

Notes and Text prepared by Jack Beeson

The easy generality that twentieth-century American composers have written chiefly for instruments has the advantage of truth; but, worse than slighting the considerable vocal music of some composers better known for their instrumental works, the generality ignores those composers who have been devoted chiefly or altogether to songs and singing. Paradoxically, in a country where composers have written too many symphonies, their songs have been too little sung.

If it is difficult to determine the main directions of contemporary American music, it is impossible to reduce American songs to a few types, and the present collection makes no attempt to do so. Rather, it has been our attempt to emphasize variety of styles and idioms, ranging from the Lieder-inspired songs of MacDowell and the impressionism of Griffes and Carpenter to the unfolding variety of mid-century composition.

But whether selecting an example of a blues or show-tune type song or an example of chromatic serialism or Stravinskian neo-classicism the criteria of choice have been the same: the quality of the text and musical workmanship in songs suitable for performance in formal or informal recital, written by composers who have demonstrated an affection for words and music and an understanding of singing.

CD 1

Ohio-born mezzo-soprano **Mildred Miller** was a valued member of the Metropolitan and San Francisco Opera Companies during her career, making something of a specialty of the so-called "trouser roles." Widely known for her Nicklausse, Siébel, Octavian, Cherubino and a

handful of other male impersonations, she was equally artful in portraying the ultra-feminine Dorabella, Carmen and Lola. European audiences acclaimed her at the Edinburg and Glyndebourne Festivals, and at the opera houses in Munich, Stuttgart and Frankfurt.

Concerts, recitals and television appearances also figured prominently in Miss Miller's busy schedule, and she was recognized for outstanding service to American music by several prominent civic and educational organizations.

1. David Mourns For Absalom

David Diamond (1946)

From the Second Book of Samuel

...[David] the King was [grieved and] much moved, [he] went up to [the] chamber over the gate, and [there he] wept; and as he went, thus he said, O my son Absalom, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!

(published by Mercury Music Corp.)

2. Brigid's Song

David Diamond (1946)

James Joyce, from A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man

Dingdong! The castle bell!
Farewell, my mother!
Bury me in the old churchyard
Beside my eldest brother.
My coffin shall be black,
Six angels at my back,
Two to sing and two to pray
And two to carry my soul away.

(published by Mercury Music Corp.)

3. Sonatina To Hans Christian
Vincent Persichetti (1951)
Wallace Stevens

If any duck in any brook,
Fluttering the water
For your crumb,
Seemed the helpless daughter

Of a mother
Regretful that she bore her;
Or of another
Barren and longing for her:

What of the dove,
Or thrush, or any singing mysteries?
What of the trees
And intonations of the trees?

What of the night
That lights and dims the stars?
Do you know, Hans Christian,
Now that you see the night?
*(from the song cycle Harmonium, published by
Elkan-Vogel Co.)*

4. The Divine Image
Otto Luening (1949)
William Blake

To Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love
All pray in their distress:
And to these virtues of delight

Return their thankfulness.

For Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love
Is God, our Father dear,
And Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love
Is Man, His child and care.

For Mercy has a human heart.
Pity a human face,
And Love, the human form divine
...Love, Mercy, Pity, Peace.

And all must love the human form,
In heathen, Turk, or Jew;
Where Mercy, Love, and Pity dwell
There God is dwelling too.
(published by Edward B. Marks Music Corp.)

5. Love's Secret
Otto Luening (1949)
William Blake
(W.B. Yeats edition)

Never seek to tell thy love,
Love that never told [should] be;
For the gentle wind does move
Silently, invisibly.

I told my love, I told my love,
I told her all my heart,
Trembling, cold, in ghastly fears.
Ah, she did depart!

Soon after she was gone from me,
A traveller came by,
Silently, invisibly:
He took her with a sigh.
(published by Edward B. Marks Music Corp.)

6. Polaroli
Irving Fine (1954)
Gertrude Norman

Polaroli the polar bear,
He finds the cold so nice,
He loves to roll in the deepest snow
And sleep on a heap of ice.

In ice water he loves to swim,
And splish and splash and splush,
And mush the cold snow under him
And snuggle in the slush.

His favorite dish is frozen fish
With icicles and spicicles
And other little nicicles
And that's his favorite dish.

And if he had his wish,
Just one thing he would wish,
That all the world were made of snow
And ice and frozen fish.
*(from Childhood Fables For Grownups,
published by G. Schirmer, Inc.)*

7. The Frog and The Snake
Irving Fine (1954)
Gertrude Norman

There was a little frog,
He jumped up on a log,
And sat there smiling,
In the soft summer sun.
Along came a snake,
The frog began to shake,
He didn't know which way
First to run.

Look here said the frog,
You may think I'm a frog,
But I'm really not,
I'm a golliwog,
And if a golliwog,
Gets eaten by a snake,
That snake will die
Of a tummy ache.

Oh, goodness, said the snake,
What a terrible mistake,
And he quivered and shivered
And away did run,
While the frog sat there smiling
And laughing and beaming,
Smiling and beaming
In the soft summer sun.
*(from Childhood Fables For Grownups, published by G.
Schirmer, Inc.)*

8. Valentine To Sherwood Anderson
William Flanagan (1947)
Gertrude Stein

If you hear her snore it is not before you love her

You love her so that to be her beau is very lovely,
She is sweetly there and her curly hair is very lovely
She is my tender sweet her little feet are stretched out
which is a treat and very lovely,
Her little nose is between her little eyes which close and
are very lovely.
She is very lovely and mine which is very lovely.
(published by Peer International Corp.)

9. Send Home My Long Strayed Eyes
William Flanagan (1949)
John Donne

Send home my long strayed eyes to me,
Which (Oh) too long have dwelt on thee;
Yet since there they have learn'd such ill,
such forc'd fashions,
And false passions,
That they be
Made by thee
Fit for no good sight, keep them still.

Send home my harmless heart again,
Which no unworthy thought could stain;
But if it be taught by thine
To make jestings
Of protestings,
And cross both
Word and oath,
Keep it, for then 'tis none of mine....
(published by Peer International Corp.)

10. Bedlam
(Visits to St. Elizabeths: 1950)

Ned Rorem (1957)
Elizabeth Bishop

This is the house of Bedlam.

This is the man
that lies in the house of Bedlam.

This is the time
of the tragic man
that lies in the house of Bedlam.

This is a wristwatch
telling the time
of the talkative man
that lies in the house of Bedlam.
This is a sailor
wearing the watch
that tells the time
of the honored man
that lies in the house of Bedlam.

This is the roadstead all of board
reached by the sailor
wearing the watch
that tells the time
of the old, brave man
that lies in the house of Bedlam.

These are the years and the walls of the ward,
the winds and clouds of the sea of board
sailed by the sailor
wearing the watch
that tells the time
of the cranky man

that lies in the house of Bedlam.

This is a Jew in a newspaper hat
that dances weeping down the ward
over the creaking sea of board
beyond the sailor
winding his watch
that tells the time
of the cruel man
that lies in the house of Bedlam.

This is a world of books gone flat.
This is a Jew in a newspaper hat
that dances weeping down the ward
over the creaking sea of board
of the batty sailor
that winds his watch
that tells the time
of the busy man
that lies in the house of Bedlam.

This is a boy that pats the floor
to see if the world is there, is flat,
for the widowed Jew in the newspaper hat
that dances weeping down the ward
waltzing the length of a weaving board
by the silent sailor
that hears his watch
that ticks the time
of the tedious man
that lies in the house of Bedlam.

These are the years and the walls and the door
that shut on a boy that pats the floor
to feel if the world is there and flat.

This is a Jew in a newspaper hat
that dances joyfully down the ward
into the parting seas of board
past the staring sailor
that shakes his watch
that tells the time
of the poet, the man
that lies in the house of Bedlam.

This is a soldier home from the war,
these are the years and the walls and the door
that shut on a boy that pats the floor
to see if the world is round or flat.
This is a Jew in a newspaper hat
that dances carefully down the ward,
walking the plank of a coffin board
with the crazy sailor
that shows his watch
that tells the time
of the wretched man
that lies in the house of Bedlam.
(published by Composers Editions, Ltd.)

Bass-baritone **Donald Gramm** appeared with a formidable number and variety of musical organizations throughout the U.S. during his distinguished career, in works running the gamut from Monteverdi's *The Coronation of Poppea*, through Handel's *Messiah* and Berlioz's *Roméo et Juliette* to Stravinsky's *Le Rossignol* and Carl Orff's *Der Mond*. Though his early musical leaning was toward the piano and organ, he turned to voice at sixteen, and soon won a scholarship contest sponsored by the *Chicago Tribune*. A three-time winner of the Oliver Ditson Award he also achieved the coveted Paul Lavalley Scholarship given by the National Federation of Music Clubs.

Donald Gramm appeared in many operas.
He was a familiar name on the programs of American
summer festivals and major symphony orchestras, includ-
ing Boston, New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Cleveland,
Los Angeles, San Francisco, and Washington, D.C.

11. General William Booth Enters Into Heaven

Charles Ives (1914)

Vachel Lindsay

I.

Booth led boldly with his big bass drum—
(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)
[Hallelujah!]

...Saints smiled gravely and they said: "He's come."
(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)

Walking lepers followed, rank on rank,
Lurching bravos from the ditches dank,
Drabs from the alleyways and drug fiends pale—
Minds still passion-ridden, soul-powers frail:—
Vermin-eaten saints with moldy breath,
Unwashed legions with the ways of Death—
(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)

Every slum had sent its half-a-score
The round world over. (Booth had groaned for more.)
Every banner that the wide world flies
Bloomed with glory and transcendent dyes.
Big-voiced (lassies) made their banjos bang;
Tranced, fanatical they shrieked and sang:—
"Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?"
Hallelujah? (Hallelujah, Lord!) It was queer to see
Bull-necked convicts with that land make free.
Loons with trumpets blowed a blare, blare, blare

On, on upward thro' the golden air!
(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)

II.

...Jesus came from...the court-house door,
Stretched his hands above the passing poor.

Booth saw not, but led his queer ones...
Round and round [the mighty courthouse square]
[Yet!] In an instant all that blear review
Marched on spotless, clad in raiment new,
The lame were straightened, withered limbs uncurled
And blind eyes opened on a new, sweet world...

...Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
(published by New Music: Theodore Presser, Inc.)

12. Come Away Death

Douglas Moore (1927)

Shakespeare from *Twelfth Night*

Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid.
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown.
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse; where my bones shall be thrown.
A thousand thousand sighs to save,

Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there.
(Mills Music, Inc.)

13. Calvinistic Evensong
Jack Beeson (1952)
John Betjeman

The six bells stopped, and in the dark I heard
Cold silence wait the Calvinistic word;
For Calvin now the soft oil lamps are lit
Hands on their hymnal six old women sit.
Black gowned and sinister, he now appears
Curate-in-charge of aged parish fears.
Let, unaccompanied, that psalm begin
Which deals most harshly with the fruits of sin!
Boy! pump the organ! let the anthem flow!
With promise for the chosen saints below!
Pregnant with warning the globed elm trees wait
Fresh coffin-wood beside the churchyard gate.
And that mauve hat three cherries decorate
Next week shall topple from its trembling perch
While wet fields reek like some long empty church.
(published by Mills Music, Inc.)

Blue Mountain Ballads
Paul Bowles
Tennessee Williams
(publisher's Permission to print text not granted)

14. Heavenly Grass
15. Lonesome Man
16. Cabin
17. Sugar In The Cane

18. The Drummer
John Edmunds (1952)
Thomas Hardy

They throw in Drummer Hodge, to rest
Uncoffined — just as found:
His landmark is a kopje-crest
That [heaves] the veldt around;
And foreign constellations west
Each night above his mound.

Young Hodge the Drummer never knew —
Fresh from his Wessex home —
The meaning of the broad Karoo,
The Bush, the dusty loam,
And why uprose to nightly view
Strange stars amid the gloam.

Yet portion of that unknown plain
Will Hodge for ever be;
His homely Northern breast and brain
Grow to some Southern tree,
And strange-eyed constellations reign
His stars eternally.
(Mills Music, Inc.)

19. The Faucon
John Edmunds (1938; revised 1959)
Anonymous 15th Century

[Ah!] Lullee, lullay; lullee, lullay;
The faucon hath borne my make away.

He bare him up, he bare him down;
He bare him into an orchard brown. [Ah!]

In that orchard there was an hall,
That was hanged with purple and pall. [Ah!]

And in that hall there was a bed;
It was hanged with gold so red. [Ah!]

And in that bed there lieth a knight.
His wounds bleeding day and night. [Ah!]

By that bedside kneeleth a may,
And she weepeth both night and day. [Ah!]

(The first stanza is repeated.)

And at that bedside standeth a stone,
"Corpus Cristi" written thereon. [Ah!]
(*unpublished*)

20. Looking Glass River
John Alden Carpenter (1909)
Robert Louis Stevenson

Smooth it slides upon its travel,
Here a wimple, there a gleam —
O the clean gravel!
O the smooth stream!

Sailing blossoms, silver fishes,
Paven pools as clear as air —
How a child wishes
To live down there.

Smooth it slides upon its travel,
Here a wimple, there a gleam —
O the clean gravel!

O the smooth stream!
(published by G. Schirmer)

21. Jazz-Boys
John Alden Carpenter (1926)
Langston Hughes
Text as set by the composer:

Sleek black boys in a cabaret,
Jazz-band! Jazz-band!
Play! Play!
Tomorrow, who knows?
So dance today!

Dark girls' eyes,
Call gay black boys.
Black boys' lips
Grin jungle joys.

Yella girls
in brown men's arms,
Jazz-band! Jazz-band!
Sing Eve's charms!

Black ones, brown ones,
What do you know,
About tomorrow,
Where all paths go?

Jazz-boys! Jazz-boys!
Play! Play!
Tomorrow, who knows?
Tomorrow is darkness,
Joy today!
(from *Four Negro Songs*, published by G. Schirmer, Inc.)

Eleanor Steber during her long career was perhaps the most versatile soprano before the public. Her fabulous technique, under the expert tutelage of the late William L. Whitney at the New England Conservatory in Boston, carried her through an unparalleled career that included an operatic repertoire of forty-six leading roles performed at the Metropolitan and other great opera houses of the world.

With a formidable repertoire of orchestral and recital pieces, she was in constant demand for orchestral and concert appearances. Long a champion and singer of contemporary songs by American composers, she took great pride in being presented in this representative collection of modern songs.

1. Alleluia

Ned Rorem (1946)

(published by Hargail Music Press)

Four Poems by Emily Dickinson

Ernst Bacon (1926)

2. It's All I Have To Bring

It's all I have to bring today,
This, and my heart beside,
This, and my heart, and all the fields,
And all the meadows wide.

Be sure you count, should I forget,—
Someone the sum could tell,—
This, and my heart, and all the bees
which in the clover dwell.

3. So Bashful

So bashful when I spied her,
So pretty, so ashamed!
So hidden in her leaflets,
Lest anybody find;

So breathless till I passed her,
So helpless when I turned
And bore her, struggling, blushing,
Her simple haunts beyond!

For whom I robbed the dingle,
For whom betrayed the dell,
Many will doubtless ask me,
But I shall never tell!

4. To Make A Prairie

To make a prairie it takes a clover and one bee,—
And revery
The revery alone will do
If bees are few.

5. And This Of All My Hopes

And this of all my hopes —
This is the silent end;
Bountiful colored by morning rose,
Early and sere its end.
Never bud from a stem
Stepped with so gay a foot.
Never a worm so confident
Bored at so brave a root.

(from *Five Poems by Emily Dickinson*, published by G. Schirmer, Inc.)

6. Nuvoletta

Samuel Barber, Op. 25 (1947)

James Joyce (from *Finnegan's Wake*)

Nuvoletta in her lightdress, spun of sixteen shimmers, was looking down on them, leaning over the banisters and listening all she childishly could...She was alone. All her nubled companions were asleeping with the squirrels... She tried all the winsome wonsome ways her four winds had taught her. She tossed her sfumastelliacious hair like la princesse de la Petite Bretagne and she rounded her mignons arms like Mrs. Cornwallis-West and she smiled over herself like...the image of the pose of the daughter...of the Emperour of Irelande and she sighed after herself as were she born to bride with Tristis Tristor Tristissimus. But, sweet madonine, she might fair as well have carried her daisy's worth to Florida...

Oh, how it was dusk! From Vallee Maraia to Grasyaplaina, dormimust echo! Ah dew! Ah dew! It was so duusk that the tears of night began to fall, first by ones and twos, then by three and fours, at last by fives and sixes of sevens, for the tired ones were wecking, as we weep now with them. O! O! O! Par la pluie!

Then Nuvoletta reflected for the last time in her little long life and she made up all her myriads of drifting minds in one. She cancelled all her engauze-ments. She climbed over the banisters; she gave childy cloudy cry: Nuee! Nuee! A lightdress fluttered. She was gone.

(published by G. Schirmer, Inc.)

7. Death Be Not Proud

Douglas Moore (1942)

John Donne

Death, be not proud, though some have called thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou are not so,
For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow
Die not, poor death, nor yet canst thou kill me.
From rest and sleep, which but thy pictures be,
Much pleasure, then from thee, much more must flow,
And soonest our best men with thee do go,
Rest of their bones, and soul's delivery.
Thou art slave to Fate, Chance, kings, and desperate men,
And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell,
And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well,
And better than thy stroke; why swell'st thou then?
One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
And death shall be no more; death, thou shalt die.
(from *Three Sonnets of John Donne*, published by G. Schirmer, Inc.)

8. Lullee, Lullay

William Bergsma (1948)

Janet Lewis

Lullee, lullay,
I could not love thee more
If thou wast Christ the King.
Now tell me, how did Mary know
That in her womb should sleep and grow
The Lord of everything?

Lullee, lullay,
An angel stood with her
Who said, "That which doth stir
Like summer in thy side

Shall save the world from sin.
Then stable, hall and inn
Shall cherish Christmas-tide."

Lullee, lulley,
And so it was that Day.
And did she love Him more
Because an angel came
To prophesy His name?
[Oh] no, not so,
She could not love Him more,
But loved Him just the same.
Lullee, lulley, lulley.
(published by Carl Fischer, Inc.)

9. Waikiki, Op. 9, No. 2

Charles T. Griffes (1916)

Rupert Brooke

Warm perfumes like a breath from vine and tree
Drift down the darkness, Plangent, hidden
from eyes
Somewhere an eukalell thrills and cries
And stabs with pain the night's brown savagery.
And dark scents whisper; and dim waves creep to me,
Gleam like a woman's hair, stretch out, and rise;
And new stars burn into the ancient skies,
Over the murmurous soft Hawaiian sea.

And I recall, lose, grasp, forget again,
And still remember, a tale I have heard,
or known,
An empty tale, of idleness and pain,
Of two that loved — or did not love — and one
Whose perplexed heart did evil foolishly,

A long while since, and by some other seas.
(published by G. Schirmer, Inc.)

10. Stopping By Woods On A Snowy Evening

John La Montaine

Robert Frost

(publisher's Permission to print text not granted)

11. The Tiger

Virgil Thomson (1926)

William Blake

Tiger! Tiger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire in thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? and what dread feet?

What the hammers? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And water'd heaven with their tears,
Did he smile his work to see?

Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

Tiger! Tiger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?
(published by Southern Music Publishing Company, Inc.)

Originally a California journalist, tenor **John McCollum's** musical career was launched in 1950 when he won the Atwater Kent Auditions in Los Angeles. After a brief apprenticeship as a concert artist in the San Francisco Bay area, he gave up newspaper work entirely and moved his family to New York in order to concentrate on his musical studies. In 1952, as winner of the American Theatre Wing's concert award, he made his professional debut in a widely praised Town Hall Recital.

John McCollum piled success upon success as featured soloist with leading symphony orchestras, opera companies, oratorio societies, choral groups and festival orchestras from coast to coast and north to Canada and Alaska, in addition to numerous recital and television appearances.

12. The Sea, Op. 47, No. 7
Edward A. MacDowell (1892)
William Dean Howells

One sails away to sea, to sea,
One stands on the shore and cries;
The ship goes down the world, and the light
On the sullen water dies.

The whispering shell is mute,
And after is evil cheer;

She shall stand on the shore and cry in vain,
Many and many a year.

But the stately wide-winged ship lies wrecked,
Lies wrecked on the unknown deep;
Far under, dead in his coral bed,
The lover lies asleep
(published by Theodore Presser, Inc.)

13. The Rose
Theodore Chanler (1945)
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 get above
The leaf and thorn of love,

On the stem that grows
Us a rose.
(from *The Children*, published by G. Schirmer, Inc.)

14. I Rise When You Enter
Theodore Chanler (1942)

Leonard Feeney

You are so wonderful, what shall I do?
I rise when you enter,
Of attraction I tell you, if anything's true,
You're the absolute center.
I take off my hat
When I ride with you down on the lift
From the seventeenth floor to the fifth, to the ground;
Through the circular door I revolve you around;
We go out in the moonlight, the mist, or the rain,
And I gave you my arm to accept, and I love
you again.
You are so wonderful, what shall I say?
Shall I tell you a story
Of a knight and a maid and the old-fashioned way
He would fight for her glory?
No, we're not the people for such enterprise
You're just one of those gals, I'm just one of
those guys;
Buy anyhow, notice whenever you enter, I rise.
(published by G. Schirmer, Inc.)

15. Dirge In Woods
Aaron Copland (1954)
George Meredith

A wind sways the pines,
And below

Not a breath of wild air;
Still as the mosses that glow
On the flooring and over the lines
Of the roots here and there.
The pine-tree drops its dead;
They are quiet, as under the sea —
Overhead, overhead
Rushes life in a race,
As the clouds the clouds chase;
And we go,
And we drop like the fruits of the tree,
Even we.
Even so.
(published by Boosey and Hawkes)

16. Sorrow Of Mydath

Robert Ward (1938)
John Masefield

Weary the cry of the wind is, weary the sea,
Weary the heart and the mind and the body of me.
Would I were out of it, done with it, would I
could be
A white gull crying along the desolate sands!

Outcast, derelict, soul in a body accurst,
Standing drenched with the spindrift, standing
athirst,
For the cool green waves of death to arise and burst
In a tide of quiet for me on the desolate sands.

Would that the waves and the long white hair of
the spray
Would gather in splendid terror and blot me away
To the sunless place of the wrecks where the

waters sway
Gently, dreamily, quietly over desolate sands!
(published by Peer International Corp.)

Three by e. e. cummings
John Gruen
(publisher's Permission to print text not granted)

17. lady will you come with me into

18. now (more near ourselves than we)

19. Spring is like a perhaps hand

20. Slow, Slow, Fresh Fount
Daniel Pinkham (1949)
Ben Johnson

Slow, slow, fresh fount, keep time with my salt
tears:
Yet, slower, yet; O faintly, gentle springs:
List to the heavy part the music bears,
Woe weeps out her division, when she sings.
Droop herbs and flowers,
Fall grief in showers,
Our beauties are not ours;
O, I could still,
Like melting snow upon some craggy hill,
Drop, drop, drop, drop
Since nature's pride is now a withered daffodil.
(published by Peters Edition)

21. Mourn! Mourn!, Op. 53
Ben Weber (1960)
John Dowland

Mourn! mourn! Day is with darkness fled.
What heaven then governs earth?
O none but hell in heaven's stead
Chokes with his mists our mirth.
Mourn! mourn! look now for no more day
Nor night, but that from hell.
Then all must as they may
In darkness learn to dwell.
But yet this change must needs change our delight,
That thus the sun should harbour with the night.
(published by Edward B. Marks Music Corp.)

22. The Donkey
Henry Cowell (1946)
G. K. Chesterton
(publisher's Permission to print text not granted)

Volumes I and II

SONGS by 20th Century

American Composers



(A)(D)(D)
PHCD 178
2 CDs

CD 1 - 49:37 Minutes

I. DAVID DIAMOND:

David Mounts for Absalom - 2:58

2. DAVID DIAMOND:

Brigid's Song - 1:08

3. VINCENT PEISICHETTI:

Sonatina to Hans Christian - 1:41

4. OTTO LUENING:

The Divine Image - 2:25

5. OTTO LUENING:

Love's Secret - 2:42

6. IRVING FINE:

Polaroli - 1:47

7. IRVING FINE:

The Frog and the Snake - 1:24

8. WILLIAM FLANAGAN:

Valentine to Sherwood

Anderson - 2:46

9. WILLIAM FLANAGAN:

Send Home My Lung

Strayed Eyes - 2:27

10. NED ROEM:

Bedlam - 3:42

MILDRED MILLER,

Mezzo-Soprano

Edwin Bittcliffe, Pianist

II. CHARLES IVES:

General William Booth

Enters into Heaven - 5:04

12. DOUGLAS MOORE:

Come Away Death - 2:38

13. JACK BEESON:

Calvinistic Evensong - 3:07

PAUL BOWLES:

Blue Mountain Ballads

14. Heavenly Cross - 2:21

15. Lonesome Man - 1:21

16. Cabin - 1:40

17. Sugar In The Cane - 1:49

18. JOHN EDMUNDS:

The Drummer - 2:04

19. JOHN EDMUNDS:

The Falcon - 2:19

20. JOHN ALDEN CARPENTER:

Looking Glass River - 2:40

21. JOHN ALDEN CARPENTER:

Jazz-Boys - 1:04

DONALD GRAMM,

Bass-Baritone

Richard Cumming, Pianist

CD 2 - 34:21 Minutes

1. NED ROEM:

Albion - 2:44

ERNST BACON:

Four Poems by Emily Dickinson

2. It's All I Have To Bring - 1:15

3. So Bashful - 1:23

4. To Make A Prairie - :58

5. And This Of All My Hopes

- 1:28

6. SAMUEL BARBER:

Nuvolella - 4:38

7. DOUGLAS MOORE:

Death Be Not Proud - 2:34

8. WILLIAM BERGSMAN:

Lullie, Lullay - 2:58

9. CHARLES T. GRIFFES:

Waikiki - 3:47

10. JOHN LA MONTAINE:

Stopping By Woods On A

Snowy Evening - 2:10

11. VIRGIL THOMSON:

The Tiger - 1:47

ELEANOR STEBER, Soprano

Edwin Bittcliffe, Pianist

12. EDWARD A. MacDOWELL:

The Sea - 2:41

13. THEODORE CHANLER:

The Rose - 1:58

14. THEODORE CHANLER:

I Rise When You Enter - 1:42

15. AARON COPLAND:

Drge In Woods - 3:09

16. ROBERT WARD:

Sorrow Of Mydath - 4:05

JOHN GRUEN:

Three by e. e. cummings

17. lady will you come

with me into - 1:35

18. now (more near ourselves

than we) - 2:12

19. Spring is like a perhaps

hand - :59

20. DANIEL PINKHAM:

Slow, Slow, Fresh Fount - 2:35

21. BEN WEBER:

Mourn! Mourn! - 4:22

22. HENRY COWELL:

The Donkey - 3:07

JOHN McCOLLUM, Tenor

Edwin Bittcliffe, Pianist

COMPLETE PROGRAM NOTES AND TEXTS ENCLOSED

Original release in 1962 on the ST/AND label

Visit us at: www.phoenixcd.com

File under Classical/Songs

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER
and Cover Design:
Jeffrey Kaufman
for (c) (p) 2011 Phoenix USA

