

**THE MASK**  
**New York Concert Singers**

**New World Records 80547**

Virgil Thomson (1896–1990) led a double life—as a composer and a critic. Besides bringing a highly original and typically American sensibility to his musical works, he was for many years a respected voice of high musical taste as chief music critic for the New York *Herald Tribune*. When he wrote that he admired the music of Erik Satie for its "consequence, quietude, precision, acuteness of auditory observation, gentleness, sincerity, and directness of statement," he might have been describing his own personality as a composer. Despite Thomson's years of study in Paris and musical collaborations with European intellectuals, the influence of nineteenth-century American church and popular music gives this Missouri-born composer's music a decidedly Midwestern accent.

Thomas Campion (1567–1620) is one of the great poets of the English language, and he set his own poetry to music in dozens of solo songs accompanied by lute. In the original, solo version of "Four Songs to Poems by Thomas Campion" (composed in the summer of 1951), Virgil Thomson recreated the sound-world of the Elizabethan lute song with a voice and harp; in the choral arrangement, there is also something of the sensuous blending of voices that one hears in an Elizabethan consort of viols. Both versions make subtle use of an obbligato clarinet and viola—these two instruments, which sound in the same pitch range as the human voice, provide "other voices" of melodic commentary; they also recede and blend with the harp to enhance the lute effect.

In his songs, Campion was known for the fineness with which he tailored each phrase to the sound and sense of that line of poetry. Thomson does likewise here, not spinning out long tunes but crafting simple phrases that are inflected to match the words. He is aided in this by what might be called an Elizabethan approach to harmony, more coloristic than "functional," meaning wedded to clear tonic and dominant chords, as music of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries usually is; in Thomson's settings, the familiar major and minor chords take an unfamiliar course, not seeking resolution on a tonic but blowing whichever way the sense of the words takes them.

Virgil Thomson came from a "border state," not the deep South, but he was well aware that the roots of language and music in that region go back to Elizabethan England. Perhaps that is why there is a family resemblance between the Campion songs and his "Hymns from the Old South." In the latter case, of course, Thomson has the original tunes to work with, and the subtleties of melodic and harmonic inflection are in the lower voices of the a capella choir.

Thomson composed the first hymn setting, "My Shepherd Will Supply My Need," in 1937; the words are the verse adaptation by Isaac Watts (1674–1748) of the Twenty-Third Psalm. He added the other three settings in 1949. The text of "The Morning Star" is an English version, author unknown, of a traditional hymn from Europe, known to lovers of Bach's chorales as "Wie schön leuchtet der Morgenstern." The last two hymns have original texts by John Newton (1725–1807) and Watts.

"Eclectic" seems too feeble a word to describe the performing and composing career of William Bolcom, who was born in Seattle in 1938. He has explored virtually the entire musical heritage of a late-twentieth-century American: In recital with his wife, the soprano Joan Morris, and in his piano

solo recordings, he has shed light on the history of American popular song. His “Graceful Ghost” rag has been one of the most durable products of the 1970s ragtime revival. His Violin Sonata No. 2 was inspired by the Detroit-Symphony-violinist-turned-jazz-great Joe Venuti. His magnum opus to date, a massive setting for orchestra, choruses, and soloists of Blake's *Songs of Innocence and Experience*, composed between 1956 and 1981, draws on musical languages ranging from atonal expressionism to children's songs to rock and roll. During the 1990s, he has composed *McTeague* for the Lyric Opera of Chicago, the *Lyric Concerto* for the flutist James Galway, his Second Piano Quartet for the clarinetist Richard Stolzman and the Beaux Arts Trio, his Sixth Symphony for the National Symphony Orchestra, the score for the movie *Illuminata*, and (scheduled for fall 1999) another opera for Chicago, *A View From the Bridge*.

For an American composer so committed to linking this country's present with its past, and its fancy music with that of the fields and streets, it seems inevitable that sooner or later he would encounter the pianist Natalie Hinderas (1927–1987), the noted exponent of music by African-American composers. In 1986, Hinderas suggested he write a sort of concerto for piano and wordless chorus for her to perform with the Philadelphia Singers. He asked to write instead a choral song cycle with, as he said later, "an important piano part for herself." She died before he could fulfill the commission, but he went ahead with it, asking T. J. Anderson III (an award-winning poet and son of the noted composer) to select texts and also write a poem himself for the piece.

Anderson chose poems from the Harlem Renaissance and other periods of African-American literature. The theme of identity runs clearly through them all, symbolized by the mask, an African image that, in the American context, takes on meanings of hiding and pretending. Bolcom has set each poem with a striking introduction for the piano, and the "Interlude for Natalie" between the fourth and fifth songs is a piano solo. Among the traditional musical elements he brings together here are swinging "Apple" and ragtime tempos for the first and second songs respectively, and a passacaglia-style repeating bass in the fourth song. Natalie's interlude is marked "chatty"; it's also charming, even a little flirtatious. In further tribute to her, the last song features some snappy piano playing and a text (by T. J. Anderson III) that brings together images from the African savanna, a modern concert hall, and the inside of a grand piano. The New York Concert Singers, conducted by Judith Clurman, with Erika Nickrenz at the piano, gave the New York premiere of this work at Merkin Concert Hall on October 13, 1991.

By 1940, the crosscurrents of war had washed a remarkable collection of musicians ashore in Beverly Hills, California, among them Rachmaninoff, Stravinsky, Schoenberg, Korngold, and, from Florence, Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco (1895–1968). Like Korngold, Castelnuovo-Tedesco wrote both concert works and vivid scores for Hollywood films.

The emergence of Andrés Segovia as a pioneer solo artist on the guitar during the 1930s inspired several works from Castelnuovo-Tedesco, whose family traced its roots back to medieval Spain. He composed a Guitar Concerto for Segovia in 1939, but didn't hear it performed until the two musicians were reunited in Los Angeles in 1950. According to the composer's account, Segovia agreed to return there the following year to play chamber music, provided that his friend add a new work to the small chamber repertoire for guitar—hence the Quintet, Op. 143, for guitar and string quartet. This work, in turn, inspired Castelnuovo-Tedesco in 1951 to compose a different kind of "quintet" for a guitar and four-part chorus, *Romancero Gitano* (Gypsy Ballads), to poems by Federico García Lorca.

During the first three songs, the music grows in violence, as Lorca's imagery does. First it is just a twinge of regret at a lost love, carried away by the rippling accompaniment of "The Ballad of the Three Rivers." In "The Guitar," that instrument weeps, like "a heart stabbed by five fingers." "The Dagger" itself appears, horribly, in the third song. Finally, the "Procession" comes into view, its mystical images transforming the grief of Earthly life. The composer has written: "I recall those strange religious processions, simultaneously macabre and gaudy, in which are carried into the courtyard the images of Christ (for the most part emaciated and marked with horrible wounds) and of the Madonna (covered with brocade and precious jewels), accompanied by wooden statues of the Paladin of Charlemagne (or of Ferdinand and Isabella the Catholic); the grotesque figures of Carnival." After this central song, three more songs bring the music back to life: the mournful tango "Memento," the *seguidilla* "Dance" (in which the sinister, ghostly Carmen is glimpsed dancing in the street at night), and finally the wild, rhapsodic *jota*, "Castanets."

—David Wright

David Wright *writes about music for* The New York Times, The Grove's Dictionary of Music, *and other publications. He sang for 18 years with New York's Riverside Choir.*

### **Hymns from the Old South**

arranged by Virgil Thomson

*My Shepherd Will Supply My Need* (Isaac Watts)

My Shepherd will supply my need,  
Jehovah is his Name;  
In pastures fresh he makes me feed  
Beside the living stream.  
He brings my wand'ring spirit back  
When I forsake his ways,  
He leads me for his mercy's sake,  
In paths of truth and grace.

When I walk through the shades of death,  
Thy presence is my stay;  
One word of thy supporting breath  
Drives all my fears away,  
Thy hand, in sight of all my foes,  
Doth still my table spread;  
My cup with blessings overflows,  
Thine oil anoints my head.

The sure provisions of my God  
Attend me all my days;  
O may thy house be my abode  
And all my work be praise.  
There would I find a settled rest,  
While others go and come,  
No more a stranger or a guest,  
But like a child at home.

*The Morning Star* (Unknown)

How splendid shines the morning star,  
God's gracious light from darkness far,  
The root of Jesse blessed.  
Thou David's son of Jacob's stem,  
My bridegroom, king and wond'rous Lamb,  
Thou hast my heart possessed.  
Sweetly, friendly,  
O thou handsome, precious ransom,  
Full of graces, set and kept in heav'nly places.

*Green Fields* (John Newton)

How tedious and tasteless the hours  
When Jesus no longer I see!  
Sweet prospects, sweet birds,  
And sweet flow'rs  
Have all lost their sweetness to me.  
The midsummer sun shines but dim;  
The fields strive in vain to look gay;  
But when I am happy in Him,  
December's as pleasant as May.

His Name yields the richest perfume,  
And sweeter than music His voice.  
His presence disperses my gloom,  
And makes all within me rejoice,  
I should, were He always thus nigh,  
Have nothing to wish or to fear;  
No mortal so happy as I,  
My summer would last all the year.

Content with beholding His face,  
My all to His pleasure resigned;  
No changes of season or place  
Would make any change in my mind.  
While bless'd with a sense of His love,  
A palace of joy would appear,  
And prisons would palaces prove,  
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,  
If Thou art my sun and my song,  
Say, why do I languish and pine,  
And why are my winters so long?  
O, drive these dark clouds from my sky  
Thy soul cheering presence restore;  
Or take me unto Thee on high,  
Where winter and clouds are no more.

*Death, 'Tis A Melancholy Day* (Isaac Watts)

Death, 'tis a melancholy day,  
To those who have no God,  
When the poor soul is forced away  
To seek her last abode.

In vain to heav'n she lifts her eyes,  
For guilt, a wearing chain  
Still drags her downward from the skies  
To darkness, fire, and pain.

Awake and mourn, ye heirs of hell,  
Let stubborn sinners fear,  
You must be driv'n from earth and dwell  
Alone forever there.

### **The Mask**

William Bolcom

*We Wear the Mask* (Paul Laurence Dunbar)

We wear the mask that grins and lies,  
It hides our cheeks and shades our eyes—  
This debt we pay to human guile;  
With torn and bleeding hearts we smile,  
And mouth with myriad subtleties.

Why should the world be over-wise,  
In counting all our tears and sighs?  
Nay, let them see us, while  
    We wear the mask.

We smile, but, O great Christ, our cries  
To thee from tortured souls arise.  
We sing, but oh the clay is vile  
Beneath our feet, and long the mile;  
But let the world dream otherwise,  
    We wear the mask.

*We Wear the Mask*—Paul Laurence Dunbar

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*Heritage* (Gwendolyn B. Bennett)

I want to see the slim palm-trees,  
Pulling at the clouds  
With little pointed fingers. . . .

I want to see lithe Negro girls,  
Etched dark against the sky

While sunset lingers.

I want to hear the silent sands,  
Singing to the moon  
Before the sphinx-still face. . . .

I want to hear the chanting  
Around a heathen fire  
Of a strange black race.

I want to breathe the Lotus flow'r,  
Sighing to the stars  
With tendrils drinking at the Nile. . . .

I want to feel the surging  
Of my sad's people's soul  
Hidden by a minstrel-smile.  
*Heritage*—Gwendolyn B. Bennett

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*Shadow* (Richard Bruce)

Silhouette  
on the face of the moon  
am I.  
A dark shadow in the light.  
A silhouette am I  
on the face of the moon  
lacking colour  
or vivid brightness  
but defined all the clearer  
because  
I am dark,  
black on the face of the moon.  
A shadow am I  
growing in the light,  
not understood as in the day,  
but more easily seen  
because  
I am a shadow in the light.

*Shadow*—Richard Bruce

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*Worn Faces* (Charles Cyrus Thomas)

Hills about the countryside,  
Cold and bare, dissatisfied.  
From the years of deep regret,

Laboring, paying on her debt,  
On through life.

Deep the gullies scar her face  
Where the waters run their race;  
Once a smooth and sun-lit hill—  
Now she's ragged, worn and still—  
Dead from strife.

Aged and worn, a human's face  
Where the tears in steady pace  
Cut the youth to ragged forms  
As it faces roughest storms  
Seeking life.

*Worn Faces*—Charles Cyrus Thomas

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*Portrait* (T. J. Anderson III)

When woman picked up first stone,  
made that rhythmic thud called fire,  
Sun shone sheen on mountain.  
The eland rubbed its twisted horns  
against the black scab of a tree.

Fingers dip in an ivory thicket of keys.  
The last ticket holder staggers in.  
Black print programs fade to music.  
Pastel crescent shadow rippling  
on curtain waves of savanna grass.

Sing a song to the rain's cool baptism  
seeping through the flash of ceremonial masks.  
The percussive hammer strikes wire  
—an arpeggio cradled in the arms of silence.

*Portrait*—T. J. Anderson III

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### **Four Songs to the Poems of Thomas Campion**

Virgil Thomson

*Follow Your Saint*

Follow your Saint, follow with accents sweet,  
Haste you, sad notes, fall at her flying feet;  
There, wrapped in clouds of sorrow, pity move,  
And tell the ravisher of my soul I perish for her love.  
But if she scorns my never-ceasing pain,  
Then burst with sighing in her sight, and ne'er return again.

All that I sang still to her praise did tend,  
Still she was first, still she my songs did end,  
Yet she my love and music both doth fly,  
The music that her echo is, and beauty's sympathy;  
Then let my notes pursue her scornful flight:  
It shall suffice that they were breathed and died for her delight.

*There Is a Garden in Her Face*

There is a Garden in her face,  
Where Roses and white lilies grow;  
A heav'nly paradise is that place  
Wherein all pleasant fruits do flow.  
There Cherries grow, which none may buy  
Till Cherry ripe themselves do cry.

Those Cherries fairly do enclose  
Of Orient Pearle a double row,  
Which when her lovely laughter shows,  
They look like Rose-buds fill'd with snow.  
Yet them nor Peer nor Prince can buy,  
Till Cherry ripe themselves do cry.

Her Eyes like Angels watch them still  
Her brows like bended bows do stand,  
Threat'ning with piercing frowns to kill  
All that attempt with eye or hand  
Those sacred Cherries to come nigh,  
Till Cherry ripe themselves do cry.

*Rose Cheek'd Laura, Come*

Rose-cheek'd Laura, come,  
Sing thou sweetly with thy beauty's  
Silent music, either other  
Sweetly gracing.  
Lovely forms do flow  
From consent divinely framed;  
Heav'n is music, and thy beauty's  
Birth is heav'nly.  
These dull notes we sing  
Discords need for help to grace them;  
Only beauty purely loving  
Knows no discord:  
But still moves delight,  
Like clear springs renewed by flowing,  
Ever perfect, ever in themselves eternal.

*Follow Thy Fair Sun*

Follow thy fair sun, unhappy shadow,



Though thou be black as night,  
And she made all of light,  
Yet follow thy fair sun, unhappy shadow.

Follow her whose light thy light depriveth:  
Though here thou liv'st disgraced,  
And she in heaven is plac'd,  
Yet follow her whose light the world reviveth.

Follow those pure beames whose beautie burneth,  
That so have scorched thee,  
As thou still black must be,  
Till her kind beams thy black to brightness turneth.

Follow her while yet her glory shineth:  
There comes a luckless night,  
That will dim all her light;  
And this the black unhappy shade divineth.

Follow her still for 'tis so thy fate has ordained,  
For the sun must have its shade,  
Till both at once do fade,  
The Sun still proud, the shadow still disdained.

### **Romancero Gitano**

Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco  
(poems by Federico García Lorca)

I        *Song of the Three Rivers*  
The Guadalquivir River flows between  
          orange and olive trees,  
The two rivers of Granada descend from  
          the snows to the wheat fields.  
Oh, love, you go away, not to return!

The Guadalquivir has a beard of garnet.  
The two rivers of Granada, one of tears  
and one of blood.  
Oh, love, you fly away into the air!

For sailboats,  
Seville has a passage.  
For the waters of Granada, only  
          sighs remain.  
Oh, love, you go away, not to return!

Guadalquivir, high tower and wind of  
          the orange groves.

Dauro and Genil, little lifeless towers.  
Little towers above dams of water.  
Oh, love, you fly away into the air.

Who will say that the waters carry a  
    fatuous fire of cries?  
Oh, love. you go away, not to return!

It carries orange blossoms, it carries olives,  
Andalucia, to your seas.  
Oh, love. you fly away into the air!

## II      *The Guitar*

The weeping of the guitar begins.  
The cups of dawn are broken.  
It's useless to silence it.  
It's impossible to silence it.

It cries, monotonously, as the waters cry,  
    as the wind cries over the snowfall.  
It's useless to silence it.  
It's impossible to silence it.

It weeps for things far away.  
The hot southern sand asking for  
    white camellias.  
It cries for the arrow without a target, for  
    the afternoon without a morning, and for  
    the first bird who dies on the branch.  
Oh, guitar!  
Heart wounded by five swords.

## III     *The Dagger*

The dagger pierces the heart like the  
    tilling of the plow in the dry mud.

No, do not stab me, no, no.

The dagger, like a ray of sun, burns the  
    terrible ravines.

No, do not stab me, no, no.

## IV     *Procession*

1. Procession  
Down the road come strange unicorns.  
From what fields?  
From what mythological woods?

Closer, and astronomers appear.

Fantastic Merlins and the ecce homo,  
Enchanted Durandarte  
Orlando Furioso.

2. Passage

Virgin with baubles,  
Virgin of solitude,  
Open like an immense tulip.  
In your boat of lights you head towards the  
    high tide of the city,  
Among dark insults and crystal stars.

Virgin with baubles,  
Virgin of solitude,  
You travel on the river of the street  
    to the sea!

3. Missionaries' Moral Couplet

The swarthy Christ goes from the lily of  
    Judea to the carnation of Spain.

Look where he's come from!  
Look where he's going!

From Spain, the sky, clean and dark, the  
    earth, scorched, and ditches where  
    water runs very slowly.

Swarthy Christ passes, his locks of  
    hair burned, his cheekbones  
    protruding and his pupils white.

Look where he's come from!  
Look where he's going!

V. *Memento*

(The part of the Mass where the sacrifice is offered for the quick and the dead)

When I die, bury me with my  
    guitar under the sand, between the  
    orange trees and the peppermint.

When I die, bury me, if you wish, under  
    a thin veil, when I die.

VI. *Dance*

La Carmen is dancing in the streets  
    of Seville.

Her hair is white and her eyes are  
    sparkling.

Girls, close the curtains!

In her hair is entwined a yellow snake.

And she is dreaming, dancing with  
gentlemen from the past.

Girls, close the curtains!

The streets are deserted and from the  
shadows are foretold  
Andalucian hearts looking for thorns. Ah!  
Girls, close the curtains!

VII. *Castanet*

Castanet.

Sonorous black beetle.

In the spider-like hand you curl the hot air,  
and you drown in its trill of wood.

Castanet.

Sonorous black beetle.

**Judith Clurman** is the founder and music director of the acclaimed professional choral ensemble The New York Concert Singers. She has recently organized The Judith Clurman Chorale, a volunteer group that performs choral works with prominent orchestras. Ms. Clurman has appeared as guest conductor in a number of Lincoln Center series, such as Mostly Mozart, Great Performers, and the Live from Lincoln Center television broadcasts. She has collaborated with the Orchestra of St. Luke's, the St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble, the Boston Symphony, the Brooklyn Philharmonic, and Jim Henson's Muppets, and has performed at the Bravo! Vail Valley Music Festival. Founder and former director of the New York Chamber Symphony Chorus, the first symphonic chorus in New York City, she will collaborate next season with the New York Philharmonic and the American Composers Orchestra, as well as continuing her association with the Orchestra of St. Luke's. Ms. Clurman has been named artistic director of a new series at the 92nd. St. Y, "Music of the Jewish Spirit."

Ms. Clurman has served as a tireless proponent of American music. She has conducted premieres of such prominent award-winning composers as Robert Beaser, Leonard Bernstein, William Bolcom, John Corigliano, David Diamond, Philip Glass, Aaron Kernis, Stephen Paulus, Ned Rorem, Christopher Rouse, and Ellen Taaffe Zwilich, among others. She has also commissioned important works by various American composers.

Ms. Clurman plays an important role in music education, serving on the faculty of The Juilliard School, and has worked with the Juilliard Orchestra and Chorus on numerous occasions, including Lincoln Center Salutes the New York Philharmonic. She has conducted several workshops internationally, including a choral course at Eton College, as well as in Israel, working with the Zimriya, the International Chorus Festival. And her commitment extends to her work with Project Youth Chorus, the educational division of The New York Concert Singers.

**The New York Concert Singers** was founded in 1988 by conductor Judith Clurman, its music director since its inception. The group functions in a variety of musical roles, from chamber ensemble to full chorus. The singers have performed in a number of different venues, from Lincoln Center's Great Performers Series to the Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors Festival, from Merkin Concert Hall to Carnegie Hall, and from live performances to recordings of televised concerts, such as Live from Lincoln Center. The New York Concert Singers' repertoire is eclectic, ranging from Renaissance to modern, and including many world premieres of works by contemporary American composers. The ensemble has been heard many times on National Public Radio, WNYC, and WQXR, and has recorded for New World Records and Delos. Its youth division, Project Youth Chorus, is committed to perpetuating choral art by instilling a love of singing and choral music in young children. To that end, Project Youth Chorus has performed with The New York Pops, the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Washington's Kennedy Center, and at the annual Lincoln Center Holiday Tree Lighting.

St. Luke's, a multifaceted organization, encompasses three divisions: the Orchestra of St. Luke's; the St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble; and the arts in education programs. **St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble** was formed in 1974 when a group of 20 musicians offered a season of concerts at the Church of Saint Luke in the Fields in Greenwich Village. The programs, which included music for chamber orchestra and chamber operas, some of which were premiere performances of works by leading American composers, reflected the versatility and cohesiveness that have become St. Luke's hallmarks. The Chamber Ensemble consists of virtuoso artists who perform nationally and internationally. Playing in a variety of configurations, the Ensemble performs repertoire ranging from Baroque suites to contemporary works of large mixed ensembles. The Ensemble presents annual subscription series at Weill Recital Hall at Carnegie Hall, the Brooklyn Museum of Art, Dia Center for the Arts, and Congregation Emanu-El.

Recent recordings include *Wedding Gifts*, Bach wedding cantatas with the Ensemble and Heidi Grant Murphy, and *Music of André Previn*, various chamber works performed by the composer and members of the Ensemble. The Ensemble also participates in St. Luke's arts-in-education programs, Children's Free Opera & Dance, and the In-School Workshops, in which members present performances and workshops for students in New York City schools.

## **SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY**

### **The New York Concert Singers**

*Divine Grandeur*. New World 80504-2.

### **William Bolcom**

*Cabaret Songs*. J. K. Applebaum, soprano; Marc-André Hamelin, piano. Music & Arts CD 729-1.

*Casino Paradise*. Joan Morris, soprano; T. Nolen, baritone; E. Korbich, singer; M. Barrett conducting. Koch International Classics KIC 7047-2.

Symphony No. 1. Symphony No. 3. *Seattle Slew*, Orchestral Suite. Louisville Orchestra, Lawrence Leighton Smith conducting. Louisville LCD 007.

Symphony No. 4. *Session I* for Instrumental Ensemble. Saint Louis Symphony Orchestra, Leonard Slatkin conducting. New World 80356-2.

Symphony No. 5. Violin Concerto. Fantasia Concertante for Viola, Cello and Orchestra. Sergiu Luca, violin; Janet Lyman Hill, viola; Eugene Moye, cello; American Composers Orchestra, Dennis Russell Davies conducting. Argo 433077-2.

Twelve New Etudes. Marc-André Hamelin, piano. New World 80354-2.

### **Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco**

*Coplas* for Soprano and Piano (orchestrated by the composer). Marni Nixon, soprano; Vienna Volksoper Orchestra, Ernest Gold conducting. Crystal CD 501.

Guitar Concertos Nos. 1 and 2. Concerto for Two Guitars and Orchestra. K. and N. Yamashita, guitars; London Philharmonic Orchestra, Leonard Slatkin conducting. BMG/RCA Red Seal 60355-2-RC.

Piano Concerto. Santiago Rodriguez, piano; Richmond Sinfonia, George Manahan conducting. Elan CD 2222.

Quintet for Guitar and Strings. K. Yamashita, guitar; Tokyo String Quartet. BMG/RCA Red Seal 60421-2-RC.

Songs from *The Divan of Moses-ibm-Ezra*. Märta Schéle, soprano; Josef Holecek, guitar. Bis CD 34.

### **Virgil Thomson**

*Four Saints in Three Acts* (abridged by the composer). Virgil Thomson conducting. *The Plow That Broke the Plains*. Hollywood Bowl Symphony Orchestra, Leopold Stokowski conducting. BMG/RCA Red Seal 68163.

*Four Saints in Three Acts*. Orchestra of Our Time, Joel Thome conducting. Elektra/Nonesuch 79035-2.

*The Mother of Us All*. Santa Fe Opera, Raymond Leppard conducting. New World 80288-2.

Songs. Dora Ohrenstein, soprano; Glenn Siebert, tenor; William Sharp, baritone; Phillip Bush, piano; Cassatt Quartet. Albany 272.

Songs (by Thomson and others). William Sharp, baritone; Steven Blier, piano. New World 80369-2.

Symphony on a Hymn Tune. Symphony No. 2. *Don Juan* (selections). Martyn Hill, tenor; Monadnock Festival Orchestra or Budapest Symphony Orchestra, James Bolle conducting. Albany 17.

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## **The New York Concert Singers**

### **Soprano**

Marion Beckenstein  
Michele Eaton  
Ellen Goff Enriken  
Jacqueline Horner  
Joan Krause  
Ellen Taylor Sisson  
Marcia Young

### **Mezzo-Soprano**

Heather Carruthers  
Elsa Larsson  
Mary Marathe  
Martha Dunn  
Alexandra Sweeton  
Nancy Wertsch\*

### **Tenor**

Rodne Brown  
Martin Doner  
Jim Fredericks  
Jonathan Goodman  
Gregory Hostetler  
James Archie Worley

### **Bass**

Frank Barr  
Paul Houghtaling  
Walter Richardson  
Richard Kent Smith  
Curtis Streetman  
Mark Wagstrom

\*personnel director

**St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble**

William Blount **Clarinet**

Sara Cutler **Harp**

Margaret Kampmeier **Piano**

Louise Schulman **Viola**

Benjamin Verdery **Guitar**

Translation of *Romancero Gitano* provided by the Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco Archives. Used with permission.

Producer: Elizabeth Ostrow

Engineer: Tom Lazarus, Classic Sound, NYC

Recorded at Church of the Heavenly Rest, New York City, May 1–3, 1998

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**THE MASK 80547-2**

**THE NEW YORK CONCERT SINGERS**

**ST. LUKE'S CHAMBER ENSEMBLE**

**Judith Clurman, Conductor**

**Virgil Thomson (1896-1990)**

*Hymns from the Old South* (arrangements published by H. W. Gray)

- |   |                                 |      |
|---|---------------------------------|------|
| 1 | My Shepherd Will Supply My Need | 3:47 |
| 2 | The Morning Star                | 1:21 |
| 3 | Green Fields                    | 2:37 |



4 Death, 'tis a melancholy day 3:00

**William Bolcom (b. 1938)**

*The Mask* (publ. Edward B. Marks Music)

A Cycle of Five Poems for Chorus and Piano

- |    |   |      |
|----|---|------|
| 5  | We Wear the Mask (Paul Laurence Dunbar) | 5:12 |
| 6  | Heritage (Gwendolyn B. Bennett)         | 1:50 |
| 7  | Shadow (Richard Bruce)                  | 4:45 |
| 8  | Worn Faces (Charles Cyrus Thomas)       | 3:29 |
| 9  | Interlude for Natalie (for piano)       | 2:26 |
| 10 | Portrait (T. J. Anderson III)           | 1:31 |

Margaret Kampmeier, piano

**Virgil Thomson**

*Four Songs to Poems of Thomas Campion* (publ. Southern Music)

- |    |                               |      |
|----|-------------------------------|------|
| 11 | Follow Your Saint             | 2:06 |
| 12 | There Is a Garden in Her Face | 2:14 |
| 13 | Rose Cheek'd Laura, Come      | 1:53 |
| 14 | Follow Thy Fair Sun           | 1:56 |

William Blount, clarinet; Sara Cutler, harp; Louise Schulman, viola

**Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco (1895-1968)**

*Romancero Gitano*, Op. 152 (publ. Bote & Bock)

- |    |                              |      |
|----|------------------------------|------|
| 15 | I Baladilla de los Tres Rios | 4:52 |
|----|------------------------------|------|

Joan Krause, soprano; Elsa Larsson, mezzo-soprano; Gregory Hostetler, tenor; Curtis Streetman, bass

- |    |                |      |
|----|----------------|------|
| 16 | II La Guitarra | 3:15 |
| 17 | III El Puñal   | 1:41 |
| 18 | IV Procesión   | 7:14 |

Procesión

Paul Houghtaling, bass

Paso

Saeta

- |    |           |      |
|----|-----------|------|
| 19 | V Memento | 1:35 |
| 20 | VI Baile  | 2:04 |

Gregory Hostetler, tenor; Curtis Streetman, bass

- |    |             |      |
|----|-------------|------|
| 21 | VII Crótalo | 1:34 |
|----|-------------|------|

Benjamin Verdery, guitar

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NEW YORK, NY 10001-1820  
TEL 212.290-1680 FAX 212.290-1685  
Website: [www.newworldrecords.org](http://www.newworldrecords.org)  
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