

**AMERICAN ACADEMY AND INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS
COMPOSERS AWARD**

featuring PHYLLIS BRYN-JULSON

NORMAND LOCKWOOD

TO MARGARITA DEBAYLE (text by Rubén Dario)

Phyllis Bryn-Julson, soprano; Donald S. Sutherland, pianist

VALLEY SUITE

Max Pollikoff, violinist; Wanda Maximilien, pianist

NORMAND LOCKWOOD (b. 1906, New York City) was taken at age two to Ann Arbor, which became his home town. His uncle, a pianist, and father, a violinist, headed their respective departments at the University of Michigan's School of Music.

In his late teens, he began to study composition under Ottorino Respighi in Rome and, for three years, in Paris with Nadia Boulanger. A year later, he won the Rome prize from the American Academy in Rome.

He has taught at Oberlin College, Columbia College, Union Theological Seminary's School of Sacred Music, Westminster Choir College, Yale School of Music, Trinity University, San Antonio, the Universities of Oregon and Hawaii, and at the University of Denver until retirement from that institution as Professor Emeritus. Lockwood was active at Yaddo (Saratoga Springs), and the Composers' Conference and Chamber Music Center (Middlebury), and in the National Association for American Composers and Conductors, and the American Composers Alliance. He was a Guggenheim Fellow, and counts among his honors the Marjorie Peabody Waite Award from the American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters that made this recording possible. He writes:

"TO MARGARITA DEBAYLE, which I dedicated to Phyllis Bryn-Julson, is a translation from the Nicaraguan poet, Ruben Dario, by Donald Sutherland, erstwhile head of the classics department at the University of Colorado. This translation appeared in the Denver Quarterly, University of Denver.

"I composed VALLEY SUITE for the Keene Valley Library's American Bicentennial Celebration, its movements reflecting the Valley's woods and clearings, its peaceful cemetery atop a hill, the person of a beloved resident and friend, Raymond Edmonds, and Johns Brook, familiar to many an Adirondack aficionado. I am grateful that it is played by Max Pollikoff who has devoted so great an amount of his art to American works."

GEORGE WALKER

Response (Paul Lawrence Dunbar)

So We'll Go No More A-Roving (Lord Byron)

Hey Nonny No (anonymous)

Sweet Let Me Go (anonymous)

The Bereaved Maid (anonymous)

I Went To Heaven (Emily Dickinson)

A Red, Red Rose (Robert Burns)

What If I Say I Shall Not Wait (Emily Dickinson) I Have No Life But This (Emily Dickinson) Bequest (Emily Dickinson)

With Rue My Heart Is Laden (A.E. Housman)

Phyllis Bryn-Julson, soprano; George Walker, pianist

GEORGE WALKER (b. 1922, Washington, D.C.) is currently a Professor of Music at Rutgers University. He has received Fulbright, John Hay Whitney, Guggenheim and Rockefeller Fellowships and commissions from the Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts, the New York Philharmonic, the Cleveland Symphony and the Fromm Foundation, among others. His orchestral works have been performed by the Boston Symphony, the New York Philharmonic, the Detroit Symphony, the National Symphony, and many European orchestras. His output includes forty five published works. He writes:

"The songs presented on this recording are culled from works composed over a period of thirty years. The first song, RESPONSE, a setting of a poem by the first significant black American poet, Paul Lawrence Dunbar, was composed in 1941. Three of the Emily Dickinson songs, LEGACY, I HAVE NO LIFE BUT THIS, and WHAT IF I SAY I SHALL NOT WAIT were commissioned by Fisk University, Nashville, Tennessee. The last named song concludes with a canonical treatment of a quote from the folksong I WONDER AS I WANDER!"

PHYLLIS BRYN-JULSON has a formidable reputation for her ability to sing the most difficult contemporary music as easily and beautifully as she sings the classics. MAX POLLIKOFF is one of the wonders of today's music world. A former child prodigy, he is known as an extraordinary recitalist and creator of New York's Music in Our Time, a series that has introduced more than 250 contemporary works. Haiti-born WANDA MAXIMILIEN has focused her impressive talents on contemporary music since obtaining her M.S. from the Juilliard School at the age of twenty. She is associate professor of music at Rutgers University. DONALD SUTHERLAND is known internationally as an organist, versatile keyboard performer, master teacher and authority in the field of church music. He is a member of the organ faculty at the Peabody Conservatory of Music.

This recording employed hand-made ribbon microphones in pairs, spaced six feet apart, in the best available acoustical environment. Their output was fed to a 30 IPS Studer A-80 tape recorder, slightly modified for constant velocity record-playback characteristics, using half-inch tape with two channels, each channel almost 1/4-inch wide. In this way the need for conventional (and troublesome) noise reduction devices was eliminated and the resulting reproduction challenges the digital storage method so far as clarity and cleanliness of sound are concerned.

This record is sponsored by the American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters as part of its music awards program. Cash awards and CRI recordings are given annually to honor four outstanding composers and to help them continue their creative work; George Walker was a winner in 1982. Every fourth year, the Academy and Institute also offers the Marjorie Peabody Waite Award to a composer for achievement over a period of years. The 1981 award went to Normand Lockwood.

All recorded by David Hancock and produced by Carter Harman and Carolyn Sachs, New York, June and October 1982.

THIS IS A COMPOSER-SUPERVISED RECORDING

(Original liner notes from CRI Lp jacket)

Music by Normand Lockwood

To Margarita Debayle

by **Rubén Dario**

Translated from the Spanish by Donald Sutherland

Margarita, the sea is bright,
and the wind
carries a subtle attar of citrus flowers;
I feel
in my soul a lark singing;
your tone of voice.
Margarita, I am going to tell you
a story.
There was this king who had
a palace of diamonds,
a tent made of the daylight
and a herd of elephants,
a pavilion of malachite,
a great cloak of golden thread,
and a nice little princess, as pretty,
Margarita,
as pretty as you.

One evening the princess
saw a star appear;
the princess was impulsive
and wanted to go and pick it.

She wanted it to make of it
a decoration for her shawl—brooch,
along with a verse and a pearl
a feather and a flower.

Exquisite princesses are
very much like you:
they pick lilies, they pick roses,
they pick stars. That's how they are.

So the lovely girl went off,
under sky and over sea,
to pick the white star
for which she sighed.

And she went on upward still,
by way of the moon and further on;
but the trouble was she went
without Papa's permission.

When she finally got back
from the domains of the Lord,
she beheld herself all enveloped
in a soft radiance.

And the king said, "What have you been up
to?
I have been looking for you and could not find you;
and what have you on your breast

that looks like something of you on fire?"

The princess never told a lie
and so she told the truth:
"I went to pick my own star,
in the immensity of blue,"
And the king shouts: "Haven't I told you
the blue is not to be touched?
What madness! What a notion!
The Lord is going to be angry."

And says she, "I din't mean it.
I just went, I can't tell why.
Over the waves and in the wind
I went to the star and picked it."

And Papa says, very angry,
"You must have a punishment:
go back to the sky and right now
you are going to return what you stole."
The princess is growing sad
over her soft flower of light,
when just then appears
Gentle Jesus, smiling.

And this is what he says:
"In my country place I gave her that rose
for a present.
My flowers belong to little girls
who think of me in their dreams."

The king puts on brilliant clothes
and then orders a parade
of four hundred elephants
by the shore of the sea.

The little princess is looking lovely,
since now she has the shawl-brooch
on which are shining, with the star,
verse, pearl, feather and flower.

Margarita, the sea is bright,
and the wind
carries a subtle attar of citrus flowers:
your breath.
Now that you are going to be far from me,
keep, little girl, a kindly thought
of him who one day wanted to tell you
a story.

Songs by George Walker

by Paul Lawrence Dunbar

Response

When Phyllis sighs and from her eyes
The light dies out; my heart replies
With misery of deep-drawn breath,
E'en as it were at war with death.

When Phyllis smiles, here glance beguiles
My heart through love-lit woodland aisles,
and through the silence high and clear,
A wooing warbler's song I hear.

So frown not Phyllis, lest I die,
But look on me with smile or sigh.

by Lord Byron

So, We'll Go No More A-Roving

So, we'll go no more a-roving
So late into the night,
Though the heart be still as loving
And the moon be still as bright.

For the sword outwears its sheath,
And the soul wears out the breast,
And the heart must pause to breathe,
And Love itself have rest.

Though the night was made for loving,
And the day returns too soon,
Yet we'll go no more a-roving
By the light of the moon.

Anonymous

Hey Nonny No

Hey nonino no!
Men are fools that wish to die!
Is't not fine to dance and sing
When the bells of death do ring?
Is't not fine to swim in wine,
And turn upon the toe
And sing hey nonino,
When the winds blow and the seas flow?
Hey nonino no!

Anonymous

Sweet, Let Me Go

Sweet, let me go! Sweet let me go!
What do you mean to vex me so?
Cease your pleading force!
Do you think thus to extort remorse?
Now, now! no more! alas, you overbear me,
And I would cry-but some I fear would hear me.

Anonymous

The Bereaved Maid

Lully lullay,
lully lullay
The falcon has borne my mate away.
He bare him up, he bare him down,
He bare him into an orchard brown.

In that orchard there was a hall
That was hanged with purple and pall;
And in that hall there was a bed,
It was hanged with gold so red;
And in that bed there lieth a knight
His woundes bleeding by day and night.

By that bedside kneeleth a may,
And she weepeth both night and day;
And by that bedside there standeth a Stone,
Corpus Christi written there on.

Lully lullay,
lully lullay
The falcon hath borne my mate away.

by Emily Dickinson

I Went To Heaven

I went to heaven
'Twas a small town,
Lit with a ruby lathed with down
Stillter than the fields
At the full dew,
Beautiful as pictures no man drew
People like the moth
Of mechlin frames
Duties of gossamer
And eider names
Almost contented I could be
'mong such unique Society,
Society, society.

by Robert Burns

A Red, Red Rose

O, my luvie is like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June.
O my luvie is like the melodie
That's sweetly played in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luvie am I,
And I will love thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun!
And I will luvie thee still, my dear,
While the sand o' life shall run

And fare thee weel, my only luvie,
And fare thee weel awhile!
And I will come again, my luvie,
Though it were ten thousand mile!

by Emily Dickinson

What If I Say I Shall Not Wait

What if I say I shall not wait?
What if I burst the fleshly gate
And pass, escaped to thee?
What if I file this mortal off
See where it hurt me,
that's enough,
And wade in liberty?
They cannot take us anymore,
Dungeons may call, and guns implore;
Unmeaning now to me
As laughter was an hour ago,
Or laces, or a traveling show,
Or who died yesterday!

I Have No Life But This

I have no life but this,
To lead it here;
Nor any death, but lest dispelled from there;
Nor ties to earths to come,
Nor action new,
Except through this extent,
The realm of you.

Bequest

You left me sweet, two legacies,
A legacy of love
A Heavenly Father would content
Had He the offer of;
You left me boundaries of pain
Capacious as the sea,
Between eternity and time,
your consciousness and me.

by A.E. Housman

With Rue My Heart Is Laden

With rue my heart is laden
For golden friends I had,
For many a rose-lipt maiden
And many a lightfoot lad.

By brooks too broad for leaping
The lightfoot boys are laid;
The rose-lipt girls are sleeping
In fields where roses fade.