

Watercolors

music of
Robert Nelson



Sonja Bruzauskas
mezzo-soprano

DE 3499



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Sonja Bruzauskas, mezzo-soprano

Sapphire

Bowls

On the Question of Angels

Two Cabaret Songs

Two Love Lyrics

Zoo Stories

Watercolors

Tali Morgulis/ Roy Wylie/ Timothy Hester, piano

Christopher Neal / Sophia Silvios, violin

Wayne Brooks, viola • Christopher French/Anthony Kitai, cello

Anne Leek, oboe • Alexander Potiomkin, clarinet • Brian Thomas, horn

Total playing time: 74:11

Watercolors

Music of Robert Nelson

Sonja Bruzauskas, mezzo-soprano

1. **Sapphire** (Text by Randolph Lacy) (5:58)
Anne Leek, *oboe* • Christopher Neal, *violin* •
Wayne Brooks, *viola* • Christopher French, *cello*
• Roy Wylie, *piano*

2. **Bowls** (Texts by Ava Leavell Haymon) (9:02)
Alexander Potiomkin, *clarinet* • Christopher
Neal, *violin* • Christopher French, *cello* • Tali
Morgulis, *piano*

3. **On the Question of Angels** (Text by Ava
Leavell Haymon) (5:06)
Sophia Silvios, *violin* • Anthony Kitai, *cello* • Tali
Morgulis, Roy Wylie, *piano*

Two Cabaret Songs (Texts by Friedrich
Hollaender) (14:53)

4. Abzählen (7:28)

5. Mit Einer Scheusslichen Puppe (7:25)
Tali Morgulis, *piano*

Two Love Lyrics (3:40)

6. What Is Love? (Text by William
Shakespeare) (:56)

7. A Valentine (Text by E.E. Cummings) (2:44)
Tali Morgulis, *piano*

Zoo Stories (Original stories by Kate Pogue)
(25:07)

8. The Giraffe, the Elephant, and the Gorilla
(4:11)

9. The Goose and the Dapper Red Fox (10:22)

10. The Long Walk (10:34)

Brian Thomas, *horn* • Timothy Hester, *piano*

Watercolors (Texts by Ava Leavell Haymon)
(10:23)

11. Lesson i (1:10)

12. Lesson ii (2:59)

13. Lesson iii (:31)

14. Lesson iv (3:33)

15. Watercolor: Two Rockers on a Sun Porch
(2:10)

Tali Morgulis, *piano*

Total playing time: 74:11

Composer's Notes on the Music

In my many years of teaching composition, one of the best bits of advice I ever gave my students was this: Develop and nurture strong associations with talented performers who are capable and open to new music. Such has been my relationship with the multi-talented mezzo-soprano Sonja Bruzauskas. In addition to being a first-rate performer, Sonja has the most wonderful ear for contemporary music and has established a reputation as the go-to person for new music. I have been extraordinarily fortunate in having a years-long and quite fruitful period of collaboration with her.

Our relationship came about somewhat by accident. I had been invited to have my *Zoo Stories* performed by the Greenbriar Consortium, a group of Houston Symphony musicians eager to perform chamber music under their own auspices. I had a singer in mind who had performed some of my earlier music, and we had begun coaching on the piece. But Anne Leek, the director of the Consortium, had recommended a couple of other singers, one of which was Sonja. I had originally conceived this work for a singer/actor, and Sonja seemed the logical choice. I extended an invitation to her to do the piece, but she was initially very reluctant. After considerable urging by Brian Thomas, our French horn player, Sonja agreed to perform and, of course, she was spectacular—both in her singing and in her extraordinary theatricality. Later we had the opportunity to record the piece, which is included on the CD.

My next opportunity to work with Sonja was the Houston Tuesday Musical Club Spring Musicale of 2013. The performers on the program decided that it would be fun to close the program with a composition featuring everyone, which meant an ensemble of voice (Sonja), violin, cello, and two pianists! The literature for this ensemble is a bit slim, so I was asked to write a new piece. As a composer, I always panic a bit when faced with writing a new work for voice because of the need for finding an appropriate text. My preference has always been to go with contemporary poetry whenever possible, and Sonja allowed that she knew a poet who would be agreeable to having her poetry set to music. It turned out that it was her mother-in-law, Ava Leavell Haymon. Thrilled at the prospect of working with a real poet, I asked Ava to send me some of her works. Among them was a set of poems titled *Bowls* that I just fell in love with, and I almost immediately began working on the music. But I quickly realized that this set of poems wouldn't work for this particular occasion, so I reluctantly set them aside and turned to another poem titled "On the Question of Angels." This poem turned out to be perfect for the occasion.

The poem is very dramatic and intense and that is probably why I was attracted to it. But at the performance, two difficulties arose. First, the venue was an old church that had a very long reverberant period, which had the unfortunate effect of blurring the diction. Normally we would compensate for this by printing the text in the program, but that led to a second difficulty: One of the lines

in the poem referenced suicide (although by a bird), and the term raised the hackles of the elders of the church where we were performing. There was a good possibility that we would be forced to drop the work. Eventually a compromise was reached whereby we could perform the piece but couldn't print the text in the program. It bothered me greatly that the audience was thus unable to truly appreciate Ava's wonderful poem, so we decided to do the piece again on one of the regular Tuesday Musical Club programs. This program would be given over entirely to my settings of Ava's poems. We not only were able to print the text of "Angels" but also had the additional pleasure of hearing Ava read her poem. This program gave me the opportunity to finally complete my work on *Bowls*, and I was also able to set Ava's colorful and evocative *Watercolor Lessons*. This program then became the core of our CD.

I have since had the great pleasure of writing a number of other works for Sonja, several of which are also included in this album.

Sapphire

Poem by Randolph Lacy

I had known tenor Randy Lacy through his work at the University of Houston's Moores School of Music and the Houston Bach Society. I discovered—quite by chance—that he had written a number of poems, one of which was *Sapphire*. I was quite attracted to this poem, which was expressionistic and had wonderfully rich imagery. This suited my predilection at that time for

a more post-tonal musical idiom. I was also attracted to the idea of substituting an oboe for the first violin of the string quartet and so conceived the piece for voice and piano quintet, but with the oboe. The piece was originally written for tenor, and I had always assumed that Randy himself would perform it. Unfortunately, this never happened. But because of the prominent oboe part, the piece came to Anne Leek's attention, and she volunteered to perform it with the Greenbriar Consortium. Again, she gave me a choice of singers, and this time there was no question but that my choice would be Sonja. I was able to rework the vocal line to suit her voice. The rehearsals were a wonderful experience for me. I could just stand back as Sonja and the professionals of the Houston Symphony brought the work to life. Their sensitivity and attention to detail was most gratifying, and the performance was extraordinary. This became the first piece that we recorded freshly for the CD.

Bowls

Poems by Ava Leavell Haymon

Bowls is a set of five poems. The graphic layout of the poems contributes greatly to the impact of the texts. Ava is dealing here with profound issues of the contemporary experience.

Bowl #1 is written in a run-on fashion—a sort of stream-of-consciousness that I found most compelling and tried to capture in the music. It ends with a heart-wrenching aphorism: "Hunger is a search for mother."

Bowl #2 contrasts a bitter take on the politicization of contemporary society with the tragedy of hunger and want.

Bowl #3 is lyric and expressive.

Bowl #4 returns to the angst of the personal experience.

I have always thought of **Bowl #5** as very Zen. It consists of only two lines in what might be characterized as aphoristic circular statements.

On the Question of Angels

Poem by Ava Leavell Haymon

This piece is written for voice, violin, cello, and piano four-hands. The poem is quite philosophical and muses on substantive issues of life and death, but the poem comes to an uplifting and optimistic conclusion.

Two Cabaret Songs

Poems by Friedrich Hollaender

Early in our collaboration, Sonja brought me a slim volume entitled *Lieder und Chansons für Blandine Ebinger*. This was a collection of German poems that Friedrich Hollaender wrote in the 1920s for his wife, the noted cabaret singer Blandine Ebinger, at the crest of the wave of cabaret, extraordinarily popular in Weimar Germany, particularly in Berlin. Sonja and pianist Tali Morgulis had developed and been

performing a considerable repertory of cabaret music, and these poems provided me an opportunity to tap into and carry forward the cabaret tradition. I selected two poems from the collection that seemed particularly evocative and that could be effectively set to music. Both poems are quite dark and tragic and have much to do with the challenges of dealing with the misfortunes of day-to-day life, and ultimately with death. Hollaender was both poet and composer, best known as the composer of "Falling in Love Again," which he wrote for Marlene Dietrich to sing in her movie *The Blue Angel*. Hollaender himself composed music for *Abzählen* but apparently not for *Mit Einer Scheusslichen Puppe*. I decided to set the songs in the original German as most befitting the character of the poems and in keeping with the Expressionist character of 1920s German cabaret.

Two Love Lyrics

These two songs give Sonja the opportunity to demonstrate her wonderful lyricism and expressiveness. *What Is Love?* is an actual song text from Act II, Scene iii of William Shakespeare's comedy *Twelfth Night*. *A Valentine* is a title we have applied to an untitled poem by the American poet E.E. Cummings.

Zoo Stories

Original stories by Kate Pogue

Eric McIntyre is a former student of mine, an accomplished hornist and composer, and currently teacher of composition and director of the orchestra at Grinnell College. Several years ago, he formed an improv ensemble consisting of himself, a pianist, and a female actor/singer. They had been invited to do some children's programs, and they asked me to contribute a piece. We agreed that this piece would be completely notated and not improvised. We decided to do three stories in which each member of the ensemble would have the opportunity to narrate and in effect act out the stories, though the burden of the narration would naturally fall to the singing actress.

I approached a dear friend and colleague of many years, Kate Pogue, to write the stories. Kate has both a strong theatrical and literary background. She teaches theatre courses at Houston Community College, and she has written the librettos for a number of operas. I had the great pleasure of collaborating with Kate on one such venture, *The Man Who Corrupted Hadleyville*, based on a short story by Mark Twain. Kate created three wonderfully amusing and yet profound fables centering on the animals in the zoo. Kate's stories provided me with material that was dramatic yet afforded ample opportunities for lyrical writing for both voice and horn. The more expository parts of the stories are spoken in turn by all three performers, but the story settings are fundamentally

musical. In a bow to Aesop, each story ends with a moral.

Watercolors

Poems by Ava Leavell Haymon

The song cycle for voice and piano that closes the CD is a setting of poems taken from a volume of collected poems entitled *Kitchen Heat*. I combined a set of four poems titled *Watercolor Lessons* with a free-standing poem titled *Watercolor: Two Rockers on a Sun Porch*. As is so typical of Ava's work, these poems take mundane events—in this case, the techniques of creating watercolor paintings—and draw universal lessons from them. "Watercolor: Two Rockers on a Sun Porch" is probably my favorite of all of Ava's poetry, and I wanted to write something that was unabashedly lyrical and expressive.

Enjoy!

– Robert Nelson

Born and raised in Germany, mezzo-soprano **Sonja Bruzauskas** was trained and made her operatic debuts on both sides of the Atlantic Ocean. She made her European debuts in the roles of Hänsel in *Hänsel und Gretel* and Nancy in *Martha*, and her first American appearances covering the role of Beatrice in *Béatrice et Bénédict* and singing the Maid-servant in *Simon Boccanegra*. Since then, her repertoire has expanded to include a wide range of roles in opera (Rosina in *Barber of Seville*), musical theater (Anita in *West Side Story*), and choral works (Händel's *Messiah*), where she has won praise for her "youthful vigor" and "lustrous voice."

Her appearances in the U.S. and abroad include the Staatsoperette Dresden, with whom Sonja had a multi-year soloist contract before moving to the United States; the Santa Fe Opera, where she performed as an Apprentice Artist; Volkstheater Rostock; Nordharzer Staedtebundtheater; Babelsberger Filmorchester; Bochumer Symphoniker; Baton Rouge Symphony; Da Camera of Houston; the Bach Society Houston; the Mercury Baroque Orchestra of Houston; the Greenbriar Consortium (a chamber ensemble of Houston Symphony musicians); the Houston Chamber Orchestra; the Houston Chamber Choir; the River Oaks Chamber Orchestra; The Round Top Festival Institute; and Ars Lyrica Houston, a chamber ensemble specializing in Renaissance and Baroque music.



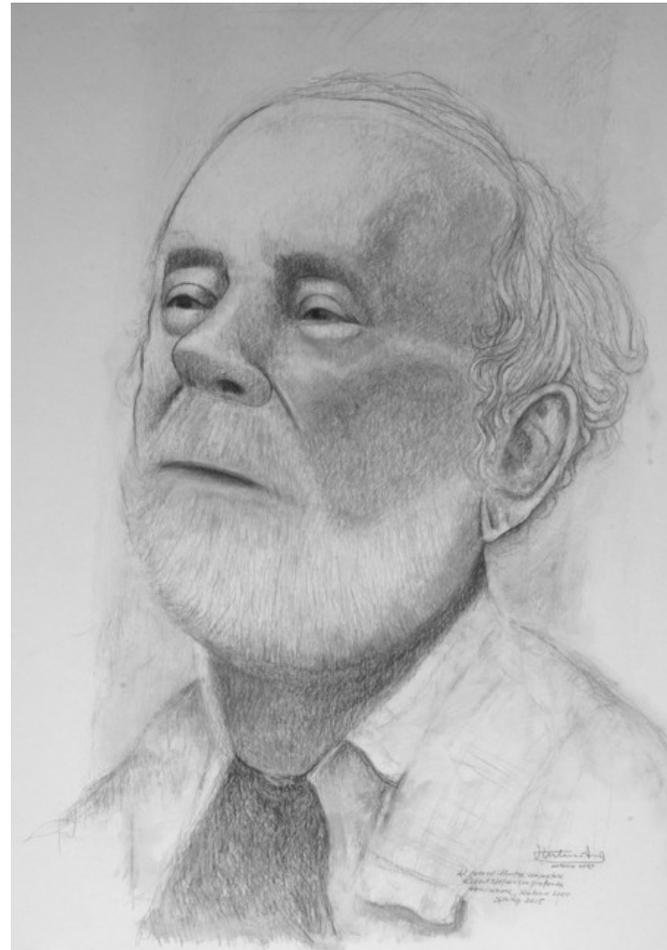
Besides her extensive stage career in opera, operetta, and musical theater, Sonja is a well-established concert singer and recitalist, focusing on German art songs and contemporary music. She also has a special interest in designing experiences and programs for students as well as speaking to them about creative approaches to their own careers in the

performing arts. Sonja's talks about creativity and her innovative approaches to teaching have taken her to California State Summer School for the Arts at CalArts in Valencia, Rice University in Houston, the University of Houston, and Louisiana State University in Baton Rouge.

Robert Nelson was born in Phoenix, Arizona, but grew up in the Midwest. He began piano lessons and made early attempts at composing music while still in grade school. But his serious composition study began while majoring in music at the University of Nebraska, then continued at the University of Southern California, where he earned his Doctor of Musical Arts degree and turned his attention to writing opera. In 1968, he joined the music faculty at the University of Houston, now the Moores School of Music, where he is Professor Emeritus of Music Theory and Composition.

Throughout his career, he has been interested in composing music for film and theater as well as for commercial and popular venues. His most ambitious film project was *The Apollo File*, a documentary on the history of the Apollo moon missions.

His theatrical activities include a long collaboration with the Festival Mime Troupe of the School of Theatre and Dance at the University of Houston, for whom he has directed numerous musicals and written original music.



He has also served fifteen seasons as musical director and composer-in-residence for the Houston Shakespeare Festival, during which time he composed original scores for almost all of Shakespeare's works. He has written five operas as well. His one-act opera *Tickets, Please*, with a libretto by Sidney Berger, was commissioned by the Texas Opera Theatre and has been performed frequently in the United States and England.

Added to this prolific output are a number of major choral works, including *Nicholas of Myra: A Choral Triptych*, with a libretto by Sharon Shepley, and *The Things We Have – In Memoriam: September 11, 2001*, which was commissioned by the Houston Bach Choir and its director Robert Lynn. The Houston Symphony has also commissioned a number of works, including *The Little Match Girl*, for narrator and orchestra, and *Rondo Concertante*, featuring the principal players of the orchestra. The composer's interest in combining classical elements with jazz and other popular idioms is reflected in many of his pieces, such as *Up South*, written for the combined Moores School of Music Orchestra and Jazz Ensemble, and *Shadows and Music*, an extended song cycle for soprano, mezzo-soprano, violin, and piano.

Robert Nelson's solo and chamber works reflect a deeply held conviction that the music should be tailored to the talents and character of the particular performers, and he has written for a diverse roster of superb singers and instrumentalists. His *Quartet for Clarinets* was composed for the Quartetto Italiano di Clarinetti, four Tuscan musicians who have toured worldwide. His strong belief in collaborating with outstanding performing artists has merged with his strong interest in vocal and theatrical music to produce the various works written for Sonja Bruzauskas that appear in this album.

SAPPHIRE

Randolph Lacy

a single star and moon reach down
to bless this fading twilight with
delicate and penetrating
rays of polished silver, enwrapped
within the sapphire of the night

the glowing Earth is scented with
a fragrant nectar of the Spring
that floats among the crisp night air,
embellishing the darkness with
a sensuous, invisible
embrace in Love's eternity

the wine of Nature's memory,
intoxicating as a kiss,
encourages this anxious risk
of meeting here within your arms
to drink, in rapture, from your lips

to shout with silent ecstasy,
in this electrified embrace,
overflowing with desire to
entrap our union in a breath
and retain this private heaven
as our own immortal moment

1983 (revised, 2000)

BOWLS

Ava Leavell Haymon

Bowl #1

Incised on the outside of the bowl,
these words spiral down from rim to foot:

too many countries too many mouths too many potbellies too many mosquitoes too
many languages too many wars too many famines too many Presidents for Life too
many Mercedes too many bare feet too many cliteridectomies too many palaces
toomany dying babies toomany deserts toomany diseases toomany healthy babies
toomanypolitical prisoners toomanyexecutions toomanyflies too
manycolonialpowers toomanypoachers toomanymissionariestoo manycurrencyestoomanybeggas-
toomanypaperstoomanytribes toomanybureaucratstoomanybribestoomanygenocides
toomanyriverstoomanybabiestoomanyinfibulations toomanyprostitutestoomany-
wivestoomanyrapes

Written inside the bowl,
letters scratched in, one slow stroke at a time
when the pot was leather hard:
Hunger is a search for mother

Bowl #2

For the one with two parents.
The outside cut in fine clear strokes:
Guns Capitalism Dams Railroads Marxism Loudspeakers Foreign Aid Transistor
radios developing markets Satellite photographs Uniforms Cash-crops Bulldozers

Inside, in a child's first print:
Butter Rice Oranges
Salt Yams Clean Water

Bowl #3

Inside -- too small to admit a hand --
there is only curved shadow, silence, and
indistinct thumbprints from the first forming.

Outside, these words:
An earth house, no one home. Why do I think of a certain street?
Without emptiness, there is no vessel.

Bowl #4

For 15 yr olds. The outside tight clenched,
the inside pushes out with all its might. Centipetal/centrifugal -- without the fire,
the bowl would fly apart.

Outside: Who do you think you are? Listen to me. Where do you think you're going? Look at
me when I speak. What do you think you're doing? Do you hear me?
Who do you think you are?

Inside: Who am I? Please, listen. Where am I going?
Look at me. What am I doing? Can you hear me?
Who am I? The last words smudge
in the wetter clay at the bottom of the bowl.

Bowl #5

Inside: God is who I am God is who I am God
Outside: God is who you are God is who you are God is who you

ON THE QUESTION OF ANGELS

Ava Leavell Haymon

Thump.
Bird-crash into the window.
I wince and—brief sin—hope it's the mock-
ing-bird that woke us up so early, expounding
second-hand repertoire.
Rising sun shoots straight at me, backlights the
splat of goo and feathers stuck on the pane.
In warming air, soft currents stir the thumb-
sized mess and, can you believe it, there's an
angel hovering with spread wings.
Splintered feathers swing like arms raising a
chorale score for an alto to sight-read.
White and gray choir robe— it WAS the mock-
ing-bird— ruffles in slow flight.
Call it a suicide mission: credo/ collision/
death/ angel.
Call it the misery of the world, the grisly acci-
dents, murderous barriers, random enemies,
aimless war on what ever wants nothing more
than to sing.
Call it the demise of a bird that may be the very
one come to tell us what we all long to know.

TWO CABARET SONGS

Friedrich Hollaender

Abzählen

Eins—zwei—drei—vier
Elektrisches Klavier
Fünf—sechs—sieben—acht
Jeht bei uns die ganze Nacht

Sechs—sieben—acht—neun
Vater gießt die Gläser ein
Sieben—acht—neun—zehn
Gäste kommen, Gäste gehn,
Eene, meene ming mang
Kling—klang—ping—pang
Immer kullern Billardbälle—
Droshkenkutscherhaltestelle—
Restaurant zum feinen Mann,
und du bist dran.

Eins—zwei—drei—vier
Kirschlikör und helles Bier
Fünf—sechs—sieben—acht
Mutter heult und Vater lacht
Sechs—sieben—acht—neun
Keene Nacht schlaf ick ein
Sieben—acht—neun—zehn
Unsre Mutter is zu scheen
Eene, meene ming mang
Kling—klang—ping—pang
Kutscher fluchen, Meechen plappern,
Kartenspiel und Würfel klappern—
Schutzmann is ein netter Mann,
und du bist dran.

Eins—zwei—drei—vier
Ach ick möchte fort von hier
Fünf—sechs—sieben—acht
Weeßt du nicht, wie man das macht?
Sechs—sieben—acht—neun
Meine Seele ist noch rein
Sieben—acht—neun—zehn
Sonst zerbricht mein Herze kleen
Eene meene ming mang
Kling—klang—ping—pang

Unsre Kneipe gegenüber, steht 'ne Frau
und winkt mir rüber—
Heilsarmee mit Büchse dran,
und du bist dran.

Eins—zwei—drei—vier
Kommt nicht bald 'n Offizier
Fünf—sechs—sieben—acht
Der zu seiner Braut mir macht?
Sechs—sieben—acht—neun
S' kann ooch bloß 'n Kaufmann sein
Sieben—acht—neun—zehn
Wenn wir uns nur jut verstehn
Eene meene ming mang
Kling—klang—ping—pang
Eenes Tages, Kinder, Kinder, kommt Herr
Kröppke mit Zylinder
Klopft an meine Türe an,
und ick bin dran.

Counting Games

Translation by Sonja Bruzauskas

One, two, three, four
Electric Piano
Five, six, seven, eight
Sounding here all night long
Six, seven, eight, nine
Father fills the cups
Seven, eight, nine, ten
Guests come, guests go

Eene meene ming mang,
Kling klang, ping pang

Billiard balls are rolling
Hackney carriage driver's stop
Restaurant 'To the fine Gentleman'
It's your turn.

One, two, three, four
Cherry liqueur and blonde beer
Five, six, seven, eight
Mother cries and father cheers
Six, seven, eight, nine
I can never fall asleep at night
Seven, eight, nine, ten
Our mother looks so fine

Eene meene ming mang,
Kling klang, ping pang

Carriage drivers are cursing
Girls are chattering
Card game and dice are rattling
Policeman is a nice man
It's your turn.

One, two, three, four
I want to go away from here
Five, six, seven, eight
How? Do you have an idea?
Six, seven, eight, nine
My soul is innocent
Seven, eight, nine, ten
Otherwise my tiny heart will break.

Eene meene ming mang,
Kling klang, ping pang

In the pub across the street
There is a woman waving at me
Salvation Army with a can
It's your turn.

One, two, three, four
Won't that officer show up soon
Five, six, seven, eight
Who will be my groom?
Six, seven, eight, nine
It could also just be a salesman
Seven, eight, nine, ten
As long as we get along well.

Eene meene ming mang,
Kling klang, ping pang

One day
Oh boy
Comes Herr Kroepcke
With a top hat
Knocks on my door
And it's my turn.

Mit Einer Scheusslichen Puppe

Friedrich Hollaender

Liebliche Elisabeth!
Siehste, wenn ick dir nich hätt,
Müßt ick—denn ick hab sonst keenen,
Müßt ick mir zu Tode weenen,
Wenn ick so am Fenster hocke
Manchen lieben Nachmittag

Und der ganze Leben ocke
Manchen lieben Nachmittag
Und nun:

Eia popeia schlaf ein, mein Königskind,
Ein, mein Königskind,
Ein, mein Königskind,

Morgen is wieder ein Tag,
Wieder ein griesgrauer Tag,
Der niemals nich kein Ende nimmt.
Schlaf ein, Elisabeth!

Liebliche Elisabeth!
Immer hungern macht nich fett,
Vater haut mir aus Vergnügen,
Kann mir jarnich jade liejen,
Und die Luft is dick von Fusel
Manchen lieben Nachmittag
Det ick mir in Dustern grusel
Manchen liben Nachmittag
Und nun:

Eia popeia schlaf ein, mein Königskind,
Ein, mein Königskind,
Ein, mein Königskind,

Morgen is wieder ein Tag,
Wieder ein griesgrauer Tag,
Der niemals nich kein Ende nimmt.
Schlaf ein, Elisabeth!

Liebliche Elisabeth!
Morgen, wenn kein Hahn mehr kräht,
Weck ick dir mit einem Kusse,
Und wir laufen hin zum Flusse.
Vater wird een bissken fluchen
Manchen lieben Nachmittag,
Sonst wird uns wohl keener suchen
Manchen lieben Nachmittag

Und nun:
Eia popeia schlaf ein, mein Königskind,
 Ein, mein Königskind,
 Ein, mein Königskind,
Jetzt kommt die Seligkeit,
Die ewige Seligkeit,
Die niemals nich kein Ende nimmt.
Schlaf ein, Elisabeth!

With an Ugly Doll

Translation by Sonja Bruzauskas

Lovely Elizabeth!
Look, if I didn't have you
I'd have to, cause I have nobody else,
I'd have to cry myself to death.
When I sit here at the window
 Some lovely afternoon,
And look at the entire life
 Some lovely afternoon.

And now: eia popeia,
Go to sleep, my princess,
Sleep my princess,
Sleep my princess,
Tomorrow will be another day,
Another gritty grey day
That will never end.
Go to sleep, Elizabeth!

Lovely Elizabeth!
Always starving makes not fat,
Father beats me for his pleasure,
Can hardly lie down straight any more.
And the air is thick from booze

Some lovely afternoon,
And I'm scared in the dark
Some lovely afternoon.

And now: eia popeia,
Go to sleep, my princess,
Sleep my princess,
Sleep my princess,
Tomorrow will be another day,
Another gritty grey day.
That will never end,
Go to sleep, Elizabeth!

Lovely Elizabeth!
Tomorrow, when no rooster crows again,
I'll wake you with a kiss,
And we will run to the river.
Father will curse just a little bit
 Some lovely afternoon.
Otherwise we won't be missed
 Some lovely afternoon.

And now: eia popeia,
Go to sleep, my princess,
Sleep my princess,
Sleep my princess.
Now comes the salvation,
The eternal bliss
That will never end.
Sleep well, Elizabeth!

WHAT IS LOVE?

William Shakespeare
From *Twelfth Night*, II/iii

What is love? 'Tis not hereafter.
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure.
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

A VALENTINE

E.E.Cummings

love is more thicker than forget
more thinner than recall
more seldom than a wave is wet
more frequent than to fail

it is most mad and moonly
and less it shall unbecome
than all the sea which only
is deeper than the sea

love is less always than to win
less never than alive
less bigger than the least begin
less littler than forgive

it is most sane and sunly
and more it cannot die
than all the sky which only
is higher than the sky

"love is more thicker than forget" from COMPLETE POEMS: 1904-1962, by E. E. Cummings, edited by George J. Firmage, is used with the permission of Liverwright Publishing Corporation. Copyright © 1939, 1991 by the Trustees for the E. E. Cummings Trust.

ZOO STORIES

Original Stories by Kate Pogue

The Giraffe, the Elephant, and the Gorilla

Elise, the Giraffe
Loved to eat sweet green leaves
From the very top top top of trees.

Ollie, the Elephant,
Loved to shower himself
With cool, fresh water from his trunk.

OH GREEN IS THE GRASS
AND BLUE IS THE SKY
AND FLOWERS GROW
THOUGH WE DON'T KNOW WHY

That is what they would have told you
If you'd ask them what they thought.

And they were busy
And they were happy
All day long.

But nothing seemed to please
Yogurt, the Gorilla.
He needed witnesses
All the time.
And yet people seemed
To make him angry.
He banged his rubber tire swing
Then banged his chest –
Look at me!!
He kicked his soccer ball
Then beat his chest –
Look at me!!
He scratched his hairy scalp
And thumped his chest –
Look at me!
Look at me!
Look at me!

People looked.
They looked again.
But sooner or later
The children
Who were watching
And the grown-ups
Who were watching, too,
Walked away.
They didn't stay –

They left
To watch calm Elise
Eat her sweet green leaves.
They left
To watch dear Ollie
Spray water from his trunk.

To leave behind the

Look at me! Look at me! Look at me!
To look around and see that

GREEN IS THE GRASS
AND BLUE IS THE SKY
AND FLOWERS GROW
THOUGH WE DON'T KNOW WHY

People looked
At Yogurt
But they didn't stay.
Because –

Moral: In the end, nobody ever really loves
a braggart!

The Goose and the Dapper Red Fox

Once there was a goose.
Her name was Mary Luck Luck
And she lived in the Zoo
Near the cage of
A Yak
And the pen of a Gazelle.

The Yak did nothing but sit all day
And wait for better times.
He would like to have been useful.
But in the Zoo there was really
Not very much to do.

The Gazelle paced back and forth
Back and forth in her pen
Longing, longing, longing
For a good long run.

Meantime Mary Luck Luck
Who had a warm heart
Yearned for a little baby gosling
To call her own.

Once there rolled
Into Mary Luck Luck's view
A round white
Spheroid.
It looked promising.
She sat on it and sat on it and sat on it
Until at last when she rose
To get something to eat
Her friend the Gazelle said:
"Mary Luck Luck
You silly goose
That is not an egg."

"It isn't?" said the Goose.
"No," said the Gazelle.
"It's a tennis ball."
The Yak whoofed
A Yak kind of laugh
At Mary Luck Luck's expense.

But the Gazelle pitied her.

Then one day the miracle happened.
"An egg!"
Mary Luck Luck said.
"An egg! A real egg!"
I have an egg!
I have an egg!
I have a real, real egg!
And I will sit on it,
And warm it,

And croon to it,
And love it, love it, love it
Day and night
And live at last in the sweetest kind of hope!"

And so she did, until one day
Out popped a downy little Gosling.
And Mary Luck Luck
Treasured it, sighing and crooning:

OH MY BABY
OH MY LITTLE ONE
OH MY HEART'S JOY
AND MY DELIGHT
COME WADDLE AFTER ME
COME LET ME SHOW YOU
HOW TO SWIM IN THE DAY
HOW TO NESTLE AT NIGHT.

Mary Luck Luck was happy and
the Gosling thrived.
But then but then
One dark moonless night
Up came sneaking
The Dapper Red Fox
With tailcoat and spats
And a tall top hat
Hungry and ready for a treat.

And as luck would have it
Just that night
Mary Luck Luck said:

"I feel a little puckish.
I guess I can leave the nest
Just long enough

To eat some pond scum
And some delicious algae."

Off she waddled.
And the minute she was gone
In swooped the Fox.
He scooped up her Gosling
And hid him under his hat.

"Bork," said the Gosling, surprised.
Mary Luck Luck turned.
She saw the Fox.
She didn't see her Gosling.
"Where is my baby?"
She asked suspiciously.
The Fox grinned a bit foolishly,
Then turned (not tipping his hat)
And ran.

"Help! Help! Help!"
Shrieked Mary Luck Luck.
"The Dapper Red Fox
Has stolen my Gosling!
Help, oh help!"

"Dear me," said the Yak,
Who couldn't quite move.

"Oh, you're useless,"
Cried frantic Mary Luck Luck.
"Chase him, chase him!"

"Very well,"
Said the Gazelle.
And with one single graceful leap
She cleared the fence surrounding her pen

And set off after the Fox.

Oh, what a run! What a glorious run.
Around and around the Zoo they
Chased, the Fox with the Gosling,
The Gazelle in pursuit
And behind them Mary Luck Luck
Her little webbed feet spinning in her haste,
Faster and faster and faster
And then
Just when
She got too anxious to stand it
Her wings spread out and OOOOOH,
She flew! She flew!

AH! AH!
LOOK DOWN BELOW
AH! AH!
WHAT DO YOU KNOW!
I'VE BEEN A SILLY GOOSE
BUT NOW
I WILL SHOW MY GOSLING
WHAT IT MEANS TO BE FREE
IF ONLY, IF ONLY
HE COMES BACK TO ME.

And looking down she saw
The Fox, exhausted, stumbling,
Not looking where he was going,
Staggering
Right into the cage of the Yak.

"Ah, now I observe," said the Yak
"That if you wait long enough
The world comes to you.
You don't need to do a thing."

And he sat right down on the Fox.

"Where did the Fox go?"
Said the breathless Gazelle.
"He's right here,"
Said the Yak.
"Bork," said the Gosling
And came out from under
The Fox's hat.

"Oh, my precious!
Oh, my little one.
Oh, my heart's joy
And my delight.",
Cried Mary Luck Luck.
And swooping down,
Weeping tears of relief,
Feeling floods of joy,
She took him back to her nest.

"I think I'd like to go home now,"
Said the Dapper Red Fox,
Thinking somehow the whole evening
Had been a dire mistake.

"No, I'm not quite ready to stand up yet,"
Said the Yak,
Who felt useful at last.

And so the Fox
Just had to wait.

Moral: Don't take something that belongs to
somebody else or someone may sit on you.

The Long Walk

Silas the Sea Lion swam and swam.
He looped and dived and slid and swooped
Under and through the clear blue water.

"Up now!" said the trainer.
"Up to get your lunch!"
Silas was hungry.
He longed for a fish.
But he was afraid
To jump out of the water.
He was afraid to leap through the hoop.
What if he got stuck
Instead of going through?
What if he just couldn't do it?

Ooooooh, Silas, he heard the crowd
cry out.
Ooooooh, you fool,
Ooooooh you scaredy cat,
Jump out of the pool!

But Silas was scared.
He swiveled down, down, down
Into a corner
Of the blue, blue, pool.
But he could still hear the taunts
And he knew he was
A scaredy cat.
He knew he was a fool!

Meantime not so very far away
Galapagos, the giant tortoise,
Felt like taking a walk.
For a year he had lain

Motionless,
Warmed by the sun all day,
Sleeping in the dark all night,
Perfectly happy,
Completely at peace.

But now he felt like a walk.
Not a fast one, no,
Slow, and stately,
Steady as you go,
One great foot,
Following another great foot
As becomes a giant tortoise
On the move.

He started in the morning,
And by noon he approached
The pool where the sea lions lived.
He arrived at the fence
And could go no further.
He looked to the right.
He looked to the left.
He decided to stay where he was.
He blinked.

"Up now!" said the trainer.
"Up to get your lunch!"

Silas was very hungry.
Silas was very scared.
He looped through the water.
He dived down deep.
He came up for air.

"Jump, jump," said the trainer.

Jump out of the pool!

Silas was desperate.
He jumped.
Not very far.
Not very well.
And he heard --
Ooooooh, Silas,
Ooooooh, you fool,
Ooooooh you scaredy cat,
Barely out of the pool!

But then he heard a rumble,
A roar,
A grumble from Galapagos.
He thought he heard
One word:
"Bravo."

Silas saw the wise old tortoise.
Saw him blink and nod his head.
"Bravo" - that was what he said.
Silas wanted to hear him make that
sound again.
He swooped down in the water.
He jumped as high as he could
Toward the hoop.
Closer, he was closer.

The grumble and the rumble
Shook the fence, disturbed the pool.
There came the word
Silas thought he heard:
"Bravo."

This time he thought that he could do it –

Go through the hoop,
Get his fish.
Silas dove down deep, deep, deep.
Silas came up, up, up.
He saw the hoop.
He went on through,
Flying high
He caught his fish.

Rumble, rumble, rumble
Grumble, grumble, grumble –
Out it came again –
That wonderful word:
"Bravo."

Galapagos was quite worn out.
It had been a long day.
Slowly he turned around
And walked in his stately way
Back to his pen.

But this time, in his mind
He carried with him
A mighty vision:
The vision of a gleaming seal
Leaping high into the air,
High above the water,
Free from the bonds of earth.

"Bravo" he muttered to himself,
Settling down for the night.
"Bravo, Sir Seal, bravo."

Moral: Never underestimate the
power of a word of praise.

WATERCOLOR LESSONS

Ava Leavell Haymon

Lesson i

four girl cousins
apprenticed to a grandmother

camel-hair brushes
swept to a tip

between our lips
puckered to a little O

southern prissy tease
Kiss-me, Kiss-me-not

Mycenaean red
pursed in these lips

we mark what we kiss

Lesson ii

I never progressed past the
sunssets

my blobs of wishwash color seep into
each other lose value

go ruddy or dull

sometimes an old woman with floating
hair



Back, left to right:
Christopher Neal, Roy Wylie,
Sonja Bruzauskas, Chris
French, Wayne Brooks,
Robert Nelson.
Front: Anne Leek

Standing, left to right:
Tony Kitai, Tali Morgulis,
Sonja Bruszauskas,
Sophia Silivos, Roy Wylie.
Sitting: Robert Nelson.

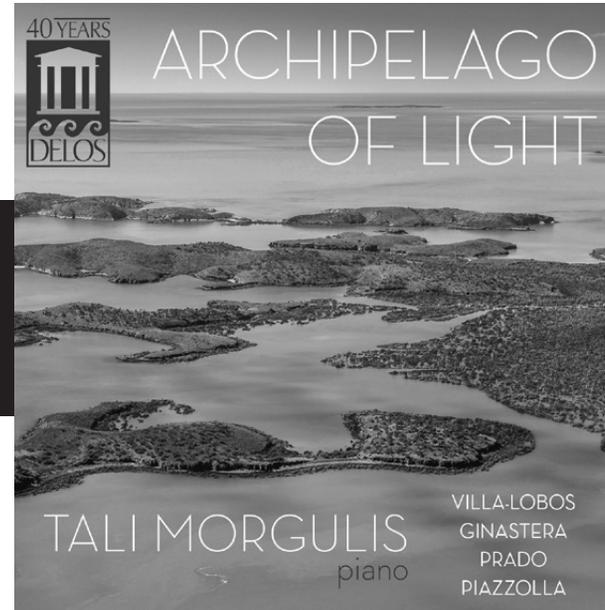




Left to right:
Robert Nelson, Tali Morgulis, Sonja Bruszauskas, Chris French,
Sasha Potiomkin, Christopher Neal.

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Tali Morgulis, piano



Ukrainian-born, Israeli-American pianist **Tali Morgulis** has appeared in con-



certs worldwide as a soloist and chamber musician. She received her doctorate in piano performance from the New England Conservatory of Music and is currently an Associate Professor of Piano at the University of Houston's Moores School of Music while continuing to pursue her concert career as a soloist and dedicated collaborative artist. Her discography includes recordings of works by Rachmaninov, Janacek, Shostakovich, and Lutoslawski for the IPA label and the CD **Archipelago of Light** – featuring works by Villa-Lobos, Ginastera, and Prado – a 2013 Delos

Sapphire was recorded January 7, 2015 in the Performing Arts Center, Lone Star College, Kingwood.
"On the Question of Angels" was recorded April 3, 2015 at Wire Road Studios, Houston, Texas.
Bowls was recorded May 27, 2015 at Wire Road Studios.
Two Caberet Songs and *Two Love Lyrics* were recorded May 27, 2015 in the Opera House at the Moores School of Music, University of Houston.
Zoo Stories was recorded November 8-9, 2013 in the Geary Performance Studio at the Melcher Center for Public Broadcasting in Houston.
Watercolors was recorded August 28, 2015 in the Opera House at the Moores School of Music.

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Brad Sayles, Recording Engineer

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