

Emerald Ghost

COPLAND × GALANTE
SONG CYCLES



Aaron Copland *

(1900–1990)

Twelve Poems of Emily Dickinson (1950)
for soprano and piano

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. Nature, the gentlest mother
04:11 | 7. Sleep is supposed to be
03:10 |
| 2. There came a wind like a bugle
01:45 | 8. When they come back
02:04 |
| 3. Why do they shut me out of Heaven?
02:29 | 9. I felt a funeral in my brain
02:26 |
| 4. The world feels dusty
01:46 | 10. I've heard an organ talk sometimes
02:27 |
| 5. Heart, we will forget him
02:24 | 11. Going to Heaven!
02:56 |
| 6. Dear March, come in!
02:24 | 12. The Chariot
03:30 |

* Texts from *Poems by Emily Dickinson*, edited by Martha Dickinson Bianchi and Alfred Leete Hampson and published by permission of Little, Brown and Company

Carlo Galante

(*1959)

Nostra Signora degli Insonni (2004)
for soprano and piano

13. Nostra Signora degli Insonni
02:30

14. Risate nella notte
03:13

15. Inizia dal cervello
02:12

16. Vi aspetto amici su questo approdo
03:18

17. Quando era lontano dalla sera
02:11

18. Così si scende soli nella notte
03:15

19. Il Sonno
02:48

20. Dialoghetto
02:23

21. Anime del sonno
04:06

TT: 57:40

Emerald Ghost

Lucy Katherine De Butts, soprano
Giovanna Maria Gatto, piano



Aaron Copland

Twelve Poems of Emily Dickinson

1. Nature, the gentlest mother

Nature, the gentlest mother
Impatient of no child
The feeblest or the waywardest
Her admonition mild

In forest and the hill
By traveller is heard
Restraining rampant squirrel
Or too impetuous bird.

How fair her conversation
A summer afternoon
Her household, her assembly
And when the sun goes down

Her voice among the aisles
Incites the timid prayer
Of the minutest cricket
The most unworthy flower.

When all the children sleep,
She turns as long away,
As will suffice to light her lamps
Then, bending from the sky,

With infinite affection
And infiniter care
Her golden finger on her lip
Wills silence everywhere.

2. There came a wind like a bugle

There came a wind like a bugle,
It quivered through the grass,
And a green chill upon the heat
So ominous did pass

We barred the windows and the doors
As from an emerald ghost
The doom's electric moccasin
That very instant passed.

On a strange mob of panting trees
And fences fled away.
And rivers where the houses ran
The living looked that day,

The bell within the steeple wild
The flying tidings whirled.
How much can come
And much can go,
And yet abide the world.

3. Why do they shut me out of Heaven

Why do they shut me out of Heaven
Did I sing too loud?
But I can sing a little minor,
Timid as a bird.

Wouldn't the angels try me
just once more
Just see if I troubled them
But don't shut the door!

Oh if I were the gentlemen
in the white robes
and they were the little hand that knocked
Could I forbid?

Why do they shut me out of Heaven
Did I sing too loud?

4. The world feels dusty

The world feels dusty,
when we stop to die
We want the dew then
Honors taste dry

Flags vex a dying face
But the least fan
stirred by a friend's hand
Cools like the rain

Mine be the ministry
when thy thirst comes
Dews of thyself to fetch
and holy balms.

5. Heart, we will forget him

Heart, we will forget him
You and I, tonight.
You may forget the warmth he gave,
I will forget the light.

When you have done, pray tell me,
That I my thoughts may dim;
Haste, lest while you're lagging,
I may remember him

6. Dear March, come in!

Dear March, come in
How glad I am
I looked for you before.
Put down your hat
You must have walked
How out of breath you are.
Dear March, how are you?
And the rest?
Did you leave Nature well?
Oh, March come right upstairs with me
I have so much to tell.

I got your letter, and the bird's;
The maples never knew
That you were coming, I declare,
How red their faces grew,

But, March, forgive me.
And all those hills
You left for me to hue,
There was no purple suitable,
You took it all with you.

Who knocks? that April?
Lock the door,
I will not be pursued
He stayed away a year, to call
When I am occupied.
But trifles look so trivial
As soon as you have come
And blame is just as dear as praise
And praise as mere as blame.

7. Sleep is supposed to be

Sleep is supposed to be,
By souls of sanity,
The shutting of the eye.

Sleep is the station grand
Down which on either hand
The hosts of witness stand

Morn is supposed to be,
By people of degree
The breaking of the day,

Morning has not occurred
That shall aurora be
East of Eternity

One with the banner gay
One in the red array
That is the break of day.

8. When they come back

When they come back, if Blossoms do,
I always feel a doubt
If blossoms can be born again
When once the art is out -

When they begin, if robins do,
I always had a fear
I did not tell, it was their last Experiment
Last year,

When it is May, if May return.
Has nobody a pang
that on a face so beautiful
We might not look again.

If I am there, one does not know
What party one may be
Tomorrow, but if I *am* there
I take back all I say!

9. I felt a funeral in my brain

I felt a funeral in my brain,
And mourners to and fro,
Kept treading, treading, till it seemed
That sense was breaking through.

And when they all were seated
A service like a drum
Kept beating, beating, till I thought
My mind was going numb.

And then I heard them lift a box,
And creak across my soul
With those same boots of lead again,
Then space began to toll

As all the heavens were a bell
And Being but an ear.
And I and silence some strange race,
Wrecked, solitary here.

10. I've heard an organ talk sometimes

I've heard an organ talk sometimes
In a cathedral aisle
And understood no word it said.
Yet held my breath the while

And risen up and gone away,
A more Bernardine girl
And know not what was done to me.
In that old hallowed aisle.

11. Going to Heaven!

Going to Heaven!
I don't know when,
Pray do not ask me how
Indeed I'm too astonished
To think of answering you
Going to Heaven!
How dim it sounds.
And yet it will be done
As sure as flocks go home at night
Unto the shepherd's arm!

Perhaps you're going too!
Who knows?
If you should get there first
Save just a little place for me,

Close to the two I lost
The smallest "robe" will fit me
And just a bit of "crown"
For you know we do not mind our dress
When we are going home.

I'm glad I don't believe it
For it would stop my breath
And I'd like to look a little more
At such a curious earth
I am glad they did believe it
Whom I have never found
Since the mighty autumn afternoon,
I left them in the ground.

12. The Chariot

Because I would not stop for Death,
He kindly stopped for me.
The carriage held but just ourselves
and Immortality.

We slowly drove, he knew no haste,
And I had put away
My labour and my leisure too
For his civility

We passed the school where children played,
Their lessons scarcely done
We passed the fields of gazing grain
We passed the setting sun,

We paused before a house that seemed
a swelling of the ground
The roof was scarcely visible
The cornice but a mound.

Since then 'tis centuries but each
Feels shorter than the day
I first surmised the horses' heads
Were toward eternity.

13. Nostra Signora degli Insonni (Milo De Angelis)

Nostra Signora degli Insonni
custodisci queste vene che furono marea
Voce spartita in assemblea e inchiostro
Polvere di gioia colpita ad altezza d'uomo
Mentre la sostanza attraversa
oscuramente la camicia
muove il parabrezza
scatena la magia
di un'altra età

*Our Lady of Insomnia,
guard these veins that were a tide
Voice divided into assembly and ink
Gunpowder of a joy shot at eye level
While the substance pierces
the shirt darkly
moves the windshield
unleashes the magic
of another age*

14. Risate nella notte (Gabriela Fantato)

La tavola sopra lascia
che il vino leghi alle parole
e amici spalla a spalla
ma sotto proprio là tra il buio
si aprono promesse
tra pelle e gambe e ossa conficcate
che il passo asciutto
conosce nelle scarpe quel limite
bordo che intero unisce bene e male
al centro dove il silenzio
inventa la paura
dove scordo le frane della vita
E intanto le risate della notte
si sfanno a una a una, senza amore.

*The table above allows
wine to bind to words
and friends shoulder to shoulder
but beneath, through the darkness
promises are opened
struck between skin and legs and bones
that the dry stride
knows in the shoes that limit
a whole border that unites
good and evil
in the center where silence
invents fear
where I forget the ruins of life
And in the meantime the laughs of the night
fall apart one by one, without love.*

15. Inizia dal cervello (Giancarlo Majorino)

Inizia dal cervello
Si confonde e si spande
Si confonde con l'aria
che la camera pigia
dilatando molecole
le cerniere della notte sono aperte
o sono state rotte.
La piccola grotta del corpo
sta nella grande grotta della casa
Luci d'aereo forano la galassia
sorgendo da terra o cadendo piano
nel rilento

*It starts in the brain
It mingles and spreads
It mingles with the air
that the room presses
dilating molecules
the junctures of the night are open
or have been torn.
The small cave of the body
stands in the large cave of the house
The lights of aircrafts puncture the galaxy
rising from the ground or falling softly
in the slowness*

16. Vi aspetto amici su questo approdo (Giancarlo Pontiggia)

Vi aspetto amici su questo approdo
Portate del pane e del vino
accendete il fuoco
portate della legna e una coperta
La notte è molto lunga
e comincia a piovere

*I'm waiting for you, friends, on this jetty
Bring some bread and wine
light the fire
bring wood and a blanket
The night is very long
and it's beginning to rain*

17. Quando era lontano dalla sera (Franco Buffoni)

Quando era lontano dalla sera
gli sembrava tutto naturale,
dimenticare il travestimento
le gomme a posto
il sentimento della città
di essere solo.
Ma quando era già buio
e poi più buio
e c'è soltanto il fare,
dire stasera non mi sento
o per stasera lascio stare.
Basta per un'ora ma poi l'altra...
Allora tornava senza sole
il desiderio vuoto
il bisogno di salire sul palco aperto
al cuore della strada

*When he was far from the evening
it all seemed natural to him,
forgetting the disguise
the tyres in place
the feeling of the city
of being alone.
But when it was already dark
and then darker still
and there is only the doing,
saying tonight I'm not feeling up to it
or I'll leave it for tonight.
Enough for an hour, but then the other ...
Then it returned without sun
the empty desire
the need to rise up onto the open stage
at the heart of the street*

18. Così si scende soli nella notte (Giuseppe Calliari)

Così si scende soli nella notte
ciascuno con la sua fiamma estrema
ciascuno ha la sua tana.
Il tepore aromatico
percorre il corpo viatico serale.
A uno a uno si smorzano
i fuochi separati
si raffredda vicina
la coppa della libagione libata
Tutto è notte,
il sonno monta a poco a poco.
Solo all'ingresso
veglia la resistenza elettrica
di una lampadina

*This is how we sink down alone into the night
Each with their own extreme flame
Each with their own den.
The aromatic warmth
runs through the body's evening viaticum.
One by one they fade away
the separate fires
the drained cup of libation
cools down nearby
All is night,
sleep rises little by little.
Only at the entrance
the electrical resistance of a light bulb
takes vigil*

19. Il Sonno (Gian Piero Bona)

Il Sonno è un semidio cristallino
un'anfora è un filosofo
in tremore di fratello.
Con lui si liba un vino
d'ametista.
È un ebbro precettore
che fa lezione d'arte
in un museo vuoto.
Il sonno si veste da poeta
e da morte.
Somiglia ad uno spondeo latino
è un uscio un serto per atleta

*Sleep is a crystalline demigod
an amphora and a philosopher
in the tremors of a brother.
In it you sip
an amethyst wine.
It is an inebriated professor
who teaches art classes
in an empty museum.
Sleep dresses up like a poet
and like death.
Resembles a Latin spondee*
and a door, an athlete's wreath*

* in poetry, a spondee is a metrical foot
that contains two stressed syllables

20. Dialoghetto (Guido Oldani)

Il vento scricchiola alle imposte
con poco più di quanto sia un brusio.
Invece la pioggia guasta il tetto
di quegli antipatici qui accanto.
Se litigano loro io li sento,
se russo per gli altri non c'è scampo.

*The wind creaks at the shutters
with little more than a buzz.
Conversely, the rain spoils the roof
of those unpleasant people next door.
If they quarrel, I hear them
if I snore, there's no way out for them.*

21. Anime del sonno (Danilo Bramati)

Ma voi non vi abbandonate
Anime del Sonno
alla notte che brilla
di sale e di fosforo.
Non toccate lo smeriglio della notte
quando la tenda fluttuante di stelle
Si apre si chiude leggera
voi restate piegate
sui tavoli di veglia
soffiate piano alle vostre lanterne
nell'oro delle fiamme
contemplate questa terra scura
che ha il cuore di spiga
di stoppia e di segale
fra le vene
le arterie ferme
dove trascorre la vostra linfa
O anime del Sonno

*Yet do not surrender
You souls of sleep
into the shining night
of salt and phosphorus.
Do not touch the emery of the night
when the billowing curtain of stars
Opens and closes, lightly
you stay bent,
on the tables of vigil
blow slowly on your lanterns
in the gold of the flames
contemplate this dark earth
that has the heart of an ear of corn
of stubble and rye
between the veins
the still arteries
where your lymph flows
O souls of Sleep*

Aaron Copland

Twelve Poems of Emily Dickinson

“The reviews were so bad, that I decided I must have written a better cycle than I had realized” remarked Aaron Copland wryly to his friend and fellow composer Leonard Bernstein following the first performance of *Twelve Poems for Emily Dickinson* in 1950. It did not take long for attitudes towards the song cycle to change. William Flanagan argued in 1952 that it was “probably the most important single contribution toward an American song literature that we have to date.”¹

Copland’s personal introduction to the song cycle is as follows: “These twelve songs were composed at Sneden’s Landing, New York, at various times during the period from March 1949 to March 1950. They are the first works the composer has written for solo voice and piano since 1928. The poems centre about no single theme, but they treat of subject matter particularly close to Miss Dickinson: nature, death, life, eternity. Only two of the songs are related thematically, the seventh and twelfth. Nevertheless, the composer hopes that, in seeking a musical counterpart for the unique personality of the poet, he has given the songs, taken together, the aspect of a song cycle.”²

The poems cover an array of themes: from pain and rejection (No. 3 *Why do they shut me out of heaven?* and No. 5 *Heart, we will forget him*) to acceptance and faith (No. 4 *The world feels dusty* and No. 10 *I've heard an organ talk sometimes*); from death and eternity (No. 7 *Sleep is supposed to be* and No. 12 *The Chariot*) to nature and silence (No. 1 *Nature, the gentlest mother* and No. 8 *When they come back*).³ There are moments of chaotic breathlessness, and of a naive and effervescent inquisitiveness, alongside moments of dark despair, followed by of a serene calm and acceptance of one's fate, and ultimately, one's death. "In various poems, she assumes the voice of the coquette, the spinster, the young boy, the heretic and the devout regenerate, the dying and the dead."⁴

Copland's song cycle is powerful in its restraint and subtle beauty. "The austere and abstract poems mesh with the musical layers, planes, and angles to convey a sense of silence, eternity, and space. The piano writing is lean and sparse, often merely outlining chords or proceeding linearly in both hands. There is little word repetition. The declamatory style of the vocal writing almost diagrams the texts."⁵ Much word painting is used: Emily Dickinson's bird calls, bugle calls and stamping feet are transformed into musical gestures.

Emily Dickinson (1830–1886), was reclusive during her lifetime but is now considered one of America's most important poets. She published only ten of her almost 1800 poems during her lifetime. Copland recounted "I fell in love with one song, *The Chariot*, and continued to add songs one at a time until I had twelve. The poems themselves gave me direction, one that I hoped would be appropriate to Miss Dickinson's lyrical expressive language." The songs can function on their own, but Copland stressed that he would prefer them to be sung as a cycle, as "they seem to have a cumulative effect."⁶

Lucy De Butts

- 1 William Flanagan, *American Songs: A Thin Crop*, *Musical America* (February, 1952):23 and 130
- 2 Aaron Copland, *Twelve Poems of Emily Dickinson* (New York: Boosey & Hawkes, 1951), prefatory note
- 3 Beverly Soll and Ann Dorr, *Cyclical Implications in Aaron Copland's "Twelve Poems of Emily Dickinson"* *College Music Symposium*, Published By: College Music Society, vol. 32 (1992), pp. 99–128.
- 4 Dorothy Z. Baker *Aaron Copland's Twelve Poems of Emily Dickinson: A Reading of Dissonance and Harmony*
- 5 Beverly Soll and Ann Dorr, *Cyclical Implications in Aaron Copland's "Twelve Poems of Emily Dickinson"* *College Music Symposium*, Published By: College Music Society, vol. 32 (1992), pp. 99–128.
- 6 Aaron Copland, *Twelve Poems of Emily Dickinson* (New York: Boosey & Hawkes, 1951), notes by Vivian Perlis

Carlo Galante

Nostra Signora degli Insonni

Carlo Galante composed this cycle of nine songs in 2004. It explores the encounter between music and poetry around the theme of night, using the poetry of nine contemporary Italian poets. In the first song we are introduced to “The Lady of the Night”, an arcane presence who will henceforth guide the listener through the various nuances of this journey into darkness and silence. The night is portrayed multifariously as a time of intimacy and lyrical solitude, of visionary and cosmic insomnia, of mundanity and irony; as a time when visions and memories arise that unite the past with the present, and reality with fantasy.

The music becomes an accomplice to this ever-changing portrayal of the night, amplifying and mutating the poetry into precise musical figures, which are in turn transformed in the articulated sound texture of the piano part. The authors of the poetic texts are: Gian Piero Bona, Danilo Bramati, Franco Buffoni, Giuseppe Calliari, Milo De Angelis, Gabriela Fantato, Giancarlo Majorino, Guido Oldani, Giancarlo Pontiggia.

Carlo Galante & Giovanna Gatto

Emerald Ghost

The vocal/piano duo Emerald Ghost was formed in 2019 in Bern, Switzerland, and comprises the British soprano Lucy De Butts and the Italian pianist Giovanna Gatto.

Lucy De Butts

The British soprano Lucy De Butts is based in Berlin and performs throughout Europe as a soloist and ensemble singer of oratorio, opera and song. Born in Buckinghamshire in the UK, Lucy read History at Edinburgh University before embarking on a career in music. Having sung recreationally since the age of 16 alongside violin and piano studies, two fantastic summers spent singing with Helmuth Rilling's Stuttgart Festival Ensemble in 2006 & 2007 inspired her to take the plunge and pursue a singing career. She has since gained Master degrees in Classical Singing from Trinity College of Music in London and the Zurich University of the Arts (ZHdK) in Switzerland.

Lucy's stage appearances include Sandrina in Mozart's *La Finta Giardiniera* (Zurich Festspiele), Olympia in Offenbach's *Les Contes d'Hoffmann* (Opera Academy Bad Orb), The Queen of the Night in Mozart's *The Magic Flute* (Weimar Lyric Opera Studio), Inez in Michele Carafa's *I Due Figaro* (Zürich Free Opera Company), Monica in Menotti's *The Medium* (Berlin International Opera), Belinda in Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas* and Cupid in John Blow's *Venus and Adonis* (Hampstead Garden Opera Company, London). She also sings extensively as an oratorio soloist: recent highlights include Bach's *Weihnachtsoratorium*, Handel's *Messiah*, Beethoven's *Choral Fantasy*, Mozart's Requiem, Handel's *Dixit Dominus*, Mozart's Mass in C Minor and Rossini's *Petite Messe Solennelle*.

Alongside her solo career, Lucy performs with many notable ensembles across Europe: RIAS Kammerchor (Berlin), Chorwerk Ruhr (Bochum), the Gächinger Cantorey (Stuttgart), the Zürich Sing-Akademie, and the North German Radio Choir in Hamburg (NDR). Lucy currently studies with Heidi Brunner.



© Christian-Palm

Giovanna Gatto

The dynamic and multi-faceted pianist Giovanna Gatto comes originally from Milan. Her discography includes works by Akaishi, Castelnuovo-Tedesco, Debussy, Prokofiev and Ravel. She is currently recording the complete piano works of Respighi.

Giovanna graduated in Piano Performance from the Conservatoire of Piacenza (with Maria Grazia Petrali), and in Economy of the Arts, Culture and Communication from the Bocconi University in Milan. She has been awarded Master degrees in Piano from the Conservatorio Giuseppe Verdi in Como (with Roberto Stefanoni) and in Performance and Music Pedagogy from Bern University of the Arts (with Patricia Pagny). She complemented her piano studies with harpsichord, organ and fortepiano.

Giovanna has performed at numerous festivals in Italy and further afield in Europe – Croatia, France, the Netherlands, Slovenia, Spain and Switzerland – both as soloist and in chamber ensembles and has performed numerous world premieres of contemporary music. She has worked with conductors such as Riccardo Bovino, Massimo Merone, Simone Ori and Christopher Warren-Green, and her concerto appearances have featured Beethoven's Third Piano Concerto, Mozart's Concertos k 449 and k 466 and Bach's D minor Concerto. Her numerous awards in national and international competitions include sponsorships by the Inner Wheel Rotary Club and the Irène Dénéreáz Foundation in Lausanne.

With her accordion-piano duo 88keysfortwo Giovanna has worked in developing new compositions and transcriptions for accordion and piano, resulting in a number of premieres, including works by Carlo Galante, Fergus Johnstone and Giorgio Colombo Taccani. With her brother, the composer and producer Vito Gatto, Giovanna has performed electronic reworkings of classical masterpieces – for example, Debussy’s *Clair de lune*, released in 2017.

Giovanna teaches at the Valais Music Academy / Allgemeine Musikschule Oberwallis (AMO) in Switzerland and is professor of piano at the Conservatorio F. Vittadini in Pavia in Italy. She divides her time between Berne and Milan.



© Teresa Laropoli

Aaron Copland

Twelve Poems of Emily Dickinson

„Die Rezensionen waren so schlecht, dass ich entschied, dass der Liederzyklus den ich geschrieben habe besser sein muss als ich dachte“ bemerkte Aaron Copland ironisch zu seinem Freund und Kompositionskollegen Leonard Bernstein nach der Uraufführung des Zyklus im Jahr 1950. Es dauerte jedoch nicht lange bis die allgemeine Haltung gegenüber dem Liederzyklus begann sich zu wandeln. William Flanagan behauptete bereits 1952 dass es „wahrscheinlich der Größte für sich stehende Beitrag hin zu einer amerikanischen Liedtradition sei den wir bis heute haben“.¹

Der thematische Bogen der zwölf Gedichte ist weit gefasst und reicht von Schmerz und Zurückweisung (Nr. 3 und Nr. 5), Glaube und Akzeptanz (Nr. 4 und Nr. 10), über Ewigkeit und Tod (Nr. 7 und 12), hin zu Natur und Stille². Die Momente chaotischer Atemlosigkeit und naiver und ebenso stürmischer Wissbegier wechseln sich ab mit denen tiefster Verzweiflung oder den ebenso vertretenen Sequenzen der inneren Ruhe und der Erkenntnis, dem Schicksal und in aller Konsequenz dem Tod ergeben zu sein. „Die Autorin lässt in den verschiedenen Gedichten die Stimme der koketten Dame, jene der alten Jungfer, des Knaben, des Ketzers und die des frommen Gläubigen, die der Sterbenden und der Toten anklingen“.³

Coplands Liederzyklus überzeugt durch zurückhaltende Schlichtheit und seine subtile Schönheit. Er verzichtet auf Textwiederholungen und lässt das Klavier Emily Dickinsons Worte auf lineare und dezente Art und Weise untermalen. Oftmals werden Akkorde nur vage angedeutet, wodurch der Zyklus eine

Einfachheit und ein Gespür für Raum ausstrahlt in welchem die Poesie rasonieren kann. Tonmalerisch setzt er Dickinsons Vogelgezwitscher, das Erschallen der Hörner und die stampfenden Füße musikalisch um.

Emily Dickinson war Zeit ihres Lebens ein scheuer Mensch und mied die Öffentlichkeit. Nur zehn ihrer fast 1800 Gedichte veröffentlichte sie vor ihrem Tod und doch wird sie heute als eine der bedeutendsten Dichterinnen Amerikas erachtet. Copland erzählt „Ich verliebte mich in eines der Lieder, *The Chariot*, und fügte nach und nach weitere hinzu, bis es zwölf waren. Die Gedichte wiesen mir die Richtung, eine, die, wie ich hoffe, der lyrisch expressiven Sprache Emily Dickinson's gerecht wird.“ Jedes Lied steht für sich, wobei Copland hervorhebt, dass er die Aufführung als Zyklus bevorzugt, da „sie einen sich verstärkenden Effekt zu haben scheinen“.⁴

Lucy De Butts

Übersetzt aus dem Englischen von
Florian Hille

1 William Flanagan, *American Songs: A Thin Crop*, Musical America (Februar, 1952): 23 und 130

2 Beverly Soll and Ann Dorr, *Cyclical Implications in Aaron Copland's "Twelve Poems of Emily Dickinson"* College Music Symposium, Published By: College Music Society, vol. 32 (1992), pp. 99–128

3 Dorothy Z. Baker *Aaron Copland's Twelve Poems of Emily Dickinson: A Reading of Dissonance and Harmony*

4 Aaron Copland, *Twelve Poems of Emily Dickinson* (New York: Boosey & Hawkes, 1951), Kommentar von Vivian Perlis

Carlo Galante

Nostra Signora degli Insonni

Dieser Zyklus von neun Liedern des italienischen Komponisten Carlo Galante beschäftigt sich mit der Begegnung von Musik und Poesie rund um das Thema Nacht. Im ersten Lied wird uns „Die Dame der Nacht“ vorgestellt, eine geheimnisvolle Präsenz, die den/die Zuhörer/in fortan durch die verschiedenen Nuancen dieser Reise in die Dunkelheit und Stille führen wird. Die Nacht wird vielfältig dargestellt, als eine Zeit der Intimität und lyrischen Einsamkeit, der visionären und kosmischen Schlaflosigkeit, der Alltäglichkeit und Ironie; als eine Zeit, in der Visionen und Erinnerungen entstehen, die die Vergangenheit mit der Gegenwart und die Realität mit der Fantasie verbinden.

Die Musik wird zum Komplizen dieses sich ständig verändernden Gefühls der Nacht, sie verstärkt und mutiert die Poesie zu präzisen musikalischen Figuren, die wiederum in die artikulierte Klangtextur des Klavierparts transformiert werden. Die Autor/innen der Texte sind: Gian Piero Bona, Danilo Bramati, Franco Buffoni, Giuseppe Calliari, Milo De Angelis, Gabriela Fantato, Giancarlo Majorino, Guido Oldani, Giancarlo Pontiggia.

Carlo Galante & Giovanna Gatto

Übersetzt aus dem Englischen von
Susanne Grainer

Emerald Ghost

Das 2019 in Bern, Schweiz, gegründete Vokalklavierduo Emerald Ghost besteht aus der britischen Sopranistin Lucy De Butts und der italienischen Pianistin Giovanna Gatto.

Lucy De Butts

Die lyrische Koloratursopranistin Lucy de Butts stammt aus Buckinghamshire, England. Lucy ist als Oratorien- und Opernsängerin tätig. Im Konzert- und Liedfach ist Lucy im In- und Ausland eine gefragte Solistin. Aktuelle Konzerthöhepunkte schließen Mozarts Messe in C Moll und sein Requiem, Bachs Weihnachtsoratorium, Rossinis Petite Messe Solennelle, Beethovens Chorfantasie, Händels Dixit Dominus, Schuberts Messe in A, Bruckners Requiem und Carpentiers Te Deum ein.

Besondere Aufmerksamkeit erhielt sie für die Interpretation der Sandrina in Mozarts *La Finta Giardiniera* bei den Festspielen Zürich, als auch der Olympia in Offenbachs *Les Contes d'Hoffmann* mit der Opernakademie Bad Orb. Darüber hinaus war sie als Königin der Nacht in Mozarts *Zauberflöte* (Weimar Lyric Opera Studio), Belinda in Purcells *Dido and Aeneas*, Cupid in John Blows *Venus and Adonis* (beides mit der Hampstead Garden Opera Company, London), Inez in Michele Carafas *I Due Figaro* (Zurich Free Opera Company), Monica in Menottis *The Medium* (Berlin International Opera Company), Barbarina in Mozarts *Figaros Hochzeit* und Lady Billows in Brittens *Albert Herring* (beides mit der Edinburgh Studio Opera Company) zu erleben.

Nach einem abgeschlossenen Studium der Geschichte an der Edinburgh Universität in Schottland, absolvierte Lucy einen Masterstudiengang in Gesang an der Trinity College of Music in London bei Alison Wells. Lucy schloss ihren zweiten Master in Gesang an der Zürcher Hochschule der Künste in der Klasse von Jane Thorner ab. Lucy studiert seit 2015 mit Heidi Brunner.

Neben ihrer solistischen Tätigkeit ist Lucy für verschiedene professionelle Vokalensembles tätig. Dazu zählen der RIAS Kammerchor, Zürcher Sing-Akademie, Gachinger Cantorey Stuttgart und der NDR Rundfunkchor. Lucy De Butts hat an verschiedenen Meisterkursen teilgenommen u.a. der British Youth Opera, der Europäischen Akademie für Musik und Darstellenden Künste in Montepulciano, dem Lyric Opera Studio Weimar und der Abingdon Summer School for Solo Singers. Weitere Impulse erhielt sie durch namhafte Persönlichkeiten wie Edda Moser, Monserrat Caballe, Birgid Steinberger, Gerd Uecker, Marijana Mijanovic, Susan McCulloch und Rudolf Piernay.



© Christian-Palm

Giovanna Gatto

Giovanna ist eine dynamische und vielseitige Pianistin, die gerne eine breite Palette von Musikstilen erkundet. Sie genießt ihre Zeit zwischen Bern, Berlin und Mailand.

Ihre letzte CD-Veröffentlichung *Ottorino Respighi: Complete Piano Music* wurde hoch gelobt und erhielt begeisterte Kritiken. Ihre Diskographie umfasst auch Werke von Akaishi, Castelnuovo-Tedesco, Debussy, Prokofiev und Ravel.

Giovanna absolvierte ihr Klavierstudium am Konservatorium von Piacenza bei Maria Grazia Petrali und erwarb einen Master-Abschluss am Conservatorio G.Verdi in Como bei Roberto Stefanoni. Nach einem Post-Diplomstudium an der Accademia S.Cecilia in Bergamo bei Konstantin Bogino erwarb sie einen weiteren Master in Performance und Musikpädagogik an der Hochschule der Künste Bern bei Patricia Pagny. Ihr Klavierstudium ergänzte sie mit Cembalo, Orgel und Hammerklavier.

In Zusammenarbeit mit dem GAMO Ensemble und dem Maggio Musicale Fiorentino Festival hat Giovanna zahlreiche Uraufführungen zeitgenössischer Musik gespielt. Mit ihrem Bruder, dem Komponisten und Produzenten Vito Gatto, hat sie elektronische Bearbeitungen klassischer Meisterwerke aufgeführt, wie Debussys *Claire de Lune*, das 2017 erschienen ist.

Giovanna ist bei zahlreichen Festivals in Italien und im europäischen Ausland – Kroatien, Frankreich, Niederlande, Slowenien, Spanien und der Schweiz – sowohl als Solistin als auch in Kammermusikensembles aufgetreten. Sie hat mit Dirigenten wie Riccardo Bovino, Massimo Merone, Simone Ori und Christopher Warren-Green zusammengearbeitet. Sie hat u.a. Beethovens drittes Klavierkonzert, Mozarts Konzerte KV 449 und KV 466 und Bachs d-Moll Konzert aufgeführt. Giovanna ist Preisträgerin zahlreicher Wettbewerbe, sowohl als Solistin als auch als Kammermusikerin. Für ihre Forschungen über Respighis Klaviermusik wurde sie unter anderem vom Rotary Club Inner Wheel und der Stiftung Irène Dénéreáz in Lausanne unterstützt.

Ein weiteres besonderes Interesse gilt ihrer Arbeit an der Entwicklung neuer Kompositionen und Transkriptionen für Akkordeon und Klavier, die zu einer Reihe von Uraufführungen geführt hat, darunter Werke von Carlo Galante, Giorgio Colombo Taccani und Fergus Johnstone. Ihr Akkordeon-Klavier-Projekt 88keysfortwo wurde von Pro Helvetia, Fondation Suisa und Swiss performers SIG für die Teilnahme an der Musikmesse Classical:NEXT in Rotterdam 2018 gefördert. Giovanna unterrichtet Klavier und Kammermusik an der Musikschule Solothurn und der Wallis – AMO in der Schweiz, Klavier am Musikkonservatorium F. Vittadini in Pavia (IT).



© Carlo Maradei

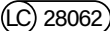
Many thanks to Mit großem Dank an

Carlo Galante, Patricia Pagny, Heidi Brunner,
Vito Gatto, Florian Hille, Alberto Napoli, Natasha Goldberg

Recording Dates: 16–18 April 2021
Recording Venue: Acustica Studio, Klangscheune, Lottstetten-Nack/Germany
Producer, Engineer: Jan Žáček
Editor: Richard Miles Jackman
Publisher: Boosey & Hawkes (1–12), Sonzogno (13–21)
Cover Photography: Gerardo Garciacano

OR0048 a production of Orlando Records
© & © 2021 paladino media gmbh, Vienna
orlando-records.com

ISRC: AT-TE4-21-048-01 to 21

 austromechana®



© Gerardo Garciacano

Emerald Ghost

C O P L A N D × G A L A N T E
S O N G C Y C L E S

Lucy Katherine De Butts (soprano)
Giovanna Maria Gatto (piano)

Aaron Copland (1900–1990)

Twelve Poems of Emily Dickinson

1	Nature, the gentlest mother	04:11
2	There came a wind like a bugle	01:45
3	Why do they shut me out of Heaven?	02:29
4	The world feels dusty	01:46
5	Heart, we will forget him	02:24
6	Dear March, come in!	02:24
7	Sleep is supposed to be	03:10
8	When they come back	02:04
9	I felt a funeral in my brain	02:26
10	I've heard an organ talk sometimes	02:27
11	Going to Heaven!	02:56
12	The Chariot	03:30

Carlo Galante (*1959)

Nostra Signora degli Insonni (2004) for soprano and piano

13	Nostra Signora degli Insonni (poem by Milo De Angelis)	02:30
14	Risate nella notte (poem by Gabriela Fantato)	03:13
15	Inizia dal cervello (poem by Giancarlo Majorino)	02:12
16	Vi aspetto amici su questo approdo (poem by Giancarlo Pontiggia)	03:18
17	Quando era lontano dalla sera (poem by Franco Buffoni)	02:11
18	Così si scende soli nella notte (poem by Giuseppe Calliari)	03:15
19	Il Sonno (poem by Gian Piero Bona)	02:48
20	Dialoghetto (poem by Guido Oldani)	02:23
21	Anime del sonno (poem by Danilo Bramati)	04:06

Emerald Ghost are



OR0048

© & © 2021 paladino media gmbh, Vienna

orlando-records.com

ISRC: AT-TE4-21-048-01 to 21

Made in the E.U.

LC 28062

