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For my husband, whose kindness, love, and wisdom never cease to amaze me.

And for my children, who continue to teach me how to love, and be loved, unconditionally.

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Jacqueline B. Hairston's *On consciousness streams* is published by Southern Illinois Press. Gary Powell Nash's *Two Songs* and Tom Cipullo's *In the middle of a life* are available direct from the composers.

Open Thine Heart



Marcía Porter, soprano Valerie M. Trujillo, piano

Contemporary American Songs by

Tom Cipullo Antonio Carlos DeFeo

Jacqueline B. Hairston Gary Powell Nash

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The Composers

Composer **Tom Cipullo**'s works have been heard at concert halls on four continents, from San Francisco to Tel Aviv, from Stockholm to LaPaz. The winner of a 2012 Guggenheim Fellowship, Mr. Cipullo has received commissions from the Mirror Visions Ensemble, SongFest at Pepperdine, the Joy in Singing, Sequitur, Cantori New York, tenor Paul Sperry, mezzo-soprano Mary Ann Hart, the Five Boroughs Music Festival, pianist Jeanne Golan, soprano Martha Guth, the Walt Whitman Project, baritone Jesse Blumberg, the New York Festival of Song, and many others. He has received awards and fellowships from Yaddo, the MacDowell Colony, the Virginia Center for the Creative Arts, Copland House, the Liguria Study Center (Bogliasso, Italy), the Fundacion Valparaiso (Spain), the Oberpfälzer Kuenstlerhaus (Bavaria), ASCAP, Meet the Composer, and the Jory Copying Program. *The New York Times* has called his music "haunting," and *The Boston Globe* remarked that his work "literally sparkled with wit." *The Pittsburgh Post-Gazette* has called him "an expert in writing for the voice." Recent honors include the Minneapolis Pops New Orchestral Repertoire Award (2009) for *Sparkler*, the National Association of Teachers of Singing Art Song Award (2008) for the song-cycle *Of a Certain Age* (commissioned by the soprano Hope Hudson), the Aaron Copland Award from Copland House (2007), and the Phyllis Wattis Prize for song composition from the San Francisco Song Festival for *Drifts & Shadows* (2006).

Tom Cipullo's song cycles *A Visit with Emily*, *Another Reason Why I Don't Keep a Gun in the House*, and *Of a Certain Age* are published by Oxford University Press. Other works are distributed by Classical Vocal Reprints. His music has been recorded on the Albany, CRI, PGM, MSR Classics, GPR, and Capstone labels.

A native New Yorker, composer **Antonio Carlos DeFeo** (b.1973) finds himself equally comfortable writing music for dance, theater, film, or the concert hall. His compositions have been commissioned and performed by renowned performers including Renée Fleming, Osmo Vänska, David Alan Miller and Paul Lustig Dunkel. His work has been performed at Tanglewood Music Center, Salzburg Music Festival, Williamstown Theatre Festival, Central City Opera, Westchester Performing Arts Center and the Dreikönigskirche Festival. DeFeo composed the acclaimed score for the 2003 feature film *All American Boy*, a winner at the Houston film festival that year. He has also released an album of his popular songs *Sky and Water Blue* on which he performs all the instruments and vocals.

DeFeo is particularly fond of intertwining live acoustic instruments with prerecorded voices and electronic or acoustic sounds — a technique he calls *audio collage*. DeFeo has implemented audio collage in his orchestral, chamber, and vocal works in which a soundtrack is played simultaneously with live performers. The result is otherworldly; the audience experiencing kaleidoscopic textures and ambience — often sounds that can be produced in no other way.

He has won awards and recognition for his work from the Jerome Foundation, Turner Classic Movies, The Westchester Millennium Commission, The John Lennon Songwriting Competition, The American Composers Forum, the National Association of Teachers of Singing, and ASCAP. DeFeo has received degrees from Berklee College of Music and Manhattan School of Music.

Jacqueline Hairston is an ASCAP award-winning composer, arranger, pianist, music educator, and vocal coach. Considered a foremost expert on the Spiritual and music from the African diaspora, she received her musical education at Juilliard School of Music, Howard University, and Columbia University. She is considered a leading composer and arranger especially of spirituals. Her arrangements have been performed and/or recorded by internationally acclaimed singers Kathleen Battle, Grace Bumbry, Simon Estes, Jubilate Sykes, Robert Sims, and the late Baritone William Warfield and Benjamin Matthews, as well as orchestras worldwide: the London Philharmonic; Lisbon, Portugal's Metropolitan Orchestra; and the Oakland East Bay Symphony in California.

Also interested in music and sound healing, Hairston has released a debut piano CD entitled *Spiritual Roots & Classical Fruits: A Healing Harvest* available worldwide. Another of her original piano work serves as the background for the new six-CD *Sounds True, Inc.* compilation series, "The Living Wisdom of Howard Thurman."

She is the recipient of several awards, including the Jefferson Awards for "Preserving Negro Spirituals" presented by San Francisco's Channel 5-TV station; Oakland's Arts First and 1st Congregational Church's "Light of the City Award"; the Living Legends Award in Los Angeles from the Georgia & Nolan Payton African Diaspora Sacred Music Archive; and a 2011 Inductee into the 18th Annual Alameda County Women's Hall of Fame, representing the category of *Culture & Art*.

Gary Powell Nash is an Associate Professor of Music at Fisk University in Nashville, TN where he teaches theory, composition, music technology, applied woodwinds and conducts the Fisk University Jazz/Chamber Music Ensemble. He was Assistant/Associate Professor of Music Composition and Theory at Mississippi Valley State University from 1996-2003 where his duties included teaching and coordinating classes in music theory and composition, conducting the MVSU Clarinet Ensemble and assisting with the MVSU Marching Band. His music has been performed in all major regions of the United States and abroad in countries such as Canada, Italy, People's Republic of China, Philippines, Spain, Taiwan, United Kingdom and Vietnam.

Nash has received numerous grants, commissions and awards for his compositions including a Fulbright Scholars Grant to the Philippines, where he was Visiting Professor of Music Composition at University of the Philippines-Diliman, UNCF/Mellon Foundation Faculty Seminar in Ghana, Tennessee Music Teachers Association Composer of the Year, Mississippi Arts Commission Artist Fellowship, American Composers Forum, Mississippi Humanities Council, Virginia Center for the Creative Arts Artists' Colony and an ASCAP Foundation Grant to Young Composers Award. Nine of Nash's compositions are featured on compact disc with the latest being *Deformation V* for bassoon and piano on the CD *Legacy* featuring Lecolion Washington, bassoon.

The Texts

Antonio Carlos DeFeo: Songs of Separation

When we two parted

Lord Gordon Byron (1788-1824)

When we two parted
In silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted
To sever for years,
Pale grew thy cheek and cold,
Colder thy kiss;
Truly that hour foretold
Sorrow to this.

The dew of the morning
Sunk chill on my brow—
It felt like the warning
Of what I feel now.
Thy vows are all broken,
And light is thy fame:
I hear thy name spoken,
And share in its shame.

They name thee before me,
A knell to mine ear;
A shudder comes o'er me—
Why wert thou so dear?
They know not I knew thee,
Who knew thee too well:
Long, long shall I rue thee,
Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met—
In silence I grieve,
That thy heart could forget,
Thy spirit deceive.
If I should meet thee
After long years,
How should I greet thee?
With silence and tears.

By this he knew she wept with waking eyes

George Meredith (1828-1909)

By this he knew she wept with waking eyes:
That, at his hands light quiver by her head,
The strange low sobs that shook their common bed
Were called into her with a sharp surprise,
And strangled mute, like little gaping snakes,
Dreadfully venomous to him. She lay
Stone-still, and the long darkness flowed away
With muffled pulses. Then, as midnight makes
Her giant heart of Memory and Tears
Drink the pale drug of silence, and so beat
Sleep's heavy measure, they from head to feet
Were moveless, looking through their dead black years
By vain regret scrawled over the blank wall.
Like sculptured effigies they might be seen
Upon their marriage-tomb, the sword between;
Each wishing for the sword that severs all.

Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part

Michael Drayton (1563-1631)

Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part,
Nay I am done you get no more of me;
And I am glad, yes, glad with all my heart,
That thus so cleanly I myself can free.
Shake hands forever, cancel all our vows,
and when we meet at any time again,
be it not seen, on either of our brows,
that we one jot of former love retain.
Now at the last gasp of Love's latest breath,
when his pulse failing Passion speechless lies,
when Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
and innocence is closing up his eyes,
Now if thy wouldst, when all has given him over,
From death to life thou might'st him yet recover.

Gary Powell Nash:

Two Songs (of Paul Laurence Dunbar)

Paul Laurence Dunbar (1872-1909)

I.

A bee that was searching for sweets one day
Through the gate of a rose garden happened to stray.
In the heart of a rose he hid away,
And forgot in his bliss the light of day,
As sipping his honey he buzzed in song;
Though day was waning, he lingered long,
For the rose was sweet, so sweet.

A robin sits pluming his ruddy breast,
And a madrigal sings to his love in her nest:
"Oh, the skies they are blue, the fields are green,
And the birds in your nest will soon be seen!"
She hangs on his words with a thrill of love,
And chirps to him as he sits above
For the song is sweet, so sweet.

A maiden was out on a summer's day
With the winds and the waves and the flowers at play;
And she met with a youth of gentle air,
With the light of the sunshine on his hair.
Together they wandered the flowers among;
They loved, and loving they lingered long,
For to love is sweet, so sweet.

II.

Bird of my lady's bower,
Sing her a song;
Tell her that every hour,
All the day long,
Thoughts of her come to me,
Filling my brain
With the warm ecstasy
Of love's refrain.

Little bird! happy bird!
Being so near,
Where e'en her slightest word
Thou mayest hear,
Seeing her glancing eyes,
Sheen of her hair,
Thou art in paradise,—
Would I were there.

I am so far away,
Thou art so near;
Plead with her, birdling gay,
Plead with my dear.
Rich be thy recompense,
Fine be thy fee,
If through thine eloquence
She hearken me.

**Tom Cipullo:
Late Summer
Crickets**

William Heyen (b. 1940)

Evenings,
Evenings,
Where lawns are not sprayed with poisons,
you can still hear the crickets,
you can still see lightning bugs signaling, look,
a yellow green strobe under the trees, but gone,
but there again,
sometimes in the same spot
and sometimes not
as the tiny purveyors of phosphor drift past our houses,
looking for one another,
and the crickets, crickets, crickets,
the ones that still have their legs,
keep scraping them together,
listen,
maybe for the last time on earth,
Listen
Listen...Listen...Listen...

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... **Summer into Autumn slips**
Emily Dickinson (1830-1886) (excerpted from 1346)

... Summer into Autumn slips
And yet we sooner say
"The Summer" than "the Autumn," lest
We turn the sun away,

And almost count it an affront
the presence to concede
Of one however lovely, not
the one that we have loved...

Touch Me

Stanley Kunitz (1905-2006)

Summer is late, my heart.
Words plucked out of the air
some forty years ago
when I was wild with love
and torn almost in two
scatter like leaves this night
of whistling wind and rain.
It is my heart that's late,
it is my song that's flown.
Outdoors all afternoon
under a gunmetal sky
staking my garden down,
I kneeled to the crickets trilling
underfoot as if about
to burst from their crusty shells;
and like a child again
marveled to hear so clear
and brave a music pour

from such a small machine.
What makes the engine go?
Desire, desire, desire.
The longing for the dance
stirs in the buried life.
One season only,
and it's done.

So let the battered old willow
thrash against the windowpanes
and the house timbers creak.
Darling, do you remember
the man you married? Touch me,
remind me who I am.

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**Jacqueline B. Hairston:
On consciousness streams
On consciousness streams**

Jacqueline B. Hairston

On consciousness streams
soars a metaphor of delight
with the joy and hope for tomorrow
Oh listen! Make haste without waste,
for tomorrow will wait for no one,
lest he knows from whence he comes
Fret not! The time to act is now!

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Thou alone canst inspire
Ludwig von Beethoven (1770-1827)

O lead my spirit,
O raise it from these heavy depths,
Transported by Thy art and fearlessly and
joyfully it soars up to Thee.
For Thou, Thou knowest all things.
Thou alone canst inspire

The Season of Remembrance
Dr. Howard Thurman (1900-1981)

AGAIN and again, it comes:
The Time of Recollection,
The Season of Remembrance.
Empty vessels of hope fill up again;
Forgotten treasures of dreams reclaim their place;
Long-lost memories come trooping back to me.
This is my season of remembrance,
My time of recollection.
Into the challenge of my anguish
I throw the strength of all my hope:
I match the darts of my despair with the treasures of my dreams;
Upon the current of my heart
I float the burdens of the years;
I challenge the mind of death with my love of life.
Such to me is the Time of Recollection,
The Season of Remembrance.

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Antonio Carlos DeFeo:**Three Simple Songs**

from *Sonnets from the Portuguese*

Elizabeth Barrett Browning (1806-1861)

Sonnet XXXV

If I leave all for thee, will thou exchange
 And be all to me? Shall I never miss
 The common kiss and blessing
 That comes to each in turn, nor count it strange,
 When I look up, to drop on a new range
 Of walls and floors, another home than this?
 Will thou fill that place by me?
 And, if to conquer love, has tried,
 To conquer grief, tries more, as all things prove;
 For grief indeed is love and grief beside.
 Alas, I've grieved so I am hard to love.
 Yet love me—will thou? Open thine heart wide,
 And fold within, the wet wings of thy dove.

Sonnet XI

Therefore if to love can be desert,
 I am not all unworthy. Cheeks as pale
 As these you see, and trembling knees that fail
 To bear the burden of a heavy heart,—
 This weary minstrel life that once was girt
 Now pipes against the valley nightingale
 A melancholy music,—why advert
 To these things? O Beloved, it is plain
 I am not of thy worth nor for thy place!
 And yet, because I love thee, I obtain
 From that same love this vindicating grace,
 To live on still in love, and yet in vain,—
 To bless thee, yet renounce thee to thy face.

Sonnet XXIII

Is it indeed so? If I lay here dead,
 Wouldst thou miss any life in losing mine?
 And would the sun for thee more coldly shine
 Because of grave-damps falling round my head?
 I marvelled, my Belovèd, when I read
 Thy thought so in the letter. I am thine—
 But . . . so much to thee? Can I pour thy wine
 While my hands tremble? Then my soul, instead
 Of dreams of death, resumes life's lower range.
 Then love me, Love! look on me—breathe on me!
 As brighter ladies do not count it strange,
 For love, to give up acres and degree,
 I yield the grave for thy sake, and exchange
 My near sweet view of Heaven, for earth with thee!

Tom Cipullo:**In the middle of a life****Because**

Linda Pastan (b. 1932)

Because the night you asked me,
 the small scar of the quarter moon had healed
 the moon was whole again
 because life seemed so short;
 because life stretched
 before me like the darkened halls of nightmare
 because I knew exactly what I wanted;
 because I knew exactly nothing;
 because I shed my childhood with my clothes,
 they both had years of wear left in them
 because your eyes were darker than my father's;
 because my father said I could do better;
 because I wanted badly to say no, no,

because Stanley Kowalski shouted "Stella";
 because you were a door I could slam shut;
 because endings are written before beginnings;
 because I knew that after twenty years
 you'd bring the plants inside for winter
 and make a jungle we'd sleep in naked;
 because I had free will;
 because ev'rything is ordained;
 I said yes.

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Drift

Linda Pastan (b. 1932)

Lying in bed this morning
 you read to me of continental drift,
 how Africa and South America
 sleeping once side by side
 slowly slid apart;
 how California even now
 pushes off like a swimmer from the country's edge,
 along the San Andreas fault
 and I thought about you and me
 who move in sleep each night
 to the far reaches of the bed,
 ranges of blanket between us.
 It is a natural law this drift
 and though we break it as we break bread
 over and over again,
 you remain Africa with your deep shade, your heat.

And I, like California,
 push off from your side
 my two feet cold against your back
 dreaming of Asia Minor.

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In back of

Linda Pastan (b. 1932)

In back of "I love you" stands "goodbye."
 In back of "goodbye" stands "It was lovely
 there in the grass, drenched in so much green together."
 Words that wait are dark as shadows
 in the back rooms of mirrors:
 When you raise your right hand in greeting,
 they raise their left in farewell.

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RSVP: Regrets Only

Linda Pastan (b. 1932)

I regret that I can't come.
 I regret the moment we met
 and the way you pretended.
 I regret the sun that day;
 its warmth so artificial,
 and I regret the way pain
 pain has taught me nothing.
 I regret this invitation, its phony formality,

its ink coming off like sin on my clean fingers.
Since the day I met you,
I regret ev'rything.

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In the middle of a life

Linda Pastan (b. 1932)

Tonight I understand for the first time
how a woman might choose her own death
as easily as if it were a dark plum she picked
from a basket of bright peaches.
It wouldn't be despair that moved her or hunger
but a kind of stillness.
The evenings are full of closure.
The pale flow'rs of the shamrock fold their fragile wings,
ev'rything promised has been given.
There is always that moment
when the sun balanced on the rim of the world
falls and is lost at sea,
and the sky seems huge and beautiful without it.
I lie down on my bed giving myself to the white sheets
as the white sheets of a sloop must give themselves to the wind,
setting out on a journey
the last perhaps,
or even the first.

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The Performers



Award-winning soprano **Marcia Porter** made her New York solo recital debut in Weill Recital Hall at Carnegie Hall in 2005. An active recitalist, the soprano has performed in numerous venues throughout the United States, Italy, Brazil, and the Czech Republic. Porter has sung at such prestigious international festivals as

the Prague Proms, Piccolo Spoleto Festival, the Ravinia Festival, and the Ameropa International Chamber Music Festival. She has performed with such national and international organizations as the Czech National Symphony Orchestra, the San Antonio Symphony Orchestra, Beijing International Symphony Orchestra (Beijing, China) and the Camerata Filarmonica Bohemia (Prague, Czech Republic). Ms. Porter is a featured artist on the 2011 world premier recording of *Requiem für Mozart*, which was released by the German record label Ars Produktion and includes works for soprano and orchestra by Antonio Rosetti. Porter has also performed with the Lyric Opera of Chicago, Opera Theatre of St. Louis, Chautauqua Opera, Dayton Opera, and Chicago Opera Theatre. A Rotary International Cultural Ambassadorial Scholar in Rome, Italy, Ms. Porter has won several other awards and honors including the 2004 National Association of Teachers of Singing (NATS) Artist Award Competition, the NATS Intern program, finalist in

the Metropolitan Opera Central Regional Competition, Opera Carolina Young Artist Recital Program Award, and the Farwell Award. Porter was a 2011-2012 Fulbright Scholar based in São Paulo, Brazil where she served as a Visiting Artist/Professor at the Universidade de São Paulo. Her research focuses on African American and Brazilian classical art song. During her residency, the soprano presented a series of recitals, lectures and masterclasses in numerous cities in Brazil.

Porter is an Associate Professor of Voice at The Florida State University College of Music. She is a much sought after clinician and has presented masterclasses throughout the mid-western and southeastern US. She has served as artist faculty at the Ameropa International Chamber Music Festival in Prague, Czech Republic and as a visiting Professor of Voice at the Universidade de São Paulo. A graduate of the New Orleans Center for the Creative Arts, she received her Bachelor's and Master's degrees in voice performance from Northwestern University. Porter earned a Doctor of Musical Arts degree in performance from The University of Michigan, where she studied with world-renowned Metropolitan Opera singer Shirley Verrett. Previous teachers include Margaret Harshaw, Carmen Mehta, and Kathleen Kaun.



Valerie M. Trujillo's experiences in song literature and opera make her a much sought after accompanist, coach, and teacher of masterclasses. Formerly Co-Director of the Young American Artists Program at Glimmerglass Opera, she has been associated with many opera companies including Santa Fe Opera, Wexford Festival Opera

(Ireland), Connecticut Opera, Shreveport Opera, Mississippi Opera, Florida Grand Opera, Opera Theatre at Wildwood, Augusta Opera, Ohio Light Opera and Opera in the Ozarks. Ms. Trujillo has served as artist faculty at the Tanglewood Music Center, Ars Vocalis México (Zamora, México), the Taos Opera Institute, The Lake Placid Institute, and Intermezzo Program for Young Artists as well as the academic faculty at the Hartt School, Middle Tennessee State University, Yale University and Central Connecticut State University. She made her Weill Recital Hall debut in 2006 and her compact disc, *Thou didst delight my Ears*, featuring tenor, Ian Partridge, was recently released on the Mark Records label. Ms. Trujillo can also be heard on the Grammy-nominated Chandos release of Bennett's *The Mines of Sulphur*, as well as with fellow Florida State University faculty members Deborah Bish and Christopher Moore on the Mark Records label. A native of Santa Fe, N.M., she received her musical training from Eastern New Mexico University and the University of Illinois, where she studied with John Wustman. She taught at The Florida State University from 1990-1996 and rejoined the faculty in 2002, where she is now Associate Professor of Vocal Coaching and Accompanying.

Open Thine Heart

Marcia Porter, soprano
Valerie M. Trujillo, piano

Antonio Carlos DeFeo (b. 1973)
Songs of Separation (2004)

- 1 When we two parted [3:54]
- 2 By this he knew she wept
with waking eyes [6:15]
- 3 Since there's no help,
come let us kiss and part [3:44]

Gary Powell Nash (b. 1964)
Two Songs (of Paul Laurence Dunbar) (1995)

- 4 I. A bee that was searching for sweets [2:47]
- 5 II. Bird of my lady's bower [2:19]

Tom Cipullo (b. 1960)
Late Summer (2001)

- 6 Crickets [3:00]
- 7 ...Summer into Autumn slips [1:18]
- 8 Touch me [4:43]

Jacqueline B. Hairston

On consciousness streams (1997)

- 9 On consciousness streams [1:19]
- 10 Thou alone canst inspire [1:38]
- 11 The Season of Remembrance [3:12]

Antonio Carlos DeFeo (b. 1973)

Three Simple Songs (1999)

- 12 Sonnet XXXV [2:32]
- 13 Sonnet XI [5:25]
- 14 Sonnet XXIII [4:20]

Tom Cipullo (b. 1960)

In the middle of a life (2000-2002)

- 15 Because [3:01]
- 16 Drift [3:07]
- 17 In back of [1:21]
- 18 RSVP: Regrets only [1:18]
- 19 In the middle of a life [4:40]

Total Time = 59:51



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