

Fred Ormand, acclaimed as a leading clarinet pedagogue, has also been very active in the areas of performance and research. He played with the Chicago, Cleveland, and Detroit Symphony orchestras and has performed as soloist with orchestras in the United States, Europe, and Asia. Mr. Ormand founded and toured extensively with the Interlochen Arts Quintet and the Dusha Quartet. He has performed at Chamber Music Northwest Festival, The Music Academy of the West, the Grand Teton Music Festival, and numerous International Clarinet Fests.

Mr. Ormand retired from the University of Michigan School of Music, Theatre, and Dance in 2007, a position he held since 1984. There he was honored with the Harold Haugh Award for his outstanding work as a teacher of applied music. In 2002 he was presented with the Distinguished Alumni Award of the School of Music and in 2007, in recognition of his service, he was presented

the Lifetime Achievement Award by the University of Michigan Band Alumni Association, an award presented only twice before. He has taught at several leading American Universities and in 1989 was visiting professor at the Shanghai Conservatory, where he attracted students from across China. In 1995 he gave an acclaimed series of master classes in England, Denmark, and Sweden. His former students are performers and teachers in orchestras and universities in the United States and Europe.

In addition to teaching and performing, Mr. Ormand served as president of the International Clarinet Association from 1990 to 1992. His editions of the clarinet music of Amilcare Ponchielli have been recorded on Danacord Records, and are now receiving many performances by leading clarinetists. In 2001 he was invited by the city of Cremona, Italy, to participate in a symposium honoring the composer. Mr. Ormand has recorded for Equilibrium, Crystal, and Danacord Records.



“Martin Katz must surely be considered the dean of collaborative pianists,” said the Los Angeles Times last season, and to make this official, Musical America magazine created a new award for him: Accompanist of the Year. One of the world’s busiest collaborators, he has been in constant demand by the world’s most celebrated vocal soloists for more than a quarter-century. Season after season, the world’s musical capitals figure prominently in his schedule, and throughout his long career he has been fortunate to partner some of the world’s most esteemed voices in concerts on five continents.

A native of Los Angeles, Mr. Katz began piano studies at the age of five. He attended the University of Southern California as a scholarship student and studied the specialized field of accompanying with its pioneer teacher,



Soprano Julia Broxholm is a highly regarded recital soloist, chamber musician, recording artist, and educator. She is a founding member of SATB, a vocal quartet specializing in vocal chamber music of the 19th and 20th centuries. As a recitalist she is known for her performances of vocal literature by American composers of the 20th and 21st centuries. Her performances with SATB have taken her from the Cayman Islands International Music Festival to the concert venues of Severance Hall in Cleveland, and Kilbourn Hall at Eastman School of Music. Recordings include two releases with SATB: *Magic* and *It's a Grand Night...Four Singing*. She also has previously recorded a CD of 19th century repertoire, *Of Shepherds, Romance and Love* with clarinetist Fred Ormand and pianist Martin Katz.

She received her D.M.A from the University of Michigan School of Music, and has been an active performer and teacher for over twenty-five years.

Her operatic roles include Alice Ford in Verdi's *Falstaff*, the title role in Floyd's *Susannah*, Susanna in Mozart's *Le Nozze di Figaro*, Norina in Donizetti's *Don Pasquale* and Musetta in Puccini's *La Boheme*. A recent project has been a series of premier performances of *Byna*, *Life Songs of a Southern Appalachian Woman of Cherokee Indian Descent*. *Byna* is the collaboration of a North Carolina composer and playwright, and has been receiving performances throughout the Appalachian mountain region. The Washington, D.C. premier of this major chamber work for soprano, piano, oboe and cello is planned for the 2007/2008 concert season.

Former students of Ms. Broxholm are leading players on stages on Broadway, in Las Vegas, in national touring companies, and in Europe. Ms. Broxholm joined the Music and Dance Department faculty at the University of Kansas in the fall of 2005.

Gwendolyn Koldofsky. While yet a student, he was given the unique opportunity of accompanying the master classes and lessons of such luminaries as Lotte Lehmann, Jascha Heifetz, Pierre Bernac, and Gregor Piatigorsky. Following his formal education, he held the position of pianist for the US Army Chorus in Washington, D.C. for three years, before moving to New York where his busy international career began in earnest in 1969.

The profile of Martin Katz is completed with his commitment to teaching. Since 1983, Ann Arbor has been his home, where he has been happy to chair the School of Music's program in collaborative piano, and play an active part in operatic productions. He has been a pivotal figure in the training of countless young artists, both singers and pianists, who are working all over the world.

Ned Rorem (b. 23 Oct. 1923) began his musical career in Chicago and nearby Evanston, where he encountered the composer Leo Sowerby, among others, and deepened his interest in Stravinsky and the French Impressionists. A restless student, Rorem enrolled for a time at Northwestern University's School of Music then at the Curtis Institute in Philadelphia, which he left in 1943 to become Virgil Thomson's secretary and music copyist. He studied with Aaron Copland thanks to a fellowship at Tanglewood in the summers of 1946 and 1947, and was evidently inspired to complete his bachelor's and master's degrees in quick succession soon afterward. After graduating he moved to Paris, where he studied with Arthur Honegger. Traveling for a time in Morocco, he returned to Paris and came in regular contact with Francis Poulenc, Georges Auric, and others. Moving back to America in 1958, he held a number of teaching positions, the last at the Curtis Institute. He was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for composition in 1976.

Rorem's nearly 400 songs arguably represent his most enduring contribution to American music. In these the composer combined modernist developments in harmony with traditional approaches to technique and form. *Ariel: Five Poems of Sylvia Plath for Soprano, Clarinet and Piano* is a fully advanced and mature work, completed in New York in May 1971 and presented as a gift to the composer's friend, American soprano Phyllis Curtin. Gathered from the collection of poetry entitled *Ariel* published in 1965, two years after Plath's suicide, the lyrics are fraught, hallucinatory, and sometimes morbid. Immediately evocative of German Expressionism, the texts may alternatively be read as testaments to the poet's struggle against failing mental health. In transforming them into dissonant, contrapuntally intricate songs, Rorem remained faithful to the originals, respecting even capitalization and punctuation if not always divisions into strophes. The five songs form a cycle of tempo relationships: moderate, slow, fast, slow, fast.

1. "Words." The opening song tests the virtuosity of all three performers, perhaps the clarinetist most—note in particular the fast, rhythmically complex passage in the middle of the third strophe. This interpolation, related to a brief accompanimental figure heard earlier, hints that the musical form will unfold at some tension with the poem's structure. Each new vocal statement begins with wide leaps, dissonant angularity, and rapid articulation. These divide the music into sections, most but not all corresponding to stanza divisions. The last such statement, preceded by the running clarinet figure and dissonant *sforzandissimo* chords in the piano, seems unfinished due to its placement within the closing stanza.

2. "Poppies in July." Sung in a languorous tempo, the vocal line has the character of a hypnotic chant or incantation. A single pitch (c) predominates in the vocal part, inflected by the upper half-step (d-flat). Nearly all the phrases cadence on a changing-note formula, which is alternately complete (g-f-g) or left incomplete (g-f). The piano accompaniment seems to follow at a distance, its distinct harmony articulated in a manner suggesting pointillism. The clarinet contributes to the slowly developing counterpoint with a series of time cycles, most comprising the same five pitches in various octaves and continuously changing rhythms. Despite the severe restrictions on the vocal melody, the reprise of the opening is audible at the end.

3. "The Hanging Man." Characterized by breath-taking clarinet and piano work, this song engages forthrightly with Plath's horrifying experience of electro-shock therapy. Musically all lines derive from two related, chromatically altered scales. The alternations of these, articulated by instrumental interludes, give the song its ABA form. The closing clarinet solo, which combines pitches of both scales, winds down rhythmically as if moving from panic to exhausted detachment.

4. "Poppies in October." Performed in a restrained tempo comparable to the related second song, the vocal line here is more expansive and the counterpoint more incisive. A trance-like state is again evoked, but mainly in the middle section, where the vocal line favors the whole tone scale and the key shifts from B-flat major to B major. An almost subliminal connection between the fourth and second songs is a persistent changing note motive, heard in all parts and often at phrase endings, derived from the formulaic cadences in "Poppies in July." As in the second song, the opening melody returns at the end although the accompanying rhythms and counterpoint are not as before.

5. "Lady Lazarus." In this final, disturbing song, marked "Fast and frantic, but mechanical," the clarinet and piano alternately interrupt and collide with the furious vocal line. When not proceeding in paired dissonant intervals, the instruments relate imitatively to one other and to the voice. The syncopated text setting, reminiscent of Broadway, enhances the effect of a nightmare trip down a carnival midway.



American composer of both vocal and instrumental music in a wide range of styles, **Dominic Argento** (b. 27 Oct. 1927) studied piano, music theory, and composition at Peabody Conservatory after completing military service as a cryptographer in World War II. A 1951 Fulbright fellowship took him to Florence, where he worked with Luigi Dallapiccola and developed a lifelong affection for that Italian city. Returning to Baltimore, Argento studied composition with Henry Cowell and became musical director of the Hilltop Musical Company, a position that introduced him to the opera business and led to a series of collaborations with the group's then stage director, John Scrymgeour. One of these operas, *The Boor*, based on the Chekhov play, saw production while Argento was completing the Ph.D. at the Eastman School. He joined the music faculty of the University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, in 1958, where he taught for nearly forty years and filled a steady stream of commissions. He received two Guggenheim fellowships and was elected to the American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters in 1980.

Apart from opera, Argento's most significant contribution to twentieth-century vocal music is the song cycle, something recognized by the 1975 Pulitzer Prize for *From the Diary of Virginia Woolf*. A composer of impeccable taste for prose as well as poetic texts, Argento drew upon and edited eight different poems by William Wordsworth for *To Be Sung Upon the Water: Barcaroles and Nocturnes for High Voice, Piano, Clarinet and Bass Clarinet* (1973). The Wordsworth connection notwithstanding, Argento conceived the cycle as a tribute to Franz Schubert. Its title refers to Schubert's "Auf dem wasser zu singen," a measure of which is quoted in the fifth song, and the ensemble of soprano, clarinet, and piano calls to mind Schubert's "Der Hirt auf dem Felsen." Concerning the large-scale form Argento wrote: "The idea for the work was suggested by the image of the expanding circles that appear on the surface of a body of water when a pebble is dropped into it." The middle songs, "Fair Is The Swan" and "In Remembrance Of Schubert," allude to Schubert's music and compositional techniques. In the former, the voice and bass clarinet predominate, whereas only voice and piano are heard in the latter. Flanking these are four songs of different character for voice, clarinet, and piano that concern music heard on the water. The opening "Prologue: Shadow And Substance" sets the scene, introducing the complex harmonic language of the cycle. The concluding "Epilogue: De Profundis" invokes the watery depths of ancient mythology rather than the text of Psalm 130, which is not quoted.

I. "Prologue: Shadow And Substance." Performed at a moderate tempo and in tranquil, even-sounding note values, the piano and bass clarinet entrances anticipate the song's unifying three-note motif. The *legatissimo* vocal line incorporates the same three-note pattern which often plays against the accentuation of the text. Despite the extended tonality, the melody unfolds sequentially in rising thirds, with each new section resolving unexpectedly and inconclusively. The eddying of rhythms into recitative-like flow enhances this effect. The three-note motif continues in the accompaniment in a manner Schubert might well have appreciated. The form is not as readily described in Schubertian terms, but the song ends in the same B major (poly)tonality of the opening.

II. "The Lake At Evening." Conceived in a slow tempo, the voice enters immediately with solicitous attention to text declamation. As the song unfolds, diatonic chords in the piano underlie a chromatically inflected vocal line, evoking the unsettled calm before the storm. The clarinet's entrance about two-thirds of the way through creates a complete change in mood and mode as the pentatonic scale becomes the stuff of dialogue between Pan's pipe and the singer. Yet despite imitating its strains she appears to not fully comprehend the meaning. If, as Pan assures her "tranquility is here," she cannot help becoming anxious again as the vocal line diverges from the pentatonic scale and chords distant from that scale are heard.

III. "Music On The Water." Argento evokes another ageless instrument, the lute, represented in the piano by rolling, arpeggiated chords. The tonal contrast between the accompaniment and the vocal line, along with the slow *adagio* tempo, suggest a loose, almost absent-minded affiliation, as if the singer is so lost in reverie that she loses track of her strumming. Three clarinet entrances, related to one another and to the vocal line and recurring at different points relative to it, create the impression of a thought unbidden and persistent. Time passing, perhaps? The first entrance is almost below the threshold of awareness, but the second, a brief interlude a whole step lower than the first and prominent in the texture, gives pause. When the clarinet is heard the third time and soon in parallel intervals with the voice we are as startled as the singer, as if disturbed from a daydream.

IV. "Fair Is The Swan." In this lively contrapuntal song, scored mainly for voice and bass clarinet, the chromatic lines and displaced imitation call to mind some two-voice pieces from Béla Bartók's *Mikrokosmos*. Indeed in its steady rhythm the vocal line seems at first a mere vehicle for imitative exploration, the text being articulated without much regard for accentuation. Additive structure, in which sections of music are presented and recombined until the recapitulation of the opening material at the end, is another nod in the direction of the neo-baroque. Yet the image of the swan, familiar to song composers since the Renaissance, seems to have inclined Argento toward madrigal-like repetition. These help articulate the form and bring closure at the end, where the last complete repeat ("Fair is the swan"), makes up for an interrupted one at the beginning.

V. "In Remembrance Of Schubert." This tranquil song for voice and piano is consistently polytonal, the vocal line in G major contrasting with the E-flat major accompaniment, which incorporates a recurring high c-sharp that is out of place in both keys. Slow, arpeggiated chords in the piano's left hand invoke the river's flowing in the manner of Schubert. As the image of the poet's heart is invoked, Argento quotes a measure of that composer's "Auf dem wasser zu singen." Like that song, the form of the melody is straightforward and based on a simple repetition scheme.

VI. "Hymn Near The Rapids." In this aptly titled song Wordsworth's agitated text is declaimed in four hymn-like strophes of six lines with different accompaniments. Rhythmic displacement is employed effectively, particularly at the end of the first stanza and in the second. The song's *allegro* tempo, dissonant tonal language, and rapid instrumental figuration continue until the last two lines, when something akin to a hymn setting in the piano competes with the syncopated bass clarinet line.

VII. "The Lake At Night." Arguably the most literally pictorial song in the cycle, Argento represents bird calls in the clarinet's high clarion register, a duck in the low chalumeau range, and different water sounds in both accompanying parts—a pointillist soundscape not unrelated to Bartók's 'night music.' As the atmosphere of quiet returns at the end, so too do the opening phrases of the vocal melody. Only here did Argento alter the sequence of text in the original poem, "An Evening Walk Addressed to a Young Lady."

VIII. "Epilogue: De Profundis." In the closing song, marked *adagio appassionato*, the dissonance of the tonal framework is relieved by frequent octave passages between the voice and bass clarinet. The sea is represented in low repeated figures in the piano, while the sound of Triton's horn is imitated at the end by the bass clarinet in a passage echoing the pentatonic strains of Pan's pipe an octave lower.

14. George Gershwin's "Somebody Loves Me" is introduced by the famous opening clarinet trill and *glissando* from the same composer's *Rhapsody in Blue*. The song itself was first performed in the musical review, *George White's Scandals of 1924*.

15. "All The Things You Are", music by Jerome Kern and words by Oscar Hammerstein II, was introduced in the musical, *Very Warm for May* (1939). This famous song was heard often in movies of the 1940s and 1950s, and has become a jazz standard.

16. Irving Berlin's "Puttin' On The Ritz," composed in 1929, was introduced a year later by Harry Richman in a movie of the same name. More listeners probably associate it with Fred Astaire, who reprised it in *Blue Skies* (1946).

Notes by James Borders, Professor of Music, The University of Michigan



"Toot Suite" is a set of three pieces for soprano, clarinet, and piano that utilizes some form of scat singing (vocal nonsense syllables) in each movement. "Somebody Loves Me" begins with a brief quote from the "Rhapsody In Blue," proceeds with the chorus of the song, and goes through a series of four variations on the theme. The clarinet and voice employ various scat patterns—the piano only providing a brief exclamation point at the end. "All The Things You Are" presents the song in its entirety and then goes into an extended vocalise for the soprano. "Puttin' On The Ritz" is designated as a "perpetuum mobile"—a piece in which some rapid rhythmic motion continues throughout, in this case the first melodic gesture of the song's chorus (a minor triad which is continually passed between the three voices). The verse functions as an interlude, and the final chorus reprises the initial gesture at a faster tempo, this time employing scat syllables.

Notes by the arranger, Gerald DePuit

ARIEL

Five Poems of Sylvia Plath

1. Words

Axes
After whose stroke the wood rings,
And the echoes!
Echoes travelling
Off from the centre like horses.

The sap
Wells like tears, like the
Water striving
To re-establish its mirror
Over the rock

That drops and turns,
A white skull,
Eaten by weedy greens.
Years later I
Encounter them on the road –

Words dry and riderless,
The indefatigable hoof-taps.
While
From the bottom of the pool, fixed stars
Govern a life.

2. Poppies in July

Little poppies, little hell flames,
Do you do no harm?

You flicker. I cannot touch you.
I put my hand among the flames. Nothing burns.

And it exhausts me to watch you
Flickering like that, wrinkled and clear red, like the
skin of a mouth.

A mouth just bloodied.
Little bloody skirts!

There are fumes that I cannot touch.
Where are your opiates, your nauseous capsules?

If I could bleed, or sleep! –
If my mouth could marry a hurt like that!

Or your liquors seep to me, in this glass capsule,
Dulling and stilling.

But colourless. Colourless.

3. The Hanging Man

By the roots of my hair some god got hold of me.
I sizzled in his blue volts like a desert prophet.

The nights snapped out of sight like lizard's eyelid:
A world of bald white days in a shadeless socket.

A vulturous boredom pinned me in this tree.
If he were I, he would do what I did.

4. Poppies in October

Even the sun-clouds this morning cannot manage such skirts.
Nor the woman in the ambulance
Whose red heart blooms through her coat so astoundingly –

A gift, a love gift
Utterly unasked for
By a sky

Palely and flamily
Igniting its carbon monoxides, by eyes
Dulled to a halt under bowlers.

O my God, what am I
That these late mouths should cry open
In a forest of frost, in a dawn of cornflowers.

5. Lady Lazarus

I have done it again.
One year in every ten
I manage it –

A sort of walking miracle, my skin
Bright as a Nazi lampshade,
My right foot

A paperweight,
My face a featureless, fine
Jew linen.

Peel off the napkin
O my enemy.
Do I terrify? –

The nose, the eye pits, the full set of teeth?
The sour breath
Will vanish in a day.

Soon, soon the flesh
The grave cave ate will be
At home on me

And I a smiling woman.
I am only thirty.
And like the cat I have nine times to die.

This is Number Three.

What a trash

To annihilate each decade.

What a million filaments.

The peanut-crunching crowd

Shoves in to see

Them unwrap me hand and foot –

The big strip tease.

Gentlemen, ladies,

These are my hands,

My knees.

I may be skin and bone,

Nevertheless, I am the same, identical woman.

The first time it happened I was ten.

It was an accident.

The second time I meant

To last it out and not come back at all.

I rocked shut

As a seashell.

They had to call and call

And pick the worms off me like sticky pearls.

Dying

Is an art, like everything else.

I do it exceptionally well.

I do it so it feels like hell.

I do it so it feels real.

I guess you could say I've a call.

It's easy enough to do it in a cell.

It's easy enough to do it and stay put.

It's the theatrical

Comeback in broad day

To the same place, the same face, the same brute

Amused shout:

"A miracle!"

That knocks me out.

There is a charge

For the eyeing of my scars, there is a charge

For the hearing of my heart –

It really goes.

And there is a charge, a very large charge,

For a word or a touch

Or a bit of blood

Or a piece of my hair or my clothes.

So, so Herr Doktor.

So, Herr Enemy.

I am your opus,

I am your valuable,

The pure gold baby

That melts to a shriek.

I turn and burn.

Do not think I underestimate your great concern.

Ash, ash –

You poke and stir.

Flesh, bone, there is nothing there –

A cake of soap,

A wedding ring,

A gold filling.

Herr God, Herr Lucifer,

Beware

Beware.

Out of the ash

I rise with my red hair

And I eat men like air.

TO BE SUNG UPON THE WATER

Poems by William Wordsworth

I. Prologue: Shadow and Substance

As one who hangs down-bending from the side

Of a slow-moving boat, upon the breast

Of a still water, solacing himself

With such discoveries as his eye can make

Beneath him in the bottom of the deep,

Sees many beauteous sights – weeds, fishes, flowers,

Grots, pebbles, roots of trees, and fancies more,

Yet often is perplexed and cannot part

The shadow from the substance, rocks and sky,

Mountains and clouds, reflected in the depth

Of the clear flood, from things which there abide

In their true dwelling; now is crossed by gleam

Of his own image, by a sunbeam now,

And wavering motions sent he knows not whence,

Impediments that make his task more sweet;

Such pleasant office have I long pursued

Incumbent o'er the surface of past time.



II. The Lake at Evening

Clouds, lingering yet, extend in solid bars
Through the grey west; and lo! these waters steeled
By breezeless air to smoothest polish, yield
A vivid repetition of the stars;
Jove, Venus, and the ruddy crest of Mars
Amid his fellows beautifully revealed
At happy distance from earth's groaning field,
Where ruthless mortals wage incessant wars.
Is it a mirror? – or the nether Sphere
Opening to view the abyss in which she feeds
Her own calm fires? – But listen! a voice is near;
Great Pan himself low-whispering through the reeds,
'Be thankful, thou; for, if unholy deeds
Ravage the world, tranquility is here!'

III. Music on the Water

Lutes and voices down th'enchanted woods
Steal, and compose the oar-forgotten floods,
While Evening's solemn bird melodious weeps;
Heard, by star-spotted bays, beneath the steep;
Slow glides the sail along th' illumined shore,
And steals into the shade the lazy oar.
Soft bosoms breathe around contagious sighs,
And amorous music on the water dies.

IV. Fair is the Swan

Fair is the Swan, whose majesty, prevailing
O'er breezeless water, on Locarno's Lake,
Bears him on while proudly sailing
He leaves behind a moon-illumined wake:
-Behold! – as with a gushing impulse heaves
That downy prow, and softly cleaves
The mirror of the crystal flood,
Vanish inverted hill, and shadowy wood,
And pendant rocks, where'er, in gliding state,
Winds the mute Creature without visible Mate
Or Rival, save the Queen of night
Showering down a silver light,
From heaven, upon her chosen Favourite!

V. In Remembrance of Schubert

O glide, fair stream! for ever so,
Thy quiet soul on all bestowing,
Till all our minds for ever flow
As thy deep waters now are flowing.
Vain thought! – Yet be as now thou art,
That in thy waters may be seen
The image of a poet's heart,
How bright, how solemn, how serene!
Now let us, as we float along,
For him suspend the dashing oar;
And pray that never child of song
May know that Poet's sorrows more.
How calm! how still! the only sound,
The dripping of the oar suspended!

VI. Hymn Near the Rapids

Jesu! bless our slender Boat,
By the current swept along;
Loud its threatenings – let them not
Drown the music of a song;
Breathed thy mercy to implore,
Where these troubled waters roar!
Saviour, for our warning, seen
Bleeding on that precious Rood;
If, while through the meadows green
Gently wound the peaceful flood,
We forgot Thee, do not Thou
Disregard Thy Suppliants now!
Hither, like yon ancient Tower
Watching o'er the River's bed,
Fling the shadow of thy power,
Else we sleep among the dead;
Thou who trod'st the billowy sea,
Shield us in our jeopardy!
Guide our Bark among the waves;
Through the rocks our passage smooth;
Where the whirlpool frets and raves
Let Thy love its anger soothe;
All our hope is placed in Thee;
Miserere Domine!



VII. The Lake at Night

Sweet are the sounds that mingle from afar,
Heard by calm lakes, as peeps the folding star,
Where the duck dabbles 'mid the rustling sedge,
And feeding pike starts from the water's edge,
Or the swan stirs the reeds, his neck and bill
Wetting, that drip upon the water still;
And now, on every side, the surface breaks
Into blue spots, and slowly lengthening streaks;
Here, plots of sparkling water tremble bright
With thousand thousand twinkling points of light;
And now the whole wide lake in deep repose
Is hushed, and like a burnished mirror glows.

VIII. Epilogue: De Profundis

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not. – Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

TOOT SUITE

1. Somebody Loves Me

Somebody loves me, I wonder who,
I wonder who he can be;
Somebody loves me, I wish I knew,
Who can he be worries me.
For every guy who passes me I shout,
Hey! Maybe you were meant to be my loving baby;
Somebody loves me, I wonder who
Maybe it's you.

2. All the Things You Are

Time and again I've longed for adventure,
Something to make my heart beat the faster.
What did I long for? I never really knew.
Finding your love I've found my adventure,
Touching your hand, my heart beats the faster,
All that I want in all of this world is you.

You are the promised kiss of springtime
That makes the lonely winter seem long.
You are the breathless hush of evening
That trembles on the brink of a lovely song.
You are the angel glow that lights a star,
The dearest things I know are what you are.
Some day my happy arms will hold you,
And someday I'll know that moment divine,
When all the things you are are mine.

3. Puttin' On the Ritz

If you're blue and you don't know where to go to,
Why don't you go where fashion sits,
Puttin' on the Ritz.
Diff'rent types who wear a day coat, pants with stripes
And cutaway coat, perfect fits,
Puttin' on the Ritz.

Strolling up the avenue so happy
All dressed up just like an English chappie,
Very snappy.

Come let's mix where Rockefeller's walk with sticks
Or umbrellas in their mitts,
Puttin' on the Ritz.

Have you seen the well-to-do
Up and down Park Avenue,
On that famous thoroughfare
With their noses in the air?
High hats and Arrow collars,
White spats and lots of dollars,
Spending ev'ry dime for a wonderful time.

Dressed up like a million dollar trouser,
Trying hard to look like Gary Cooper,
Super duper.

If you're blue and you don't know where to go to
Why don't you go where fashion sits
Puttin' on the Ritz.



Martin Katz



Julia Broxholm



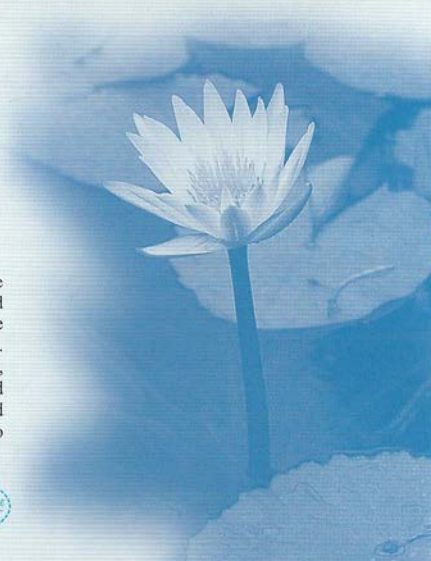
Fred Ormand



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Mr. Ormand is a Buffet Artist





TRANSCIENCE

JULIA BROXHOLM, SOPRANO FRED ORMAND, CLARINET MARTIN KATZ, PIANO

Ariel (Five Poems of Sylvia Plath)	Ned Rorem	17:26
1. Words		2:33
2. Poppies in July		3:22
3. The Hanging Man		2:39
4. Poppies in October		2:38
5. Lady Lazarus		6:15

To Be Sung Upon The Water	Domenic Argento	29:45
6. I. Prologue: Shadow And Substance		4:15
7. II. The Lake At Evening		3:34
8. III. Music On The Water		3:19
9. IV. Fair Is The Swan		1:43
10. V. In Remembrance Of Schubert		3:33
11. VI. Hymn Near The Rapids		2:52
12. VII. The Lake At Night		4:34
13. VIII. Epilogue: De Profundis		5:56

Toot Suite	Arr. By Gerald DePuit	9:19
14. Somebody Loves Me	G. Gershwin	3:59
15. All the Things You Are	J. Kern	4:09
16. Puttin' on the Ritz	I. Berlin	1:51

Total Time **56:30**



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