John Musto's training as a jazz and classical pianist has allowed a healthy duality to grow throughout his compositional career. *Recuerdo* (*Memory*), a cycle of four songs written for William Sharp and Steven Blier in 1987, includes the elegiac “A Last Song,” which the composer dedicated to the memory of his friend Jeffery French, as well as “Recuerdo,” an impression of Edna Saint Vincent Millay’s jazz-age New York. “Nothing Gold Can Stay” and “The Rose Family” comprise Musto’s 1986 mini-cycle *Two by Frost*. As the title implies, it consists of brief settings of short Robert Frost poems.

Born in 1954 in Brooklyn, Musto studied at the Manhattan School of Music. In 2007 the National Gallery of Art and the Opera Studio at the University of Maryland commissioned Musto to write an opera in honor of the exhibition *Edward Hopper*. The result was *Later the Same Evening, an Opera Inspired by Five Paintings of Edward Hopper*, which received its world premiere performances at the university and the National Gallery in December 2007.

An author and composer with a unique and powerful voice, Paul Bowles left the University of Virginia after one semester for Paris, where he took up study with Nadia Boulanger and her pupils Aaron Copland and Virgil Thomson. In the early 1930s he befriended Gertrude Stein, who preferred Bowles’ middle name to his first, calling him “Freddy.” Two of her letters to Bowles bookend the final set on tonight’s program. The straightforward “Letter to Freddy” sharply contrasts Stein’s typically eccentric writing style as revealed in “April Fool Baby.” “Secret Words” and “Sleeping Song” are more personal texts, written by Bowles himself and set as stand-alone art songs. “A Little Closer, Please” sends a simple message accompanied by a lively march. The two songs from Tennessee Williams’ *In the Winter of Cities* evoke particular images with simple musical devices—a fellow in a rocking chair with a country drawl accompanied by ragtime music in “Lonesome Man,” and a taciturn reflection on three past loves accompanied by childishly simple music in “Three.”

*Program notes by Michael Jacko, concert aide, National Gallery of Art*
Program

“Barber and Friends”

Samuel Barber (1910–1981)

*Hermit Songs*, op. 29 (1933)

- At Saint Patrick’s Purgatory
- Church Bell at Night
- Saint Ita’s Vision
- The Heavenly Banquet
- The Crucifixion
- Sea Snatch
- Promiscuity
- The Monk and His Cat
- The Praises of God
- The Desire for Hermitage

Virgil Thomson (1896–1989)

*Two by Marianne Moore*

- English Usage
- My Crow Pluto

*From Five Songs from William Blake*

- The Little Black Boy
- Tiger Tiger

*From Mostly about Love*

- Love Song
- A Prayer to Saint Catherine

INTERMISSION

Barber

*Three Songs*, op. 45 (1972)

- Now Have I Fed and Eaten Up the Rose
- A Green Lowland of Pianos
- O Boundless, Boundless Evening

John Musto (b. 1954)

- A Last Song
- Nothing Gold Can Stay
- The Rose Family
- Recuerdo

Paul Bowles (1910–1999)

- Letter to Freddy
- Secret Words
- A Little Closer, Please
- Lonesome Man
- Sleeping Song
- Three
- April Fool Baby
The Musicians

ROSA IAMOREAUX

Acclaimed for her “scrupulous musicianship...gorgeous sound and stylistic acuity” (Washington Post), Rosa Lamoreaux maintains an international career of broad scope, including solo recitals, chamber music, opera, and orchestral performances at Carnegie Hall, the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion, the Kennedy Center, Royal Albert Hall, Strathmore Hall, and the Washington National Cathedral, among other major concert venues. Highlights of the current season include Debussy’s La Damoselle élue at the National Gallery of Art; Bach Cantatas and the B Minor Mass at the Phillips Collection, Bethlehem Bach Festival, and Washington National Cathedral; and American musical revues for the Dumbarton Concert Series. Her concert tours abroad have included performances in Italy, Germany, the United Kingdom, Brazil, Peru, and Japan. Highly praised as a Bach soloist, Lamoreaux is featured regularly at the Bethlehem and Carmel Bach Festivals, and she is a frequent soloist with the Cathedral Choral Society, Choral Arts of Washington, the National Philharmonic Chorale, and the Washington Bach Consort. Her orchestral credits include the Atlanta, Cincinnati, and Dallas Symphony Orchestras. Greatly in demand as a chamber music performer, she sings with ArcoVoce, Chatham Baroque, the Folger Consort, Four Nations Ensemble, Hesperus, Musica Aperta, and Opera Lafayette.

Now in her eighth season as artistic director of the National Gallery of Art Vocal Ensemble, Rosa Lamoreaux’s museum performance venues also include the Cloisters, the Corcoran Gallery, the Louvre, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Phillips Collection, and the Smithsonian Institution. She recently received her seventh Washington Area Music Association WAMMIE award as Best Classical Vocalist. With numerous recordings of music from Hildegard von Bingen to Stephen Paulus to her credit as well as broadcast concerts on PBS, BBC, and CBC, she maintains a website at www.rosasings.com.

WILLIAM SHARP

Much in demand as an opera soloist, recitalist, and recording artist, baritone William Sharp has enjoyed an extremely busy 2011–2012 season, which included major roles in two operatic premieres — The Inspector by John Musto and Le Roi et le Fermier by Pierre-Alexandre Monsigny. Sharp also sang the world premiere of David Froom’s Amichai Songs in their orchestral version at River Concerts in Saint Mary’s City, Maryland; Charles Villiers Stanford’s orchestral song cycle The Songs of the Fleet with the Chorus of Westerly and the Boston Festival Orchestra; six performances of Mahler’s Kindertotenlieder; and four performances of Copland’s Old American Songs with the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra under Marin Alsop. Locally, he sang music of Charles Ives with the Post Classical Ensemble and portrayed Ebenezer Scrooge in Jon Deak’s The Passion of Scrooge with the 21st-Century Consort at the Smithsonian American Art Museum. Also active in the recording studio, he completed his second recordings of both Johann Sebastian Bach’s Passions according to Saint Matthew and Saint John as well as Schumann’s Dichterliebe and Liederkreis, op. 39.

William Sharp made his song recital debut in New York in 1983 at the 92nd Street Y and sang to a standing-room-only audience in Carnegie Hall later that year. Winner of the 1987 Carnegie Hall International American Music Competition, he was nominated for the 1989 Grammy award for Best Classical Vocal Performance for his recording of songs by American composers. He is featured on the 1990 Grammy award-winning world premiere recording of Leonard Bernstein’s Arias and Barcarolles.
A prize-winning soloist and chamber musician who frequently collaborates
with vocalists, Maribeth Gowen has made concerto appearances with the
Alabama, Baltimore, Chattanooga, and Tucson Symphony Orchestras as well
as the National Chamber Orchestra and the National Gallery of Art Orchestra.
She has performed in many of the nation's premiere concert venues, including
the National Gallery, the Phillips Collection, and Weill Hall at Carnegie
Hall in New York. Outside the United States, she has been heard in Meunster,
Germany and Istanbul and Izmir, Turkey as well as at the International
Bellapais Music Festival in North Cyprus. Ms. Gowen's teachers and coaches
have included Nelita True, Menahem Pressler, and the members of the
Guarneri Quartet.

Program Notes

Aided by his early childhood vocal studies, Samuel Barber grew into a
versatile composer gifted in writing for the voice. His relationship with his
aunt and uncle, Louise and Sidney Homer, a contralto at the Metropolitan
Opera and an art song composer respectively, contributed to his constant
contact with and enjoyment of the art song genre.

The Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge Foundation commissioned *Hermit Songs,*
and engaged Leontyne Price to sing the premiere at the Library of Congress
on October 30, 1953, with Barber as her accompanist. The song texts originate
from anonymous writings by Irish monks between the eighth and thirteenth
centuries, embodying a wide array of characters from pious to obscene and
frivolous to deeply philosophical.

Barber completed *Three Songs,* op. 45, in 1972 during a period of per-
sonal upheaval. His third opera, *Antony and Cleopatra,* had failed at the
Metropolitan Opera in 1966; he and his partner, Gian Carlo Menotti, had
sold their beloved Westchester home; and he had been suffering from
alcoholism and depression throughout the 1960s. Gottfried Keller’s poem
“Now Have I Fed and Eaten Up the Rose” is part of a cycle concerning a man
who has been buried alive. Though the theme is disturbing, terror is absent
from James Joyce’s translated excerpt and Barber’s setting, which depicts a
character with no place to go. “A Green Lowland of Pianos” is gentle and
filled with quirky surprises, and “O Boundless, Boundless Evening” is a
nostalgic tune saturated with a sense of desolation.

While a student at Harvard, Kansas City native Virgil Thomson visited
Paris while on tour with the Harvard Glee Club. Upon finishing his Harvard
degree in 1924, he applied for and received a fellowship for study in Paris.
His love for the city led him to take up residence there, where he stayed
until 1940. He became a fixture of Paris in the 1920s and 1930s, studying
composition with Nadia Boulanger and developing relationships with Aaron
Copland, Ernest Hemingway, Pablo Picasso, Gertrude Stein, and Igor
Stravinsky, among other artists and musicians. A devotee of the music of
Satie, Thomson imbued his own music with simplicity and charm, and
developed considerable facility in writing for the voice.
SONG TEXTS

SONGS OF SAMUEL BARBER

THE HERMIT SONGS

I. At Saint Patrick's Purgatory

Pity me on my pilgrimage to Loch Derg!
O King of the churches and the bells
bewailing your sores and your wounds,
But not a tear can I squeeze from my eyes!
Not moisten an eye after so much sin!
Pity me, O King!
What shall I do with a heart that seeks
only its own ease?
O only begotten Son by whom all men were made,
who shunned not the death by three wounds,
pity me on my pilgrimage to Loch Derg
and I with a heart not softer than a stone!
Anonymous Irish text, 13th century

II. Church Bell at Night

Sweet little bell, struck on a windy night,
I would liefer keep tryst with thee
Than be
With a light and foolish woman.
Anonymous Irish text, 12th century

III. St. Ita's Vision

"I will take nothing from my Lord," said she,
"unless He gives me His Son from Heaven
In the form of a Baby that I may nurse Him."
So that Christ came down to her
in the form of a Baby and then she said:
"Infant Jesus, at my breast,
Nothing in this world is true
Save, O tiny nursling, You.
Infant Jesus, at my breast,
By my heart every night,
You I nurse are not
A churl but were begot
On Mary the Jewess by Heaven's Light,
Infant Jesus, at my breast,
what King is there but You who could
Give everlasting Good?
wherefor I give my food.
Sing to Him, maidens, sing your best!
There is none that has such right
To your song as Heaven's King
Who every night
Is Infant Jesus at my breast."
Attributed to St. Ita, 8th century

IV. The Heavenly Banquet

I would like to have the men of Heaven
in my own house;
with vats of good cheer laid out for them.
I would like to have the three Marys,
their fame is so great.
I would like people from every corner of Heaven.
I would like them to be cheerful in their drinking.
I would like to have Jesus sitting here among them.
I would like a great lake of beer for the King of Kings.
I would like to be watching Heaven's family
Drinking it through all eternity.
Attributed to St. Brigid, 10th century

V. The Crucifixion

At the cry of the first bird
They began to crucify Thee, O Swan!
Never shall lament cease because of that.
It was like the parting of day from night.
Ah, sore was the suffering borne
By the body of Mary's Son,
But soreer still to Him was the grief
Which for His sake
Came upon His Mother.
From The Speckled Book, 12th century

VI. Sea-Snatch

It has broken us, it has crushed us, it has drowned us,
O King of the starbright Kingdom of Heaven;
the wind has consumed us, swallowed us,
as timber is devoured by crimson fire from Heaven.
It has broken us, it has crushed us, it has drowned us,
O King of the starbright Kingdom of Heaven!
Anonymous Irish text, 8th-9th century
VII. Promiscuity
I do not know with whom Edan will sleep, but I do know that fair Edan will not sleep alone.
Anonymous Irish text, 9th century

VIII. The Monk and His Cat
Pangur, white Pangur,
How happy we are
Alone together,
Scholar and cat.
Each has his own work to do daily;
For you it is hunting, for me study.
Your shining eye watches the wall;
my feeble eye is fixed on a book.
You rejoice when your claws
Entrap a mouse;
I rejoice when my mind
Fathoms a problem.
Pleased with his own art,
Neither hinders the other;
Thus we live ever
Without tedium and envy.
Pangur, white Pangur,
How happy we are
Alone together,
Scholar and cat.
Anonymous Irish text, 8th or 9th century

IX. The Praises of God
How foolish the man
Who does not raise
His voice and praise
With joyful words,
As he alone can,
Heaven's High King.
To Whom the light birds
With no soul but air,
All day, everywhere
Laudation sing.
Anonymous Irish text, 11th century

X. The Desire for Hermitage
Ah! To be all alone in a little cell with nobody
near me;
beloved that pilgrimage before the last pilgrimage
to Death.
Singing the passing hours to cloudy Heaven;
feeding upon dry bread and water from the
cold spring.
That will be an end to evil when I am alone
in a lovely little corner among tombs
far from the houses of the great.
Ah! to be all alone in a little cell,
to be alone, all alone:
Alone I came into the world,
alone I shall go from it.
Anonymous Irish text, 8th-9th century

SONGS OF VIRGIL
THOMSON

TWO by MARIANNE MOORE
English Usage
Make a fuss
and be tedious.
I am annoyed?
Yes, am.
I avoid "adore"
and "bore";
am, I
say, by
the word
(bore), bored;
I refuse
to use
"divine"
to mean
something
pleasing:
"terrific color"
for some horror.
Though flat
myself, I'd say that
"Atlas"
(pressed glass)
looks best
embossed.
I refuse
to use
"enchant",
"dement";
even "fright-
ful plight"
(however justified)
or "frivol-
oun fool"
(whatever suitable).

I've escaped, oh?
am still trapped
by these
word diseases.
No pauses,
the phrases
lack lyric
force;
sound caprick-like
Antic Afric
Alcaic
or freak
calico Greek.
(Not verse
of course)
I'm sure of this:
Nothing mundane is divine;
Nothing divine is mundane.
From "Ave Ardeur"

My Crow Pluto
Of:
my crow
Pluto,
the true
Plato,
aazzurro-
nero
green-blue
rainbow,
Victor Hugo,
it is true
we know
that the crow
"has wings" how-
ever pigeon-toed
inturned on grass. We do
(adagio)
Vivo-
rosso

"corvo";
although
con dizio-
ario
to parlo
Italiano-
this pseudo
Esperanto
which, savio
aceto,
you speak too-
my vow and motto
(botto e toto)
to giuro
e questo
cred:
lauro
e peso morta.
And so
dear crow-
gioiello
mio.
I have to
let you go;
a bel bosco
generoso,
tuttato
vagabondo,
serafino
uvaceco.
Sunto,
oltremarino
verecendo
Plato, addio.
From "Tell Me, Tell Me"
**The Little Black Boy**

And I am black, but O, my soul is white!

From FIVE SONGS FROM WILLIAM BLAKE

My mother bore me in the southern wild,

And, sitting down before the heat of day,

And flowers and trees and beasts and men receive

Comfort in morning, joy in the noonday.

And these black bodies and this sunburnt face

That we may learn to bear the beams of love;

And round the tent of God like lambs we joy,

And treat me in every way with kindness.

**From MOSTLY ABOUT LOVE**

Love Song

I love you as a sheriff searches for a walnut

That will solve a murder case unsolved for years

Because the murderer left it in the snow

beside a window

Through which he saw her head, connecting with

Her shoulders by a neck, and laid a red

Inside a bottle, thank goodness! I love you as a

Kid searches for a goat; I am crazier than shirttails

Of long hills on the skyline will be gone,

Of a ship which sails

Of clear dream country now, rich-hued by sun.

A Prayer to Saint Catherine

If I am to be preserved from heartache and shyness

By Saint Catherine of Siena,

I am praying to her that she will hear my prayer

And treat me in every way with kindness.

I went to Siena to Saint Catherine's own church

(If it is impossible to deny this)

To pray to her to cure me of my heartache

And shyness.

Which she can do, because she is a great saint.

Other saints would regard my prayer as foolish.

Saint Nicolas, for example.

He would chuckle, "God helps those who

help themselves,

Other saints would regard my prayer as foolish.

Saint Nicolas, for example.

He would chuckle, "God helps those who

help themselves,

Saint Catherine of Siena,

If this song pleases you, then be good enough to

answer the prayer it contains.

Make the person that sings this song less shy

than that person is.

And give that person some joy in that

person's heart.

Kenneth Koch

**SONGS OF SAMUEL BARBER**

THREE SONGS, OP. 45

Now Have I Fed and Eaten Up the Rose

Now have I fed and eaten up the rose

Which then she laid within my stiffcold hand.

That I should ever feed upon a rose

I never had believed in liveman's land.

Only I wonder was it white or red

The flower that in the darkness my food has been.

Give us, and if Thou give, thy daily bread,

In brilliant bays. Yet in ravines beyond

Between the hills already nests the night.

Christopher Middleton, from the German of

George Heym
SONGS OF JOHN MUSTO

Last Song
Goodbye, goodbye!
There was so much to love, I could not love it all;
I could not love it enough.
Some things I overlooked, and some I could not find.
Let the crystal clasp them
When you drink your wine, in autumn.
Louise Bogan, from *After the Persian
In memoriam Jeffery French*

Two By Frost
1. Nothing Gold Can Stay
Nature's first green is gold,
Her hardest hue to hold.
Her early leafs a flower;
But her late leafs are the floweret of her time.
Edward St. Vincent Milly

We lay on a hilltop underneath the moon;
And the whistles kept blowing, and the dawn came soon.
And the pear is, and so's
The dear only knows
That the apple's a rose,
And was always a rose.
The plum, I suppose.
The rose is a rose,
But we looked into the fire, we leaned across a table,
We were very tired, we were very merry —

The Rose Family
The rose is a rose
And was always a rose.
But the theory now goes
That the apple's a rose, And the pear is, and so's
The plum, I suppose.
The rose is a rose,
But the theory now goes
That the apple's a rose.

Two still wanted.
One I lost
Two I kept
Three I lost
Three I kept

One I kept
Two I lost
Three is shelter'd
under frost.
One I tired of
Two still wanted.
Three the starry
meadows haunted.
One was faithful
Two was clever
Three stayed in
my heart forever.

Tennessee Williams, from *In the Winter of Cities*

April Fool Baby
It seems to be a note to she the sweet sweetie
But actually it's April Fool to tender she
My sweetheart
She is all me my sweetie
April full of fool which is me for my sweetie
Dear April which made she to be
All to he
April Fool to his sweetie which is she
Tenderly excessively sweetly
My April Fool baby
Gertrude Stein

SONGS OF PAUL BOWLES

Letter to Freddy
My dear Freddy,
I did not answer sooner because being a little troubled about you I wanted to see Harry first.
Now I have and as it seems that you are really not well don't you think it would be best to come to Paris where you can be looked after, and we all can decide what you ought to do. You poor boy, it's bad to be all alone and I do think that you had better come here, don't you?
Always, Gertrude Stein.

Secret Words
Far within your face I saw the night
And in the night I saw the stars
And then the stars became your eyes
Awaiting secret words from me
But that can never, never be
Because I know the night has sealed your heart.

Oh, sing a song of lands where we might have wandered, long, long ago.
Sing a song of days when the earth was younger
Days we'll never know.
Far within the night I heard the sea,
And on the sea I heard the wind
And then the wind became your voice
Entreating secret words from me
But this shall never, never be.
The dark has sealed your heart

William Saroyan, from *Love's Old Sweet Song*

Lonesome Man
My chair rock-rocks by the door all day
But nobody ever stops my way,
Nobody ever stops by my way.
My teef chaw-chaw on an old ham bone an’t
I do the dishes all alone,
I do the dishes all by my lone.
My feet clop-clop on the hardwood floor 'cause
I don't want love from the mercantile store.
I won't buy love at the hardware store,
But nobody ever stops my way,

Tennessee Williams, from *In the Winter of Cities*