Welcome...

On behalf of the Department of Music, I am delighted to welcome you to our concert. Composition, Performance, and Scholarship—these are the central activities of the undergraduates, graduate students, and faculty in the Department of Music. At Princeton, we believe that composers and music historians do their best work in an environment in which performance is highly regarded, and that performers flourish when their passion for music is supplemented by a deep intellectual engagement with the works they perform.

We are especially pleased to announce that our valued studio instructors are now officially part of the faculty, and that our majors and certificate students have the option—for the very first time in the history of the department—to receive academic credit for their lessons. You will hear the results of these endeavors in the superb performances by our department ensembles (Princeton University Orchestra, Princeton University Opera Theater, Glee Club and Chamber Choir, Jazz Ensembles, Princeton Laptop Orchestra, Sinfonia, and Wind Ensemble) and our many student-run organizations, which include a chamber orchestra, an opera company, and chamber music collective—all of this in addition to a rigorous academic schedule!

We urge you to get to know all the corners of the Department of Music. Come to the Princeton Sound Kitchen and hear new works by our graduate and faculty composers; hear the world’s greatest musicians on the Princeton University Concerts series; take advantage of the many pre-concert lectures and conferences sponsored by our musicologists. Sunday afternoons are a perfect time to come hear the Richardson Chamber Players, the resident ensemble of our performance faculty, or catch some late night jazz on Thursdays with the Jazz @ Café Vivian series. If you have not yet had the opportunity to attend the electrifying performances of Sō Percussion, Edward T. Cone Performers-in-Residence, you are in for a treat!

With all of this activity, we are particularly looking forward to expanding into our new building in fall of 2017! Stay tuned… plans for an exciting inaugural year are underway. We look forward to seeing you at our next Music Department event!

Wendy Heller
Professor, and Chair Department of Music

Sunday, October 25, 2015 at 4:00 PM
Taplin Auditorium in Fine Hall

Performance Faculty Recital
Barbara Rearick, Mezzo-soprano and Alan Johnson, Piano

SIR RICHARD RODNEY BENNETT
(1936-2012)

A History of the Thé Danse
Foxtrot
Slow Foxtrot
Tango

JULIAN GRANT
(b. 1960)

Tre Poemi
La neve c’è l’ghiaccio
Io dal mio poggio
Rotta è Falta Colonna

ETHAN FREDERICK GREENE
(1982-2015)

Three Early Songs
Lisa, asleep in the wintertime
Nobody’s Business
Crows in a Strong Wind

INTERMISSION

ALBERTO GINESTERA
(1916-1983)

Cinco canciones populares argentinas
Chacarera
Triste
Zamba
Arrovido
Gato

CLAUDE DEBUSSY
(1862-1918)

Trois Chansons de Bilitis
La flûte de Pan
La Chevelure
Le Tombeau des naïades

WILLIAM BOLCOM
(b. 1938)

Three Cabaret Songs
Black Max
Wainin’
Amor

This concert is dedicated to the life and music of Ethan Frederick Greene.
Mezzo-soprano Barbara Rearick, whom Opera News singles out for her "tantalizing beauty" and "charming finesse," has established herself as one of today's most versatile and fascinating artists. Her career has taken her around the world singing with orchestras including the Chicago, Houston, Indianapolis, Baltimore, and Colorado Symphonies, Buffalo Philharmonic, Halle Orchestra, City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra, Orchestra of St. John's Smith Square in London, the Orquesta Sinfónica Nacional in Costa Rica, and the Rundfunk Sinfonieorchester in Berlin where she portrayed several roles for the world premiere and recording of Kurt Weill's The Eternal Road.

A strong supporter of new works, Ms. Rearick is a founding member of the Britten-Pears Ensemble, a chamber group based in London and specializing in rarely heard contemporary music. During her career she has performed several premieres including the world premiere performance of Douglas Cuomo's Arjuna's Dilemma at the Brooklyn Academy of Music; Lera Auerbach's The Blind with American Opera Project for the Lincoln Center Festival; the premiere performance of the orchestral version by Colin Matthews of Britten's A Charm of Lullabies with Stuart Bedford and the City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra; the title role in the world premiere of Alan Johnson's opera Mary Shelley: A History of the Time Distant -- a song cycle written especially for her by the late composer-pianist Sir Richard Rodney Bennett; Jonathan Lloyd's People's Dreams at Wigmore Hall; Sunflower by the late Mary Wright with the New York New Music Ensemble; the world premiere of Peter Westergaard's To the Dark Lady; the US premiere of Nicholas Maw's Nocturne with Leon Botstein and the American Symphony Orchestra; and at the 2012 Virginia Arts Festival she gave the world premiere performance of Three Easy Songs by the late Ethan Frederick Greene.

Alan Johnson has collaborated with singers holding national and international engagements in concert and opera since 1985. As music director, conductor, pianist, vocal coach, and new opera advocate, he has prepared, performed, and premiered many of the most notable and progressive works in opera, music theater, and dance since 1986. His work has garnered Bessie, Drama Desk, Jefferson, and Obie Awards, including an Obie Award for Sustained Excellence in Music Direction and a Joseph Jefferson Award for Outstanding Music Direction of The Sound of a Voice and Hotel of Dreams, two one-act operas by Philip Glass and David Henry Hwang.


He has conducted performances at venues across the United States including the American Repertory Theater, American Music Theater Festival, Brooklyn Academy of Music, Lincoln Center, New York Shakespeare Festival, Opera Delaware, A Contemporary Theater – Seattle, Court Theater – University of Chicago, Jacobs Pillow, Joyce Theater, Long Wharf Theater, McCarter Theater, Spoleto Festival USA and Italy, Pittsburgh Opera Theater, and many others. His long association with Philip Glass has included music direction for numerous premieres in opera (In the Penal Colony, The Sound of a Voice), dance/music theater (Provenance Unknown, The Mysteries and What's So Funny?), theater (Henry IV Parts I and II, Cymbeline, In the Summer House), as well as music preparation for the premieres of Book of Longing, The Making of the Representative for Planet 8, Hydrogen Jukebox, Orpheus, and La Belle et La Bete.

He has been on the faculty of the Frost School of Music at the University of Miami since 2006 where he is Associate Professor in the Department of Vocal Performance and Program/Music Director of the Frost Opera Theater. Since 2008, he has held the position of Music Director at the John Duffy Composers Institute at the Virginia Arts Festival. He holds a Bachelor of Music in piano performance from the University of Miami and a Master of Music in Vocal Coaching and Accompanying from the University of Illinois, having studied with legendary pianists Ivan Davis and John Wustman.
Texts and Translations

A History of the Thé Dansant (1994)
Texts by M.R. Peacock

Fox Trot
The briefest card my dear, we are leaving.
Imagine the long curve of the Blue Train
-- like the line of a mouth closed and smiling
and Charles in the opposite window seat, head
thrown back, the smoke from his cigarette
coiling and coiling. There is a fellow in the
carriage with artificial legs and a scar on his
face, unspreakable.

My hem is in handkerchief points, my head is
a gleaming oval on the fluid stem of my spine.
I shall turn my shoulders -- the silhouette
narrow and disengaged. Imagine the endless
flushed bias of the waves -- I shall show my
creamy back. Write to the Hôtel Blanc. I am
learning a modern geometry of desire.

Slow Fox Trot
Lacquer bows to bleu marine, finger-waved,
who must respond as though she were not
gratified. Begin the formal promenade. The
sea is wrinkled like a skin and laps the darkly
pitted sand. A liner moving Tunis bound
sets the powdered stars aside, jewelling the
bay alone, and creeping on and creeping on,
elegant, à la mode, fades away from sight of
land.

And don’t you love the negro band? Don’t
you adore the saxophone? Your nails are
painted deep as blood. Softly flexing insteps
glide, attentive to the livelong end -- beneath
the scapell of the moon.

Tango
Let us invent marble and five o’clock. I’ll
take white, you take black, how engagingly
we rhyme across the chosered level in the
perfume of tea and petits fours. I shall sample
the tiniest slice of the Grand Succés on the
lemon terrace, the newly apparent moon -- a
delicacy cat-ice thin. fresh as mimosa.

Your legs are dangerously long under the
tree at Menton, my thighs all silk and
hesitation -- drawing the tango down the
polished length of the floor. And the cellos
have such slim waists, and violins are girls with
flattened breasts.

Let us invent the chaise longue, bamboo,
Lapsang Souchong, linen and Panamá.

You may cough and thump your stick but I
have been up in the attic and I have a bundle
of postcards here to prove that once, we were
seen to be in love -- on the Riviera in nineteen
twenty four.

TRE POEMI (1985)
La neve e il ghiaccio
La neve e il ghiaccio e’ venti d’oriente,
la fredda brina e l’alta tramontana
cacciata hanno de’ bocchi suo’ Diana.

Perch’ella vide seccse l’erbe e’ fiori,
volar le fronde e spogliar la foresta,
coverta s’ha col vel la bionda testa,
ed è venuta al loco ov’ella nacque,
dove pit’ ch’altra donna sempre piaque.
Franco Sacchetti (c.1335-1400)

Io dal mio poggio
Io dal mio poggio
quando tacciono i venti fra le torri
della vaga Firenze, odo un Sibillo
ospite ignoto a’ taciti eterniti
del vicino Olivar e sul meriggio
fa sua case un frascato.
e a suon d’a’avena
le percorelle sue chiamma alla fonte.
Chiama due brune giovani la sera,
né piegar erba mi parca ballando.
Esso mena la danza.

Ugo Foscolo (1778-1827)

Rotta è l’alta Colonna
Rotta è l’alta Colonna e’ verge Lauro
che faccean ombra al mio stanco pensiero;
perdut’ho quel che ritova non spero
dal borea all’austro, o dal mar indi al mauro.

Tolto m’hai, Morte, il mio doppio tesauro,
che mi fea viver lieto e gire altero;
e ristorar nol può terra né impero,
è gemma oriental ne forza d’aur.

The snow and the ice
The snow and the ice and the east winds,
the freezing frost and the high north winds
have chased Diana from her groves.

Seeing the dry grass and withered flowers,
flaying leaves and forest stripped bare,
with a veil she has covered her blonde head,
and returned to that place where she was born,
where she is more pleasing than any other woman.

I, on my hill
I, on my hill,
when the winds fall silent upon the towers
of fair Florence, hear a sylvan guest
unknown even to the silent hermits
of nearby Oliver. Towards noon
he’s at home beside a green bowen
and with the sound of his pipe
calls his lamb to the fountain.
At evening he calls two dark-haired girls,
nor, it seems, does the grass bend under their feet
as he leads the dance.

The high column
The high column is broken and the green laurel
that once cast shade for my weary thoughts;
I’ve lost what I can never hope to regain
be it from north or south, from the Indian
Ocean to the western sea.

You’ve robbed me, Death, of my double
treasure that made my life joyous and noble;
which nothing can restore, not earth nor
empire, nor gems of the Orient, nor the power
of gold.
Ma se sentimenttamento è di destino,  
che poss'io più se no aver l'alma trista,  
umidì gli occhi sempre c'è lì viso chino?  
O nostra vita ch'è si bella in vista,  
com'perde agevolmente in un mattino  
quel ch'è molt'anni a gran pena s'acquista?  
Ugo Foscolo

But if this is the will of destiny  
what's there for me but a stricken soul,  
eyes forever wet with tears, and a bowed head?  
O, our life, that appears so beautiful,  
so lightly can lose in a single morning  
what many hard years accomplished!

THREE EADY SONGS (2012)  
Texts by Cornelius Eady

I. Lisa, asleep in the wintertime

time freezes up  
after loving you  
like the river  
in the winter.  
I lie here  
and watch you,  
see time  
rest on your  
face.  
you smile in your sleep.  
outside  
a deep wind blows  
snowrife,  
and you don't hear me say I love you  
in time to it.

II. Nobody's Business

You have cheated me  
and I still love you.  
You have lied  
and I still love you.  
And the neighbors tell me you're  
nothing but  
nothing but  
nothing but  
and I still love you.  
Love is dope  
Love is dope  
Love is dope  
And my degrees  
wither to paper.  
And my smart wardrobe  
slips out of context.  
You walk over me  
and I still love you.

You mock me to your friends  
and I still love you.  
I have tasted your hand  
and my brother can't tell me  
and my mother can't tell me  
and my father can't tell me  
and my sister can't tell me  
and the college can't tell me  
and the talk show host can't tell me  
and Jesus  
Jesus coming to warn me in my sleep  
can't tell me  
What the hell  
what the hell  
I guess there's  
a police bloter in my future  
What the hell  
what the hell  
I suppose I'll be  
a mystery corpse  
What the hell  
what the hell  
The easy smile  
has its way  
and I still love you.

What the hell  
what the hell  
I guess I'm grown, now  
what the hell  
I guess I'll nurse this burise  
DON'T LIKE IT?

III. Crows in a Strong Wind

Off go the crows from the roof.  
The crows can't hold on.  
They might as well  
Be perched on an oil slick.  
Such an awkward dance,  
These gentlemen  
In their spotted-black coats.  
Such a tipsy dance,
As if they didn’t know where they were.
Such a humorous dance,
As they try to set things right,
As the wind reduces them.

CINCO CANCIONES POPULARES ARGENTINAS (1943)

Chacarera
A mí me gustan las fláspas
Y una fláspas me ha tocado
Nato será el casamiento
Y más fiato el resultado.
Cuando canto chacareras
Me dan ganas de llorar
Porque se me representa
Camarcar y Tuomán.

Pug-nosed are pleasing to me
and I have chosen one for my wife.
As a result,
my marriage will be pug-nosed.
When I sing the chacareras,
I want to cry
because it makes me
remember my homeland.

Ah!
Debajo de un limón verde
Donde el agua no corre
Entregué mi corazón
A quien no lo merecía.

Sad is the day without sun,
sad is the night without moonlight,
but sadder is to love
without any hope.

Ah!

Zamba
Hasta las piedras del cerro
Y las arenas del mar
Me dicen que no te quiera
Y no te puedo olvidar.

Even the stones of the hill
and the sands of the sea,
all tell me not to love you
but I cannot forget you.

Si el corazón me has robado
El tuyo me lo has de dar
El que lleva cosa ajena
Con lo suyo ha de pagar
Ay!

Arrorró
Arrorró mi nene,
Arrorró mi sol,
Arrorró pedazo
De mi corazón.
Este nene lindo
Se quiere dormir
Y el pícaro sueño
No quiere venir.
Arrorró pedazo
De mi corazón...

Gato
El gato de mi casa
Es muy gauchito
Pero cuando lo bailan
Zapateadito.
Guitarras de pino
Cuerdas de alambre.
Tanto quiero a las chicas,
Digo, como a las grandes.
Es moza que baila
Mucho lo quiero
Pero no para hermana
Que hermana tengo.
Si, pónle al frente
Aunque no sea tu dueño,
Digo, me gusta verte.

If you have stolen my heart,
yours you must give me.
The one who takes something of someone else’s
— with his own must pay.

Sleep baby boy,
sleep my sun.
Sleep little piece
of my heart.
This pretty baby boy
wants to go to sleep
but the mean old sleep
doesn’t want to come.
Sleep little piece
of my heart...

The cat of my household
is very dashing.
When he dances
he taps his feet.
A little guitar
of pine with strings of wire.
I love all the young ones
whether large or small.
I love the young dancing girl
over there very much.
But not as a sister,
I already have a sister.
Come over here and dance in front of me.
Though I am not your master,
I like to look at you.
La flûte de Pan
Pour le jour des Hyacinthies, il m’a donné
une syrinx faite de roseaux bien taillés,
unis avec de la blanche cire qui est douce a
mes levres comme du miel.

Il m'apprend à jouer, assise sur ses genoux;
mais je suis un peu tremblante. Il en joue
après moi, si doucement que je l'entends à
peine.

Nous n'avons rien a nous dire, tant nous
 sommes près l'un de l'autre; mais nos chansons
veulent se répondre, et tour à tour nos
bouches s'unissent sur la flûte.

Il est tard, voici le chant des grenouilles
vertes qui commence avec la nuit. Ma mere ne
croira jamais que je suis restée si longtemps à
chercher ma ceinture perdue.

La Chevelure
Il m'a dit: <<Cette nuit, j'ai revé. J'avais
 ta chevelure autour de mon cou. J'avais tes
cheveux comme un collier noir autour de ma
nuque et sur ma poitrine.

<< Je les caressais, et c'étaient les miens; et
nous étions liés pour toujours ainsi, par la
même chevelure la bouche sur la bouche, ainsi
que deux lauriers n'ont souvent qu'une racine.

<< Et peu à peu, il m'a semblé, tant nos
membres étaient confondus, que je devenais
toi-même ou que tu entraïs en moi comme
mon songe. >>

Quand il eut achevé, il mit doucement ses
mains sur mes épaules, et il me regarda d'un
regard si tendre, que je baissai les yeux
avec un frisson.

Le Tombeau des naiades
Le long du bois couvert de givre, je
marchais; mes cheveux devant ma bouche se
fleurissaient de petits glaçons, et mes
sandales étaient lourdes de neige fangeuse
tassée.

Il me dit: << Que cherches-tu? --Je suis la
trace du satyre. Ses petits pas fourchus
alternent comme des trous dans un manteau
blanc. >> Il me dit: << Les satyres sont morts.

<< Les satyres et les nymphes aussi. Depuis
trente ans il n'a pas fait un hiver aussi
terrible. La trace que tu vois est celle
d'un bouc. Mais restons ici, où est leur
tombeau. >>

Et avec le fer de sa houe il cassa la glace
de la source où jadis riaient les naiades.
Il prenait de grands morceaux froids, et, les
sollevant vers le ciel pâle, il regardait au
travers.

The Flute of Pan
For the day of Hyacinth he has given me
a syrinx of well formed reeds,
bound together with white wax, which is
sweet to my lips as honey.

He teaches me how to play, sitting on his
knees; but I am a little nervous. He plays after
me, so softly I can scarcely hear.

We have nothing to say to each other, so
close are we to one another; but in songs
we converse, and sometimes our lips come
together on the flute.

It is late; that is the song of the green
frogs that begins with the night. My mother
will never believe I have been so long
looking for my lost girdle.

The Hair
He said: "Last night I dreamed, I had
your hair around my throat. I had your
tresses like a black collar around my neck and
upon my breast.

"I caressed them, and they were mine; and we
were bound together forever thus, by the
same hair, mouth to mouth, as two
laurded bushes often have a single root.

"And little by little, it seemed to me,
our limbs so lost their identity that I became
you, or you entered into me like my dream."

When he had finished, he softly put his hands
upon my shoulders, and looked at me with so
tender a gaze that I lowered my eyes, with a
shudder.

The Tomb of the Naiads
Through the wood covered with hoar frost I
walked; my hair before my mouth blossomed
with little icicles, and my sandals were heay
with muddy lumps of snow.

He said to me: "What are you looking for?"
"I am following the tracks of a satyr. The
prints of his little cloven hoofs are spaced like
holes in a white cloak." He said: "The satyrs
are dead.

"The satyrs and the nymphs as well. For thirty
years there has not been so terrible a winter.
The tracks you see are those of a billy goat.
But let us stay here, where their
tomb is."

And with the blade of his hoe he broke the
ice in the spring where the Naiads in years
past used to laugh. He took up large, cold
pieces, and holding them up to the pale sky,
he peered through them.
3 CABARET SONGS (1977-85)
Texts by Arnold Weinstein

*Black Max* (As Told by the de Kooning Boys)
He was always dressed in black. Long black jacket, broad black hat, sometimes a cape, and as thin as rubber tape: Black Max. He would raise that big black hat to the big-shots of the town who raised their hats right back, never knew they were bowing to Black Max.

I'm talking about night in Rotterdarm when the right night people of all the town— would find what they could in the right neighborhood of Black Max. There were women in the windows with bodies for sale— dressed in curls like little girls— in little doll-house jails. When the women walked the streets with the beds upon their backs, who was lifting up his brim— to them? Black Max!

And their were looks for sale, the art of the smile, only certain people walked that mystery mile: artists, charlatans, vaudevillians, men of mathematics, acrobats and civilians. There was knitting-needle music from a lady organ-grinder with all her sons behind her, Marco, Vito, Benno (was he strong! though he walked like a woman) and Carlo, who was five. He must be still alive!

Ah poor Marco had the syph, and if you didn't take the terrible cure those days you went crazy and died and he did. And at the coffin before they closed the lid, who raised his lid? Black Max.

I was climbing on the train one day going far away to the good old U.S.A. when I heard some music underneath the tracks. Standing there beneath the bridge, long black jacket, broad black hat, playing the harmonica, one hand free to lift that hat to me: Black Max, Black Max, Black Max.

*Waitin'*
Waitin', waitin' I've been waitin' all my life. That light keeps on hiding from me, but it someday just might bless my sight. Waitin', waitin', waitin' ...

*Amor*
It wasn't the policeman's fault in all the traffic roar— instead of shouting halt when he saw me, he shouted Amor. Amor, Amor, Amor.

Even the ice-cream man— (free ice-creams by the score) instead of shouting Butter Pecan, one look at me— he shouted Amor. Amor, Amor. All over town it went that way— everybody took off the day, even philosophers understood— how good was the good 'cuz I looked so good!

The poor stopped taking less— the rich stopped needing more. Instead of shouting no and yes— both looking at me shouted Amor!

My stay in town was cut short. I was dragged to court. The judge said I disturbed the peace and the jury gave him what for! The judge raised his hand— and instead of Desist and Cease, Judgje came to the stand— took my hand— and whispered Amor. Amor, Amor, Amor.

Night was turning into day. I walked alone, away. Never see that town again. But as I passed the church-house door, instead of singing Amen, the choir was singing Amor.

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The use of photographic, video or audio equipment is strictly prohibited.

Please turn off or mute your cell phones and pagers.
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