Friday 6th November, 7pm

Will There Really Be A Morning?

The poetry of Emily Dickinson

Anna Patalong – soprano
Nigel Foster – piano
Sarah Berger – actress

Programme devised by Nigel Foster

* Songs (typed in black) *
* Readings (typed in grey) *

PART 1

**Song 1 - Lori Laitman (b 1955) - Will there really be a morning? from Four Dickinson Songs**

Will there really be a morning?
Is there such a thing as day?
Could I see it from the mountains,
If I were as tall as they?

Has it feet like waterlilies?
Has it feathers like a bird?
Does it come from famous places
Of which I have never heard?

Oh, some scholar, Oh some sailor,
Oh some wise man from the skies
Please to tell this little pilgrim
Where the place called Morning lies.

———

A something in a summer’s day,
As slow her flambeaux burn away,
Which solemnizes me.

A something in a summer’s noon,
An azure depth, a wordless tune,
Transcending ecstasy.

And still within a summer’s night
A something so transporting bright
I clap my hands to see
I taste a liquor never brewed from Four Poems by Emily Dickinson

I taste a liquor never brewed
From tankards scooped in Pearl.
Not all the Vats upon the Rhine
Yield such an Alcohol!

Inebriate of air am I
And Débauché of Dew,
Reeling through endless summer days
From Inns of molten Blue.
When “Landlords” turn the drunken bee
Out of the Foxglove’s door,
When Butterflies renounce their “Drams”
I shall but drink the more.

Till Seraphs swing their snowy Hats
And Saints to windows run
To see the little Tippler
Leaning against the sun.

I find ecstasy in living; the mere sense of living is joy enough.

Song 4 - Aaron Copland (1900-1990) - When they come back from Twelve Poems of Emily Dickinson

When they come back, if blossoms do,
I always feel a doubt if blossoms can be born again
When once the art is out.

When they begin, if robins do,
I always had a fear I did not tell it was their last
Experiment last year.

When it is May, if May return,
Has nobody a pang that on a face so beautiful
We might not look again.

If I am there, one does not know
What party one may be tomorrow, But if I am there,
I take back all I say!

We must be careful what we say. No bird resumes its egg.

Song 5 - Aaron Copland - Nature the gentlest mother from Twelve Poems of Emily Dickinson

Nature the gentlest mother
Impatient of no child,
The feeblest or the waywardest.
Her admonition mild
In forest and the hill
By traveller is heard
Restraining rampant squirrel
Or too impetuous bird.

How fair her conversation
A summer afternoon,
Her household, her assembly
And when the sun goes down
Her voice among the aisles
Incites the timid prayer
Of the minutest cricket,
The most unworthy flower.

When all the children sleep,
She turns as long away,
As will suffice to light her lamps
Then, bending from the sky,
With infinite affection
And infinite care
Her golden finger on her lip
Wills silence ev’rywhere.

The cricket sang,
And set the sun,
The workmen finished, one by one,
Their seam the day upon.

The low grass loaded with the dew,
The twilight stood as strangers do
d with hat in hand, polite and new,
To stay as if, or go.

A vastness, as a neighbor, came,
A wisdom, without face or name,
A peace, as hemispheres at home,
And so the night became.

Song 6 - Richard Pearson Thomas (b 1957) - I never saw a moor from At last, to be identified!
I never saw a moor,
I never saw the sea;
Yet know I how the heather looks
And what a wave must be.

I never spoke with God,
Nor visited in heaven.
Yet certain am I of the spot
As if the checks were given.

Some keep the Sabbath going to church;
I keep it staying at home,
With a bobolink for a chorister,
And an orchard for a dome.
Some keep the Sabbath in surplice;  
I just wear my wings,  
And instead of tolling the bell for church,  
Our little sexton sings.

God preaches, - a noted clergyman -  
And the sermon is never long;  
So instead of going to heaven at last,  
I'm going all along!

If God had been here this summer, and seen the things that I have seen, I guess that He would think His Paradise superfluous. Don't tell Him, for the world though, for after all He's said about it, I should like to see what he was building for us, with no hammer and no stone, and no journeyman either.

Song 7 - Robert Owens (1925-2017) - Could I but ride indefinite from 4 Motivations Op 21

Could I but ride indefinite,  
As doth the meadow bee,  
And visit only where I liked,  
And no man visits me.

And flirt all day with buttercups,  
And marry whom I may  
And dwell a little everywhere  
Or better, run away.

With no police to follow,  
Or chase me if I do.  
Till I should jump peninsulas  
To get away from you.

I said, but just to be a bee  
Upon a raft of air,  
And row in nowhere all day long,  
And anchor off the bar,

What liberty! So captives deem  
Who tight in dungeons are.

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Spring is a happiness so beautiful, so unique, so unexpected, that I don't know what to do with my heart. I dare not take it, I dare not leave it – what do you advise?

Song 8 - Richard Hageman (1881-1966) – Charity

If I can stop one heart from breaking,  
I shall not live in vain;  
If I can ease one life the aching,  
Or cool one pain
Or help one fainting robin
Into his nest again,
I shall not live in vain.

I had no time to hate, because
The grave would hinder me,
And life was not so ample I
Could finish enmity.

Nor had I time to love; but since
Some industry must be,
The little toil of love, I thought,
Was large enough for me.

Song 9 - Julian Philips - The winged beggar from An Amherst Bestiary
Most she touched me by her muteness
Most she won me by the way
She presented her small figure
Plea itself for charity.

Were a crumb my whole possession,
Were there famine in the land,
Were it my resource from starving,
Could I such a plea withstand?

Not upon her knee to thank me
Sank this beggar from the sky,
But the crumb partook, departed,
And returned on high.

I supposed when sudden
Such a praise began,
*Twas as space sat singing
To herself and men.

*Twas the winged beggar
Afterward I learned,
To her Benefactor
Making Gratitude

I have a Bird in Spring
Which for myself doth sing,
The spring decoys.
And as the summer nears,
And as the Rose appears,
Robin is gone.
Yet do I not repine
Knowing that Bird of mine
though flown,
Learneth beyond the sea
Melody new for me
And will return.

Song 10 - Julian Philips - The Robin from An Amherst Bestiary
The robin for the crumb
Returns no syllable
But long records the Lady's name

The robin is the one
That interrupts the morn
With hurried, few, express reports
When March is scarcely on.

The robin is the one
That overflows the noon
With her cherubic quantity,
An April but begun.

The robin is the one
That speechless from her nest
Submits that home and certainty
And sanctity are best.

Song 11 - Raymond Yiu (b 1973) - A bird came down the walk from The Earth and Every Common Sight
A bird came down the walk,
He did not know I saw;
He bit an angel-worm in halves
And ate the fellow raw.

And then he drank a dew,
From a convenient grass,
And the hopped sideways
To let a beetle pass.

He glanced with rapid eyes
That hurried all abroad,
They looked like frightened beads I thought,
He stirred his velvet head like one in danger,
Cautious, I offered him a crumb,
And he unrolled his feathers,
And rowed him softer home.
PART 2

**Song 12 - André Previn (1929-2019) - Will there really be a morning? from Three Dickinson Songs**
Will there really be a morning?  
Is there such a thing as day?  
Could I see it from the mountains,  
If I were as tall as they?  

Has it feet like waterlilies?  
Has it feathers like a bird?  
Does it come from famous places  
Of which I have never heard?  

Oh, some scholar, Oh some sailor,  
Oh some wise man from the skies  
Please to tell this little pilgrim  
Where the place called Morning lies.

The world is just a little place, just the red in the sky, before the sun rises, so let us keep fast hold of hands, then when the birds begin, none of us be missing.

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**Song 13 - Ernst Bacon (1898-1990) - Poor little heart from Five Poems by Emily Dickinson**
Poor little heart!  
Did they forget thee?  
Then dinna care!  
Then dinna care!  

Proud little heart!  
Did they forsake thee?  
Be debonair!  
Be debonair!  

Frail little heart!  
I would not break thee:  
Could'st credit me?  
Could'st crfedit me?  

Gay little heart!  
like morning glory  
Thou'll wilted be,  
Thou'll wilted be

It's a sorrowful morning Susie – the wind blows and it rains; “into each life some rain must fall” and I hardly know which falls fastest, the rain without, or within – Oh Susie, I would nestle close to your warm heart, and never hear the wind blow, or the storm beat, again. Thank you for loving me,
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darling – it is enough, dear Susie. I know I shall be satisfied. But what can I do towards you? Dearer you cannot be, for I love you so already, that it almost breaks my heart – perhaps I can love you anew, every day of my life, every morning and evening – Oh if you will let me, how happy I shall be!

I hope for you so much, and feel so eager for you, feel that I cannot wait, feel that now I must have you – that the expectation once more to see your face again, makes me feel hot and feverish...

Song 14 - Jake Heggie (b 1961) - If you were coming in the Fall from The Faces of Love
If you were coming in the Fall,
I'd brush the summer by
With half a smile and half a spurn,
As housewives do a Fly.

If I could see you in a year,
I'd wind the months in balls
And put them each in separate drawers,
For fear the numbers fuse.

If only Centuries, delayed,
I'd count them on my Hand,
Subtracting, till my fingers dropped
Into Van Dieman's land.

If certain, when this life were out,
That yours and mine, should be
I'd toss it yonder, like a Rind,
And take Eternity.

But now, uncertain of the length
Of this, that is between,
It goads me, like the Goblin Bee
That will not state its sting.

———

Sunday afternoon late April 1852
I have thought of it all day, Susie, and I fear of but little else, and when I was gone to meeting it filled my mind so full, I could not find a chink to put the worthy pastor; when he said “Our Heavenly Father” I said “Oh darling Sue”; when he read the 100th Psalm, I kept saying your precious letter all over to myself, and Susie, when they sang – it would have made you laugh to hear one little voice, piping to the departed. I made up words and kept singing how I loved you, and you had gone, while all the rest of the choir were singing Hallelujahs. I presume nobody heard me, but it was a kind of comfort to think I might put them out, singing of you.

Song 15 - Aaron Copland - Why do they shut me out of heaven? from Twelve Poems of Emily Dickinson
Why do they shut me out of Heaven,
Did I sing too loud?
But I can sing a little minor,
Timid as a bird.

Wouldn't the angels
Try me just once more,
Just see if I troubled them,
But don't shut the door.

Oh, if I were the gentleman in the white robes
And they were the little hand that knocked,
Could I forbid?
Could I forbid?

I am sick today, dear Susie, and have not been to church. There has been a pleasant quiet, in which to think of you, and I have not been sick enough that I cannot write to you. I love you as dearly, Susie, as when love first began, on the step at the front door, and under the Evergreens.

I gathered something for you, because you were not there; an acorn, and some moss blossoms, and a little shell of a snail, so whitened by the snow you would think 'twas a cunning artist had carved it from alabaster – then I tied them all up in a leaf with some last summer's grass I found by a brookside, and I'm keeping them all for you.

Song 16 - Ernest Bacon - It's all I have to bring from Five Poems by Emily Dickinson
It's all I have to bring today,
This, and my heart beside,
This, and my heart, and all the fields,
And all the meadows wide.

Be sure you count, should I forget,
Someone the sun could tell,
This, and my heart, and all the bees
Which in the clover dwell.

As we said “Dear Susie” the sunshine grew so warm, and out peeped imprisoned leaves, and the Robins answered “Susie” and the big hills left their work and echoed “Susie” and from the smiling fields and from the fragrant meadows came troops of fairy Susies and asked “Is it me?” No little one; “Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, not can the heart conceive” my Susie, whom I love. These days of Heaven bring you nearer and nearer, and every bird that sings, and every bud that blooms, does but remind me more of that garden unseen, awaiting the hand that tills it. Dear Susie, when you come, how many boundless blossoms among those silent beds! How do I count the days – how I do long for the time when I may count the hours without incurring the charge of Femina Insania! I want to send you joy, I have half a mind to put up one of these dear little Robins and send him singing to you.
Song 17 - Robert Owens - Hope from 4 Motivations Op 21

Hope is a thing with feathers
That perches in the soul
And sings the tune without the words
And never stops at all.

But sweetest in the gale is heard
And sore must be the storm
That could abash the little bird
That kept so many warm.

I've heard it in the chillest land,
And on the strangest sea,
Yet, never in extremity
It asked a crumb of me.

Hope is a thing with feathers
That perches in the soul
And sings the tune without the words
And never stops at all.

I have but one thought, Susie, this afternoon of June, and that of you, and I have one prayer, only; dear Susie, that is for you. That you and I in hand as we e'en do in heart, might ramble away as children, among the woods and fields, and forget these many fears, and these sorrowing cares, and each become a child again. If you were here, and Oh that you were, my Susie, we need not talk at all, our eyes would whisper for us, and your hand fast in mine, we would not ask for language – I try to bring you nearer, I chase the weeks away till they are quite departed, and fancy you have come, and I am on my way through the green lane to meet you, and my heart goes scampering so, that I have much ado to bring it back again, and learn to be patient, till that dear Susie comes.

Susan knows she is a Siren – and that at a word from her, Emily would forfeit Righteousness.

Song 18 - Richard Pearson Thomas – Wild Nights! from At last, to be identified!

Wild nights! Wild nights!
Were I with thee,
Wild nights should be
Our luxury,

Futile the wind
To a heart in port,
Done with the compass,
Done with the chart!

Rowing in Eden,
Ah! the sea!
Might I but moor, Tonight,
In thee!

Sue, to be lovely as you is a touching Contest, though like the Siege of Eden, impracticable.
Eden never capitulates.

Song 19 - Jake Heggie - As well as Jesus? from The Faces of Love
So well that I can live without
'I love thee’ then
How well is that?
As well as Jesus?
Prove it me
That He loved Men
As I love thee.

The World hath not known her, but I have known her, was the sweet boast of Jesus. The tie between us is very fine, but a Hair never dissolves. Lovingly, Emily
Heaven is large – is it not? Life is short too, isn't it? Then, when one is done, is there not another, and – and – then if God is willing, we are neighbours then.

Song 20 - Aaron Copland - Going to heaven from Twelve Poems of Emily Dickinson
Going to Heaven! Going to Heaven!
I don't know when
Pray do not ask me how,
Indeed I'm too astonished
To think of answering you.

Going to Heaven! Going to Heaven!
How dim it sounds.
And yet it will be done
As sure as flocks go home at night
Unto the shepherd's arm!

Perhaps you're going too! Who knows!

My only sketch, profile, of Heaven is a large blue sky, bluer and larger than the biggest I have ever seen in June, and in it are my friends – all of them – every one of them – those who are with me now, and those who were ‘parted’ as we walked, and ‘snatched up to heaven’.

If you should get there first,
Save just a little place for me,
Close to the two I lost.
The smallest “robe” will fit me
And just a bit of “crown”
For you know we do not mind our dress
When we are going home.

Going to Heaven! Going to Heaven!
I’m glad I don’t believe it
For it would stop my breath
And I’d like to look a little more
At such a curious earth.

I am glad they did believe it
Whom I have never found
Since the mighty autumn afternoon
I left them in the ground.

I went to heaven, -
’Twas a small town,
Lit with a ruby,
Lathed with down.

Stiller than the fields
At the full dew,
Beautiful as pictures
No man drew.

People like the moth,
Of mechin, frames,
Duties of gossamer,
And eider names.

Almost contented
I could be
’Mong such unique
Society.

Song 21 - Lori Laitman - She died from Four Dickinson Songs
She died. This was the way she died;
And when her breath was done,
Took up her simple wardrobe
And started for the sun.

Her little figure at the gate
The angels must have spied,
Since I could never find her
Upon the mortal side.
There was no earthly parting. She slipped from our fingers like a flake gathered by the wind and is now part of the drift called ‘the infinite’.

I cannot tell how Eternity seems. It sweeps around me like a sea. Thank you for remembering me. Remembrance – mighty word. Remembrance engulfs me, and I must cease. I wish I could speak a word of courage, though that love has already done.

Song 22 - Aaron Copland - The Chariot from Twelve Poems of Emily Dickinson
Because I would not stop for Death,
He kindly stopped for me.
The carriage held but just ourselves
And Immortality.

We slowly drove,
He knew no haste and I had put away
My labour and my leisure too
For his civility.

We passed the school where children played,
Their lessons scarcely done,
We passed the fields of gazing grain,
We passed the setting sun.

We paused before a house that seemed
A swelling of the ground,
The roof was scarcely visible,
The cornice but a mound.

Since then, ’tis centuries,
But each feels shorter than the day
I first surmised the horses’ heads
Were towards Eternity.
**PROGRAMME NOTES**

**Song 1 - Lori Laitman (b 1955) - Will there really be a morning? from Four Dickinson Songs**

Lori Laitman was born in Long Beach New York. She began composing while a student at Yale University and has since written over 250 songs. She was the winner of the 2000 Boston Art Song Competition. Her first full opera The Scarlet Letter was premiered by Colorado Opera in 2016. Her oratorio Vedem (2010) tells the story of the boys of the Terezin concentration camp and their clandestine newspaper Vedem. The Four Dickinson Songs date from 1996 and are dedicated to soprano Karen Bogan. Will there really be a morning? is the opening song of the set.

**Song 2 - Julian Philips (b 1969) - Foreword from An Amherst Bestiary**

Julian Philips was Glyndebourne's first Composer-in-Residence 2006-9, during which time he wrote 2 chamber operas, Followers and The Yellow Sofa. His opera How the Whale Became was written for the Royal Opera House Covent Garden's 2013-14 Christmas season. Since 2004 Julian has been Head of Composition at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama. An Amherst Bestiary, comprising 18 songs and a prelude was written in 1997 and first performed at the Wigmore Hall in 1999 by Daniel Norman and Richard Sisson. The set is “affectionately dedicated to Graham Johnson.”

**Song 3 - John Duke (1899-1984) - I taste a liquor never brewed from Four Poems by Emily Dickinson**

The pianist and composer John Duke was born in Maryland. He studied with Nadia Boulanger in Paris and Artur Schnabel in Berlin in 1929-30. There are 265 songs in his catalogue, including 2 sets of Emily Dickinson poems. Larger scale works include 2 operas and an operetta. He made his official debut as a pianist at New York's Aeolian Hall in 1920.

**Song 4 - Aaron Copland (1900-1990) - When they come back from Twelve Poems of Emily Dickinson**

Aaron Copland is best known for his ballets Appalachian Spring, Rodeo and Billy the Kid and his orchestral work Fanfare for the Common Man. He was born in Brooklyn, New York where his father owned a shop. He spent 3 years in Paris studying with Nadia Boulanger. His Twelve Poems of Emily Dickinson, his longest work for solo voice, was written between March 1949 and March 1950. Each song is dedicated to a composer friend of his; When they came back is dedicated to Harold Shapero. Shapero was a student at the inaugural Tanglewood Summer School in 1940, he had written a work called Nine-Minute Overture, but it was decreed that no student works could be performed during the course. Copland, always noted for his kindness and generosity to his fellow musicians, put together an orchestra with the sole purpose of playing the student's compositions at the summer school. One of the works they performed was Shapero's Nine-Minute Overture which went on to win the Rome Prize the following year.

**Song 5 - Aaron Copland - Nature the gentlest mother from Twelve Poems of Emily Dickinson**
Nature the gentlest mother is dedicated to David Diamond, composer of 11 symphonies, 8 concertos, 11 string quartets, and a member of the composition faculty of the Juilliard School of Music. His awards include the Edward MacDowell Medal (1991) and the National Medal of Arts (1995).

**Song 6 - Richard Pearson Thomas (b 1957) - I never saw a moor from At last, to be identified!**

Richard Pearson Thomas is from Montana. He studied at Eastman School of Music (1977-79), and subsequently had lessons in collaborative piano with Martin Katz (1981). He has written 3 operas, several musicals and numerous songs including Race for the Sky, setting poems found on the streets and on makeshift shrines in the aftermath of 9/11. He is currently on the staff at Colombia University. At last, to be identified! is a cycle of six Emily Dickinson settings, all written in 1992 with the exception of I never saw a moor, which was written the previous year and then incorporated into the cycle.

**Song 7 - Robert Owens (1925-2017) - Could I but ride indefinite from 4 Motivations Op 21**

Robert Owens was born in Texas and grew up in California. He was a child prodigy, composing and performing his first piano concerto with the Berkeley Young People’s Symphony Orchestra at the age of 15. He studied in Paris with Alfred Cortot 1946-50, and after a short time back in America settled in Germany, firstly in Hamburg then in Munich, where he enjoyed a triple career as a pianist, composer and actor. His many songs include 46 that are settings of Langston Hughes who he met and befriended in 1955. His only completed opera Kultur! Kultur! was premiered at Ulm in 1970. His 4 Motivations Op 21 comprises settings of poems by William and Dorothy Wordsworth and Emily Dickinson.

**Song 8 - Richard Hageman (1881-1966) – Charity**

Richard Hageman was born in The Netherlands. He played the piano from the age of six and while still a teenager became a répétiteur for the Nederlandsche Opera, which he conducted for the first time aged 18. He moved to America, working as a pianist and conductor for the Metropolitan Opera from 1908. Later he worked at the Curtis Institute and was music director for Chicago Civic Opera and Ravinia Park Opera. He was at various time guest conductor of the Los Angeles, Chicago and Philadelphia Symphony orchestras. He wrote film music, sharing an Academy Award for his score of John Ford’s 1939 western Stagecoach, and appeared in several small roles in films including as the conductor Carlo Santi in The Great Caruso.

Charity, written in 1921, is dedicated to the New Zealand soprano Frances Alda, a frequent performer at the Met.

**Song 9 - Julian Philips - The winged beggar from An Amherst Bestiary**

**Song 10 - Julian Philips - The Robin from An Amherst Bestiary**

These two songs are dated 28th February and 1st March 1997. They form part of the first group of the Amherst Bestiary songs, which are all about birds, the others being Woodpecker, Owl, Jay and Humming Bird. Birds are mentioned in around 220 of Emily Dickinson's roughly 1800 poems.
Song 11 - Raymond Yiu (b 1973) - A bird came down the walk from The Earth and Every Common Sight

Raymond Yiu is a Hong-Kong born London-based composer, jazz pianist, conductor and writer on music. He won the BASCA British Composer Award in 2010 and his Symphony was commissioned by the BBC and premiered at the 2015 Proms.

The Earth and Every Common Sight was written in 2011-13 and premiered in Beverley Minster by Sarah Leonard and Jonathan Gooing. 6 songs and 2 intermezzos with texts by Dickinson, Wordsworth, John Clare, Darwin and Lee Murray explore biodiversity and the relationship between nature and the human race.

Song 12 - André Previn (1929-2019) - Will there really be a morning? from Three Dickinson Songs

André Previn had a triple career as composer, conductor and pianist. He wrote the music for over 50 films, winning an Oscar for his arrangements of Loewe's music for My Fair Lady (1964). His non-film music includes 2 operas, 14 concertos, much chamber music and many songs. As a conductor he held posts with the Houston, Pittsburgh and London Symphony orchestras, and the Los Angeles, Oslo and Royal Philharmonic orchestras. As a pianist he was mostly known for his work in jazz, working with, among others, Ella Fitzgerald and Doris Day. However, in the popular imagination he is probably best known for his appearance as "Mr Preview" with Morecombe and Wise in 1971. His Three Dickinson Songs were written for Renée Fleming, who gave the premiere with pianist Richard Bado in Quebec on 18th December 1999.

Song 13 - Ernst Bacon (1898-1990) - Poor little heart from Five Poems by Emily Dickinson

Ernst Bacon was born in Chicago and was largely self-taught as a composer. He studied mathematics at university, but soon switched his interests to music. In the 1920s he worked as an opera coach at the Eastman School of Music and later joined the faculty of the San Francisco Conservatory of Music, and also conduced the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. The Five Poems by Emily Dickinson date from 1944. Bacon was the first composition teacher of Jake Heggie, who he taught privately from 1977-79.

Song 14 - Jake Heggie (b 1961) - If you were coming in the Fall from The Faces of Love

Jake Heggie was born in Florida and studied with Ernst Bacon. In 1994 he worked as Public Relations Associate for San Francisco Opera, a post previously held by Armistead Maupin, author of Tales of the City. In 1997 Heggie was appointed composer-in-residence for the San Francisco Opera, for whom he wrote his first opera Dead Man Walking, with a libretto by Terence McNally, which was premiered in 2000. His output includes 7 other full-length operas, several one-act operas, and over 300 songs. If you were coming in the Fall was composed in 1987 and was the winner of the competition for new American songs held by Schirmer's in 1995.
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**Song 15 - Aaron Copland - Why do they shut me out of heaven? from Twelve Poems of Emily Dickinson**

Why do they shut me out of heaven is dedicated to Ingolf Dahl, a German-born conductor and composer who fled Nazi Germany for Switzerland (where, at Zurich Opera, he was chorus master for the premiere of Alban Berg's Lulu) and then America. His career encompassed composing, conducting and work as an arranger, pianist and educator. He was Gracie Field's pianist, wrote a performing English translation for Schoenberg's Pierrot Lunaire, and was Victor Borge's arranger/conductor. His most popular ‘serious’ work is his Concerto for Alto Saxophone and Wind Orchestra (1949).

**Song 16 - Ernst Bacon - It's all I have to bring from Five Poems by Emily Dickinson**

Bacon's Five Poems by Emily Dickinson date from 1944, written while he was dean and professor of piano at Converse College in Spartanburg, South Carolina, at that time a major textile manufacturing centre. Converse College was then and is still an all-women college, which plans to go co-ed in 2021.

**Song 17 - Robert Owens - Hope from 4 Motivations Op 21**

Robert Owens' 4 Motivations Op 21, comprising settings of poems by William and Dorothy Wordsworth and Emily Dickinson, were published in 1969 by Orlando-Musikverlag in Munich. Hope is the second song of the set.

**Song 18 - Richard Pearson - Wild Nights! from At last, to be identified!**

Wild Nights is the third song of Richard Pearson Thomas' cycle of Emily Dickinson settings, At last, to be identified! written in 1992.

**Song 19 - Jake Heggie - As well as Jesus? from The Faces of Love**

As well as Jesus was written in 1995 and dedicated to soprano Kristin Clayton, a San Francisco Opera resident artist who came to prominence when she stepped in at the last minute to replace Renée Fleming at the premiere of Heggie's opera Dead Man Walking in 2000.

**Song 20 - Aaron Copland - Going to heaven from Twelve Poems of Emily Dickinson**

Going to heaven is dedicated to Lukas Foss, a German-American composer born in 1922 in Berlin. He studied at the Curtis Institute where one of his classmates was Leonard Bernstein, who became a lifelong friend. Foss also studied conducting with Koussevitzky and composition with Hindemith. His conducting posts included directorships of the Buffalo and Brooklyn Philharmonic orchestras.
Song 21 - Lori Laitman - She died from Four Dickinson Songs

Lori Laitman’s Four Dickinson Songs, written in the spring of 1996 are dedicated to soprano Karen Bogan. She died is the third song of the set. In 2019 new editions were published for all voices; soprano, mezzo, contralto/counter-tenor, tenor and baritone.

Song 22 - Aaron Copland - The Chariot from Twelve Poems of Emily Dickinson

Dedicated to Arthur Berger, composer and author of the first book to be written about Aaron Copland, The Music of Aaron Copland, published in 1945. As a critic he worked for the New York Sun and New York Herald Tribune and was a co-founder of the journal Perspectives of New Music in 1962. As a composer he experimented with serialism in the 1950s but later abandoned this genre. His compositions are mostly chamber works for piano and wind.

Emily Dickinson (1830-1886) – a brief synopsis of her life

Emily Dickinson was born in Amherst, Massachusetts. Her family was prominent in the town; her father was a lawyer and politician, and a trustee of Amherst College, which had been co-founded by her grandfather, who had also built the family home, The Homestead. Emily played the piano from an early age and attended local schools, including Amherst Academy. She then briefly attended the Mount Holyoke Female Seminary at South Hadley, 10 miles away, but only stayed there 10 months, the reasons for the shortness of her stay are unknown.

Emily returned to Amherst, settling down to a life of domestic simplicity at The Homestead, enriched by a few friends such as Benjamin Franklin Newton, who introduced her to literature, particularly Wordsworth, Emerson and Shakespeare. In 1853, when Emily was 23, her childhood friend Susan Gilbert became engaged to Emily's brother Austin. They were married 3 years later and lived in The Evergreens, a house that Emily and Austin’s father had built for them next to The Homestead and given to them as a wedding present. Over 300 letters survive from Emily to Susan, with whom she enjoyed a close and intense relationship whose exact nature remains enigmatic.

In 1855, Emily, with her mother and sister, embarked on one of her few trips away from Amherst. They visited Washington, where her father was a congressman, and then went to Philadelphia, where Emily met Charles Wadsworth, a Presbyterian minister, leading to a friendship, mostly carried out by letter, which was to last until his death in 1882.

Following this trip, Emily’s mother became increasingly bedridden through illness, and Emily devoted more and more time to look after her, rarely leaving The Homestead. She was writing poetry all this time, and from 1858 she began collecting her work into manuscript volumes that became known as her fascicles. She created 40 of these, containing nearly 800 poems, which were only discovered after her death.

A family friend at this time was Samuel Bowles, a local newspaper editor, who visited The Homestead frequently. Emily gave him some of her poems, which he published in his paper. Around this time also, Emily wrote a series of 3 letters to an unknown man she referred to as 'Master'; his identity has never been established.

From the 1860s Emily withdrew more and more into her seclusion and self-isolation. This was her most prolific period for writing poetry. In 1862 Emily wrote to Thomas Wentworth Higginson, a...
literate critic, sending him 4 of her poems, with a possible view to getting her work published. They
maintained their correspondence until her death.

From the late 1860s Emily’s seclusion became more extreme; she spoke to visitors from behind a
door rather than face to face, almost never left The Homestead, and on the rare occasions that she
did, always wore white. She did however maintain her correspondence by letter with the friends and
contacts she had in the outside world.

Emily’s father died in 1874; the funeral was held in The Homestead, but Emily stayed in her room,
listening through a barely opened door. Her mother suffered a stroke the following year leaving her
partially paralysed and mentally impaired. In 1882 her brother Austin, whose marriage to Susan had
not been happy, began an affair with Mabel Loomis Todd and began distancing himself from his
remaining relatives. Emily’s catalogue of unhappiness continued with the death of her mother in
1882 and the death of Austin and Susan’s youngest child, Emily’s favourite, in 1883. Emily herself
died in 1886, age 55. After her death, her collection of nearly 1800 poems was discovered by her
sister Lavinia, and the first volume of her poetry was published 4 years later.

Nigel Foster