AMERICAN SONGS

Patrice Michaels soprano Elizabeth Buccheri piano



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AMERICAN SONGS

Introduction by Patrice Michaels

My idea for this disc is to share some of the best and most varied current literature for voice and piano. The composers represented here include well-recognized and less familiar names, all of whom are living. They take their inspiration from poems and prose both ancient and modern, exotic and mundane. They rework time-

Several works are strongly jazz-inflected, one is raga-inflected, one is a tango, another features a blues pattern. The program is balanced between stand-alone songs and small groups, the centerpiece being the cycle Dove Sta recorded, and one ("Light Feet") was written for me.

Although American poetry comprises the majority of the texts, four languages and several accents are represented. Most of these composers obviously share my enthusiasm for other cultures and my belief that writing and singing in one's own tongue sets the standard for expressivity in other languages. The songs transmit this international perspective, while retaining qualities that are undeniably contemporary and American.

I fell in love with American song early in my musical life. The clever lyricism of Cole Porter and the edgy wit of Stephen Sondheim laid the foundation for my explorations into art music. I'm thrilled to have found composers who with concert programming. Another is the collaborative artistry and friendship of Elizabeth Buccheri.

Bettie and I met soon after I arrived in Chicago, yet another hopeful soprano. She never failed

Interesting that works written years before my birth are still considered new music. Surprising that marvelous pieces, some now decades old, have had to wait this long to be recorded. Exciting to know how much wonderful song is being created.

I hope this sampling will leave you inspired by the breadth and depth of

AMERICAN SONGS

Patrice Michaels soprano

Elizabeth Buccheri piano

LEE HOIBY (b. 1926)

1 An Immorality (1952) (1:01)

2 What If (1986) (2:02)

3 The Message (1977) (3:12)*

4 The Shepherd (1987) (1:55)

5 In the Wand of the Wind (1952) (1:09)

Ezra Pound

Samuel Taylor Coleridge

John Donne

William Blake

John Fandel

LAURIE ALTMAN (b. 1947)

6 O del mio dolce ardor – A Reimagining (revised 2001) (4:21)* Inspired by C.W. v Gluck/Ranieri Calzabigi

LESLIE ADAMS (b. 1933)

7 Branch By Branch (1961) (1:53)

Edna St. Vincent Millay Langston Hughes

B Homesick Blues (1988) (3:00)9 The Wider View (1988) (4:10)

R. H. Grenville

LITA GRIER (b. 1937)

10 Who Has Seen the Wind (1999) (1:42)

Christina Rossetti

Sung in memory of Ted Shen

LIBBY LARSEN (b. 1950)

11 Perineo (1992) (5:10)

Roberto Echavarren

RICHARD PEARSON THOMAS (b. 1957)

12 Amarilli, mia bella (1997) (4:57)*

Inspired by Giulio Caccini/Guarino Guarini

from "Ossessione, Songs inspired by the Arie antiche"

Matthew Duvall, percussion

ROBERT CARL (b. 1954)

13 Beginning My Studies (1998) (4:15)*

from [the cycle] "Our Heart and Home is with Infinitude"

JOHN MUSTO (b. 1954)

DOVE STA AMORE (1991) (16:05)*

14 Maybe (1:58)

15 Sea Chest (1:45)

The Hangman at Home (2:56)

17 How Many Little Children Sleep (3:37)

18 Dove sta amore... (5:29)

ERIC EWAZEN (b. 1954)

THREE LYRICS OF EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY (1991) (7:48)*

19 God's World (3:14)

20 Wraith (3:03)

21 Afternoon on a Hill (1:22)

DAN TUCKER (b. 1925)

MOTS D'HEURES: GOUSSES, RAMES (1983) (3:15)*

Four Songs In Fraudulent French from Mother Goose

22 Un petit d'un petit (0:47)

23 Chacun Gille (0:41)

24 Lit-elle messe moffette (0:31)

Eau la quille ne colle (1:11)

ROBERT BOWKER (b. 1945)

26 Bingo (1997) (2:35)*

Maureen Flannery

Walt Whitman

Carl Sandburg

Carl Sandburg

Carl Sandburg

Lawrence Ferlinghetti

Edna St. Vincent Millay

Luis d'Antin van Rooten

James Agee

JOHN HARMON (b. 1935)

27 Light Feet (2002) (3:34)*

Total Time: (73:36) *WORLD PREMIERE RECORDING

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

An Immorality

Music by Lee Hoiby (b. 1926)
Text by Ezra Pound (1885–1972)
reprinted by arrangement with G. Schirmer, Inc

Sing we for love and idleness, Naught else is worth the having. Though I have been in many a land There is naught else in living. And I would rather have my sweet, Though rose leaves die of grieving, Than do high deeds in Hungary To pass all men's believing.

2 What If

Music by Lee Hoiby Text by Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772–1834)

What if you slept?
And what if in your sleep you dreamed?
And what if in your dream you went to Heaven
And there plucked a strange and beautiful flow'r?
And what if when you awoke, you had the
Flower in your hand?
Ah! what then?

3 The Message

Music by Lee Hoiby Text by John Donne (1572–1631)

> Send home my long stray'd eyes to me Which oh too long have dwelt on thee; Yet since there they have learnt such ill, Such forced fashions, and false passions, That they be made by thee Fit for no good sight, keep them still.

Send home my harmless heart again,
Which no unworthy thought could stain,
But if it be taught by thine
To make jestings of protestings,
And cross both word and oath,
Keep it, for then 'tis none of mine.

Yet send me back my heart and eyes,
That I may know and see thy lies,
And may laugh, and joy, when thou art in anguish
And dost languish
For someone that will none,
Or prove as false as thou art now.

4 The Shepherd

Music by Lee Hoiby Text by William Blake (1757—1827)

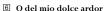
> How sweet is the shepherd's sweet lot, From the morn to the ev'ning he strays; He shall follow his sheep all the day And his tongue shall be filled with praise. For he hears the lamb's innocent call. And he hears the ewes' tender reply. He is watchful when they are in peace, For they know when their shepherd is nigh.



Music by Lee Hoiby
Text by John Fandel
Reprinted by permission of the author

This was a day the trees turned silver in the wand of the wind And wild flowers opened the eyes even of the blind. The meadow grasses polished the green sickle of wind And finches fashioned the sun Ringing in the mind.

This was a day the trees turned silver



And finches fashioned the sun.

Music by Laurie Altman (b. 1947) Text by Ranieri Calzabigi (1714—1795)

> O del mio dolce ardor bramato oggetto! L'aura che tu respiri alfin respiro. Ovunque il guardo io giro Le tue vaghe sembianze Amore in me dipinge. Il mio pensier si finge Le piu liete speranze, E nel desio che così m'empie il petto Cerco te, chiamo te, spero e sospiro!

O you, sweet object of my desire!
The air that you breathe, at last I breathe.
Wherever I turn my gaze
Your beautiful visage
Creates love in me.
My thoughts fancy
The most happy hopes
And in the longing that fills my breast
I search for you, I call you, I hope and I sigh!



Branch By Branch II

Music by Leslie Adams (b. 1933)
Text by Edna St. Vincent Millay (1892–1950)
© 1939,1967 by Edna St. Vincent Millay and Norma Millay Ellis,
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Branch by branch This tree has died. Green only Is one last bough, moving its leaves in the sun.

What evil ate it's root, what blight,
What ugly thing,
Let the mole say, the bird sing;
Or the white worm behind the shedding bark
Tick in the dark.

You and I have only one thing to do: Saw the trunk through.

8 Homesick Blues

Music by Leslie Adams
Text by Langston Hughes (1902–1967)
from The Collected Poems of Langston Hughes by Langston Hughes
© 1994 by the Estate of Langston Hughes. Used by permission of
Alfred A. Knopf, a division of Random House, Inc.

De railroad bridge's a sad song in de air. De railroad bridge's a sad song in de air. Ever time de trains pass I wants to go somewhere.

Oh I went down to de station, ma heart was in ma mouth

Went down to de station, heart was in ma mouth. Lookin' for a boxcar to roll me to de South.

Homesick blues, Lawd's a terr'ble thing to have, Homesick blues is a terr'ble thing to have. To keep from cryin' I open's ma mouth an' laughs,

9 The Wider View

Music by Leslie Adams
Text by R. H. Grenville
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In my childhood I was wont to see The horizon as a boundary, The sky as roof, the wood as wall, My world as intimate and small. But as I learned of other places, Loftier heights and wider spaces, The wonder in my spirit grew To match the fresh unfolding view.

I used to think of life as breath,
A measured span from birth to death,
With Time the stern horizon line
To mark day's ending and decline.
But now I see beyond confusion,
All boundaries are but illusion,
That Love's vast luminous creation
Can tolerate no separation.

There is no barrier nor wall Between us and the All in All, There's always more to do and be, You can't exhaust Infinity.

10 Who Has Seen the Wind

Music by Lita Grier (b. 1937) Text by Christina Rossetti (1830–1894)

Who has seen the wind?
Neither I nor you.
But when the leaves hang trembling,
The wind is passing through.
Who has seen the wind?
Neither you nor I.
But when the trees bow down their heads,
The wind is passing by.

11 Perineo

Music by Libby Larson (b. 1950)
Text by Roberto Echavarren (b. 1944)
Reprinted by permission of the author

No sé si soy hombre o mujer respiro desde la ingle, desde el perineo y me relajo

I hold out my now empty
I breathe in my trust from the perineum
up into the center of my chest
I am an instrument of god,
I am god,
as it comes up from the perineum
in and out in and out

I open up from behind I inhale from behind and from underneath desde la base del estómago desde una lonja de tambor me abro

I don't know whether I am a man or a woman I trust and sing and lo and behold from behind a raw air pumps up as a reward to those who breathe it plays music it passes through my nostrils mouth shut I am a tiger

respiro los tentáculos de dios la punta perdida de sus dedos por el perineo donde las costuras todavia son recientes y los dedos juzgan que eres joven

from down below up to the solar plexus the tip of an indefinite sapphire pyramid from under which a vortex comes up a salty empire of a water banter a panther or aquatic tigress a she male breathing sapphire I breathe my health I don't know if I am man or woman I breathe from the groin, from the perineum and I relax

from the base of my stomach from the thong of the drum I open myself

I breathe the tentacles of god the lost point of his fingers in the perineum where the seams are still recent and the fingers judge you as young

respiro me no terminal enfermedad from the base of my stomach no sé si soy hombre o mujer I relax the tissue underneath as it comes up a maelstrom of programming features for this continent which I am

y explota una cadena dentro de mi aliento y las abejas pican los labios abiertos de la espuma

12 Amarilli, mia bella

Music by Richard Pearson Thomas (b. 1957) Text by Guarino Guarini (1624–1683)

Amarilli, mia bella,
Non credi, o del mio cor dolce desio,
D'esser tu l'amor mio?
Credilo pur, e se timor t'assale,
Prendi questo mio strale,
Aprimi il petto e vedrai scritto il core:
Amarilli è il mio amore.

13 Beginning My Studies

Music by Robert Carl (b. 1954) Text by Walt Whitman (1819–1892)

Beginning my studies,
The first step pleased me so much,
Ah...
The mere fact consciousness,
These forms, the power of motion,
The least insect or animal,
The senses, eyesight, love.
The first step I say aw'd me and pleas'd me so much,
I have hardly gone, and hardly-wish'd to go any farther.
But stop and loiter all the time to sing it in ecstatic songs.

I breathe my not-terminal illness

I don't know if I am man or woman

and a chain explodes
inside my breath
and the bees sting
the open lips of the foam

Amaryllis, my darling,
Don't you believe, o my heart's sweet longing,
That you are my love?
Just believe it, and if fear assails you
Take my arrow here,
Open my breast and see written on my heart:
Amaryllis is my love.

14 Maybe

Music by John Musto (b. 1954)
Text by Carl Sandburg (1878—1967)
from Good Morning, America, © 1928 and renewed 1956 by Carl
Sandburg, reprinted by permission of Harcourt, Inc.

Maybe he believes me, maybe not.
Maybe I can marry him, maybe not.
Maybe the wind on the prairie,
The wind on the sea, maybe,
Somebody somewhere, maybe, can tell.
I will lay my head on his shoulder
And when he asks me I will say yes,
Maybe.

15 Sea Chest

Music by John Musto
Text by Carl Sandburg
from Good Morning, America, © 1928 and renewed 1956 by Carl
Sandburg, reprinted by permission of Harcourt, Inc.

There was a woman loved a man as the man loved the sea.
Her thoughts of him were the same as his thoughts of the sea.
They made an old sea-chest for their belongings together.

16 The Hangman at Home

Music by John Musto Text by Carl Sandburg

What does the hangman think about
When he goes home at night from work?
When he sits down with his wife and
Children for a cup of coffee and a
Plate of ham and eggs, do they ask
Him if it was a good day's work
And everything went well or do they
Stay off some topics and talk about
The weather, baseball, politics
And the comic strips in the papers

And the movies? Do they look at his Hands when he reaches for the coffee Or the ham and eggs? If the little Ones say, Daddy, play horse, here's A rope — does he answer like a joke: I seen enough rope for today? Or does his face light up like a Bonfire of joy and does he say: It's a good and dandy world we live In. And if a white face moon looks In through a window where a baby girl Sleeps and the moon-gleams mix with Baby ears and baby hair — the hangman — How does he act then? It must be easy For him. Anything is easy for a hangman, I guess.

☑ How Many Little Children Sleep

Music by John Musto (b. 1954)
Text by James Agee (1909–1955)
© 1934 by James Agee, permission of The Wylie Agency

How many little children sleep To wake, like you, only to weep? How many others play who will Like you, and all men, weep and kill?

And many parents watch and say, Where they weep, where they play, "By all we love, by all we know, It never shall befall them so."

But in each one the terror grows By all he loves, by all he knows, "Soon they must weep; soon they shall kill. No one wills it, but all will."

But in each one the terror moves By all he knows, by all he loves, "Soon they will weep, soon they will kill. No one wills it, but all will."

11

18 Dove sta amore...

Music by John Musto

Text by Lawrence Ferlinghetti (b. 1919) from A Coney Island of the Mind, © 1958 by Lawrence Ferlinghetti. Reprinted by permission of New Directions Publishing Corp.

Dove sta amore

Where lies love Dove sta amore

Here lies love

The ring dove love In lyrical delight

Hear love's hillsong

Love's true willsong Love's low plainsong

Too sweet painsong

In passages of night

Dove sta amore

Here lies love

The ring dove love

Dove sta amore Here lies love

19 God's World

Music by Eric Ewazen (b. 1954)
Text by Edna St. Vincent Millay
© 1913,1941 by Edna St. Vincent Millay

O world, I cannot hold thee close enough! Thy winds, thy wide grey skies! Thy mists, that roll and rise! Thy woods, this autumn day, That ache and sag and all but cry with color! That gaunt crag to crush!

World, I cannot get thee close enough!

Long have I known a glory in it all

But never knew I this:

Here such a passion is as stretcheth me apart,

Lord, I do fear thou hast made the world too beautiful
this year;

My soul is all but out of me,

20 Wraith

Music by Eric Ewazen
Text by Edna St.Vincent Millay
© 1921,1948 by Edna St. Vincent Millay

"Thin rain, whom are you haunting, that you haunt my door?" Surely it is not I she's wanting... Someone living here before.

"Nobody's in the house but me:
You may come in if you like and see."
Thin as thread, with exquisite fingers —
Ever seen her, any of you?

Grey shawl, and leaning on the wind, And the garden showing through? Glimmering eyes, and silent mostly, Sort of a whisper, sort of a purr, Asking something, asking it over, If you get a sound from her.

Have you seen her, any of you? Strangest thing I've ever known, Every night since I moved in, And I came to be alone.

Thin rain, hush with your knocking! Thin rain, you may not come in. This is I that you hear rocking: Nobody's with me nor has been!

Curious how she tried the window, Odd, the way she tries the door, Wonder just what sort of people Could have had this house before...

21 Afternoon on a Hill

Music by Eric Ewazen
Text by Edna St.Vincent Millay
© 1917,1945 by Edna St. Vincent Millay

I will be the gladdest thing under the sun!
I will touch a hundred flowers and not pick one.
I will look at cliffs and clouds with quiet eyes.
Watch the wind bow down the grass and the grass rise.
And when lights begin to show up from the town
I will mark which must be mine, and then start down.

Mots d'heure: Gousses, rames (Mother Goose Rhymes)

Music by Dan Tucker (b. 1925)

Texts by Luis d'Antin van Rooten (1906-1973)

Note: If you speak French, try saying the texts out loud, but hear yourself as though you're speaking English with a "fraudulent French" accent. Then listen to the songs!

Un petit d'un petit

Un petit d'un petit¹ S'étonne aux Halles² Un petit d'un petit Ah! degrés te fallent³ Indolent qui ne sort cesse⁴ Indolent qui ne se mène⁵ Qu'importe un petit d'un petit Tout Gai de Reguennes,6

¹ The inevitable result of a child marriage.

² The subject of this epigrammatic poem is obviously from the provinces, since a native Parisian would take this famous old market for granted.

³ Since this personage bears no titles, we are led to believe that the poet writes of one of those unfortunate idiot-children that in olden days existed as a living skeleton in their family's closet. I am inclined to believe, however, that this is a fine piece of misdirection and that the poet is actually writing of some famous political prisoner, or the illegitimate offspring of some noble house. The Man in the Iron Mask, perhaps?

^{4.5} Another misdirection. Obviously it was not laziness that prevented this person's going out and taking himself places.

⁶ He was obviously prevented from fulfilling his destiny, since he is compared to Gai de Reguennes. This was a young squire (to one of his uncles, a Gaillard of Normandy) who died at the tender age of twelve of a surfeit of Saracen arrows before the walls of Acre in 1191.

23 Chacun Gille

Chacun Gille¹
Houer ne taupe de hile²
Tôt-fait, j' appelle au boiteur³
Chaque fêle dans un broc, ⁴ est-ce crosne?⁵
Un Gille qu'aime tant berline à fêtard,⁶

24 Lit-elle messe, moffette

Lit-elle messe, moffette,1

Satan ne te fête,

Et digne somme coeurs et nouez.

À longue qu'ime est-ce pailles d'Eure.

Et ne Satan bise ailleurs

Et ne fredonne messe. Moffette, ah, ouais!2

Eau la quille ne colle

Eau la quille ne colle Oise à mer est haulte de soles Aîné marié au sol, vas-y!¹ École vorace paille Pain école vorace boule En école vorace fille de loterie.²

Et vérifie d'allure, ah! des fidèles En avarie faille ne fille te l'a dit. Et puis, tu lui dis, tu lui dis, vingt-deux filles de loure.¹ Oh! d'hère, se nom soeur erre Ascain compère

Huit qu ne collent e ne se fient de loterie.4

¹ Gille is a stock character in medieval plays, usually a fool or country bumpkin.

² While hoeing he uncovers a mole and part of a seed.

^{3 &}quot;Quickly finished, I call to the liming man that

⁴ Every pitcher has a crack in it." If a philosophy or moral is intended, it is very obscure.

^{5&}quot;Is it a Chinese cabbage?" It is to be assumed that he refers to the seed he found.

⁶ At any rate he loves a life of pleasure and a carriage.

¹ Moffette. Noxious exhalations formed in underground galleries or mines.

² This little fragment is a moral precept addressed to a young girl. She is advised to go to mass even under the most adverse conditions in order to confound Satan and keep her heart pure until the knot (marriage) is tied. She is warned against long engagements and to stay out of hayfields, be they as lush and lovely as those of the Eure valley, for Satan will not be off spoiling crops elsewhere. She must not mumble at mass, or the consequences will make the noxious fumes of earth seem trivial.

¹ An eldest son, wedded to the family estates by primogeniture, is here urged to seek adventure. The general area in which he lives is clearly identified by the Oise River, a tributary of the Seine, navigable for most of its length. A truly poetic image is created by the first line and the promise of a sea teeming with Channel sole in the second line.

² Here he is warned of fish that will rise to any lure, but also of voracious schools of lottery girls. Evidently, he is to seek adventure and a wife.

³ He is told to study their bearing, so many having failed or come to grief, who might have been faithful. He is particularly warned against twenty-two dancing girls, perhaps some notorious corps de ballet of the period.

⁴The country boy is told not to give his name to an erring sister. The good example of his pal from Ascain (small Basque town in the foothills of the Pyrenees, not far from St.-Jean-de-Luz) is set before him. He didn't get stuck because he didn't trust to luck.

26 Bingo

Music by Robert Bowker (b. 1945)
Text by Maureen Flannery (b. 1947)
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Be fourteens.

Remember how it was.

If you hear me you may be one.

Remember how wildly we play the cards we've got

Many things we should do and many we must not.

You can't always count on the free square.

I eighteen.

Gee, sexy too.

My grandma lives alone.

The two of us take her to Bingo.

Across the cards our eyes play numbers games.

We nearly black out.

It always feels the same.

Someone else always makes it before us.

In twenty eight.

Life's a gamble.

Life's a dance.

Life will beckon with a sidelong glance.

Life's a gamble.

Life's a dance.

Life's a tango

with the Lord of Chance.

"Be Mine,"

My handsome boyfriend's asked me.

Yet, we dare not trust our luck.

As we drive grandma the long way to the farm,

the moon's a purple dauber

circling with its charm

but you can't always count on the free square.

I eighteen.

Oh sex before

I ache for thee too.

I eighteen.

Bingo...

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THE COMPOSERS

LEE HOIBY is a Wisconsin native whose first opera was produced at Spoleto (Italy) in 1957. His newest work is an operatic setting of Romeo and Juliet. Leontyne Price championed his song settings. He has been honored with Fulbright, Guggenheim, and National Institute of Arts and Letters awards.

LAURIE ALTMAN is an active jazz pianist and contemporary collaborator out of Princeton, New Jersey, where he teaches at Westminster Choir College/Rider University. His compositions range through chamber, vocal, piano, opera, choral, film score, commercial, and incidental music.

LESLIE ADAMS is a Cleveland composer with many orchestral works and song cycles to his credit. His opera *Blake* was premiered in the 1980s. His choice of text often leans toward the spiritual, such as his setting of the title song from *A Wider View*.

LITA GRIER was born in New York, earned a master's degree in composition from UCLA, and now lives in Chicago, where she has had a successful career as president of InterContinental Media, producer of the Salzburg Music Festival broadcasts for American radio, while remaining active as a composer.

LIBBY LARSEN is responsible for an astounding amount of new music activity in the United States. Honored with a Lifetime Achievement Award from the American Academy of Arts and Letters, she and composer Stephen Paulus started the Minneapolis Composers Forum, which developed into the American Composers Forum. The bi-lingual song "Perineo" was published in *The AIDS Quilt Songbook*. Larsen's works include symphonic, operatic, chamber, and song settings.

I first met **RICHARD PEARSON THOMAS** while working in the Music Theatre Studio Ensemble at the Banff Centre in Canada. Well-known for his cabaret-style songs, he, like Laurie Altman, has created a body of works based on Italian art songs. I am indebted to Matthew Duvall of *eighth blackbird*, for joining me in this raga-inflected meditation for voice and mallet-struck piano strings.

ROBERT CARL heads the composition department at the Hartt School (University of Hartford) in Connecticut. He is co-director of *Extension Works*, a new music ensemble from Boston, and writes record reviews for *Fanfare* magazine. His music has been recorded most recently on New World Records.

Based in New York, **JOHN MUSTO** was nominated for the Pulitzer Prize in 1997 for his song cycle *Dove Sta Amore*. He has received Emmy awards for scores to two documentary films. His operatic, orchestral, and chamber works have been presented by the Dallas Symphony, the Rochester Symphony, Wolftrap, the Ahn Trio, and the Janus Ensemble.

Also a New Yorker, **ERIC EWAZEN** is Composer in Residence for the Orchestra of St. Luke's and a professor at the Juilliard School. His works for wind ensemble garnered early attention, but his recorded opus includes discs for string orchestra, percussion, and small ensembles.

DAN TUCKER has made a dual career on the editorial board of the Chicago Tribune and as a composer. His ballet music has been performed by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, and his opera, *Many Moons*, by the Franz Liszt Academy in Budapest and the National Symphony Orchestra in Washington D.C.

ROBERT BOWKER is one of Chicago's most respected jingle singers, founding director of the *The Lakeside Singers*, and one of the *Chicago Hitmen*. He is active as a conductor, arranger, producer, and composer, with dozens of songs for piano and voice.

JOHN HARMON founded the Jazz Studies program at the Lawrence University Conservatory and co-founded the nonet *Matrix*. A renowned pianist, he studied with Oscar Peterson (among others). His compositions have been played by the Milwaukee Symphony Orchestra and the Santa Fe Chamber Orchestra.

More information on each of these composers can be found online

THE PERFORMERS



Photo: McArthur Photograph

Soprano PATRICE MICHAELS concertizes extensively, appearing with noted ensembles including the Saint Louis, and Shanghai Symphonies; Minnesota Orchestra; Chicago's Handel Festival; Dallas Bach Society; Los Angeles Master Chorale; Chicago Baroque Ensemble; and Boston Baroque. Shaw, Stanislaw Skrowaczewski, Nicolas McGegan, Joseph Joanne Falletta, and Andreas Delfs. Ms. Michaels has sung Florentine Opera, Tacoma Opera, Colorado's Central City Opera, Chicago Opera Theater, and at the Banff Centre in Canada. She has appeared as recitalist in Japan, Cuba, Belize, Mexico, Venezuela, Barbados, and throughout North America. Day made its international debut in Salzburg in August 2006. This is Ms. Michaels's thirteenth release on the Cedille label other labels include Bach's St. Matthew Passion with Sir Georg on the Albany label, and Telemann's Day of Judgement and

Pianist ELIZABETH BUCCHERI is one of Chicago's most sought-after musicians. A native of South Carolina, she was educated at Winthrop University and the Eastman School of Music, from which she received David Zinman, and Christoph Eschenbach; and since 1987, assistant conductor at Lyric Opera of Chicago. An experienced recitalist, she has appeared in concert with singers Susanne Mentzer, William Warfield, Samuel Ramey, Elizabeth Futral, Nicole Cabell, and Sherrill Milnes; with the Shanghai and Vermeer String Quartets; and with violinists Midori and Gil Shaham, concerts that have taken her all over the United States and von Nürenberg and Verdi's Otello, all with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra directed by Sir Georg Solti. For the Collaborative Piano program at Northwestern University's School of Music. In May, 2004, Buccheri was

Percussionist MATTHEW DUVALL is a member of the highly-acclaimed new music ensemble eighth blackbird, winners of the Naumburg Chamber Music Award and the Concert Artists Guild International Competition (where they were the first contemporary ensemble to win first prize). The group is also a three-time recipient of the CMA/ASCAP Award for Adventurous Programming. Other awards include top prizes at the Fischoff and Coleman National Chamber Music Competitions. The group has been featured on CBS's "Sunday Morning," and in The NewYork Times. The ensemble is currently in residence at the University of Richmond in Virginia and the University of Chicago. Matthew Duvall attended Oberlin College, the University of Cincinnati, and Northwestern University.

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