



 YARLUNG RECORDS
BOB ATTIEH, PRODUCER

IF YOU LOVE FOR BEAUTY

SASHA COOKE
MEZZO-SOPRANO

THE COLBURN ORCHESTRA
YEHUDA GILAD MUSIC DIRECTOR

Adams Chausson Handel Mahler

1	<i>Am I in Your Light?</i> John Adams	5:46
2-4	<i>Poème de l'Amour et de la Mer</i> Ernest Chausson	28:56
	<i>La Fleur des Eaux</i>	12:43
	<i>Interlude</i>	2:40
	<i>La Mort de l'amour</i>	13:33
5	<i>E vivo ancora... Scherza infida</i> George Frideric Handel	9:02
6	<i>Frondi tenere e belle... Ombra mai fù</i> George Frideric Handel	4:10
7-11	Rückert Lieder Gustav Mahler	20:04
	<i>Ich atmet' einen linden Duft</i>	2:41
	<i>Liebst du um Schönheit</i>	2:45
	<i>Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder</i>	1:26
	<i>Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen</i>	6:50
	<i>Um Mitternacht</i>	6:22

Producer's Notes

I used to spend a lot of time at The Metropolitan Opera, but have lived in Los Angeles for the past 25 years so no longer hear opera in New York very often. I am therefore doubly grateful to Peter Gelb for creating "The Met: Live in HD" which broadcasts in movie theaters around the world. Even though mezzo-soprano Sasha Cooke has been recognized as a young superstar in concert and opera for many years now, it was as Kitty Oppenheimer in The Met's 2008 production of John Adams' *Doctor Atomic* that I first heard her. Half way through her first act aria "Am I In Your Light?" I knew I wanted to work with her. Despite her ferociously busy schedule Sasha responded immediately with a "Yes!" to my suggestion we make her debut album. Since then we had the great pleasure to hear Sasha in Southern California in her debut performances with the Los Angeles Chamber Orchestra and with the Los Angeles Philharmonic. Sasha won her first GRAMMY® Award for Sony's DVD release of *Doctor Atomic* from The Met.

The Colburn Orchestra, close to home but international in quality, proved an equally powerful draw. These musicians, all members of the Colburn Conservatory conducted by Music Director Yehuda Gilad and led by concertmaster Caitlin Kelley, enrich our lives in Los Angeles. We are lucky in Southern California, with the Los Angeles Chamber Orchestra, The Colburn Orchestra and the Los Angeles Philharmonic performing regularly in some of the world's greatest concert halls. When I hear The Colburn Orchestra play live, and play on this recording, I am happily reminded of the successful recordings Mercury Records created with Howard Hanson and the Eastman Rochester Orchestra. Or of the sound of the Berlin Philharmonic under Simon Rattle. Like these other youthful musicians in Berlin, the members of The Colburn Orchestra create a distinct orchestral sound (a great one), and Maestro Gilad elicits sensitive and lyrical interpretations of the repertoire. The New York Times recognizes his "strong imaginative programming," and "great sensitivity for details." So for Yarlung's first release with Sasha Cooke and our first release with The Colburn Orchestra, it is a dream come true that we were able to bring Sasha and Yehuda and this orchestra together for our concert at Ambassador Auditorium in Pasadena, and for this recording. Richard Colburn dreamed that one day his conservatory could produce an orchestra of this caliber, and it is especially rewarding to release this album on the hundredth anniversary of his birth. Thanks enormously to Richard Beene, Dean of Colburn Conservatory, and to President Sel Kardan, whose vision and generosity, along with Yehuda Gilad's, made this recording possible.



Sasha Cooke, Photo: Richard A. Cooke, III

Alex Ross praised **Sasha Cooke** in *Doctor Atomic* at The Met for her “fresh, vital portrayal, bringing a luminous tone, a generously supported musical line, a keen sense of verbal nuance, and a flair for seduction.” She then made her European debut singing Kitty Oppenheimer in *Doctor Atomic* at English National Opera. In addition to her successes in the standard operatic and concert repertoire, Sasha has premiered works by Jack Beeson, William Bolcom, John Corigliano, Luigi Dallapiccola, John Musto and Augusta Read Thomas, among others. Sasha includes music by American composers in every recital program and next year celebrates some of her favorites on the opera stage as well. Next season Sasha performs *Showboat* at Houston Grand Opera, *The Aspern Papers* at Dallas Opera and the title role in the world premiere of Mark Adamo’s *The Gospel of Mary Magdalene* at San Francisco Opera. Sasha has performed with the symphony orchestras of Chicago, Boston, San Francisco, Houston, Kansas City, Lyon, Los Angeles, Dallas, Cleveland, Detroit, Pittsburgh, Milwaukee, Denver, Aspen, San Diego, Baltimore and Hong Kong as well as the New York Philharmonic, Los Angeles Chamber Orchestra, Deutsches Symphonie-Orchester Berlin, Orpheus Chamber Orchestra, Saint Paul Chamber Orchestra and the Orchestra of St. Luke’s. Conductors include Marin Alsop, Jiří Bělohlávek, Alan Gilbert, Bernard Haitink, Manfred Honeck, Jeffrey Kahane, James Levine, Robert Spano, Leonard Slatkin, Pinchas Steinberg, Michael Stern, Michael Tilson Thomas, Edo de Waart and Jaap van Zweden.

Sasha earned degrees from Rice University and Juilliard and then joined the Lindemann Young Artist Development Program at the Met. During those years she performed The Composer in Strauss’s *Ariadne auf Naxos*, Endimione in Cavalli’s *La Calisto* at Juilliard, Charlotte in Massenet’s *Werther*, Dorabella in *Così fan tutte* at Rice, Olga in *Eugene Onegin* at Opera Israel, Meg Page in Verdi’s *Falstaff* at Seattle Opera and the Sandman in *Hansel and Gretel* at The Met (also released on DVD). In the same year that Sasha joined the Lindemann program, she also won the 2007 Young Concert Artists International Auditions. They presented her in her widely acclaimed New York and Washington debuts at Carnegie’s Zankel Hall and at the Kennedy Center, as well as in concerts and master classes throughout the United States. Sasha has performed frequently with the New York Festival of Song at Merkin Concert Hall, and gave a duo recital with her husband, baritone Kelly Markgraf at Carnegie’s Weill Recital Hall under the auspices of the Marilyn Horne Foundation.





Olive Rehearsal Hall before the concert



principal 'cello Benjamin Lash, Yehuda Gilad, Sasha Cooke

In 2010 Sasha won First Place and the American Prize in the José Iturbi International Music Competition, Top Prize in the Gerda Lissner Competition and the Kennedy Center's Marian Anderson Award. Especially important to Sasha were summers with Music Academy of the West, Aspen Music Festival, Music@Menlo, Ravinia Festival's Steans Institute, Wolf Trap Foundation, Marlboro Music Festival and Central City Opera's Young Artist Training Program.

Sasha was born in Riverside, California, but spent most of her childhood in College Station, Texas, where both of her parents are Professors of Russian at Texas A&M University. After beginning piano lessons at age four, Sasha took to choir and then viola. She now lives in Chicago with her husband Kelly and their one-and-a-half-year-old daughter Evelyn, who is already singing! Evelyn, called "Evi" for short, was named after Sasha's friend and mentor Eve Shapiro. Sasha remains modest about her success, preferring to humbly share the spotlight and thank many people who have loved and supported her, including, Deborah Birnbaum, Steve Blier, Kathleen Kaun, W. Stephen Smith, Diana Soviero, Pierre Vallet, Stephen Wadsworth, Dr. Robert White and Brian Zeger.

Maestro **Yehuda Gilad's** appearances on the podium have garnered critical acclaim in the United States, Asia and Europe, where he has conducted throughout Spain, Sweden, Germany, Finland, and France. Yehuda especially appreciates Sergiu Celibidache and Leonard Bernstein, who worked often with Yehuda and generously shared their immense musical gifts. In 1987 he became the first Israeli born conductor to perform in China and has since conducted often in Beijing and Shanghai. Additionally Yehuda served as Music Director for the Colonial Symphony of New Jersey from 1988 to 2003. Over



the course of his career, he has collaborated with many leading musicians including Joshua Bell, Gil Shaham, Sarah Chang, Ann Marie McDermott, Pepe Romero, Joseph Kalichstein, Michelle DeYoung, Vladimir Feltsman, Misha Dichter, Jeannine Altmeyer and now Sasha Cooke.

Yehuda serves not only as Music Director of The Colburn Orchestra, but he also teaches and runs the clarinet department at Colburn Conservatory. As a clarinetist and chamber musician, Yehuda presents master classes at Curtis, Kings College in Sweden, the Winter Festival in Spain, Toronto's Glenn Gould School at the Royal Conservatory of Music, Mannes College, the Manhattan School of Music, and Juilliard

among others. Yehuda also serves as Professor of Music at the Thornton School at USC. Yehuda moved to the United States in 1975 and continued his studies with Giora Feidman, Mitchell Lurie, and Herbert Zipper, who served as Yehuda's principal conducting teacher. Yehuda performs regularly, and enjoys participating in many of the top music festivals across the country, including the Marlboro Music Festival and Santa Barbara's Music Academy of the West. He also founded the Yoav Chamber Ensemble, which performed at Carnegie's Weill Recital Hall and Merkin Hall in New York, and the Colburn Woodwind Chamber Players, which toured Germany, China and the United States. Yehuda has also played a major role in the founding of several notable music festivals. From 1982 to 1993 he directed the Malibu Strawberry Creek Music Festival, hailed by the Los Angeles Times as "a summer festival in which inspired, enthusiastic performance and intelligent varied programming are the norm."

We recorded this album in Zipper Hall over three days following The Colburn Orchestra's performance with Sasha Cooke at Ambassador Auditorium in Pasadena on February 4th, 2012. Sasha and Yehuda rehearsed with the orchestra for the week before the Saturday-night concert, and then we recorded on Sunday, Monday and Tuesday. The concert finished late Saturday night. After the concert, our valiant stage manager Victor Pineda and director of production Lisa Palley arranged crews throughout the



left to right: Lauren Ewing, Joseph Brown, Paul Jenkins, Evan Spacht, David Hagee

night for the Zipper stage to be built out so that it was double in size. Chairs, stands, tables, percussion, harps and other equipment awaited us on time, and we began our setup Sunday morning at 5:30 AM. Working at Colburn School is always a pleasure. These people are my friends, and they are generous, competent and efficient.

Yarlung has become known for using one stereo microphone or two mono microphones for our recordings. We “cheated” for this recording, using two coincident Neumann U-47s for 95% of the sound from Sasha and the orchestra and two AKG C-12s for a small amount of reinforcement for the percussion and winds. Both Neumann and AKG microphones were provided by our friend Jon Fisher at Gearworks Pro Audio. We used Messenger microphone preamplifiers made and customized by Elliot Midwood. Elliot’s tube power supplies alone are heavy enough to double as ballast in an ocean liner. We summed into two tracks as usual, without using a mixing board, and went direct to tape, with analog record electronics made by Len Horowitz. Recording “live to tape” challenges the musicians to think and perform in long musical arcs rather than focusing on the perfection of details in individual measures. When editing is difficult or impossible, I believe the recording sounds much more like living music and becomes inherently more enjoyable for the listener. It is a privilege to work with musicians which whom recording like this is possible.

Bob Attiyeh, producer

Am I in Your Light? (2005)

John Adams

from *Doctor Atomic*

libretto by Peter Sellars

Am I in your light?
No, go on reading
(the hackneyed light of evening
quarrelling with the bulbs;
the book's bent rectangle
solid on your knees)
Only my fingers in your hair,
Only my eyes
Splitting the skull
To tickle your brain with love
In a slow caress
Blurring the mind,
Kissing your mouth awake
Opening the body's mouth,
Stopping the words.

This light is thick with birds,
And evening warns us beautifully of death.
Slowly I bend over you,
Slowly your breath
Runs rhythms through my blood
As if I said "I love you,"
And you should raise your head.
Listening, speaking into the covert night:
Did someone say something?
Love,
Am I in your light?
Am I?
See how love alters the living face
Go spin the immortal coin through time
Watch the thing flip through space
tick tick tick tick....



Caitlin Kelley, concertmaster. Photo: David Fung

Poème de l'Amour et de la Mer (1893)

Ernest Chausson

adapted from the poems by Maurice Bouchor

I. La Fleur des Eaux

L'air est plein d'une odeur exquise de lilas
Qui, fleurissant du haut des murs jusques en bas,
Embaument les cheveux des femmes.

La mer au grand soleil va toute s'embraser,
Et sur le sable fin qu'elles viennent baiser
Roulent d'éblouissantes lames.

Ô ciel qui de ses yeux dois porter la couleur,
Brise qui vas chanter dans les lilas en fleur
Pour en sortir tout embaumée,
Ruisseaux qui mouillerez sa robe, ô verts sentiers,
Vous qui tressaillerez sous ses chers petits pieds,
Faites-moi voir ma bien aimée!

Et mon cœur s'est levé par ce matin d'été;
Car une belle enfant était sur le rivage,
Laissant errer sur moi ses yeux pleins de clarté,
Et qui me souriait d'un air tendre et sauvage.

Toi que transfiguraient la Jeunesse et l'Amour,
Tu m'apparus alors comme l'âme des choses;
Mon cœur vola vers toi, tu le pris sans retour,
Et du ciel entr'ouvert pleuvaient sur nous des roses.

Quel son lamentable et sauvage
Va sonner l'heure de l'adieu!
La mer roule sur le rivage,
Moqueuse, et se souciant peu
Que ce soit l'heure de l'adieu.

Des oiseaux passent, l'aile ouverte,
Sur l'abîme presque joyeux;
Au grand soleil la mer est verte,
Et je saigne, silencieux,
En regardant briller les cieux.

Je saigne en regardant ma vie
Qui va s'éloigner sur les flots;
Mon âme unique m'est ravie
Et la sombre clameur des flots
Couvre le bruit de mes sanglots.

Qui sait si cette mer cruelle
La ramènera vers mon cœur?
Mes regards sont fixés sur elle;
La mer chante, et le vent moqueur
Raille l'angoisse de mon cœur.

I. The Flower of the Waters

The air is filled with the exquisite scent of lilac blossoms
Cascading down the walls, perfuming women's hair.

The sun sets the sea on fire
And the dazzling waves kiss on the soft sand.

Oh sky which reflects the color of beautiful eyes,
And sends breezes to sing through the flowering lilac
To emerge filled with the fragrance of the blossoms,
Brooks that dampen her dress,
Oh green paths which her gentle tread will startle,
Let me behold the one I love!

And my heart leapt this summer morn
As a beautiful child stood on the shore,
Her clear gaze focused on me,
A mischievous smile flickering across her mouth.

You were transfigured by Youth and Love.
You appeared to me then as the essence of all things
My heart opened and flew to you and you would not give it
back.
The heavens deluged us with roses.

A pitiful, savage sound tolls
Now that it is the hour of farewell.
The sea caresses the shore... almost mockingly,
Uncaring that this must be time to say goodbye.

Birds, their wings open wide, flit
Across the self-contented arc of the sky.
The sea is green in the dazzling sun.
I bleed silently and alone,
Gazing at the luminous heavens.

My life hemorrhages over the waves;
My Love has been ripped from me
And the dark moaning of the waves
Drowns the sound of my crying.

Who knows if this cruel sea
Will ever return my Love to me?
My gaze is turned longingly outward,
The humming sea and mocking breezes
Make fun of my broken heart.

II. La Mort de l'Amour

Bientôt l'île bleue et joyeuse
Parmi les rocs m'apparaîtra;
L'île sur l'eau silencieuse
Comme un nénuphar flottera.

A travers la mer d'améthyste
Doucement glisse le bateau,
Et je serai joyeux et triste
De tant me souvenir, bientôt.

Le vent roulait les feuilles mortes; mes pensées
Roulaient comme des feuilles mortes, dans la nuit.
Jamais si doucement au ciel noir n'avaient lui
Les mille roses d'or d'où tombent les rosées.

Une danse effrayante, et les feuilles froissées,
Et qui rendaient un son métallique, valsaient,
Semblaient gémir sous les étoiles, et disaient
L'inexprimable horreur des amours trépassés.

Les grands hêtres d'argent que la lune baisait
Étaient des spectres : moi, tout mon sang se glaçait
En voyant mon aimée étrangement sourire.

Comme des fronts de morts nos fronts avaient pâli,
Et, muet, me penchant vers elle, je pus lire
Ce mot fatal écrit dans ses grands yeux: l'oubli.

Le temps des lilas et le temps des roses
Ne reviendra plus à ce printemps-ci;
Le temps des lilas et le temps des roses
Est passés, le temps des œillets aussi.

Le vent a change; les cieux sont moroses,
Et nous n'irons plus courir, et cueillir
Les lilas en fleur et les belles roses;
Le printemps est triste et ne peut fleurir.

Oh ! joyeux et doux printemps de l'année,
Qui vins, l'an passé, nous ensoleiller,
Notre fleur d'amour est si bien fanée,
Las ! que ton baiser ne peut l'éveiller!

Et toi, que fais-tu? pas de fleurs écloses,
Point de gai soleil ni d'ombrages frais;
Le temps des lilas et le temps des roses
Avec notre amour est mort à jamais.

II. The Death of Love

Soon the blue and happy island
Will appear between the rocks
Floating on the silent water
Floating like a water lily.

The ship sweetly glides
Across the amethyst ocean
And I will be both happy and sad
Remembering so much. Soon...

The wind rustled the dead leaves.
Like my thoughts, dead, rustling in the night.
Never have the thousands of golden roses
From which dew falls, sparkled so gently in the dark sky.

A frightening dance and trampled leaves...
A Metallic sound. Walzing...
A Moan under the stars tells
Of the inexpressible horror of loves which have died.

The great silver beeches, kissed by the moon,
Turned into ghosts. My blood stopped in my veins
As I saw my Love smiling at me strangely.

Our skin shone like pale death.
Mute, leaning closer to her, I saw no memory of me. I saw
Oblivion, that terrible word, written large in her eyes.

The time of lilacs and the time of roses
Is gone forever. And it is still spring.
The time of lilacs and the time of roses
Has passed. As has the time of carnations.

The wind has shifted and the sky is sick;
No longer will we run
Gathering lilacs and roses;
Spring is sad and will not bloom.

Oh! Happy and sweet Springtime,
You who came only once to brighten us. Last year.
The flower of our love has died,
And even your life-giving kisses cannot revive it.

And you? What about you? No budding flower,
No bright sun or welcoming shade;
The time of lilacs and the time of roses,
And the time of our love, has died forever.

Scherza infida (1735)

George Frideric Handel

from *Ariodante*

E vivo ancora?
E senza il ferro,
Oh Dei!
Che farò? che mi dite,
O affanni miei?

Scherza infida in grembo al drudo,
io tradito a morte in braccio
per tua colpa ora men vo.
Mà a spezzar l'indegno laccio,
ombra mesta e spirito ignudo,
per tua pena io tornerò.

Am I still alive? ...and without my weapon when I need
it....

Oh gods, what shall I do? What do you suggest in this
time of trouble?

Rejoice, faithless one, in your lover's arms.
Because of you I am betrayed and now will die.
But I shall return, a gloomy ghost, a shadowy spirit
to torment and punish you.

Ombra mai fù (1738)

George Frideric Handel

from *Xerxes*

Frondi tenere e bell
Del mio Platano amato,
Per voi risplenda il Fato
Tuoni, Lampi, e Procelle
Non vi oltraggino mai la cara pace,
Ne giunga a profanarvi Austro rapace.

Ombra Mai fù
Di vegetabile
Cara ed amabile
Soave piu.

Delicate and beautiful leaves
Of my beloved sycamore
Let fate smile upon you.
May thunder, lightning, and storms
Never disturb your peace
And may gusty winds never trouble you.

Never was any tree's shade
More delightful, sweeter
More gentle or cherished.

Rückert Lieder (1905)

Gustav Mahler

adapted from the poems by Friedrich Rückert

Ich atmet' einen linden Duft

Ich atmet' einen linden Duft!
Im Zimmer stand
Ein Zweig der Linde,
Ein Angebinde
Von lieber Hand.
Wie lieblich war der Lindenduft!

Wie lieblich ist der Lindenduft!
Das Lindenreis
Brachst du gelinde!
Ich atme leis
Im Duft der Linde
Der Liebe linden Duft.

Liebst du um Schönheit

Liebst du um Schönheit,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe die Sonne,
Sie trägt ein gold'nes Haar!

Liebst du um Jugend,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe den Frühling,
Der jung ist jedes Jahr!

Liebst du um Schätze,
O nicht mich liebe.
Liebe die Meerfrau,
Sie hat viel Perlen klar.

Liebst du um Liebe,
O ja, mich liebe!
Liebe mich immer,
Dich lieb' ich immerdar.

I Inhaled a Gentle Fragrance

I inhaled a gentle fragrance.
In the room stood
A branch of linden,
A gift from a beloved hand.
How lovely was the fragrance of linden.

How lovely is the fragrance of linden.
You broke the twig of linden so gently.
Softly I inhaled the scent of linden,
The beloved fragrance of linden.

If You Love For Beauty

If you love for beauty,
Don't love me.
Love the sun;
She has golden hair.

If you love for youth,
Don't love me.
Love the spring;
It is eternally young.

If you love for jewels and treasure,
Don't love me.
Love the mermaid;
She has many lustrous pearls.

If you love for Love,
Oh yes, love me.
Love me forever;
I'll love you eternally.

Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder

Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder!
Meine Augen schlag' ich nieder,
Wie ertappt auf böser Tat.
Selber darf ich nicht getrauen,
Ihrem Wachsen zuzuschauen.
Deine Neugier ist Verrat!

Bienen, wenn sie Zellen bauen,
Lassen auch nicht zu sich schauen,
Schauen selber auch nicht zu.
Wenn die reichen Honigwaben
Sie zu Tag gefördert haben,
Dann vor allen nasche du!

Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen

Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen,
Mit der ich sonst viele Zeit verdorben,
Sie hat so lange nichts von mir nichts vernommen,
Sie mag wohl glauben, ich sei gestorben.

Es ist mir auch gar nichts daran gelegen,
Ob sie mich für gestorben hält,
Ich kann auch gar nichts sagen dagegen,
Denn wirklich bin ich gestorben der Welt.

Ich bin gestorben dem Weltgetümmel,
Und ruh' in einem stillen Gebiet.
Ich leb' allein in meinem Himmel,
In meinem Lieben, in meinem Lied.

Don't Look Too Closely at My Songs

Don't look too closely at my songs, Alma.¹
I lower my eyes as if you are catching me in an evil
deed.
I do not dare trust myself either,
Watching as these songs come to life.
Your curiosity is a betrayal.

Bees let no one watch when they build their
honeycombs,
They don't even look themselves.
But when the rich honeycomb
comes into the light,
You shall taste it first!

I am Lost to the World

I am lost to the world...
In which I used to waste so much time.
The world has heard nothing from me for so long...
It may think I am dead.

It doesn't really matter to me
If the world thinks I have died.
I can't really argue the point
Because I really am dead to the world.

I am dead to the commotion of the world,
And I find myself cocooned in a quiet place.
I live alone in my own private heaven.
I live alone in my Love and in my story.

¹ While I have translated these texts with a great deal of freedom, *Blicke Mir* is perhaps the farthest from the literal truth. I could not understand the meaning of the first stanza until my friend (and Yarlung board member) Gary Hollander reminded me that Mahler wrote this song first in his Rückert song cycle. Gary pointed out that the song vents frustration at Mahler's wife Alma, who must have been pestering him and looking continuously over his shoulder. In addition to helping me understand the poem as Mahler sets it, Gary's point reminds us how in the right hands, even mundane things such as this frustrating expression of domestic annoyance can transubstantiate into works of artistic genius.

Um Mitternacht

Um Mitternacht
Hab' ich gewacht
Und aufgeblickt zum Himmel;
Kein Stern vom Sternengewimmel
Hat mir gelacht
Um Mitternacht.

Um Mitternacht
Hab' ich gedacht
Hinaus in dunkle Schranken.
Es hat kein Lichtgedanken
Mir Trost gebracht
Um Mitternacht.

Um Mitternacht
Nahm ich in Acht
Die Schläge meines Herzens;
Ein einz'ger Puls des Schmerzens
War angefacht
Um Mitternacht.

Um Mitternacht
Kämpft' ich die Schlacht,
O Menschheit, deiner Leiden;
Nicht konnt' ich sie entscheiden
Mit meiner Macht
Um Mitternacht.

Um Mitternacht
Hab' ich die Macht
In deine Hand gegeben!
Herr über Tod und Leben
Du hältst die Wacht
Um Mitternacht!

At Midnight

I awakened at midnight
And looked up into the heavens.
Not a single star smiled down at me.

At Midnight I projected my thoughts
out past the dark boundaries of space.
But no happy thoughts came to bring me comfort.

My beating heart frightened me.
A stab of agony and pain
Flashed through me at midnight.

I fought the battle of Mankind,
Of your suffering and sorrow.
But even using all my strength
I couldn't resolve it.
At Midnight.

And finally, at midnight
I surrendered my will and my strength
Unto you, oh Lord.
Lord over life and over death
Keep watch... at midnight.



Arthur Omura

Orchestra Roster

Yehuda Gilad, Music Director &
Conductor

Maxim Eshkenazy, Assistant Conductor

Violin I

Caitlin Kelley, concertmaster

Elicia Silverstein

Francesca dePasquale

Radu Paponiu

Stephen Tavani

Sun Joo Park

Melody Lee

Xika Huang

Evin Blomberg

Hillary Hempel

Avi Nagin

Pasha Tseitlin

Violin II

Hugh Palmer *

Cheryl Kim

Anna Czerniak

Greg Cardi

Thomas Huntington

Hanbyul Jang

Kevin Lin

Natalie Yu

Sanghee Ji

Jalusha Kapoor

Bora Kim

Viola

Yi Zhou *

Born Lau

Anna Kolotylna

Matthew Cohen

Arianna Smith

Ruiqing Tang

Tanner Menees

Justin Almazan

Hae Won Han

Cello

Benjamin Lash *

Mindy Park

Natalie Helm

Vardan Gasparian

Allan Steele

Suyeon Kim

Eugene Lifschitz

Yaebon Go

Gil Jae Lee

Bass

Paul Macres *

Emily Honeyman

Paul Aksman

Marlon Martinez

Matt Feczko

Mariya Andonova

Sukyung Chun

Flute

Francesco Camuglia

Laura Kaufman +

Jennifer Lee

Mark Teplitsky § ^

Piccolo

Francesco Camuglia

Laura Kaufman

Jennifer Lee

Oboe

Martha Kleiner

Robyn Smith +

Titus Underwood ^

John Winstead

English horn

Robyn Smith

Oboe d'Amore

Titus Underwood

Clarinet

Samuel Almaguer §

Gabriel Campos Zamora ^

Natalie Hoe

Emil Khudiyev +

Sang Yoon Kim

Bass Clarinet

Natalie Hoe

Bassoon

Andrew Brady ^ +

Briana Lehman ◇

Contrabassoon

Jack Peña

Horn

Elyse Lauzon +

Anna Spina ^

Elizabeth Upton

Jacob Wilder §

Julian Zheng

Trumpet

Joseph Brown

Lauren Ewing

Conrad Jones ^ +

Jonah Levy

Trombone

Paul Jenkins

Paul Radke

Evan Spacht ^ +

Bass Trombone

David Hagee

Tuba

Spencer Brown

Timpani

Edward Hong

Derek Tywoniuk +

Wai Wah Wan ^

Percussion

Edward Hong *

Derek Tywoniuk

Wai Wah Wan



Anna Spina and Elyse Lauzon

Harp

Ruriko Terada § +
Elisabeth Zosseder ^

Celesta

Eloise Kim

Harpsichord

Arthur Omura †

Orchestra Manager and Librarian

KT Somero

Senior Stage Manager

Victor Pineda

Chamber Orchestra Roster (Handel)

Violin I

Caitlin Kelley*
Elicia Silverstein
Stephen Tavani
Radu Paponiu
Melody Lee

Violin II

Hugh Palmer*
Cheryl Kim
Anna Czerniak
Greg Cardi

Viola

Yi Zhou*
Born Lau
Anna Kolotylna
Matthew Cohen

Cello

Benjamin Lash*
Mindy Park

Bass

Paul Macres

Bassoon

Briana Lehman

Harpsichord

Arthur Omura †

Key:

Guest performer †

Principal *

Principal Winds/Brass:

Adams §

Mahler ^

Chausson +

Handel (*Scherza*) ◇

Graphic design: Eron Muckleroy

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filming for KCET broadcast of Sasha Cooke
and The Colburn Orchestra, Ambassador Auditorium



Elisabeth Zosseder

IF YOU LOVE FOR BEAUTY

SASHA COOKE AND THE COLBURN ORCHESTRA, YEHUDA GILAD MUSIC DIRECTOR

- | | | | |
|-----|--|------|--|
| 1 | <i>Am I in Your Light?</i>
John Adams | 6 | <i>Fronzi tenere e belle... Ombra mai fù</i>
George Frideric Handel |
| 2-4 | <i>Poème de l'Amour et de la Mer</i>
Ernest Chausson | 7-11 | <i>Rückert Lieder</i>
Gustav Mahler |
| 5 | <i>E vivo ancora... Scherza infida</i>
George Frideric Handel | | |

Recorded in Zipper Hall at The Colburn School, February 5-7, 2012
Producer and Recording Engineer: Bob Attiyeh
Assistant Producer and Recording Engineer: Jacob Horowitz
Mastering Engineers: Steve Hoffman & Bob Attiyeh
AKG tube microphone: Gearworks Pro Audio
Microphone amplification and monitoring equipment: Elliot Midwood
Analog tape technician: Len Horowitz



Breaking the Sound Barrier

Yarlung Records 14148



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