



AMERICAN CLASSICS

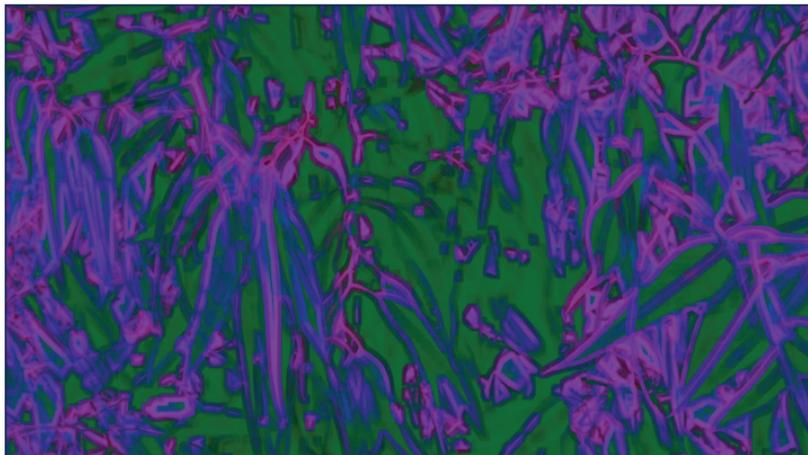


JOHN CORIGLIANO

Mr. Tambourine Man: Seven Poems of Bob Dylan

Three Hallucinations (from Altered States)

Hila Plitmann, Soprano
Buffalo Philharmonic Orchestra
JoAnn Falletta



John Corigliano (b.1938)
Mr. Tambourine Man: Seven Poems of Bob Dylan
Three Hallucinations (from Altered States)

When Sylvia McNair asked me to write her a major song cycle for Carnegie Hall, she had only one request; to choose an American text.

I have set only four poets in my adult compositional life: Stephen Spender, Richard Wilbur, Dylan Thomas (whose poetry inspired a full-evening oratorio, *A Dylan Thomas Trilogy*) and William M. Hoffman (who collaborated with me on, among other, shorter pieces, the opera *The Ghosts of Versailles*). Aside from asking Bill to create a new text, I really did not have a specific work that I ached to set to music. Of course I knew the magnificent poetry of Dickinson, Whitman, and other great artists of previous centuries, but I wanted to set something by a living author. Something that spoke to everyone – even people who did not read poetry – in today’s language.

I had of course heard of the folk/ballad singer songwriter Bob Dylan. No one who lived in the ‘60’s could not have heard of his songs and recordings – they were everywhere. Except in my record collection. I have never been a fan of folk music (excepting for some amazing Irish melodies), and was busily occupied thumbing through my Stravinsky and Copland fascinated with their elegant simplicities and ferocious complexities. I was drawn to some of the melodies of the great musicals of Gershwin, Kern or Rodgers, and my ear spun around when I listened to the unpredictable and zany music of The Beatles, but it was always the music that drew my attention, not the texts, and most popular music just passed me by.

So I was surprised when a colleague suggested that I look into the poetry of the songs of Bob Dylan. Having not yet listened to the songs, I decided to send away for the texts only. That way, if I wanted to set them to music, I could not be influenced by his musical choices.

So I bought a collection of his texts, and found many of them to be every bit as beautiful and as immediate as I had heard—and surprisingly well-suited to my own

musical language. I then contacted Dylan’s manager, who approached him with the idea of re-setting his poetry to my music.

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

I chose seven poems for what became a thirty-five minute cycle. *A Prelude: Mr. Tambourine Man*, in a fantastic and exuberant manner redolent of the ‘60’s, precedes five searching and reflective monologues that form the core of the piece; and a *Postlude: Forever Young* makes a kind of folk-song benediction after the cycle’s close. Dramatically, the inner five songs trace a journey of emotional and civic maturation, from the innocence of *Clothes Line* through the beginnings of awareness of a wider world (*Blowin’ in the Wind*), through the political fury of *Masters of War*, to a premonition of an apocalyptic future (*All Along the Watchtower*), culminating in a vision of a victory of ideas (*Chimes of Freedom*.) Musically, each of the five songs introduces an accompanimental motive that becomes the principal motive of the next. The descending scale introduced in *Clothes Line* resurfaces as the passacaglia which shapes *Blowin’ in the Wind*. The echoing pulse-notes of that song harden into the hammered *ostinato* under *Masters of War*; the stringent chords of that song’s finale explode into the raucous accompaniment under *All Along the Watchtower*; and that

song's repeated figures dissolve into the bell-sounds of *Chimes of Freedom*.

Listeners familiar with Dylan's music for these songs will no doubt be surprised at these settings. Folk music tends to set choruses of ever-changing words to the same simple melody: reflecting the emotion or the sound of the words is simply not what folk music tries to do. Whereas concert composers from Bach on down often change the melodic and accompanimental settings of the words to reflect the particular colors and sounds, as well as the feelings and meanings, of the text. Obviously I belong to this latter category of composer, and this is reflected in what you'll hear.

The original song cycle was for voice and piano, first performed by Sylvia McNair at Carnegie Hall on March 15th, 2000. When I was invited to orchestrate it, I wanted a fully-trained virtuosic concert singer who could still perform in a more "natural" voice. I didn't want her to need to give an 'operatic' performance of texts so antithetical to that cultivated sound just to project over the orchestra. So I have specified "amplified soprano" for the orchestral version, which was given its première by Hila Plittman with the Minnesota Orchestra under the direction of Robert Spano on October 24, 2003.

Three Hallucinations for Orchestra is based upon music written for Ken Russell's 1980 film *Altered States*. The three pieces – *Sacrifice*, *Hymn*, *Ritual* – are interconnected in this score, as well as interrelated motivically and melodically. In the film, Mr. Russell devised several extended religious hallucinations, and the

outer two movements of this work (*Sacrifice* and *Ritual*) are taken directly from the original film-score.

Sacrifice begins with a slow introduction setting up a trance-like state. This mood is savagely interrupted by the bleating sounds of oboes playing in a highly primitive manner depicting the pagan slaying of a seven-eyed goat and biblical images superimposed against other images of death (primarily the death of the leading subject's father). An ornamented and repeated single note figures not only in the development of this movement, but also as the motivic material of the final movement's ritual dance.

Other ingredients combine with the oboe motive – specifically the interval of the tritone (flatted fifth) and melodic fragments of the hymn *Rock of Ages*, and the movement ends with a superimposition of all the themes and an extended *glissando* for the entire orchestra.

The second movement, *Hymn*, develops and extends the previously heard fragments of *Rock of Ages*, in a piano and organ version reminiscent of a revival meeting. Blurry visions of choral "Amens" float in and out of the texture, and orchestral variants of the hymn interrupt the proceedings from time to time.

The last movement, *Ritual*, interrupts the previous movement with frenzied energy, and the momentum leads to a savage ritual dance (in the film, the Hinch Indians' mushroom rite). The full orchestral forces are augmented by two sets of four timpani each, and the work ends in a burst of cumulative energy.

John Corigliano



John Corigliano

John Corigliano is among the most honored composers in the United States. He was awarded the 2001 Pulitzer Prize in Music for his *Symphony No. 2*, introduced in November 2000 by the Boston Symphony Orchestra and subsequently heard in New York, Helsinki, Berlin, and Moscow. In March 2000, Corigliano's third film score, for *The Red Violin*, was awarded the Academy Award ("Oscar.") Corigliano's *Symphony No. 1*, an impassioned response to the AIDS crisis, captured the 1991 Grawemeyer Award for Best New Orchestral Composition; The Chicago Symphony's recording of the piece won the Grammy awards for both Best New Composition and Best Orchestral Performance, and it has been played by over 150 different orchestras worldwide. A Distinguished Professor of Music at the City University of New York, Corigliano was named in 1991 both to the faculty of the Juilliard School and to the American Academy of Arts and Letters, an organization of American's most prominent artists, sculptors, architects, writers, and composers: he is one of the few living composers to have a string quartet named after him. Commissioned by The Metropolitan Opera, where it premiered in December 1991, Corigliano's "grand opera buffa" *The Ghosts of Versailles* sold out two engagements at the Metropolitan (1991 and 1994) as well as its 1995 production at the Chicago Lyric Opera. The nationwide telecast of the Metropolitan's premiere production was released on videocassette and laser-disk by Deutsche Grammophon. Following its premiere, *The Ghosts of Versailles* collected the Composition of the Year award from the first International Classic Music Awards.

In April 1999, *The Ghosts of Versailles* received its European premiere, in a new production directed and designed for the opening of the new opera house in Hannover, Germany, and is due for another revival at the Met in the '09-'10 season. Recent works include 2004's *Circus Maximus: Symphony No. 3*, for multiple wind ensembles: *Concerto for Violin and Orchestra* ("The Red Violin") released on compact disk by Sony in December 2007 with Marin Alsop leading soloist Joshua Bell and the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra; the orchestral song cycle *Mr. Tambourine Man: Seven Poems of Bob Dylan*, recorded for Naxos in March 2007, with JoAnn Falletta leading soprano soloist Hila Plitmann and the Buffalo Philharmonic; and *A Dylan Thomas Trilogy* (1999), a memory play/oratorio for boy soprano, tenor, baritone, chorus and orchestra, also recorded for Naxos in November 2007 by Leonard Slatkin and the Nashville Symphony Orchestra. Corigliano's catalogue includes three symphonies, seven concerti (for violin, flute, clarinet, oboe, guitar percussion, and piano), numerous shorter works for orchestra and an extensive catalogue of chamber works, which have been recorded on numerous major labels. His music is published exclusively by G. Schirmer, Inc.



Hila Plitmann

Born in Jerusalem, soprano Hila Plitmann has quickly won distinction on the international music scene, known worldwide for her astonishing musicianship and gossamer voice. She regularly gives premières of works by today's leading composers, while maintaining a vibrant and extraordinarily diverse professional life in film music, musical theatre, and song-writing. *The Los Angeles Times* calls her a performer with "tremendous vocal and physical grace," while *Entertainment Today* raves, "Plitmann has a vocal instrument that is simply unreal in its beauty." For her extensive soundtrack work as a soloist for the Hollywood blockbuster *The DaVinci Code*, CNN says: "Plitmann's glissandi sail above the petty pulpits of earthly doctrine with an ethereal ease that argues for Plitmann's pairing with [Kathleen] Battle or Dawn Upshaw." Hila Plitmann received her Bachelor of Music and Master of Music degrees with high honors from the Juilliard School of Music, and has been awarded the coveted Sony ES Prize for her outstanding contribution to the vocal arts.



JoAnn Falletta

JoAnn Falletta has been hailed by *The New York Times* as "one of the finest conductors of her generation". Recipient of the Seaver/National Endowment for the Arts Conductors Award, winner of the Stokowski Competition, and the Toscanini, Ditson and Bruno Walter conducting awards, she has also received ten awards from the American Society of Composers and Publishers (ASCAP). A champion of American music, she has presented over four hundred works by American composers including over eighty world premières. She currently serves as music director of both the Buffalo Philharmonic and the Virginia Symphony and guest conducts many of the world's great symphony orchestras, including the Philadelphia Orchestra, Los Angeles Philharmonic, Dallas Symphony, Rotterdam Philharmonic, London Symphony Orchestra, the Montreal Symphony Orchestra and the National Symphony. For Naxos she has recorded works by Kenneth Fuchs, Charles Griffes, Aaron Copland, John Corigliano, Romeo Casarino, Ottorino Respighi, Ernő Dohnányi and Frederick Converse. For more information: www.joannfalletta.com

Buffalo Philharmonic Orchestra

The world-renowned Buffalo Philharmonic was founded in 1935 and makes its home in Kleinhans Music Hall, a National Historic Site with an international reputation as one of the greatest concert halls in the United States. Through the decades the orchestra has grown in stature under a number of distinguished conductors, including William Steinberg, Joseph Krips, Lukas Foss, Michael Tilson Thomas, Maximiano Valdez, Semyon Bychkov and Julius Rudel. As Buffalo's cultural ambassador, the Philharmonic has performed across the United States, Canada and Europe, including concerts at Lincoln Center, Kennedy Center, Boston's Symphony Hall, San Francisco's Davies Hall and Montreal's Place des Arts, with 22 appearances in Carnegie Hall. The BPO's European tour included two sold-out performances in Vienna's Musikverein, and concerts in Milan, Geneva, Zurich and Frankfurt, among other venues.

1 Prelude: Mr Tambourine Man

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Words by Bob Dylan.

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2 Clothes Line

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

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

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

Words by Bob Dylan.

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3 Blowing in the Wind

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

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

How many years can a mountain exist
Before it's washed to the sea?
[The answer is blowing in the wind.]
Yes, 'n' how many years can some people exist
Before they're allowed to be free?
["blowing in the wind."]
Yes, 'n' how many times can a man turn his head,
Pretending he just doesn't see?
... blowing ...
... blowing ...

Words by Bob Dylan.

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4 Masters of War

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

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

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

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

Let me ask you one question
Is your money that good
Will it buy you forgiveness
Do you think that it could
I think you will find

When your death takes its toll
All the money you made
Will never buy back your soul

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

Words by Bob Dylan.

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5 All Along the Watchtower

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

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

All along the watchtower, princes kept the view
While all the women came and went, barefoot servants, too.

Outside in the distance a wildcat did growl,
Two riders were approaching, the wind began to howl.

Words by Bob Dylan.

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6 Chimes of Freedom

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Words by Bob Dylan.

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7 Postlude: Forever Young

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

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

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

Words by Bob Dylan.

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Note:

... is used where composer has omitted lyrics

[] is used where lyrics have been set out of sequence

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CORIGLIANO: Mr Tambourine Man

NAXOS

Playing
Time:
52:21

**John
CORIGLIANO**
(b. 1938)

**Mr. Tambourine Man:
Seven Poems of Bob Dylan***
(2000; version with orchestra 2003) **36:48**

- | | | |
|----------|---------------------------------------|-------------|
| 1 | 1. Prelude: Mr. Tambourine Man | 4:22 |
| 2 | 2. Clothes Line | 6:39 |
| 3 | 3. Blowin' in the Wind | 6:17 |
| 4 | 4. Masters of War | 3:48 |
| 5 | 5. All Along the Watchtower | 3:21 |
| 6 | 6. Chimes of Freedom | 7:19 |
| 7 | 7. Postlude: Forever Young | 4:52 |

**Three Hallucinations
(from Altered States) (1981) 15:17**

- | | | |
|-----------|---------------------|-------------|
| 8 | 1. Sacrifice | 6:41 |
| 9 | 2. Hymn | 5:40 |
| 10 | 3. Ritual | 2:56 |

Hila Plitmann, Amplified Soprano¹⁻⁷
Buffalo Philharmonic Orchestra
JoAnn Falletta

Includes sung texts, which are also available at
www.naxos.com/libretti/559331.htm

Recorded at Kleinhans Music Hall, Buffalo, New York, USA,
5-6 March 2007 • Solo voice overdub added June 2008
Producers: Tim Handley (1-10) & John Corigliano (1-7)
Engineers: Tim Handley (1-10) & Tom Lazarus, John
Corigliano (1-7) • Booklet notes: John Corigliano
Publisher: G. Schirmer, Inc. • Cover image: Richard Howe
American flag, folk artist, 1880s



AMERICAN CLASSICS

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John Corigliano

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CORIGLIANO: Mr Tambourine Man

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