

GEORGE CRUMB

(b. 1929)

SUN AND SHADOW

(Spanish Songbook II) (2009) (15:24)

A cycle of five songs on poetry of Federico García Lorca

- 1 I. Lazy River (Corriente Lenta) (3:53)
- 2 II. The Fly (Mosca) (2:29)
- 3 III. The Interrupted Concert (El Concierto Interrumpido) (3:10)
- 4 IV. Dance of the Moon in Santiago (Danza da Lúa en Santiago) (2:33)
- 5 V. Farewell (Despedida) (3:15)

Ann Crumb, soprano

Marcantonio Barone, amplified piano

VOICES FROM THE HEARTLAND

(American Songbook VII) (2010) (46:31)

A cycle of Hymns, Spirituals, Folk Songs and American Indian Chants

- 6 I. Softly and Tenderly (8:28)
- 7 II. Ghost Dance (3:30)
- 8 III. Lord, Let Me Fly! (2:16)
- 9 IV. The Kanawha River at Dusk (An Appalachian Nocturne) (3:19)
- 10 V. Glory Be to the New-Born King (A Christmas Spiritual) (3:19)
- 11 VI. The War of the Sexes (2:29)
- 12 VII. Beulah Land (6:00)
- 13 VIII. Old Blue (3:55)
- 14 IX. Song of the Earth (13:12)

Ann Crumb, soprano

Patrick Mason, baritone

Orchestra 2001

Marcantonio Barone, amplified piano

Brenda Weckerly, percussion 1; Greg Giannascoli, percussion 2

David Nelson, percussion 3, William Kerrigan, percussion 4

James Freeman, conductor

SUN AND SHADOW

My obsessive involvement in the poetry of Federico García Lorca began with the composition of my *Night Music I* in 1963. Subsequent works with Lorca texts include four books of *Madrigals* (1965-69), *Songs, Drones and Refrains of Death* (1968), *Night of the Four Moons* (1969), *Ancient Voices of Children* (1970), *Federico's Little Songs for Children* (1986), and *The Ghosts of Alhambra* (Spanish Songbook I) (2008). The present work *Sun and Shadow* (Spanish Songbook II), is therefore the eleventh work in my ongoing Lorca-based "cycle of cycles." Unlike the previous works, however, *Sun and Shadow* reverts to the traditional voice/piano format rather than using a mixed instrumental ensemble. Also I set the poems in English translation rather than in Lorca's original Spanish.

Spain is sometimes referred to as the land of "sun and shadow" (sol y sombra), hence my title. This work contains five poems chosen from different periods of Lorca's writing career, which range in character from the gently whimsical to the elegiac, from a lyrical evocation of nature to an apocalyptic vision reminiscent of El Greco or Goya. As in all my earlier Lorca works, I have tried to translate the poet's vivid and intense imagery into an equally potent musical idiom by expanding the sound world of both the vocal and instrumental components. In addition to the normal bel canto, the singer must also employ Sprechstimme technique (as in Arnold Schönberg's *Pierrot Lunaire*). A non-vibrato (or "white tone") is occasionally required, as are spoken and whispered passages, humming and glissando effects. The pianist employs a wide range of extended techniques like pizzicato playing, muted tones, production of harmonics and special pedal effects. In "Dance of the Moon in Santiago"—the most dramatic song of the cycle—the pianist must even strike a metal crossbeam of the instrument with a percussionist's yarn stick.

The listener will recognize a familiar melodic quotation in "The Interrupted Concert"—an excerpt from *Havanaise* (Habañera) by Camille Saint-Saëns. And in "The Fly" there is a nod toward Bela Bartók's charming little miniature, "Diary of a Fly". — **George Crumb**

Premiere: Ann Crumb, soprano, Peter Basquin, piano; July 31, 2009
Bowdoin International Music Festival, Brunswick, Maine.

VOICES FROM THE HEARTLAND

Voices from the Heartland (American Songbook VII), commissioned by the Jebediah Foundation and completed in 2010, is the definitive close to a monumental cycle which occupied George Crumb for almost a decade. Encompassing 65 movements, 62 texts, nearly 150 percussion instruments, 300 double-width score pages and five hours of music, Crumb's *Seven American Songbooks* constitute an unprecedented collection of songs under a single concept scored for a single ensemble (as distinct from, for example, Charles Ives' 114 Songs or Bach's 200-plus cantatas). The volumes individually were written for and dedicated to their respective soloists, Orchestra 2001 and James Freeman, but the complete set is "Dedicated to my wife Elizabeth who taught me many beautiful old songs and to my daughter Ann who inspired the *American Songbook* cycles."

These *Songbooks* hold a very special place in Crumb's creation. His other works, including his renowned series based on the poetry of Federico García Lorca, inhabit a musical world that Crumb created *ex nihilo*. But in the *Songbooks*, Crumb sets traditional and mostly familiar melodies "straight," as he put it, "not to harm those wonderful melodies, to stay out of the way of those beautiful tunes." In 2003 he said of *Unto the Hills*, his first *American Songbook*, "I see [the movements of this work] as kind of a beautiful evocation

of something in my childhood, maybe, something in all of our more idealistic thoughts, perhaps. They symbolize something in the country. Maybe they seem very old now.”

In **Softly and Tenderly** ghostly interludes frame the sung verses, featuring sliding sounds (*glissandi*) from the siren, saw and water gong. Pulse also “slides” between slow and fast on the saw and cymbal, and later on the single-stringed Afro-Brazilian *Berimbau* and the jug-like African Udu, believed to represent the voices of dead ancestors.

This sliding quality is also integrated into the melody as the key slips downward by a whole-tone with each line in quatrains one and three. Quatrains two and four return to the original key with a single downward slide on the word “home”. In the final verse, this “weary” slide is in every line of the text.

In all seven *Songbooks*, the subtlety and originality with which Crumb handles the repetition implicit in these multistrophic songs is remarkable. Not once in sixty vocal numbers is the same music used for multiple verses – no repeat signs or stacked lines of text under the vocal part. Interludes, variations, transformations, substitutions, and other creative solutions impart musical motion to these repetitive structures.

Although transcriptions of Pawnee **Ghost Dance** melodies exist, Crumb’s melodies are original. A steady eighth-note pulse is maintained throughout, mostly nine beat measures divided as 4 + 5, changing to 3 x 3 for the middle verse (“Star of evening ...”). However, the 5 often starts with a one-beat rest, thus sounding like a syncopated four (“[rest] Caw-ww, caw-ww!”). Elsewhere, Amerindian Rattles reverse this to 5 + 4. In the second and fifth verses (at “Caw, caw, like the crow I cry”) all these patterns are combined. The rhythmic variety here is simply amazing.

Lord, Let Me Fly! is a Crumb scherzo. Flexitones (the springy metallic sound), “esuberante!”

In *The Flying Africans*, Lorna McDaniel observes that the African belief in spirit flight was extended to humans in the New World:

The folktale, “High John de Conquer” recreated by Zora Neale Hurston, projects the mythical hero, John ... [who] teaches the people to use their power of flight in times of need, not simply as a physical displacement, but as a mental escape

“[T]hey all heard a big sing of wings. It was John come back, riding on a great black crow. The crow was so big that one wing rested on the morning, while the other dusted off the evening star. John lighted down and helped them, so they all mounted on, and the bird took out straight across the deep blue sea.”

The Kanawha River at Dusk (An Appalachian Nocturne) hearkens back to River music in the other *Songbooks*. Kanawha is an Indian name. In his youth Crumb lived in a narrow section of Charleston between the Kanawha River and the hills. At dusk, “a mist would settle on the river ... and you could hear strange echoes from the other side ... the sounds would ricochet against the hills.”

This nocturne differs from the instrumental interludes of *Songbooks I–IV* in that there is a vocal part, though most of it is wordless vocalise and the rest is toneless whispering. The music flows like liquid sound, except for occasional flickers of the Prayer Stones. The first two sung lines are marked “quasi muted Trombone”, the third as “wind-singing”.

Glory Be to the New-Born King (A Christmas Spiritual) flies by at nearly four beats per second, grouped in threes, fives and sevens. The piano introductions to each verse are in seven and the vocal line is in five, but neither ever begins on the downbeat. (Throughout the *Songbooks*, as in “Ghost Dance” above, Crumb enjoys adding extra beats to a measure.) The Indian Tabla and Bhaya drums subdivide two-beat units into three or five notes. Each successive piano introduction crams more and more notes into the rapid figuration until the pianist simply swats the keys with his palms.

The War of the Sexes marries *Come All Ye Fair and Tender Maidens* to *On Top of Old Smoky*. The female song is a slightly bipolar warning to women, and the male song is a slightly disingenuous warning to men. Both are associated with the Appalachian region but believed to have originated in the British Isles.

Crumb sets the songs uneasily against each other in keys just a half step apart – an excruciating challenge for each singer to avoid slipping into the other’s key. Between the verses, smashed chromatic clusters clear the ear.

Beulah Land is a vision of paradise from *Pilgrim’s Progress* (1678). The hymn’s text was written in 1875 by Edgar Page Stites, a Mayflower descendant. The melody was written by John Robson Sweney, composer of over a thousand hymn tunes. Charles Ives quoted “Beulah Land” often, notably in his First String Quartet, Second Symphony, Third Violin Sonata and Fourth Symphony. Ives made ambivalent use of its unalloyed sweetness, whereas Crumb’s setting is unabashedly elevated and serene, marked “with majestic calm and a voluptuous euphony”.

Old Blue is about a man and his dog. As with the other *scherzando* pieces in this set, the rhythmic writing is devilish: a mosaic of three- and five-beat bars, with a few fours thrown in for Crumb’s “where’s-the-extra-beat” shell game. Blue sniffs and scratches in the percussion and wags his tail in the piano. The forest chuckles in little *grupetti* of five in the African Talking Drum, prayer stones and temple blocks. After Blue dies, the piano line that had previously wagged up and down now moves only downward in a ghostly echo.

Song of the Earth combines three Navajo chants into a kind of suite. This closing number is the longest one in the entire *American Songbook* series. The title is not just a nod towards Mahler’s *Das Lied von der Erde*: the source-text for Crumb’s second verse is in fact titled “Song of the Earth” in the original Navajo. The first verse, “In Beauty May I Walk”, views immersion in beauty as an expression of health and the balance between one’s body and the rest of the earth (and beyond). The final verse, “Homeward Shall I Journey”, recasts death as eternal life in much the same way as many of the African-American spirituals that populate the *American Songbooks*. This verse is part of a longer “Mountain Song” which forms part of a healing ceremony. Ethnographer Natalie Curtis wrote in 1907:

When these songs are sung over a man, the spirit of the man makes the journey that the song describes. ... [H]is spirit goes to the holy place beyond the mountain, and he himself becomes like the mountain, pure and holy, living eternally, forever blessed.

The final song of Mahler's cycle is a Chinese poem about death. It ends as follows:

*I wander into the mountains.
I seek peace for my lonely heart.
I go to my homeland, my abode! ...
Everywhere and forever the distant horizon shines blue!
Forever,
Forever,
Forever,
Forever,
Forever,
Forever,
Forever ...*

The final song of George Crumb's *Seven American Songbooks* is a Navajo song about healing. It ends as follows:

*Yea, homeward am I called.
Oh, my home forever,
Forever,
Forever,
Forever ...*

Notes by Eric J. Bruskin (excluding quotations)

SUN AND SHADOW (Federico García Lorca)

I. *Lazy River* (Corriente Lenta)

Down the river my eyes drift away,
down the river...
Down the river my love drifts away,
down the river,,
(My heart goes on counting
how long it's asleep.)
The river is bearing dead leaves,
the river..
(And my heart asks me
can it change places.)

II. *The Fly* (Mosca)

z z z z z z z z z z z z z z z z

(Buzzing outside
the window.)
I think of people
knocking.)
And raise the glass.

z z z z z z z z z z z z z z z z

(Buzzing inside
the window.)
I think of people
in chains.
And let it escape.

zzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz

Desperate
it knocks again
on the iridescent pane.

zzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz

Margarita, your tender
little heart scratches
the polished glass
of my soul.

zzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz

III. The Interrupted Concert
(El Concierto Interrumpido)

The frozen sleepy pause
of the pale half moon
has broken the harmony
of the deep night.
The ditches, shrouded in sedge,

protest in silence,
and the frogs, muezzins of shadow,
have fallen silent.

In the old village inn
the sad music has ceased,
and the most ancient of stars
has muted its ray.

The wind has come to rest
in dark mountain caves.

IV. Dance of the Moon in Santiago
(*Danza da Lúa en Santiago)
[Lorca's original Spanish version
employs the Galician dialect]

Behold that gallant, that white cavalier,
oh, look at his wasted body!

It is the moon that dances
in the Courtyard of the Dead!

Oh, look at his wasted body,
blackened with shadows and wolves!

Oh, mother, the moon is dancing
in the Courtyard of the Dead!

Let me perish, let me die in my sleep
while dreaming of golden flowers!

Oh, mother, the moon is dancing
in the Courtyard of the Dead!

My daughter, oh, the wind of the sky
has made me pale, oh, so pale!

Oh, mother, it's not the wind but the sad moon
in the Courtyard of the Dead!

Who bellows with a ghastly moan
of a great melancholy ox?

Oh, mother, it's the moon, the moon
in the Courtyard of the Dead!

It's the moon, yes, the moon
with its crown of gorse,
that dances and dances,
and dances and dances,
and dances and dances and dances
in the Courtyard of the Dead!

V. Farewell (Despedida)

If I die,
leave the balcony open.

The little boy is eating oranges.
(From my balcony I can see him.)

The reaper is harvesting the wheat.
(From my balcony I can hear him.)

If I die,
leave the balcony open!

English translations of the Lorca poems:

I., Jerome Rothenberg; II., Christopher Maurer III. & V., W.S. Merwin; IV., George Crumb

VOICES FROM THE HEARTLAND

I. Softly and Tenderly

Softly and tenderly Jesus is coming,
Coming for you and for me;
See at the portal he's watching and waiting,
Watching for you and for me.
Come home, come home,
Ye who are weary come home;
Earnestly, tenderly Jesus is calling,
Calling for you and for me.

Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing,
Passing for you and for me;
Shadows are gathering, deathbeds are coming,
Coming for you and for me.
Come home, come home,
Ye who are weary come home;
Earnestly, tenderly Jesus is calling.
Calling, O sinner, come home.

II. Ghost Dance

(Pawnee Tribal Chant)

Kah-ee, koh-ee, O my spirit stirreth,
Kee-oo, kah-oh, with the coming of the nightfall
Caw, caw, like the crow I cry!
Caw, caw, like the crow I cry!
Kee-oo, kah-oh, we shall wait beneath the sky,
Kah-ee, koh-ee, till the rising of the star.
Caw, caw, like the crow I cry!
Caw, caw, like the crow I cry!
Star of evening, star of evening,
look where yonder she cometh!
Mother Moon, Mother Moon
Look where yonder she cometh!
Father Sun, look where yonder he cometh!
Kah-ee, koh-ee, O my spirit stirreth,

Kee-oo, kah-oh, with the coming of the nightfall.
Kee-oo, kah-oh, we shall wait beneath the sky,
Kah-ee, koh-ee, till the rising of the star.
Caw, caw, like the crow I cry!
Caw, caw, like the crow I cry!
Caw, caw, like the crow I cry!
Caw, caw, like the crow I cry!

III. Lord, Let Me Fly!

Way down yonder in de middle o' de fiel',
Angel workin' at de chariot wheel,
Ain't so partic'lar 'bout workin' at de wheel,
But I jes' wanna see how de chariot feel.
Lord, let me fly!
Now let me fly!
Oh, let me fly to Mount Zion,
Oh, Lord, Lord!
I got a mother in de Promise' Lan',
Ain't goin' to stop till I shake her han',
Ain't so partic'lar 'bout shakin' her han',
But I jes' wanna get up in de Promise' lan'.
Lord, let me fly!
Now let me fly!
Oh, let me fly to Mount Zion,
Oh, Lord, Lord!

Met dat Hypocrite on de street,
First thing he do is to show his teeth,
Nex' thing he do is to tell a lie,
Bes' thing to do is to pass him by.
 Lord, let me fly!
 Now let me fly!
Oh, let me fly to Mount Zion,
 Oh, Lord, lord!

IV. The Kanawha River at Dusk
(An Appalachian Nocturne)

The river, the river sleeps . . .
The river sleeps, the river . . .
The river, the river sleeps . . .

V. Glory Be to the New-Born King
(A Christmas Spiritual)

Oh, Virgin Mary had a one son,
 Oh, glory hallelujah,
 Oh, pretty little baby,
Glory be to the new-horn King.
Well, Mary, how you call that pretty baby?
 Oh, glory hallelujah,
 Oh, pretty little baby,

Glory be to the new-born King.
Well, some call him Jesus, think I'll call him Savior,
 Oh, glory hallelujah,
 Oh, think I'll call him Savior,
Glory be to the new-born King.
Riding from the East there came three wise men,
 Oh, glory hallelujah,
 Oh, there came three wise men,
Glory be to the new-born king.
Follow that star, you'll surely find the baby,
 Oh, glory hallelujah,
 Oh, they'll surely find the baby,
Glory be to the new-born King!

VI. The War of the Sexes

a) **Come All Ye Fair and Tender Maidens**
Come all ye fair and tender maidens,
Take warning how you court younger men,
They're like a star of a summer morning,
First they'll appear and then they're gone.
 They'll tell you some lovin' story,
 They'll swear to you their love is true,
Straightway they'll go and court another,
And that's the love they had for you.
Oh, do you remember our days of courtin'.

When your head lay upon my breast?
You could make me believe with the fallin' of your arm,

That the sun rose in the West.
Oh, if I'd known before I courted,
That love it was such a killin' thing,
I'd a-lock'd my heart in a box of golden,
And fasten'd it up with a silver pin.

b) On Top of Old Smoky

On top of old Smoky,
All cover'd with snow,
I lost my true lover,
Come a-courtin' too slow.
A-courtin's a pleasure,
A-flirtin's a grief,
A false-hearted lover
Is worse than a thief.
For a thief, he will rob you
And take what you have.
But a false-hearted lover
Will send you to your grave.
She'll hug you and kiss you,
And tell you more lies,
Than the cross-ties on the railroad,
Or the stars in the skies.

VII. Beulah Land

I've reached the land of corn and wine,
And all its riches freely mine;
Here shines undimmed one blissful day,
For all my night has passed away.
Oh, Beulah Land, sweet Beulah Land,
As on thy highest mount I stand,
I look away across the sea,
Where mansions are prepared for me.
The zephyrs seem to float to me,
Sweet sounds of heaven's melody,
As angels with the white-robed throng,
Join in the sweet redemption song.
Oh, Beulah Land, sweet Beulah Land,
As on thy highest mount I stand,
And view the shining glory shore,
My heav'n, my home for evermore.

VIII. Old Blue*

Had a dog and his name was Blue,
Had a dog and his name was Blue,
Had a dog and his name was Blue,
Betcha five dollars he's a good un' too.
Here Blue! Here Blue!

'Atta boy, Blue, you good dog you!
Grabb'd my stick and I call'd my dog,
We set off in a thick gray fog.
Hadn't gone far when I lost my way,
Nose to the ground, Blue sav'd the day!
Here, Blue! Here, Blue!
'Atta boy, Blue, you good dog you!
I come on home, left the door ajar,
Who come in but a grizzly b'ar.
Old Blue growl'd and held his ground,
Scaredy old b'ar didn't stick around!
Poor Blue, poor Blue.
Poor Blue, poor Blue.
Old Blue died and he died so hard,
He shook the ground in my back-yard.
I dug his grave with a silver spade,
I lowered him down and there he laid.
Wait for me, Blue, I'll be comin' there too.
Good old Blue, I'll be comin' there too.

**Verses 2 & 3 by Ann Crumb*

**IX. Song of the Earth
(Navajo Tribal Chants)**

In beauty may I walk.
All day long may I walk,

Through the returning seasons
In beauty may I walk.
With beauty before me,
With beauty behind me,
With beauty below me and above me,
In old age wandering on a trail of beauty.
All is beautiful, all is beautiful!
All is beautiful, the whole earth is enshrouded in beauty!
Now the Mother Earth and the Father Sky meet and become one.
And the night of darkness and the dawn of light meet and become one.
Life that never passeth and happiness in all things meet and become one.
All is beautiful, all is beautiful!
All is beautiful, the whole earth is enshrouded in beauty!
Homeward shall I journey,
Homeward upon the rainbow.
To life unending and beyond,
Yea, homeward am I called.
To joy unchanging and beyond,
Yea, homeward am I called.
Oh, my home forever,
Forever,
Forever,
Forever . . .

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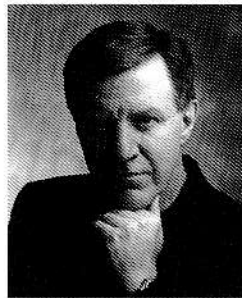


Ann Crumb

Dazzling singer/actress Ann Crumb has performed classical and jazz concerts throughout the USA and Europe, including recent appearances at the Salzburg Festival, Nederlandse Programma Stichtung (Holland), and Lirico Sinfonica Petruzelli (Italy). Ann has originated numerous leading roles on Broadway and London's West End, starring in *Aspects of Love*, *The Goodbye Girl*, *Nine*, *Les Miserables*, *Chess*, and *Anna Karenina*, for which she received a Tony nomination.

Ann is the recipient of three Barrymore nominations (winning for her performance in *Bed and Sofa* at The Wilma Theater), a Broadway National Theater nomination, an Ovation Award, three Broadway World nominations and an Arts Recognition Award. Recorded highlights include Ann's first jazz album, *A Broadway Diva Swings*, and *Three Early Songs* for the Grammy-winning George Crumb 70th Birthday Album. Ann can be heard on numerous cast albums as well as the premiere recordings of her father, George Crumb's *Unto the Hills* and *The River of Life* (Bridge). For more information: anncrumb.com

The distinguished American baritone, **Patrick Mason**, has performed and recorded an astonishingly wide range of music spanning the last 10 centuries. Mr. Mason recently gave the world premiere and later recorded George Crumb's *Voices from A Forgotten World* with Orchestra 2001 (Philadelphia) and received a Grammy nomination for his recording *Songs of Amy Beach* (Bridge). Mr. Mason can also be heard on recordings of operas by William Bolcom and John Musto,



Patrick Mason

performed with the New York Festival of Song (Bridge). Patrick Mason studied voice at the Peabody Conservatory with Francesco Valentino and art song with Ellen Mack. Mason is a Berton Coffin Faculty Fellow at the University of Colorado in Boulder and is the vocal coordinator of the John Duffy Composer's Institute (an annual two-week event which is part of the Virginia Arts Festival) where he works with young singers and composers to create new works for the musical stage.



Marcantonio Barone

Marcantonio Barone, an American pianist of mixed Italian and German ancestry, studied with Eleanor Sokoloff at the Curtis Institute of Music and with Leon Fleisher at the Peabody Conservatory of Music. Among his other teachers were Susan Starr and Leonard Shure. Mr. Barone has performed for the Philadelphia Chamber Music Society, and at the Metropolitan Museum in New York, the Wigmore Hall in London, and the Large Hall of the St. Petersburg Filarmoniya, and with orchestras including the Philadelphia Orchestra, the City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra, and the Moscow Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Barone has had a life-long association with the Bryn Mawr Conservatory of Music, a private music school founded in

1934 by his father, the conductor Joseph Barone, and directed since 1988 by his mother, soprano Kathryn Blum Barone. He is also an Associate in Performance in the Department of Music and Dance at Swarthmore College, where he teaches keyboard musicianship, piano, and chamber music. His most recent recording on Bridge is a highly acclaimed four-disc set of Beethoven's sonatas for violin and piano with violinist Barbara Govatos.

Award-winning **Orchestra 2001** is currently (2013/14 season) celebrating its 25th concert season. The American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers (ASCAP) has repeatedly recognized Orchestra 2001 and Artistic Director James Freeman, as outstanding leaders in the field of new music with their "Award for Adventurous Programming." Orchestra 2001's impact on the cultural life of Philadelphia has been unmatched, including the ensemble's close and enduring relationship with Pulitzer Prize winning composer and Pennsylvania resident, George Crumb. With the upcoming recording of Crumb's *Voices of the Morning of the Earth* (American Songbook VI, scheduled for release in autumn of 2014), Orchestra 2001 will have completed their largest recording project to date: all seven volumes of Crumb's monumental American Songbook series- a five-hour long cycle dedicated to James Freeman and Orchestra 2001.

Producer: David Starobin
Engineer: Doron Schächter (*Sun and Shadow*); Adam Abeshouse (*Voices from the Heartland*)
Assistant engineer: Andy Ryder (*Voices from the Heartland*)
Editor: Doron Schächter
Mastering and mix engineer: Adam Abeshouse
Graphic design: Douglas H. Holly
Annotation: George Crumb and Eric Bruskin
Executive producer: Becky Starobin

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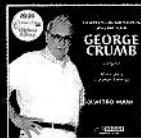
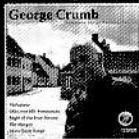
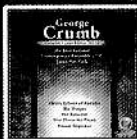
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