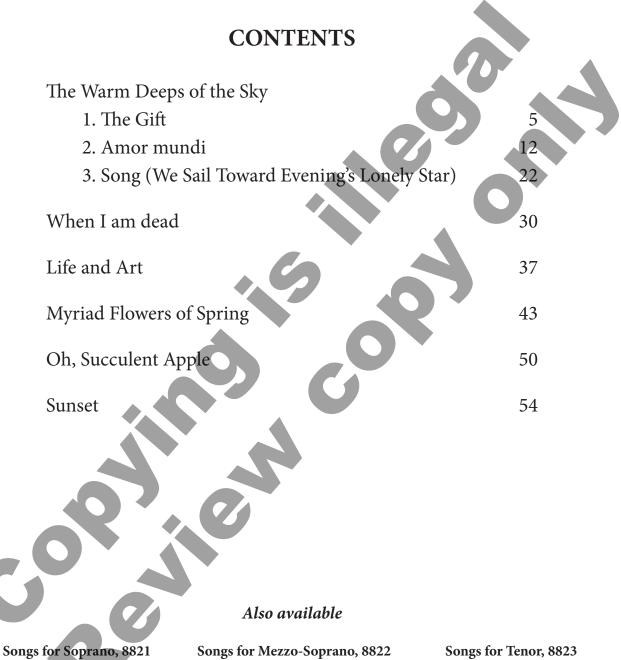
Please note that not all pages are included. This is purposely done in order to protect our property and the work of our esteemed composers.

If you would like to see this work in its entirety, please order online or call us at 800-647-2117.



Songs for Soprano, 8821 The Gift Amor mundi Song Any Woman Daisy Time Life and Art Myriad Flowers of Spring Sunset gs for Mezzo-Soprano, 8 The Gift Amor mundi Song Any Woman Daisy Time Life and Art Oh, Succulent Apple Sunset Songs for Tenor, 8823 The Gift Amor mundi Song Daisy Time When I am dead Life and Art Myriad Flowers of Spring Sunset

The Warm Deeps of the Sky

1. The Gift

From Paradise there came, one Maytide morn, An Almoner* of love, with gifts divine: To some he brought rich draughts of magic wine; To some, who laboured in their fields forlorn, Sweet showers and sunbeams for the springing corn; Then me he called, with gracious word and sign, But when I looked what bounty should be mine, One fire-bright drop he gave me, as in scorn.

"Angel! to these thou givest present mirth, To those, the promise of a golden crop In Autumn; was my hope so little worth?" Smiling, the Angel answered—"Share and prove Their joy, if so thou wilt—in that one drop Thou hast the life and quintessence of Love."

-Constance Naden (1858–1889) * A chaplain or church officer who was in charge of distributing money to the deserving poor.

2. Amor mundi

"Oh where are you going with your love-locks flowing On the west wind blowing along this valley track?" "The downhill path is easy, come with me an it please ye, We shall escape the uphill by never turning back."

So they two went together in glowing August weather, The honey-breathing heather lay to their left and right; And dear she was to dote on, her swift feet seemed to float on The air like soft twin pigeons too sportive to alight.

"Oh what is that in heaven where gray cloud-flakes are seven, Where blackest clouds hang riven just at the rainy skirt?" "Oh that's a meteor sent us, a message dumb, portentous, An undeciphered solemn signal of help or hurt."

"Oh what is that glides quickly where velvet flowers grow thickly, Their scent comes rich and sickly?"—"A scaled and hooded worm." "Oh what's that in the hollow, so pale I quake to follow?" "Oh that's a thin dead body which waits the eternal term."

"Turn again, O my sweetest, —turn again, false and fleetest: This beaten way thou beatest I fear is hell's own track." "Nay, too steep for hill-mounting; nay, too late for cost-counting: This downhill path is easy, but there's no turning back."

-Christina G. Rossetti (1830-1894)

3. Song (We Sail Toward Evening's Lonely Star)

We sail toward evening's lonely star That trembles in the tender blue; One single cloud, a dusky bar, Burnt with dull carmine through and through, Slow smouldering in the summer sky, Lies low along the fading west. How sweet to watch its splendors die, Wave-cradled thus and wind-caressed!

The soft breeze freshens, leaps the spray To kiss our cheeks, with sudden cheer; Upon the dark edge of the bay Light-houses kindle, far and near, And through the warm deeps of the sky Steal faint star-clusters, while we rest In deep refreshment, thou and I, Wave-cradled thus and wind-caressed.

How like a dream are earth and heaven, Star-beam and darkness, sky and sea; Thy face, pale in the shadowy even. Thy quiet eyes that gaze on me! O realize the moment's charm, Thou dearest! we are at life's best, Folded in God's encircling arm, Wave-cradled thus and wind-caressed.

When I am dead

When I am dead, my dearest, Sing no sad songs for me; Plant thou no roses at my head, Nor shady cypress tree: Be the green grass above me With showers and dewdrops wet; And if thou wilt, remember, And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows, I shall not feel the rain; I shall not hear the nightingale Sing on, as if in pain: And dreaming through the twilight That doth not rise nor set, Haply I may remember, And haply may forget.

-Christina G. Rossetti (1830-1894)

Myriad Flowers of Spring

Myriad flowers of spring, The autumn and her mystic moon, Summer graces of dotted zephyrs Made manifest and wane, A sacred winter snow, Peace, perennial peace, Placid in repose, Sacrosanct and found in the unencumbered mind: This is the shining season of them all.

> Chan (Mahāyāna Meditation) by Wumen Huikai (1183–1260) English interpretive text by John Conahan

Life and Art

Not while the fever of the blood is strong, The heart throbs loud, the eyes are veiled, no less With passion than with tears, the Muse shall bless The poet-sould to help and soothe with song. Not then she bids his trembling lips express The aching gladness, the voluptuous pain. Life is his poem then; flesh, sense, and brain One full-stringed lyre attuned to happiness. But when the dream is done, the pulses fail, The day's illusion, with the day's sunset, He, lonely in the twilight, sees the pale Divine Consoler, featured like Regret, Enter and clasp his hand and kiss his brow. Then his lips ope to sing—as mine do now.

Emma Lazarus (1849–1887)

Oh, Succulent Apple

Oh, succulent apple, Deeply blushing on the unreachable bough, Disregarded by the harvesters. Not disregarded; they could not aspire to you.

> Sappho (c. 630–c. 570 BC) English interpretive text by John Conahan

Sunset

I saw the day lean o'er the world's sharp edge And peer into night's chasm, dark and damp; High in his hand he held a blazing lamp, Then dropped it and plunged headlong down the ledge. With lurid splendor that swift paled to gray, I saw the dim skies suddenly flush bright. 'Twas but the expiring glory of the light Flung from the hand of the adventurous day.

-Emma Lazarus (1849-1887)

PROGRAM NOTES

There is a special place in my heart and mind for art songs; as a singer, pianist, and composer, I believe art songs are unique expressions that enable us to understand and explore many things simultaneously. Through them, I have come to better know and understand myself, better engage and bond with others, and wholly grow within the canon of great music. The opportunity to connect within the intimate ensemble vocalist and pianist is a sacred and rich learning venue from which I have benefited greatly both academically and emotionally. In this collection, you will find settings of texts that have spoken very genuinely to me and have helped me to express my own thoughts and questions.

In this collection, there is a breadth of inspiration that includes some of the brilliant artists with whom I am able to create music, as well as some profound poetry that resonates deeply with my own experiences. In these particular songs, the empowering freedoms of composition are on display: choosing a particular text for someone and the experiences that you have shared, writing something as intimate as a melody for their voice, and expressing in song why a particular poet's work may mirror my own tragedies and triumphs. Woven into all of these songs—in the sacred solemnity and openness mind of *Sunset* and the driving jubilance and ecstasy of *Amor mundi*—is an immediate snapshot of where I stand, the shining souls with whom I am able to connect, and a humble opportunity to share my language with you.

-John Conahan

John Conahan (b. 1974) For biographical information visit: www.johnconahan.com

Catalog No. 8824

Written for Jessica Beebe and Mark Livshits on the occasion of their wedding

Songs for Baritone

The Warm Deeps of the Sky

for Baritone and Piano

1. The Gift

Constance Naden (1858–1889)



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* A chaplain or church officer who was in charge of distributing money to the deserving poor.



Written for Jessica Beebe and Mark Livshits on the occasion of their wedding

2. Amor mundi

for Baritone and Piano

Christina Rossetti (1830–1894)

John Conahan (BMI)



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3. Song (We Sail Toward Evening's Lonely Star)

for Baritone and Piano



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When I am dead

for Baritone and Piano

Christina Rossetti (1830–1894)

John Conahan (BMI)



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Life and Art

for Baritone and Piano

Emma Lazarus (1849–1887)

John Conahan (BMI)



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Myriad Flowers of Spring

for Baritone and Piano

Chan (Mahāyāna Meditation) by Wumen Huikai (1183–1260) English Interpretive Text by John Conahan

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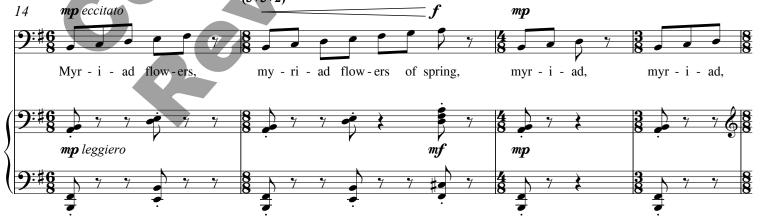
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⁶ 8 <u>6</u> 8







Oh, Succulent Apple

for Baritone and Piano

Sappho (c. 630–c. 570 BC) English Interpretive Text by John Conahan

John Conahan (BMI)



* Increasing glottal stop use is encouraged.

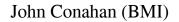
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Sunset

for Baritone and Piano

Ella Wheeler Wilcox (1850–1919)





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