

GORDON GETTY

THE LITTLE MATCH GIRL

Nikolai Schukoff, Melody Moore, Lester Lynch



Chor des Bayerischen Rundfunks, Münchner Rundfunkorchester
Asher Fisch, Ulf Schirmer

PENTATONE

The Little Match Girl

Gordon Getty (born 1933)

1 **A Prayer for my Daughter**
For Chorus and Orchestra
Text by William Butler Yeats

Poor Peter
For Tenor, Chorus and Orchestra
Text by Gordon Getty

2	Where is My Lady	2. 48
3	Tune the Fiddle	1. 24
4	Ballad of Poor Peter	5. 21

5 **The Little Match Girl**
For Chorus and Orchestra
Text by Hans Christian Andersen
(English translation by H. B. Paull)
From the short story The Little Match Girl

Joan and the Bells

Cantata for Soprano, Baritone, Chorus and Orchestra
Text by Gordon Getty

6	Judgment	7. 03
7	Joan in Her Chamber	6. 16
8	The Square at Rouen	6. 39

Total playing time: 66.59

Nikolai Schukoff, Tenor (Poor Peter)
Melody Moore, Soprano (Joan and the Bells)
Lester Lynch, Baritone (Joan and the Bells)
Chor des Bayerischen Rundfunks
 Chorus Masters: Jörn Hinnerk Andresen (1 - 5) and Robert Blank (6 - 8)
Münchner Rundfunkorchester

Conducted by
Asher Fisch (1 - 5) and **Ulf Schirmer** (6 - 8).

A Prayer for My Daughter

Yeats was fifty-one when he married Georgie Hyde-Lees in 1916. He wrote "A Prayer for My Daughter" on the birth of Anne Yeats in 1919. The "loveliest woman born" in the third to last stanza would be Maud Gonne, the love of his life, and the "old bellows full of angry wind" would be the man she married, Major John MacBride. Both were violent revolutionaries. MacBride had been executed for his part in the Easter uprising of 1916 when the poem was written.

It is one of the most admired works by one of the most admired poets of the age. Any setting would need to deal with the storm described in the first two stanzas. Mine abates it in the third, leaves out the fourth and fifth, then brings back flurries now and then until the last. The appeal to ceremony at that point invited a brass chorale to close.

**A PRAYER FOR MY
DAUGHTER**
WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

Once more the storm is howling, and
half hid
Under this cradle-hood and coverlid
My child sleeps on. There is no obstacle
But Gregory's Wood and one bare hill
Whereby the haystack- and roof-levelling
wind,
Bred on the Atlantic, can be stayed;
And for an hour I have walked and
prayed
Because of the great gloom that is in
my mind.

I have walked and prayed for this young
child an hour
And heard the sea-wind scream upon
the tower,
And under the arches of the bridge,
and scream

In the elms above the flooded stream;
Imagining in excited reverie
That the future years had come,
Dancing to a frenzied drum,
Out of the murderous innocence of the
sea.

May she be granted beauty and yet not
Beauty to make a stranger's eye
distracted,
Or hers before a looking-glass, for such,
Being made beautiful overmuch,
Consider beauty a sufficient end,
Lose natural kindness and maybe
The heart-revealing intimacy
That chooses right and never find a
friend. *

May she become a flourishing hidden
tree
That all her thoughts may like the linnets
be,
And have no business but dispensing
round

Their magnanimities of sound,
 Nor but in merriment begin a chase,
 Nor but in merriment a quarrel.
 Oh, may she live like some green laurel
 Rooted in one dear perpetual place.

My mind, because the minds that I
have loved,
The sort of beauty that I have approved,
Prosper but little, has dried up of late,
Yet knows that to be choked with hate
May well be of all evil chances chief.
If there's no hatred in a mind
Assault and battery of the wind
Can never tear the linnet from the leaf.

An intellectual hatred is the worst,
So let her think opinions are accursed.
Have I not seen the loveliest woman
born
Out of the mouth of Plenty's horn,
Because of her opinionated mind
Barter that horn and every good
By quiet natures understood

For an old bellows full of angry wind?

Considering that, all hatred driven hence,
The soul recovers radical innocence
And learns at last that it is self-
delighting,
Self-appeasing, self-affrighting,
And that its own sweet will is heaven’s
will;
She can, though every face should
scowl
And every windy quarter howl
Or every bellows burst, be happy still.

And may her bride-groom bring her to
a house
Where all’s accustomed, ceremonious;
For arrogance and hatred are the wares
Peddled in the thoroughfares.
How but in custom and in ceremony
Are innocence and beauty born?
Ceremony’s a name for the rich horn,
And custom for the spreading laurel
tree.

* Composer did not set stanza 4 and 5
of the original poem.

Text: “A Prayer for my Daughter,”
by William Butler Yeats,
adapted by Gordon Getty.
Source: William Butler Yeats, “A Prayer
for my Daughter” in *Michael Robartes
And The Dancer*, (Churchtown,
Dundrum, Ireland: Cuala Press, 1920),
Pages 20-23.



Münchner Rundfunkorchester
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Poor Peter

Poor Peter is set in the Middle Ages of
myth, of Sherwood Forest or Camelot
or Christmas carols. “Where is My
Lady,” which opens the cycle, also
appears in my opera *Usher House*.
There it is sung by the narrator, who
I make to be Poe himself, and then
reprised wordlessly by Madeline as she
walks up from her crypt at the end. The
“Beauty and grace...” refrain, although
not so much the whole poem, is meant
to sound as if Poe might have written it.

“Tune the Fiddle” offers a foot-stomping
contrast in tempo and dynamic, and
gives a hint of the sass and cheek
expected of actual minstrels in festive
songs. Minstrels seem to have been a
rowdy lot, incidentally, judging from
Grove’s.
The main idea of “The Ballad of Poor
Peter” comes from Yeats’ “The Song

of Wandering Aengus,” where a girl
materializes magically, runs off, and is
followed by Aengus forever:

*“Though I am old with wandering,
Through hollow lands and hilly lands,
I will find out where she has gone,
And kiss her lips and take her hands;
And walk among long-dappled grass,
And pluck, till time and times are done,
The silver apples of the moon,
The golden apples of the sun.”*

The debt of my own lines to this,
particularly in my third stanza, is plain
enough.

Even so, Aengus and Poor Peter are not
the same. We cannot imagine Aengus
singing “Tune the Fiddle.” Poor Peter
has a twinkle; he is audience-aware, he
invites the smile and the tear together.
These traits give him a place in the world
we know, as well as the world of dreams.

POOR PETER
GORDON GETTY

WHERE IS MY LADY?

Where is my lady, O where has she
gone?
Over the moonrise and over the dawn.
Follow her easterly, follow the trace
Of her toe on the wind; she has run to
the place
Where the morning begins, and the sea
and the sky;
Beauty and grace she is, beauty and
grace
Hang in the air like chimes where she
goes by.

What if I follow, as best I can try,
And ring the wide world, and yet fail in
the chase?
Follow her southerly, follow the mark
Of her foot in the light, of her foot in
the dark,

Easterly, southerly, follow the train
Where she runs in the starlight, she runs
in the rain,
In footfall and starfall, again and
again,
Beauty and grace she is, beauty and
grace
Hang in the air like chimes where she
goes by.

TUNE THE FIDDLE

Tune the fiddle and fetch the drum,
Stamp and clap as the dancers come,
In green and blues, in ranks and
queues,
Two by twos in dancing shoes.

Carve the roast and fill the bowl,
Here’s to our host, and the thirsty soul,
And the company whole.

O Master of Revels, O Lord of Misrule,
You have set us to school with the ape

and the fool!
If we drink, we are giddy, if not, we are
dry,
Then let it go by, with never a why.

Up to your toes, Miss Gillian,
Follow your nose, Maid Allison,
Watch how she goes, Dame Jocelyn,
One, two, three, A, B, C, merrily.

Dance to the cembalo, dance to the
pipe,
Step to the measure while beauty is
ripe,
The lad and the lass and the music will
pass,
As the wine from the glass, as the dew
from the grass.

Skip and away, young Jeremy,
Best of the day, good Timothy,
What do you say, Squire Anthony,
Four, five, six, candlewicks, fishing
sticks.

Ladies fair will dance in the air,
Gallants tall will chase them all,
And catch them as they fall.

Tune the fiddle and fetch the drum,
Stamp and clap as the dancers come,
In green and blues, in ranks and
queues,
Two by twos in dancing shoes.

THE BALLAD OF POOR PETER

Gentles, children, come awhile
My song to hear,
And if the song be worth a smile,
Or worth a tear,
Then grant Poor Peter but a penny,
Or two or three if you have many,
Or nothing if you haven't any,
And keep good cheer.

Upon a day, along a way,
I met a child.
She said, "Come find me if you can;

You lost me when the world began."
I asked her meaning, but she ran
Into the wild.

Now where she went, and what she
meant,
I do not know,
Or how the world was first begun,
But I will find where she has run,
And follow her beyond the sun,
And ask, before the world is done,
How came it so.

And now I pass, a white old man,
From there to here,
By wit and wile,
A skip, a footstep and a year,
A minute and a mile,
To find her where the world began,
And sing of her, as best I can,
And if the song be worth a tear,
Or yet a smile,
Then grant Poor Peter but a penny,
Or two or three if you have many,

Or nothing if you haven't any,
And bless you all the while.

Poor Peter: © 2013 Rork Music



Nikolai Schukoff

The Little Match Girl

"The Little Match Girl" is best read
sitting down. Heartbreak, catharsis,
redemption. We are the ones redeemed
because we care.

Andersen's story is only three pages
long. I picked a translation from the
Danish, and set it more or less word
for word. The occasional speedups
and slowdowns in my setting pose
a challenge to the orchestra, and
particularly the chorus, in staying
together. The climax comes when
the little girl rises to heaven in her
grandmother's arms. An orchestral
interlude then recapitulates the
themes, and the chorus returns in
serenity.

THE LITTLE MATCH GIRL
HANS CHRISTIAN
ANDERSEN

It was terribly cold and nearly dark on
the last evening of the old year, and the
snow was falling fast. In the cold and
the darkness, a poor little girl, with bare
head and naked feet, roamed through
the streets. It is true she had on a pair
of slippers when she left home, but
they were not of much use. They were
very large, so large, indeed, that they
had belonged to her mother, and the
poor little creature had lost them in
running across the street to avoid two
carriages that were rolling along at a
terrible rate. One of the slippers she
could not find, and a boy seized upon
the other and ran away with it, saying
he could use it as a cradle, when he
had children of his own. So the little
girl went on with her little naked feet,

which were quite red and blue with
the cold. In an old apron she carried a
number of matches, and had a bundle
of them in her hands. No one had
bought anything of her the whole day,
nor had anyone given her even a penny.
Shivering with cold and hunger, she
crept along; poor little child, she looked
the picture of misery. The snow-flakes
fell on her long, fair hair, which hung in
curls on her shoulders, but she regarded
them not.

Lights were shining from every window,
and there was a savory smell of roast
goose, for it was New-year's eve—yes,
she remembered that. In a corner,
between two houses, one of which
projected beyond the other, she sank
down and huddled herself together. She
had drawn her little feet under her, but
she could not keep off the cold; and she
dared not go home, for she had sold
no matches, and could not take home

even a penny of money. Her father
would certainly beat her; besides, it
was nearly as cold at home as here, for
they had only the roof to cover them,
through which the wind blew, although
the largest holes had been stuffed up
with straw and rags. Her little hands
were almost frozen with the cold. Ah!
perhaps a burning match might be
some good, if she could draw it from
the bundle and strike it against the
wall, just to warm her fingers. She drew
one out—"scratch!" how it sputtered as
it burnt! It gave a warm, bright light,
like a little candle, as she held her hand
over it. It was really a wonderful light.
It seemed to the little girl that she was
sitting by a large iron stove with brass
ornament. How the fire burned! and
seemed so beautifully warm that the
little child stretched out her feet as if to
warm them, when, lo! the flame of the
match went out, the stove vanished,
and she had only the remains of the

half-burnt match in her hand.

She rubbed another match on the wall. It burst into a flame, and where its light fell upon the wall it became as transparent as a veil, and she could see into the room. The table was covered with a snowy white table-cloth, on which stood a splendid dinner service, and a steaming roast goose, stuffed with apples and dried plums. And what was still more wonderful, the goose jumped down from the dish and waddled across the floor, with a knife and fork in its breast, to the little girl. Then the match went out, and there remained nothing but the thick, damp, cold wall before her.

She lighted another match, and then she found herself sitting under a beautiful Christmas-tree. It was larger and more beautifully decorated than the one which she had seen through

the glass door at the rich merchant's. Thousands of tapers were burning upon the green branches, and colored pictures, like those she had seen in the show-windows, looked down upon it all. The little one stretched out her hand towards them, and the match went out.

The Christmas lights rose higher and higher, till they looked to her like the stars in the sky. Then she saw a star fall, leaving behind it a bright streak of fire. "Someone is dying," thought the little girl, for her old grandmother, the only one who had ever loved her, and who was now dead, had told her that when a star falls, a soul was going up to God.

She again rubbed a match on the wall, and the light shone round her; in the brightness stood her old grandmother, clear and shining, yet mild and loving in her appearance. "Grandmother,"

cried the little one, "O take me with you; I know you will go away when the match burns out; you will vanish like the warm stove, the roast goose, and the large, glorious Christmas-tree." And she made haste to light the whole bundle of matches, because she wanted to keep her grandmother there. And the matches glowed with a light that was brighter than the noon-day, and her grandmother had never appeared so large or so beautiful. She took the little girl in her arms, and they both flew upwards in brightness and joy far above the earth, where there was neither cold nor hunger nor pain, for they were with God.

In the dawn of the morning there lay the poor little one, with pale cheeks and smiling mouth, leaning against the wall; she had been frozen to death on the last evening of the old year. The child still sat, in the stiffness of death,

holding the matches in her hand, one bundle of which was burnt. "She tried to warm herself," said some. No one imagined what beautiful things she had seen, nor into what glory she had entered with her grandmother, on New-year's day.

Text: "The Little Match Girl," by Hans Christian Andersen, translated by H.B. Paull, adapted by Gordon Getty. Source: Hans Christian Andersen, "The Little Match-Seller" in *Fairy Tales*, trans. H. B. Paull (Chicago: S. A. Maxwell & Co., 1888), Pages 227-229.

Joan and the Bells

1429 was the 92nd year of the Hundred Years' War. Three generations of French had been bloodied in the disasters of Crecy, Poitiers and Agincourt. In the spring of that year an illiterate peasant girl told first the Governor of her region, and then the Dauphin, that she had been chosen by God to drive the English back to their shores. She was given a few soldiers and sent to join the defense of Orleans. She led the French army to victory. Later in that year she broke the English strongholds along the Loire, and led the Dauphin through Burgundian territory to his coronation at Rheims.

Soon she had proved too warlike and independent for the new king's comfort. In 1430 she attacked Burgundian Paris, without result, after he had declared a truce. When she

was captured in battle a few months later he did not ransom her, although he could have done so easily under the customs of the time. She was sold to the Duke of Burgundy, and tried by the Church for heresy and witchcraft at Rouen in 1431. Pierre Cauchon, the Bishop of Beauvais, led the prosecution. She renounced her visions under a promise that her life would be spared, and recanted on learning that the terms included life imprisonment on bread and water. She was now trapped as a relapsed heretic, and was burned at the stake. She was about nineteen years old.

Myth can add little to such a history. Like other writers, even so, I have cast Joan's story in a myth to suit my telling. *Joan and the Bells* keeps to some facts and makes up others. Thus Domremy is given a Lourdes-like setting for picturesqueness alone. It is true

meanwhile that church bells brought Joan's visions and voices, but not that any were silenced at her trial.

There is also no reason to suppose that Cauchon was compassionate in the end. He is made so here to mitigate Church-bashing, to give the benefit of the doubt to little-known historical figures, and to keep the focus on Joan. Her story needs no villains. It is the hero, not the saint, who is measured by the size of the dragon slain. The saint is measured by the promise kept, by the beauty of the vision, and by the straightness of the path.

Schiller and Mark Twain, and Verdi and Tchaikovsky, made Joan wise beyond her years. Indeed she was. The record of her trial, which was meticulous by the fine-printing standards of the time, shows a defendant of acumen and poise. People grew up fast in

her age of war and freebooters and the Black Death. It was the genius of Shaw that inverted this safe literary tradition and brought out the spunky teenager in Joan. Jean Anouilh went farther, in *The Lark*, and gave her the simplicity of preadolescence. *Joan and the Bells* owes much to these masters, particularly Anouilh, and takes the same poetic license. It is a tale of a child's faith in an age without childhood, of a valor undeflected, and of the redemption these qualities commend.

JOAN AND THE BELLS
GORDON GETTY

PART ONE: JUDGMENT

Cauchon and Chorus
Joan the Maid, you are condemned.
You have done prodigies by witchcraft,
Beyond all temporal power, in men’s
clothes,
You have led armies and defeated
armies,
And counseled heresies. You have heard
our judgment.
Let it be entered.

Joan
I wore men’s clothes and armor
And fought their fight.
God put a sword into my hand.

Chorus
She is blaspheming. Silence her.

Cauchon
You are mistaken. Satan armed you,
child.
The sword was his. Repent, be healed,
be saved.
Cast him away, and you will bless our
judgment.
Receive God’s grace and you will bless
the flames,
Let God’s grace shine in them and sing
in them,
Let them drive out the husk, the dross,
the slag,
Let them drive out that antichrist, the
mortal world,
Let them refine, cleanse, cauterize,
Let them anneal, let them distill,
Let them make pure. Renounce your
visions,
Know them aright. They are not your
three saints.
You have confessed that these things
are not saints
But Satan and his minions.

Joan
I thank the court. Your Reverences
Are old and wise, the Church is God’s
true agent,
And I am perjured.
I was afraid, and was not true to them,
Saint Catherine, Saint Margaret, Saint
Michael,
I did them evil,
Here in this room I called them frauds
and specters,
But I have asked their pardon,
And must not wrong them more.
Your Reverences have sentenced me
most justly.
I am still wicked and afraid.
But, Reverences, I must not wrong
them more,
And I will ask their pardon in the fire.

Chorus
Defiance! Blasphemy! Brothers, you are
too patient.

Cauchon
She is obdurate. We can do nothing.
Remove her. Pray for her. The trial is
closed.
There was no fault in it. God help us
now,
But, Brothers, who can say we were not
fair?
We were most circumspect. The pope
absolves us.
The laity consent.

Chorus
Thus far.
But there must be no bells.

Cauchon
There will be none.
The Duke of Bedford stilled them.

Chorus
They are her voices.

Cauchon
He took their tongues.

Chorus
Her visions come with them.

Cauchon
The bells are mute. God help us,
Brothers,
But who can say we were not fair?

Chorus
Who can say we were not fair?

PART TWO: JOAN IN HER CHAMBER

Joan
Saint Margaret,
I ask your pardon first,
Because it was you I saw the first of all,
Running to church. Do you remember?
It was fall and cool and morning and
beautiful;
I was running up where the path was
highest,
Up where the bells came loudest, on
the hillside,
In the forest by the spring,
Where I could see our roof and all the
roofs,
But this time I was running not to be
late,
And did not look.
Do you remember? All at once I saw
you,
As plain as anyone, but beautiful and
shining,
And I knew you were a saint.

Then I saw you, Saint Michael,
And you, Saint Catherine,
And now I ask your pardon too. I am
ashamed,
For I have broken faith with you,
And made you angry,
And that is why you will not come to
me.

But then you came, all three,
And, Blessed Margaret, you said,
“Joan, do you know us?” And I said,
“I do, Saint Margaret,
But I think you must have lost your way.
Not even the abbé comes to
Domremy.”
Saint Michael, then you said, “Joan,
Are you afraid of us?” And I said, “No,
Saint Michael,”
And then, Saint Catherine, you said,
“It is good that you are not,
For you must ride a horse, and be a
soldier,
And hold a sword.” And I said, “Oh,

Saint Catherine,
A soldier?” And you answered,
“If you are not afraid, and keep your
word,
And do your very best,
Then you will be a soldier, and ride a
horse,
And hold a sword, and crown a king,
And do brave things that will be told
forever.”
And I said, “Well, then, I will try,
But how can I do all of that?”
And then, Saint Michael, you said,
“You will know how, all by yourself,
And when you need us we will come to
you.”

Oh, blessed saints, it was the truth.
At Chinon Castle you led me to the
Dauphin
And made him trust me. At Orleans
Where we had fought all day without
advantage,
And had fallen back to garrison as

weak as death,
You came and said that we must try
once more.
Somehow I made them do it, and we
won.
So it was on the Loire,
At Meung, Jargeau, Patay, so many
times,
Whenever we were nearly broken,
With fresh reserves against us, banners
high,
Mocking at us, our ordnance driven
back,
Dust-blind, our force encircled, then
you came
In our great need, just as you said,
To give me courage, and the field was
ours.
Even when I was taken at Compiègne,
And even here, you came to me each
day,
But now I have been untruthful,
And that is why you will not speak to
me.

Dear saints, I will do better,
There is only a little time, but I will try,
And then perhaps you will not be so
angry,
And you will come to me.



Melody Moore
© Chip Gillespie

PART THREE: THE SQUARE AT ROUEN

Various Voices

They are building the fire too high.
The executioner will not be able to
come near,
Once it is lit,
To do the act of mercy.
It is cruel.

Cauchon (aside)

Yes, it is cruel.

Other Voices

It is justice. She is a witch.
She is a heretic relapsed.

She is young and beautiful.

I do not think she is a witch.

She is not afraid. She is very calm.

Cauchon (aside)

Her head is high.

Other Voices

She is a witch. The court condemned
her.

Now they will light the fire. It is lit.

The flames are terrible.

Listen! There are bells. I hear them.

Yes! There are bells.

There are no bells. Lord Bedford took
their tongues.

Sometimes the bells can bring her
visions to her.

That is why he made them mute.

They are not the bells of Rouen.

Cauchon (aside)

No, they are other bells. I heard them

once,
When I was very young.

Other Voices

They are other bells.

There are no bells. Lord Bedford stilled
them.

She is looking at something up high.

What is it?

She is watching the tower.

No, she is looking above it.

Her lips are moving.
She is praying. I cannot make out the
words.

What does she say?

Cauchon (aside)

She is saying, “Jesu, Jesu, Jesu.”

Chorus (saints)

Come, child, come, soldier,
The task is finished, finished and settled
away,
It is all mended and folded away,
The battle is done with, over and gone,
And washed away with the morning.
You have won and rested. Listen! The
bells!

See, you have won, child! Now rise up
In the cool of the morning, run to us,
Run up in the cool hills, run barefoot,
run, child, feel the wind,
Feel the cool wind, run higher, higher,
Up to the mountaintops, higher!
Jump higher than the world! The bells
are louder!

Here, child! Faster! See, you are almost
home!
Up here, child! Run up to the sky and
past it,
Past clouds and moons and comets,
Up, child! It is so blue and bright!
You can hardly see! Brighter and brighter!

Come running, riding; now you are
riding, child!
Ride forward, faster, faster, higher,
higher,
Up to the front, child!

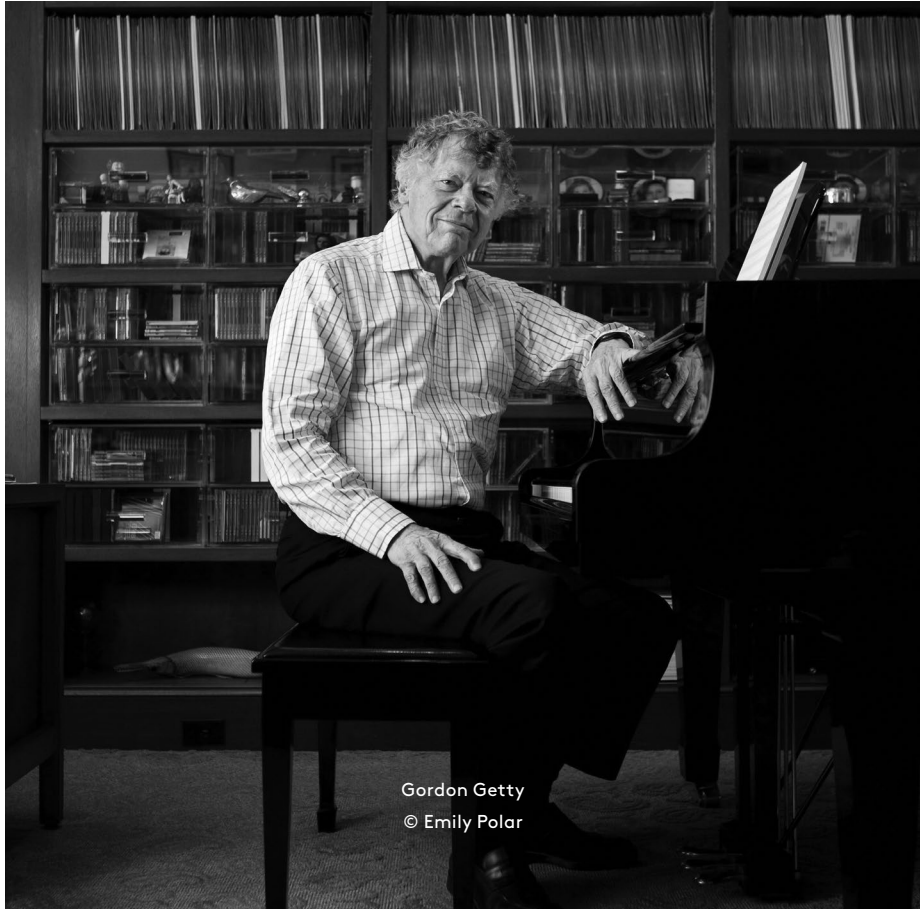
See the battalions align, there are
Dunois, LaHire,
In the cool of the morning, Xantrailles
and his lancers,
The ground is resilient, quick for the
charge,
See the horses, the riders, the ranks,
How they quiver and quicken, their
eyes, they are ready,
All of them furious, dangerous, ready,
Spur, child! Up to the gallop, apace,
hear the war-shout,
The banner, aloft! Let it fly, let it carry
them,
Jesu Maria, they see it, they follow,
Attack, child! Into the enemy, at them!
Into the cavalry, up to the cannon, the
colors!
The bells are everywhere!

See, the gates open, child, the
pennants fall, the captains kneel!
Ride up, child, up to the battlements,
up to the stars,
Ride up in the cool of the morning.

Joan and the Bells: © 2012 Rork Music



Lester Lynch
© Rex Lott



Gordon Getty
© Emily Polar

Gordon Getty

In 1986, American composer Gordon Getty was honored as an Outstanding American Composer at the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts. His music has been performed in such prestigious venues as New York's Carnegie Hall and Lincoln Center, London's Royal Festival Hall, Vienna's Brahmsaal, and Moscow's Tchaikovsky Hall and Bolshoi Theatre.

Getty's newest opera, *The Canterville Ghost*, premieres in Leipzig in 2015. Another one-act opera, *Usher House*, was premiered in 2014 by the Welsh National Opera and opens at the San Francisco Opera in 2015. Getty's first opera, *Plump Jack*, was first performed by the San Francisco Symphony in 1984 and was revived in a new concert version in 2011 by Ulf Schirmer and the Münchner Rundfunkorchester, a

performance which was simulcast on Bavarian Radio and released by PENTATONE.

Getty has produced a steady stream of compositions, beginning in 1981 with *The White Election*, a much-performed song cycle on poems by Emily Dickinson, recorded by Delos and PENTATONE. Other song cycles include *Poor Peter* and *Four Dickinson Songs*, both recorded by Lisa Delan and pianist Kristin Pankonin on their PENTATONE recitals *And If the Song Be Worth a Smile* and *The Hours Begin to Sing*. In 2005, PENTATONE released Getty's first CD of choral works, featuring *Victorian Scenes*, *Annabel Lee*, *Young America*, and *Three Welsh Songs*. *Joan and the Bells*, a cantata portraying the trial and execution of Joan of Arc, has been performed widely since its 1998 premiere, notably at Windsor Castle in 2004 with Mikhail Pletnev, and was

previously released by PENTATONE in 2002.

In 2010, PENTATONE released a CD devoted to six of his orchestral pieces, with Sir Neville Marriner conducting the Academy of St. Martin in the Fields, and followed up in 2013 with a CD of the composer's solo-piano works played by Conrad Tao. His ballet *Ancestor Suite* was given its premiere staging in 2009 by the Bolshoi Ballet and Russian National Orchestra at the Bolshoi Theatre, Moscow.

Getty's music is published by Rork Music.

www.gordongetty.com

Nikolai Schukoff

The tenor Nikolai Schukoff was born in Graz, Austria. His repertoire is varied, ranging from Danilo in Lehár's *Die lustige Witwe* and Pollione in Bellini's *Norma* to Dionysus in Henze's *Die Bassariden*. Other roles include Max in Weber's *Der Freischutz*, which he performed in Geneva and Salzburg, and Don José in Bizet's *Carmen*, which he sang in Baden-Baden, Zurich and, most recently, Hamburg.

Nikolai Schukoff was especially successful in the title role of Wagner's *Parsifal*, which he performed in Munich and Dresden, among others. Subsequently, he was invited to sing this role in 2013 at the Easter Festival in Salzburg under the baton of Sir Simon Rattle.

As a concert singer, Nikolai Schukoff has sung with many major orchestras, including the Munich Philharmonic, the Leipzig Gewandhaus Orchestra, and the London Philharmonic Orchestra. Nikolai Schukoff has often performed with conductor/pianist Christoph Eschenbach, with whom he also gives joint Lieder evenings.

Melody Moore

When Melody Moore made her début in London at the English National Opera during the 2008-2009 season as Mimi in Puccini's *La bohème*, she was widely acclaimed for her magnificent voice. Subsequently, she was reinvited to sing the role of Marguerite in Gounod's *Faust*.

However, as a graduate of the Cincinnati College-Conservatory of Music and a 2007 San Francisco Opera Adler Fellow, the young soprano made

her first career moves in her native America. Major performances in the U.S.A. have included the Countess in Mozart's *Le nozze di Figaro* in Los Angeles, the title role in Puccini's *Suor Angelica* at the Orlando Opera, and Donna Anna in Mozart's *Don Giovanni* with the Cincinnati Chamber Orchestra. At the New York City Opera, she sang in a contemporary opera, *Séance on a Wet Afternoon*, by Stephen Schwartz.

Melody Moore has collaborated with renowned conductors such as Kent Nagano and Donald Runnicles.

Lester Lynch

One of the most important American operas, Gershwin's *Porgy and Bess*, holds an important position in Lester Lynch's biography. The baritone, who was born in Ohio and studied at New York's Juilliard School of Music, has

performed in this opera in Washington, Chicago, and San Francisco; and he has also toured Europe with *Porgy and Bess* (with the Houston Grand Opera), alternately singing the roles of Porgy and Crown.

However, Lester Lynch has also made a name for himself singing Verdi. Past roles have included the Count di Luna in *Il trovatore* at the Deutsche Oper am Rhein and the Minnesota Opera, and Germont in *La traviata* at the Cleveland Opera and Houston. At the Bregenz Festival 2011, he sang in Umberto Giordano's *Andrea Chénier*, under conductor Ulf Schirmer. Lester Lynch has demonstrated his enormous stylistic range in the concert field in performances including works such as Handel's *Messiah*, Fauré's *Requiem*, and Vaughan Williams' *Sea Symphony*.

Münchner Rundfunkorchester

Founded in 1952, the Münchner Rundfunkorchester (Munich Radio Orchestra) has developed over the course of its 60-year history into an ensemble that covers a vast artistic spectrum. And just because of this great versatility, it has established a prominent position on Munich's orchestral landscape.

The parade of chief conductors of the Münchner Rundfunkorchester was led on by Werner Schmidt-Boelcke (1952-1967), followed by Kurt Eichhorn (1967-1975), Heinz Wallberg (1975-1981), Lamberto Gardelli (1982-1985), Giuseppe Patané (1988-1989) and Roberto Abbado (1992-1998). From 1998 to 2004 Marcello Viotti was the chief conductor of the orchestra.

Since September of 2006 Ulf Schirmer has served as artistic director of the Münchner Rundfunkorchester. With a program including such highlights as the world premieres of commissioned works at the "Paradisi gloria" series, as well as intriguing rediscoveries in the fields of opera and operetta, he has introduced new content to the repertoire.

Supplementing its activities at its home base of Munich, the Münchner Rundfunkorchester also makes regular appearances at guest concerts and well-known festivals like the Kissingen Summer and the Richard Strauss Festival in Garmisch-Partenkirchen. At the Salzburg Festival, it accompanied a series of operas in concert performances starring such major artists as Anna Netrebko, Plácido Domingo, Elīna Garanča and Juan Diego Flórez.

Chor des Bayerischen Rundfunks

The Chor des Bayerischen Rundfunks (Bavarian Radio Choir) was founded in 1946. Its artistic upswing took place parallel to the development of the Symphonieorchester des Bayerischen Rundfunks (Bavarian Radio Symphony Orchestra). Since 2003, Mariss Jansons has been chief conductor of both the choir and the orchestra. In 2005, Peter Dijkstra was appointed artistic director and has since presented a variety of programmes in collaboration with both orchestras of the Bavarian Radio in the subscription series given by the choir. The main focus has been on contemporary vocal music, as well as the collaboration with early-music specialist orchestras, such as the Concerto Köln (Concerto Cologne) and the Akademie für Alte Musik Berlin (Academy for Ancient Music Berlin).

Thanks to its exceptional degree of homogeneity and stylistic range – which embraces all fields of choral singing, from medieval motets to contemporary works, and from oratorio to opera – the ensemble enjoys an exceptional reputation world-wide.

The choir has given guest performances in Japan, as well as at festivals in Bonn, Bremen, Luzern and Salzburg. Top European orchestras, such as the Berlin Philharmonic, the Royal Concertgebouw Orchestra, Amsterdam, the Staatskapelle Dresden from Saxony, and the Bamberg Symphonic-Bavarian State Philharmonic all enjoy working with the Chor des Bayerischen Rundfunks. In recent years, the choir has performed with renowned conductors such as Claudio Abbado, Andris Nelsons, Yannick Nézet-Séguin, Ulf Schirmer, Herbert Blomstedt, Bernard

Haitink, Riccardo Muti, and Christian Thielemann. The Chor des Bayerischen Rundfunks also sets new interpretive accents with contemporary music at the musica viva concerts as well as in the "Paradisi gloria" series with the Münchner Rundfunkorchester.

Asher Fisch

Asher Fisch began his conducting career as Daniel Barenboim's assistant and kappellmeister at the Berlin Staatsoper. After making his United States debut at the Los Angeles Opera in 1995, he has since conducted at the Metropolitan Opera (*Rigoletto*, *Parsifal*), Lyric Opera of Chicago, Houston Grand Opera, and San Francisco Opera. Now a regular guest at leading European opera houses, Fisch has conducted all the major German and Austrian opera houses including Berlin, Munich, Dresden,

Leipzig, and Vienna; Milan's Teatro alla Scala; Paris Opera; the Royal Opera House, and Covent Garden. Among North American symphony orchestras, Fisch has conducted those of Boston, Chicago, New York, Philadelphia, Los Angeles, Dallas, Seattle, Atlanta, Cincinnati, Houston, St. Louis, Toronto, Montreal, Minnesota and the National Symphony in Washington, D.C. In Europe he appears regularly at the Munich Philharmonic, Staatskapelle Dresden, and has also conducted the Berlin Philharmonic, London Philharmonic Orchestra, Gewandhaus Orchestra, and Orchestre National de France, among others.

Ulf Schirmer

Since 2006, Ulf Schirmer has been the Artistic Director of the Münchner Rundfunkorchester, with which he presents a varied programme, ranging

from operetta, opera and film music to the sacred music of 20th and 21st centuries in the series "Paradisi gloria." He often presents rarely performed or unjustly neglected works – recently, for instance, Richard Wagner's opera *Das Liebesverbot* and Albert Lortzing's opera *Regina*.

Ulf Schirmer was born in Eschenhausen (near Bremen, Germany). He received his musical training from György Ligeti, Christoph von Dohnányi, and Horst Stein. He was assistant to Lorin Maazel, chief conductor of the Vienna State Opera, Music Director in Wiesbaden, and house conductor of the Danish Radio Symphony Orchestra.

He is a regular guest at the Deutsche Oper Berlin and the Vienna State Opera, as well as at the Bregenz Festival, where he presented Umberto Giordano's *Andrea Chénier* in summer

2011. At the New National Theatre in Tokyo he conducted *Arabella* by Richard Strauss.

In 2000, Ulf Schirmer was appointed a professor at the Hamburg Academy of Music. In 2009, he was appointed Music Director of the Leipzig Opera, and shortly afterwards Artistic Director. In Leipzig, Ulf Schirmer has conducted performances of Puccini's *La bohème*, Humperdinck's *Hänsel und Gretel*, and Wagner's *Lohengrin*, among others.



Chor des Bayerischen Rundfunk
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