

# THE DREAM BRIDGE

Songs by  
Charles IVES  
&  
Henry COWELL

Aylish KERRIGAN  
mezzo-soprano  
Vladimir VALDIVIA  
piano



# THE DREAM BRIDGE

## Charles Ives (1874-1954)

1	Slow March	1:39
2	Waltz	1:30
3	An Old Flame	2:04
4	In the Alley	2:15
5	The Side Show	0:40
6	Old Home Day *	3:24
7	Romanzo (di Central Park)	1:47
8	Walking	2:35
9	At the River	1:35
10	Watchman	1:46
11	Tom Sails Away	2:24
12	Maple Leaves	0:52
13	Ann Street	1:09
14	Circus Band	2:38
15	Walt Whitman	0:56
16	Afterglow	1:54
17	Charlie Rutlage	3:03
18	from The Swimmers	1:46
19	General William Booth Enters Into Heaven	5:56

## Henry Cowell (1897-1965)

20	Tides of Manaunaun †	3:02
21	St Agnes Morning	2:52
22	The Dream Bridge	1:43
23	April	1:10
24	Music When Soft Voices Die	1:44
25	Where She Lies	1:45
26	How Old is Song?	3:01
27	Mice Lament	2:09
28	Because the Cat	1:02
<i>Three Songs of Padraic Colum</i>		
29	Crane	1:39
30	I Heard in the Night **	2:10
31	Night Fliers	2:27
32	Aeolian Harp †	2:26
<b>Total playing time</b>		<b>69:35</b>

**AYLISH KERRIGAN** mezzo-soprano

**VLADIMIR VALDIVIA** piano, all tracks except \* († = piano solo)

**WILLIAM DOWDALL** \*piccolo, \*\* flute

# THE COMPOSERS AND THE SONGS

Charles Ives and Henry Cowell are two of the greatest figures in the history of early American experimental music. Ives has enjoyed far greater recognition in the vocal repertoire than Cowell, largely due to the latter's lack of published songs. The songs chosen for this collection offer a glimpse into one aspect of the remarkable output of both composers.

**Charles Ives** (1874-1954) is rightfully called the father of contemporary American music. Fiercely individual as a composer, he was an innovator and a loner with a brilliant, creative mind. He is regarded as one of the most extraordinary figures in Western music. Born in 1874, the same year as Schoenberg, he was brought up in New England as the son of a military and town bandmaster. As a young child, his father taught him to experiment with quartertones, tone clusters, and polytonality. A favorite activity of father and son was to listen to the juxtaposition of various clashing sounds, such as two bands playing in a parade. Ives became the town organist in Danbury at the age of fourteen and was fascinated with church hymns and religious camp revival music, much of which he would later include and rework in his compositions and songs. He attended Yale University where he studied organ and composition among other subjects. He had a lifelong interest in the philosopher Henry Thoreau. After graduation he became an extremely successful insurance salesman, composing in his spare time. He was plagued by bad health, composed little after 1917, and retired early, spending the later years of his life reworking and correcting his manuscripts.

Ives loved the common man and sought to represent him in his music and songs with complete honesty. Uniquely American, Ives draws on pop melodies, jazz elements, Protestant hymns and harmonies, raucous religious camp revivals, Irish dance tunes, imitations of traffic noises, and European romanticism, combining them in a typically American way – immediate, direct, full of wonder and excitement, and fresh in their originality. Often Ives chose to end a song with a question, adding to the layers of possible interpretation. Leon Botstein points out in his essay on Charles Ives that his

'use of the "harsh" elements of musical modernism – dissonance, asymmetry, and rhythmic complexity – seemed entirely framed by the familiar and old-fashioned.'

The songs chosen for this album range from the simplistic to the most complex, and represent the eclectic range of styles Ives used in his vocal compositions. *Slow March*, a funeral march for the beloved family cat, was Ives' first song. Composed when he was just thirteen, it 'borrows' a somber musical reference from Händel's *Saul*. The sentimental *Waltz* is reminiscent of the outdoor crossroad dances, citing the wedding of an old love and influenced by Irish dance music.

*An Old Flame*, characterized by Ives as one of his 'Sentimental Ballads' is permeated with nostalgia and melancholy for the 'sweetheart of old'. *In the Alley*, another early song, includes the added note: 'not sung by Caruso, Jenny Lind, John McCormack, Harry Lauder, George Chappell or the Village Nightingale', and exhibits brilliant humor and imagery. *The Side Show* mimics a broken carousel with mention of a 'Russian dance', a reference perhaps to his dislike of Tchaikovsky. *Old Home Day* attests to Ives' fond memories of Danbury, Connecticut. All the euphoria of returning home and the joys of boyhood are painted with the magic of nostalgic tunes influenced by Irish melody, and a musical introduction foreshadowing the use of complex harmonies.

*Romanzo (di Central Park)*, a scathing persiflage of both word and melody, uses the poem 'Love Song', by Leigh Hunt, with its one-word sentences to conjure up a romantic night in Central Park. *Walking* is a spirited, energetic song as large as the hills and landscape evoked in both text and music. *At the River*, a reworking of a famous hymn tune, juxtaposes with expressionistic harmonies the sound and magic of water with the strong belief stated in the hymn, and concludes with a question and suspended harmony. *Watchman* is another unusual setting of a hymn tune with huge vigor and sound clusters, again concluding with a harmonic question. Ives' dedication to presenting the story of the common man with accurate detail is evident in the poignant soldier's song *Tom Sails Away*. The transcendental beauty of an October moment in New England is heard in *Maple Leaves*.

*Ann Street* brings the listener immediately into the excitement and exuberance of downtown Manhattan, with its crashing chords and alternating naive melody. Boyhood memories return again in the exuberance, joy and massive blasting harmonies of *The Circus Band*. In *Walt Whitman* Ives manages to embody the entire spirit of the great poet in a two-page song. Trotting horse sounds at the end of the curious line 'else it were a time lost a listening to me....' leave both thoughts and music unresolved. *Afterglow*, a glorious mirage of sound, renders harmonically the stunning colors of the sunset.

*Charlie Rutlage*, 'from collected Cowboy Songs and Frontier Ballads', requires use of vernacular 'Sprechgesang' building into a furious debacle of death during the spring round-up, alternating with a simple, harmless cowboy melody. *From The Swimmers* again perfectly transforms the energetic text into sound, in a vocally challenging ode to the glory of mastering a swim against the power of the sea. *General William Booth Enters Into Heaven* (based on General Booth of the Salvation Army), challenges the singer's interpretive abilities, requiring the vocally convincing persona of a narrator, General Booth, pale drug fiends, the 'saved', big-voiced lassies playing banjos, and the gentle savior, Jesus. The entourage enters Heaven, led by Booth, saved by the blood of the Lamb. Again the song ends with a question; perhaps the existential, unanswered question Ives was so fond of.

**Henry Cowell** (1897-1965) was born in Menlo Park, California. His father was an Irish immigrant and his mother, formerly a teacher, was one of the first feminist writers. Both parents were part of the Bohemian scene in San Francisco. Cowell's early childhood exposed him to Asian musical influences from Japan, China, Tahiti, the Philippines and India, in addition to his mother's folk songs from Tennessee and his father's Irish melodies. This exposure eventually led the gifted, unusually musically talented Cowell to teach 'Music of the World's People' at the New School For Social Research in New York and elsewhere, which later developed into 'World Music Studies' and ethnomusicology. During his extremely colorful life he experienced poverty, invented 'tone clusters', went on extended solo European and American piano tours, performed in Russia, earned the homage of Arnold Schoenberg, and made contact with the great writers and musicians of the early 20th century.

He was deeply interested in spiritualism and mythology, founded the New Music Society in 1925, and the periodical *New Music Quarterly* in 1927, and published numerous contemporary music scores. From 1936 he spent four years as an inmate in San Quentin prison after pleading guilty to a charge of immorality with a seventeen-year old boy. He was a close friend and promoter of Charles Ives, who alternately greatly valued, rejected and again accepted him. Cowell was paroled in 1940, relocated to the East Coast and the following year married Sidney Hawkins Robertson (1903–1995), a prominent folk-music scholar who had been instrumental in winning him his freedom. He was granted a pardon in 1942.

Cowell had an enormous influence on John Cage, Lou Harrison, Burt Bacharach and George Gershwin. His contribution to the world of music was summed up by Virgil Thomson writing in the early 1950s:

“Henry Cowell's music covers a wider range in both expression and technique than that of any other living composer. His experiments begun three decades ago in rhythm, in harmony, and in instrumental sonorities were considered then by many to be wild. Today they are the Bible of the young and still, to the conservatives, "advanced."... No other composer of our time has produced a body of works so radical and so normal, so penetrating and so comprehensive.”

Joel Sachs has recently written a definitive biography of Cowell entitled *Henry Cowell: A Man Made of Music* in which new insights regarding Cowell's life are revealed. It is highly recommended for further reading.

Cowell wrote over 180 songs, most of which are not published and languish today in libraries, restricted from performance and hence unheard. I am very grateful for the pioneering work done by Mary Ann Hart and Robert Osborne, and for their help in obtaining manuscripts of the songs recorded on this album. Thanks to the openness and generosity of Sidney Cowell, their earlier recording of Cowell songs was possible.

The extremely demanding song by Ives, *General William Booth Enters Into Heaven*, is followed here by Cowell's most frequently performed piano solo, *Tides of*

*Manaunaun*, a large sumptuous work using tone clusters, named after the warrior seagod of Irish myth. *St. Agnes Morning* relates in song a myth connected to a virgin dreaming of her lover the night before marriage; a still, sensual setting of the poem by Maxwell Anderson, full of longing and repressed passion. *The Dream Bridge*, a setting of a poem by Clark Ashton Smith, illuminates musically an awakening from depression and the hope offered in the land of dreams. I have chosen the title of the song for this collection, representing the dark but hopeful dream bridge between Ives and Cowell. *April*, a poem by Ezra Pound, alternates musically between the mystical and harsh reality, adding layers of meaning to the sparse text.

The beautiful *Music When Soft Voices Die*, a setting of the famous poem by Shelley, composed clearly in a romantic style, touches each word with astounding musical love and understanding. *Where She Lies*, a setting of the brilliant short poem by Edna St. Vincent Millay, exhibits mature harmonic interpretation, alternating with a clear, straightforward musical and verbal concluding statement. *How Old Is Song*, a setting of a poem written by Cowell's father, uses large vocal leaps to cleverly present a larger-than-life painting of the origins of song. *Mice Lament*, a tribute to the poet Ella Grainger's humor, paints an hilarious picture of the trials and tribulations of a mouse, wonderfully transposed into musical language. *Because the Cat*, a short rhyme by Barbara Allan Davis, is the perfect response to *Mice Lament* in both music and text.

*Three Songs of Padraic Colum*, composed in 1956, present a conservative but mature compositional style and a magical setting of the Irish poet's texts. *Crane*, the first, describes the elegant, waiting crane in a beautiful piano accompaniment, both urgent and patient at the same time. *I Heard in the Night*, accompanied by solo flute, paints perfectly the loneliness of a barren woman listening to the tender, wild pigeon's stir. The similarity to an Irish *Slow Air* is unmistakable, adding to the melancholic beauty of the song. *Night Fliers* musically underpins the birds of night, their flight and darkness alternating with a clear, straightforward concluding statement. The program ends with the beautiful piano solo, *Aeolian Harp*, played on the inner strings of the piano and invoking the magic of sound.

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## THE PERFORMERS

**Prof. Dr. Aylish E. Kerrigan**, mezzo-soprano, was born in San Francisco of Irish parents and studied with the renowned vocal pedagogue, Professor John de Merchant, receiving a Bachelor of Arts in Music and a Master's Degree in Vocal Performance from the University of Oregon. She continued studies at the Hochschule für Musik und darstellende Kunst in Stuttgart, receiving a soloist diploma in Opera and German Lieder. She is recognized as one of the foremost interpreters of Irish vocal music, documented in her first performances, recordings and extensive collection of Irish traditional songs, arranged for her by acclaimed Irish composers. She has toured with concerts of Charles Ives and Henry Cowell vocal works in Germany, Ireland, Spain and China.

Her work together with the noted Brecht specialists Gisela May and Peter Palitzsch established her as an interpreter of German Theatre Music. Her one-woman Broadway shows have won her acclaim in Paris, Dublin, New York and Berlin.

Since 1994, Dr Kerrigan has been a guest professor at the Wuhan Conservatory of Music in China, where she gives master classes regularly in the performance of German Lieder. In 2007, with the aid of the Irish Foreign Affairs Department and the help of the Contemporary Music Center and the Irish Traditional Music Archive, she established the first library of Irish music in China at the Wuhan Conservatory of Music. In May 2011 she was made a 'Chu Tian Scholar', the highest academic award given to foreign professors by the Chinese government.

She was awarded a PhD in November 2009 from Dundalk Institute of Technology for her research project on the vocal music of Arnold Schoenberg. Since 2011 she has directed and performed in the concert series 'GRENZTÖNE', which presents contemporary music and is sponsored by the cultural department of the city of Stuttgart, Germany, the Robert Bosch Foundation and Culture Ireland. In 2016 she directed and performed at the Irish Cultural Festival in Baden-Wuerttemberg, Germany, commemorating the 1916 Easter Uprising in Dublin and featuring first performances of new Irish compositions. She has collaborated with pianist Vladimir



Valdivia for the past ten years in concerts premiering new works by internationally recognized composers, German Lieder and German and American Theatre Music and is currently recording a series of CDs of American and German contemporary works with him for the Métier label.

**Vladimir Valdivia**, pianist, was born in Lima, Peru and began studying at the National Conservatory of Music in Lima when he was five years old. As a child he gave concerts in Peru, Ecuador, Chile, Bolivia and Brazil and performed as a soloist with many orchestras. In 1988 he completed his studies, received a diploma as a solo pianist and was awarded the gold medal for excellence.

In 1989 Vladimir Valdivia travelled to Germany on a concert tour and was immediately given a DAAD scholarship. He won the Bavarian Radio and the Hessian Radio (or Hessian Broadcasting Corporation) competitions resulting in performances with the Munich Youth Orchestra, the Munich Philharmonic, the Collegium of Music in Bonn, the Prague Symphony Orchestra, the Carlsbad Symphony Orchestra, the Georgian Chamber Orchestra and the Kamakura Symphony Orchestra in Kamakura and Kyoto, Japan.

Vladimir performs solo concerts in prestigious venues in Germany, Austria, Switzerland, Italy, France, the Czech Republic, Hungary, Spain, Sweden, Japan, the USA, South Africa and South America. He has collaborated with Dr Aylish Kerrigan for the past ten years premiering new works by internationally recognized composers, German Lieder and German and American theatre music.

**William Dowdall** was born in Dublin and is today one of Ireland's leading and busiest musicians as soloist, chamber musician and teacher. After training in Cleveland, he returned to Ireland aged 21 and was appointed principal flute of the RTÉ National Symphony Orchestra. He has given over 50 solo performances with major Irish orchestras and has given solo and chamber performances around Europe and in the USA, China, Australia and New Zealand; he has given several world premieres and made a number of acclaimed recordings. William plays a platinum flute by Brannen, a wooden flute by Abell, a Louis Lot dated 1891 and an alto flute by Eva Kingma.



Vladimir Valdivia



William Dowdall

# IVES

## **Slow March (1888)** *Ives family* **Inscribed to the Children's Faithful Friend**

One evening just at sunset  
we laid him in the grave;  
Although a humble animal  
his heart was true and brave.  
All the family joined us,  
in solemn march and slow,  
from the garden place beneath the trees  
and where the sun-flowers grow.

## **Waltz (1895)** *Charles Ives*

Round and round the old dance ground,  
Went the whirling throng,  
moved with wine and song;  
Little Annie Rooney,  
(now Mrs. Mooney),  
Was as gay as birds in May.  
s'her Wedding Day.  
Far and wide's the fame of the bride,  
Also of her beau,  
everyone knows it's 'Joe';  
Little Annie Rooney,  
(Mrs. J.P. Mooney),  
All that day, held full sway  
o'er Av'nue A! 'An old sweetheart.'

## **An Old Flame (1896)** *Charles Ives*

When dreams enfold me,  
Then I behold thee,  
See thee,  
the same loving sweetheart of old.  
Through seasons gliding,

Thou art abiding  
In the depths of my heart untold;  
For I do love thee,  
May God above His guarding care unfold.  
Ah! Could I meet thee,  
And have thee greet me,  
Come to me,  
Stand by me,  
Love me as yore,  
Sadness outdone then,  
New life would come then,  
Such joy never known before;  
For I do love thee,  
May God above thee,  
Bless thee evermore.  
God bless thee! Love,  
Bless thee! Love.

## **In the Alley (1896)** *Charles Ives* **After a session at Poli's** ***Not sung by Caruso, Jenny Lind, John*** ***McCormack, Harry Lauder, George Chappell or*** ***the Village Nightingale.***

On my way to work one summer day,  
just off the main highway,  
Through a window in an alley smiled a lass,  
her name was Sally,  
O could it be!  
O could it be she smiled on me!  
All that day, before my eyes amidst't the busy whirl,  
came the image of that lovely Irish girl.  
  
And hopes would seem to rise,  
as the clouds rise in the skies,  
When I thought of her and those beaming eyes.  
So that evening dressed up smart and neat,

I wandered down her street,  
At the corner of the alley  
was another man with Sally,  
and my eyes grew dim,  
She smiles on him, and only on him!

**The Side Show (1921)** *Charles Ives*

'Is that Mister Riley,  
who keeps the hotel?'  
is the tune that accomp'nies  
the trotting track bell;  
An old horse unsound,  
turns the merry-go-round,  
making poor Mister Riley  
look a bit like a Russian dance,  
Some speak of so highly,  
as they do of Riley!

**Old Home Day (1920)** *Charles Ives*  
**'Ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, dulcite  
Daphnin'** *Virgil*

Go my songs!  
Draw Daphnis from the city.

A minor tune from Todd's opera house,  
comes to me as I cross the square, there,  
We boys used to shout the songs that rouse  
the hearts of the brave and fair,  
of the brave and fair.

As we march along down Main street,  
behind the village band,  
The dear old trees, with their arch of leaves  
seem to grasp us by the hand.

While we step along  
to the tune of an Irish song,  
Glad but wistful sounds the old church bell,  
for underneath's a note of sadness,  
'Old home town' farewell.

A corner lot, a white picket fence,  
daisies almost everywhere, there,  
We boys used to play 'One old cat',  
and base hits filled the air,  
filled the summer air.

As we march along on Main street,  
of that 'Down East' Yankee town,  
Comes a sign of life,  
from the '3<sup>rd</sup> Corps' fife,  
strains of an old breakdown;

While we step along  
to the tune of it's Irish song,  
Comes another sound we all know well,  
It takes us way back forty years,  
that little red schoolhouse bell.

**Romanzo di Central Park (1900)** *Leigh Hunt*

Grove, Rove,  
Night, Delight,  
Heart, Impart,  
Prove Love,  
Kiss, Bliss,  
Blest, Rest,  
Heart, Impart, Love.

**Walking (1902)** *Charles Ives*

A big October morning,  
the village church-bells,  
the road along the ridge,  
the chestnut burr and sumac,  
the hills above the bridge  
with autumn colors glow.  
Now we strike a steady gate,  
walking towards the future,  
letting past and present wait,  
we push on in the sun,  
Now hark! Something bids us pause.  
(down the valley, a church,  
a funeral going on.)  
(up the valley, a road house,  
a dance going on.)  
But we keep on a-walking,  
'tis yet not noonday,  
the road still calls us onward,  
today we do not choose  
to die or to dance,  
but to live and walk.

**At the River (1916)** *Robert Lowry*  
**from 4<sup>th</sup> Violin Sonata**

Shall we gather at the river,  
Where bright angel feet have trod,  
With its crystal tide forever  
flowing by the throne of God?

Yes, we'll gather at the river,  
The beautiful, the beautiful river,  
Yes, we'll gather at the river,  
that flows by the throne of God.  
Shall we gather,  
shall we gather at the river?

**Watchman (1913)** *John Bowring*  
**from First Sonata for Violin and Piano**

Watchman, tell us of the night,  
what its signs of promise are:  
Traveller, o'er yon mountain's height,  
See that glory beaming star!  
Watchman, aught of joy or hope?  
Traveller, Yes! Traveller, Yes!  
Traveller, yes; it brings the day,  
Promised day of Israel.  
Does't thou see its beauteous ray?  
Traveller, See!

**Tom Sails Away (1917)** *Charles Ives*

Scenes from my childhood are with me,  
I'm in the lot behind our house upon the hill,  
a spring day's sun is setting,  
mother with Tom in her arms  
is coming towards the garden;  
the lettuce rows are showing green.  
Thinner grows the smoke o'er the town,  
stronger comes the breeze from the ridge,  
'Tis after six, the whistles have blown,  
the milk train's gone down the valley  
Daddy is coming up the hill from the mill,  
We run down the lane to meet him.  
But today! In freedom's cause Tom sailed away  
for over there, over there, over there!

Scenes from my childhood are floating before my  
eyes.

**Maple Leaves (1920)** *T. B. Aldrich*

October turned my maple's leaves to gold;  
The most are gone now;  
here and there one lingers:  
Soon these will slip from out the twig's weak hold,  
Like coins between a dying miser's fingers.

**Ann Street (1921)** *Maurice Morris*

(Broadway!)  
Quaint name Ann street,  
width of same, ten feet.  
Barnum's mob Ann street,  
far from obsolete.  
Narrow, yes,  
Ann street,  
But business,  
Both feet.  
(Nassau crosses Ann St.)  
Sun just hits Ann street,  
then it quits  
Some greet!!  
Rather short, Ann street.

**The Circus Band (1894)** *Charles Ives*

All summer long, we boys dreamed  
'bout big circus joys!  
Down Main street, comes the band,  
Oh! 'Ain't it a grand and a glorious noise!  
Horses are prancing, knights advancing;  
Helmets gleaming, Pennants streaming,  
Cleopatra's on her throne!  
That golden hair is all her own.  
Where is the lady all in pink?  
Last year she waved to me I think,  
Can she have died? Can! that! rot!  
She is passing but she sees me not.

**Walt Whitman (1921)** *Walt Whitman*  
(from 'Song of Myself', 20<sup>th</sup> Stanza)

Who goes there?  
Hankering, gross, mystical and nude;  
How is it I extract strength  
from the beef I eat?  
What is man, anyhow?  
What am I? What are you?  
All I mark as my own,  
you shall offset it with your own;  
Else it were time lost a-listening to me.

**Afterglow (1919)** *James Fennimore Cooper, Jr.*

At the quiet close of day,  
Gently yet the willows sway;  
When the sunset light is low,  
Lingers still the afterglow;  
Beauty tarries loth to die,  
Every lightest fantasy  
lovelier grows in memory,  
Where the truer beauties lie.

**Charlie Rutlage (1914/15)** *Traditional*  
(collected by John A. Lomax)

Another good cowpuncher  
has gone to meet his fate,  
I hope he'll find a resting place,  
within the golden gate, the golden gate.  
Another place is vacant on the ranch of the XIT,  
'Twill be hard to find another  
that's liked as well as he.  
The first that died was Kid White,  
a man both tough and brave,  
While Charlie Rutlage makes the third  
to be sent to his grave,

Caused by a cowhorse falling,  
While running after stock;  
'Twas on the spring round-up,  
A place where death men mock,  
He went forward one morning  
on a circle through the hills,  
He was gay and full of glee,  
and free from earthly ills;  
But when it came to finish up  
the work on which he went,  
Nothing came back from him;  
his time on earth was spent.  
'Twas as he rode the round-up,  
an XIT turned back to the herd;  
Poor Charlie shoved him in again,  
his cutting horse he spurred;  
Another turned;  
at that moment his horse  
the creature spied and turned and fell with him,  
beneath poor Charlie died,  
His relations in Texas his face never more will see,  
But I hope he'll meet his loved ones  
beyond in eternity,  
I hope he'll meet his parents,  
will meet them face to face,  
And that they'll grasp him by the right hand at  
the shining throne of grace.

**from The Swimmers (1921) *Louis Untermeyer***

Then the swift plunge  
into the cool green dark,  
the windy waters rushing  
past me through me,  
Filled with the sense of some heroic lark,  
exulting in a vigor clean and roomy.

Swiftly I rose to meet the feline sea  
Pitting against a cold, turbulent strife,  
The feverish intensity of life...  
Out of the foam I lurched  
and rode the wave  
Swimming hand over hand, against the wind;  
I felt the sea's vain pounding, and I grinned  
knowing I was its master, not its slave.

**General William Booth Enters Into Heaven  
(1914) *Vachel Lindsay***

Booth led boldly with his big bass drum  
(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?  
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb  
of the lamb?)

Hallelujah  
Saints smiled gravely and they said,  
'He's come'  
(Washed in the blood of the Lamb?  
The blood of the Lamb?)

Walking lepers followed rank on rank,  
Lurching bravoos from the ditches dank  
Drabs from the alleyways and drug fiends pale  
Minds still passion ridden, soul powers frail:  
Vermin-eaten saints with mouldy breath,  
Unwashed legions with the ways of Death  
(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?  
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)

Ev'ry slum had sent its half-a-score  
The round world over.  
(Booth had groaned for more).  
Ev'ry banner that the wide world flies,  
Bloomed with glory and transcendent dyes.

Big-voiced Lassies made their banjos bang,  
Tranced, fanatical they shrieked and sang:

‘(Are you? Are you washed in the blood?  
In the blood of the Lamb, of the Lamb?)  
Hallelujah, Lord, Hallelujah!

It was queer to see  
Bull-necked convicts with that land make free.  
Loons with trumpets blew a blare  
On, on, upward thro’ the golden air!

(Are you washed in the blood in the blood of the  
Lamb,  
in the blood of the Lamb,  
the Lamb of the Lamb, the Lamb?)

Jesus came from the courthouse door,  
Stretched his hands above the passing poor.  
Booth saw not, but led his queer ones,  
Round and round and round....  
Yet! In an instant all that blear review  
Marched on spotless, clad in raiment new.  
The lame were straightened, withered limbs  
uncurled  
And blind eyes opened on a new sweet world  
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?  
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

## COWELL

**St. Agnes Morning (L. 152, 1914)**

*Maxwell Anderson*

Between the dawn and the sun’s rising  
She could not sleep, so the blood stirred in her:  
She could not sleep and in the cold morning  
Woke with the white curtain’s stir.

Between the dawn and the river’s flaming  
She folded a curtain toward the sea,  
And, bending, lifted silks together  
In the cold light, dubiously.

In the cold air, pulsing the curtain,  
She lifted silks; and let them fall.  
In the wind she bent above them  
Hearing their rustling musical.

Between the dawn and the silver morning  
She could not sleep, so the blood dinned  
With the river’s silver and the sea’s silence  
And the wind.

**The Dream Bridge (L. 175, 1915)**

*Clark Ashton Smith*

All drear and barren seemed the hours,  
That passed rain-swept and tempest-blown.  
The dead leaves fell like brownish notes  
Within the rain’s grey monotone.

There came a lapse between the showers;  
The clouds grew rich with sunset gleams;  
Then o’er the sky a rainbow sprang –  
A bridge unto the Land of Dreams.



**April (L. 250, 1918) Ezra Pound**  
*Nympharum membra disjecta*

Three spirits came to me  
and drew me apart  
To where the olive boughs  
Lay stripped upon the ground:  
Pale carnage beneath bright mist.

**Music When Soft Voices Die (L. 358, 1922)**  
*Percy Bysshe Shelley*

Music, when soft voices die,  
Vibrates in the memory –  
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,  
Live within the sense they quicken.  
Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,  
Are heaped for the beloved's bed;  
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,  
Love itself shall slumber on.

**Where She Lies (L. 400, 1924)**  
*Edna St. Vincent Millay*

Heap not on this mound  
Roses that she loved so well;  
Why bewilder her with roses,  
That she cannot see or smell?

She is happy where she lies  
With the dust upon her eyes.

**How Old Is Song? (L. 477, 1931) Harry Cowell**

Before a man had sung a note  
Or a song bird warbled in its throat,  
The winds were whispering through the trees  
Wild prehistoric melodies

Prophetic of the days to come  
When man would make him harps to strum  
The halls of heaven with music rang  
The morning stars together sang.  
Prophetic of the voice of him  
Who chants of choiring Seraphin  
From chaos the orchestral seas  
Were forming polyharmonies.  
No song is new, Man sings and rings  
Times' changes in eternal things;  
His voice prophetic of a long  
Lone silence to succeed his song.

**Mice Lament (L. 604, 1940) Ella Grainger**

Oh humans are such stingy beasts  
They won't allow us any feasts!  
Their larders are so full of traps  
That it's most trying for us chaps.  
We have an appetite, maybe  
It's somewhat big for such as we;  
But that's no valid reason why  
They should cut off our food supply  
If we survive against such odds  
It seems it is the will of gods,  
Yet we remain poor common mice,  
Whom no one ever will think nice!

**Because the Cat (L. 820, 1951-55?)**  
*Barbara Allan Davis*

In our house there is no mouse,  
Because the cat takes care of that!  
Yankee Doodle is no poodle,  
She's a cat! Remember that!

### **Three Songs of Padraic Colum (1956)**

*Padraic Colum*

#### **Crane (L.825)**

I know you, Crane:  
I, too, have waited,  
Waited until my heart  
Melted to little pools around my feet!

Come in the morning ere the crows,  
Shunner,  
Searcher –  
Find something for me!  
The pennies that were laid upon the eyes  
Of old, wise men I knew.

#### **I Heard in the Night (L. 826)**

I heard in the night the pigeons  
Stirring within their nest:  
The wild pigeons' stir was tender,  
Like a child's hand at the breast.  
I cried "O stir no more!  
(My breast was touched with tears).  
O pigeons, make no stir –  
A childless woman hears."

### **Night –Fliers (L. 827)**

The birds that soar break space  
Like heavy bodies hurled!  
Not so the birds of night –  
They move as in a sphere  
On which they touch always –  
How patterned their flight!  
The owl, the whippoorwill!

And like volcano's ash  
His plumes – all cinderous  
Black mirrors are his eyes  
(The owl's). They'll fill with light  
What time will come the cries  
As from the tongues taut with dew  
(The whippoorwill's). What sounds  
Are in their day-lost world,  
What motions and what hues!

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Booklet and packaging design : Stephen Sutton

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Photo of Vladimir Valdivia by Michael Krömer

Photo of William Dowdall by Morgan Treacy

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Cowell; St Agnes Morning: Theodore Presser; How Old is Song?: Ernest S. Williams

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