



AMERICAN CLASSICS



DARON HAGEN

The Art of Song

Lyric Fest

Gilda Lyons, Soprano

Rebecca Myers, Soprano

Elisa Sutherland, Mezzo-soprano

Meg Bragle, Mezzo-soprano

James Reese, Tenor

Steven Eddy, Baritone

Laura Ward, Piano

Daron Aric
HAGEN
(b. 1961)

The Art of Song (2019)

Texts: Walt Whitman (1819–1892) ¹, Aaron Copland (1900–1990) ², Joseph Raymond McCarthy (1908–1957) ², Orson Welles (1915–1985) ² ¹², Amelia Earhart (1897–declared dead 1939) ³, Abraham Lincoln (1809–1865) ³, Paul Robeson (1898–1976) ³, Eleanor Roosevelt (1884–1962) ³, Stephen Crane (1871–1900) ⁴, William Butler Yeats (1865–1939) ⁴ ¹⁰, Roy Cohn (1927–1986) ⁵, Emma Lazarus (1849–1887) ⁵, Donald John Trump (b. 1946) ⁵, Gwen Hagen (1929–1984) ⁶ ¹⁵, Mark Campbell ⁷, Rhianna Brandt ⁸, Christina Rossetti (1830–1894) ⁹, Sappho (c. 630–c. 570 BC) translated and adapted by Daron Aric Hagen ¹¹, Tobias Schneebaum (1922–2005) ¹², Anonymous, early 16th century or earlier from the poem *Westron Wynde* ('Western Wind') ¹³, Thomas Ken (1637–1711) ¹⁴, Edna St. Vincent Millay (1892–1950) ¹⁶, Anonymous, from the ancient Irish poem *Summer is Gone* adapted by Daron Aric Hagen ¹⁷, Seamus Hagen (b. 2011) ¹⁸, William Blake (1757–1827) ¹⁹, Daron Aric Hagen ²⁰, Roland Flint (1934–2001) ²¹, Adapted from liturgical text ²², Paul Goodman (1911–1972) ²³, Dante Alighieri (c. 1265–1321) from *Inferno* translated by Daron Aric Hagen ²⁴

Part I: Summer

- ¹ America –
- ² Un-American Activities
- ³ Peace Quodlibet
- ⁴ War is Kind / Irish Airman
- ⁵ Mother of Exiles

14:50

- 1:42
- 3:03
- 2:16
- 4:40
- 3:06

Part III: Winter

- ¹³ Western Wind
- ¹⁴ Prayer in Midwinter –
- ¹⁵ That I Know
- ¹⁶ What Lips My Lips Have Kissed
- ¹⁷ Summer is Gone –
- ¹⁸ The Wolf
- ¹⁹ The Lamb

12:25

- 1:08
- 1:49
- 2:18
- 1:20
- 1:38
- 1:15
- 2:56

Part II: Autumn

- ⁶ The Moths
- ⁷ Pomodoro
- ⁸ Quail
- ⁹ No Sad Songs
- ¹⁰ Brown Penny –
- ¹¹ Love –
- ¹² Among the Asmat

17:32

- 1:51
- 3:32
- 1:55
- 1:12
- 3:03
- 1:40
- 4:14

Part IV: Spring

- ²⁰ The New Yorkers –
- ²¹ The Green for Pamela
- ²² Almighty Father –
- ²³ Rain in Spring
- ²⁴ The Start of Everything

13:24

- 5:09
- 3:22
- 0:52
- 1:16
- 2:45

Daron Aric Hagen (b. 1961)

The Art of Song

The Art of Song (co-commissioned by the Brooklyn Art Song Society and Lyric Fest of Philadelphia) was composed at the artist retreat Yaddo in Saratoga Springs, NY during August 2018 and first performed in Philadelphia on 4 November 2019. The pandemic postponed the New York premiere until June 2022, when the Brooklyn Art Song Society presented Lyric Fest in Brooklyn. The work was recorded under Hagen's supervision in Philadelphia at the Curtis Institute of Music over a two-day span in May and June 2022.

Hagen, now 61, had written dozens of songs before entering Ned Rorem's studio at Curtis in 1981, and had penned another 50 before graduating Juilliard a few years later. In the ensuing decades, along with 13 operas, he has amassed a catalog of over 500 individual songs and large-scale cycles. Widely recorded, several dozen are featured on Lyric Fest's 2017 Naxos release *Hagen: 21st-Century Song Cycles* (8.559714). There is weight then to his comment when he writes, "As a song composer, *The Art of Song* represents for me something of a musical 'closing argument,' a braiding together of the various themes, vocal traditions, and aesthetic strands of my vocal composing—the performers move fluently from art song to musical theater to cantata to opera, in choral, solo, and ensemble numbers that combine texts spanning over a thousand years."

Divided into four large "life seasons," the 24 songs, accompanied by piano, are sung by two sopranos, two mezzo-sopranos, tenor, and a baritone. In the first section, *Summer*, Hagen is in full citizen/activist/artist mode, offering an overview of the human cost of American politics since the Civil War. The second section, *Autumn*, turns inward, featuring poems about aging, love, nostalgia, and finding fulfillment in accepting one's place in the world. The third, *Winter*, features words concerning advancing age, the loss of innocence, and the struggle to find (and maintain) faith. Hagen begins the final section, *Spring*, with a wry musical theater group portrait of a handful of young pre-9/11 New Yorkers before moving through the tragic loss of a child, the balm of prayer, the turning of the seasons, and, in the final Dante setting, a reconfirmation of song's ageless roles: to witness, to remember, to mourn, to protest, to remind us of who we are, and who we can aspire to be, to begin again.

The Art of Song (2019)

Part I: Summer

1 America

Centre of equal daughters, equal sons,
All, all alike endear'd, grown, ungrown, young or old,
Strong, ample, fair, enduring, capable, rich,
Perennial with the Earth, with Freedom, Law and Love,
A grand, sane, towering, seated Mother,
Chair'd in the adamant of Time.

Walt Whitman (1819–1892)

2 Un-American Activities

(The women sing the words of Orson Welles [these are unable to be reprinted due to copyright restrictions]; the tenor sings the words of Senator Joseph McCarthy; the baritone sings the words of American composer Aaron Copland.)

McCarthy: Have you ever been a Communist?
Copland: No. I have not been a Communist in the past
and I am not now a Communist.
McCarthy: Have you ever been a sympathizer?
Copland: I'm not sure what you mean by "sympathizer."

*Transcript, House Un-American-Activities Committee,
25 May 1953*

3 Peace Quodlibet

(Soprano I sings the words of Amelia Earhart; soprano II sings the words of Eleanor Roosevelt; the tenor sings the words of Abraham Lincoln; the baritone sings the words of Paul Robeson [these are unable to be reprinted due to copyright restrictions].)

Both read the same Bible, and
Pray to the same God;
Invokes His aid against the other.

Abraham Lincoln (1809–1865), 4 March 1865 Inaugural

Courage is the price that Life
Extracts for granting peace.
Each time we make a choice,
We pay with courage to behold
The restless day and count it fair.

Amelia Earhart (1897–declared dead 1939)

It isn't enough to talk about peace.
One must believe in it.
And it isn't enough to believe in it.
One must work at it.

Eleanor Roosevelt (1884–1962)

4 War is Kind / Irish Airman

*(The women sing Crane's poem; the baritone sings the Yeats.
The two are interlaced.)*

Do not weep. War is kind.
I know that I shall meet my fate
Somewhere among the clouds above;
Those that I fight I do not hate,
Those that I guard I do not love;
Do not weep. War is kind.
Because your lover threw wild hands to the sky
And the frightened steed ran on alone,
Do not weep. War is kind.
My country is Kiltartan Cross,
My countrymen Kiltartan's poor,
No likely end could bring them loss
Or leave them happier than before.
Nor law, nor duty bade me fight,
Nor public men, nor cheering crowds,
Do not weep. War is kind.
Because your father tumbled in the yellow trenches,
Nor law, nor duty bade me fight,
Nor public men, nor cheering crowds,
Raged at his breast, gulped and died,
Do not weep, maiden, War is kind.

A lonely impulse of delight
 Drove to this tumult in the clouds;
 I balanced all, brought all to mind,
 The years to come seemed waste of breath,
 A waste of breath the years behind
 In balance with this life, this death.
 Do not weep.
 Mother whose heart hung humble as a button
 On the bright splendid shroud of your son,
 In balance with this life, this death.
 Do not weep. War is kind.
 In balance with this life, this death.

William Butler Yeats (1865–1939) / Stephen Crane (1871–1900)

5 Mother of Exiles

(The women sing Emma Lazarus' poem "The New Colossus;" the tenor sings a 1968 public utterance by New York lawyer Roy Cohn [these are unable to be reprinted due to copyright restrictions]; the baritone sings 2018 public statements by President Donald J. Trump.)

Trump: "My two greatest assets have been mental stability and being, like, really smart."
 Lazarus: Not like the brazen giant of Greek fame,
 Trump: "Really smart."
 Lazarus: With conquering limbs astride from land
 Trump: "I went to the best college for college."
 Lazarus: Here at our sea-washed, sunset gates shall stand
 Trump: "The best college for college. My I.Q."
 Lazarus: A mighty woman with a torch, whose flame
 Trump: "My I.Q."
 Lazarus: Is the imprisoned lightning, and her name
 Trump: "My I.Q. is one of the highest."
 Lazarus: Mother of Exiles. From her beacon-hand
 Glows world-wide welcome; her mild eyes command
 The air-bridged harbor that twin cities frame.
 Mother of Exiles.

Emma Lazarus (1849–1887)

Part II: Autumn

6 The Moths

On the inside—they were sitting at the table, by candlelight—shadows pressing against the window-glass, fluttering as the flame gutted the tallow. And all around was darkness—a cave of warmth. Outside, against the windows, the moths were fluttering and beating like spasmodic pulses—or nervous, gasping breaths.

Gwen Hagen (1929–1984), 1976

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7 Pomodoro

When I first saw the thing,
 I thought it was a hoax,
 The cruelest of jokes.
 Had to be store-bought, I thought,
 Tied to the vine with string.
 A tomato in my garden
 In November,
 Late in November,
 A flashing ember in the ashen garden,
 Before skies darken,
 Before the ground begins to harden,
 Long after we've counted our losses
 And tossed them into sauces.
 But there it was,
 Round and ripe and real,
 With no autumnal flaws.
 I felt compelled to kneel,
 And sigh, sigh, sigh:
 "Pomodoro"
 (Forgetting I'm not Italian,
 Nor much of a gardener,
 Though through the years I had acquit myself,
 Adequately enough.)
 Pomodoro.
 Pomodoro.
 For "tomato" was too mundane, too common,

For this rare phenomenon.
For it had waited,
Until the end of summer had long passed,
To shine the last,
To shine the last and brightest...
Pomodoro,
Pomodoro.

Mark Campbell (2018)
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8 Quail

To accept
the ironic smallness
of your own existence:

the little quail
you were served in a restaurant
and felt wicked

and blessed
to be eating.

To know
you can't expect joy –

to know without rancor you
cannot deserve this.

To know you can't deserve it.
To know that it is given.

Rhianna Brandt (2019)
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9 No Sad Songs

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

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

Christina Rossetti (1830–1894)

10 Brown Penny

I whispered, "I am too young,"
And then, "I am old enough";
Wherefore I threw a penny
To find out if I might love.
Go and love, go and love, young man,
If the lady be young and fair."
Ah, penny, brown penny, brown penny,
I am looped in the loops of her hair.

O love is the crooked thing,
There is nobody wise enough
To find out all that is in it,
For he would be thinking of love
Till the stars had run away
And the shadows eaten the moon.
Ah, penny, brown penny, brown penny,
One cannot begin it too soon.

William Butler Yeats

11 Love

Love is so strong a thing
The very gods must yield,
When it is welded fast
With the unflinching truth.

Love is so frail a thing,
A look will kill
O lovers have a care
How ye do deal with Love.

Sappho (c. 630–570 BC)

12 Among the Asmat

(The women sing another setting of the Welles remark from earlier; the men sing the Schneebaum text.)

The sun sets now between two thin arms of land that reach around Flamingo Bay. It glows blood red while rays of light like spotlights waver. A canoe moves endlessly east to west, three men naked, standing there, paddling, a woman seated in the middle. Color changes, brilliant scarlet in reflection, caught in a timeless moment. I float on cloud and find my own way into eternity.

*Tobias Schneebaum (1922–2005)
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Part III: Winter

13 Western Wind

Western wind when wilt thou blow
the small rain down can rain
Christ if my love were in my arms
and I in my bed again

Anonymous (early 16th Century)

14 Prayer in Midwinter

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed.
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment day.

When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Amen. Amen.

Thomas Ken (1637–1711)

15 That I Know

I know that the dark specter lies much closer to the surface than I thought and that it is an integral part of the same great sea. I know it is not brave, dead sailors who learn to sail it, or prophets in magical coats who plumb it, because even the best of us are no more than fitfully inspired and successful fishermen and that most of us are, thanks to a compassionate God, contented shrimp reapers in isolated tide pools.

Gwen Hagen (1979)

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16 What Lips My Lips Have Kissed

What lips my lips have kissed, and where, and why,
I have forgotten, and what arms have lain
Under my head till morning; but the rain
Is full of ghosts tonight, that tap and sigh
Upon the glass and listen for reply,
And in my heart there stirs a quiet pain
For unremembered lads that not again
Will turn to me at midnight with a cry.

Thus in the winter stands the lonely tree,
Nor knows what birds have vanished one by one,
Yet knows its boughs more silent than before:
I cannot say what loves have come and gone,
I only know that summer sang in me
A little while, that in me sings no more.

Edna St. Vincent Millay (1892–1950)

17 Summer is Gone

My tidings for you: the stag bells,
Winter snows, summer is gone.
Wind, high and cold,
Low the sun,
Short his course, sea running high.
Burgundy bracken, its shape all gone.
The wild goose has raised his wonted cry.

Cold has caught the wings of the birds.
Season of ice—
These are my tidings!
Summer is gone.

*Anonymous, from the ancient Irish poem
“Summer is Gone”, adapted by Daron Hagen*

18 The Wolf

Fifty wolves howling at the moon
Yet one waits in complete darkness
For that wolf will rise, again,
And while all of the action is building up
He is watching it burn,
With no sadness or regret,
Just greed.
So don't be the wolf.

*Seamus Hagen (b. 2011), 2019
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19 The Lamb

Little Lamb who made thee
Dost thou know who made thee
Gave thee life and bid thee feed.
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing wooly bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice!
Little Lamb who made thee
Dost thou know who made thee

Little Lamb I'll tell thee,
Little Lamb I'll tell thee!
He is called by thy name,
For he calls himself a Lamb:
He is meek and he is mild,
He became a little child:

I a child and thou a lamb,
We are called by his name.
 Little Lamb God bless thee.
 Little Lamb God bless thee.

William Blake (1757–1827)

Part IV: Spring

20 The New Yorkers

(Sung “variously,” as a collection of individual characters.)

It was great to be alive, and New York was just fantastic.
All my friends wrote books and plays, sang in operas,
 danced in ballets.
It was my town, then, and I swore I’d never move away.
I was flat broke but pretty happy.
Back then, in ‘sixty-five, I thought that we could
 make a difference.

I sang,
“I can beat New York at its own game.
I am special; I am bound for fame.
Either we use Gotham, or it uses us.”
 Either way, we’re young, we’re here,
 We beat back all our fears;
 We brush back all the tears.
 “Careers take years and years.”

It was spring of ‘eighty-four. It was Mayor Koch’s city.
All the glorious graffiti, and Times Square was still
 good and gritty.
It was our town, then, though we wondered if we would
 ever have those kids.
On Nine-eleven something changed.
I don’t know just what, but something died inside me.
I cried and cried. There was no “why?”

But we still sang,
“We can beat New York at its own game.

We are special; we are bound for fame.
Either we use Gotham, or it uses us.”
 Anyway, we’re still young, we’re here,
 We beat back all our fears;
 We brush back all the tears.
 “Careers take years and years.”

Now its two-thousand-and-four, and New York is
 still “fantastic.”
I still live on Ninety-sixth. And we’ve sent our kids
 to college.
I think less and less about the days I felt that
 I was special.
But I still remember, in the springtime what led me here.
I meet your eyes and smile and know I won’t grow
 old alone.
This city’s still my home.

And now we sing,
“We can love New York on its own terms.
We know we don’t matter much, if at all.
It was always just a dream (or maybe not).”
 Anyway, I’ve lived my life here.
 I would do it all again / I wonder if I’d do it all again.
 I’ll never leave this town.
 (Or maybe not.)

*Daron Hagen
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21 The Green for Pamela

After she had witnessed and somehow survived her twin brother’s death, my daughter Pamela and I would lie across the bed staring out the window at dusk and see what human faces and animal shapes we could see or make in the waving green tops of the darkening trees. When the streetlights came on it was different but beautiful still: the leaves; resuming green were on our side of the lamp, the light lighting the tree and shining through like daytime. Cleaner, though, and greener. But it was best just before the lights came on: we would be there and talk and wait for a little dark and a little wind to make the trees sigh and whisper. It’s been three years and I don’t remember

now if I knew those nights I was leaving. I don't think so. But we had already left the happy shouting, the dancing, wrestling and marching games before bed. And we were looking for a quiet way to translate night into the green human faces and animal shapes we knew to move in the sun all day and to wait all night for our return, resuming green.

*Roland Flint (1934–2001)
© 1983 Roland Flint
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22 **Almighty Father**

Almighty Father incline thine ear.
Bless us, and those who've assembled here.
Redeem with Grace, the Human Race.
Amen. Amen. Amen.

Adapted from liturgical text

23 **Rain in Spring**

Remember.

There fell a beautiful spring rain
With no admixture of fog or snow
And this was, and no other thing,
The very sign of the start of spring.

Remember.

Not the longing for a lover
Or the sentiment of starting over,
But this clear and refreshing rain,
Falling without haste or strain.

Remember.

*Paul Goodman (1911–1972)
Used by permission of Sally Goodman.*

24 **The Start of Everything**

Remember tonight, for it is the start of everything.

*Dante Alighieri (c. 1265–1321), from "Inferno",
translated by Daron Hagen*

Also available



8.559714

Lyric Fest

Celebrating its 20th Anniversary season, Lyric Fest is a unique musical offering in the city of Philadelphia. Created and curated by Co-Artistic Directors Suzanne DuPlantis and Laura Ward, Lyric Fest is designed for the aficionado and novice alike. Equally noted for scholarship and entertainment, Lyric Fest presents artists of national and international stature, heard in the intimate setting of song. Almost since the beginning, commissioning and performing new works has been integral to Lyric Fest's mission and programming philosophy, and Lyric Fest enjoys working in partnership with composers, to bring new works into being. Lyric Fest frequently collaborates with actors, poets, visual artists, and peer musical organizations.

www.lyricfest.org

Gilda Lyons



Photo: Karen Pearson

Gilda Lyons, composer, vocalist, and visual artist, combines elements of Renaissance, neo-Baroque, spectral, folk, and agitprop music theater. Her works and performances are available on the Clarion, GPR, Naxos, New Dynamic, New Focus, Roven Records, and Yarlung Records labels. Lyons serves as Co-Chair of Composition at Wintergreen Music Academy and as Chair of Composition at The Hartt School, University of Hartford. She is Executive Director of the Richard P. Garmany Chamber Music Series, Founding Director of The Phoenix Concerts, NYC, and serves on the Board of Advisors of Composers Now, the Steven R. Gerber Trust, and Sparks & Wiry Cries.

www.gildalyons.com

Rebecca Myers



Photo: Kathryn Raines

Rebecca Myers is a soloist, vocal chamber singer, collaborator, and recording artist. She has appeared on three GRAMMY-winning albums, most notably as a soloist on The Crossing's *Born*. Recent notable engagements include her New World Symphony debut as soprano soloist in *Carmina Burana*, performances with Apollo's Fire Baroque Orchestra in Monteverdi's *Vespers of 1610* as soloist, participation in the two-week long Enlightenment Festival featuring the music of J.S. Bach with Seraphic Fire, and performances with Lorelei Ensemble and the Boston Ballet. She is also proud to be a founder, singer, and Co-Artistic Director of the cutting-edge vocal chamber ensemble, Variant 6.

www.rebeccamyerssoprano.com

Elisa Sutherland



Photo: Titilayo Ayangade

Elisa Sutherland is a mezzo-soprano dedicated to detailed, stylistic performances of early and new music. She is a core member of Ekmeles, a vocal sextet dedicated to exploring microtonal tuning and extended techniques, and she also regularly appears with TENET, New York City's preeminent early music vocal ensemble. Sutherland has performed with the top vocal ensembles in the United States including The Crossing, Variant 6, Roomful of Teeth, and Seraphic Fire.

www.elisasutherland.com

Meg Bragle



Photo: Tatiana Daubek

Meg Bragle is a leading interpreter of both Baroque and Classical repertoire with over a dozen recordings to her credit. She has sung in North America and Europe with Sir John Eliot Gardiner and the English Baroque Soloists, the Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment, the Bavarian Radio Symphony Orchestra, Philharmonia Baroque Orchestra, Netherlands Bach Society, Tafelmusik, St. Paul Chamber Orchestra, Les Violons du Roy and the Dunedin Consort, among others. She has also collaborated with many symphony orchestras in the US. Bragle is an Artist in Residence at the University of Pennsylvania where she also directs the Collegium Musicum and the Opera and Musical Theater Workshop.

www.megbragle.com

James Reese



Photo: Jiyang Chen

James Reese brings his versatile and thoughtful singing to concert stages throughout the US, Canada, and Europe. He regularly performs with world-class orchestras and ensembles, particularly in the field of Baroque music. Among his collaborators are the Philharmonia Baroque Orchestra, American Bach Soloists, Portland Baroque Orchestra, Tafelmusik, The Sebastians, and the Boston Early Music Festival. Reese is also an active recitalist; he collaborates with pianist Daniel Overly in performances of song, and together, they made a recital debut at the Philadelphia Chamber Music Society in 2022. Reese also makes regular appearances with the leading art song series Lyric Fest, with whom he has performed four world premieres.

www.jamesreeseitenor.com

Steven Eddy



Photo: Michael Yeshion

An accomplished concert artist and Baroque music specialist, baritone Steven Eddy has graced the stage as a soloist and professional choral singer with such ensembles as the New York Philharmonic, The Oratorio Society of New York, Philharmonia Baroque Orchestra, Lancaster Symphony Orchestra, Seraphic Fire, True Concord Voices and Orchestra, Spire Chamber Ensemble, Clarion Music Society, The Thirteen, Variant 6, American Classical Orchestra, Sacred Music in a Sacred Space, American Bach Soloists Academy, Choral Arts Philadelphia, Handel Choir of Baltimore, and Bach Vespers at Holy Trinity. He holds degrees from The Indiana University Jacobs School of Music, The University of Michigan School of Music, Theatre & Dance, and New York University.

www.steveneddybaritone.com

Laura Ward



Photo: Paulo Faustini

Pianist Laura Ward is Co-Artistic Director of Lyric Fest, a unique vocal recital series in Philadelphia. As a distinguished collaborative pianist, she is known for both her technical ability and vast knowledge of repertoire and styles. Concert engagements have taken her to Carnegie Hall, The Kennedy Center, Boston's Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum, the Spoleto Festival (Italy) and the Colmar International Music Festival and Saint Denis Festival in France. Ward's discography includes *Lineage* with GRAMMY-nominated baritone, Randall Scarlata, *In This Blue Room*, Lyric Fest performs Songs of Kile Smith, Daron Hagen *21st-Century Song Cycles*, and most recently, *Spirits in Bondage*, Songs of Benjamin C.S. Boyle.

www.lyricfest.org/artists/laura-ward

Daron Hagen

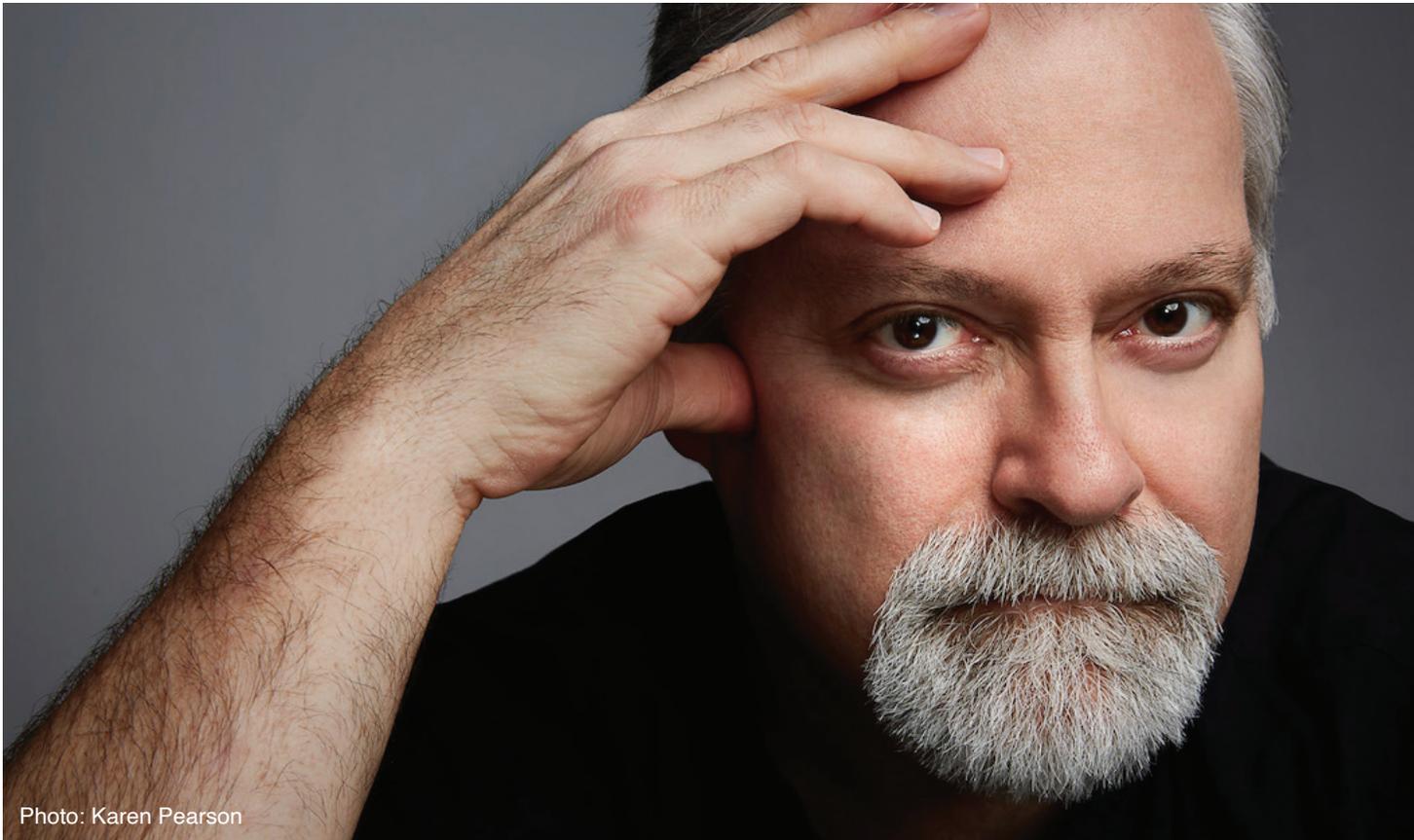


Photo: Karen Pearson

Daron Hagen is a composer, performer, writer, and filmmaker. His music is performed worldwide. His widely lauded, critically acclaimed *Orson Rehearsed* (Naxos 8.669049), conceived, composed, directed, and edited by Hagen, explores a new genre, “operafilm,” and is followed by the opera films *9/10: Love Before the Fall* and *New York Stories*. Commissioned by the New York Philharmonic, Seattle Opera, and The Philadelphia Orchestra, among many others, his catalog includes twelve operas, five symphonies, twelve concertos, dozens of instrumental works, and over 500 art songs and cycles. He has been a faculty member of Bard College, the City College of New York, the Chicago College of Performing Arts, the Curtis Institute of Music, New York University, and the Princeton Atelier. He has served as president of the Lotte Lehmann Foundation, and artistic director of the Seasons Music Festival Academy in Washington,

conducted the cast recordings of several of his operas, and stage directed the premieres of others. Twice a Rockefeller Foundation Fellow at Bellagio, he has received the Guggenheim Fellowship, Kennedy Center Friedheim Award, ASCAP Foundation Rudolf Nissim Prize, Barlow Endowment, and Columbia University Bears Prize; he is also the recipient of the American Academy of Arts and Letters Academy Award for “the artist who has achieved his singular voice.” A lifetime member of the Corporation of Yaddo, he attended the Curtis Institute of Music and The Juilliard School, and now lives in Rhinebeck, New York with his wife and two sons. His memoir, *Duet With the Past*, was published by McFarland and Company in April 2019.

www.daronhagen.com

Daron Aric
HAGEN
(b. 1961)

The Art of Song (2019)

1–5	Part I: Summer	14:50
6–12	Part II: Autumn	17:32
13–19	Part III: Winter	12:25
20–24	Part IV: Spring	13:24

WORLD PREMIERE RECORDING

Lyric Fest

Gilda Lyons 1–6 10–14 17 18 20 22–24,

Rebecca Myers 1–5 8 10–14 17 18 20 23 24, **Soprano**

Elisa Sutherland 1 2 5 9 10 12–14 18 24,

Meg Bragle 1 2 5 9 10 12–14 18 19 22–24, **Mezzo-soprano**

James Reese, Tenor 1–5 7 10 12 14–16 18 20 22–24

Steven Eddy, Baritone 1–5 10 12 14 15 18 20–24

Laura Ward, Piano 1–21 23 24

This recording was made possible thanks to the generosity of Mignon Groch, Carol Lidz, Dave Newmann, and Laura Ward.

A detailed track list can be found inside the booklet.

The available sung texts are included in the booklet, and may also be accessed at www.naxos.com/libretti/559919.htm

Recorded: 31 May 1–12 and 1 June 13–24 2022 at Gould Rehearsal Hall, Curtis Institute of Music, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, USA

Producers: Daron Aric Hagen, Laura Ward

Engineer: Loren Stata

Mastering: Loren Stata, Alex Santilli

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Playing
Time:
58:18