



n 1925, twelve-year-old Lola Marler Rogers wished she had received a bicycle instead of a baby grand piano. Although she enjoyed a modest musical education, she did not pursue formal training in music theory or composition, and the years she would spend as a music educator came about more by circumstance than by design—teaching jobs were hard to come by during the Depression, and the chance to teach primarily in her preferred subject, English, would come along later. It was a passion for Shakespeare that eventually led her to begin setting his songs to music. In retirement, the oncelamented piano became one of her dearest companions. Derek Williams, her youngest son, lays out the scene: "Most mornings began with Lola taking a cup of coffee down to the living room and working at her Ivers & Pond. After a few hours the piano and floor would be littered with staff paper splattered with ink and whiteout from hand-written edits."

The late phase of an artist's career has long invited special attention. Often thought to bear fruits of wisdom and maturity, even "crown[ing] a lifetime of aesthetic endeavor," late works can also be fraught with "intransigence, difficulty, and unresolved contradiction," as Edward Said has suggested. Compare Haydn, the

¹ Edward Said, On Late Style: Music and Literature Against the Grain (New York: Pantheon Books, 2006), 6–7.

But what of late bloomers? Even composers who first made a mark relatively late in life—Bruckner and Janáček come to mind—generally draw upon long periods of musical study and experience as professional performers. The art songs of Lola Williams are all the more remarkable because they were birthed, to borrow a phrase from Shakespeare, out of "thin air" in the stirrings of a newly felt creative impulse.

Raised in the tobacco town of Durham, North Carolina, young Lola sang in church choir and took piano lessons, winning a gold medal in a local piano competition. But English was her first love. With a degree in English from Duke University ('34) in hand, Williams first found a job teaching music at Oak Grove School, and she soon settled into a four-decade career teaching music and directing plays at Calvert Method School (now Durham Academy), teaching music and English at Carr Junior High, and teaching writing and English composition at Durham High School. She and her husband, James Wesley Williams, a professor of civil engineering at Duke, raised three sons.

In the early 1970s, following her husband's death, Williams embarked on a sea-change in her life. A 1973 scholarship from a teaching sorority sent her to "[soak] up the Shakespearean atmosphere" in Stratford-upon-Avon and London.² Retiring from teaching in order to immerse herself in personal study, Williams read extensively, made additional trips to England and wrote commentaries and some original verse. Soon, she branched out into music as well. Over the course of more than two decades, she gradually created the body of songs for one, two, or three female voices that is recorded here for the first time.

² Durham Sun (May 5, 1973).

Williams was almost entirely self-taught as a composer, and few eyes or ears were ever privy to her work. On a few occasions, she met with opera composer Michael Ching (Duke '80), then an undergraduate composition student of Williams's friend Robert Ward (1917–2013), for informal lessons. Only once was any of her work heard publicly, when soprano Julianne Swanson Hull and pianist Jane Hawkins performed "Threnos (for Romeo and Juliet)" [track 15] and "Plot of the Fairy King" [track 16] at the Duke University Summer Festival of Arts on May 16, 1981.³ On a couple of other occasions, Williams accompanied singers Sarah McCracken, Ann Pearce, and Robin Kramer on a few of her songs for meetings of arts organizations in the late 1970s and '80s.

During her tenure in the Friday Morning Music Study Club, founded by a group of Durham-area women in 1932 "to promote the culture and study of music," Williams was the only member providing original music compositions, recalls Sarah McCracken. The Three Arts Club, organized in 1936–37 by a small group of female artists, musicians, and writers pursuing "the stimulation of sharing new work" as one of its leading goals, also struggled to find female composers. A retrospective written for the organization's 50th anniversary reports that "in the '50s Lola Williams joined us, ostensibly as a musician, but we soon found she had more than one string to her bow; she was not only a composer of songs, but also a devotee of Shakespeare and a writer of poetry."

Although Williams was unusual as a composer in her milieu, she joins a long line of women who have composed music on Shakespearean texts. The earliest known settings date from the mid-to-later eighteenth century:⁵ "Honor,

Riches, Marriage-Blessing" from *The Tempest* by Elisabetta de Gambarini (c. 1748–50), a keyboard player and composer who sang in several of Handel's oratorios;⁶ and "O Mistress Mine" from *Twelfth Night* (survives as an adaptation for two voices, c. 1790–95) by Elizabeth Craven, Margravine of Anspach, a composer and playwright who lived a scandalously colorful life.⁷ Continuing to trace "O Mistress Mine" into the present day, we find, in addition to Lola Williams, at least 33 other women who have written non-theatrical settings of the text since 1889. Americans form the largest group (14, including Amy Beach, Emma Lou Diemer, and, most recently, Juliana Hall, with a setting published in 2015), followed by composers from England (10, including Mary Grant Carmichael, Liza Lehmann, Madeleine Dring), Australia (4, including Dulcie Holland and Margaret Sutherland), Ireland (2, including Elizabeth Maconchy, English of Irish descent), and one each from Canada (Marguerita Spencer), New Zealand (Dorothy Freed), South Africa (Blanche Gerstman), and Wales (Dilys Elwyn-Edwards).⁸

One reason that Shakespeare's plays have attracted so many composers is that they are rife with music. Alongside staged theatrical performances through the centuries, a parallel tradition developed of art songs intended for concert performance. Williams's sophisticated songs are examples of this art music inspired by, not written for, the plays. Duke Orsino's famous invocation at the opening of *Twelfth Night* ("If music be the food of love, play on!") has been heeded in rich measure by generations of composers. According to *A Shakespeare Music Catalogue*, the play is second only to *As You Like It* in terms of inspiring music, and

³ Williams wrote multiple versions of "Threnos." Presumably, Hull and Hawkins performed a version for solo soprano. Although Williams typically specifies sopranos in her songs, the score for the duet version of "Threnos" calls merely for two non-gendered voices, recorded here as soprano and countertenor.

⁴Babs Gergen Hickson, "Fifty Years of Three Arts," 1986, Box 1, Three Arts Collection, North Carolina Collection, Durham County Library, Durham, NC.

⁵Charles Cudworth, "Song and Part-Song Settings of Shakespeare's Lyrics, 1660–1960," in *Shakespeare in Music*, ed. Phyllis Hartnoll (London: Macmillan & Co., 1964), 71.

⁶Winton Dean, "Gambarini, Elisabetta de," *The Norton/Grove Dictionary of Women Composers*, eds. Julie Anne Sadie, and Rhian Samuel (New York: W. W. Norton & Company, 1994), 181–82.

Olive Baldwin and Thelma Wilson, "Anspach [Ansbach], Elizabeth, Margravine of [Craven, Elizabeth]," Ibid., 18–19.

⁸ For a substantial list of known settings through 1987, see Bryan N. S. Gooch and David Thatcher, *A Sbakespeare Music Catalogue* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1991), 3:1833–55.

the most frequently set song from each play ("O Mistress Mine" and "It Was a Lover and His Lass," respectively) are neck-and-neck with more than 250 settings apiece.⁹

In general, Williams prefers setting passages from comedies such as *Twelfth Night*, though the texts she chooses are not necessarily light-hearted or synonymous with happy endings. The outwardly playful "O Mistress Mine" [track 1], sung by Feste the Clown at the behest of bumbling Sir Toby Belch and Sir Andrew Aguecheek, is full of melodic invention, jaunty rhythms, and close interplay between piano and voice. But this mistress roams musically far afield indeed, from F-sharp major (six sharps) in the first half of the song to F major (one flat) in the second half, a mere half-step down on paper, yet worlds apart according to harmony: The two keys do not share even a single note in common. This journey will *not* end in lovers meeting. At the play's end, "Feste's Song" [track 10] provides a telescoped version of the "All the World's a Stage" speech outlining the stages of man. The clown's already wry observation on life takes a decidedly pessimistic note when the familiar theme from Chopin's *Marche funèbre* from the Piano Sonata No. 2 in B-flat minor, Op. 35 introduces the stanza on courtship and marriage.

Other moments are pure comedy. In "The Owl Sings (for Winter)" [track 6] from *Love's Labour's Lost*, two sopranos take turns providing color commentary on winter life, from a sneezy fit of coughing disrupting a pastor's sermon ("a chu a chu a chu...") to the rapid-fire "hiss hiss hiss hiss hiss hiss hiss so of roasting crabs. Sections of a series of songs comprising a miniature scene from *The Tempest* [track 3] feature Ariel and two fellow spirits singing to distract shipwrecked Ferdinand and lead him toward Prospero, who awaits him. At Ariel's admonition to "foot it featly here and there," the trio breaks into a delightful vocal dance in triple time, replete with nimble fairylike oom-pah-pahs.

Songs were only part of Williams's grand design. It seems that she intended to engage analytically and creatively with a number of plays, creating for

each one a piece of written prose commentary, an original verse, and a setting of a lyric from the play. One such original verse crossed the threshold into song: "Celia Sings: Be Merry" [track 7]. Here, Celia sings, rather than speaks, her admonition to her cousin Rosalind from Act I, Scene 2, of *As You Like It*. The resulting text, which mixes lines borrowed from the play with new turns of phrase created by Williams, proves fertile ground for word painting: Dame Fortune spins her wheel through rapid grace notes and trills, and the melody moves through sweeping scale-like passages as fortunes turn, up to down and down to up.

Love, a perennial topic for Shakespeare—he used the word and its variants over 2,000 times—figures prominently in Williams's songs. "Threnos (for Romeo and Juliet)" [track 15] derives from Shakespeare's little-known allegorical poem The Phoenix and the Turtle, which concludes with a threnos (song of lamentation) on the perfect, tragic love of the phoenix (immortality) and the turtle-dove (constancy). Interpretations of this obscure poem are legion. Williams addresses hers in an essay: "I do not suggest that Shakespeare had in mind Romeo and Juliet in making his beautiful bird threnody, but what more fitting funeral service for them could there be?" Such a comparison certainly dovetails with Romeo and Juliet's imagery of nightingale and lark. Further, in Sonnet 116 [track 9], Williams sees "the perfect description of the religious intensity of these young lovers' passion and its carnal purity containing all (Keatsian) beauty and truth." Exploring what she calls Shakespeare's "mystic and absolute ideal" of love, she brings all three sources together in her original poem "Threnody for Romeo and Juliet," the third stanza of which deftly unites the young lovers with their counterparts in "Sonnet 116" and "Threnos": "Theirs was the marriage of true minds, the mystic chastity / Of phoenix and the turtledove, a bird-like purity." Williams did not turn her poem into a song, and she never set any material from Romeo and Juliet itself; rather, her own triangle of love songs also includes a sensitively melodic setting of Elizabeth Barrett

9 Ibid., 1:xv.

Browning's sonnet "How Do I Love Thee?" [track 8], rendered familiar by systematic substitution of the pronoun "you."

That the most extensive performance of Williams's work was organized as a Christmas program (seven songs for an FMMSC meeting on December 14, [1984?]) may come as a surprise, considering how little Shakespeare wrote about the holiday. In Elizabethan times, the twelve days of Christmas meant feasting, games, and, for the royal court, plays. Although Twelfth Night is named for this season, it has nothing to do with Christmas itself. In fact, the word Christmas appears in just three off-hand remarks, two in Love's Labor's Lost and one in The Taming of the Shrew. Williams turns instead to the beginning of Hamlet [track 17], the closest Shakespeare comes to actually describing Christmas. Darkest night envelops the castle of Elsinore. The ghost of Hamlet's father appears to a small group of bewildered sentinels, then fades at cock-crow. Trying to make sense of the awful apparition, so silent and warlike, watchman Marcellus tells a legend: Each Christmas Eve, wandering spirits, fairies, and witches are kept at bay by a rooster singing the whole night through, hallowing the hours (an idea related to the Misa de Gallo, the midnight Christmas mass still observed in many Spanish-speaking countries). In one of her several draft essays on the play, Williams juxtaposes the "air of anxiousness, guilt, fear, heart-sickness" of the troubled sentries with the "counterpoint of Marcellus's yearning for health, wholesomeness, [and] birdsong in the night." Despite the "reality of war hovering in background" and the upset heavens, she finds at the center a "hint of vision and longing of Christian peace." Her song embodies the hallowed atmosphere of nocturnal peace, an event every bit as supernatural as a ghost, yet rendered familiar by its Christian origins. The modal minor key of the first few phrases conveys an aura befitting an ancient legend reaching down through the centuries before blooming into a major key with the crowing of the blessed Christmas rooster.

In a handwritten note on her copy of the program for the December 14, 1984[?] meeting, Williams credits another Christmas piece, "Manger Scene" [track 18], as the first song she ever wrote. Several facets of her life come together here. Inspired by her years of teaching English and watching children "play Christmas," she creates a homespun image of "a manger where there's a little rag doll in his nest of soft grass . . . guarded by panda and bear," with a "bright crayoned star" and "small magi who ride in a gorgeous procession of broomsticks and wheels," rather than the austere night of Christ's birth. Her inner choir teacher arranged, for the central section, what she believed to be "Luther's Cradle Hymn" with a descant by Rousseau. ¹⁰ And the budding composer wrote hauntingly lyrical original music for the first and third sections, underscoring this tender and earnest treatment of what Williams claims, in the final verse, as "my manger scene / mine and a million mangers / where little rays of human love enfolding the form of heart's desire / disclose our truth, inform our faith, define the Deity."

In all of her writings—music, prose and verse—Williams created multiple drafts, none of which were dated or sequentially organized. The original compositions likely date from the mid-to-late 1970s through the '90s; one or more arrangements, such as the Swiss folksong "There's Only One Man" [track 2], may date from earlier, during her days as a music educator. As late as 1999, Williams, then 86 years of age, introduced herself to guests at a meeting of the Three Arts Club by saying, "I do a little writing and make a few songs." In response to a doctor's perceptive "homework assignment," she wrote at age 91 a touching poem on the difficulty of adapting to life in a retirement community, asking in part, "Do I mourn all those songs and the verses unfinished / With

¹⁰ Actually, it is the main tune here (commonly known as "Go Tell Aunt Rhody") that is said to derive from a very similar melody in Rousseau's opera *The Village Soothsayer*, this melody is often paired with a text ("Hush, My Dear, Lie Still and Slumber") by Isaac Watts, not Martin Luther; and the descant she attributes to Rousseau is likely of unknown origin.

¹¹ Three Arts Meeting, Nov. 3, 1999, Box 1, Three Arts Collection.

death at the door and my powers diminished?" The poem's surprise ending presents a marvelous transition from depression to a new lease on life, in which the writing of the poem has "a little bit lifted the pain" and helped restore her soul and self. Her not-so-little life was "rounded with a sleep," to paraphrase Prospero at the end of "Our Revels Now Are Ended" [track 4], at age 99 in 2013.

The immense work of Lola Williams's later years languished, untouched, in boxes in Derek Williams's basement until he contacted soprano Sarah Moulton Faux, a former student of his at Phillips Academy, Andover (where Lola Williams had also spent several summers teaching writing and English composition). Ms. Faux recognized the value of the songs, and the Lola Project was born. She and conductor Ted Taylor labored over seemingly endless handwritten drafts, puzzling out the most complete versions; these were then transcribed by composer Amy Scurria, with much back-and-forth among all three to create final versions for performance.

Since Williams did not train to be a musician, let alone to compose, it is hardly surprising that her performances took place within the sheltered circles of established social groups. However, this situation mirrors that of many women before her who *did* specialize in performance and composition: For women of middle to upper social classes, public concerts were virtually out of the question, and private social gatherings the only acceptable performance venue. Thanks to digital music technology, composers currently have unprecedented means of distributing their work. Much as Ferdinand asks himself in Act 1 of *The Tempest* [track 3, starting at 2:28], we can ask ourselves today of the songs of Lola Williams, "Where Should This Music Be?" Her music is here, and now.

-Kirsten Santos Rutschman

Kirsten Santos Rutschman received her Ph.D. in musicology from Duke University and teaches at Saint Louis University and Webster University.

1. "O Mistress Mine"

(*Twelfth Night*, Act II, Scene 3, Feste the Clown)

O Mistress mine, where are you roaming? O stay and hear, your true love's coming, That can sing both high and low. Trip no further, pretty sweeting. Journeys end in lovers meeting, Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'Tis not hereafter, Present mirth hath present laughter. What's to come is still unsure. In delay there lies no plenty, Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty. Youth's a stuff will not endure.

2. "There's Only One Man"

(Swiss Folk Song, trans. and arr. Lola Williams)

A man that I know named John lives near to me.

Another whose name is Simon often I see, And Hans lives high on the mountainside.

And Peter lives down in the valley below. There's only one man on earth with whom I long to be.

Yah ho le oh le oh Ya ho le oh le oh. There's only one man, one man in the land

in any way can bring happiness and that's why I am singing loud as I can: Ya ho le oh le oh.

And oh, if the man I love, I love, should loving be

(Then) no other man in all the world my eyes would ever see

And flowr's would bloom on the mountainside

And birds would sing in the valley below, And happiness ring like bells, like bells, within the heart of me.

But oh, if the man I love should turn away his head

To say that I never with him would be wed.

The flowr's would die on the mountainside,

And Peter and Joseph and Jacob and John would

weep at the grave of one who for her love was dead.

Peter, Simon, Joseph, Jacob and Jasper, Robin and Gil, Come up from the valley, come down from the hill. And soften my sorrow.

Which one of you will bring birds to the branches?

The robin and dove will sing in the spring

for the spring of new love!

And bells will be ringing in heaven above.

There's only one man at any one time can lighten the landscape Let him be mine. And I will be singing, blessing the time: Ya ho le oh le oh

Yah ho le oh le oh Ya ho le oh le oh

3. "Come Unto These Yellow Sands"

(The Tempest, Act I, Scene 2; trio, Ariel & Sprites)

[With added phrases by Lola Williams]

Come unto these vellow sands, And then take hands:

Curtsied when you have and kissed -The wild waves whist -

Foot it featly here and there,

[Dance, dance, One, two, three. Oom-pa-pa.]

And, sweet sprites, bear

The burden

[Yes, ves, We will bear the burden.]

Hark, hark. Bow-wow!

The watch-dogs bark.

Bow-wow!

Hark, hark, I hear

The sound of the strutting chanticleer Cry "cock-a-diddle-dow."

Where Should This Music Be?

(The Tempest, Act I, Scene 2; Ferdinand, followed by Sprites)

Where should this music be? I'th' air or th'earth?

It sounds no more; and sure it waits upon Some God o'th' island. Sitting on a bank, Weeping again the King my father's wreck.

This music crept by me upon the waters, Allaying both their fury and my passion With its sweet air Thence I have followed it -

Or it hath drawn me rather. But 'tis gone. No, it begins again.

[Spirits]:

Into something rich and strange.

Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell: Hark, now I hear them. Ding-dong, bell.

Full Fathom Five

(The Tempest, Act I, Scene 2; trio, Ariel & Sprites)

Full fathom five thy father lies. Of his bones are coral made: Those are pearls that were his eyes; Nothing of him that doth fade But doth suffer a sea-change Into something rich and strange. Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell Hark, now I hear them. Ding-dong, bell.

"Ferdinand's Solo"

(The Tempest, Act I, Scene 2, Ferdinand) This is no mortal business,* Nor no sound that the earth owes. *Williams: music

4. Our Revels Now Are Ended

(*The Tempest*, Act IV, Scene 1, Prospero) Our revels now are ended. These our actors. As I foretold you, were all spirits, and

Are melted into air, into thin air; And like the baseless fabric of this vision. The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces.

The solemn temples, the great Globe itself, Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve; And, like this insubstantial pageant faded, Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff As dreams are made on, and our little life Is rounded with a sleep.

5. "The Cuckoo Sings (for Spring)"

(Love's Labour's Lost, Act V, Scene 2, trio) [With added phrases by Lola Williams]

When daisies pied and violets blue, And lady-smocks, all silver-white. And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue Do paint the meadows with delight, The cuckoo then on every tree Mocks married men, for thus sings he: Cuckoo! Cuckoo, cuckoo – O word of fear,

Unpleasing to a married ear.

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws, And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks, [Get up, get up, tick tick tock] When turtles tread, and rooks and daws, And maidens bleach their summer smocks,

12

13

[rub-a-dub dub]

The cuckoo then on ev'ry tree...

6. "The Owl Sings (for Winter)"

(Labour's Lost, Act V, Scene 2, duet)
[With added phrases by Lola Williams]
When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail;
When blood is nipped, and ways be
foul.

Then nightly sings the staring owl, Tu-whit, tu-whoo!— a merry note, While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow, And coughing drowns the parson's saw, [A chu a chu]

And birds sit brooding in the snow, And Marian's nose looks red and raw; When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl, Then nightly sings the staring owl...

7. "Celia Sings: Be Merry"

(Lola Williams, based on *As You Like It*, Act I, Scene 2, Celia)

Be merry, be merry, my Rosaline,

Oh sweet, my coz, be merry.
Dame Fortune's a housewife,
She's spinning her wheel round and
round.

Dance a derry down derry,
While the up turns to down and the

While the up turns to down and the down turns to up,

Just as sure as a pit's in a cherry.

Right full of its thorns is this working day world,

But under some briar is a berry.

And some bonny prizer will pluck it in his sweet time:

so cozen your heart, my dearie, my weary,

my teary sweet sister, my Rosie, my love. This life's so full of its pain. Be merry!

8. "How Do I Love You?"

(Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Sonnet 43) Original text printed below; Lola Williams makes small alterations, including substituting "you" for "thee." How do I love thee? Let me count

the ways.

I love thee to the depth and breadth

love thee to the depth and breadth and height

My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight

For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.

I love thee to the level of every day's
Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight.
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;
I love thee purely, as men turn from
praise.

I love thee with the passion put to use In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.

I love thee with a love I seemed to lose With my lost saints, – I love thee with the breath,

Smiles, tears, of all my life! – and, if God choose,

I shall but love thee better after death.

9. Sonnet 116 (Shakespeare)

Let me not to the marriage of true minds Admit impediments. Love is not love Which alters when it alteration finds, Or bends with the remover to remove. O no!, it is an ever fixed mark That looks on tempests and is never shaken;

It is the star to every wand'ring bark,

Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.

Love's not time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks

Within his bending sickle's compass come;

Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,

But bears it out even to the edge of doom.

If this be error and upon me proved, I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

10. "Feste's Song"

(Twelfth Night, Act V, Scene 1, Feste)
When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate, With hey, ho, ...

'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,

For the rain...

But when I came, alas, to wive, By swaggering could I never thrive. But when I came unto my beds, With tosspots still had drunken heads.

A great while ago the world begun,

With hey, ho...

But that's all one our play is done.

But that's all one, our play is done, And we'll strive to please you every day.

11. "Sigh No More Ladies"

(Much Ado about Nothing,
Act II, Scene 3, Balthazar)
Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more.
Men were deceivers ever,
One foot in sea, and one on shore,
To one thing constant never.
Then sigh not so, but let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into bey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no more Of dumps so dull and heavy. The fraud of men was ever so Since summer first was leafy. *Then sigh not so...*

12. "A Sweet Lullaby"

(Nicholas Breton, from *The Arbor of Amorous Devices*, 16th century)

Come little babe; come, silly soul, Thy father's shame, thy mother's grief, Born as I doubt to all our dole, And to thyself unhappy chief: Sing lullaby and lap it warm, Poor soul that thinks no creature harm.

Thou little think'st and less dost know,
The cause of this thy mother's moan;
Thou want'st the wit to wail her woe,
And I myself am all alone:
Why dost thou weep? why dost thou
wail?

And knowest not yet what thou dost ail.

And dost thou smile? oh thy sweet face, Would God Himself He might thee see, No doubt thou would'st soon purchase grace,

I know right well, for thee and me: Ask blessing, babe, be not afraid, His sugared words hath me betrayed.

13. "Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind"

(As You Like It, Act II, Scene 7, Amiens, three sopranos on refrain)

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude.
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho, sing heigh-ho, unto the
green holly.

Most friendship is feigning, most loving, mere folly.

Then, heigh-ho, the holly; This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot.
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.
Heigh-ho, sing heigh-ho...

14. "Come Away, Death"

(*Twelfth Night*, Act II, Scene 4, Feste) 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!

15. "Threnos (for Romeo and Juliet)"

(Shakespeare, from *The Phoenix and the Turtle*, duet)

Beauty, truth, and rarity, Grace in all simplicity, Here enclosed in cinders lie.

Death is now the Phoenix' nest, And the turtle's loyal breast To eternity doth rest.

Leaving no posterity 'Twas not their infirmity, It was married chastity. Truth may seem but cannot be, Beauty brag, but 'tis not she. Truth and beauty buried be.

To this urn let those repair That are either true or fair. For these dead birds sigh a prayer.

16. "Plot of the Fairy King"

(A Midsummer Night's Dream Act II, Scene 1, Oberon)

I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,

Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows,

Quite overcanopied with luscious woodbine.

With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine.

There sleeps Titania sometime of the night,

Lulled in these flowers with dances and delight;

And there the snake throws her enameled skin,

Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in; And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,

And make her full of hateful fantasies.

17. "Christmas Words"

(*Hamlet*, Act I, Scene 2, Marcellus and Horatio)

[Marcellus] It faded on the crowing of the cock.

Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes

Wherein our savior's birth is celebrated The bird of dawning singeth all night long; And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad,

The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,

No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,

So hallowed and so gracious is the time. [Horatio] So have I heard, and do in part believe it

18. "Manger Scene"

(Lola Williams, verse inspired by watching children "play Christmas")
Christ of the Christmas manger,
Send Your grace to a manger where
There's a little rag doll in his nest of soft grass.

He is guarded by panda and bear. There's a bright crayoned star shining over his head.

He is wrapped in my small Mary's love. And the splendor of seasons, the richness of earth,

Lie around him, beneath him, above.

Great Kings coming from Orient lands, Behold the small magi who ride In a gorgeous procession of broomsticks and wheels.

From the ends of the countryside.

They bring to the Christ child the bounty of fields,

All the treasures of yard and wood Are their gold and their myrrh and frankincense,

Oh, Little one, say it is good.

Blessed Mother singing softly,
Angels weaving light above your head.
Hear my Mary softly singing
Joy and peace, as angels said:
Hear her little earthly dissonance;
"Go tell Aunt Dinah her old grey goose is dead."

[Descant]

Blessed mother singing softly, singing in the evening shadows,

Angels weaving harmonies like light above your head.

Hear my Mary softly singing in the stillness, in the starlight,

Hear her sing of joy and peace and love, a little earthly music.

Hear her little lullaby, it's drifting through my open window,

"Go tell Aunt Dinah her old grey goose is dead."

Words that lie beyond my world, eternal spread of starshine.

Music that I may not hear, bright light I shall never see

Sanctify my manger scene, mine and a million mangers

Where little rays of human love enfolding the form of heart's desire Disclose our truth, inform our faith,

define the Deity.

18 19

19. "My Dancing Day"

(English Carol, 17th century, Arr. Lola Williams)

Tomorrow will be my dancing day;
I would my true love did so chance
To see the legend of my play,
To call my true love to my dance.
Sing, O my love, O my love, my love,
my love,

This have I done for my true love.

In a manger laid and wrapped I was, So very poor, this was my chance. Betwixt an ox and a silly poor ass, To call my true love to my dance. *Sing, O my love...*

A thoughtful recitalist who brings a keen intelligence, curatorial lens, and intense passion to her programs, soprano **Sarah Moulton Faux** first encountered the



work of Lola Williams through her former history teacher and Lola's son, Derek Williams. She was immediately captivated by Williams's artistry and spent numerous hours going through boxes of her handwritten scores, essays, and poetry to preserve Williams's musical oeuvre and bring it to a wider audience. Ms. Faux previously presented performances around thoroughly researched

themes, including the attendees of a particular Parisian salon, the secret love lives of composers, and tracing the legacy of Spanish music through famous melodies. Along with Ensemble Pi, she helped conceive a staged production delving into the life of the 18th-century female composer Marianna Martines, which was premiered at New York's Sheen Center. A lauded performer, Ms. Faux's recent operatic roles include Violetta (*La traviata*), Gilda (*Rigoletto*),

Musetta (*La bohème*), Susanna (*Le nozze di Figaro*), and Almirena (*Rinaldo*), as well as Gilbert & Sullivan favorites Rose Maybud (*Ruddigore*), Phyllis (*Iolanthe*), and Princess Zara (*Utopia, Limited*). She has performed with New York City Opera, Carnegie Hall, Crescendo Baroque, the Music Mountain Festival of Falls Village (CT), Symphony in C Orchestra, the Norton Museum of Art in Palm Beach, and the International Gilbert & Sullivan Festival.

Equally at home in the pit conducting a repertoire of over fifty operas and musicals, on the stage accompanying some of the world's pre-eminent vocalists, or appearing in the country's top cabaret venues, Ted Taylor enjoys a varied international career. As a pianist he has appeared in recitals on four continents with Kathleen Battle, Sylvia McNair, Ben Heppner, and Christine Schäfer. Mr. Taylor's most recent CD release, Sylvia McNair's Subject to Change, received a 4star rating in *Downbeat* magazine. Maestro Taylor has served on the conducting staffs of The Metropolitan Opera and Lyric Opera of Chicago, and he has conducted performances for New York City Opera, Atlanta Opera, Chautauqua Opera, Cincinnati Opera, Central City Opera, Wolf Trap Opera, Indianapolis Opera and Mobile (AL) Opera, where he was Music Director for eight seasons. Mr. Taylor is music director for San Miguel Institute of Bel Canto, going into its sixth season in San Miguel de Allende, Mexico. A native of Beaumont, Texas, he is currently in his fifteenth year on the faculty of Yale University and his twentysecond at Mannes College of Music in New York City. Mr. Taylor maintains an active studio as teacher and coach in Manhattan, where he sees singers, pianists, and conductors from around the world

Mezzo-soprano **Heather Johnson** has appeared with The Metropolitan Opera, Boston Lyric Opera, Minnesota Orchestra, National Arts Centre Orchestra, Chautauqua Opera, Glimmerglass Opera, Sarasota Opera, Madison Opera, Opera

Theatre of St. Louis, New York Choral Society, Washington Chorus, Nashville Opera, Opera Southwest, and Opera Orchestra of New York. A champion of new works, she participated in the world premieres of Jeremy Howard Beck's *The Long Walk* with Opera Saratoga, Mark Adamo's *Becoming Santa Claus* with Dallas Opera, Charles Wuorinen's *Haroun and the Sea of Stories* with New York City Opera, and *Fierce Grace: Jeannette Rankin*, a song cycle commissioned by Opera America, which premiered at the Library of Congress in Washington, D.C.

Mezzo-soprano **Laura Krumm** has appeared with several major opera houses across the United States, including the Metropolitan and San Francisco Operas. She is a frequent interpreter of new works and has appeared in recital with American Lyric Theater, National Sawdust, and joined the Alexander String Quartet for performances of Jake Heggie's powerful song cycle, *Camille Claudel: Into the Fire*. On the opera stage she has participated in the premiere performances of new work by Tobias Picker, Jack Perla, Joby Talbot, and John Adams.

Italian-American countertenor **Nicholas Tamagna** is an international artist working on many of the world's opera and concert stages. His most recent engagements have included productions at The Metropolitan Opera, Royal Opera House Covent Garden, Wiener Staatsoper, Theater an der Wien, the Händelfestspiele at the Badisches Staatstheater and Halle, Carnegie Hall, Lincoln Center, Philharmonie de Paris, Royal Opera House of Versailles, and the Duomo in Milan. Nicholas Tamagna is a Baroque specialist, but is equally at home singing modern, sacred, and chamber music. He is a native New Yorker, and is co-founder of the Chamber Society of New Paltz.

Produced and engineered by Judith Sherman

Executive Producer: Matt Gray/American Opera Projects and Laura Kaminsky

Engineering and editing assistant: Jeanne Velonis

Recorded August 23, 2017, August 22, 2018, and November 6, 2018, in the Recital

Hall, Purchase College Conservatory of Music, SUNY Purchase, NY.

Piano technician: Jerry Mitkowski

Music copyist: Amy Scurria

Digital mastering: Paul Zinman, SoundByte Productions Inc., NYC

Design: Bob Defrin Design, Inc.

All compositions published by the Estate of Lola Williams.

Special thanks to Amanda Angel, Brenda Brodie, Gordon Faux, Kitty Kempner, Sarah McCracken, Amy Scurria, Derek Williams and Ranny Bledsoe, Jim and Patterson Williams, and Winston Williams (in memoriam).

FOR NEW WORLD RECORDS:

Lisa Kahlden, President; Paul M. Tai, Vice-President, Director of Artists and Repertory; Paul Herzman, Production Associate.

ANTHOLOGY OF RECORDED MUSIC, INC., BOARD OF TRUSTEES:

Amy Beal, Thomas Teige Carroll, Robert Clarida, Emanuel Gerard, Lisa Kahlden, Herman Krawitz, Fred Lerdahl, Larry Polansky, Paul M. Tai.

Francis Goelet (1926–1998), In Memoriam

For a complete catalog, including liner notes, visit our Web site: www.newworldrecords.org.

New World Records, 20 Jay Street, Suite 1001, Brooklyn, NY 11201 Tel (212) 290-1680 Fax (646) 224-9638 E-mail: info@newworldrecords.org © & © 2019 Anthology of Recorded Music, Inc. All rights reserved. Made in U.S.A. NEW WORLD RECORDS

». Ted Taylor, piano Krumm, mezzo-sopranos; Nicholas Tamagna, countertenor

WHERE SHOULD THIS MUSIC BE? SONGS OF LOLA WILLIAMS

- 1. O Mistress Mine (Shakespeare, Twelfth Night) 2:03
 - 2. There's Only One Man (Swiss folk song) 4:26
 - 3. Scene from The Tempest, Act I (Shakespeare) 10:15 Come Unto These Yellow Sands Where Should This Music Be? Full Fathom Five Ferdinand's Solo



File Under: Classical/ Williams, Lola

Sarah Moulton Faux (Ariel), Laura Krumm (Sprite 1), Heather Johnson (Sprite 2), Nicholas Tamagna (Ferdinand)

- 4. Our Revels Now Are Ended (Shakespeare, The Tempest) 2:23
- 5. The Cuckoo Sings (for Spring) (Shakespeare, Love's Labour's Lost) 2:29 Sarah Moulton Faux, Heather Johnson, Laura Krumm
- 6. The Owl Sings (for Winter) (Shakespeare, Love's Labour's Lost) 2:30 Sarah Moulton Faux, Laura Krumm
- 7. Celia Sings: Be Merry (Lola Williams, based on Shakespeare, As You Like It) 2:16
- 8. How Do I Love (Thee) You? (Elizabeth Barrett Browning) 2:46
- 9. Sonnet 116 (Shakespeare) 3:13
- 10. Feste's Song (Shakespeare, Twelfth Night) 3:17
- 11. Sigh No More, Ladies (Shakespeare, Much Ado About Nothing) 3:18
- 12. A Sweet Lullaby (Nicholas Breton, from The Arbor of Amorous Devices, 16th century) 4:06
- 13. Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind (Shakespeare, As You Like It) 2:39 Sarah Moulton Faux, Heather Johnson, Laura Krumm
- 14. Come Away, Death (Shakespeare, Twelfth Night) 3:07
- 15. Threnos (for Romeo and Juliet) (Shakespeare, from The Phoenix and the Turtle) 3:37 Sarah Moulton Faux, Nicholas Tamagna
- 16. Plot of the Fairy King (Shakespeare, A Midsummer Night's Dream) 2:34
- 17. Christmas Words (Shakespeare, Hamlet) 2:08
- 18. Manger Scene (Lola Williams, inspired by watching children "play Christmas") 4:42 Sarah Moulton Faux, Nicholas Tamagna
- 19. My Dancing Day (17th-century English Carol) 1:56 TT: 63:45



New World Records, 20 Jay Street, Suite 1001, Brooklyn, NY 11201 Tel (212) 290-1680 Fax (646) 224-9638info@newworldrecords.org www.newworldrecords.org (P) & (C) 2019 Anthology of Recorded Music, Inc. All rights reserved. Made in U.S.A.