

# YESTERDAY IS NOT TODAY

## The American Art Song 1930-1960

New World Records 80243

### The American Art Song from 1930 to 1960

*A Personal Survey by Ned Rorem*

What, you may well ask, is an art song? I myself had composed dozens before ever hearing the term, and suddenly realized—like the Molière character who learns he's been speaking prose all his life—how clever I'd been. Yet then as now I mistrusted the term, found it pompous, never used it. For "art song" is not a description but an opinion, defensively American, coined to distinguish the genre—in kind if not in quality—from "pop song."

The genre may be defined as the musical setting of a lyric poem for one voice with piano accompaniment. The setting is by a specific American composer as opposed to anonymous or collective authorship; is self-contained as opposed, say, to an aria, which is part of a whole; and is strictly as opposed to approximately notated like so-called popular songs (even such sturdy hits as Gershwin's or Sondheim's), which can be rendered by any voice in any arrangement at any speed. "Art song" is our answer to the German *Lied* or to the French *mélodie*, which implies a throughwritten recital song as distinct from a *chanson*. But the distinction is fading between recital songs and those performed elsewhere: "good song" and "bad song" are logically the clearest distinguishing terms. This brief essay will refer simply to "song," assuming that readers now recognize the species.

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I showed those first songs of mine to Virgil Thomson, that best of all possible songsmiths, with whom in 1944 I was studying in New York. All he said was, "Janet Fairbank would love them," and picked up the phone.

She lived on the then uniquely tree-lined, almost rural, block of Fifty-fifth between Lexington and Park. The tone of that street is as vanished today as the viewpoint evinced in the soprano's apartment. Janet Fairbank, a plain but stylish and well-off Wisconsin "bachelor girl" (as she called herself), chose to inhabit a two-room walk-up with a hot plate and an upright, and to spend all her money on "modern music." If her voice, though firm, was neither agile nor very pleasing, it did possess a more infecting theatricality than many another nonvoiced specialist since. Again, unlike the others, she neither deluded herself about her voice nor thought of herself as performing a service to American song. Without sanctimony, she performed from sheer affection, mildly astonished at the small but solid public she drew to her annual concert of always new songs. Also, she had no competition. Oh, there *was* a host of terrific professionals around: Priscilla Gillette, Mina Hager, Romolo di Spirito, Alice Howland, William Horne, William Haines, Naomi Farr, Lys Bert, Ethel Luening (wife of composer Otto Luening), and of course Mack Harrell, Povla Frijsh, Nell Tangeman, and Jennie Tourel. But theirs was a generalized vocabulary of the unhackneyed, whereas Fairbank had a specific monopoly on current Americana.

From floor to ceiling her rooms burst with manuscripts begged from or offered by live composers. For twelve months, replacing her regular accompanist Henry Jackson, I served as her rehearsal pianist, daily sorting through this virgin morass.

We worked hard on new songs by William Ames, Ernst Bacon, and Harold Brown (whose mysterious "Alisoun" seems now to be lost); on Paul Bowles's "David" and Theodore Chanler's "Doves." Henry Cowell, whom one doesn't think of as writing songs, gave Janet a "Tocatta" with flute obbligato and also "The Donkey." David Diamond's "Brigid's Song" and "David Mourns for Absalom" (to name but two masterpieces from the perhaps eight-score by this man) turned up and were memorized, as were settings by John Duke, Norman Dello Joio, and especially Celius Dougherty, who cracked the dangerous secret for the perfect encore by musicalizing the dictionary definition of Love. Where has John Edmunds gone? He is not so much underrated as unknown, yet at least half of his four hundred songs (like many a song composer, he tends to be only a song composer) are programmable. Consider "The Cherry Tree," "The Isle," or his Purcell realizations. Edmunds rates a plaque for his lifelong proselytizing on behalf of Song in English. Lou Harrison concocted just for Janet his rousing "Sanctus," which, in the words of Virgil Thomson, "opened up the gates of heaven and brought down the house," while Quincy Porter offered her his prize "Music When Soft Voices Die." Still more songs came from Normand Lockwood and John Lessard, from Douglas Moore (svelte versions of Donne sonnets), and from the very young Charles Naginski, whose career ended before it began when he drowned in the Tanglewood lake. If Paul Nordoff's "Lacrima Cristi" was a gem flawed only by a mawkish text, texts chosen by Daniel Pinkham erred not. Janet liked to use Pinkham's version of the anonymous "Faucon" to open a group with three other settings of the same stanzas (by Edmunds, Ramiro Cortes, and me).

Fairbank publicly performed all these songs (of which the manuscripts now lie in Chicago's Newberry Library) in Carnegie Recital Hall or in the old Times Hall on West Forty-fifth. More important, nearly all were printed, under her aegis, by Richard Dana's Music Press. Songs being an even less marketable commodity than squid eggs or poetry, it is creditable that these publications, later sold to Mercury and eventually passed on to Presser, remain to this day in stock, many bearing an inscription to their Onlie Begetter.

For Janet *was* American Song, to a point where *Time Magazine* itself finally reviewed her, stressing the point that she was not crazy ("No nut stunt for Janet"). Surely her sense of responsibility to her vocation acted as a revivifying serum. At forty-four, stricken with Hodgkin's disease, she had already crossed the deadline set by doctors. She did not, however, survive to witness her certain mark of permanence, the lovely brown-and-green Music Press editions.

I recall the afternoon in October 1947: Doorbell and phone rang simultaneously. A messenger delivered the thrilling complimentary copies of my first published song, "The Lordly Hudson" on Paul Goodman's poem, dedicated to Janet Fairbank. On the wire Eva Gauthier was saying that Janet had died that morning.

Next day, like the consolatory angel, Goodman came bearing a poem that ends:

... if we  
make up a quiet song of death,  
who now shall sing this song we made  
for Janet Janet not, because  
(no other cause) she loved to sing.

\* \* \* \*

Eva Gauthier, she of the blue hair and endless supply of satin hats, inhabited a tiny flat in the now defunct Hotel Woodward on East Fifty-third, with an upright Knabe, ten crates of scores, and a yapping Pekingese. Mme. Gauthier was four feet ten inches worth of experienced opinion, always precise, sometimes precisely wrong. Was she already seventy when I began playing for her coaching sessions in 1947? Certainly she was from an era of inexpert sight-readers—from when prima donnas did not decipher. Debussy had taught her Yniold in *Pelléas et Mélisande* by rote, she claimed. She also claimed intimacy with Ravel and Gershwin, showing us her programs devoted exclusively to this pair. During those programs she changed garb with each group, involving vast swatches of stuff from Java, where for years she had lived with an importer husband. Her tendency to the graphic, or to getting things slightly off center, titillated those youngsters who came to her after the war. To a young tenor after singing Fauré's "Prison": "Keep in mind that this poem was conceived by Verlaine in jail where he was put for cutting off Van Gogh's ear." To another tenor excusing his high A's because of a cold: "Be glad you don't have to hit them during your period, with blood seeping onto the stage." To myself, about to accompany her in the demonstration of a scene from *Pelléas*: "Skip the rests, it's mood that counts."

But what a fantastic teacher, if "teacher" means one whose enthusiasm is transferable—who leads horses to water and makes them drink. Gauthier's enthusiasm was for the *intelligence* of music, and though she couldn't read music she could talk it.

What students sought from Pierre Bernac in Paris and from Maggie Teyte in London—French repertory from someone who knew the words—they could find from the Canadian Gauthier in New York, plus the bonus of native literature. The songs Fairbank discovered in the early forties Gauthier was now teaching in the late forties; so far as she was concerned those songs were *faits accomplis*, normal and needed as Schubert. After her death Jennie Tourel remained the only active singer in New York (the musical center of the world!) equipped to coach Franco-American repertory. Today, no one.

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What literary sources most attracted American composers during the thirties and forties? Usually not American ones. Except for Cummings, whom virtually everyone was setting, and of course Whitman, the poets came mainly from the British Isles and from the past: from the England of dark ballads, Chaucer, and also, naturally Shakespeare, Donne, Herrick, and Blake. A great deal of Yeats and Joyce (though copyright permissions weren't always granted) and vast portions of the King James Bible. Even so quintessential an American as Copland went to the Old Testament for his largest choral work and to Arthur Waley for his earliest song. Except for Chanler's Father Feeney, Thomson's Gertrude Stein, and my own Paul Goodman, none of our composers had their "house" writer as Schumann had Heine or Poulenc had Eluard. Thus when Paul Bowles around 1949 published his *Blue Mountain Ballads* based on poems by a man of the hour, Tennessee Williams, the effect seemed at once eccentric and awfully fresh. But it hardly set a trend.

Serious composers have always set words from the past far more than words by their contemporaries. This is no less true of Brahms and Beethoven with the Corinthians and Goethe than of Palestrina and Machaut with their liturgy. Boulez has used Mallarmé more than he has used Char. Britten used Michelangelo, miracle plays, Rimbaud, Tennyson, Hardy, and Donne far more than he used Auden. I don't speak of opera texts, though these too, throughout history, have usually

been *about* the past.

No conclusion may be drawn, still less a rule, though two points are worth noting. First, insofar as a composer uses a contemporaneous text, the two aspects of that eternal bastard known as Song merge and, pushed to the extreme, become pop, wherein words and sound are one. This is the case with the Bowles *Ballads*, which verge on blues. And it explains the hip fan's confusion defending the propagandistic power of rock music when he means rock words.

Second, poets who write lyrics (that is, words to be set to music rather than words in the abstract) tend to lose their identity as poets. As for poets who versify *about* music, the most abstruse and up-to-date of them (Ashbery, O'Hara) are likely to laud the least abstruse and most *démodé* composers (Sibelius, Rachmaninoff), the very composers with whom, ideally, they should have collaborated. The best collaboration is between conservative and avant-garde, but when two artists of the same persuasion work together the result is redundant.

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Philip Miller's charming article "The American Art Song from 1900 to 1940" tells us that vocal stars of the first quarter-century regularly performed and recorded, with relish and without question, the songs of American composers, which were conscientiously stocked in music stores throughout the country. Not only nationals like Louise Homer and Edward Johnson but Europeans who scarcely knew English, like Schumann-Heink and Nordica, believing strongly in what they were singing, promoted songs by Watts, Nevin, Cadman, Damrosch—enough for these composers to make good money.

The quality of American song, of course, mellowed considerably after this period and by 1950 had turned to pure gold. We composers were not yet clearly aware that the normal display for such gold, the song recital, was already a losing proposition. Nor was pocket money any longer fair exchange. It would not occur to a singer, not even to Janet Fairbank, to pay for a song. Song was for love. So we continued to bring live nose-gays to ghostly stars, courting a moribund breed. We were (to switch images) like young mothers lactating for their dead offspring.

Miller suggests that this cul-de-sac was partly made by composers themselves, for whom a "traditionally melodic line became exceptional." It was more likely a question of finance. Recitals no longer paid off. If in Fairbank's decade there were still a number of genuine concertizers who could fill a hall, by 1955 those singers who attracted the public to a vocal-piano affair did so solely on their operatic fame, and generally sang more arias than songs. By 1959 there existed not one American singer—not one!—who was first and foremost a recitalist; we could afford no equivalent of Souzay, Schwarzkopf, Fischer-Dieskau. That year, when William Flanagan and I launched our series Music for the Voice by Americans, we had trouble finding student singers who knew that songs were not arias. Although busy earning a living as they could, through opera, those few pros who *knew* (Patricia Neway, Donald Gramm, Phyllis Curtin, Regina Sarfaty) were only too glad to donate their services, for recitals were now luxury items. The handful of composers still writing songs were the same as two decades earlier, if they were still alive. Younger composers (with exceptions like Richard Cumming, Richard Hundley, John Gruen) were either trying to make it in opera, after Menotti's example, or were writing strictly instrumental pieces. More than ever American vocal training stressed opera to the exclusion of any other music, since only in opera might fame come.

Our singers now learn every language except their own. In this country of specialists, the one area of general practice is vocal literature. In Europe, where general practice prevails, a singer nonetheless masters his native language first; our students prefer singing badly in languages they don't comprehend to singing well in their own. Their excuse, and the excuse of their brainwashed teachers, is that English is ungrateful—but that's only because, understanding English, they see the pitfalls more clearly. The only thing bad about English as a vocal medium is bad English.

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If there exist, shall we say, eight major composers in America today, four are women. This was hardly the ratio a generation ago, especially among songwriters. Not that good women composers weren't around. But song as a medium ironically carried a feministic stigma—the perfume of Ladies' Music—to which the emerging female artist was allergic. I do seem to recall a few settings by Vivian Fine, Dika Newlin, Peggy Glanville-Hicks (on poems of Paul Bowles), and Miriam Gideon (although her famous *Hound of Heaven*, because of its length, its oboe, and its string trio, is not formally a song), but otherwise no one special.

Women, however, uniquely dominated the promotional areas of new music between the wars. If Fairbank and Gauthier, far more than any men, were the chief performer and chief professor of American song, five others of their sex loomed large: Claire Reis and Louise Varèse as organizers of the League of Composers and the American chapter of the ISCM; Minna Lederman as founder of the review *Modern Music*; Alma Morgenthau as publisher of, among other editions, a famous song volume (and as partial subsidizer of such musicians as song composer Howard Swanson and conductor Dimitri Mitropoulos); and Yvonne de Casa Fuerte, who, as the Parisian member of this sorority, brought her supportive know-how overseas along with her violin. (Need it be noted that the primary value of these women, including Louise Varèse, lay not in their capacity as wives?)

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By 1960, then, song recitals were mere adornments of the past. But song itself underwent a revival. Though government was not yet attentive, glimmers of subsidy elsewhere, personal and public, began to demonstrate an awareness that composers, even song composers, had to eat. On the one hand was a woman—another woman. On the other, a foundation.

The gifts and interests of Alice Esty, a soprano of style and means if not especially of temperament, were designed to delight a small milieu with similar interests and gifts. Since 1954, under the watchful eye of her more than competent Svengali, pianist David Stimer, Esty performed yearly for an invited audience, then recorded on a private label programs of those twentieth-century songs, French and American, that most pleased her. Five years later, having exhausted the repertory while befriending many who had created that repertory, she began a commissioning campaign.

She started by approaching Francis Poulenc, who immediately composed his now classic cycle *Le Travail du Peintre*, of which Esty sang the first performance in March, 1959. From 1959 to 1968 she solicited, paid for (music *and* poetry, as the case arose), and premiered major cycles by these Europeans: Marcel Delannoy, Germaine Tailleferre, Henri Sauguet, Darius Milhaud, Henk Badings, Gunnar Bucht, Alexander Goehr. She did as much for Americans. Since it's safe to say that none of their songs would have existed without Esty; since many of the songs, although of high order, are yet unpublished; since they all fit this article's definition of "song" (a genre that will possibly be

composed less and less as composers more and more continue to weave the voice—when they weave it at all—instrumentally into their ensemble fabrics); and since the list is nowhere on record, it is worth publishing the details. Between 1960 and 1969 Alice Esty commissioned and premiered in Carnegie Recital Hall the following American cycles:

*Eight Poems of Theodore Roethke*--Ned Rorem--April 3, 1960

*Songs for Alice Esty* (Kenneth Koch) (published as "Mostly About Love")--Virgil Thomson--April 3, 1960

*Roman Suite* (Tennessee Williams)--Paul Bowles--March 13, 1961

*From Marion's Book* (Cummings)--Marc Blitzstein--March 13, 1961

*The Ways* (Pauline Hanson)--Ben Weber--March 29, 1962

*Symptoms of Love* (Robert Graves)--Quincy Porter--March 29, 1962

*Greetings from the Château* (James Schuyler)--John Gruen--April 11, 1963

*Song of Jephthah's Daughter* (Robert Hillyer)--Daniel Pinkham--April 22, 1965

*Anima* (from *Piers Ploughman* by William Langland, 1377)--Charles Jones--May 21, 1969

In addition, for a commemoration on January 13, 1964, of Poulenc's death, Esty commissioned these international composers (plus a number of poets, including, in my case, Frank O'Hara): Badings, Lennox Berkeley, Henri Dutilleux, Frank Martin, Milhaud, Vittorio Rieti, Rorem, Manuel Rosenthal, Sauguet, Tailleferre, Thomson, and Ben Weber.

For the record, Carolyn Reyer, a mezzo with a similar mission, was nationally active during the sixties, promoting particularly the new songs of Diamond, Robert Baksa, and the present writer.

Meanwhile the Ford Foundation, during two briefly enterprising seasons, caused to be born a series of song collections. The gimmick was to select upcoming vocalists, who in turn selected composers. Thus Betty Allen chose Thomson, who tailored his *Praises and Prayers* to her talents. Donald Gramm had Richard Cumming do likewise with *We Happy Few*. I wrote *Poems of Love and the Rain* for Regina Sarfaty. (The previous season, voice-and-orchestra works were made for Phyllis Curtin by Carlisle Floyd and for Adele Addison by Lukas Foss.)

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What to add? There are omissions of many names crucial to the epoch: Sam Raphling, Randall Thompson, Irving Fine; or Everett Helm and William Bergsma, both of whose sonic ideas about E. E. Cummings were winning indeed; or Vincent Persichetti, whose *Harmonium* on Wallace Stevens poems is, so far as sheer proportion goes, a national monument; John LaMontaine, whose songs are mostly with orchestra; Jack Beeson and Robert Ward, whose careers as opera men have overshadowed their youthful songwriting. I have detailed little about quality, and not played much favoritism. (Opinions about Blitzstein's *From Marion's Book*, for example, or about the whole field of William Flanagan's efforts I've expressed elsewhere.)

I have not brought up twelve-tone songsters because, except for Ben Weber, there were none. Nor have I brought up the ever intriguing subject of what type of creative nature turns to song. Modern Germany and Italy, with all their grand vocal fertility, never birthed, as France and England did (at least once apiece, with Poulenc and Britten), the hybrid equally adept at song and opera. (Indeed, modern Italy has produced no song at all, while the songs of Richard Strauss form a race apart.) But the hybrid has been spawned successfully in the United States with at least Barber and Thomson.

Also, all our opera composers, including Menotti, have written decent songs, and all our song composers, including Chanler, have written decent operas.

The past years have seen a crop of American singer—not properly a recital singer—skilled to deal with current vocal concepts. These concepts stress words as sound no less than as sense, and inevitably enmesh the voice in a jungle of instrumental hues. The parent work is Boulez' *Le Marteau sans Maître* (1954), and the spinoff interpreter in America is Bethany Beardslee, who could always do anything, as could Julius Eastman, Cathy Berberian, Jan de Gaetani, and Phyllis Bryn-Julson. The pieces are not songs, because they do not restrict themselves to piano and lyric poem. They are shows—narrational, terrifically up to date, yet still using texts from another time and place, like George Crumb with Lorca, David Del Tredici with Lewis Carroll, or, from abroad, Peter Maxwell Davies' *Mad King* and Henze's *Runaway Slave*. (Curiously, no English-speaking composer has yet concocted a theater piece with just piano.) But these paragraphs were not meant to evaluate the decade of the 1970s.

I have not named singers from the thirties because I don't know who they were (it would be nice to learn who first sang Citkowitz and Copland). The thirties were a bit before my time. The fifties took me away from the homeland. To justify its focus this paper, rather than claiming to be research, is subtitled "A Personal Survey." A more experienced documenter, like Philip Miller, or a composer with different connections, like Elliott Carter, might have painted quite another picture. But the ensuing nutshell critiques of the eight composers represented on this record may add resonance to the tone of a bygone era.

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### **Theodore Chanler (1902-1961)**

They remain arguments endlessly open: whether in opera good librettos can be sustained by mediocre music, and whether good music can overcome mediocre librettos. Song literature is clearer cut. No bad setting of good poetry is a staple, though good settings of bad poetry are common fodder. Observe the works of Chanler.

Theodore Chanler's songs, that part of the already small oeuvre for which he is most admired, number fewer than thirty. Of these, half are based on more or less acceptable verse by standard authors, including Blake. The other half are on the smarmy simplistic musings of a poetaster called Father Leonard Feeney. Yet each song is flawless on its own terms, and, like the sighs of inspired innocents, each rings true.

What do they have that allures both listener and singer, that gives them—like all-time pop favorites with forgettable lyrics—their staying power? The answer is tune. The greatest songwriters always seem to share not so much a generalized gift for melody (Wagner, Verdi, and Puccini weren't songwriters, after all) as a gift for economy, the ability to impose the inevitable minimum of notes unapologetically on a group of words and to make the group speak, or rather sing, independent of accompaniment. Parenthetically, another common point among composers who are primarily songwriters (*primarily*—not Mussorgsky, say, or Debussy) is that they never innovate in any formal sense. The genre of song as defined earlier cannot lend itself to tampering and still retain its identity as tune-over-figuration. When far-out John Cage writes a straight song like "The Wonderful Widow of Seventeen Springs" he shows us his "conservative" side, while far-out Milton Babbitt's *Philomel* becomes what can no longer be termed "song."

Chanler's genius of brevity was extreme. No one in history, not Dowland or Satie or Webern, ever more convincingly carried a hearer from doubt through heartbreak to resolution in a span of five bars. Look at his "Anne Poverty." If Duparc gained Parnassus on a lifetime output of just thirteen songs (though Baudelaire's words did help), Chanler might make it merely on his delicious *Eight Epitaphs*—nine, if you count the "Four Husbands" unearthed by Phyllis Curtin—which all together last under ten minutes.

The spirited "Thomas Logge" is the fourth of the *Epitaphs*, each of which is a thumbnail sketch of an English eccentric memorialized by poet Walter de la Mare (1873-1956) during a stroll through an eighteenth-century churchyard. Chanler composed these in 1935.

Ten years later he composed *The Children*, a cycle of nine songs on words of Leonard Feeney. Included here are the title song, an attractive ditty of the kind kids invent while skipping rope; "Once upon a Time," another childlike air, using words so mindless that only an adult could have penned them, skillfully set off against a (difficult) curving Schumannesque keyboard role; "The Rose," homespun philosophy of the don't-make-waves brand popular during the war as heard through the irresistibly lush harmonies once known as Ladies' Music, wherein the voice is doubled throughout by the piano; and "Moo Is a Cow," a successful trick in that the accompaniment manages constantly to Mickey-mouse the words without once forsaking its independent energy. (The vocal line of this last song provides, in small notes, an optional obbligato—if this is not a contradiction in terms—whereby it becomes a duet in undifferentiated counterpoint. For no apparent reason, beyond the not insignificant one of charm, the song can thus be performed by two singers at once or, as in the present mechanical case, by one singer in harmony with himself.)

Archibald MacLeish provided the poem for the sad and lilting "These, My Ophelia." Don't the music, with its continually shifting beats, and the words, with their intimations of mortality, bear a spiritual resemblance to Paul Bowles's "Once a Lady Was Here"?

*The Children* (Leonard Feeney)

We are the children who play in the park  
All the day long from the dawn till the dark;  
We are the children.  
We will grow older, as ev'ryone knows,  
And when we grow older, what do you suppose  
Will become of the children?  
Will there be children again,  
When we who are children are women and men?  
Yes!  
Surely the world will love children no less;  
Children will come when we children are gone,  
Out of the darkness and into the dawn,  
Taking our places,  
Bearing our brightness and lightness of limbs,  
And our laughter and love in their faces.

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*Once Upon a Time* (Leonard Feeney)

Once upon a time,  
Mary went to call the cattle home;  
Once upon a time,  
Nero played a fiddle while they burned down  
    Rome;  
Once upon a time;  
Noah built the Ark when it started to rain,  
Launcelot loved Elaine,  
Christopher Columbus grew tired of Spain,  
Once upon a time.

Once upon a time,  
The dish ran away with the spoon;  
Once upon a time,  
The butterfly came from the cocoon,  
Once upon a time;  
There wasn't any you and there wasn't any I,  
But Washington never told a lie,  
And four and twenty blackbirds were baked in  
    a pie,  
Once upon a time.

Once upon a time,  
A turtle beat a rabbit in a race,  
Once upon a time;  
Ev'rything remarkable always took place  
Once upon a time;  
Someone wrote a song about an old grey mare,  
Simple Simon met a pieman going to a Fair;  
Isn't it unfortunate we couldn't have  
    been there?  
Once upon a time.

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*The Rose* (Leonard Feeney)

Superimpose  
On the petals of a rose  
Any hues  
You choose,  
And see if you can find  
what a garden has in mind,  
That's rose inclined.  
Go review your heart's horticulture,

Amid sunlight and shadows and show'rs;  
Take a book  
That you took  
From the library, and look  
Up the fascinating history of flow'rs.  
Forgetfulness  
You will have to confess,  
If you placed  
In haste  
An insufficient stress  
On the blossom set above  
The leaf and thorn of love,  
On the stem that grows  
Us a rose.

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*Moo Is a Cow* (Leonard Feeney)

Moo is a cow  
When she makes a bow  
To a meadowfull of hay;  
Shoo is a hen  
When she's back again  
And you want her to go away;  
Peekaboo  
Is maybe I don't see you,  
But I'm sure you can't see me;  
Splash is a stone  
When a big one's thrown  
In a river or lake or sea.  
Snap is a twig,  
Grunt is a pig,  
Baa is the tune of a sheep;  
There's a melody hid  
In the katydid,  
And the cricket that likes to peep.  
Hush is your lip  
When your fingertip  
Says you shouldn't make a sound;  
Hop is a toad  
Right across the road,  
Without stopping to look around;  
Pitapat is rain  
On the windowpane;  
Buzz-a-buzz a busy bee;  
Creak is a stair,  
When you ask "Who's there?"

And there's no one to say "It's me."  
 Tick is a clock,  
 Click is a lock  
 After you've closed the door;  
 And a soft tiptoe  
 Is to let you know  
 You have fallen asleep once more.  
 Bounce is a ball  
 Up against a wall,  
 When you've given it a throw.  
 Rip is a tear  
 In a thing you wear,  
 That your mother will want to sew;  
 Rub-a-dub-dub-dub  
 Is a drummer boy,  
 When a band goes marching by;  
 Twinkle's a bright  
 Little star at night,  
 Or a funny look in your eye.  
 Ouch is a pain,  
 Toot is a train,  
 Sneeze is perhaps a cold;  
 And a My, oh my  
 Is: I wonder why  
 You will never do what you're told!

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*Thomas Logge* (Walter de la Mare)

[The verses for this song may be found in *The Complete Poems of Walter de la Mare*, published by Knopf (1970).]

*These, My Ophelia* (Archibald MacLeish)

These, my Ophelia stars are not now  
 Are not always are long long ago  
 Are days that no world remembers  
 And our yesterday O my Ophelia  
 Shall be the evening star  
 For some earth that turns from Arcturus  
 When we no longer my Ophelia  
 Come here to the oak above the sea  
 To watch at this forgotten hour the going down  
                   of that  
 O then so far off star

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### **Paul Bowles (b. 1911)**

Composer-authors have always existed, but their prose careers invariably reflect their music careers. They are critics or librettists or autobiographers—composers-who-also-write rather than writers-who-also-compose. The latter category, incidentally, unlike amateur painters or poets, is unviable; worthwhile music has never been written by nonprofessionals, not even by Benjamin Franklin, Lionel Barrymore, or Ezra Pound. Nor has there ever been a novelist-composer, equally adept and reputed in both fields, until Paul Bowles.

American by birth and training, having apprenticed with Thomson and Copland, Bowles is Eurafican by preference, having spent half his life in France and Morocco. His professional life has also been sliced cleanly in two, with no seeming relation between the pieces.

During the WPA and World War II years Bowles was hyperactive as a practical composer, furnishing music to some two dozen plays and to documentary movies. Less practically, he wrote chamber works for lush combos (winds with gongs, keyboards, maracas, milk bottles); a haunting *zarzuela*, *The Wind Remains*; and above all, songs of all sorts, some to be heard in plays by Shakespeare and Saroyan, others strictly in recital by four (black) sopranos with two pianos, on prose by James Schuyler. Despite the occasionally morose texts of Lorca or St. John Perse, all of Bowles's music is optimistic. It pretends to no more than it says, and what it says affects the body more than the mind. It stems from blues and hot jazz, is entirely in small forms (even the opera—*Denmark Vesey*—is a series of set numbers), contains no polyphony (songs seldom do), and often is very fast. Bowles's musical metabolism is indeed so spirited that one might say his lentos are like prestos slowed down, just as, for instance, Fauré's prestos are really lentos speeded up.

In 1946 the death of Gertrude Stein, whom Bowles adored but who did not adore Bowles's literary efforts, was rumored to be a liberation for young writers. That year Bowles became an author, stopped composing, and left America for good. Since then he has accepted a few musical commissions and returned briefly to see them through, but for all intents and purposes a new career began.

Paul Bowles might appear schizophrenic, his pair of métiers being so unrelated, but did not all real artists demonstrably speak two dialects, their lifeworks being neatly divided into hard and easy, light and dark, church and state, whatever. It's just that Bowles's dialects are uttered through separate mediums. Which one is sacred and which profane is for you to decide.

The words for "Song of an Old Woman" (1942) were written, when she was very young, by the composer's late wife, Jane Bowles. She may not have been much of a poet, but there are those who class her among the most touching and original novella writers of our time. I remember when Povla Frijsh, no longer young, bravely programmed this song on her penultimate farewell recital. Swathed in parrot-green velours from toe to throat, she struck an exhausted pose, one hand on the piano at which was seated—was it George Reeves?—who began the corny theme as the mood indicates, like a hack in a Weimar bar. And Frijsh forgot! Ah, but forgetting with her was a rehearsed affair: the memory slip as a fine art. Anxious to prove that her artistry was both musical *and* literary—that she could think as well as sing in eleven languages—she would make last-minute substitutions for the written word, "mute" for "dumb," "*triste*" for "*pauvre*," "*sorriso*" for "*allegro*," etc. In this case "shame" was sung in place of "fear," with the quick change (to honor rhyme) of "blame" for "hear." The

poem wasn't too damaged.

The verses for "Once a Lady Was Here" (1946) are by the composer himself, who, like Jane Bowles, is better at prose. Still, they fit the music's passive evocation, like the nostalgia of a saxophone played under water ten miles away ten years ago.

*Once a Lady Was Here* (Paul Bowles)

Once a lady was here.  
A lady sat in this garden,  
And she thought of love.  
The sun shone the same,  
The breeze bent the grasses slowly  
As it's doing now.  
So nothing has changed.  
Her garden still looks the same,  
But it's a diff'rent year.  
Soon the evening comes down,  
And paths where she used to wander  
Whiten in the moonlight,  
And silence is here.  
No sound of her footsteps passing  
Through the garden gate.  
No, nothing has changed.  
Her garden still looks the same,  
But yesterday is not today.

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*Song of an Old Woman* (Jane Bowles)

Oh, I'm sad for never knowing courage,  
And I'm sad for the stilling of fear.  
Closer to the sun now and farther from  
the heart.  
I think that my end must be near.  
I linger too long at a picnic, 'cause a picnic's  
gayer than me.  
And I hold to the edge of the table, 'cause the  
table's stronger than me.  
And I lean on anyone's shoulder because  
anyone's warmer than me.  
Oh, I'm sad for never knowing courage,  
And I'm sad for the stilling of fear.  
Closer to the sun now and farther from  
the heart.  
I think that my end must be near.

### **John Duke (1899-1984)**

Any singer will tell you that one of the chief problems—and pleasures—of the trade is what they call program building. It is not enough to have the world's most beautiful voice, for without presence beauty palls. Presence comes from drama, drama from contrast, and contrast from construction. Of course beauty is no hindrance and, coupled with intellect, can afford risks. But the monochrome all-Schubert or all-Wolf evening of a Lehmann or a Schwarzkopf, who made each song a world, is not managed by just anyone.

Americans of the 1940s especially felt that variety was spice, at least in song programs, which included four or more languages. On the rare occasion one of these languages was their own, the so-called English group (including Americans tacked on at the end) was a devitaminized compost, no more than one goody by each composer, all humoristic. Leave the audience feeling good! Such reasoning, along with a dearth of local goods both first-rate and rousing, led to the eschewing, at least by standard recitalists, of cultured repertory (by Ives, for example, or even Ornstein) and to the selecting of encores from only the inevitable Zuccas or La Forges or Worths, or older favorites by Foster, Cadman, sometimes Kern, or even Negro spirituals tossed off with a croon by snow-white contraltos.

The crying need for "closing songs" of high quality was partly filled by Celius Dougherty (who as a longtime professional accompanist "knew theater") and John Duke. Nothing is as mercurial as humor in instrumental music; such humor as can be conclusively located in music is always in vocal works, humor (as distinct from wit) being a literary concept. Most jokes can't be sprung twice, even garbed in pretty tunes. The three songs here included are exceptions. They are based on the American-as-apple-pie meters of Edwin Arlington Robinson (1869-1935), and they are superior diction lessons.

*Richard Cory* (Edwin Arlington Robinson)\*

Whenever Richard Cory went downtown,  
We people on the pavement looked at him:  
He was a gentleman from sole to crown,  
Clean favored and imperially slim.  
And he was always quietly arrayed,  
And he was always human when he talked;  
But still he fluttered pulses when he said,  
    "Good morning,"  
And he glittered when he walked.  
And he was rich, yes, richer than a king,  
And admirably schooled in every grace:  
In fine, we thought that he was everything  
To make us wish that we were in his place.  
So on we worked, and waited for the light,  
And went without the meat, and cursed  
    the bread;

And Richard Cory, one calm summer night,  
Went home and put a bullet through his head.

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*Luke Havergal* (Edwin Arlington Robinson)\*

Go to the western gate, Luke Havergal,  
There where the vines cling crimson on the wall,  
And in the twilight wait for what will come.  
The leaves will whisper there of her, and some,  
Like flying words, will strike you as they fall;  
But go, and if you listen she will call.

Out of a grave I come to tell you this,  
Out of a grave I come to quench the kiss  
That flames upon your forehead with a glow  
That blinds you to the way that you must go.  
Yes, there is yet one way to where she is,  
Bitter, but one that faith may never miss.

There is the western gate, Luke Havergal,  
There are the crimson leaves upon the wall.  
Go, for the winds are tearing them away,  
Nor think to riddle the dead words they say,  
But go, and if you trust her she will call.  
There is the western gate, Luke Havergal.

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*Miniver Cheevy* (Edwin Arlington Robinson)\*

Miniver Cheevy, child of scorn,  
Grew lean while he assailed the seasons;  
He wept that he was ever born,  
And he had reasons.

Miniver loved the days of old  
When swords were bright and steeds were  
prancing;  
The vision of a warrior bold  
Would set him dancing.

Miniver sighed for what was not,  
And dreamed, and rested from his labors;  
He dreamed of Thebes and Camelot,  
And Priam's neighbors.

Miniver mourned the ripe renown  
That made so many a name so fragrant;  
He mourned Romance, now on the town,  
And Art, a vagrant.

Miniver loved the Medici,  
Albeit he had never seen one;  
He would have sinned incessantly  
Could he have been one.

Miniver cursed the commonplace;  
And eyed a khaki suit with loathing;  
He missed the medieval grace  
Of iron clothing.

Miniver scorned the gold he sought,  
But sore annoyed was he without it;  
Miniver thought, and thought, and thought,  
And thought about it.

Miniver Cheevy, born too late,  
Scratched his head and kept on thinking;  
Miniver coughed, and called it fate,  
And kept on drinking.

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### **Israel Citkowitz (1909-1974)**

Within that microcosm known as Composers' Composers dwells a still rarer race called Song Composers' Song Composers. No one in the outside world ever hears about them, but to themselves they are sacred monsters. In the 1930s, whenever new songs were discussed by those few who cared, people always brought up Israel Citkowitz. "He's really the one who first turned American song into a serious affair," they would claim, and they claim it still.

His Joyce songs date from 1930. He composed only a few other pieces, although he led a life of variety and culture. The variety resided in travel between countries and marriages, between money and no money, and between the responsibilities of an actual father and those of a father image.



Culture resided in the latter role. Citkowitz was a warm, protective person, a born aesthete, Continental in style if not in fact, caring for art with a hot contagion. He was an experienced piano teacher of nonpro pianists: music-loving actors and doctors, other piano teachers, pianists' children, and composers suddenly required to play their own songs. As the subtlest species of dilettante, Citkowitz surely realized, on some level, his compositional limitations, but he never spoke of them.

If in later life he became a sort of idol of amateurs, his first champions were known professionals like Theodore Chanler and especially Aaron Copland, who saw to the printing of the Joyce songs in the now legendary *Cos Cob Song Book*. Musically Citkowitz reflected both these men, but in a paler light.

He and Chanler resembled each other in that their songs, while linear rather than chordal, are paradoxically harmonic rather than contrapuntal, with vocal parts that bend around sparse rolling ostinatos.

Listen to "Strings in the Earth and Air." Here the debt to Copland is most obvious; indeed, played in slow motion, the languorous merging of Lydian and Dorian modes becomes a paraphrase of Copland's *Music for the Theater*. In the third song there is little differentiation between the roles of voice and keyboard: without vocal interference the piano provides a pleasant scherzo. "Bid Adieu" does have tune, however, and the tessitura is more logical, by contrast with the range of the other songs, particularly the fifth, "My Love Is in a Light Attire," which shifts from too low to too high and back. Given the easy diatonicism of the language these shifts seem less contrived than naïve.

Not that naïveté isn't nice sometimes. Indeed, the ingenuous effect is the be-all of much of what Citkowitz emulates, not just in the Americans mentioned but in the *petits maîtres* of Paris—Couperin, Gounod, Beaudouin.

*Five Songs from Chamber Music* (James Joyce)

[The verses for these songs may be found in *The Collected Poems of James Joyce*, published in paperback by Viking (1957).]

### **Aaron Copland (1900-1990)**

Four-fifths of Copland's wide and varied catalogue is instrumental, composed over a half-century period. The other fifth, the vocal music, was composed mostly during a single five-year span in mid-career: *In The Beginning* (1948), *Poems of Emily Dickinson* (1951), and *The Tender Land* (1953). To be sure, he wrote other choruses in the forties, a school opera in the thirties, and isolated songs in the twenties. But after 1954, nothing for voice.

Not that Copland didn't always "use" song. His instrumental works, programmatic and otherwise, were forever strewn with undisguised American folk and hymn tunes, as Charles Ives, Virgil Thomson, and Roy Harris strewed before him.

Copland may not have thought of himself as fundamentally a composer for the voice, yet (unlike Piston) he would have clearly liked to have left his mark on every musical category. Indeed, except for solo double-reeds and solo lower strings, he contributed to as many standard combinations as Hindemith. It is tempting to wonder whether Copland's writing of, say, the Dickinson songs was an intellectual decision. Did he coolly list what precisely had hitherto been wanting in American song—

a major cycle, a highly disjunct yet tonal vocal line, an individual piano part—and then proceed to fill the gap? Whatever the case, and perhaps *because* of their composer's objectivity, the songs are exemplary, fun to sing, inspired-sounding, very serious, very popular.

It was often said that Aaron Copland, while speaking one language, willfully created in two separate dialects, the "uncompromising" and the "accessible." If this is true, then his vocal music, all of it, falls into the second category. All, that is, except his early "Song," the oldest song on this disc. It dates from 1927, yet it bears no touch of the novice. It is a suave and model exercise.

See how the whole is exposed in the first two measures, how the singer's line follows like melted speech the curve of E. E. Cummings's stanza, how that line (always the same five intervals—the five that Copland will use again, decades later, in "I Heard an Organ") winds purposefully upward so that the climactic verb "turn" will coincide with its needed high A, how the second climax, not quite so grand but a bit quicker, comes on "kiss," then subsides into the past where "were" is attacked alone, to be rejoined hurriedly by the piano, which is allowed to die with the voice. The piano meanwhile has supported the voice throughout while retaining a semi-independence, conducting, so to speak, a little affair of its own without which this song—any song— might as well be a cappella. For an accompaniment must be just that, a sustenance, a friendly rival, a fresh dimension, not (as in the Citkowitz songs) a twin.

"Song" would seem to contain the entire future Copland in miniature, the likable and the severe, the expert and the sensualist, whose rich but lean chords combined with the graciously craggy melody that became the master's trademark.

*Song* (E. E. Cummings)

[The text for this may be found in *The Cos Cob Song Book*, published by Boosey & Hawkes.]

### **Roger Sessions (1896-1985)**

Walter Piston once exclaimed to a pupil who brought in a word setting, "Anything but that!" Songs, he felt, were beyond his ken; he could neither write nor judge them. Still, there *are* principles by which one can assess, if not necessarily feel, a song. More subjectively, the arch and flow of much of Piston's own instrumental output could be described as "vocal."

Roger Sessions' vocal output conversely could be described as instrumental. If of the eight composers featured here Sessions emerged as the most "advanced," he was also the least "singerly." I write this advisedly, aware of his blazing Theocritus *Idylls*, his elephantine *Montezuma*. Conventions of opera and concert aria are nonetheless not automatically transferable to song, the burden of the former being theatricality and of the latter, lyricism. And one era's practices cannot be transcribed to another. The Purcell-Handel conceit of reiterating verbal passages—"Alleluia," "Shake the clouds from out the sky," "Gloria," "Would I might die"—that by their origin were comprehensible more as music than as poetry is questionable today except as pastiche, even when dealing with old texts, certainly with new.

Viewed from outside, song is silly. To superimpose pitches onto prewritten words for tenors in fancy clothes but without formal ceremony to emit for a silent public: that is sillier still, particularly to any poets involved. Art is silly, and so finally is life, even death. Good song convinces us that what is silly is not silly.

Yet Sessions' song, with its keening tune over the piano's lonely breeze, is persuasive, and vocally it must be rewarding to perform.

*On the Beach at Fontana* (James Joyce)

Wind whines and whines the shingle,  
The crazy pierstakes groan,  
A senile sea numbers each single  
Slime silvered stone.  
From whining wind and colder  
Grey sea I wrap him warm  
And touch his trembling fineboned shoulder  
And boyish arm.  
Around us fear descending  
Darkness of fear above  
And in my heart how deep unending  
Ache of love.

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### **Samuel Barber (1910-1981)**

Barber is our sole songwriter who in the old days seemed always to have access to "real" singers. Avoiding the nonvoiced specialists with lunatic reputations, he understandably favored divas with big gorgeous sounds. He did write *Monks and Raisins* for Frijsh (who could deny her?) and *Melodies Passagères* for Bernac (whose link with Poulenc had grand cachet), but they were European. One thinks of Barber mainly as the composer of *Knoxville: Summer of 1915* and *Nuvoletta* for established star Eleanor Steber and of *Hermit Songs* and *Prayers of Kierkegaard* for upcoming star Leontyne Price. Sadly, it was not to songs but to stars that the public was drawn, and without arias even stars were not certain magnets. If foreign composer-singer tandems like Poulenc and Bernac or Britten and Pears once had box-office in the United States, the famous homeboy, without an orchestra behind his soloist, did not. When Barber and Price were offered as a package during the early 1950s they had too few takers to continue. (During the early 1970s, when Columbia Artists advertised Donald Gramm and myself as a team, we had not one bid.)

Inside all composers lurks a prima donna longing to get out, yet they are famed for their frightful voices. Sometimes, as with Marc Blitzstein, a composer's wheezy soundbox works to his advantage, particularly when his songs are talky show tunes with "personality." (Indeed, during the long run of *Three Penny Opera* the continual turnover of performers hired seemed to be based on how much they sounded like Blitzstein.) Mostly, though, singing composers sabotage themselves. Two exceptions: Reynaldo Hahn, whose recording of *Chansons Grises* shows a clean, affecting tenor enough removed from his original inspiration to render it without self-indulgence; and Samuel Barber, whose recording of *Dover Beach* reveals a true baritone of professional class. Barber, in fact, minored in voice at Curtis and, being Louise Homer's nephew, frequented a milieu where the human instrument was a practical, not a theoretic, matter.

At parties, if coaxed, Barber would accompany himself—though never in his own music—in some dear bonbon of yore, "Pale Hands" being a favorite. Yet what he mocked was precisely what he

once most felt, for his own student efforts are close to Carrie Jacobs Bond. Which explains their continuing popularity in safe recitals. Despite his very stylish choice of authors (Prokosch, Hopkins, Lorca, Rilke, Horan), his early songs lack profile. Consider this setting, from 1939, of the rather nondescript verses of James Agee (whose prose six years later would serve as text for Barber's masterly *Knoxville*). It is neither the simple tune nor the primary harmonies of "Sure on This Shining Night" that render it bland (the Bowles and Chanler pieces are no more "advanced"), but the ear searches in vain for a personal signature. The piano may echo snatches of Canteloube's *Auvergne* orchestrations, much admired in those days, but the music could have been written by anyone.

I would not presume such harshness were not Barber an American glory. His instrumental music dating from this period, his operas, ballets, concertos, and above all his song cycles during the following three decades are from the pen of a musician who, so far as elegance is concerned, stood alone.

*Sure on This Shining Night* (James Agee)

[The text for this song may be found in *The Collected Poems of James Agee* (ed. Robert Fitzgerald), published by Houghton Mifflin (1968).]

### **Robert Helps (b. 1928)**

Robert Helps, who was born one year after the composition of Copland's "Song"—scarcely contributed to the program of the period, nor suffered its pleasures and problems. To write of him now poses the question of what viewpoint to take. The perhaps arbitrary one of contrast between this musician and his predecessors.

For the mini-cycle *The Running Sun* Helps chose words by his Brooklyn neighbor James Purdy, a major novelist who, like Paul Bowles, writes minor verses, but stops short of setting them himself. Helps's haiku-like Americanisms are dedicated separately to sopranos Jean Hakes, Martha Long Adams, Helen Boatright, Bethany Beardslee, and to James Purdy, though when sung they form a single stream.

Their main contrast to the other works in this album is not one of language (they are all tonal and fairly straightforward), but of speech. The optimistic first segment, for example, within the space of four measures leads the voice over a highly disjunct chromatic path from a G sharp below the staff to a B above the staff. (In the 1930s such paths, ever strewn with melancholy, were trod solely in twelve-tone land.) Helps's tune is hence less "tuneful" than tunes of yore.

The melodic invention of the brief second section is restricted to one note, a B flat iterated twenty-three times. This is an always stunning device, as in Rossini's one-note étude, Falstaff's clock-chime soliloquy, or Ravel's "Air de l'Enfant." Helps's declamation also has precedent: eccentric or even unintelligible parsing is valid, according to the music's aim, where word sense is assumed rather than explicit, as with, say, Boulez' *Marteau* or with all liturgical chant.

In the third segment "hours" is treated as a two- and not a one-syllable word; "flowers" is thus forced to rhyme with "hours" bisyllabically rather than unisyllabically, as has been the case since Shakespeare's day. "Hours" could have been melismatically prolonged, of course, to legitimate effect.

This effect is precisely the one used in the fifth and best and last song (the fourth is attractive too, with its spasmodic episodes that flit trippingly on the tongue), and the ostinato tinkle of the piano lends the movement an order hitherto lacking; for the piano's role has been one of rambling independence. As a star pupil of Sessions and as longtime accompanist for Beardslee, Robert Helps is not unacquainted with vocalists; and since, as an experienced instrumentalist, he must know what he's doing, then obviously (as Ives once said) my ears are on wrong.

*The Running Sun* (James Purdy)

I

We who are under the ground,  
indians & voyagers & wilderness men  
still breathe the bloom of plants in air  
and think of the running sun.

II

when the chief shepherd counts his sheep  
the christmas rose will bloom  
as softly as the sun asleep.

III

I miss you in the evening hours  
when all the perfume comes from the flowers  
again in the morning your presence I lack  
and the milkman rattles inside his hack

but starlight brings your face to me  
I'll never let you go

the rain that falls on the garden wall  
keeps me informed as if you had called  
drop by drop the rain tells me  
    all I need to know  
    of the world and its trees.

IV

All along the meadow  
& all along the stream  
men and women are joining below [*as sung*:  
    "gathering together"]  
to experiment with steam

Grasses are moving under the wind's breath  
the dawn is peeking though a silver clef.

Two close people sail off in a canoe.  
    Love will do, love will do.

Red-finned fishes dart here, dart there.  
Water lilies come up for air.

Later on you know as well as I  
the clouds will gather and cover the sky,  
but while old Sol gives out his rays  
sing with the meadow larks and call with  
the jays.

V  
and there is so much more than could be said  
but we must not say we have not heard.  
come back come back  
dear Jenny wren  
your tree-house has been put up again.

there's more where this  
and more where they  
and more where the rest is laid away  
but the grass that grows has come to stay.

Text by James Purdy  
(Five poems from his collection *The Running Sun*).  
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**Ned Rorem**, 1976 Pulitzer Prize-winner (Air Music, an orchestral work), is considered America's leading song composer. In addition to more than four hundred songs, Mr. Rorem has written in every medium.

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**SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY** (See the current Schwann catalog for full discographies of Samuel Barber, Aaron Copland, and Roger Sessions. At the time of this reissue there was no Citkowitz material available on CD.)

### Samuel Barber:

*Andromache's Farewell*. Martina Arroyo, soprano; Thomas Schippers, conductor; New York

Philharmonic. Sony Masterworks MPK 46727.

*Antony and Cleopatra*. Esther Hinds, soprano; Jeffrey Wells, bass-baritone; Christian Badea, conductor; Spoleto Festival Orchestra; Westminster Choir. New World 803222.

*Dover Beach*. Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone; Juilliard Quartet. Sony Masterworks MPK 46727.

*Knoxville: Summer of 1915*. Dawn Upshaw, soprano; David Zinman, conductor; Orchestra of St. Luke's. Elektra/Nonesuch 79187-2.

**Paul Bowles:**

*Carretera de Estepona*. R. Salvatore. piano. Cedille CDR 90000 010.

*Music for a Farce*. Chicago Pro Musica. Reference RR 29CD.

Songs for Baritone and Piano. William Sharp, baritone; Steven Blier, piano. New World 80369-2.

**Theodore Chanler:**

*Eight Epitaphs*. Sanford Sylvan, baritone; D. Breitman, piano. Elektra/Nonesuch 79259-2.

*Four Rhymes from "Peacock Pie."* William Parker, baritone; Dalton Baldwin, piano. New World 80475-2.

**Aaron Copland:**

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*Duo*. Gregory Fulkerson, violin; Robert Shannon, piano. New World 80313-2.

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**Roger Sessions:**

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Quintet. Group for Contemporary Music. Koch International Classics KIC 7113.

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From *The Children* (publ. G. Schirmer, Inc.)

- 1 The Children
- 2 Once Upon a Time
- 3 The Rose
- 4 Moo Is a Cow

From *Eight Epitaphs* (publ. Boosey & Hawkes, Inc.)

- 5 Thomas Logge

**PAUL BOWLES (b. 1911)**

- 6 Once a Lady Was Here (publ. G. Schirmer, Inc.)
- 7 Song of an Old Woman (publ. G. Schirmer, Inc.)

**JOHN DUKE (1899-1984)**

- 8 Richard Cory (publ. Carl Fischer, Inc.)
- 9 Luke Havergal (publ. Carl Fischer, Inc.)
- 10 Miniver Cheevy (publ. Carl Fischer, Inc.)  
Donald Gramm, baritone; Donald Hassard, piano

**ISRAEL CITKOWITZ (1909-1974)**

Five Songs from "Chamber Music" (publ. Boosey & Hawkes, Inc.)

- 11 Strings in the Earth and Air
- 12 When the Shy Star Goes Forth in Heaven
- 13 O, It Was Out by Donny Carney
- 14 Bid Adieu
- 15 My Love Is in a Light Attire

**AARON COPLAND (1900-1990)**

- 16 Song (publ. Boosey & Hawkes, Inc.)

**ROGER SESSIONS (1896-1985)**

- 17 On the Beach at Fontana (publ. Edward B. Marks Music Corp.)

**THEODORE CHANLER**

- 18 These, My Ophelia (publ. Boosey & Hawkes, Inc.)

**SAMUEL BARBER (1910-1981)**

- 19 Sure on This Shining Night (publ. G. Schirmer, Inc.)



**ROBERT HELPS (b. 1928)**

20 The Running Sun (publ. C. F. Peters Corp.)  
Bethany Beardslee, soprano; Robert Helps, piano

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