A change was taking place in American music in the 1920s — a swing away from the influence of Germany to that of France. Even before the ban on German music imposed by World War I, interest in the French school had been growing. One of the first important composers trained in this country, John Alden Carpenter (1876-1951) included settings of Verlaine in his earliest published works. His basic studies were with John Knowles Paine at Harvard, where he received his B.A. in 1897. He worked briefly with Edward Elgar in 1906, when they both happened to be in Rome, but by his own account he learned most from Bernard Ziehn in Chicago. Carpenter was also among the first serious composers to cultivate the jazz idiom, notably in his ballet *Krazy Kat*, first presented in 1920, and in his *Four Negro Songs* (to poems of Langston Hughes), published in 1927. In his day, Carpenter was hailed as the most typically American of our composers.

When Charles Tomlinson Griffes (1884-1920) decided to leave his native Elmira, New York, for serious music study, he set out for Germany, as had many of his predecessors. It was hardly possible in those days to complete a musical education in the United States, and by common consent the greatest music was German. One deviation from this rule was Edward MacDowell, whose mother took him to Paris at sixteen; yet after three years they moved on to Germany. Like MacDowell and so many others, Griffes steeped himself in the German traditions, and before he returned to this country he could compose fluently in the style of Brahms or Strauss.

On returning to the States, Griffes pursued his studies by himself, and his style underwent a radical change that passed through several phases. He worked for a time with the scales and colors of the Orient and later, encouraged by Eva Gautier, he explored Javanese material particularly. But the strongest influence on his music was French. In his later years, however, he was already moving in an independent direction. Where this might have led him had he been granted a normal span of life provides a fertile field for speculation.

Other developments, not unrelated to the war, turned our music in the direction of the French. One was the opening of the American School in Fontainebleau, where Nadia Boulanger taught composition and orchestration. Her importance to our music can hardly be overestimated. Aaron Copland, Roy Harris, Virgil Thomson, and David Diamond were just a few of her American pupils. However, not all of them contributed much to the field of song. According to Hans Nathan (*A History of Song*, p. 437: see Bibliography):

Their neglect of the art-song resulted partly from their hostility towards a form that was a favorite vehicle of the romantic period, partly from a conviction that a professional career in America was possible only with large scale statements, and, finally, the availability, in many American cities, of good orchestras and choral groups.

In 1922 Charles Ives (1874-1954) published his now famous album *114 Songs*. These were the
gleanings of many years' work, and represent probably the widest variety of styles and quality ever produced by a single composer. Ives made no exaggerated claims for his songs; he included the earliest along with his later efforts. He even apologized in a note to one song:

for attempting to put music to texts of songs, which are masterpieces of great composers. The song above and some of the others were written primarily as studies. It should be unnecessary to say that they were not composed in the spirit of competition; neither Schumann, Brahms nor Franz will be the one to suffer by comparison; another unnecessary statement.

The book of songs was privately printed and offered free to anyone who would request it of the composer. Not many applied, and about a decade passed before anyone began to take Ives seriously. Then suddenly he was hailed as the Great American Composer. One can hardly question the influence he has had upon our music; the best of his songs have earned their place in the repertory.

Of such components has the American art song been constituted. Other influences of our time have led most of our composers away from this intimate form. Atonality and serial techniques, when applied, have produced what amounts to a new genre. Composers interested in novel shapes and colors made possible by electronics have used the voice in many original ways that cannot strictly be described as singing. Among those who have made a specialty of song, the names Virgil Thomson (1896-1989), Ernst Bacon (1898-1990), Theodore Chanler (1902-1961), Samuel Barber (1910-1981), Robert Ward (born 1917), William Flanagan (1923-1969), and Ned Rorem (born 1923) stand out. One thing they all have in common--the ability to set the texts in such a way that a singer can make them understood. And in general they have been fastidious in choosing poetry apt for musical setting. The American song, with roots, as we have seen, in the German Lied and the French mélodie, has become a literature in its own right.

In this program William Parker goes beyond the field of song — defined by Ned Rorem as "a lyrical poem of moderate length set to music for single voice and piano" (from "Writing Songs," in Music From Inside Out). Though Rorem himself has been more productive and more successful than most in adhering to these limitations, he has by no means confined himself, but has composed in a variety of mediums. His Mourning Scene, for voice and string quartet (recorded here), is by his own definition a scena, as is Billy in the Darbies, for voice, clarinet, string quartet, and piano, by Robert Evett (1922-1975); and for voice and piano by Ernst Bacon. And the scene from Summer and Smoke demonstrates that Lee Hoiby (born 1926) has applied some of the techniques of song writing to opera.

**Ned Rorem**

*Mourning Scene*

Ned Rorem studied with Leo Sowerby, Bernard Wagemaaar, Aaron Copland, and Virgil Thomson. From 1949 until 1958 he lived in Paris, but has since made his home in New York. *Mourning Scene*, with its Biblical text, was a student work, composed at Juilliard in 1947. It was Rorem's first venture outside the field of piano-accompanied song. Already his understanding of the relationship between words and music and his skillful writing for the voice were outstanding. The handling of the string quartet is also sure; its transparent quality adds to the expressiveness of the voice part. Following the prose text faithfully, the shape of the music is rather free.
Mourning Scene
(II Samuel 1:19-27)

The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places:
How are the mighty fallen!

Tell it not in Gath,
Publish it not in the streets of Askelon;
Lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice,
Lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph.
Ye mountains of Gilboa,
Let there be no dew, neither let there be rain, upon
you, nor fields of offerings:
For there the shield of the mighty is vilely cast
away,
The shield of Saul, as though he had not been
anointed with oil.

From the blood of the slain, from the fat of the
mighty,
The bow of Jonathan turned not back,
And the sword of Saul returned not empty.

Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their
lives,
And in their death they were not divided;
They were swifter than eagles,
They were stronger than lions.

Ye daughters of Israel, weep over Saul,
Who clothed you in scarlet with other delights,
Who put ornaments of gold upon your apparel.

How are the mighty fallen in the midst of battle!
O Jonathan, thou wast slain in thine high places.

I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan:
Very pleasant hast thou been unto me:
Thy love to me was wonderful,
Passing the love of women.

How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war
perished!

Robert Ward
Ballad (From Pantaloon—He Who Gets Slapped) (Bernard Stambler)

Robert Ward, born in Cleveland in 1917, studied with Howard Hanson at the Eastman School of Music. He is best known, perhaps, as the composer of The Crucible (1961), an operatic setting of Arthur Miller's play. The "Ballad" is from his opera based on Leonid Andreyev's play He Who Gets Slapped. The opera was premiered (under the title Pantaloon) at Juilliard in 1956. The well-wrought aria is a fine canvas for the display of several apt touches of tone painting. The words "wafted by the wily wind," for example, are borne downward on a dulcet chain of thirds, and the phrase "dew like pearls" is draped with melodic filigree--simple strokes, admittedly, but sure in their effectiveness.

Ballad (From Pantaloon—He Who Gets Slapped) (Bernard Stambler)

A rose tree stood on a sunny lea,
Its blossom lifted to the sky.
A-dazzling all the summer's day
A butterfly flew by,
A dazzling butterfly flew by.

Then wafted by the wily wind,
She chanced nearby the rose to fly,
And, ah, sorely smote his heart with love,
But knew it not nor could tell why.

Beneath the rose tree's thorny boughs
The spider waited in his web.
With dew like pearls his web was decked
All glistening in the shimmering light,
All glistening white and bright.

When soon the shining dewy pearls
The butterfly espied,
And tempted by the wily wind,
Sought them for her own.

The rose tree knowing well her fate
Once tangled in the cruel web,
Implored her, begged her, pleaded, quoth he
"Come to me, my fragrance take,
But from the fatal web desist."

The plotting wind then hearing this
And wanting not his sport despoiled,
Blew in ever stronger gusts
Her winged beauty toward the web.

Then frightened, trapped and all distraught,
She thought herself in death's web caught;
But in the gale that blew and blew,
The flailing rose tree wildly weaving,
Bending, rending, wildly rending,
Lashing, thrashing, wildly thrashing,
Tore the spider's web and freed
The faint and quiv'ring butterfly.

Then terror-stricken she winged away,
Casting back but a grateful glance.
The rose tree still on the sunny lea stands
Lifting its love smitten blossom,
All drooping, with'ring, all dying away.

Text to Ballad from Pantaloon from the libretto by Bernard Stambler, ©1959, Highgate Press. Used by permission of Highgate Press.

Lee Hoiby
Summer and Smoke

Lee Hoiby's reputation has been made mostly in opera, although he has published a few songs. Since his success with The Scarf, first heard at the Spoleto Festival in 1958, he has been kept steadily busy with commissions and performances. Summer and Smoke, his fourth opera, had its premiere in St. Paul, Minnesota, in 1971 and was produced by the New York City Opera the following year. Tennessee Williams had steadfastly refused to allow any of his plays to be made into operas, but after hearing one of Hoiby's earlier works he offered the composer his choice. Lanford Wilson fashioned the script into a libretto, and the opera has enjoyed a substantial success. Hoiby is especially admired for his skill at setting words so that they can be understood.

Summer and Smoke is the story of Alma Winemiller and John Buchanan, Jr., childhood sweethearts who later find themselves attracted to each other. But she, a minister's daughter with an unbalanced mother, has grown up prim and inhibited and cannot respond to his advances. The "Anatomy Lesson" is John's way of putting matters straight.

"Anatomy Lesson" and scene from Summer and Smoke (Lanford Wilson)

Miss Alma, you don't know how wrong ev'rything you believe all your mumbled litanies--all of its lies. Look at this chart of anatomy. I'd like to show you what people are. You think you're stuffed with rose-leaves. Rose-leaves and lavender. Look at what you really, Miss Alma, really, really are! Now, this upper story is the brain, which is hungry for something called truth, but it doesn't get much, so it goes on feeling hungry. Do you follow me? This is the belly, the middle's the belly which is hungry for food. And this part down here is the sex, which is hungry for love because, do you follow me? people get lonely. Now I've fed all three as much as I wanted. And what have you done? You've fed the belly a little, cakes and tea, but love and truth, none! Nothing. Nothing. Nothing but archaic platitudes, notions and poses, lavender sashet and roses.
I wouldn't have made love to you. Could not. That night at the casino. Even if you had consented. Isn't that funny? I'm more afraid of your soul than you're afraid of my body.

I took the open door for an invitation. The air is cool tonight. A wind is blowing, but my head is on fire. Alma, contained and quiet, Peaceful but not at peace. Will you or I ever find that peace, Alma? Before I go, I want to feel your hands on my face. Eternity and Alma have such cool hands.

_Summer and Smoke_ (based on the play by Tennessee Williams). Music by Lee Hoiby. Libretto by Lanford Wilson. Libretto copyright ©1972 by Belwin-Mills Publishing Corp. Used with permission. All rights reserved.

**Theodore Chanler**

*Four Rhymes from "Peacock Pie"*

*The Ship of Rio; Old Shellover; Cake and Sack; Tillie*

(Walter de la Mare)

Theodore Chanler (1902-1961) is among the finest English-language art-song composers. In his _American Music Since 1910_, Virgil Thomson notes that "Chanler's songs, though few in number, are probably the best we have." The recent revival of interest in our musical patrimony and the concomitant examination of the relevant repertory only confirm this view.

While sparing in his output, Chanler was prodigious in his musical interests. He was seriously studying the piano at six and composing at sixteen. After studies at the Institute of Musical Art, he left New York for Europe, where his tutors included Ernest Bloch and Nadia Boulanger. As notable as his compositions were his critical writings; along with Thomson, Chanler was among the most coruscant of musical journalists, as his articles in the _Boston Herald_ and _Modern Music_ regularly attested.

The _Four Rhymes from "Peacock Pie"_ (1940) show Chanler in his happiest vein. Walter de la Mare was Chanler's poet of choice--although it is all too easy to remember his skillful settings of the insipid banalities of Fr. Leonard Feeney (see Ned Rorem's notes for _But Yesterday Is Not Today_, New World Records NW 243)--and De la Mare's _Four Rhymes_ prove the perfect foil for Chanler's gifts.

These songs have it all: impeccable declamation, unforced rhythmic richness, an intriguing and subtle sense of harmony, and a masterly feel for keyboard orchestration that is the innate domain of the born composer. If other songs have won more widespread recognition, few have been in all their particulars so unimpeachably right.

The texts for these songs may be found in _The Complete Poems of Walter de la Mare_. New York: Knopf, 1970.

**Norman Dello Joio**

*The Listeners* (Walter de la Mare)
Norman Dello Joio, born in New York in 1913, received his training at the Institute of Musical Art, at the Juilliard Graduate School, and at Yale University with Paul Hindemith. In "The Listeners," which was premiered at the Juilliard School by baritone Mack Harrell in 1955, Dello Joio gives us a virtuoso orchestration for voice and piano of a poem by Walter de la Mare. Rhythmically propelled by an ostinato-like sixteenth-note motive and harmonically focused on the tensions of seconds and sevenths, the song is a dramatic scene that lets the voice, in a lyrical parlando, recount its nocturnal encounter.

The text for this song may be found in The Complete Poems of Walter de la Mare. New York: Knopf, 1970.

Robert Evett
Ernst Bacon
Billy in the Darbies

Two works of Herman Melville (1819-1891) have inspired some strongly contrasting music. Moby Dick is the subject of an orchestral piece by Douglas Moore (1928) and a cantata by Bernard Herrmann (1938). In addition to Benjamin Britten's opera Billy Budd (1951), there was an earlier one by Giorgio Federico Ghedini (1949). David Diamond has written several songs on Melville texts (including "Billy in the Darbies"); Peter Mennin and Hugo Weisgall have each made one, and William Flanagan composed a cycle of six.

Melville has the ballad "Billy in the Darbies" serving as a kind of epilogue to the story Billy Budd. These settings by Robert Evett and Ernst Bacon show two very different approaches. Evett's is listed among his chamber music; he seems not to have left any songs. Indeed, one may think of it as a septet. The moods of Billy's meditation are reflected in the ensemble, with the words acting as a kind of running commentary.

Bacon, on the other hand, brings Billy before us and lets him speak. An extended piano introduction sets the scene at sea. The voice line, while never parlando, is in the truest sense a setting of the words. The occasional melismas come on appropriate words, and the speaking voice is effectively used at a couple of dramatic points. Thus "roll me over fair" is spoken, whereas Evett ends that line with a climactic high D. Both composers make us feel the creeping drowsiness of the last lines.

Very different again is the true song setting of David Diamond, with its persistent 6/8 motion. And again, in Britten's opera, Billy's musings take the form of a song with a quietly haunting strain.

Billy in the Darbies*
(Herman Melville)

Good of the Chaplain to enter Lone Bay
And down on his marrowbones here and pray
For the likes just o' [of] me, Billy Budd.--But look:
Through the port comes the moonshine astray!
It tips the guard's cutlass and silvers this nook;
But 'twill die in [with] the dawning of Billy's last
day.
A jewel-block they'll make of me tomorrow,
Pendant pearl from the yardarm-end
Like the eardrop I gave [to] Bristol Molly--
O, 'tis me, not the sentence they'll suspend:
Aye, aye, all is up; and I must up too
Early in the morning, aloft from below [alow]
On an empty stomach now never it would do.
They'll give me a nibble--bit o' biscuit ere I go.
Sure, a messmate will reach me the last parting
    cup;
But, turning heads away from the hoist and the belay,
Heaven knows who will have the running [of] me
    up!
No pipe to those [these] halyards.--But aren't it all
    [a] sham?
[A blur's in my eyes;]
It is dreaming that I am.
A hatchet to my hawser [painter]? All adrift to go?
The drum roll to grog and Billy never know?
But Donald [he] has promised to stand by the
    plank;
And so I'll shake a friendly hand ere I sink.
[But no! It is dead then I'll be come to think.
I remember Taff the Welshman when he sank,
And his cheek it was like the budding pink.
But me they'll lash me in hammock, drop me deep.
Fathoms down, fathoms down, how I'll dream fast
    asleep
I feel it stealing now.]
Sentry, are you there?
Just ease these darbies at the wrist, and roll me
    over fair.
I am sleepy, and the oozy weeds about me twist.

*Words in brackets are from the Evett version.


**John Jacob Niles**

*Three Songs on Texts of Thomas Merton*

It may be surprising to find the name of John Jacob Niles (1892-1980) on such a program as this. It
is not generally known that this earliest and most authentic of our folk singers and arrangers had a solid training in composition at the Université de Lyon, the Schola Cantorum in Paris, and the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music. Thomas Merton (1915-1968) will be remembered as the pacifist and humanitarian Trappist monk whose *The Seven Storey Mountain* made the best-seller lists in 1949. Niles's music does not aim at effects, but rather at highlighting the texts. Much of the declamation is on repeated notes. The first two songs, "Evening" and "Love Winter When the Plant Says Nothing" are mood pictures; the third, "For My Brother: Reported Missing in Action, 1943," is a heartfelt lament.

*Evening*

Now in the middle of the limpid evening,
The moon speaks clearly to the hill.
The wheatfields make their simple music,
Praise the quiet sky.

And down the road, the way the stars come home,
The cries of children
Play on the empty air, a mile or more,
And fall on our deserted hearing,
Clear as water.

They say that the sky is made of glass,
They say the smiling moon's a bride.
They say they love the orchards and apple trees,

The trees, their innocent sisters, dressed in blossoms,
Still wearing, in the blurring dusk,
White dresses from that morning's first communion.

And, where blue heaven's fading fire last shines,
They name the new come planets
With words that flower
On little voices, light as stems of lilies.

And where blue heaven's fading fire last shines,
Reflected in the poplar's ripple,
One little, wakeful bird,
Sings like a shower.

*Love Winter When the Plant Says Nothing*

O little forests,
Touch the snow with low branches,
O covered stones
Hide the house of growth,

O secret
Vegetal words,
Unlettered water,
Daily zero.
Pray undistracted
Curlèd tree
Carved in steel
Buried zenith!

Fire, turn inward
To your weak fort
To a burly infant spot
A house of nothing.

O peace, bless this mad place:
Silence, love this growth.

O silence golden zero
Unsetting sun

Love winter when the plant says nothing.

For My Brother: Reported Missing in Action, 1943

Sweet brother, if I do not sleep, dear brother,
My eyes are flowers for your tomb;
And if I cannot eat my bread, my bread,
My fasts shall live like willows where you died
If in the heat I find no water for my thirst,
My thirst shall turn to springs for you, poor traveler.

Where, in what desolate and smokey country
Lies your poor body lost and dead?
And in what landscape of disaster
Has your unhappy spirit lost its road, sweet brother?

Come, in my labor find a resting place
And in my sorrows lay your head,
Or rather take my life and blood
And buy yourself a better bed,
Or take my breath and take my death
And buy yourself a better rest.

When all the men of war are shot
And flags have fallen into dust,
Your cross and mine shall tell men still
Christ died on each for both of us.

For in the wreckage of your April Christ lies slain,
And Christ weeps in the ruins of my spring,
The money of Whose tears shall fall
Into your weak and friendless hand
And buy you back to your own land:
The silence of Whose tears shall fall
Like bells upon your alien tomb.
Hear them and come: they call you home.

The Collected Poems of Thomas Merton
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Irving Fine
Four Songs from "Childhood Fables for Grownups" (Gertrude Norman)

Irving Fine, who was born in Boston in 1914 and died there in 1962, studied at Harvard with Walter Piston and in France with Nadia Boulanger. In the Childhood Fables for Grownups, commissioned for the fiftieth anniversary of The Juilliard School and first heard there in 1956, Fine's writing is witty, urbane, and often suggestive of the cosmopolitan Stravinsky of The Rake's Progress (1951). This debt is most evident in "The Duck and the Yak," whose declamatory style, accompaniment figurations, and harmonic spectrum inevitably bring the neoclassical Rake to mind. Felicitous touches abound in these songs. In "Lenny the Leopard," for instance, there is a compositionally astute and emotionally telling move when the text offers the reassurance of a mother leopard's love: after much prowling about in C minor, C major prevails. On a smaller scale, the elegant wriggings that animate the lament of "Two Worms" provide a slight but distinct pleasure.

Four Songs from "Childhood Fables for Grownups" (Gertrude Norman)

Two Worms

A lonely little worm
Didn't wiggle or squirm,
Lay in the grass
And cried, alas!
Nobody loves me. (repeat twice)
Not one dog or cat,
Not one mouse or rat,
Not one dandelion.
That is that.
Nobody wants me,
Nobody needs me,
Nobody loves me, needs me,
Nobody wants me now.

He saw another worm,
Looked too sad to squirm,
"Worm!" he cried, "Oh be my friend,
Loneliness will end,
Loneliness will end."

And so each little worm
Began to sing and squirm,
To sing and squirm,
A husband and devoted wife
They wiggled their way through life.
They wiggled, they squiggled,
They wiggled, miggled, squiggled, wriggled,
Wiggled their way through life.

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The Duck and the Yak

Once there was a baby duck,
Used to wish he was a yak,
Cried for horns and a great big back.
But the little baby duck
Was completely out of luck;
A duckling can only become a duck.

Once there was a baby yak,
Used to wish he was a duck,
Tried to splash and splatter and quack, quack, quack.
But the little baby yak
Was completely off the track;
A yakling can only become a yak.

When sometimes you get tired of you
And wish for things that can't come true,
Don't you cry alas, alack! (repeat)
Remember the story of the duck and the yak.

Snails will never learn to fly.
Wouldn't do for birds to try to crawl.
Not at all, not at all, not at all.

A monkey will never become an auk,
And a donkey will never become a hawk,
And a duckling can never become a yak.

Remember the story that I tell
Of the duck and the yak.
Remember this lesson, learn it well
Hail the duck, alas, alack,
And the yak.

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Lenny the Leopard

Lenny the leopard hated his spots.
He covered them over with purple blots,
And tied his tail in a hundred knots.

He painted his ears, one red, one blue,
And dipped his nose in a pot of glue,
And ev'rything else bad leopards do.

But his mother said, "Lenny I still love you,
You're my baby and I love you."

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Tigeroo

There once was a tiger named Tigeroo
The hungriest tiger in the zoo,
All day long he liked to eat
Not cake, not cookies, but only meat.

The keeper said, "Now Tigeroo,
You eat too much, you know you do,
If you eat anymore and you get sick,
I'll call the tiger-doctor quick."

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"I'll eat all I like," said Tigeroo,
"I'm the hungriest tiger in the zoo,
You tell that doctor I said Pooh!
If he comes in my cage I'll eat him too."

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WILLIAM PARKER (1943-1993) studied with Pierre Bernac and Rosa Ponselle. He won first prize at the Kennedy Center-Rockefeller Foundation International Competition in 1979. He also won first prize at the Toulouse International Competition and at the Paris International Singing Competition. Mr. Parker gave the premieres of many works, including Ned Rorem's Santa Fe Songs and Ernst Bacon's Last Invocation. He made his debut at the New York City Opera in 1984 as Pandolphe in Massenet's Cendrillon. His last project was "The AIDS Quilt Songbook," a collection of works about the devastation of AIDS.

SELECTED BIBLIOGRAPHY

General
(An index covering a wide field of periodicals, issued monthly, with yearly cumulations).

Ernst Bacon

Norman Dello Joio
Robert Evett


Irving Fine


Lee Hoiby

John Jacob Niles

Ned Rorem


Robert Ward


**SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY**

**Ernst Bacon**
"And This of All My Hopes," "It's All I Have to Bring," "So Bashful," "To Make a Prairie." Eleanor Steber, soprano; Edwin Bilcliffe, piano. *Songs of American Composers*. Desto DST 6411-6412.
*Songs from Emily Dickinson*. Helen Boatwright, soprano; Ernst Bacon, piano. Cambridge CRS-1707.

**Theodore Chanler**
"These, My Ophelia." Bethany Beardslee, soprano; Robert Helps, piano. New World NW 243.
"Thomas Logge." Donald Gramm, baritone; Donald Hassard, piano. New World NW 243.

**Norman Dello Joio**
*Epigraph*. Vienna Symphony, Hans Swarowsky conducting. Desto 6416E.
*Nocturnes (2)*. Grant Johannesen, piano. Golden Crest 4111.
*Serenade*. Vienna Symphony, Hans Swarowsky conducting. 2-Desto 6413/4E.

**Robert Evett**
Sonata for Harpsichord. Robert Parris, harpsichord. CRI S-237.

**Irving Fine**
*Mutability*. Eunice Alberts, mezzo-soprano; Irving Fine, piano. CRI 630.
Partita for Wind Quintet. Boehm Quintette. Premier PRCD 1006.

**Lee Hoiby**
*After Eden*. London Symphony; Lawrence Foster, Cond. Desto 6434.
Choral Music. R. Osborne, baritone; Trinity Church Choir, James A. Simms conducting; L. King, organ. Gothic G 49035.
Jabberwocky; What if . . . . William Sharp, baritone; Steven Blier, piano. New World 80369-2.

John Jacob Niles

Four Gambling Songs. Mack Harrell, baritone; Brooks Smith, piano. Remington R-199-140.
Examples of Niles as a folk singer may be found on Tradition 2055E and Folkways 2373.

Ned Rorem

Bright Music. Marya Martin, flute; Ani and Ida Kavafian, violins; Fred Sherry, cello; André-Michel Schub, piano. New World 80416-2.
Concerto for Piano Left Hand and Orchestra. Gary Graffman, piano; Symphony Orchestra of the Curtis Institute of Music, André Previn conducting. New World 80445-2.


Night Music. A. Schein, piano; E. Carlyss, violin. Phoenix PHCD 123.


Robert Ward

"Hush’d Be the Camps Today." Oslo Philharmonic, William Strickland conducting. CRI 165.


Symphony No. 1. Vienna Symphony, Dean Dixon conducting. Desto 6405E.


Symphony No. 3. Iceland Symphony, Igor Buketoff conducting. CRI 206.

For the Hoiby, Evett, Rorem, Bacon, and Niles recordings:
Producer: Elizabeth Ostrow
Assistant producer: Barry Adler
Recording and mixing engineer: Bud Graham
Assisting engineer: Ted Brosnan

For the Chanler, Ward, Dello Joio, and Fine recordings:
Producer: Andrew Raeburn
Recording engineer: Bud Graham
Assistant engineer: Marty Greenblatt
Mixing engineer: Rusty Payne

Tape editing: Don Van Gordon, Soundwave Recording Studios
Recorded at Columbia Recording Studios, 30th Street, New York  
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THE LISTENERS

Ned Rorem (b. 1923)
1 Mourning Scene (publ. C. F. Peters Corp. for Henmar Press Inc.) 6:58  
  William Huckaby, piano; Columbia String Quartet: Benjamin Hudson, Carol Zeavin, violins; Janet Hill, viola; André Emelianoff, cello

Robert Ward (b. 1917)
2 Ballad (From Pantaloon–He Who Gets Slapped) (Bernard Stambler) 4:56  
  (publ. Highgate Press)  
  Dalton Baldwin, piano

Lee Hoiby (b. 1926)
3 "Anatomy Lesson" and scene from Summer and Smoke (publ. Belwin-Mills Publishing Corp.) 8:36  
  William Huckaby, piano

Theodore Chanler (1902-1961)
Four Rhymes from "Peacock Pie" (Walter de la Mare) (publ. Associated Music Publishers, Inc.)
4 The Ship of Rio  1:16
5 Old Shellover  1:19
6 Cake and Sack  1:03
7 Tillie  1:31  
  Dalton Baldwin, piano

Norman Dello Joio (b. 1913)
8 The Listeners (Walter de la Mare) (publ. Carl Fischer, Inc.) 4:48  
  Dalton Baldwin, piano
Robert Evett (1922-1975)
9 Billy in the Darbies (publ. American Composers Alliance) 8:43
William Huckaby, piano; Virgil Blackwell, clarinet; Columbia String Quartet: Benjamin Hudson, Carol Zeavin, violins; Janet Hill, viola; André Emelianoff, cello

Ernst Bacon (1898-1990)
10 Billy in the Darbies (unpubl.: c Ernst Bacon) 9:18
William Huckaby, piano

John Jacob Niles (1892-1980)
11 Evening (publ. G. Schirmer, Inc.) 2:47
12 Love Winter When the Plant Says Nothing 1:50
13 For My Brother: Reported Missing in Action, 1943 (publ. Mark Foster Music Co.) 4:43
William Huckaby, piano

Irving Fine (1914-1962)
Four Songs from "Childhood Fables for Grownups" (Gertrude Norman) (publ. Boosey & Hawkes, Inc.)
14 Two Worms 3:43
15 The Duck and the Yak 3:05
16 Lenny the Leopard 3:06
17 Tigeroo 1:17
Dalton Baldwin, piano

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