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LEE HYLÁ: LIVES OF THE SAINTS
AT SUMA BEACH

LEE HYL b. 1952

AT SUMA BEACH

LIVES OF THE SAINTS

MARY NESSINGER mezzo-soprano

BOSTON MODERN ORCHESTRA PROJECT

GIL ROSE, CONDUCTOR

AT SUMA BEACH (2003)

- [1] I. Suma Beach 11:24
- [2] II. Lamentation 7:03
- [3] III. The Pine Tree 2:27
- [4] IV. Itoma moshite 4:15

LIVES OF THE SAINTS (2000)

PART I

- [5] I. From Canto III, Paradiso 3:44
- [6] II. Saint Jerome 4:35
- [7] III. Saint Teresa 10:58

PART II

- [8] I. Saint Lawrence 1:58
- [9] II. Saint Francis 18:49
- [10] III. From Canto XXII, Paradiso 2:48

TOTAL 68:01



CARAVAGGIO, SAINT JEROME, c.1605

By Lee Hyla

My association with the Boston Modern Orchestra Project goes back to 1996, their first season, when they performed my *Pre-Pulse Suspended*. In the ensuing eleven years they have had a serious impact on the music I write and how I write it. Gil and the ensemble thrive on extended personal relationships with individual composers and this fact has had a real resonance, not only on the composers and new music scene in Boston (which has been enormous), but also on a national level. Naturally, this is felt most intensely by the composers whose music they play. Although neither of the pieces on this disc was written for BMOP, this CD feels and sounds to me like a natural outgrowth of our time working together. I'd like to think that we've learned from each other — my music has changed from working with them, and maybe they feel that how they play and think about music has changed from the experience of playing not only my work, but so much music by such a wide variety of composers.

This CD also celebrates ten years of collaboration with Mary Nessinger. Both pieces were written for her, and *Lives* was the first time I had written for the classically trained voice. I had been thinking about composing a piece involving texts by and about saints for many years, and when I first heard Mary sing I knew that I had found the voice for the piece. Not only was it the rich and honest quality of her voice that attracted me, but also her dramatic sensibility, and her ability to change character on a dime — a quality necessary to fully realize this music.

I think of the pieces on this disc as my two religious epics, one Catholic and one Buddhist. *Lives of the Saints* is intended as more of a set of character studies than a meditation on saintliness itself. The texts are selections from a diverse group of writings by or about

saints, including short selections from Dante's *Paradiso* from *The Divine Comedy*, a portion of *The Life of Saint Teresa of Avila by Herself*, bits of *The Golden Legend* from the 13th Century, and selections from *The Little Flowers of Saint Francis* and *Considerations of the Stigmata of Saint Francis*.

Part I of *Lives* begins with an early passage from *Paradiso* in which Beatrice introduces Dante to the trip which is about to unfold. In this movement when Dante speaks the texts are sung in English, and when Beatrice speaks the text shifts to Italian. The second piece is a passage from *The Golden Legend's* account of the life of Saint Jerome. Jerome is usually thought of as a hermetic scholar (he's one of the doctors of the church) but in this passage he wails about the miseries of the desert along with a variety of internal temptations. The third and longest piece in Part I is excerpted from Chapter 20 of Saint Teresa's spiritual autobiography. In this chapter she writes about rapture and its effects, then follows this with a meditation on selflessness. The piece begins with the text in English but shifts gradually, as it becomes more internalized, to Spanish.

Part II begins with a brief evocation of Saint Lawrence's death on a gridiron. By far the longest portion of Part II is devoted to a few episodes from the life of Saint Francis. The initial passage is taken from Dante and describes, primarily, the marriage of Francis and Poverty. This is followed by a scene of Francis in meditation, taken from *Considerations*. An extended passage follows (adapted from *Little Flowers*) in which Francis and his Brothers are walking through the sleet and mud back to their hut after a long journey. He addresses Brother Leo and, in a rant, asks where perfect joy can be found. The Francis section climaxes with a return to the saint in meditation, which evolves into a passage from Dante describing the Stigmata. A brief excerpt from the sermon to the birds (from *Little Flowers*) for solo voice concludes this section.

Part II, and the entire piece, ends with an excerpted passage from Dante in the spheres with Beatrice. Musical material from the opening of Part I is juxtaposed with sonorities from the Teresa and Francis movements as the piece draws to a close.

At Suma Beach is a piece divided into four movements, each taken from a scene in *Matsukaze*. The final three are conceived as a continuous set from the last stages of the play. The text is alternately sung in Japanese and English, and the music incorporates and transcribes elements of Noh into the larger flow of music for western instruments. The translations of the texts are also a hybrid. The primary source is a translation by Richard Emmert and Monica Bethe, which was done for the National Noh Theatre of Japan. It is something of a literal translation that does not force the text to take on English grammatical conventions, but brings an abstracted yet emotional intensification to the meaning of the text. Other primary translations are those by Royall Tyler and Chifumi Shimazaki.

Briefly, the first movement of *At Suma Beach* (the longest in the piece) is a meditation on life and nature around Suma Beach and the lives of two sisters. In the second movement the sisters reveal themselves to be phantoms haunted — particularly Matsukaze — by their three hundred year old love for Yukihira and the pain that their wrongful clinging has had. In the third movement Matsukaze falls in love with a pine tree (symbolizing Yukihira) and, after spurning Murasame's criticisms, fully identifies herself as the one truly obsessed by love. The fourth movement confirms these feelings and returns to the Suma Beach nature material of the first movement.

I would like to thank Paula Lawrence and the Japan Society of New York, for their great generosity and encouragement on this project. The Japan Society's endeavor to create a deeper and more lasting connection between American and Japanese musical and artistic culture is, I think, one of the most exciting cross-cultural undertakings taking place today. I would also like to thank Rick Emmert, Noh scholar, composer, performer, and teacher, for his generosity and friendship during the summer of 2002 in Tokyo. He brought me into contact with aspects of Noh culture (including invaluable videos) that made an indelible impact on my work in this piece. Deep thanks also to Ralph Samuelson, George Kochi, and Misao Bojo of the Asia Cultural Council who, through their highly informed and warm suggestions, enriched our stay in Japan enormously.

AT SUMA BEACH was commissioned by the Japan Society of New York and premiered by the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center in June 2003. The piece is scored for mezzo-soprano and six instruments.

LIVES OF THE SAINTS was commissioned by the Barlow Endowment for Music Composition for Boston Musica Viva and premiered in 2000 with soloist Mary Nessinger. The piece is scored for mezzo-soprano and eight instruments.

By Martin Brody

Since taking on Allen Ginsberg's *Howl* and releasing its spiky rhythms into a rushing stream of polyphonic chamber music, Lee Hyla has favored recalcitrant, long-winded texts. Verbal excess seems to turn him on — whether Alexander Wilson's garrulous narrative of man-against-beast violence in *American Ornithology*, or Ginsberg's incandescent, epic enjambments and virtuoso run-on sentences. In both *Howl* and *Wilson's Ivory-bill*, Hyla pounces on the irregular surface accents of quirky, ardent texts to animate the musical lines of his dissonant counterpoint. In his masterful hands, long paragraphs provide the accent structure for a funky, hyper-syncopated fifth species exercise, potent enough to fuel the structural upbeats of extended musical processes.

However, neither *Howl* nor *Wilson's Ivory-bill* entirely prepares us for the imaginative leap (of faith) taken in *Lives of the Saints* I & II, where Hyla's predilections for improbable literary sources and bohemian subjects inform a monodrama of multiple personae framed by an allegory of belief (in art as much as religion). Religion and aesthetics merge at the heart of the piece, when Teresa of Avila reflects on the experience of transcendence: her words could be an epigraph for Hyla's *oeuvre* (and even a *précis* of modernist aesthetics

in toto). *Rapture* leaves behind a certain strange detachment, the nature of which I have never been able to describe ... a new estrangement from the world takes place [7]. Later on, rapture returns in a parallel culmination that interweaves religious ardor and personal experience — this in the denouement of Part II, where Francis of Assisi speaks to his "sister birds," and thus addresses a form of rapturous experience close to the heart of the composer, an inveterate birder [9].

The achievement of rapture in *Lives* is quiet, almost breathless — a clearing out of dense actions and expressive intensity, permitting the voice and instruments to hum resonantly, separately or together. By contrast, the struggles with the self that precede are hyper-dramatic, gnarly, and erratic. Thus, the big gestures of *Lives* are simple: *agitato* upbeat passages that give way to the uncanny simplicity of rapture. Hyla's four Saints, however different from each other, coalesce into two pairs/progressions: the abstinent but chatty Saint Jerome yields to the pensive and equally wordy Saint Teresa; and the tortured Saint Lawrence (in a kind of overture to Part II) combines with a stark mini-drama of self-humiliation (the "Brother Leo" episode from Francis's *Fioretti*), to comprise a long anacrusis to the quiet miracle of the stigmata and an invocation of the sister birds. These big, two part gestures can be heard as recitative/aria pairings projected on a large scale; but a dialectic of troubled self-abjection and tranquil rapture runs deep in the piece, inflecting each of its structural levels.

Hyla's double movement toward rapture is framed by music that dramatizes the artist's vertiginous perspective of observation while fussing over the question of belief. *Lives* opens with an excerpt from the third Canto of the *Paradiso* — a convoluted text with a simple purpose: to turn metaphysical uncertainty into pure faith [5]. In the opening, a perplexed Dante (standing in both for the artist and his audience) describes the paranormal visions he has had while loitering at the outskirts of Paradise. Beatrice then magically appears, setting things straight and commanding the poet quite simply to place his faith in the ephemeral visions that he has circuitously described: *Parla con esse e odi e credi*

("speak with them, and listen and believe"). Hyla (through Dante's Beatrice) commands us not just to listen, but to submit to the reality of the estranged and estranging figures (and the intense, original, and personal music) that he will conjure: *vere sustanze son cio' che tu vedi* ("These that you see [and hear] are real substances"). The prologue of *Saints*, with its elaborate scheme of proxy voices (Beatrice speaking to, but also for, Dante, who stands in for Hyla and the point of view of his audience) not only unveils this theme (*odi e credi*) but also establishes the piece's *modus operandi*: the evocation of strange personae and passions through virtuoso vocal performance. The virtuosity embodied in a solo voice and its instrumental environment alike grab us viscerally, but also articulate a complete world of musical distinctions. This world comes into being in the instrumental gesturing of the prologue, which represent both the poet's uncertain frame of mind and the mercurial visions he sees: the former in a wavering pedal tone (orchestrated as an audible overtone, the 4th partial above an ephemeral bass note), the latter in a gradually exfoliating harmonic progression, animated by explosive ornaments. The prologue sets the agenda for what will follow, by requiring us to strive, along with Dante, to construct and comprehend a new world, one that fully comes into being when saintly experience itself becomes simultaneously credible and unattainable.

Lives of the Saints, with its dialectic of striving and rapture and its delineation of worlds within worlds, provokes exegesis. By contrast, the lyrical *At Suma Beach* (a Noh text that manages to feel both compressed and expansive) evokes a less wordy response. Its oppositions (author/character, Japanese/English, phoneme/language, self/other) produce ambiguity rather than dialectics — a haunted rapprochement rather than a dramatic progression — and an enigma rather than a resolution: "*Matsukaze bakari ya nokoruran*/The pine wind alone remains" [4]. An intertwined evocation of place and memory is carried by this fragrant wind, which flows especially forcefully through the resonant bodies of a solo clarinet and a virtuoso vocalist. Hyla engages all the instrumental and vocal resources at his command to capture his own ambiguous relationship to the Japanese musical and

literary sources he has assembled — forthrightly summoning the sounds of traditional music, but deftly and entirely subsuming them into a personal idiom. The composer traveled to and studied in Japan to produce *At Suma Beach*, but he honors his sources by integrating them into a musical landscape that is interior and personal.

At Suma Beach ends with fragrant air, *Lives of the Saints* with a return to Beatrice. Together, these endings summon a powerful female presence and a voice, embodied on this recording by the magnificent Mary Nessinger. Nessinger and her fellow musicians expose the expressive possibilities of this stunning music more than we might have imagined possible. They make the incredible attainable, and so command us, along with Beatrice, to listen and believe.

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AT SUMA BEACH

[1] I. Suma Beach

Shio-kumi-guruma
Wazukanaru
Ukiyo ni meguro
Hakanasa yo

The waves sound so close at Suma no Ura
The moon, too, moistens the sleeves.

How lovely, tho familiar
Suma at twilight
Fisherman's calls faintly heard
Offshore, small fishing boats,
A silhouette faint and dim, the moon's face,
Geese sighted on the wing, flocking beach
plovers.

The wind over the water, the salt wind
from the sea,
All, indeed, belong to
Such a place in Autumn.
Ah, the heart-chilling long night.

Yosete wa kaeru kata-onami
Ashibe no tazu koso wa tachisawage
Yomo no arashi mo oto soete
Yosamu nani to sugosan.
Blow late moon brilliant.
Dip moonlight reflection.

Brine wagon
Wheels meagerly
Floating world
Rotates misery

Nami kokomoto ya Suma no Ura
Tsuki sae nurasu

Omoshiro ya naretamo
Suma no iumagure
Ama no yobikoe kasukanite
Oki ni chiisaki isaribune ni
Kage kasukanaru tsuki no kao
Kari no sugata ya tomo chidori

Nowaki shiokaze izure mo geni

Kakaru tokoro no aki narikeri

Ara kokorosugo no yasugara yana.

Rolled in recedes wave
Reed bed cranes arise and cry
Four directions gales voices arise
Cold night how to pass?
Fukeyuku tsuki koso sayakanare
Kumu wa kage nare ya



YOSHITOSHI, ARIWARA NO YUKIHIRA AND THE TWO BRINEWOMEN, MURASAME AND MATSUKAZE, 1886

Burnt salt smoke take care!
Like this, seafolk
Weary autumn endure

In sweeps the tide.
We draw the salt water
But behold the moon is in the pail.

Kore nimu tsuki nu iritaru ya.
Ureshi ya kore mo tsuki ari.
Tsuki wa hitotsu
Her image twice, triple-fold the rising tide
For tonight we load our wagon with the
moon.

[2] II. Lamentation

“Wakurawa ni to hito araba sumaw a no ura
ni Moshio tare-tsutsu wabu to kotaeyo to.”

Yes that is Yukihira's poem.
It stirs in us such memories.
Still yearning for the earthly life, tears....

Matzukaze, Murasame. The two women's
ghosts have come to you.
Matzukaze, Murasame to mesareshi yori

Oh how we missed him.
But perhaps in another life...

Yaku shiokiemuri kokoro seyo
Sanomi nado amabito no
Uki aki nomi o sugosuran

Sashi-kuru shio o kumi-wakete
Mireba tsuki koso oke ni are.

And this one, too the moon is in here.
How lovely, here too is the moon
The moon is one
Kage wa futatsu Mitsu-shio no,
Yoru no kuruma ni tsuki o nosete.

“On a rare occasion, should someone ask
about me, at Suma no Ura, like sea weed drip-
ping with salt I languish” you should reply.

Yukihira mo yomase-tamaikeru to nari
Amari ni natsukashiu samuraite
Nao shushin no enbu no namida....

Matzukaze, Murasame no ninin no onna no
Yurei kore made kitaritari
Matzukaze, Murasame, he asked us to wait
for him.

Ara koishi ya sarunite mo
Mata itsu no yo no otozure o.

Unattainable love
Suma, too much sin, deep
For our souls, pray.

Sad past
Memories emerge, so nostalgic
Yukihira
Three years here at Suma Beach
To capitol went,
For these times as a keepsake
A tall courtier's hat, hunting cloak
Left behind
These see each time
Hate, painful green grass, cause
Leaf tips tie, form dew's brief time
To forget, yet misery

“Katami koso
Ima wa ada nare kore naku wa
Wasururu hima mo arinan to.”

So recited with reason
Still longing deepens
“Yoiyoi ni
Nugite woga nuru kari-goroma.”

Beseech that in same world
Live might, but vain
Hard to forget/keepsakes without purpose
Throw away but cannot
Holding, image looms

Mi nimo oyobanu koi o sae
Suma no amari ni tsumi fukashi
Waga ato toite tabi tamae.

Aware inishie o
Omoi izureba natsukashi ya
Yukihira.
Mi-tose wa koko ni Suma no Ura
Miyako e nobori-tamaishi ni
Kono hodo no katami tote
On-tate-eboshi, kariginu o
Nokoshi oki-tamae domo
Kore o miru tabi ni
Iya-mashi no omoi-gusa
Hazue ni musubu tsuyu no ma mo
Wasurareba koso ajikinaya.

“Keepsakes indeed
Now enemies become,
Without these, forgetting time might have.”

Yomishi mo kotowari ya
Nao omoi koso wa fukakere
“Night after night
Taking off for sleeping my hunting robe.”

Kaketezo tanomu onaji yo ni
Sumu kai araba koso
Wasuregatami mo yoshinashi to
Sutete mo okarezu.
Toreba omokage ni tachi-masari.

“Oiki-fushi wakade makura yori
Ato yori koi no seme-kureba.”
Helpless tears.
Drown, bent in sorrow.

“Awake or asleep ceaselessly from pillow,
From feet love pursues.”
Senkata namida ni
Fushi-shizumu koto zo kanashiki.

[3] III. The Pine Tree

Ara ureshi ano matsukage ni
Yukihira no o-tachi aru ga
Matsukaze to mesare samuro zo ide moiro

How pitiful! These feelings are the reason
You have sunk into the sin of clinging
The mad passion you felt when alive
Even now you have not forgotten
That is a pine tree
Yukihira is nowhere to be seen.

Utate no hito no i-igoto ya
Ano matsu koso wa Yukihira yo
Tatoi shibashi wa wakaruru tomo
“Matsu toshi kikaba kaeri-kon”
Tsurane-tamai shi koto-no-ha
i kan i.

Oh what joy! In the pine shade
Yukihira stands
“Matsukaze” he calls, let us go.

Ara asamashi ya sono
On-kokoro yue ni koso
Shushin no tsumi nimo
Shizumi-tamae
Shaba nite no kyoran o
Nao wasure-tamawanu zoya
Are wa matsu nite koso sorae
Yukihira wa on-tachi mo
Samura wanu mono o

How heartlessly you have spoken
That pine is Yukihira
Even if for a while we are parted.
“If I hear you pine for me,
I will come back.” These lines he composed
remember.

Indeed I had forgotten.
Even if for a while we are parted,
“If you wait I will come back” these words...
Konata wa wasurezu
“Tachiwawakere—.”

Geni no wasurete samuro zo
Tatoi shibashi wa wakaruru tomo
Mataba kon tononotono-ha o
I never forget and wait
“Though I part and go —.”

[4] IV. Itoma moshite

“Inabe no yama no mine ni ouru
Matsu toshi kikaba
Ima kaeri-kon”

Matsu wano Yukihira
Tachi-kae-koba
Ware mo ko-kage ni
Iza tachi-yorite
Sonare matsu no
Notsukashi ya.

The pine stands blown in
The wind that grows wild and frenzied.
Suma's breakers rage all night
Delusion dreams are seen.
Led by blind attachment,
I have appeared to you.
For my life-after pray,
Itome moshite.

“To the Inaba mountain on whose ridges grow
pines, If I hear you pine for me
Instantly I will come back.”

The pined-for Yukihira
If he should come back again,
I, too, to the tree's shade
Will go, drawing close to it
A leaning beach pine—and tell
Him how I longed for him.

Matsu ni fuki-kuru
Kaze mo kyojite
Suma no taka-nami
Hageshiki yosugara
Moshuno no yume ni
Mimiyuru nari.
Wage ato toite
I bid you farewell.

Receding waves fall silent
At Suma no Ura,
Blowing from behind a mountain gale.
At the barriers, cocks crow,
Dream is gone without a trace
Night fades into dawn
The autumn rains you heard at night,
In the morning
Pine wind alone remains
Matsukaze bakari ya nokoruran.

Kaeru nami no oto no
Suma no Ura kakete
Fuku ya ushiro no yama-oroshi
Seki-ji no tori mo koe-goe-ni
Yume mo ato naku
Yo mo akete.
Murasame to kikishi mo kesa mireba

Matsukaze bakari ya nokoruran
The pine wind alone remains.

Text by Kanami and/or Zeami.

Translations compiled from Richard Emmert and Monica Bethe, Chifumi Shimazaki, and Royall Tyler.

LIVES OF THE SAINTS

PART I

[5] I. From Canto III, Paradiso

From The Divine Comedy by Dante Alighieri

... As through clear and transparent glass, or through clear and tranquil waters, yet not so deep that the bottom be lost, the outlines of our faces return so faint that a pearl on a white brow comes not less boldly to our eyes, so did I behold many a countenance eager to speak; wherefore I fell into the contrary error to that which kindled love between man and the fountain. No sooner was I aware of them than taking them for mirrored faces, I turned round my eyes to see of whom they were, and found nothing; and I turned forward again, straight into the light of the sweet guide, whose holy eyes were glowing as she smiled.

“Non ti maravigliar perch'io sorrída... appresso il turo pueril coto, poi sopra il vero ancor lo pie' no fida, ma te rivolve, come suole, a voto: vere sustanze son cio' che tu vedi. Pero' parla con esse e odi e credi; che' ta verace luce che le appaga da se' non lascia lo torcer li piedi.”

“Do not wonder... that I smile at your childish thought, since it does not yet trust itself upon the truth, but turns you, after its wont, to vacancy: these that you see are real substances, assigned here for failure in their vows. Wherefore speak with them and hear and believe, for the true light that satisfies them does not suffer them to turn their steps aside from it.”

[6] II. Saint Jerome

From A letter to Eustochium by Jerome, The Golden Legend

How many times living in the wilderness, in the vast solitude that provides a horrid, sun-scorched abode for monks, have I thought that I was basking amid the delights of Rome.

My misshapen limbs shuddered in their sackcloth, my squalid skin had taken on the blackness of an Ethiopian's flesh. Tears all day, tears all night. And if, resist as I might, sleep overwhelmed me, my fleshless bones, hardly holding together, scraped against the bare ground. I say nothing about food or drink: even the sick have cold water, and to have some cooked food was like a sinful indulgence. All the company I had was scorpions and wild beasts, yet at times I felt myself surrounded by clusters of pretty girls, and the fires of lust were lighted in my frozen body and moribund flesh. So it was that I wept continuously and starved the rebellious flesh for weeks at a time. Often I joined day and night and did not stop beating my breast until the Lord restored my peace of mind. I even dreaded my cell, haunted as it was with my thoughts. Angry and stern with myself, I plunged alone deeper and deeper into the wasteland and, as the Lord is my witness, from time to time, and after many tears, I seemed to be in the midst of throngs of angels.

[7] III. Saint Teresa

From Chapter 20 of *The Life of Saint Teresa of Avila* By Herself

I wish that I could explain the difference between union and rapture, or elevation, or flight of the spirit or transport — for they are all one... different names for the same thing which is also called ecstasy... The Lord catches up the soul just as some might say the clouds gather up the mists of the earth... Then the cloud rises to heaven taking the soul, and begins to show it the features of the Kingdom He has prepared for it... The soul no longer seems to animate the body; its natural heat, therefore, is said to diminish and it gradually gets cold, but with a feeling of very great joy and sweetness. Here there is no possibility of resisting, as there is in union in which we are on our own ground... viene un impetu tan acelerato e fuerte (*it comes as a quick and violent shock*)... Sometimes it has affected my whole body, which has been lifted from the ground... Esta ha cida pocas (*This has only happened rarely*)...



Rapture leaves behind a certain strange detachment, which I have never been able to describe... a new estrangement from the world takes place which makes life much more painful... with it comes a distress so subtle and piercing that, placed as it is in this desert, the soul can say literally with the Royal prophet: I watch and am as a sparrow on the housetop...

Bien entiende que no quiere sino a su Dios; ma no ama cosa particular de el, sino todo junto lo quiere no sabe lo que quiere. Digo no sabe, porque no representa nada la imaginacion.

The soul realizes it wants nothing but God; but loves no particular one of his attributes. It wants him entire, and has no knowledge of what it desires. I say it has no knowledge because the imagination can picture nothing.

The desire for the body and soul not to be parted is like a voice crying out for help to take a breath... The Lord absorbs the soul into himself. But after he has held it for a moment the will alone remains in union. The two other faculties appear to be always moving, like a pointer on a sundial which is never at rest... how right the Psalmist was to ask for the wings of a dove... it is a gentle flight, a delightful flight... a flight without noise... but the soul is not yet so completely the child of that mighty eagle... when it looks on the divine sun, it is dazzled by brightness; when it looks toward itself dust clouds the eyes and the little dove is blind:

... ansi acaece muy muchas veces quedarse ansi ciega del todo, absorta, espantada, desvanecida de tantas grandezas como ve. Aqui se gana la verdadera humildad. Sabe que no tiene nada ella alli; y aunque quiera no puede inorarlo, porque lo ve por vista de ojos; mal que le pese, se los hacen cerar a las cosas del mundo, y que los tengo abiertas para entender verdades.

... so it happens that the soul is utterly blinded, absorbed, amazed, and dazzled by the wonders that it sees. It acquires true humility. It knows that it possesses nothing here, and it cannot ignore this message; therefore it shuts its eyes to the things of this world, and opens them to take in the truth.

PART II

[8] I. Saint Lawrence

From *The Life of Saint Lawrence, The Golden Legend*

My night has no darkness and all things gleam in the light.
Turn me over, I'm done on that side.

[9] II. Saint Francis

From *The Little Flowers of Saint Francis, Considerations of the Stigmata of Saint Francis; Paradiso, The Divine Comedy* by Dante Alighieri

"Intra Tupino e l'acqua che discende
del colle eletto dal beato ubaldo,
fertile costa d'alto monte pende,
onde Perugia sente freddo e caldo
da Porta Sole; e di dietro le piange
per grave giogo Nocera con Gualdo.
Di questa costa, la' dov' ella frange
piu' sua rattezza, naque al mondo un sole,
come fa questo talvolta di Gange...

"Between the Topino and the stream that
drops from the hill chosen by the blessed
Ubaldo, a fertile slope hangs from a lofty
mountain wherefrom Perugia feels cold
and heat through Porta Sole; while behind
it, Nocera and Gualdo grieve under a heavy
yoke. From this slope, where most it breaks
its steepness a sun rose on the world, even
as this is wont to rise from Ganges...

... Non era ancor molto lontan da l'orto,
... che' per tal donna, giovinetto, in guerra
del padre corse, a cui, come a la morte,
la porta del piacer nessun diserra;
... poscia di di in di l'amo piu forte...

... He was not yet very far from his rising
... for while still a youth, he rushed into strife
against his father for such a lady, to whom,
as to death, none willingly unlocks the door;
... [he was joined to her and thereafter] from
day to day, he loved her ever more ardently...

...Francesco e Poverta' per questi amanti
prendi oramai nel mio parlar diffuso.
La lor concordia e i lor lietti sembianti,
amore e maravigliosa e dolce sguardo
facieno esser cagion do pensier santi."

.....

..."Chi se' tu, o dolcissimo Iddio mio?
e che sono io, vilissimo vermene e disutile
servo tuo?"...

.....

..."O frate Leone, avvegnadio che i frati Minori
in ogni terra dieno grande esempio di santita
e di buona edificazione; nientedimeno scrivi
e nota diligentemente che non e' ivi perfetta
letizia."...

*..."O frate Leone, benché il frate Minore
allumini i ciechi, stenda gli attratti, iscacci i
demoni, renda l'udire a' sordi, di l'andare a'
zoppi, il parlare a' mutoli e, ch'e' maggiore
cosa, risusciti il morto di quattro di; scrivi che
non e' in cio perfetta letizia."...

..."O frate Leone, se il frate Minore sapesse
tutte le lingue e tutte le scienze e tutte le
scritture, e profetarle e rivelare, non solamente
le cose future, ma eziandio i segreti delle
coscienze e degli animi; scrivi che non e' in cio'
perfetta letizia."...

...[take] Francis and Poverty for these lovers
in all that I have said. Their harmony and
joyous semblance made love and wonder and
tender looks the cause of holy thought."

.....

..."Who are You, my most sweet God, and
what am I, lowliest worm and most useless
servant?"...

.....

..."O Brother Leo, may God grant that the
Friars Minor give good example in sanctity
and edification in every corner of the earth;
and yet write down, and mark it carefully,
that in that work there is not perfect joy."...

*..."O Brother Leo, although a Friar Minor
might give sight to the blind, cure paralytics,
cast out devils, make the deaf hear, have the
lame walk, make the mute speak, and even
greater, have the dead of four days come alive
again, write down that in that there is no
perfect joy."...

..."O Brother Leo, if the Friar Minor were to
know all languages and all learning and all
Scripture, so that he could prophesy and
reveal not only the events of the future but the
secrets of the minds and souls as well; write
down that in that there is no perfect joy."...

..."O frate Leone, pecorella di Dio, benché
il frate Minore parli con lingua d'Angelo, e
sappia i corsi delle stelle e le virtù delle erbe,
e fossongli rivelati tutti i tesori della terra,
conoscasse le virtù degli uccelli e de' pesci e
di tutti gli animali degli uomini e degli alberi
delle pietre e delle radici e delle acque"...

..."Father I beg you in the name of God tell us
where perfect joy is to be found?!?"

..."Quando noi giungeremo a Santa Maria
degli Angeli, così bagnati per la piovra e
agghiacciati per lo freddo e infangati di loto
e afflitti di fame, e picchieremo la porta del
luogo, e il portinaio verra adirato e dira':

"Who are you?"

[e noi diremo:] "Noi siamo due de' vostri
frati"; e colui dira: "Voi non dite vero,

You are in fact two slime who go about
deceiving the world, and stealing money from
the poor:

Andate via!"...

..."O Brother Leo, little lamb of God, although
the Friar Minor might speak with the tongue
of an angel and know the course of the
heavens and the virtues of herbs, and if all
the treasures of the earth were revealed to
him and he were to know all the proper-
ties of birds and fishes and of all men and
animals and of trees and stones and roots
and waters"...

..."When we shall come to Saint Mary of the
Angels, drenched with rain, and frozen and
spattered with mud, and sick with hunger,
and we shall knock at the door and the door-
keeper will come out angrily and say:

[and we shall reply:] "We are two of your
friars"; and he will retort: "That is not true,

Go away!"...

...“E se noi, pur costretti dalla fame e dal freddo e dalla notte, pur picchieremo e chiameremo e pregheremo per l’amore di Dio con grande pianto che ci apra mettaci pur dentro...

...e uscirà fuori con uno bastone nocchieruto, e piglieracci per lo cappuccio e gitteracci in terra e involgeracci nella neve e batteracci a nodo a nodo con quello bastone: allora se noi tutte queste cose sosterremo pazientemente e con allegrezza...e con buon amore, amore...o frate Leone, scrivi che in questo e’ perfetta letizia.”

.....

...“Chi se’ tu, o dolcissimo Iddio mio? e chi sono io, vilissimo vermine e disutile servo tuo?”

.....

...nel crudo sasso intra Tevero e Arno da Cristo prese l’ultimo sigillo, che le sue membra due anni portarno...

.....

...“Sirocchie mie uccelli... sempre e in ogni luogo il dovete lodare, impero’ che v’ha dato liberta di volare... per lo elemento d’alaria... per i fiumi e le fonti per vostro bere, davvi i monti e le valli per vostro refugio, e gli albrì alti per fare il vostro nido...Onde molto v’ama il Creatore... sempre vi studiate, vi studiate di lodare Iddio.”

...“And if we, forced by hunger and cold and the night, continue to knock, and with great tears beseeched him for the love of God to open up and let us in...

...and he would come out with a gnarled club and grab us by the cowl and hurl us to the ground, turning us over in the snow and beating us with that club; if we could endure patiently and cheerfully all these things... with bliss... O Brother Leo, write down that in that there is perfect joy.”

.....

...“Who are You, my most sweet God, and what am I, lowliest worm and most useless servant?”

.....

...on the harsh rock between the Tiber and Arno he received from Christ the last seal, which his limbs bore for two years...

.....

...“My sister birds... you must always and in every place give praise to Him, for he has given you freedom to wing... through the air... [and God gives you] rivers and fountains for your thirst, and mountains and valleys for shelter, and tall trees for your nests... the Creator loves you greatly... always, always seek to praise God.”

[10] III. From Canto XXII, Paradiso

The Divine Comedy by Dante Alighieri

Col viso ritornai per tutte quante le sette spere, e vidi globo tal, ch’io sorrisi del suo vil sembiante;...

...e tutti e sette mi si dimostrarono quanto son grandi e quanto son verloci e come sono in distante riparo. L’aiuola che ci fa tanto feroci, volgondom’ io con li eterni Gemelli, tutta m’apparve da’ colli a le foci; poscia rivolsi li occhi a li occhi belli... li occhi belli.

With my sight I returned through all and each of the seven spheres, and saw this globe such that I smiled at its paltry semblance;...

...and all the seven were displayed to me, how great they are and swift, and how distant each from other in location. The little threshing floor which makes us so fierce was all revealed to me from hills to river mouths, as I circled with the eternal Twins; then to the beautiful eyes... I turned my eyes again.

TEXTS, PART I, EXCERPTED FROM:

The Divine Comedy by Dante Alighieri, translated by Charles Singleton, Princeton University Press, Princeton/Bollingen paperback edition, 1982, Canto III, Paradiso, pp 27-29.

A Letter to Eustochium by Jerome, *The Golden Legend*.

The Life of Saint Teresa of Avila By Herself, translated by J.M. Cohen, Penguin Books, 1957.

TEXTS, PART II, EXCERPTED FROM:

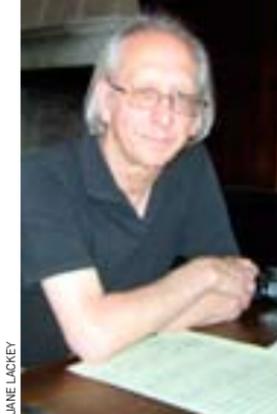
The Life of Saint Lawrence, The Golden Legend.

The Divine Comedy by Dante Alighieri, Canto XI and Canto XXII, Paradiso.

I Fioretti di San Francesco, translated by Serge Hughes, New American Library, Mentor/Omega book/paperback edition, 1964, Chapters VIII and XVI; *Considerations of the Stigmata of Saint Francis*, #3.



SIMONE MARTINI, MAESTA, 1315 (DETAIL)



JANE LACKEY

Lee Hyla was born in Niagara Falls, New York, and grew up in Greencastle, Indiana. He studied composition with Malcolm Peyton at New England Conservatory, and at the State University of New York, Stony Brook, with David Lewin. His musical background also includes extensive experience as a pianist in new music, rock, and free improvisation. He has been commissioned by numerous performers including the Midori/Vadim Repin commissioning project, the Saint Paul Chamber Orchestra, the Orpheus Chamber Orchestra, the Kronos Quartet (with Allen Ginsberg), The Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Speculum Musicae, the Boston Modern Orchestra Project, the Lydian String Quartet, Triple Helix Piano Trio, the Firebird Ensemble, Tim Smith, Tim Berne, Rhonda Rider, Stephen Drury, Mia Chung, Judith Gordon, Mary Nessinger, and Boston Musica Viva.

In addition, Hyla has received commissions from The Serge Koussevitzky Music Foundation, Fromm Music Foundation, Barlow Endowment for Music Composition, The Walter W. Naumburg Foundation, Mary Flagler Cary Charitable Trust, Concert Artists Guild, three commissions from Chamber Music America, and four Meet the Composer/Reader's Digest Consortium commissions. In 2007–08 he was the composer-in-residence with the Saint Paul Chamber Orchestra as part of the Meet the Composer Music Alive Residency program. Hyla has also been the recipient of the Stoeger Prize from the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, a Guggenheim Fellowship, two National Endowment for the Arts fellowships, the Goddard Lieberson Award from the American Academy of Arts and Letters, and the Rome Prize.

His music is published exclusively by Carl Fischer and has been recorded on Nonesuch Records, New World Records, Avant Records, Tzadik, and CRI. In 2006 his CD *Wilson's Ivory-bill* was released on Tzadik. In the fall of 2004, Hyla was Resident Composer at the American Academy in Rome. He also served as chairman of the composition department at New England Conservatory, where he taught from 1992 to 2007. In September 2007 he began an appointment as the Wyatt Chair in Music Composition at Northwestern University.



CHRISTIAN STEINER

Mary Nessinger, mezzo-soprano, has been heard in concert and recital throughout the United States and England. She has sung at Alice Tully Hall, the Freer Gallery in Washington, D.C., the Isabella Stuart Gardner Museum in Boston, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and Wigmore Hall in London. Ms. Nessinger has appeared with the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra, the Grand Rapids Symphony, the Jacksonville Symphony, the London Symphony Orchestra, the Saint Paul Chamber Orchestra, and the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center. She has participated in the Santa Fe Music Festival, Marlboro Music Festival, Aspen Music Festival, Ravinia Festival, Skaneateles Festival, Tannery Pond, Crested Butte Music Festival, and New England Bach Festival, and has toured with musicians from Marlboro and the International Musicians' Seminar in England. Nessinger has recorded for Deutsche Grammophon, CRI, Mode, and Koch International.



LIZ LINDER

Gil Rose is recognized as one of a new generation of American conductors shaping the future of classical music. His orchestral and operatic performances and recordings have been recognized by critics and fans alike. In 1996, Gil Rose founded the Boston Modern Orchestra Project (BMOP), the leading professional orchestra in the country dedicated exclusively to performing and recording music of the 20th and 21st centuries. Under his leadership, BMOP's unique programming and high performance standards have attracted critical acclaim and earned the orchestra nine ASCAP awards for adventurous programming and the John S. Edwards Award

for Strongest Commitment to New American Music. Since 2003 Mr. Rose has also served as Music Director of Opera Boston, an innovative opera company in residence at the historic Cutler Majestic Theatre.

As a guest conductor, Mr. Rose made his Tanglewood Festival debut in 2002 conducting Lukas Foss' opera *Griffelkin*, a work he recorded for Chandos and released in 2003 to rave reviews. In 2003 he made his guest debut with the Netherlands Radio Symphony conducting three world premieres as part of the Holland Festival. He has led the American Composers Orchestra, the Warsaw Philharmonic, the National Symphony Orchestra of the Ukraine, the Cleveland Chamber Symphony, and the National Orchestra of Porto, as well as several appearances with the Boston Symphony Chamber Players.

In June 2003, BMOP and Opera Boston together launched the much-celebrated Opera Unlimited, a ten-day contemporary opera festival featuring five operas and three world premieres. Mr. Rose led the world premiere of Elena Ruehr's *Toussaint Before the Spirits*, the New England premiere of Thomas Ades' *Powder Her Face*, as well as the revival of John Harbison's *Full Moon in March* with "skilled and committed direction" according to *The*

Boston Globe. In 2006 the Opera Unlimited Festival presented the North American premiere of Peter Eötvös' *Angels in America* to critical acclaim.

Also recognized for interpreting standard operatic repertoire from Mozart to Bernstein, Mr. Rose's production of Verdi's *Luisa Miller* was hailed as an important operatic event. *The Boston Globe* recognized the production as "the best Verdi production presented in Boston in the last 15 years." Mr. Rose's recording of Samuel Barber's *Vanessa* for Naxos has been hailed as an important achievement by the international press. He was chosen as the "Best Conductor of 2003" by *Opera Online*. He made his Chautauqua Opera debut in 2005 with a production of *Lucia de Lammermoor* and in the 2006–07 season conducted performances of Mozart's *La Clemenza di Tito*, a revival of Weill's *The Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny* as well as Bizet's *The Pearl Fishers*. In October 2007 he led the Boston premiere of Osvaldo Golijov's *Ainadamar* with Dawn Upshaw and directed by Peter Sellers.

Gil Rose's discography includes recordings of music by Arthur Berger, Eric Chasalow, Shih-Hui Chen, Lukas Foss, Charles Fussell, Michael Gandolfi, John Harbison, Lee Hyla, Tod Machover, Steven Mackey, Stephen Paulus, Bernard Rands, George Rochberg, Elena Ruehr, Gunther Schuller, Reza Vali, and Evan Ziporyn. His world premiere recording of the complete orchestral music of Arthur Berger was chosen by *The New York Times* as one of the "Best CD's of 2003."

CLIVE GRANGER



The **Boston Modern Orchestra Project** (BMOP) is widely recognized as the premiere orchestra in the United States dedicated exclusively to commissioning, performing, and recording music of the twentieth and twenty-first centuries. Founded in 1996 by Artistic Director Gil Rose, BMOP's mission is to illuminate the connections that exist naturally between contemporary music and contemporary society by reuniting composers and audiences in a shared concert experience. In its first ten seasons alone, BMOP programmed over 50 concerts of contemporary orchestral music; presented over 40 world premieres, including over 20 commissioned by the orchestra; recorded more than 50 works and released 13 world premiere recordings; and collaborated with Opera Boston to produce staged performances of contemporary operas including the Opera Unlimited festival of contemporary chamber opera.

In Boston BMOP performs at Jordan Hall and Symphony Hall, and the orchestra travels to New York and other cities nationwide. A nine-time winner of the ASCAP Award for Adventurous Programming of Orchestral Music and recipient of the prestigious John S.

Edwards Award for Strongest Commitment to New American Music, BMOP has appeared at the Tanglewood Music Festival, the Festival of New American Music (Sacramento, CA), and Music on the Edge (Pittsburgh, PA). BMOP recordings are available from Albany, New World, Naxos, Arsis, Oxingdale, and Chandos, and are regularly reviewed by national and international publications including *Gramophone*, *Fanfare*, *BBC Music*, *American Record Guide*, *The Chicago Tribune* (Best CD's of 2004), *Time Out New York* (Best CD's of 2004), *The Boston Globe* (Best CD's of 2003), and *The New York Times* (Best CD's of 2003).

Composers are at the core of BMOP's mission, and BMOP has hosted a Composer in Residence each season since 2000. In recognition of the importance of this position, Meet the Composer and the American Symphony Orchestra League awarded BMOP one of six Music Alive grants for a three-year collaboration with composer Lisa Bielawa.

Since its founding, BMOP has sought to discover and advocate for the next generation of composers and audiences, and has dedicated itself to encouraging and extending the new music community. Beyond the concert hall, BMOP's trend-setting Club Concerts bring "the music formerly known as classical" to downtown venues. Further afield, BMOP presents informal concerts in downtown clubs, and provides mentors and workshops for teenage composers in underserved communities.

BMOP's greatest strength is the artistic distinction of its musicians and performances. Each season, Gil Rose gathers together an outstanding orchestra of dynamic and talented young performers, and presents some of the world's top vocal and instrumental soloists. *The New York Times* says: "Mr. Rose and his team filled the music with rich, decisive ensemble colors and magnificent solos. These musicians were rapturous — superb instrumentalists at work and play."

Lee Hyla

AT SUMA BEACH — Gabriela Diaz, violin; Wendy Richman, viola; David Russell, cello; Gary Gorczyca, clarinet; Craig McNutt, percussion; Nina Ferrigno, piano

LIVES OF THE SAINTS — Laura Frautschi, violin; Kate Vincent, viola; David Russell, cello; Alicia DiDonato, flute/alto flute/bass flute; Gary Gorczyca, clarinet/bass clarinet; Craig McNutt, percussion; Robert Schulz, percussion; Nina Ferrigno, piano

Producers Gil Rose, Lee Hyla

Recording and editing Joel Gordon

At Suma Beach was recorded on January 30, 2006 at Sonic Temple. *Lives of the Saints* was recorded on January 23–24, April 16–18, and May 23, 2006 at Sonic Temple (Roslindale, MA).



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Piero della Francesca, *Saint Francis Receiving the Stigmata*. Predella from the St. Anthony Polyptych, c. 1465, Galleria Nazionale dell'Umbria, Perugia, Italy. Photo: Scala / Art Resource, NY

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