertmaster*  
*Denits & Jeanie Reimer Chair*  
Terna Watstein  
*Associate Concertmaster*  
*Peter and Sophia Ryder & Linda Albornoz Chair*  
Adrianna Mateo  
*Beth Levin Chair*  
Insia Malik  
*Sophie & Allen Boxer Chair*  
Simon Bilyk  
*Nicholas, Sheila, Claudia & Alexandra Smithie Chair*  
Rebecca Schlappich  
*In Honor of Nimet Habachy Chair*  
Ela Polak  
Josh Henderson

### VIOLIN 2

Jessie Montgomery  
*Principal*  
*Steve McCorkle Chair*

Beth Wenstrom  
*Georges El Bacha Chair*  
Abigail Karr  
*Susan Lockwood Knaus Chair*  
Holly Nelson  
Sarah Franklin  
Deborah Nixon

### VIOLA

Hannah Levinson  
*Principal*  
*In Honor of Kathleen Murray & Bridget-Michaela Reichl Chair*  
Jules Lai  
*Kenneth & Pamela Kiesner Chair*  
Laila Zakzook  
*In Memory of Leonard Shure Chair, by Beth Levin*  
Caroline Curatolo  
*John & Judy Crain Chair*  
Rick Quantz  
Elise Frawley

**CELLO**

Meaghan Burke  
*Principal*  
 Susanna Giles  
*Hashem Sherif Chair*  
 Anneke Schaul-Yoder  
*Drew & Cheryl Pellett Chair*  
 Kirsten Jermé  
*Mark, Sabrina & Aleisa Turner Chair*  
 Eric Allen

**DOUBLE BASS**

Joseph Wallace  
*Principal*  
 Nathaniel Chase  
*Malcolm Peyton & Barbara Winchester Chair*  
 Kyle Colina  
*Janiene Void Chair*

**FLUTE**

Roberta Michel  
*Consulate General of the Arab Republic of Egypt Chair*  
 Jonathan Engle  
*In Honor of Philip & Lynne Rhodes Chair*

**OBOE**

Mary Lynch  
*The Raouf Family Chair, in honor of the true guardians of the Egyptian Revolution*  
 Sarah Lewis

**CLARINET**

Avigail Malachi-Baev  
*In Memory of Sally J. Scott Chair, by David & Allie Scott*  
 Uriel Vanchestein

**BASSOON**

Hazel Malcolmson  
*In Memory of Donald Reimer Chair*  
 Nicholas Theocharopoulos

**HORN**

John Gattis  
*In Memory of Martin & Dorothy Kurka Chair*  
 Mitchel Dvoracek  
 Erin Whelan  
 Tommy Rieger

**TRUMPET**

Rebecca Steinberg  
*Janet Reimer Chair*  
 Michael Sinicropi

**TROMBONE**

Ric Becker  
*In Honor of Jinglin Huang Chair*  
 Mark Broschinsky  
 Daniel Linden

**TIMPANI**

George Nickson

**PERCUSSION**

Milke Truesdell

**PIANO**

Manon Hutton-DeWys  
*Anthony & Sooyeon Padilla Chair*

**Producer:** David Starobin

**Engineer:** Tim Martyn (Phoenix Audio LLC)

**Mix and Mastering Engineer:** Adam Abeshouse

**Assistant Engineer:** Brian Losch

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**Executive Producer:** Becky Starobin

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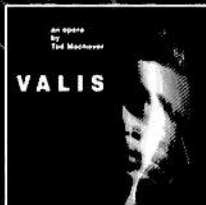
**BASTIANELLO**

*Music by John Musto*

**LUCREZIA**

*Music by William Bolcom  
Librettos by Mark Campbell*

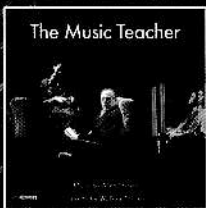
BRIDGE 9299A/B



**VALIS**

*Music by Tod Machover  
on the Philip K. Dick novel*

BRIDGE 9007



**THE MUSIC TEACHER**

*Music by Allen Shawn  
Libretto by Wallace Shawn*

BRIDGE 9248



**BLUE MOUNTAIN**

*on the death of Edvard Grieg  
Music by Justin Dello Joio*

BRIDGE 9273