

SING ME A STORY



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MUSICAL TALES FROM DELOS

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1. **Mark Abel: The Benediction** (6:18)
Hila Plitmann, soprano • Tali Tadmor, piano
2. **Ben Moore: The Lake Isle of Innisfree** (3:48)
Paul Appleby, tenor • Brian Zeger, piano
3. **Henry Leslie: Annabel Lee** (4:02)
John Aler, tenor • Grant Gershon, piano
4. **Mark Abel: *The Dream Gallery: Helen (Los Angeles)*** (11:27)
Mary Jaeb, soprano • La Brea Sinfonietta; Sharon Lavery, conductor
5. **Ben Moore: *Dear Theo: The Red Vineyard*** (3:09)
Paul Appleby, tenor • Brian Zeger, piano
6. **Samuel Barber: Stopping By Woods on a Snowy Evening** (2:00)
Kyle Bielfield, tenor • Lachlan Glen, piano
7. **Benjamin Britten: The Salley Gardens** (3:23)
Arleen Auger, soprano • Dalton Baldwin, piano
8. **Mark Abel: *The Palm Trees Are Restless: Crater Light*** (3:45)
Hila Plitmann, soprano • Tali Tadmor, piano

9. **Aaron Copland: Heart, We Will Forget Him** (2:12)
Arleen Auger, soprano • Dalton Baldwin, piano
10. **Wolseley Charles: The Green-Eyed Dragon** (3:07)
John Aler, tenor • Grant Gershon, piano
11. **Arthur Sullivan: The Lost Chord** (4:08)
John Aler, tenor • Grant Gershon, piano
12. **Cy Coleman: Paris is My Old Kentucky Home** (1:46)
Richard Rodney Bennett, voice and piano
13. **Mark Abel: *The Dream Gallery: Todd (Taft)*** (10:18)
David Marshman, baritone • La Brea Sinfonietta; Sharon Lavery, conductor
14. **Aaron Copland: Long Time Ago** (2:46)
Kyle Bielfield, tenor • Lachlan Glen, piano
15. **Manning Sherwin: A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square** (4:09)
Richard Rodney Bennett, voice and piano
16. **Mark Abel: *The Dream Gallery: Adam (Arcata)*** (11:43)
Tom Zohar, tenor • La Brea Sinfonietta; Sharon Lavery, conductor

Total Playing Time: 78:21

This *Sing Me a Story* collection celebrates music's ability to touch our hearts and minds through the path of narrative texts. While love is the subject of several of these songs, the others evoke and examine an even wider range of human expression and experience.

The poems and lyrics encompass many internal journeys – depicting such diverse topics as a New England winter evening, Van Gogh's tortured stay in Arles, the yearning for transcendence in Victorian England, the whimsy of mid 20th century pop tunes, the despair of a dying California oil town. All of these songs are leading you toward some destination – from the geographical to the metaphysical, with a variety of detours suggested along the way.

Some of the text authors are famous and revered – William Butler Yeats, Edgar Allan Poe, Robert Frost, Emily Dickinson; others – Kate Gale, Bob Hilliard, Eric Maschwitz, Adelaide Procter, Greatrex Newman – less so, but inspiring nonetheless. A 19th century American “unknown” contributed the touching ballad “Long Time Ago.” Contemporary California composer Mark Abel is also a lyricist and wrote the texts to four pieces in this collection.

The other composers are a distinguished bunch: Aaron Copland, Benjamin Britten, Samuel Barber, Arthur Sullivan, Richard Rodney Bennett, Ben Moore and musical theater specialists Cy Coleman, Manning Sherwin and Wolseley Charles.

The performing artists are stellar as well – sopranos Arleen Auger, Hila Plitmann and Mary Jaeb; tenors John Aler, Paul Appleby, Kyle Bielfield and Tom Zohar; baritone David Marshman; and Richard Rodney Bennett, a suave song stylist who doubles on piano. The other fine pianists are Brian Zeger, Dalton Baldwin, Grant Gershon, Tali Tadmor and Lachlan Glen. The La Brea Sinfonietta is conducted by Sharon Lavery in the three excerpts from Mark Abel's orchestral song cycle *The Dream Gallery*, which depicts the lives of Californians from different towns.

THE BENEDICTION

Text and music: Mark Abel

The composer's multihued musical setting dovetails with his elegiac and powerful depiction of a country passing through a period of inner crisis.

From sea to shining sea ...

Evergreen cliffs lean into the Pacific,
beneath a leaden sky where avocets play
along the strand that stretches forever.
Glad to be alive!

I sense a building tide sweeping across
a discontented land that needs renewal.
When the change comes, who will be ready?
Who will be ready? ...
Throw away your easy answers,
they will not help you now.

Rolling along a Dixie highway,
kudzu cloaking the tallest trees.
A place of ghosts,
piney woods and savage seasons.
We are crying out for truth and reason.
See how the path is overgrown!

In the green fields of the heartland
towns are thinning out, dreams downsizing.
A chill wind blows through the empty mall.
Somewhere a young man cleans his gun.
"They have stolen my America," he cries.

Who will draw the poison from his heart?
... From his heart.
A girl or God, we pray.

Far New England, autumn time.
A child stares at red leaves
and wonders how a miracle is made.
She will grow and she will know before long
the path of grace, the changing face of
our age
— ever shifting, elusive, turned toward
the future.
Of this she is sure: Yesterday is gone
and open hearts must point the way.

And with her go the hopes of all,
from sea to shining sea.

THE LAKE ISLE OF INNISFREE

**Text: William Butler Yeats;
music: Ben Moore**

This famous poem is perhaps Yeats' best-known work; Moore skillfully captures the narrator's nostalgic yearning for spiritual calm amid the glories of nature.

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and
wattles made:
Nine bean-rows will I have there, a hive for
the honey-bee;
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for
peace comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to
where the cricket sings;
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a
purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night
and day
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds
by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the
pavements grey,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

ANNABEL LEE

Text: Edgar Allan Poe;

music: Henry Leslie

Poe's mysterious, mournful tribute to a deceased woman remains a landmark of idealized love in literary form. Leslie's setting, dating from the mid 1860s, was written originally for choir.

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you
may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no
other thought

Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love that was more
than love-
I and my Annabel Lee;
With a love that the winged seraphs
of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her highborn kinsman came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

For the moon never beams without
bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise but I feel the
bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down
by the side
Of my darling- my darling- my life
and my bride,
In the sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

THE DREAM GALLERY: HELEN (Los Angeles)
Text and music: Mark Abel

This emotive journal of a married woman's gradual unraveling is the opening piece in Abel's orchestral song cycle devoted to portraits of imaginary Californians.

Autumn morning, Marina del Rey.
Workmen sip their coffee,
 parked by the mouth of the Grand Canal.
The painters and plasterers will be plying
their trade
as soon as their clients are decent.
A young girl walks her dog.
And I, the pride of Fontana,
so many years ago I came
to the towers of downtown.
Pretty, but oh so green, I needed a mentor.
I found one in Ken.
Smooth as Glenlivet, polite and kind,
son of a banker back East,
a prince of the board room.
Charm to spare and wavy hair,
he showed me the ropes, in more ways
than one.

— And we always had fun!
Off to Vegas, with the top down,
weekends in Baja Sur.
The slopes at Mammoth,
sparkling in the moonlight.
Sunday brunches in Laguna,
strolling along the sand.

I outmaneuvered the other girls
and rose with the arc of his star.
My marvelous man.
And over time, the closeness grew.
Sometimes I wondered what he saw in me.

I gave up my flat in Van Nuys.
We married and bought in the Palisades,
thanks to the money that his parents left.
Boom times, our times ...

Soon a child was on the way.
I quit my job since Ken was almost up to
the top.
My golden life seemed so secure,
unfolding like the proudest bird of paradise.
The years rolled on.
Some friends melted down into the
white powder,
others wrapped themselves in the flag.
We stayed with what we knew
— or should I say, I stayed.
Held by the fear of it slipping away,
my life narrowed down to a point.
And I froze.

I couldn't see, but Ken was turning,
turning away from me.
More and more time at the office
— or so he said.
My focus was our son,
a chip off the old block
— sociable, bright and easy on the eyes.
I hardly see him anymore.

Finally, my husband brought forth
his creature.
Much younger, so lithe and smart,
a walking tribute to the plastic
surgeon's art.
His plan was perfection, a *fait accompli*.
As I was reeling, the lawyer called to an-
nounce Ken's terms.
They were generous, I suppose.

It all happened so fast,
no time to gauge the damage to my heart.
That was twenty years ago;
where have I been since then?

A new life, unscheduled.
No map or guide for this blasted landscape.
I have wandered in the wilderness, a track-
less swamp of time,
where songless birds are flying.

Now I live in this place by the sea,
manicured, windswept and lonely.
Life on the Via Dolce has never been sweet.
But maybe tomorrow I will finally
turn the page.

DEAR THEO: THE RED VINEYARD

Text: Vincent van Gogh;
music: Ben Moore

*Van Gogh's emotionally charged and reve-
latory letters to his brother from Arles have*

*moved countless people around the world –
among them New York composer Ben Moore.*

"Dear Theo... my brother... if only you had
been there when I saw the red vineyard, all
red like red wine. In the distance it turned
to yellow, and then a green sky with the
sun, and the earth after the rain, violet,
sparkling yellow here and there where it
caught the reflection of the setting sun."
(November 1888)

"Oh Theo, brother... I think that I must
have a starry night with cypresses, in blue
and yellow light, or surmounting a field of
ripe corn... there are such wonderful nights
here... I am in a continual fever of work! ...I
hope the weather is as fine in Paris as it is
here. Write as soon as you can. Ever yours,
Vincent" (April 1888)

**STOPPING BY WOODS ON A
SNOWY EVENING**

Text: Robert Frost;
music: Samuel Barber

*One of America's most-loved poems encapsu-
lates for many New England's timeless appeal;
Barber's eloquent, understated setting is a fine
example of his expertise in writing songs.*

Whose woods these are I think I know.
His house is in the village though;

He will not see me stopping here
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer
To stop without a farmhouse near
Between the woods and frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake
To ask if there is some mistake.
The only other sound's the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep,
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

THE SALLEY GARDENS

Text: William Butler Yeats;
music: Benjamin Britten

Yeats' folksong-like and slightly sorrowful poem brought out the gentle and contemplative side of Britten, a composer more commonly given to extroverted expression.

Down by the Salley gardens my love and I
did meet;
She passed the Salley gardens with little
snow-white feet.
She bid me take love easy, as the leaves
grow on the tree;

But I, being young and foolish, with her
did not agree.

In a field by the river my love and I did stand,
And on my leaning shoulder she laid her
snow-white hand.
She bid me take life easy, as the grass
grows on the weirs;
But I was young and foolish, and now am
full of tears.

THE PALM TREES ARE RESTLESS: CRATER LIGHT

Text: Kate Gale; music: Mark Abel

Los Angeles poet Kate Gale's evocation of a confessional barroom encounter inspired Abel to write a unique song that alternates between jaunty, agitated and dreamy episodes.

The man drinking whiskey sours tells me
about his divorce.
The problem was his wife, apparently. She
would not
lie still. Any movement, any distraction
caused malfunction.
She knew this. She was warned. Yet she
moved arms, ears, toes.

Stay still, he said. His wife underneath.
Said it louder. She froze. The light changed.
Moonlight, shadow. I can't focus, he said.
She opened her eyes. Can I watch?

Better not, he said. Nothing's going to happen.
Stay still. She knew he was right by the way
the moon's craters seized the light and
reflected it back
to earth through the window. Unable to
create light of their own.

Some receptors create. She was sure of
this. She stayed still,
but he was right, nothing happened.
What he tells me?
She was warned. He buys me a drink.
Hopes my mind
will change.
But my mind is with his wife in bed watch-
ing the moon's craters.

HEART, WE WILL FORGET HIM

Text: Emily Dickinson;
music: Aaron Copland

*Pathos and beauty intertwine memorably
in Copland's setting of a characteristic and
to-the-point Dickinson utterance. The piece
is part of Copland's cycle "Twelve Poems of
Emily Dickinson."*

Heart, we will forget him
You and I, tonight.
You may forget the warmth he gave,
I will forget the light.
When you have done, pray tell me,
That I my thoughts may dim;

Haste! lest while you're lagging,
I may remember him!

THE GREEN-EYED DRAGON

Text: Greatrex Newman;
music: Wolseley Charles

*One of the most charming and amusing
"nonsense" songs ever written, Newman and
Charles carry the listener along for the ride
in an unmistakably British fashion.*

Once upon a time there was a fair princess
Most beautiful and charming
Her father, the king, was a wicked old thing
With manners most alarming
And always on the front door mat
A most ferocious dragon sat
Made such an awful shrieking noise
So all you little girls and boys

Beware, take care
Of the green eyed dragon with the
thirteen tails
He'll feed, with greed
On little boys, puppy dogs, and big
fat snails
Then off to his lair each child he'll drag
And each of his thirteen tails he'll wag
Beware, take care
And creep off on tiptoes
And hurry up the stairs
And say your prayers

And duck your heads, your pretty
curly heads
Beneath the clothes, the clothes, the clothes

That dragon he lived for years and years
But he never grew much thinner
For lunch, he'd try a policeman pie
Or roast ten beasts for dinner
One brave man went round with an axe
And tried to collect his income tax
That dragon he smiled with fiendish glee
And quietly murmured "R.I.P."

Beware, take care
Of the green eyed dragon with the
thirteen tails
He'll feed, with greed
On little boys, puppy dogs, and big
fat snails
Then off to his lair each child he'll drag
And each of his thirteen tails he'll wag
Beware, take care
And creep off on tiptoes
And hurry up the stairs
And say your prayers
And duck your heads, your pretty
curly heads
Beneath the clothes, the clothes,
the clothes

The dragon went down to the kitchen
one day
Where the fair princess was baking
He ate, by mistake, some rich plum cake

That the fair princess was making
That homemade cake, he could not digest
He moaned and he groaned, and at last
went west
And now his ghost, with bloodshot eyes
At midnight clangs his chains and cries

Beware, take care
Of the green eyed dragon with the
thirteen tails
He'll feed, with greed
On little boys, puppy dogs, and big
fat snails
Then off to his lair each child he'll drag
And each of his thirteen tails he'll wag
Beware, take care
And creep off on tiptoes
And hurry up the stairs
And say your prayers
And duck your heads, your pretty
curly heads
Beneath the clothes, the clothes,
the clothes.

THE LOST CHORD

Text: Adelaide Procter;

music: Arthur Sullivan

In terms of popularity, this song is one of the musical peaks of the Victorian era. Written at the bedside of Sullivan's dying brother, it was later performed by no less than Enrico Caruso.

Seated one day at the organ,
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the noisy keys.

I do not know what I was playing
Or what I was dreaming then,
But I struck one chord of music,
Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight,
Like the close of an angel's psalm,
And it lay on my fevered spirit,
With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow,
Like love overcoming strife;
It seemed the harmonious echo
From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexed meanings
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into silence,
As if it were loath to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That one lost chord divine,
That came from the soul of the organ,
And entered into mine.

It may be that Death's bright angel
Will speak in that chord again;
It may be that only in heaven
I shall hear that grand Amen.

PARIS IS MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

Text: Bob Hilliard; music: Cy Coleman

"Irresistible" aptly describes this delightful, quintessentially American ramble. The New York Times' Frank Rich called Coleman's music "a delirious celebration of jazz and pop styles."

There's a town called Havana in Kansas
And a town called Mexico, Maine,
You can get to Copenhagen, Nebraska,
On the Union Pacific Train
There's a London down in Texas
And Georgia has a town called Rome
But I go to Paris, Kentucky, whenever I go
back home

There's a place called Paris, but it's not
in Paris
It's a little old town in the blue
Kentucky hills
There's a girl in Paris, but she's not in Paris
She's a resident of the green Kentucky hills

She's a sweet Kentucky babe, not one of
those mademoiselles
She's gonna be my American beauty
When they ring those ding-dong
wedding bells

When I leave the city and go back to Paris
I won't have to leave the U.S.A. and roam
'Cause Paris is my old Kentucky home
There's a China in Indiana, a Brazil

in Tennessee
But Paris in Kentucky is the only place
for me

She's a sweet Kentucky babe, not one of
those mademoiselles
She's gonna be my American beauty
When they ring those ding-dong
wedding bells

When I leave the city and go back to Paris
I won't have to leave the U.S.A. and roam
'Cause Paris is my old Kentucky home

THE DREAM GALLERY: TODD (Taft)
Text and music: Mark Abel

*This is a stark portrait of life in and around
Taft, California, an off-the-map oil town
fallen on hard times. But clearly "Todd," the
singer-narrator, does not wish to live any-
where else.*

This town is dying.

Head west from the 5,
through barren lands and tumbleweed,
into the kingdom of the pumpjacks and
abandoned houses.
It is dry and the wind is raw.
The Temblor Range broods in the distance;
a vulture circles the roadkill on
Highway 119.

Soon you enter this sad place,
built on oil, hope and grit,
named for a hefty ex-president.
A downtown that once hummed is quiet now,
so quiet that a single car passing is a major
event.
The shops are mostly empty, the sidewalks
deserted.

Ghosts of commerce haunt these streets —
the shuttered bank branch,
the extinct car dealer,
junk shops open two days a week,
the drugstore whose shelves are covered
with dust.
Hell, we don't even have a hospital here.

Shadows of late afternoon fall on
the taqueria,
its neon flickering dimly as an insect
comes to rest.
At night, mysterious lights twinkle
from the Midway-Sunset.
Stars fell on Alabama, the old song goes.
But here they stay cold and high;
West Kern is far from heaven.

My father was an oil worker, and so am I.
My friends have left for Bakersfield,
with its malls and subdivisions.
They don't want to live in a place that
time forgot.
This town is dying, but it's still home
to me.

If history appeals, come ride along.
There is Elk Hills, part of a scandal
tainting Harding.
The Lakeview Gusher, 1910, America's
biggest strike;
just a small stone plaque now,
surrounded by
broken bottles, rusted pipes and
rotting timber.

Countless billions have been siphoned
from here,
but what was left behind?
You can drive right into the fields, just
don't inhale.
We have a witches' brew — poison gases,
mists and pesticides.
What the oil hasn't finished, the
cotton will.
A bitter wind blows through this land.

LONG TIME AGO

Text: author unknown;
music: Aaron Copland

*Copland may well have been channeling
Stephen Foster's 19th century sensibilities in
setting this beautiful ballad from his "Old
American Songs, Set 1."*

On the lake where droop'd the willow
Long time ago,
Where the rock threw back the billow

Brighter than snow.
Dwelt a maid beloved and cherish'd
By high and low,
But with autumn leaf she perished
Long time ago,
Rock and tree and flowing water
Long time ago,
Bird and bee and blossom taught her
Love's spell to know.
While to my fond words she listen'd
Murmuring low,
Tenderly her blue eyes glisten'd
Long time ago.

A NIGHTINGALE SANG IN BERKELEY SQUARE

Text: Eric Maschwitz;
music: Manning Sherwin

*A romantic slice of pre-World War II British pop
music, "Nightingale" has been recorded many
times, by singers ranging from Vera Lynn and
Glenn Miller to Frank Sinatra and Rod Stewart.*

That certain night, the night we met
There was magic abroad in the air
There were angels dining at the Ritz
And a nightingale sang in Berkeley Square

I may be right, I may be wrong
But I'm perfectly willing to swear
That when you turned and smiled at me
A nightingale sang in Berkeley Square

The moon that lingered over London town
Poor puzzled moon, he wore a frown
How could he know we two were so in love
The whole darned world seemed
upside down
The streets of town were paved with stars
It was such a romantic affair
As we kissed and said goodnight
A nightingale sang in Berkeley Square

I still remember how you smiled and said
"Was that a dream or was it true?"
Our homeward step was just as light
As the tap-dancing feet of Astaire
And like an echo far away
A nightingale sang in Berkeley Square
I know, 'cause I was there
That night in Berkeley Square

THE DREAM GALLERY: ADAM (Arcata)
Text and music: Mark Abel

The Dream Gallery's final entry in this collection is a wistful, questioning rumination on what the future may have in store for a young man of today living in Arcata, a college town on California's North Coast.

Welcome to your future. ...
You Boomers made one helluva mess.
"Old Guys Rule," the T-shirts say,
but for not much longer.
It's the turning of the tide; inexorable.

We're fed up. Enough of your bullshit!
You communed with the cosmos but
forgot about the planet.
Now the piper must be paid (like all pipers),
and we're stuck with a terrible tab.
Thanks, Mom! And you too, Dad!
We'll slave to keep Social Security afloat.
Fat chance!
Our kids will grow up in trailer parks, living
a sci-fi nightmare.
And the damndest thing of all: It didn't
have to be this way.
I'm melting down over nothing; best to
chill for awhile.

Drive past dear old Humboldt State —
hillside haven for alternate realities, the
North Coast's coolest girls.
Memories of sweet surrender, nude be-
neath the redwoods,
gently fading now. ...

Head for the java hut just off the square,
step over the sidewalk scruffies who kissed
off the material world.
Now here's my man Zeke;
we'll take our kayaks to Mad River Slough.
Floating on God's creation, the seabirds
wheeling high.
So near and yet so far from the answers
that we seek.
We want to contribute!
So many pathways, how can I be sure?
Zeke laughs at my mistrust of the universe.

Gina is teaching kids in the slums of
East Timor,
Gary is gonna be helping a scientist to
map the Great Pacific Garbage Patch.
Phil is doing free web designs from a
storefront in Harlem.
Chuck, the most brilliant of all, went back
to the family farm in Garberville
—a one-crop town. (Cash crop,
you might say.)
Kimberly sold out and moved to Redmond;
the graduation Lexus must have sealed
the deal.
And that pretty much covers my crew.

What now?

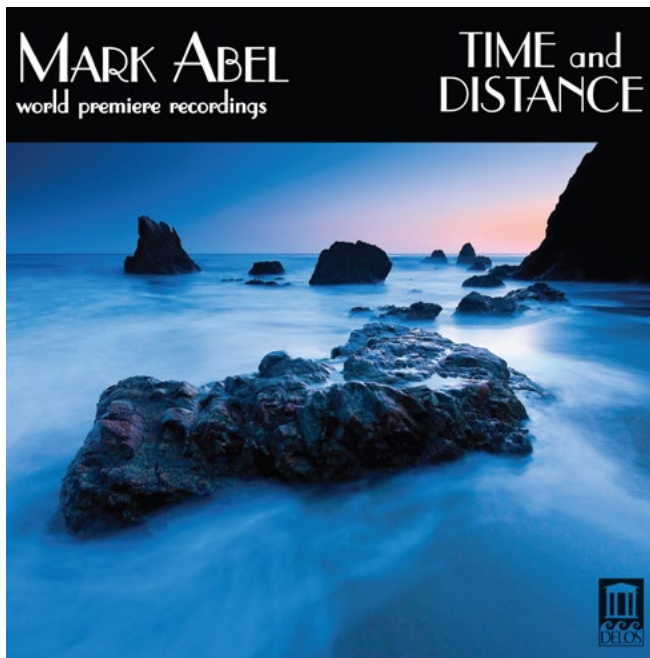
Praise be to idleness, Zeke says.
Born too many centuries too late to be a
Roman patrician
or a hunter-gatherer striding through the
fields of ancient Eurasia.
I love him like a brother, but I have a
different destiny.

Clarity's elusive in this misty backwater;
jobs are scarce, girlfriends scarcer.
At long last, this may be the hour
when I ponder the unthinkable.
"California is an island drifting far from
the continent,"
Matthias McKinley, my favorite
professor, said.
"You'll never understand America 'til you
have seen it all."
Soon I will leave the patchouli womb.
I don't know where I'm going,
but it's probably far from here.
Maybe they need me in Cleveland or in
dying Detroit.
I'll aid their transition to the
post-industrial age.
I will remember all the fun we had,
chasing utopias and rarely sad.
Picture the setting sun over the
Pacific's horizon,
it will inspire eternally.

Album design and layout: Lonnie Kunkel
Cover photo: hanhanpeggy

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Original Delos albums from which the tracks on this compilation were taken:

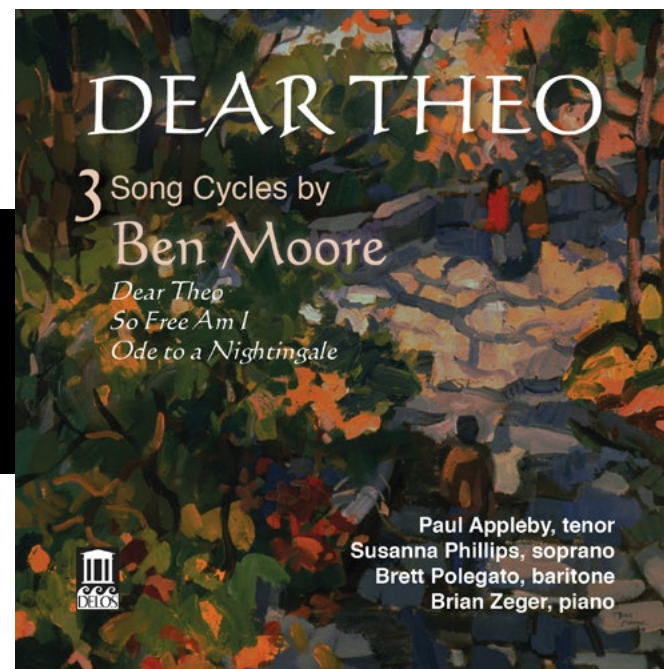


DE 3550, **Time and Distance:**
Track 1, *The Benediction*

delosmusic.com/recording/time-and-distance

DE 3437, **Dear Theo:**
Track 2, *The Lake Isle of Innisfree*;
Track 5, *Dear Theo: The Red Vineyard*

delosmusic.com/recording/dear-theo



DEAR THEO

3 Song Cycles by
Ben Moore

Dear Theo
So Free Am I
Ode to a Nightingale

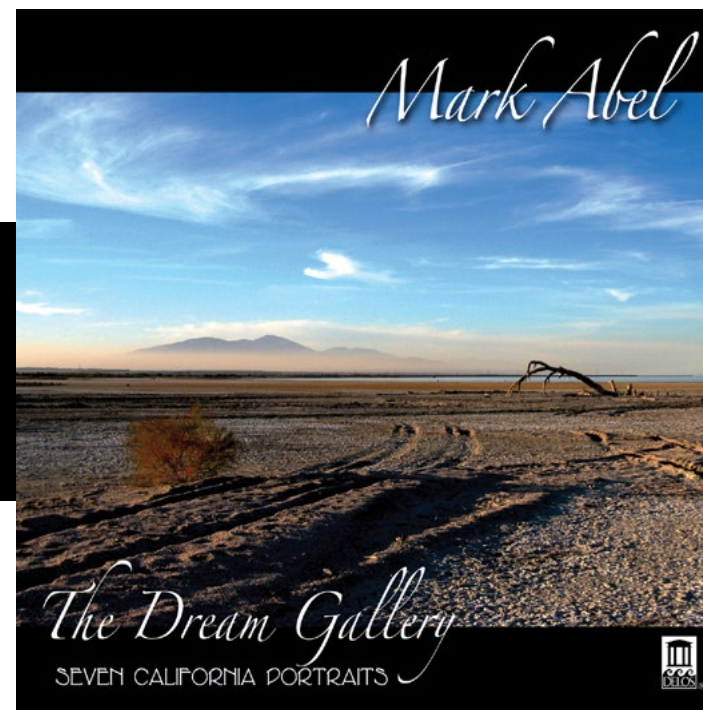
Paul Appleby, tenor
Susanna Phillips, soprano
Brett Polegato, baritone
Brian Zeger, piano





DE 3181, **Songs We Forgot to Remember:** Track 3, *Annabel Lee*; Track 10, *The Green-Eyed Dragon*; Track 11, *The Lost Chord*
delosmusic.com/recording/songs-we-forgot-to-remember-john-aler

DE 3418, **The Dream Gallery:**
Track 4, *Helen (Los Angeles)*; Track 13, *Todd (Taft)*; Track 16, *Adam (Arcata)*
delosmusic.com/recording/mark-abel-the-dream-gallery-seven-california-portraits





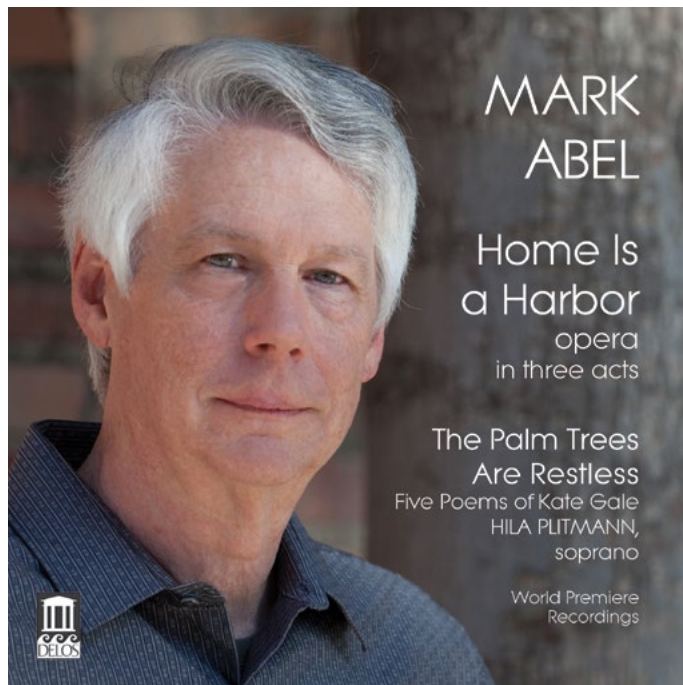
DE 3445, **Stopping By:**
Track 6, *Stopping By Woods on a Snowy Evening*; Track 14, *Long Time Ago*

delosmusic.com/recording/stopping-by

DE 3029, **Love Songs:**
Track 7, *The Salley Gardens*;
Track 9, *Heart, We Will Forget Him*

delosmusic.com/recording/love-songs-with-arleen-auger





MARK
ABEL

Home Is
a Harbor
opera
in three acts

The Palm Trees
Are Restless
Five Poems of Kate Gale
HILA PLITMANN,
soprano

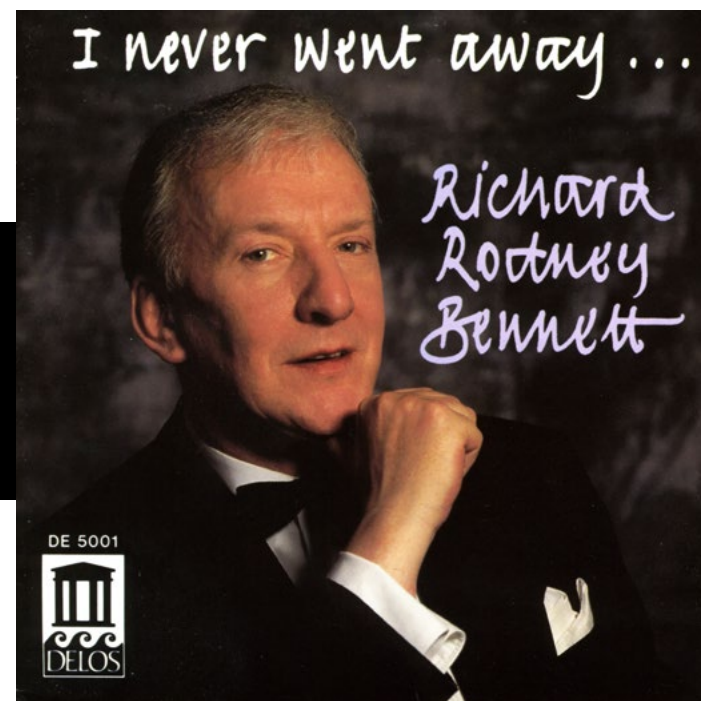
World Premiere
Recordings



DE 3495, **Home Is a Harbor:**
Track 8, *The Palm Trees Are Restless:*
Crater Light

delosmusic.com/recording/mark-abel-home-is-a-harbor

DE 5001, **I Never Went Away:**
Track 12, *Paris is My Old Kentucky Home;*
Track 15, *A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square*
delosmusic.com/recording/i-never-went-away



I never went away ...

Richard
Rodney
Bennett

DE 5001

