

The NAXOS logo is located in the top left corner, featuring the word "NAXOS" in white capital letters on a blue rectangular background. Above the text are stylized white lines representing a classical building facade.

John
CORIGLIANO

**Mr. Tambourine Man:
Seven Poems of Bob Dylan**

(version for amplified soprano and sextet)

Vincent
HO

Gryphon Realms

WORLD PREMIERE RECORDINGS

**Laura Hynes,
Amplified Soprano**

Land's End Ensemble

Karl Hirzer



John Corigliano (b. 1938)

Mr. Tambourine Man: Seven Poems of Bob Dylan (2000)

35:33

(version for amplified soprano and sextet, 2009)

Text: Bob Dylan (b. 1941)

1	Prelude: Mr. Tambourine Man	4:32
2	Clothes Line	6:17
3	Blowin' in the Wind	5:48
4	Masters of War	3:35
5	All Along the Watchtower	3:36
6	Chimes of Freedom –	6:58
7	Postlude: Forever Young	4:30

Vincent Ho (b. 1975)

Gryphon Realms for piano trio (2015)

21:52

8	I. Serpentine	5:41
9	II. Gryphonsong	10:02
10	III. War Dance	6:08

Laura Hynes, Amplified Soprano 1-7

Mary Sullivan, Piccolo 1 3 5, **Flute** 1-7, **Bass Flute** 3

Cédric Blary, Clarinet in B flat 1-4 6 7, **Clarinet in E flat** 1 5, **Bass Clarinet** 3 5 6

Kyle Eustace, Percussion 1-7

Land's End Ensemble

Maria van der Sloot, Violin, Viola 3 5

Beth Root Sandvoss, Cello • Susanne Ruberg-Gordon, Piano

Karl Hirzer

Recorded: 30 October and 6 November 2022 1-7, 4 December 2022 and 24 May 2023 8-10

at the Rozsa Centre, University of Calgary, Canada

Producers: Chris Sandvoss, Vincent Ho • Engineers: Zana Warner, Alex Bohn

Publisher: G. Schirmer, Inc. 1-7, Promethean Editions 8-10

John Corigliano (b. 1938): Mr. Tambourine Man: Seven Poems of Bob Dylan

Vincent Ho (b. 1975): Gryphon Realms

John Corigliano (b. 1938)



John Corigliano

John Corigliano's music has been commissioned, performed and recorded by many of the most prominent orchestras, soloists, and chamber musicians in the world. His honours include the Pulitzer Prize for *Symphony No. 2*, the Grawemeyer Award for his *Symphony No. 1* (given over 300 performances worldwide), the Academy Award (Oscar) for Best Original Score (*The Red Violin*), and, of his five GRAMMY Awards, three for Best Contemporary Composition (*Symphony No. 1*, *String Quartet* and *Mr. Tambourine Man*). Recent scores include a second opera, *The Lord of Cries*, with a libretto by Mark Adamo based on *The Bacchae* of Euripides and Bram Stoker's *Dracula*. Corigliano's first opera since *The Ghosts of Versailles* for The Metropolitan Opera in 1991, *The Lord of Cries* was commissioned by the Santa Fe Opera and given its premiere in July 2021. *Triathlon*, for orchestra and saxophone soloist (who plays three instruments throughout the work) was introduced by Timothy

McAllister and the San Francisco Symphony in April 2021. It is Corigliano's tenth piece for soloist and orchestra, after his concerti for piano, oboe, clarinet, flute (*Pied Piper Fantasy*), guitar (*Troubadours*), violin (*The Red Violin*), and percussion (*Conjurer*), as well as the orchestral song-cycles *Mr. Tambourine Man: Seven Poems of Bob Dylan* for amplified soprano, and *One Sweet Morning* for mezzo-soprano. Other scores include *Symphony No. 3 'Circus Maximus'* for multiple wind ensembles, as well a rich folio of chamber works.

Mr. Tambourine Man: Seven Poems of Bob Dylan

for amplified soprano and sextet

I have set only four poets in my adult compositional life: Stephen Spender, Richard Wilbur, Dylan Thomas (whose major works generated the oratorio *A Dylan Thomas Trilogy*) and William M. Hoffman, collaborator with me on, among other, shorter pieces, the opera *The Ghosts of Versailles*. Aside from asking Bill to create a new text, I had no ideas. Except that I had always heard, by reputation, of the high regard accorded the folk-ballad singer/songwriter Bob Dylan. But I was so engaged in developing my orchestral technique during the years when Dylan was heard by the rest of the world that I had never heard his songs.

So I bought a collection of his texts, and found many of them to be every bit as beautiful and as immediate as I had heard – and surprisingly well-suited to my own musical language. I then contacted Jeff Rosen, his manager, who approached Bob Dylan with the idea of re-setting his poetry to my music.

I do not know of an instance in which this has been done before (which was part of what appealed to me), so I needed to explain that these would be in no way arrangements, or variations, or in any way derivations of the music of the original songs, which I decided to not hear before the cycle was complete. Just as Schumann or Brahms or Wolf had re-interpreted in their own musical styles the same Goethe text, I intended to treat the Dylan lyrics as the poems I found them to be. Nor would their settings make any attempt at pop or rock writing. I wanted to take poetry I knew to be strongly associated with popular art and readdress it in terms of concert art-crossover in the opposite direction, one might say. Dylan granted his permission, and I set to work.

I chose seven poems for what became a thirty-five minute cycle. *A Prelude: Mr. Tambourine Man*, in a fantastic and exuberant manner, precedes five searching and reflective monologues that form the core of the piece; and *Postlude: Forever Young* makes a kind of folk-song benediction after the cycle's close. Dramatically, the inner five songs trace a journey of emotional and civic maturation, from the innocence of *Clothes Line* through the beginnings of awareness of a wider world (*Blowin' in the Wind*), through the political fury of *Masters of War*, to a premonition of an apocalyptic future (*All Along the Watchtower*), culminating in a vision of a victory of ideas (*Chimes of Freedom*).

Several years after composing the vocal/piano score I orchestrated the work, and some years later transcribed it for Pierrot ensemble, a chamber group. This is the first recording of the chamber version.

John Corigliano

Vincent Ho (b. 1975)

Vincent Ho is a multi-award-winning composer whose music has been described as 'brilliant and compelling' by *The New York Times*, and hailed for its profound expressiveness and textural beauty. His many awards and recognitions have included five Juno Awards nominations, Harvard University's Fromm Music Commission, the Canada Council for the Arts Robert Fleming Prize, the ASCAP Foundation's Morton Gould Young Composer Award, four SOCAN Foundation Young Composers Awards, and CBC Radio's Audience Choice Award (2009 Young Composers' Competition). From 2007 to 2014, Dr Ho served as the Winnipeg Symphony Orchestra's composer-in-residence, presenting a number of large-scale works that generated much critical praise. His *Arctic Symphony* has been described 'as a beautiful work that evokes the Far North in a very special way' (John Corigliano), and 'a mature and atmospheric work that firmly establishes Ho among North American composers of note' (*Winnipeg Free Press*). His percussion concerto, titled *The Shaman*, composed for Dame Evelyn Glennie, was hailed as a triumph, receiving unanimous acclaim and declared by critics to be 'spectacular' (*New York Classical Review*), 'a powerhouse work' (*Winnipeg Free Press*) and 'rocking/mesmerizing...downright gorgeous' (*Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*). His second concerto for Glennie, titled *From Darkness To Light* – Ho's musical response to cancer – was lauded as 'a lasting masterpiece of sensitivity and perception' (*Winnipeg Free Press*).

Gryphon Realms for piano trio



Vincent Ho

Photo: Harder Lee Photography

Gryphon Realms is a three-movement work, inspired by gryphon mythology, that explores the colouristic, virtuosic and expressive possibilities of the piano trio while highlighting my more personal musical language. To set the stage for the mystical world that the audience will be journeying in, the first movement, *Serpentile*, starts out with otherworldly sounds to convey the vocalisations of a gryphon – roars, hisses, and groans. Emerging from this sonic palette are serpent-like motifs, played by the violin and cello, that represent the slithery movements of the creature’s tail as it emerges from its den. This material is developed throughout the movement while the piano serves as the rhythmic driving force, representing the gryphon taking flight. The second movement, *Gryphonsong*, is a musical portrait of two gryphons singing to one another (as represented by the violinist and cellist) during a moment of courtship. During the middle of this movement, a brief pseudo-improvisatory moment is played by the pianist that is soon followed by an elegiac chorale, played by the violinist and cellist, that drifts in and out like a distant memory. The last movement, *War Dance*, is an epic battle between all three musicians that is meant to highlight their virtuoso abilities while capturing the primal energies of three mystical gryphons that they each represent. I am thrilled to have Land’s End Ensemble make this premiere recording of *Gryphon Realms*. I also thank the Gryphon Trio for commissioning the work.

Vincent Ho

John Corigliano
Mr. Tambourine Man:
Seven Poems of Bob Dylan

1 Prelude: Mr. Tambourine Man

...Though I know that evenin's empire has returned into sand,
Vanished from my hand,
Left me blindly here to stand but still not sleeping.
My weariness amazes me, I'm branded on my feet,
I have no one to meet
And the ancient empty street's too dead for dreaming.

Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,
I'm not sleepy and there is no place I'm going to.
Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,
In the jingle jangle morning I'll come followin' you.

Take me on a trip upon your magic swirlin' ship,
My senses have been stripped, my hands can't feel to grip,
My toes too numb to step, wait only for my boot heels
To be wanderin'.
I'm ready to go anywhere, I'm ready...to fade
Into my own parade, cast your dancing spell my way,
I promise to go under it.

Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,
I'm not sleepy and there is no place I'm going to.
Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,
In the jingle jangle morning I'll come followin' you.

Though you might hear laughin', spinnin',
 swingin' madly across the sun,
It's not aimed at anyone, it's just escapin' on the run...
And if you hear vague traces of skippin' reels of rhyme
To your tambourine in time, it's just a ragged clown behind,
I wouldn't pay it any mind, it's just a shadow you're
Seein' that he's chasing.

..Yes, to dance beneath the diamond sky
 with one hand waving free,
Silhouetted by the sea, circled by the circus sands,
With all memory and fate driven deep beneath the waves,
Let me forget about today until tomorrow.

...I'm not sleepy and there is no place I'm going to...

Copyright © 1964, 1965 Warner Brothers, Inc.
Copyright renewed 1992, 1993 Special Rider Music
International Copyright Secured. All Rights Reserved.
Used by permission of Special Rider Music.

2 Clothes Line

After a while we took in the clothes,
Nobody said very much.
Just some old wild shirts and a couple pairs of pants
Which nobody really wanted to touch.
Mama come in and picked up a book
An' Papa asked her what it was.
Someone else asked, 'What do you care?'
Papa said, 'Well, just because.'
Then they started to take back their clothes,
Hang 'em on the line.
It was January the thirtieth
And everybody was feelin' fine.

The next day everybody got up
Seein' if the clothes were dry.
The dogs were barking, a neighbor passed,
Mama, of course, she said, 'Hi!'
'Have you heard the news?' he said, with a grin,
'The Vice-President's gone mad!'
'Where?' 'Downtown.' 'When?' 'Last night.'
'Hmm, say, that's too bad!'
'Well, there's nothin' we can do about it,' said the neighbor,
'It's just somethin' we're gonna have to forget.'
'Yes, I guess so,' said Ma,
Then she asked me if the clothes was still wet.

I reached up, touched my shirt,
And the neighbor said, 'Are those clothes yours?'
I said, 'Some of 'em, not all of 'em.'
He said, 'Ya always help out around here with the chores?'
I said, 'Sometime, not all the time.'
Then my neighbor, he blew his nose
Just as papa yelled outside,
'Mama wants you t' come back in the house and bring them clothes.'
Well, I just do what I'm told,
So, I did it, of course.
I went back in the house and Mama met me
And then I shut all the doors.

*Copyright © 1969, 1975 Dwarf Music
Copyright renewed 1998 Special Rider Music
International Copyright Secured. All Rights Reserved.
Used by permission of Special Rider Music.*

3 Blowin' in the Wind

How many roads must a man walk down
Before you call him a man?
Yes, 'n' how many seas must a white dove sail
Before she sleeps in the sand?
Yes, 'n' how many times must the cannon balls fly
Before they're forever banned?
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind,
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

How many times must a man look up
Before he can see the sky?
Yes 'n' how many ears must one man have
Before he can hear people cry?
Yes, 'n' how many deaths will it take till he knows
That too many people have died?
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind...

How many years can a mountain exist
Before it's washed to the sea?
[The answer is blowin' in the wind.]

Yes, 'n' how many years can some people exist
Before they're allowed to be free?
['blowin' in the wind.']
Yes, 'n' how many times can a man turn his head,
Pretending he just doesn't see?
...blowin'...
...blowin'...

*Copyright © 1962 Warner Brothers, Inc.
Copyright renewed 1990 Special Rider Music International Copyright
Secured. All Rights Reserved. Used by permission of Special Rider Music.*

4 Masters of War

Come, [come,] you masters of war
You that build all the guns
You that build the death planes
You that build the big bombs
You that hide behind walls
You that hide behind desks
[Come, come, you masters of war]
I just want you to know
I can see through your masks

You that never done nothin'
But build to destroy
You play with my world
Like it's your little toy
You put a gun in my hand
And you hide from my eyes
And you turn and run farther
When the fast bullets fly...

You fasten the triggers
For the others to fire
Then you set back and watch
When the death count gets higher
You hide in your mansion
As young people's blood
Flows out of their bodies
And is buried in the mud
You've thrown the worst fear

That can ever be hurled
Fear to bring children
Into the world
For threatening my baby
Unborn and unnamed
You ain't worth the blood
That runs in your veins...

Let me ask you one question
Is your money that good
Will it buy you forgiveness
Do you think that it could
I think you will find
When your death takes its toll
All the money you made
Will never buy back your soul

And I hope that you die
And your death will come soon
I will follow your casket
In the pale afternoon
And I'll watch while you're lowered
Down to your deathbed
And I'll stand o'er your grave
'Til I'm sure that you're dead

*Copyright © 1963 Warner Brothers, Inc.
Copyright renewed 1991 Special Rider Music International Copyright
Secured. All Rights Reserved. Used by permission of Special Rider Music.*

5 All Along the Watchtower

'There must be some way out of here,'
said the joker to the thief,
'There's too much confusion, I can't get no relief.
Businessmen, they drink my wine, plowmen dig my earth,
None of them along the line know what any of it is worth.'

'No reason to get excited,' the thief, he kindly spoke,
'There are many here among us who feel that life
is but a joke.
But you and I, we've been through that,
and this is not our fate,
So let us not talk falsely now, the hour is getting late.'

All along the watchtower, princes kept the view
While all the women came and went, barefoot servants, too.
Outside in the distance a wildcat did growl,
Two riders were approaching, the wind began to howl.

*Copyright © 1968, 1985 Dwarf Music
Copyright renewed 1996 Special Rider Music International Copyright
Secured. All Rights Reserved. Used by permission of Special Rider Music.*

6 Chimes of Freedom

Far between sundown's finish an' midnight's broken toll
We ducked inside the doorway, thunder crashing
As majestic bells of bolts stuck shadows in the sounds
Seeming to be the chimes of freedom flashing
Flashing for the warriors whose strength is not to fight
Flashing for the refugees on the unarmed road of flight
An' for each an' ev'ry underdog soldier in the night
An' we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing.

In the city's melted furnace, unexpectedly we watched
With faces hidden while the walls were tightening
As the echo of the wedding bells before the blowin' rain
Dissolved into the bells of the lightning.

[Striking for the gentle, striking for the kind
Striking for the guardians and protectors of the mind
An' the unpawned painter behind beyond his rightful time
An' we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing.

Through the mad mystic hammering of the wild ripping hail
The sky cracked its poems in naked wonder
That the clinging of the church bells blew far into the breeze
Leaving only bells of lightning and its thunder
As we listened one last time an' we watched
 with one last look
Spellbound an' swallowed 'til the tolling ended

Tolling for the rebel, tolling for the rake
Tolling for the luckless, the abandoned an' forsaken
Tolling for the outcast, burnin' constantly at stake
An' we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing...

Tolling for the deaf an' blind, tolling for the mute
Tolling for the mistreated, mateless mother,
 the mistitled prostitute...]

Tolling for the aching ones whose wounds
 cannot be nursed...
An' for every hung-up person in the whole wide universe
An' we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing.

*Copyright © 1964 Warner Brothers, Inc.
Copyright renewed 1992 Special Rider Music International Copyright
Secured. All Rights Reserved. Used by permission of Special Rider Music.*

[7] Postlude: Forever Young

May God bless and keep you always,
May your wishes all come true,
May you always do for others
And let others do for you.
May you build a ladder to the stars
And climb on every rung,
May you stay forever young,
Forever young, forever young,
May you stay forever young.

May you grow up to be righteous,
May you grow up to be true,
May you always know the truth
And see the lights surrounding you.
May you always be courageous,
Stand upright and be strong,
May you stay forever young,
Forever young, forever young,
May you stay forever young.

May your hands always be busy,
May your feet always be swift,
May you have a strong foundation
When the winds of changes shift.
May your heart always be joyful,
May your song always be sung,
May you stay forever young,
Forever young, forever young,
May you stay forever young.

*Copyright © 1973, 1985 Ram's Horn Music International Copyright Secured.
All Rights Reserved.
Used by permission of Special Rider Music.*

Note:

*... is used where composer has omitted lyrics
[] is used where lyrics have been set out of sequence*

Land's End Ensemble



Land's End Ensemble (Maria van der Sloot, violin; Beth Root Sandvoss, cello; Susanne Ruberg-Gordon, piano; Vincent Ho, artistic director) is committed to showcasing the music of living Canadian and international composers whose works enrich our multicultural fabric. Since its establishment in 1998 the ensemble has commissioned and premiered over 150 new works. Its album *Gravity and Grace* won a JUNO Award, and a 2014 Western Canadian Music Award in the category of Classical Composition of the Year for *Field Notes* by Allan Gordon Bell, which was composed for LE Ensemble and James Campbell. Land's End's discography also includes two winners of the Western Canadian Music Award for Outstanding Classical Recording, as well as JUNO nominations for *My Life in Widening Circles* and *Kickin' It 2.0*. Joining them in this recording are Mary Sullivan (flutes), Cédric Blary (clarinets), and Kyle Eustace (percussion).

www.landsendensemble.ca

Photo: Harder Lee Photography

Laura Hynes



With a passion for new music and collaborative creation, American/Canadian soprano Laura Hynes is in her element in chamber music. She has performed repertoire ranging from Baroque opera with Les Arts Florissants to 'classical cabaret' and improvisations on French television and radio. She has sung opera roles, solo recitals, chamber music, new music, and concerts throughout Europe and North America, in venues including New York's Alice Tully Hall, the Barbican in London, and the Châtelet and Cité de la Musique in Paris. She currently resides in Canada, having previously lived in France, Germany and the United States.

www.laurahynes.com

Karl Hirzer



Photo: Trudie Lee Photography

Gifted young Canadian conductor Karl Hirzer has appeared on podiums worldwide, leading orchestras from Vancouver to Boston, from the Gstaad Menuhin Festival to educational programmes in Warsaw. In 2023, Hirzer completed a seven-year tenure as associate conductor with the Calgary Philharmonic Orchestra, and in 2022 was recipient of the Heinz Unger Award, presented biennially by the Ontario Arts Council to Canada's most promising emerging conductor. Hirzer is especially committed to exploring music by living composers and believes that modern music defines what the classical idiom is today. He is also heavily invested in bringing music to young audiences.

www.karlhirzer.com

John Corigliano is one of America's most distinguished composers whose music, as Leonard Slatkin writes, 'belongs to the world'. Corigliano originally conceived his setting of Bob Dylan songs *Mr. Tambourine Man* for voice and piano, then orchestrated it (this version can be heard on 8.559331) and some years later transcribed it for chamber forces. The performance heard here is the first recording of this final version. The cycle traces a dramatic journey, from exuberance to premonition, and finally to a vision of the victory of ideas. It is coupled with Vincent Ho's *Gryphon Realms*, a virtuosic and mystical work for piano trio, coursing with serpent-like motifs and primal energy.

John
CORIGLIANO
(b. 1938)

1-7 Mr. Tambourine Man: Seven Poems of Bob Dylan (2000) 35:33
(version for amplified soprano and sextet, 2009)
Text: Bob Dylan (b. 1941)

Vincent
HO
(b. 1975)

8-10 Gryphon Realms for piano trio (2015) 21:52

WORLD PREMIERE RECORDINGS

Laura Hynes, Amplified Soprano
Mary Sullivan, Flutes • Cédric Blary, Clarinets
Kyle Eustace, Percussion
Land's End Ensemble
Karl Hirzer

A detailed track list and full recording and publishers' details can be found inside the booklet
The sung texts are included in the booklet and may also be accessed at www.naxos.com/libretti/579160.htm

Booklet notes: John Corigliano, Vincent Ho • Sponsored by the Canada Council for the Arts,
Alberta Foundation for the Arts, Walt & Irene DeBoni, Calgary Arts Development

Cover image by pridumala (iStockphoto.com)

© & © 2024 Naxos Rights (Europe) Ltd • www.naxos.com