



[*Para la versión en español haga clic aquí*](#)

Once you get to know them, it becomes clear that Amity Trio's debut album couldn't be about anything other than love. As individuals and as an ensemble, they express love through everything they do. Their love of life, of food, of music, of teaching, of community, and of each other are infectious and candid, and this album is a testament to the way they move through the world.

The album is a theme and variations on the notion of love itself, turning the idea love over and seeing it from all its angles, in all its guises—romantic love, familial love, false love, self-love, and love of one's culture. As a whole, the works they've selected invite us to consider how deep love goes, how we can find love in all facets of our lives, and how profound it is to be able to profess love.

Amity Trio's mission is to support and foster the development of new works by composers from underrepresented groups, and this album celebrates what it means to be "American" by providing a testament to the profound range of experiences that define American womanhood. We're taken on a tour beginning in the twentieth century, with Amy Beach's late Romantic sentimentality, and Florence Price's contrasting perspective of what love feels like from a Black perspective. Their works are placed in conversation with the music of four living composers—Lauren Bernofsky, Alice Jones, Carrie Magin, and Nur Slim—each of whom proclaim a different kind of 21st-century American womanhood. Each composer on this album declares, in her own voice, the powerful claim that all people have the right to exist, the right to be heard, the right to love and be loved.

This album exists despite the odds stacked against it. Amity Trio rehearsed, recorded, and promoted this album in the midst of the Covid-19 pandemic, with Kim living in Indiana and Katie and Mike based in Albuquerque, New Mexico. It shouldn't have

worked. But love finds a way. They commissioned new works, embraced new virtual platforms for rehearsal and marketing, and resolved to find a path forward where none had existed before. This is an ensemble driven by a roll-up-the-sleeves, entrepreneurial spirit that says, in the face of all challenges, "we can do this." Love finds a way.

Amy Beach (1867-1944), *Three Browning Songs*, Op. 44 (1899-1900)

Amy Beach's early musical biography is almost indistinguishable from that of any other influential figure in the world of classical music history: she had a well-trained musical parent (in this case, her mother); she was singing and playing the piano accurately by the age of 2; she was composing by the age of 4; and she was immersed in piano lessons, harmony training, and a rigorous recital and concerto schedule from the age of 10 onwards. Even the sudden stop to almost all of her public musical appearances when she turned 18 and married has precedent. She continued to compose, with her husband's encouragement, and her catalogue includes symphonies, concerti, masses, art songs, and chamber music. Writing in *Etude* in 1904, William Armstrong described her as "a woman of charmingly simple manners [who] composes when she feels the inclination moves her to it." Her music enjoyed featured performances at festivals and expositions, although throughout the first half of the twentieth century it often appeared as the only work on these programs written by a woman composer. Critics often enjoyed her works, especially since she was able to meet the nearly impossible standards of being just "feminine" enough, without being overly feminine, and being serious enough but not overly "masculine."

Her role in the course of American music history, and the history of American women's music history, is undeniable. Her works are part of the wave of American musicians finding their footing on the international stage of classical music in the late 19th century, and as a largely self-taught and fully US-trained musician, Beach's biography parallels and shapes the formation of an American musical identity. Following the death of her husband in 1910, Beach set off for Europe for the first time in her life, returning to the US only in 1914, and spending her remaining decades staying at the MacDowell Colony, residential hotels, and her friends' homes, telling her colleague John Tasker Howard that "Life in the woods is my greatest joy, with my friends and all that they have meant to me." She was well-loved and respected during her lifetime: all but two of her works were published, younger musicians affectionately referred to her as "Aunt Amy", and Amy Beach Clubs were established in towns across America. She served as the inaugural president of the Society of

American Women Composers in 1924, was featured at the Women Composers Festival held annually in Washington, DC, starting in 1925, and encouraged younger women composers to follow in her footsteps, telling Raymond Morin at the Worcester Music Festival in 1931: "One thing I have learned from my audiences is that young women artists and composers shouldn't be afraid to pitch right in and try. If they think they have something to say, let them say it. But let them be sure to build a technique with which to say it. The technique mustn't be visible, but it must be there."

The very existence of these organizations proves that multiple women composers felt the need for kinship and community to support their work, but Beach didn't believe there was any prejudice or discrimination lobbied against women musicians. She told the journal *Etude* in 1915 that she had never felt limited as a woman, had never encountered prejudice based on her gender, and believed that opportunities for men and women were equal. Some writers in her lifetime similarly concluded that the quality of Beach's compositions, and her professional success, proved that, although women composers in Europe faced prejudice, there was no such attitude or barriers in the US.

The Three Browning Songs were composed just after some of Beach's other well-known works, including the Mass in E-flat Op. 5 (1892), Romance for Violin Op. 23 (1893), Gaelic Symphony Op. 32 (1896), Sonata in A minor for violin and piano Op. 34 (1897). At the same time as she wrote these songs, she was also composing her last major work for orchestra without voices, the Piano Concerto in C-sharp minor, Op. 45, which was premiered in 1900 in Boston. These songs have had a home in Katie's repertoire since she was an undergraduate musician, and for this recording Amity Trio has transposed the violin obbligato in "Ah, love, but a day" for horn, and Kim composed a new horn line for "I send my heart up to thee." These songs are among Beach's most frequently performed works, as they are undeniably beautiful, singable, and well-crafted. In 1930, William Treat Upton gushed about the set in his book *Art-Song in America*. "Mrs. H. H. A. Beach has never given us finer work than in her setting of Robert Browning's *Ah, Love, but a Day*, a truly distinctive song in its sincerity and depth of feeling, the close being particularly effective in its clever psychological development, its wistfulness and pathos." His note about "The Year's at the Spring" is less thorough, simply calling the song "equally attractive in an altogether different manner."

[The Year's at the Spring](#)

Text by: Robert Browning (1812-89)

The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearl'd;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world!

Ah, Love, But a Day

Text by: Robert Browning

Ah, Love, but a day,
And the world has changed!
The sun's away,
And the bird estranged;
The wind has dropped,
And the sky's deranged;
Summer has stopped.
Look in my eyes!
Wilt thou change too?
Should I fear surprise?
Shall I find aught new
In the old and dear,
In the good and true,
With the changing year?
Thou art a man,
But I am thy love.
For the lake, its swan;
For the dell, its dove;
And for thee — (oh, haste!)
Me, to bend above,
Me, to hold embraced.

[I Send My Heart Up to Thee](#)

Text by: Robert Browning

I send my heart up to thee, all my heart
In this my singing,
For the stars help me, and the sea, and the sea bears part;
The very night is clinging
Closer to Venice' streets to leave on space
Above me, whence thy face
May light my joyous heart to thee, to thee its dwelling place.

[Lauren Bernofsky \(b. 1967\), The Castle-Builder \(2007\), Of Molluscs \(1995\), and Two Latin Dances \(2015, arr. 2020\)](#)

Lauren Bernofsky and Amity Trio have worked together on several projects, including the premiere of an opera written by Dr. Bernofsky and premiered by Kim and Katie with the Bloomington-based non-profit, Reimaging Opera for Kids (ROK). Originally from Rochester, Minnesota, she holds degrees in violin and composition from The Hartt School, New England Conservatory of Music, and Boston University, where she was a student of Lukas Foss. She writes from the perspective of being inspired by the expressive potential of each instrument, and at the core of her artistry is the belief that "music should be a joy to hear as well as play."

The excitement, wonder, and strength of familial love is imbued throughout "The Castle-Builder." Dr. Bernofsky wrote the song as a gift to friends, and trumpeter and a vocalist, who were expecting a baby. The work entered Katie's life at the same time her own daughter, Ella, was born. The song captures the love and connection of a family, as well as the promise and potential of a young mind whose creativity is unbridled and unlimited. *Of Molluscs*, originally for oboe and mezzo soprano, sets a poem by American poet May Sarton, that explores the ability of love to patiently and gently open even the most hardened of us to the beauty of the world, as a mollusk is opened by the movement of the tides. *Two Latin Dances* draws upon the traditions of bossa nova and tango. Bossa nova, developed in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, in the late 1950s and early 1960s, often explores lyrical themes centered around women, love, longing, homesickness, and nature. The tango, which originated in Río de la Plata, along the Argentina and Uruguay border in the 1880s, combines Candombe celebrations, Spanish-Cuban Habanera, and the Argentinian Milonga into a sensual and often flashy partner dance. The work was commissioned by trombonist Natalie

Mannix. Dr. Bernofsky later arranged it for cello and piano, and here for horn and piano. This recording of all three works by Dr. Bernofsky is the premiere of these arrangements, and they were all made for Amity Trio by the composer.

www.laurenbernofsky.com/

The Castle-Builder

Text by: Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

A gentle boy, with soft and silken locks,
A dreamy boy, with brown and tender eyes,
A castle-builder, with his wooden blocks,
And towers that touch imaginary skies.

A fearless rider on his father's knee,
An eager listener unto stories told
At the Round Table of the nursery,
Of heroes and adventures manifold.

There will be other towers for thee to build;
There will be other steeds for thee to ride;
There will be other legends, and all filled
With greater marvels and more glorified.

Build on, and make thy castles high and fair,
Rising and reaching upward to the skies;
Listen to voices in the upper air,
Nor lose thy simple faith in mysteries.

Of Molluscs

Text by: May Sarton (1912–1995)

As the tide rises, the closed mollusc
Opens a fraction to the ocean's food,
Bathed in its riches. Do not ask
What force would do, or if force could. A knife is of no use against a fortress.
You might break it to pieces as gulls do.
No, only the rising tide and its slow progress

Opens the shell. Lovers, I tell you true.

You who have held yourselves closed hard
Against warm sun and wind, shelled up in fears
And hostile to a touch or tender word --
The ocean rises, salt as unshed tears.

Now you are floated on this gentle flood
That cannot force or be forced, welcome food
Salt as your tears, the rich ocean's blood.
Eat, rest, be nourished on the tide of love.

[Alice Jones \(b. 1982\), On Imagination \(2020\), The Parting Glass \(arr. 2020\)](#)

Raised in Austin, TX, Dr. Alice Jones is a musician whose multi-faceted career welcomes new listeners into the world of music. As a flutist, composer, teacher, and administrator, she pushes against the boundaries of what it means to be a musician, whose voices can be heard, and what success looks like. She began working with Mike and Katie, and later Kim, through Chamber Music Campania, a chamber music festival based in southern Italy, in 2013. Her development as a composer happened hand-in-hand with her performances and arrangements for the woodwind quintet at the festival, and her artistic voice is guided by the pursuit of new colors and orchestrations that welcome more voices and experiences into the world of classical music. She holds degrees from Yale University, SUNY Purchase, and the CUNY Graduate Center.

alicehjones.com

[On Imagination](#)

From the composer:

When Amity Trio approached me in the summer of 2020 to write a work for them, I immediately had a vision of the richness and warmth that this piece would eventually have. They graciously left the choice of text to me, and I sought out text that I felt would honor the power of Katie's voice, the colorful subtlety of Mike's horn playing, and the incredible facility of Kim's piano playing, all while remaining true to a commitment I feel to uplifting the work of Black artists.

The work is in three large sections, mirroring the creative or imaginative process: before an idea can even be said to be an idea (mm 1-29), the thrill of being absorbed in imaginative thought (mm 30-108), and the cold snap back to reality, when we resign ourselves—or are forced—to temper the rush of possibility with restrictions or limitations, our responsibilities, or the wet blanket of naysayers (mm 109-120).

At first glance, Phillis Wheatley Peters' poem "On Imagination," published in 1773, is a pleasant ode to the human capacity to imagine, the electrified rush of our ability to conjure nearly anything simply with the power of our minds. The 53-line work, composed in rhyming couplets and replete with striking imagery and Classical allusions that send a modern reader to explanatory footnotes, contrasts the regality, freshness, and openness of "imagination" or "fancy" with the austerity, cold, and stillness of "winter," representing the moments when we must shut down the joy of our mental exploration. In the poem I am struck by the enthusiasm for the very experience of imagining at all, the indulgence in the sensation of one's own power when the mind has space to play. For this setting, I excerpted the most vivid and musical passages that allowed me to remain true to Peters' original arc.

How bright their forms!
To tell her glories
Ye booming graces, triumph in my song.

Now here, now there.

Imagination! Who can sing thy force?
Soaring through the air
And leave the rolling universe behind:
From star to star
Measure the skies,
There in one view we grasp the mighty whole.
Joy rushes on the heart,
A pure stream of light overflows the skies.
The monarch of the day,
And all the mountains tipped with radiant gold.

Winter austere forbids me to aspire,
northern tempests chill the tides,
Cease then, my song, cease

The power of this poem, for me, also comes from how defiant its very existence is. Peters was enslaved as a young child, uprooted from West Africa and sold to a Boston family who taught her to read and write. They supported her poetry writing—and we cannot forget that the very people who encouraged her to write would have been the same ones with the power to stop it at any moment—but even Peters' skill was not enough to ensure that her work would be published.

"On Imagination" comes from a collection of 28 poems Peters published in 1773, and the number of white men who stood in the path to that feat as gatekeepers is staggering. American colonists didn't believe that Peters could have written her own poetry, and she was forced to prove her capacity in court. She was examined by a group of 18 white men chosen for their upstanding reputation in Boston society rather than their expertise in poetry, and when she performed to their satisfaction they signed an attestation that this "young Negro Girl, who was but a few Years since, brought an uncultivated Barbarian from Africa, and has ever since been, and now is, under the Disadvantage of serving as a Slave in a Family in this Town." Among them were Jon Erving, Reverend Charles Chauncy, John Hancock, Thomas Hutchinson (the governor of Massachusetts), and Andrew Oliver (the lieutenant governor of Massachusetts). That any one of them could have quashed its very existence is what makes her act of *imagining*—as a young girl laying claim to the most human of experiences in the face of a world that would rather deny her fundamental right to them—so audacious.

In light of the biographical and publication context of the work, I read the poem in which "winter" is not only a chill that snaps a joyful daydreamer back to reality, but also the rigidity of a social structure that forbids imagination unless it is palatable to the oppressor. The metaphorical winter is an ever-present reminder of how fragile the mental world the imaginer has built is and how starkly that imagined world's vibrancy contrasts with the disappointment of the real world.

The Parting Glass

From the composer:

This piece was commissioned by The Amity Trio as part of their 2020-21 season. I'm often drawn to the sensation of a shapeless, inchoate idea, like a memory that you

can't—or won't—look at head-on, and this song aching sits right in that emotional realm.

As I sat down to set this well-known song, I began to imagine the speaker of the poem as a person who, like so many stoic members of my Scottish family, know full well they've been an ass but don't rightly know how to say they're sorry. They'll get as far as saying something elusive and pregnant with meaning, beautiful in its implications and open-armed in its invitation for reconciliation, but the gesture comes too late, and the damage has been irreparably done—and they know it. I think of the second strain ("Of all the comrades...") as the speaker finally finding their footing and gathering steam in their yarn, becoming so wrapped up in the beauty of what they're doing to realize no one is coming along with them emotionally. I love the unresolved dissonance throughout the poem between the speaker's self-awareness and their inability to directly say, without emotional manipulation, that they love the people they've wronged. I hope that this musical setting does that justice.

Of all the money e'er I had,
I spent it in good company,
And all the harm I have ever done,
Alas it was to none but me.
And all I've done for want of wit,
To mem'ry now, I can't recall.
So fill to me the parting glass,
Good night and joy be with you all.

Of all the comrades that e'er I had,
They're sorry for my going away,
And all the sweethearts that e'er I had,
They'd wish me one more day to stay.
But since it falls onto my lot
That I must go and you must not,
I'll gently rise, and softly call:
Good night and joy be with you all.

[Nur Slim \(b. 1986\), El Mito De Coronis \(2020\), El Mito, Mitos & Lies, and Mexican Lie](#)

Nur Slim is a composer, jazz guitarist, performance artist, and self-described “friend of the imperfect” whose work playfully and profoundly weaves together many artistic practices. Equally at home in the concert hall and play-based creative pedagogy, Slim’s music blends popular song structures, improvisation, and classical counterpoint into an artistic voice that defies genres and labels. Born in Mexico City, her compositions have been featured at festivals and performances throughout Mexico and the US have been performed across the US, supported by the Fondo Nacional para la Cultura y las Artes (FONCA) and the US Library of Congress. Her composition teachers include José Luis Castillo, Victor Rasgado, and Jorge Ritter. Her latest projects, an immersive creative play-based workshop children called *Animara sonaras* and an opera, *Lucrecia y el Canto de los Dudasaurios*, both invite young imaginations to believe in the power of finding themselves in a world that doesn’t yet know how to make space for all their vibrancy.

El Mito de Coronis is a colorful and gestural retelling of the myth of Coronis, a young princess who loved the god Apollo and was killed for the passion that loving awakened in her. Each movement presents new orchestration and musical structures that are as refreshing as they are beautiful, using the story of Coronis to illuminate the overlap between the myths we tell ourselves and lies that we hold onto. In the first movement, the piano and horn explore the passionate, tragic love story: Apollo falls in love with Coronis and impregnates her—their son grows up to be Asclepius, the Greek god of medicine. Because he’s a busy god, Apollo leaves Coronis, and while he’s away she falls in love with Ischys. Enraged, Apollo kills her (or has his sister, Artemis, kill her, depending on whose story you read). The second movement is based on the song, “El triste valle donde yo nací.” Nur takes it one step further with giving the performers the guidance to “imagine a canteen in the middle of nowhere and play this interlude thinking that this is the only thing that sounds for miles from this lost bar, everyone in the place is drunk and solid”. The work closes by bringing the myth and its lies back to Mexico, underscoring the universality and cyclical nature of tragic love stories around the globe and throughout time, weaving in an energized quotation of Vicente Fernández’s song “La mentira” (1998) which opens with ambivalence, defiance, and hurt:

Si nuestro amor se acaba, si nuestro amor termina ya no me queda nada para vivir la vida,

Si lo olvidaste todo también tus juramentos

Y llenaste de lodo mi mundo de recuerdos.

If our love ends, if our love ends, there will be nothing left for me to live for,
If you forgot everything including your promises
and muddied my world of memories.

The song ends with the plea, "Si me dejas no me olvides por favor nunca me olvides" (If you leave me don't forget me, please don't forget me).

<http://www.nurslim.net/>

Florence Price (1888-1953), *To my little son, Moon Bridge, Night*

As a pillar of American women's music history, Price stands as tall and as formidable as Amy Beach, whose works open this album. Born less than two decades after Beach, her career and reception history make it clear that whatever forces of discrimination and prejudice Beach could dismiss as fictional were quite real, and omnipresent, in Price's journey and legacy.

Like Beach, she began her musical studies in Arkansas with her mother, a soprano and pianist, before enrolling at the New England Conservatory at the age of 14, where she told the school and her classmates that her hometown was "Pueblo, Mexico" to avoid anti-Black racial prejudice. She completed her degree in 1906, majoring in piano and organ while also studying composition. After graduating, she returned to Arkansas, where she married, took over the music department at Shorter College in 1912, and taught violin, piano, and organ privately. Following a lynching in Little Rock in 1927, the family moved to Chicago, their journey being one of many that defined the Great Migration. In Chicago she befriended Estella Bonds, mother of Margaret Bonds, and taught Margaret piano and composition. Through Bonds, Price developed friendships with Langston Hughes and Marian Anderson, both of whom worked to secure more visible performances for Price's works. Price's first symphony was premiered by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra at the Chicago World's Fair in 1933, underwritten by Maude Roberts George, making Price the first Black woman to have a work played by a major US orchestra. She was a prolific composer, with nearly 300 works, including 110 art songs, arrangements of spirituals, piano and organ works, and 20 full orchestral works, including four symphonies, three piano concertos, and two violin concertos.

Although she had been inducted into ASCAP in 1940, most of her works unpublished and were not played after her death. When her summer home St. Anne, Illinois, was about to be razed in 2009, dozens of her manuscripts were discovered there,

including her two violin concerti and her fourth symphony. There has been a revival of her music over the past decade, with several large-scale performance and publication projects focusing on her oeuvre. Alex Ross, writing in *The New Yorker* in 2018 noted that "not only did Price fail to enter the canon; a large quantity of her music came perilously close to obliteration."

Price's art songs combine her skill as a pianist, her training in European art song traditions, and her immersion in Black American folk traditions of blues and spirituals. Price composed "To my little son" shortly after the death of her own son, Thomas, in his infancy. The love from a parent to their son, seeing the infinite possibilities of the future written on their face, is a poignant companion to Bernofsky's "The Castle-Maker," heard earlier on this album. "Moon Bridge" offers a return to the kinds of wonder and love of the world that are found in "On Imagination" and "Of Molluscs." "Night" provides the warm embrace of home, of settling into a place where you know that love resides. All three songs were published in her collection, *44 Art Songs and Spirituals*, in 1930.

To My Little Son

Text by: Julia Johnson Davis

In your face I sometimes see
Shadowings of the man to be,
And, eager,
Dream of what my son shall be,
Dream of what my son will be,
In twenty years and one.

When you are to manhood grown,
And all your manhood ways are known,
Then shall I, blissful, try to trace
The child you once were in your face.

Moon Bridge

Text by: Mary Rolofson Gamble

The moon like a big, round ball of flame
Rose out of the silver bay,

And built a bridge of golden beams,
Where the fairies came to play.

I saw them dancing in jewel'd robes
On the wavelet's rhythmic flow,
And I long'd to stand on the magic bridge,
In the moonlight's mystic glow.

But over the sky a veil of mist
Thin, soft as a web of lace,
Was drawn, then parted, then came again,
With easy, coquettish grace.

And the moon put on a somber mask,
And frowned on the rippling wave,
And the beautiful bridge went under the sea,
Nor a beam could the fairies save!

I wonder'd if this would end their play,
And if, as the bridge went down,
They would lose their jewels so frail and fair,
And their queen her diamond crown!

But they glided away in merry mood,
To their home in the rosetree's bowers,
And there they danced on the dewy grass,
Till the "wee sma" morning hours.

Night

Text by: Louise C. Wallace

Night comes, a Madonna clad in scented blue.
Rose red her mouth and deep her eyes,
She lights her stars, and turns to where,
Beneath her silver lamp the moon,
Upon a couch of shadow lies
A dreamy child,
The wearied Day.

Carrie Magin (b. 1981), *All Else Above*

Carrie Magin's *All Else Above*, a set of three poems by Thomas Hardy, is a fitting bookend to Beach's *Three Browning Songs*, which opened this album, balancing Beach's seminal set with a work of equally unashamed beauty and musical heft that's also a defining work in the genesis of the Amity Trio. "Between Us Now," commissioned in 2015 by the trio after Dr. Magin's tenure as composer-in-residence at Chamber Music Campania in 2014, was one of the first works to find its place in the trio's regular repertoire, making it a defining work for the ensemble's musical identity.

Dr. Magin was trained as a marimba-focused percussionist and received her degrees from the University of Michigan and the University of Cincinnati College-Conservatory of Music. She teaches at Houghton College and Interlochen Arts Camp.

From the composer:

The poetry of Thomas Hardy (1840-1928) has been captivating for me to set, because I'm intrigued and moved by the depth of language and meaning in his work. As a composer, I'm inspired by texts that are both rich with imagery and sonically pleasing – and for me, Hardy's poetry balances these qualities in a delightfully eloquent way.

All Else Above is a setting of three Thomas Hardy poems, each of which revolves around love. "I Said to Love" questions love: considering how love has changed over time, the disillusionment of love, and eventually the denial of love. My setting of "Hap" expresses a cold and abrasive tone as the text conveys the pain of lost love and how unjust the randomness of life is. "Between Us Now" is the culminating movement of the cycle, voicing a hopeful view of love, connection, and fulfillment.

Though "Between Us Now" was composed in 2015, the entire cycle was commissioned and premiered by the Amity Trio in 2021.

www.carriemagin.com

I said to Love

Text by: Thomas Hardy

I said to Love
"It is not now as in old days
When men adored thee and thy ways
All else above;
Named thee the Boy, the Bright, the One
Who spread a heaven beneath the sun,"
I said to Love.

I said to him,
"We now know more of thee than then;
We were but weak in judgment when,
With hearts abrim,
We clamoured thee that thou would'st please
Inflict on us thine agonies,"
I said to him.

I said to Love,
"Thou art not young, thou art not fair,
No faery darts, no cherub air,
Nor swan, nor dove
Are thine; but features pitiless,
And iron daggers of distress,"
I said to Love.

"Depart then, Love! . . .
- Man's race shall end, dost threaten thou?
The age to come the man of now
Know nothing of? -
We fear not such a threat from thee;
We are too old in apathy!
Mankind shall cease.--So let it be,"
I said to Love.

Hap

Text by: Thomas Hardy

If but some vengeful god would call to me

From up the sky, and laugh: "Thou suffering thing,
Know that thy sorrow is my ecstasy,
That thy love's loss is my hate's profiting!"

Then would I bear it, clench myself, and die,
Steeled by the sense of ire unmerited;
Half-eased in that a Powerfuller than I
Had willed and meted me the tears I shed.

But not so. How arrives it joy lies slain,
And why unblooms the best hope ever sown?
—Crass Casualty obstructs the sun and rain,
And dicing Time for gladness casts a moan. . . .
These purblind Doomsters had as readily strown
Blisses about my pilgrimage as pain.

Between us now

Text by: Thomas Hardy

Between us now and here--
Two thrown together
Who are not wont to wear
Life's flushest feather--

Who see the scenes slide past,
The daytimes dimming fast,
Let there be truth at last,
Even if despair.

So thoroughly and long
Have you now known me,
So real in faith and strong
Have I now shown me,
That nothing needs disguise
Further in any wise,
Or asks or justifies
A guarded tongue.

Face unto face, then, say,
Eyes my own meeting,
Is your heart far away,
Or with mine beating?
When false things are brought low,
And swift things have grown slow,
Feigning like froth shall go,
Faith be for aye.



Ya cuando uno les conoce, se le hace muy claro que el álbum de estreno del Trío Amity no podría ser de otra cosa que no sea el amor. Expresan el amor en todo lo que hacen; sus pasiones (de la vida, de comida, de música, de enseñar, de comunidad, y por compartir entre ellos) son cándidas e contagiosas, y este álbum es un testimonio de su manera de ser.

El álbum es un tema y variaciones sobre la idea de amor, viéndolo desde todos sus ángulos y en todas sus formas: romántico, familiar, falso, hacia uno mismo, y el amor de la cultura propia. Todas las obras que se han incluido nos invitan a considerar lo profundo que el amor puede ser, lo forma en que podemos encontrar el amor en todas las facetas de nuestras vidas y el gran honor de poder expresarlo.

La misión del Trío Amity es apoyar y fomentar el desarrollo de obras nuevas de compositores de poblaciones subrepresentadas. Este álbum celebra lo que significa ser "American@" al proveer un testamento al rango profundo de experiencias que definan lo que es ser mujer en América Norte. Nos lleva en una gira que empieza en el siglo XX, con la sentimentalidad de la época romántica de Amy Beach, y la perspectiva contrastante de Florence Price, dada la experiencia vivida distinta de una persona Negra. Sus obras se colocan en conversación con la música de cuatro compositoras vivas: Lauren Bernofsky, Alice Jones, Carrie Magin, y Nur Slim—quienes

expresan un enfoque distinto de la mujer en edad madura que vive en América del Norte en el siglo XXI. En este álbum cada una emite, con su propia voz, el reclamo poderoso de que todas las personas tienen derecho a existir, a escucharse, a amar y a ser amadas.

Este álbum surge a pesar de tener todas las posibilidades en contra. El Trío Amity ensayó, grabó, y lo promovió a medio de la pandemia de Covid-19, con Kimberly viviendo en Indiana y Katie y Mike establecidos en Nuevo México. No se debe haber funcionado. Con el espíritu de emprendimiento que caracteriza al ensamble, superaron los retos: comisionaron obras nuevas, adoptaron plataformas virtuales nuevas para ensayar o promover el compendio musical, y resolvieron encontrar una senda donde no la había para hacerlo posible. El amor encuentra su camino.

Amy Beach (1867-1944), *Three Browning Songs*, Op. 44 (1899-1900)

La biografía temprana de Amy Beach casi no se puede distinguir de cualquier otra figura en el mundo de la música clásica: tenía un pariente bien entrenado en la música (en este caso, su madre); cantaba y tocaba el piano ya teniendo dos años; componía a la edad de cuatro años; y se encontraba inmersa en clases de piano y armonía, con un horario riguroso de recitales así como conciertos desde la edad de 10 años. Suspendió de repente las presentaciones públicas cuando se casó a la edad de 18 años, lo cual también tenía precedente histórico. Continuaba componiendo con el apoyo de su esposo, e incluyó en su catálogo sinfonías, conciertos, misas y música de cámara. En la revista *Etude* en 1904, William Armstrong la describió como "una mujer de hábitos sencillos y encantadores, quien compone cuando se le mueve la inclinación." Su música se presentó en festivales y exposiciones, aunque durante la primera mitad del siglo XX, a menudo aparecía como la única obra programada que fuera escrita por mujer. Los críticos disfrutaron su música, sobre todo porque ella pudo llegar a los estándares casi imposibles de ser suficientemente "femenina" sin ser demasiado, y suficientemente seria sin ser "masculino."

Su papel en el desarrollo de la historia musical estadounidense, y por tanto de música de mujer en el país, no se puede negar. Sus obras forman parte del grupo de músicos estadounidenses encontrando su lugar en el escenario internacional de música clásica finales del siglo XIX, y como ella era—en gran parte—autodidacta y completamente entrenada adentro del país, la biografía de Beach sigue paralela y da forma a los momentos fundamentales de formación de una identidad musical estadounidense. Después de la muerte de su esposo en 1910, Beach salió para Europa por primera vez en la vida, volviendo a EEUU en 1914 y pasando sus décadas restantes en la MacDowell Colony, hoteles residenciales, y hogares de amigos. Dijo a su amigo John Tasker Howard que "La vida en el bosque es mi más grande alegría, con mis amigos y todo lo que me ha sido significativo." Fue muy querida y respetada durante su vida; algunos músicos más jóvenes la llamaron "Tía Amy," y se establecieron clubes de admiradores de Amy Beach en pueblos por todo el país. Solo dos de sus obras no fueron publicadas. Fungió como presidente inaugural de la Sociedad de Compositoras Estadounidenses en 1924, era el enfoque del Festival de Compositoras (Washington DC) a inicios de 1925, y animó a compositoras jóvenes a seguir sus pasos, diciendo a Raymond Morin en el Festival de Música de Worcester en 1931: "Una cosa que he aprendido de mi público es que mujeres jóvenes (artistas y compositoras) no deberían tener miedo de intentar. Si piensan que tienen algo que decir, déjenles. Pero también tienen que asegurarse que hayan desarrollado una técnica con qué decirlo. La técnica no se debe ver, pero tiene que estar presente."

La misma existencia de estas organizaciones muestra que muchas compositoras sentían la necesidad de parentesco y comunidad para apoyar a su trabajo, pero Beach no creía que había prejuicio ni discriminación en contra de músicos femeninos. Dijo a la *Etude* en 1915 que nunca se sentía limitada como mujer, nunca había encontrado prejuicio basado en su género como también creía que las oportunidades para hombres y mujeres eran iguales. Algunos autores de esa época concluían

también que la calidad de sus composiciones y sus éxitos profesionales mostraban que, aun compositoras en Europa lidiaban con estos prejuicios, no había tal actitud ni barrera en los EEUU.

Las Three Browning Songs se componían justo después de unas de sus otras obras más reconocidas: Mass in E-flat Op. 5 (1892), Romance for Violin Op. 23 (1893), Gaelic Symphony Op. 32 (1896), Sonata in A minor for violin and piano Op. 34 (1897). A la vez que escribía estas canciones, estaba también componiendo su gran obra final para orquesta sin voces, el Piano Concerto in C-sharp minor, Op. 45, que se estrenó en 1900 en Boston. Estas canciones han encontrado un hogar entre el repertorio de Katie desde su bachillerato de universidad. Para esta grabación el Trío Amity ha pasado el obligato de violín en dos canciones, y Kim compuso uno nuevo para corno en "I send my heart up to thee." Se encuentran entre las obras más presentadas de Beach, ya que son sin excepción lindísimas, cantables, y bien escritas. En 1930, William Treat Upton se entusiasmó por el grupo de canciones en su libro *Art Song in America*. "La Sra. H. H. A. Beach no nos ha dado una mejor obra que en su composición con el texto de Robert Browning 'Ah, Love, but a Day,' una canción realmente única en su sinceridad y profundidad de emoción, el final siendo especialmente eficaz en su desarrollo psicológico, su anhelo triste y su patetismo." Sus observaciones sobre "The Year's at the Spring" sencillamente describe la canción "atractiva igualmente en una manera completamente distinta."

[The Year's at the Spring](#)

Letra de: Robert Browning (1812-89)

The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearl'd;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world!

Ah, Love, But a Day

Letra de: Robert Browning

Ah, Love, but a day,
And the world has changed!
The sun's away,
And the bird estranged;
The wind has dropped,
And the sky's deranged;
Summer has stopped.
Look in my eyes!
Wilt thou change too?
Should I fear surprise?
Shall I find aught new
In the old and dear,
In the good and true,
With the changing year?
Thou art a man,
But I am thy love.
For the lake, its swan;
For the dell, its dove;
And for thee — (oh, haste!)
Me, to bend above,
Me, to hold embraced.

I Send My Heart Up to Thee

Letra de: Robert Browning

I send my heart up to thee, all my heart
In this my singing,
For the stars help me, and the sea, and the sea bears part;
The very night is clinging
Closer to Venice' streets to leave on space
Above me, whence thy face
May light my joyous heart to thee, to thee its dwelling place.

Lauren Bernofsky (b. 1967), *The Castle-Builder* (2007), *Of Molluscs* (1995), y *Two Latin Dances* (2015, arr. 2020)

Lauren Bernofsky y el Trío Amity han colaborado en varios proyectos, inclusive el estreno de una ópera escrita por la Dra. Bernofsky y estrenado por Kim y Katie en la organización de bienes públicos, Reimagining Opera for Kids (ROK). Originalmente de Rochester, Minnesota, se graduó en violín y composición de The Hartt School, New England Conservatory of Music, y de Boston University, donde estudiaba con Lukas Foss. Escribe desde el punto de vista de inspirarse por la potencial expresión de cada instrumento, y en el fondo cree que "la música debe ser una alegría tanto escucharla como tocarla."

La emoción, el asombro y la fuerza de amor familiar se imbue por "The Castle-Builder." La Dra. Bernofsky compuso esta canción como regalo a unos amigos (trompetista y cantante) que esperaban un bebé. La obra llegó a Katie en el momento en la vida cuando nació su propia hija, Ella. La canción capta el amor y la conexión entre una familia, tanto como la promesa y potencial de una mente joven que tiene creatividad sin límites. "Of Molluscs," originalmente para oboe y mezzo soprano, usa una poesía de la poeta norteamericana May Sarton, que explora la capacidad de amar con paciencia y de abrir suavemente hasta el corazón más duro en contra de la belleza del mundo, tal y como se abre un molusco con las olas del mar. *Two Latin Dances* se inspira con las tradiciones de bossa nova y tango. La bossa nova, desarrollada en Río de Janeiro, Brasil en los 1950s y 60s, a menudo explora temas líricos centrados en mujeres, el amor, el anhelo, la nostalgia, y la naturaleza. El tango, con origen en Río de la Plata en la frontera entre Argentina y Uruguay en los 1880s, combina celebraciones de la gente Candombe, la Habanera Española/Cubana y la Milonga de Argentina para producir un baile de pareja sensual y ostentoso. La obra se comisionó por la trombonista Natalie Mannix. La Dra. Bernofsky después la arregló para cello y piano y aquí para corno y piano. La grabación de estas tres obras de la Dra. Bernofsky es el estreno de estos arreglos y todos se hicieron para el Trío Amity por la compositora.

www.laurenbernofsky.com/

The Castle-Builder

Letra de: Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

A gentle boy, with soft and silken locks,
A dreamy boy, with brown and tender eyes,
A castle-builder, with his wooden blocks,
And towers that touch imaginary skies.

A fearless rider on his father's knee,
An eager listener unto stories told
At the Round Table of the nursery,
Of heroes and adventures manifold.

There will be other towers for thee to build;
There will be other steeds for thee to ride;
There will be other legends, and all filled
With greater marvels and more glorified.

Build on, and make thy castles high and fair,
Rising and reaching upward to the skies;
Listen to voices in the upper air,
Nor lose thy simple faith in mysteries.

Of Molluscs

Letra de: May Sarton (1912-1995)

As the tide rises, the closed mollusc
Opens a fraction to the ocean's food,
Bathed in its riches. Do not ask
What force would do, or if force could. A knife is of no use against a fortress.
You might break it to pieces as gulls do.
No, only the rising tide and its slow progress

Opens the shell. Lovers, I tell you true.

You who have held yourselves closed hard
Against warm sun and wind, shelled up in fears
And hostile to a touch or tender word --
The ocean rises, salt as unshed tears.

Now you are floated on this gentle flood
That cannot force or be forced, welcome food
Salt as your tears, the rich ocean's blood.
Eat, rest, be nourished on the tide of love.

[Alice Jones \(b. 1982\), On Imagination \(2020\), The Parting Glass \(arr. 2020\)](#)

Criada en Austin, Texas, la Dra. Alice Jones como compositora es quien da una bienvenida a escuchantes nuevos en el mundo de la música. Como flautista, compositora, pedagoga y administradora, lucha en contra de las fronteras de lo que es ser música, cuáles voces se pueden escuchar y cómo se ve el éxito. Empezó a trabajar con Mike y Katie, y después Kimberly, a través de Chamber Music Campania, un festival para música de cámara basado en el sur de Italia, en 2013. Su desarrollo como compositora surgió con sus presentaciones y arreglos para el quinteto de vientos en ese festival y su voz artística se guía al buscar colores y orquestaciones nuevas que abrazan más voces y experiencias en el mundo de la música clásica. Se graduó de Yale University, SUNY Purchase, y el CUNY Graduate Center.

alicehjones.com

[On Imagination](#)

Notas de la compositora:

Cuando el Trío Amity me pidió en el verano del 2020 que les fuera a escribir una obra, inmediatamente tenía una visión del lujo y calor que esta pieza tendría. Amablemente me dejaron escoger el texto y busqué uno que yo sentía podía honrar el poder de la voz de Katie, la sutileza de color de sonido de Mike y la facilidad increíble de Kimberly para toca el piano, siempre manteniendo en alto el compromiso que tengo de alabar la obra de artistas Negras.

La obra tiene tres secciones grandes, que reflejan el proceso creativo o imaginativo: antes de que una idea se puede nombrar como tal (compases 1-29), la emoción alta de absorberse en pensamiento imaginativo (compases 30-108) y la brusca llegada a la realidad cuando nos resignamos (o nos forzan) a moderar la alta emoción de posibilidad con restricciones o limitaciones, nuestras responsabilidades o el apagado de los detractores (compases 109-120).

A primera vista, la poesía de Phillis Wheatley Peters "On Imagination," publicada en 1773, es una oda complaciente a la capacidad humana para imaginar el ímpetu electrificado de nuestra capacidad a conjurar lo que sea sencillamente con el poder de la mente. La obra de 53 líneas, compuestas de versos pareados que riman, tienen imágenes impactantes y alusiones clásicas que envían el lector contemporáneo a las notas al pie para explicaciones. Contrastan el regío, la frescura y la apertura de "imaginación" o "creatividad" con la austeridad, el frío y la quietud del "invierno," representando momentos cuando tenemos que apagar nuestro entusiasmo de la misma experiencia de imaginar, la indulgencia de la sensación del poder de uno cuando la mente tiene espacio para jugar. Para esta composición, extraía los pasajes más vívidos y musicales que aún así permitían mantener el arco original de la poesía de Peters:

How bright their forms!
To tell her glories
Ye booming graces, triumph in my song.

Now here, now there.

Imagination! Who can sing thy force?
Soaring through the air
And leave the rolling universe behind:
From star to star
Measure the skies,
There in one view we grasp the mighty whole.
Joy rushes on the heart,
A pure stream of light overflows the skies.
The monarch of the day,
And all the mountains tipped with radiant gold.

Winter austere forbids me to aspire,
northern tempests chill the tides,
Cease then, my song, cease

El poder de esta poesía, para mí, proviene también de lo desafiante que es su propia existencia. A Peters la esclavizaron cuando era pequeña, arrancada de África Oeste y vendida a una familia en Boston quienes le enseñaron a leer y escribir. Apoyaron su escritura de poesía—y no podemos olvidar que la misma gente que le apoyó podía haberle detenido en cualquier momento—pero ni siquiera su capacidad de componer poesía garantizaba que la publicarían.

“On Imagination” proviene de una colección de 28 poesías que Peters publicó en 1773, y la cantidad de hombres blancos que se opuso es realmente asombroso. Los colonistas no creían que Peters pudiera haber escrito su propia poesía y le forzaron a demostrar su capacidad en la corte. Le examinó un grupo de 18 hombres blancos, escogidos por su alta reputación en la sociedad de Boston (no por su conocimiento de la poesía) y cuando ella alcanzó su satisfacción, le firmaron un atestado que esta “joven Negra, que hace sólo unos pocos años le trajeron de Bárbara de África, y desde entonces ha estado y hoy en día todavía está bajo la desventaja de servir como esclava en este pueblo.” Entre ellos eran Jon Erving, Reverend Charles Chauncy, John Hancock, Thomas Hutchinson (el gobernador de Massachusetts), y Andrew Oliver (el vice gobernador de Massachusetts). Cualquiera de ellos puede haber reprimido su imaginación—como una joven reclamando la experiencia más humana frente un mundo que preferiría negarle su derecho fundamental—y eso le hace que el mismo insistir en imaginar sea un acto tan audaz.

Dado el contexto biográfico y de publicación de esta obra, leo el poema que tiene “invierno” como el frío que trae el soñador a la realidad, como también refleja la rigidez de la estructura social que prohíbe la imaginación que no sea agradable al opresor. El invierno metafórico siempre nos recuerda la fragilidad del mundo interno que el imaginador ha creado y cuán rígido es el contraste entre la vitalidad de ese mundo imaginado y el desafío del mundo real.

The Parting Glass

De la compositora:

El arreglo de esta obra lo comisionó el Trío Amity como parte de su temporada 2022–21. Muchas veces me genera la sensación de una idea sin sentido, incoherente, como una memoria que no se puede (o niega) ver directamente, y esta canción se coloca dolorosamente en esta esfera.

Cuando me senté a arreglar esta canción bien conocida, empecé a imaginar el narrador del poema como una persona que, como muchos miembros de mi familia escocesa, sabe perfectamente bien que se ha portado como un asno pero no saben para nada cómo pedir disculpas. Llega a decir algo elusivo y lleno de significado, lindísimo con sus implicaciones e invitaciones para reconciliar, pero el gesto viene demasiado tarde y se ha hecho el daño sin reparo—y lo sabe. Pienso en el segundo verso (“Of all the comrades...”) como el momento en que el narrador por fin encuentra su camino y empieza a acelerar al contar su historia, pero se hunde tanto en la belleza de lo que está diciendo, que no se da cuenta que nadie está

con él emocionalmente. Me fascina la disonancia sin resolver entre la conciencia de sí mismo y su incapacidad de decir directamente, sin manipulación emocional, que ama a la gente que ha dañado. Espero que esta interpretación musical le haga justicia.

Of all the money e'er I had,
I spent it in good company,
And all the harm I have ever done,
Alas it was to none but me.
And all I've done for want of wit,
To mem'ry now, I can't recall.
So fill to me the parting glass,
Good night and joy be with you all.

Of all the comrades that e'er I had,
They're sorry for my going away,
And all the sweethearts that e'er I had,
They'd wish me one more day to stay.
But since it falls onto my lot
That I must go and you must not,
I'll gently rise, and softly call:
Good night and joy be with you all.

Nur Slim (b. 1986), *El Mito De Coronis* (2020), *El Mito*, *Mitos & Lies*, and *Mexican Lie*

Nur Slim es compositora, guitarrista de jazz, artista de presentaciones y se auto denomina "amiga del imperfecto." Sus obras juegan y tejen profundamente muchas distintas prácticas artísticas. Igualmente, en su hogar, en el aula de concierto así como en pedagogía creativa basada en el juego, su música mezcla estructuras de canciones populares, improvisación y el contrapunto clásico para salir con una voz artística que desafía género y etiquetas. Nacida en México DF, sus composiciones se han presentado en festivales y presentaciones por México y los EEUU, y ha gozado con el apoyo del Fondo Nacional para la Cultura y las Artes (FONCA) y la US Library of Congress. Sus maestros de composición incluyen a José Luis Castillo, Víctor Rasgado y Jorge Ritter. Sus proyectos más recientes son un taller de creatividad mediante el juego llamado *Animalezas sonoras* y una ópera, denominada *Lucrecia y el Canto de los Dudasaurios*. Ambos invitan las imaginaciones de los jóvenes a creer en el poder de encontrarse en un mundo que todavía no sabe bien darles espacio para su vitalidad.

El Mito de Coronis vuelve a contar el mito de la princesa Coronis, quien amaba al dios Apolo, pero esa misma pasión le llegó a causar su muerte. Cada movimiento presenta orquestación y estructuras musicales que son tan refrescantes como bellas, usando la historia de Coronis para iluminar el traslape entre los mitos que nos contamos y las mentiras que abrazamos. En el primer movimiento, el piano y el corno exploran la historia apasionada y trágica de amor: Apolo se enamora de Coronis y la deja preñada. Su hijo Asclepio crece y llega a ser el dios griego de la medicina. Como Apolo es un dios tan ocupado, deja a Coronis, y mientras él no está, ella se enamora de Isquis. Rabioso, Apolo la mata (o hace que su hermana Artemis la mate, según cuál versión uno lea). El segundo movimiento se basa en la canción "El triste valle donde yo nací." Nur va todavía más allá al dar a los ejecutantes las instrucciones de "imagine una cantina en la mitad de la nada y toque este interludio pensando que el único sonido que se escuchará por millas y millas será este bar perdido; todos en este lugar están borrachos". La obra cierra con traer el mito y sus mentiras a México, subrayando la universalidad y la naturaleza cíclica de las historias de amor trágico por todo el globo y por todo tiempo. Teje una cita muy energética de la canción de Vicente Fernández "La mentira" (1998) que abre con ambivalencia, desafío y dolor:

Si nuestro amor se acaba, si nuestro amor termina ya no me queda nada para vivir la vida,
Si lo olvidaste todo también tus juramentos
Y llenaste de lodo mi mundo de recuerdos.

If our love ends, if our love ends, there will be nothing left for me to live for,
If you forgot everything including your promises
and muddied my world of memories.

La canción termina con: "Si me dejas no me olvides, por favor, nunca me olvides."

<http://www.nurslim.net/>

Florence Price (1888-1953), *To my little son, Moon Bridge, Night*

Como pilar de la historia musical norteamericana de mujeres, Price es tan alta y formidable como Amy Beach, quien empezó el álbum. Nacida menos de dos décadas después de ella, su carrera e historia de aceptación dejan muy claro que cualquier esfuerzo que Beach pudo señalar como ficción era, al contrario, muy evidente u omnipresente en la jornada y el legado de Price.

Al igual que Beach, empezó sus estudios en Arkansas, con su madre así como con una soprano y pianista, antes de matricularse en el New England Conservatory a la edad de 14 años. Allí dijo a la escuela y a sus compañeros que su pueblo de nacimiento era "Pueblo, México" para evitar los prejuicios anti-Negro. Completó su título en 1906, con enfoques principales en piano y órgano, además de estudios adicionales en composición. Después de graduarse, volvió a Arkansas -donde se casó- e impartió clases en el departamento de música de Shorter College en 1912. También dio clases privadas de violín, piano y órgano. Después de un linchamiento en Little Rock en 1927, la familia se trasladó a Chicago, entre mucha gente que formó y definió la Gran Migración. En esa ciudad hizo amistad con Estella Bonds, la mamá de Margaret Bonds, y hasta le dio clases a Margaret de piano y composición. A través de Bonds, Price desarrolló amistades con Langston Hughes y Marian Anderson, quienes trabajaron para conseguir presentaciones más visibles para las obras de Price. Su primera sinfonía fue estrenada por la Chicago Symphony Orchestra en la Feria Mundial de Chicago en 1933, apoyada por Maude Roberts George. Con esta actividad, Price era la primera mujer Negra que tenía una obra tocada por una orquesta estadounidense grande. Fue muy prolífica compositora, con casi 300 obras, incluyendo 110 canciones originales, además de arreglos de cantos espirituales, obras para piano y órgano así como 20 obras para orquesta (con 4 sinfonías, 3 conciertos para piano y 2 conciertos para violín).

Aunque se había afiliado a ASCAP en 1940, la mayoría de sus obras quedaron sin publicar y no se tocaron después de su muerte. En el 2009, cuando se iba a destruir el hogar de verano en St. Anne, Illinois, se descubrieron docenas de sus manuscritos allí, entre ellos sus conciertos para violín y su cuarta sinfonía. Los últimos diez años se ha visto un renacimiento de su música, con varias presentaciones grandes y publicaciones que enfocan su trabajo. Alex Ross en *The New Yorker* en 2018 dijo que "no es solamente que su música no entró en el canon, sino una gran cantidad de su música estaba en gran peligro de obliteración."

Sus canciones de arte combinan su habilidad de pianista, su entrenamiento en la

tradición de canción de arte europea y su inmersión en las tradiciones folclóricas de la gente Negra estadounidense, sobre todo blues y canciones espirituales. Price compuso "To my little son" muy poco tiempo después de la muerte de su pequeño hijo Thomas. Trata del amor de un pariente a su hijo, viendo en su rostro las posibilidades infinitas de su futuro, y el texto se convierte en una conmovedora semejanza a Bernofsky's "The Castle-BUILDER" en este álbum. "Moon Bridge" ofrece un retorno a las maravillas y al amor que se encuentran en el mundo también encontradas en "On Imagination" y "Of Molluscs." "Night" nos da el abrazo caluroso del hogar, que nos permite tranquilizarnos en un lugar donde sabemos que vive el amor. Las tres canciones se publicaron en su colección *44 Art Songs and Spirituals*, en 1930.

To My Little Son

Letra de: Julia Johnson Davis

In your face I sometimes see
Shadowings of the man to be,
And, eager,
Dream of what my son shall be,
Dream of what my son will be,
In twenty years and one.

When you are to manhood grown,
And all your manhood ways are known,
Then shall I, blissful, try to trace
The child you once were in your face.

Moon Bridge

Letra de: Mary Rolofson Gamble

The moon like a big, round ball of flame
Rose out of the silver bay,

And built a bridge of golden beams,
Where the fairies came to play.

I saw them dancing in jewel'd robes
On the wavelet's rhythmic flow,
And I long'd to stand on the magic bridge,
In the moonlight's mystic glow.

But over the sky a veil of mist
Thin, soft as a web of lace,
Was drawn, then parted, then came again,
With easy, coquettish grace.

And the moon put on a somber mask,
And frowned on the rippling wave,
And the beautiful bridge went under the sea,
Nor a beam could the fairies save!

I wonder'd if this would end their play,
And if, as the bridge went down,
They would lose their jewels so frail and fair,
And their queen her diamond crown!

But they glided away in merry mood,
To their home in the rosetree's bowers,
And there they danced on the dewy grass,
Till the "wee sma" morning hours.

Night

Letra de: Louise C. Wallace

Night comes, a Madonna clad in scented blue.
Rose red her mouth and deep her eyes,
She lights her stars, and turns to where,
Beneath her silver lamp the moon,
Upon a couch of shadow lies
A dreamy child,
The wearied Day.

Carrie Magin (b. 1981), *All Else Above*

All Else Above, de la compositora Carrie Magin, es un grupo de canciones en tres poemas de Thomas Hardy, que brindan un buen complemento a las *Three Browning Songs* de Beach, que empezó el álbum. Le da balance al grupo seminal de Beach con una obra de belleza sin pena y de peso musical, que también define el trabajo del Trío Amity. "Between Us Now," fue comisionada en 2015, después de la residencia de la compositora en el festival "Chamber Music Campana" en 2014. Esta canción define la identidad musical del ensamble.

La Dra. Magin se entrenó como percusionista (enfoque en marimba) y recibió sus títulos de la University of Michigan y la University of Cincinnati College-Conservatory of Music. Enseña en Houghton College e Interlochen Arts Camp.

De la compositora:

Ha sido cautivante para mí ponerle música a la poesía de Thomas Hardy (1840-1928), porque me intriga y mueve la profundidad del idioma y significado en su obra. Como compositora, me inspiran textos que son ricos en imágenes pero también gratificantes de sonido—y para mí, la poesía de Hardy balanza estas calidades de manera muy elocuente.

All Else Above pone música a tres poemas de Thomas Hardy, cada uno girando alrededor del amor. "I Said to Love" cuestiona el amor, considera cómo cambia el amor a través del tiempo, explora la desilusión del amor y al final, muestra la negación del amor. "Hap" expresa un tono frío y abrasivo, mientras la letra comparte el dolor del amor perdido y cuán injusta es la aleatoriedad de la vida. "Between Us Now" culmina el ciclo, dando voz a una vista con esperanza de amor, conexión y cumplimiento.

Aunque "Between Us Now" se compuso en 2015, el ciclo completo se comisionó y se estrenó por el Trío Amity en 2021.

www.carriemagin.com

I said to Love

Letra de: Thomas Hardy

I said to Love
"It is not now as in old days
When men adored thee and thy ways
All else above;
Named thee the Boy, the Bright, the One
Who spread a heaven beneath the sun,"
I said to Love.

I said to him,
"We now know more of thee than then;
We were but weak in judgment when,
With hearts abrim,
We clamoured thee that thou would'st please
Inflict on us thine agonies,"
I said to him.

I said to Love,
"Thou art not young, thou art not fair,
No faery darts, no cherub air,
Nor swan, nor dove
Are thine; but features pitiless,
And iron daggers of distress,"
I said to Love.

"Depart then, Love! . . .
- Man's race shall end, dost threaten thou?
The age to come the man of now
Know nothing of? -
We fear not such a threat from thee;
We are too old in apathy!
Mankind shall cease.--So let it be,"
I said to Love.

Hap

Letra de: Thomas Hardy

If but some vengeful god would call to me

From up the sky, and laugh: "Thou suffering thing,
Know that thy sorrow is my ecstasy,
That thy love's loss is my hate's profiting!"

Then would I bear it, clench myself, and die,
Steeled by the sense of ire unmerited;
Half-eased in that a Powerfuller than I
Had willed and meted me the tears I shed.

But not so. How arrives it joy lies slain,
And why unblooms the best hope ever sown?
—Crass Casualty obstructs the sun and rain,
And dicing Time for gladness casts a moan. . . .
These purblind Doomsters had as readily strown
Blisses about my pilgrimage as pain.

Between us now

Letra de: Thomas Hardy

Between us now and here--
Two thrown together
Who are not wont to wear
Life's flushest feather--

Who see the scenes slide past,
The daytimes dimming fast,
Let there be truth at last,
Even if despair.

So thoroughly and long
Have you now known me,
So real in faith and strong
Have I now shown me,
That nothing needs disguise
Further in any wise,
Or asks or justifies
A guarded tongue.

Face unto face, then, say,
Eyes my own meeting,
Is your heart far away,
Or with mine beating?
When false things are brought low,
And swift things have grown slow,
Feigning like froth shall go,
Faith be for aye.