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Program Notes

In early 2002, while waiting for William Luce to complete the libretto for our new opera *Gabriel's Daughter*, I began sketching several songs for soprano, many based upon the words of a favorite poet of mine, Emily Dickinson. I wanted to preserve the elegance and clarity of text by keeping my music relatively simple in content, suitable for young professionals and college-age students of voice. The songs are dedicated to my friend, John Moriarty, one of the great vocal coaches and teachers of our time. A former teacher of mine at New England Conservatory in Boston, John Moriarty has strongly inspired me with his deep love and knowledge of lieder and opera, and made possible for me my first experience in the professional opera world as an "apprentice coach and composer" with the Lake George Opera Festival in the late 1960s. He has trained a great many professional singers since then, and these songs are intended as a tribute to his good work.

— Henry Mollicone August, 2002

Information on the Poet and the Source for the Texts

Emily Dickinson (b. Amherst, Massachusetts, December 10, 1830; d. Amherst, Massachusetts, May 15, 1886).

"There is another sky" - ca. 1851, from Poems of Emily Dickinson, Roberts Brothers, Boston, 1890.

"God made a little Gentian" - ca. 1862, from *Poems of Emily Dickinson*, Roberts Brothers, Boston, 1890.

"Poor Little Heart!" - ca. 1860, from Poems of Emily Dickinson, Roberts Brothers, Boston, 1890.

THREE SIMPLE SONGS

1. There is another sky

There is another sky,
Ever serene and fair,
And there is another sunshine,
Though it be darkness there;
Never mind faded forests, Austin,
Never mind silent fields –
Here is a little forest,
Whose leaf is ever green;
Here is a brighter garden,
Where not a frost has been;
In its unfading flowers
I hear the bright bee hum;
Prithee, my brother,
Into my garden come!

2. God made a little Gentian

God made a little Gentian – It tried – to be a Rose – And failed – and all the Summer laughed – But just before the Snows

There rose a Purple Creature – That ravished all the Hill – And Summer hid her Forehead – And Mockery – was still –

The Frosts were her condition – The Tyrian would not come Until the North – invoke it – Creator – Shall I – bloom?

3. Poor little Heart!

Poor little Heart!
Did they forget thee?
Then dinna care! Then dinna care!

Proud little Heart! Did they forsake thee? Be debonnaire! Be debonnaire!

Frail little Heart!

I would not break thee –
Could'st credit me? Could'st credit me?

Gay little Heart – Like Morning Glory! Wind and Sun – wilt thee array! Emily Dickinson (1830–1886)

Three Simple Songs



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2. God Made a Little Gentian





3. Poor Little Heart



