

Of River & Field
September 6, 2024, 7:30 p.m.
Nelson Music Room, Duke University

Andrea Edith Moore, soprano
David Heid, piano / Grace Lin Anderson, cello

Chanson d'Amour

Amy Beach
1867-1944

Little River Songs

"Little River"
"Blue Smoke"

Jennifer Higdon
b. 1962

in manus tuas

Caroline Shaw
b. 1982

BRIEF PAUSE

Through the Window

"Holly Ridge"
"Heat"
"Little Dog"
"Hurricane"
"Piano"
"Row on Row"
"Dog Interlude"
"Graduation"
"Through the Window"
"Storefront Window"
"An Ending"

Kenneth Frazelle
b. 1955

Through the Window was commissioned by the **Mallarmé Chamber Players and Andrea Edith Moore**, with support from the **North Carolina Arts Council's** Come Hear NC Project.

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Program Notes

Amy Beach was one of the first successful American female composers of her day, achieving large scale commissions despite having never gone to study in Europe as her contemporaries would have done. In 1896 she was the first American Woman to receive a premiere of a symphonic work with a major orchestra, the Gaelic Symphony with the Boston Symphony Orchestra. ***Chanson D'amour*** immerses us in the soundscape of the soprano, cello, piano trio and is Beach's setting of Victor Hugo's romantic poem is her own take on the European/French tradition of *mélodie*.

Jennifer Higdon's *Little River Songs* were written about the river and landscapes in the mountains of Eastern Tennessee near the composer's childhood home. A new resident of the NC Piedmont, Jennifer finds herself closer to home yet still returns to these Tennessee locales from her upbringing.

Dangerous parts of the "Little River" have been infamously known for terrible drownings, sometimes accidental and sadly sometimes purposeful in moments of deep despair. The solace of the "Blue Smoke" blankets the rolling Appalachians and hearkens a familiar folk tune in a trio depicting the land, the mist and the air.

in manus tuas by North Carolina native and Pulitzer Prize winning **Caroline Shaw** is based on a 16th century motet by Thomas Tallis. *While there are only a few slices of the piece that reflect exact harmonic changes in Tallis' setting, the motion (or lack of) is intended to capture the sensation of a single moment of hearing the motet within a large space* - Caroline Shaw

Through the Window is an exploration of events in my mother's earlier years. She was born in a rural area during the Great Depression. She picked cotton and worked in tobacco, and eventually graduated from college. Like her own mother, she was widowed at a young age, and sacrificed a great deal to provide for her three young children. The songs depict both the exuberance of childhood and life's difficult times. One song "Storefront Winda" is devoted to her mother, my grandmother. Over the years, I've noticed that some of my mother's stories shift - even contradict each other. This idea of "Misremembering" intrigues me and occurs throughout the cycle.
-Kenneth Frazelle

Artists

Praised for her "boundless energy and rapier definition" (New York Concert Review) and "transforming performance" (Classical Voice of North Carolina), cellist **Grace Lin Anderson** is a soloist and chamber musician with performances in the Americas and Europe. She has appeared as a soloist and chamber musician at the Weill Recital Hall at Carnegie Hall, Lincoln Center of New York City, the Kennedy Center, the Los Angeles County Museum of Art, the Aspen Festival, and in international festivals abroad, in Canada, France, Germany, Croatia, and the Netherlands.



In 2023-24, Grace had performed as soloist with the National University Orchestra in the Cathedral of Arequipa, Peru. She had also performed in Germany Bach's Solo Cello Suites and her arrangement of Bach's Goldberg Variations for and with cellist Alan Black as part of WDAV's tour In the Footsteps of Bach. Her performances took place in venues where J.S. Bach

had worked and lived, including the historical Köthen Castle in Anhalt and St. Thomas Church in Leipzig.

In North Carolina, Grace is a frequent chamber music collaborator. In recent years, she has performed with Mallarmé Music, Music for a Great Space, the Eastern Music Festival, UNC Chapel Hill, UNC School of the Arts, Queens University of Charlotte and Wake Forest University.

As an artistic director and an educator, Grace had established and directed the Triad Chamber Music Society concert series and the Young Performers Chamber Music Workshop, for which she was twice nominated for the Swalin Outstanding Music Educator Award by the North Carolina Symphony. She has taught at UNC-Chapel Hill and UNCSCA summer chamber music programs and appeared as a guest artist at Appalachian State University and East Carolina University. She is currently an adjunct instructor of cello at Queens University of Charlotte. She received her B.A. from Harvard University, M.M. The Juilliard School, and D.M.A., UNC Greensboro.



David Heid is currently on the faculty at Duke University where he is the Director of Duke Opera Theater as well as serving on the piano faculty, working with singers and teaching a class in collaborative piano. He is in demand throughout the region as a collaborative artist and has worked with many of the area’s leading organizations including the North Carolina Symphony, North Carolina Opera, Mallarmé Chamber Players, Opera Wilmington, Chamber Orchestra of the Triangle, Duke Symphony, Durham Chorale Society, Raleigh Chamber Music Guild, Theater in the Park, Thompson Theater Summerfest, Long Leaf Opera and Triangle Opera. He was previously on the staff of the renowned Juilliard School in New York City.

He has had a lengthy career as a collaborative pianist enjoying work with generations of leading singers. Among the singers he has worked with include Jennifer Johnson Cano, Susan Dunn, Marisa Galvany, Leah Hawkins, William Stone and Christine Weidinger, and cellist Bonnie Thron. David has been privileged to serve as pianist for masterclasses given by legendary performers such as Renee Fleming, Yo-Yo Ma and Simon Estes. He is a proud graduate of SUNY Fredonia School of Music. David is a proud graduate of SUNY Fredonia School of Music.



Soprano **Andrea Edith Moore** “wows audiences with her powerful and flexible soprano voice, her acting ability, and her dedication and drive” (CVNC). Andrea enjoys a range of collaborations with artists including Vladimir Ashkenazy, Gerhardt Zimmermann, David Zinman, Eighth Blackbird, and Michelle Dorrance. Equally at home in the music of our time and of the distant past, she has starred in roles ranging from The

Countess to Sara in Higdon’s *Cold Mountain*.

Andrea’s commitment to voices from her home state of North Carolina has led her to commission and premiere works by Kenneth Frazelle, Allen Anderson, Robert Ward, and numerous others. She developed, premiered and recorded Daniel Thomas Davis’s *Family Secrets: Kith and Kin*, “a major new work [and] fascinating new chamber opera.” (Fanfare Magazine) and was nominated for a 2022 GRAMMY under producer Elaine Martone’s “Classical Producer of the Year” nod. On her second album *My Soul is All But Out of Me*, featuring four living American composers, “Moore sings these songs with a glowing voice. She inhabits them thoroughly. “ (American Record Guide)

Andrea is a prizewinner in the Metropolitan Opera National Council Auditions, was a fellow at the Blackbird Creative Lab and has twice received the Yale School of Music Alumni Award. She holds degrees from Yale University, Peabody Conservatory and UNCSA.

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Chanson d’Amour

L’aube naît, et ta porte est close!

Ma belle, pourquoi sommeiller?

À l’heure où s’éveille la rose

Ne vas-tu pas te réveiller?

Chorus:

Ô ma charmante,

Écoute ici

L’amant qui chante

Et pleure aussi!

Love Song

Dawn begins to come, and your door is closed!

My beauty, why are you sleeping?

At the hour when the rose is awakening,

are you not also going to awaken?

Oh my charming one,

Listen here,

to the lover who sings

and also weeps!

Toute frappe à ta porte bénie

L'aurore dit: Je suis le jour!

L'oiseau dit: Je suis l'harmonie!

Et mon cœur dit: Je suis l'amour!

Chorus

Je t'adore, ange, et t'aime, femme.

Dieu qui pour toi m'a complété

A fait mon amour par ton âme,

Et mon regard pour ta beauté!

Chorus

Everything knocks at your blessed door.

Dawn says, "I am the day!"

The bird says, "I am harmony!"

And my heart says, "I am love!"

I adore you, angel, and I love you, woman,

God, who made me for you,

made my love for your soul,

and my gaze for your beauty!

Little River

(texts by J. Higdon)

I float down, Little River,

Watch the eddies, carry leaves,

The grave of pooling, singing

bitter

Beneath the cooling, shedding

trees.

The still of water, which flows so deep,

Paints with murky, silt-filled

slough,

It's slowly shifting, on to carry,

The rushing water, through rocks

it shoots.

I will float down, Little River,

Watch the eddies, carry leaves,

The grave of pooling, I'm singing

bitter,

Beneath the stars, below the

trees.

I saw my true love, standing still,

Upon the ledge, of the Sinks upstream,

Then with eyes closed, s/he stretched

her/his hands out,

And flew towards heaven, and flowed

Downstream

I will float down, Little River,

Feel the eddies, carry me,

The grave of pooling, made by tears,

From my lost love, please bury me.

Carry me, this Little River,

Still my heart, the pain it leaves

My pooling grave, of flowing water,

My tears, they grow, bury me.

Carry me, Little River,

Bury me. Bury me.

Blue Smoke

The air it streams through the
light,
Blue waves of mountains enfold,

I hear the distant creek sigh,
This ancient place marks my soul.
The whippoorwill sings at night,
The black crow caws through the
day,

A song of breeze in the pines,
The hiss of fields full of hay.
These mountains make
memories,
I look and always see you,
Through Smoky Mountains' blue
haze,
I sing a hymn of smoke, blue.

I. Holly Ridge (texts by K. Frazelle)

Holly Ridge, Holly Ridge
Playing in the sandy yard
It was fun
We played real hard
Drawing hopscotch squares
And wild animals with sticks
In the white sand.

Holly Ridge, Holly Ridge
Down the road
Venus fly traps,
Open pink, hungry
Hungry mouths like clams
Sticky strange eyelashes
Down the other road
An old herb lady
Her arms were twisted driftwood

Crooked and cracked,
windburned
Dry as scaly pine bark
She could cure sick babies

Flush with fever
Sing a soothing song
Holly Ridge, Holly Ridge
We scratched faces in the sand
Oyster shells for eyes and mouths
We played with what we had
In Holly Ridge.
The ocean was across the bridge
In Holly Ridge
We hardly ever went
'Cause my mother
Was afraid of the water.
"It's an angry lion!"

Holly Ridge
Hated to leave you
Venus flytraps
The herb lady,
The sandy yard,
The Ocean nearby.

II. Heat

Home from college
Coming back from church.
We saw throbbing, throbbing
Zig-zag rising lines
Pulsing from the horizon.
The closer we got,
The hotter it became.

Orange flames
Where the house should be.
Oh Lord! No.

Our house is gone.
Just a rectangle
Of zig-zag, zig-zag heat.
The house, gone.
The flowers, gone.

The picture albums, gone.
The only thing
They were able to pull
Out of the fire
Was a rocking chair.

III. Little Dog

I had a little dog.
One of Daddy's hunting hounds.
The only one we let in the house.
He was a clean little dog.

My dog, he wasn't tall.
Most hounds were not that
small.
He had black spots, white and
tan.
He was the best little dog.

He raced across the fields
Past the barn, into the woods.
He earned his keep
Catching squirrels and rabbits
And when he came home
We'd feed him table scraps.

Sometimes during a full moon
You'd hear a far-off howl.
My little hound howling,
Bound homeward.
My little dog.

IV. Hurricane

Hurricane! Hurricane!

Hurry in!
Get the mules in the barn.
What about the dogs and
chickens?
Guess they'll have to wait.

Pounding rain, howling wind,
The house shakes.
Howling hounds
Howling underneath the house.

Endless, endless rain,
Relentless wind.
Far away, I hear the mules
braying.
Rattling windows,
Hail coming in sideways
Like baseballs.
I'm scared!
The house is whirling.

Mama and Dad said "Don't be
scared.
It's gonna be alright."
"Then how come the animals
Are frightened
And the house is shaking?"
Scared myself into sleep.

The storm is over, over.
Let's take a look outside.

V. Piano

A piano in a tree!
How'd it get there?
Let's go see! Look! Look!
A piano in a tree!

Mother Nature tore things up.
Whirls of wind and swirling rain

Made a mess of things
Ah made a mess!
A piano in a tree!
How'd it get there?
I don't know.
It beats me.
It beats all I ever saw.

Where's my little dog?
Could he be up in the tree?

I don't see him anywhere.
But we'll find him.

VI. Row on Row

Row on row
Green, yellow tobacco leaves
Row on row.
From sun-up 'til 'bout four
In the afternoon
Sweat and sand
And sticky hands.
We'll wash up soon.

But, you know,
Looking back,
It wasn't so bad.
I got to be with my friends.

Across the way
My uncle's cotton field.
I enjoyed that
More than working tobacco.
I'd pick most summers
Since I was eight.
Enjoyed that
More than working tobacco.
'Cause there was a scuppernong
arbor
At one end of the field.

We'd rest in the shade
And I got paid!
But back to tobacco.
Us young girls
Would pick the leaves
Three of four from each plant
Bottom to top
Row after row.

And the older girls and women
Would loop the leaves
Around sticks
Round and round
To cart to the barn.

You know
Looking back
It wasn't that bad
'Cause my thoughts
Were on books and grades
And college.
On leaving.

VII. Dog Interlude

Heard loud bangy noises
Looked out through the window
Dad had shot my little dog.

Later they told me
Little dog ran away.

VIII. Graduation

Coming back from graduation
practice.
I was valedictorian.
Mother and Dad were so proud.
I hope my speech is all right.

Dad drive me home.
It was so hot.

Windows rolled down.
I noticed the car
Was slowing down.

Looked over and Dad
Was slumped over the steering
wheel
Arms dangling, eyes frozen.
Ran as fast as I could to get help.
Past the sweet potato house,
The tobacco rows,
The cotton field.
I ran as fast as I could, so hot!

But when we returned to the car
He was dead.

Three days later
We had the funeral.
Then we had the graduation.
Graduation.

IX. Through the Window

Through the window
Little boy and his mother
Department store window.
Sales lady asks, "Can I help you?"
(Mama:) "I need a black dress."
(Sales Lady:) "A black dress in
July?"
(Mama:) "My husband's funeral
is tomorrow."
(Sales Lady:) "I see... I'm so
sorry...
He must've been very young.
Let's see what we have."

Little boy with his Mama
In the dressing room.

Three Mamas in a three-way
mirror.
Sad Mama
Scared Mama
Sweet Mama
In a three-way mirror.

(Boy:) "It's hot in here! I want to
run!"
(Boy:) "Where will Daddy go?"
(Mama:) "To Heaven."
(Boy:) "No! I mean where will
they put him?"
(Mama:) "In a box in the ground."
(Boy:) "A box?"
(Mama:) "Like a bathtub."
(Boy:) "What's a widow?"
(Mama:) "So many questions."
(Boy:) "Who will be the Daddy
now?"

X. Storefront Winda

Once a month we'd march
To the shopping center
Our grandmother worked
At the fabric store.

She designed and arranged
The holiday windas.
She'd see us coming
And rush to the door.

We knew all the latest colors
Like avocado and burgundy.
You could hear slicing scissor
sounds
As she snipped silk and organdy.

At Christmas she put on quite a
show.

Those fifties light bulbs
A real fire hazard.
She went to town with spray can
snow.
And fiber glass angel hair
All strewn and scattered
On the cross Jesus looked down
From above
On a landscape of jellybeans
And plastic bunnies.

Her Storefront winda
Was a labor of love
But the preacher didn't think
It was all that funny.

Her house became a paradise
After she went to Honolulu.
Barbie Dolls in Hula skirts
And turquoise waves
Around the bathtub
And plastic palms trees too.

Even with her countless ailments
In some ways she was tough as a
hen.

Salty tongue and piercing words,
She was also fragile,
Eggshell thin.

When she shopped at the Piggly
Wiggly
She'd run into Mizz so-and-so.
"She acts like she thinks a lot of
me.

Me! Me! Me?

Of course, I never cared that
much for her!"

XI. An Ending

Sometimes I wonder...
Sometimes I wonder if I ever
never had
A little dog.
Lost, Little dog

UPCOMING EVENTS

DUKE CHAPEL BACH CANTATA CONCERTS

Sun, September 15 @ 5:00 pm AND Sun, October 20, @ 5:00 pm
Duke Chapel, Durham

CANDLELIGHT CONCERT: MUSIC OF *BRIDGERTON*

Thursday, September 26 @ 7:00 pm and 9:00 pm
Wakefield Barn, Wake Forest

SERIES CONCERT 2 - *NOSFERATU*: A Symphony of Horrors

Monday, October 28 @ 7:00 pm
Cinema One - Carolina Theatre, Durham

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