



TRADITIONAL

AMERICAN Folk Songs

By **Celius Dougherty**

Tod Fitzpatrick

Baritone

ALAN SMITH, Pianist

MARIA JETTE, Soprano

TRADITIONAL AMERICAN Folk Songs

Celius Dougherty's inventive folk song arrangements and original songs have been heard on classical voice recitals and concert programs around the world for nearly a century. Born in 1902, the native Minnesotan found his calling in piano performance and composition. He received musical training at the University of Minnesota (graduating magna cum laude in 1924), he then attended the Julliard School in New York. Dougherty travelled extensively with his piano duo partner Vincenz Ruzicka (who interestingly also provided the original artwork for a majority of Dougherty's song publications by G. Schirmer) and premiered several compositions by notable composers such as Alban Berg, Darius Milhaud, Arnold Schoenberg, and Igor Stravinsky. As an accompanist and composer he frequently collaborated with prominent opera stars of the twentieth century including Eva Gautier, Marian Anderson, Eileen Farrell and William Warfield; his work with these singers gave him ample opportunity to test and refine his vocal compositions.

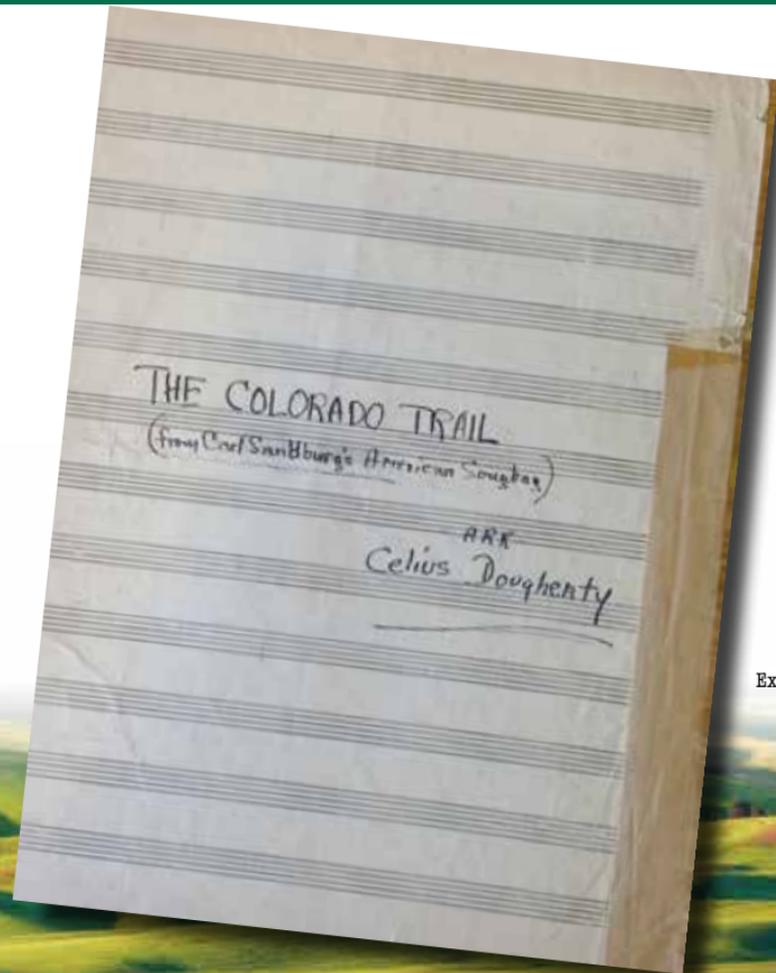
Musical expression of literary rhetoric was organic to his compositional process. He not only set poetry by canonical authors like William Blake, Walt Whitman, and Emily Dickinson, but he also explored other types of literature that drew his curiosity. In his "Children's Letter to the U.N." he set letters written by students from Public School No. 90 in Queens, New York. His amusingly idiosyncratic tastes led him also to set the definition of the word "love" in Funk

and Wagnalls' 1916 Students' Edition of a Standard Dictionary of the English Language. Dougherty's vocal compositions and arrangements number approximately 200. This recording contains many of his American and British Isle folk song arrangements, his popular *Sea Chanties* and the complete unpublished but wonderfully quaint duets for baritone and soprano entitled *Six Songs from the American Countryside*.

THE SONGS

Stylistically, Dougherty's folk song settings confer their source melodies with a distinct character and sentiment through alterations to their traditionally recognized melodic, harmonic and rhythmic profiles. An examination of his autographs reveals that at times he experimented with chordal voicing, subtly crafted alternative harmonic progressions and slight melodic variants within measures and in unused staves of his song drafts. [See Examples 1– 3] These compositional experiments reflect his penchant for creative play with the intricate relationship between words, meaning and music. Two of the folk songs recorded on this album have as their texts poems gathered by the influential American musicologist and folklorist John Avery Lomax, who, together with his son Alan, are credited with the collection of thousands of recordings, films and other documents of early twentieth-century American rural and industrial life.

While some of the folk songs, like the cowboy songs “Red River Valley” or “Colorado Trail” (this latter was recorded by the baritone Theodor Uppman and the Bell Telephone Hour Orchestra in the 1950’s and can be heard on The Art of Theodor Uppman Radio Broadcasts 1954-1957. Bell Telephone Hour Orchestra. Donald Vorhees, conductor. VAI Audio 1181, 1999, compact disc) are well known even today, other settings like “Bring My Lulu Home” or “Shady Grove” are more obscure but no less interesting. The blatantly humorous, “The Lady Who Loved a Pig” was labelled as a “Whopper” in the Social Songs category of the Lomaxes’s Our Singing Country: Folk Songs and Ballads. Dougherty’s setting underscores the inane dialogue of the lady and pig with the use of distinctly separate vocal registers for each character. Dedicated to the leading Metropolitan Opera baritone Leonard Warren, “Stewball” is the epic folk ballad of a fabled race horse from “way out in Californy.” Dougherty arranged each verse of the song to whimsically characterize Stewball’s action.



Example 1

Handwritten musical score for 'Red River Valley'. The score is written on a single page with a yellowish tint. It features a vocal line at the top with lyrics: "Coun-try that loved you so true", "From this val-ley they say you are", "go-ing", "We will miss your bright eyes and bright smile", "For they", "say you are taking the sun-shine", "that bright-ened our path-way a-", "while", and "Will you think of the val-ley you're", "leav-ing". Below the vocal line are several staves of piano accompaniment. The handwriting is in dark ink on aged paper.

Example 2

Printed musical score for 'Red River Valley' by Colin Donohoe. The score is on a white page with a green border. It features a vocal line at the top with lyrics: "From this val-ley they say you are", "go-ing", "We will miss your bright eyes and bright smile", "For they", "say you are taking the sun-shine", "that bright-ened our path-way a-", "while", and "Will you think of the val-ley you're", "leav-ing". Below the vocal line are several staves of piano accompaniment. The score includes a "Chorus Soloists" section. At the bottom, there is a small logo and text: "No. 3-123456789", "Copyright 1998", and "Label 12345".

Example 3

The *Five Sea Chanties* have been a staple of classical voice recitals since they were published in 1948. The group consists of “Shenandoah”; the working call-and-response work song “Mobile Bay”; “Blow, Ye Winds” about life on a whaling clipper ship; “Rio Grande” about leaving for the Rio Grande do Sul in Brazil; and the Irish sea chanty “Across the Western Ocean”, which was dedicated to Dougherty’s brother Ralph who perished on the U.S.S. Arizona during the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor in Hawaii on December 7, 1942.

Originally commissioned by wife and husband, soprano Evelyn Lear and baritone Thomas Stewart in 1965, *Six Songs from the American Countryside* assembles several different folk song types within the group: a beloved nineteenth-century religious hymn, “Wayfaring Stranger”; a funny courting song that relates the plight of a man who is refused by a woman because of his habitual drinking and gambling, “The Gambling Suitor”; two touching traditional sea chanties, “Good-bye Fare You Well” and “Mary Ann”; a previously unrecorded, disturbing murder ballad about a son who reveals to his mother that he has killed his father, “Ballad of Edward”; and a popular contra dance, “Uncle Joe’s Reel” whose melody is borrowed from the eighteenth century Irish fiddle tune “Miss McLeod’s Reel” which provides a lively conclusion to the group.

SELECTED REFERENCES

Dougherty, Celius. *Folksongs and Chanties*. New York: G. Schirmer, Inc., 2004.

Dougherty, Celius. *30 Art Songs*. New York: G. Schirmer Inc., 2004.

Dougherty, Celius. Undated manuscript examples from “Colorado Trail” and “Red River Valley.” *The Celius Dougherty Archives at the University of Minnesota, School of Music Library*. Minneapolis, MN.

Dougherty, Park. “Celsius Hudson Dougherty.” Accessed October 24, 2016.

<http://www.celiUSDougherty.org/gpage6.html>

FOLK SONG ARRANGEMENTS

Colorado Trail

Eyes like the morning star,
Cheek like a rose,
Sally was a pretty gal,
God Almighty knows.

Weep, all ye little rains,
Wail, winds, wail,
All along, along, along
The Colorado Trail.

Sweet as the Lilac grows,
Fair in the sun,
Sally was a pretty gal,
God Almighty knows.

Weep, all ye little rains,
Wail, winds, wail,
All along, along, along
The Colorado Trail.

Collected by Dr. T. L. Chapman
Carl Sandburg’s *The American Songbag*

Shady Grove

Shady grove, my true love,
Shady grove I know,
Shady grove, my true love,
I’m bound for the shady grove.

Some come here to fiddle and dance,
Some come here to tarry,
Some come here to fiddle and dance,
I come here to marry.

Shady grove, my true love,
Shady grove I know,
Shady grove, my true love,
I’m bound for the shady grove.

Wish I had a fiddle and string,
Made of golden twine,
Ev’ry tune I’d pick on it is
“I wish that girl were mine.”

Shady grove, my true love,
Shady grove I know,

Shady grove, my true love,
I'm bound for the shady grove.

Peaches in the summertime,
Apples in the fall,
If I can't have the girl I love
I won't have none at all.

Shady grove, my true love,
Shady grove I know,
Shady grove, my true love,
I'm bound for the shady grove.

Bring my Lulu Home

Train pulled out of Palestine,
Eighteen coaches long.
All I want that train to do—
Bring my Lulu home.

I flag the train from Palestine,
It keeps easin' by.
Fold my arms and hang my head,
Hang my head and cry.

She jes' drove me from her door,

Threw ashes in my face.
The way that she mistreat me
Drive me to my grave.

Once you says you's true to me,
to your lovin' man.
Now you goes like any gal,
goes from man to man.

When my heart struck sorrow,
Tears come rolling down.
Wish to God that train would come,
Bring my Lulu home.

Collected by John and Alan Lomax

The Lady Who Loved a Pig

There was a lady who loved a pig;
“Honey,” said she,
“Dear Pig, wilt thou be mine?”
“Humph,” said he.

“I'll build for thee a silver sty,
Honey,” said she,
“And in it thou shalt lie.”
“Humph,” said he.

“I'll pin it with a silver pin,
Honey,” said she,
“That thou mayst go out and in,”
“Humph,” said he.

“O wilt thou have me now,” said she,
“Honey,” said she,
“Speak, or my heart will break.”
“Humph,” said he.

Collected by John and Alan Lomax

O Waly, Waly

The water is wide, I cannot get o'er,
And neither have I wings to fly,
Give me a boat that will carry two,
And both shall row, my love and I.

O down in the meadow the other day
Agath'ring flow'rs both fine and gay,
Agath'ring flow'rs both red and blue
I little thought what love can do.

I laid my breast up against an oak,
Thinking that she was a trusting tree,

But first she bended and then she broke.
And so did my false love to me.

A ship there is that sails the sea,
She's loaded deep, as deep can be,
But not so deep as the love I'm in,
I know not if I sink or swim.

O love is handsome and love is fine,
And love's a jewel when it is new,
But when it is old it bloweth cold
And fades away like morning dew.

Stewball

Way out in Californy,
Where ol' Stewball was born,
All the jockeys in the country
Said he blew there in a storm.

Ol' Stewball was a white horse
before they paint him red,
But he sure wined a great fortune
Jes' before he fell dead.

There's a big day in Dallas:
doncha wish you's there?
You can bet your last dollar
on that iron gray mare.

The kettledrum was a-bangin'
fo' the horses to run
and ol' Stewball was a tremblin'
like a criminal to be hung.

But you should've seen ol' Stewball,
how he rambled down that nine mile round.
You sure would've sworn that,
he never tech ground.

The people they hollered,
And the judges played the band,
'Cause ol' Stewball beat them all
back to that gran' stan'.

Goin' to build me a castle
on the mountain so high,
so's I can see ol' Stewball
as he passes by.

Red River Valley

From this valley they say you are going.
We will miss your bright eyes
and bright smile.

For they say you are taking the sunshine
That brighten'd our pathway awhile.

Will you think of the valley you're leaving,
Oh, how lonely and sad it will be?
Will you think of the Red River Valley
And the grief you are causing to me?

Come and sit by my side if you love me
Do not hasten to bid me adieu,
But remember the Red River Valley
And the sweetheart that's waiting for you.

As you go to your home by the ocean,
May you never forget the sweet hours
That we spent in the Red River Valley
And the sweetheart that's waiting for you.

Barbara Allen

In Scarlet Town where I was born
There was a fair maid dwellin'
Made ev'ry youth cry well away
Her name was Barbara Allen.

One day, one day, in the month of May
When green buds were a-swellin'
Young Jemmy Grove on his deathbed lay
For love of Barbara Allen.

He sent his man unto her then,
To the town where she was dwellin'
"O haste and come to my master dear,
If your name be Barbara Allen,"

So slowly, slowly rose she up,
And slowly came she to him,
And when she drew the curtain by,
"Young man, I think you're dyin',"

"O I am sick and very, very sick,
And it's all for Barb'ra Allen,"
"O it's better for me ye's never be,
Though your heart's blood be a-spillin'."

"O dinna ye mind, young man," said she,
"When the red wine ye were fillin',
Ye made the healths go round and round,
And slighted Barb'ra Allen."

He turned his face unto the wall
For death was with him dealin'
"Adieu, adieu, my dear friends all,
Be kind to Barb'ra Allen."

As she was walkin' o'er the fields,
She heard the death bell knellin'
And ev'ry toll the deathbell gave
Cried woe to Barb'ra Allen.

"O mother, mother, make my bed,
O make it soft and narrow,
My love has died for me today,
I'll die for him tomorrow."

"Farewell," she said, "ye virgins all,
And shun the fault I fell in;
Hence forth take warning by the fate
Of cruel Barb'ra Allen."

Wayfaring Stranger

I'm just a poor wayfaring stranger
Awand'ring through this vale of woe.
But there's no sorrow, toil, nor danger
In that far land to which I go.

I'm going there to meet my father,
I'm going there no more to roam,
I'm just a-going over Jordan,
I'm just a-going over home.

I know dark clouds will gather round me
I know my way is rough and steep.
But golden fields lie out before me
Where all the saints their vigils keep.

I'm going there to meet my mother,
I'm going there no more to roam,
I'm just a-going over Jordan,
I'm just a-going over home.

I'm just a poor wayfaring stranger
Awand'ring through this vale of woe.
But there's no sorrow, toil, nor danger
In that bright world to which I go.

I'm going there to meet my father,
I'm going there no more to roam,
I'm just a-going over Jordan,
I'm just a-going over home.

FIVE SEA CHANTIES

Rio Grande

Oh! Say, was you ever in Rio Grande?
Oh, you Rio!

Oh, say, was you ever on that strand?
Oh, you Rio!

Our ship is a going out over the bar,
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Then away, you Rio, 'Way, you Rio,
We'll point her nose for the Southeron star,
For we're bound for the Rio Grande!

Then blow ye winds westerly, westerly blow,
Oh, you Rio!

We're bound to the south'ard so
steady she goes, Oh, you Rio!

Sing goodbye to Nellie,
sing goodbye to Sue,
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Then away, you Rio, 'Way, you Rio,
And you who are listening, Goodbye to you,
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Blow, Ye Winds

'Tis advertised in Boston,
New York and Buffalo,
Five hundred brave Americans,
a-whaling for to go, singing,
Blow, ye winds in the morning,
blow ye winds, heigh-o

Clear away your running gear
and blow, ye winds, heigh-o.

They send you to New Bedford,
that famous whaling port.

They put you on a clipper ship before
you know you're out, singing,
Blow, ye winds in the morning,
blow ye winds, heigh-o

Clear away your running gear and blow,
ye winds, heigh-o.

It's now we're out to sea, boys,
the wind comes on to blow.
One half the watch is sick on deck,
the other half below, singing,

Blow, ye winds in the morning,
blow ye winds, heigh-o
Clear away your running gear and blow,
ye winds, heigh-o.

But now our trip is over and
we don't give a damn.
We'll bend on all our stu'n'sails
and sail or Yankee land, singing,
Blow, ye winds in the morning,
blow ye winds, heigh-o

Clear away your running gear and blow,
ye winds, heigh-o.

Across the Western Ocean

Oh, the times are hard and the wages low,
Oh, sailor, where you bound to?
The Rocky Mountains are my home,
Across the western ocean.

We are going away from friends and home,
Oh, sailor, where you bound to?
We're going away to search for gold,
Across the western ocean.

Fathers, mothers, say goodbye.
Oh, sailor, where you bound to?
Sisters, brothers, don't you cry,
O'er the western ocean.

Oh, the times are hard and the wages low,
Oh, sailor, where you bound to?
The Rocky Mountains are my home,
Across the western ocean.

Mobile Bay

Was you ever down in Mobile Bay?
Johnny, come tell us and heave away,
A-heaving cotton by the day,
Johnny, come tell us and heave away,

Aye, aye, heave away,
Heave away and draw your pay.
A dollar a day is a sailor's pay,
To work all night and pump all day.

The work is hard, the ship is old,
Johnny, come tell us and heave away,
There's six feet of water in her hold;
Johnny, come tell us and heave away,

Aye, aye, heave away,
Heave away and draw your pay,
The bo'sun shouts, the pumps stand by,
But we can never pump her dry.

The winds were foul, the trip was long,
O leave her, Johnny, leave her.
The grub was bad, but the gin was strong,
It's time for us to leave her.

Aye, aye, heave away,
Heave away and draw your pay.
And before we go we'll sing this song,
It's time for us to leave her.

We'll sing, "O may we never be,"
Johnny, come tell us and heave away;
"On a hungry ship the like of she,"
Johnny, come tell us and heave away.

Aye, aye, heave away,
Heave away and draw your pay,
The rats have gone, and we, the crew,
It's time, by God, that we went too!

Shenandoah

O Shenandoah, I hear you calling,
Hi-o! you rolling river.

O Shenandoah, I long to hear you,
Hi-o! I'm bound away,
'Cross the wide Missouri.

Missouri she's a mighty river,
Hi-o! you rolling river,
When she rolls down her topsails shiver,
Hi-o! I'm bound away,
'Cross the wide Missouri.

Farewell, my dearest,
I'm bound to leave you;
Hi-o! you rolling river,
O Shenandoah, I'll not deceive you,
Hi-o! I'm bound away,
'Cross the wide Missouri

SONGS OF THE AMERICAN COUNTRYSIDE

I. Wayfaring Stranger

MAN:

I'm just a poor wayfaring stranger
Award'ring through this vale of woe.
But there's no sorrow, toil, nor danger
In that far land to which I go.

WOMAN:

I'm going there to meet my father,
I'm going there no more to roam,
I'm just a-going over Jordan,
I'm just a-going over home.

MAN:

I know dark clouds will gather round me
I know my way is rough and steep.
But golden fields lie out before me
Where all the saints their vigils keep.

WOMAN:

I'm going there to meet my mother,
I'm going there no more to roam,
I'm just a-going over Jordan,
I'm just a-going over home.

MAN:

I'm just a poor wayfaring stranger
Award'ring through this vale of woe.
But there's no sorrow, toil, nor danger
In that bright world to which I go.

I'm going there to meet my father,
I'm going there no more to roam,
I'm just a-going over Jordan,
I'm just a-going over home.

II. The Gambling Suitor

WOMAN:

O sir, I see you coming again, pray
tell me what it's for!
When we said goodbye the other night
I told you to come no more, no more,
I told you to come no more.

MAN:

O miss, I have a very fine house,
it's newly built with pine,
And you may have it at your command,
If you will be my bride, my bride,
if you will be my bride.

WOMAN:

O sir, I know it's a very fine house,
and also a very fine yard.
But who will stay with me at night
When you're down at the barroom
playing cards, at the barroom playing cards.

MAN:

O miss, I don't play cards at night,
I never thought it right.
If you consent to be my bride,
I'll stay away nary a night, a night,
I'll stay away nary a night.

WOMAN:

Kind sir, I know the meaning of that,
it's just to take me in.
When you get me at your command,
You'll gamble and drink again, again,
you'll gamble and drink again.

MAN:

O miss, I have a very fine farm,
it's sixty acres wide.
And you shall have it at your command
If you will be my bride, my bride,
if you will be my bride.

WOMAN:

O sir, I know it's a very fine farm
and full of very fine fruit,
When I get in I'll turn you out,
And keep you out, to boot, to boot,
and keep you out to boot.

MAN:

O miss, I have a very fine horse,
it paces like the tide.
If you say yes and marry me,
you can have my horse to ride,
to ride, you can have my horse to ride.

WOMAN:

O sir, I know your very fine horse,
the horse that knows no harm,
His master drinks and gambles so,
I'm afraid that his horse might learn,
might learn, I'm afraid that his
horse might learn.

MAN/WOMAN:

Well miss/sir, you don't/won't
like me at all, I think it's very plain,
I'll marry whom I please
and you can go and do the same,
and you can go and do the same.

III. Good-bye, Fare You Well

MAN:

Goodbye, my love, it's time to go
and I say so and I know so,
I'm bound away and across the sea
Ten thousand miles from home.

WOMAN:

Fare you well, my own true love,
It's time to say goodbye.

WOMAN/MAN

Goodbye, fare you well,
goodbye fare you well,
The time has come when you
and I must part.

I'm bound away, ten thousand
miles from home.

WOMAN:

The anchor's weigh'd,
the cables stowed,
heave away, heave away.

MAN:

The sails are set, the wind comes
on to blow
We're onward bound and
sailing over the bar.

Goodbye, my love it's time to go.

And I say so and I know so.
I'm bound away across the sea,
ten thousand miles from home.

IV. The Ballad of Edward

WOMAN:

How came that blood on your shirt sleeve,
My son, come tell to me!

MAN:

It is the blood of the old grey hound
That ran the deer for me.

WOMAN:

Your grey hound's blood is not so red,
My son, come tell to me!

MAN:

It is the blood of the old grey horse
that ploughed the fields for me.

WOMAN:

Your horse's blood is not so red,
My son, come tell to me!

MAN:

It is my father's blood you see,
And the truth I have told to thee.

WOMAN:

And where will you go
and what will you do,
My son, come tell to me!

MAN:

I'll set my foot in a bottomless boat,
And drift forever an aye.

WOMAN:

And what will you do with your
newlywed wife,
My son, come tell to me!

MAN:

I'll send her away from the grief and pain
Where she never will hear of me.

WOMAN:
And what will you do with your
sweet little boy,
My son, come tell to me!

MAN:
I'll leave him alone for to wait and wonder
What's come of his mother and me.

WOMAN:
And what will you leave to
your mother dear,
My son, come tell to me!

MAN:
The curse of God I leave to you
For bringing this doom upon me!

V. Mary Ann

O do you hear yon mourning dove
a-singing upon the bough,
Lamenting the loss of her own true love
As I do now for you, my dear Mary Ann

O do you see yon crow flying high,
she'll surely turn to white,
If I ever be false to you, my Love,
Bright morning turn to night,
my dear Mary Ann.

Do you see the grass that's under
your feet arise and grow again?
For love surely is a killing thing,
O have you felt the pain, did you ever
feel the pain, my dear Mary Ann?

VI. Uncle Joe's Reel

Did you ever go to meetin',
Uncle Joe, Uncle Joe,
Don't mind the weather
so the wind don't blow.
Hop up my ladies, three in a row,
Don't mind the weather
so the wind don't blow.

Won't you take me over yonder
to the dance, to the dance,
Don't mind the weather
so the wind don't blow.
Hop up my ladies, three in a row,
Don't mind the weather
so the wind don't blow.

O, I'll buy a horse and saddle
for to ride, for to ride,
Don't mind the weather
so the wind don't blow.
Hop up my ladies, three in a row,
Don't mind the weather
so the wind don't blow.

WOMAN:
Won't you offer me your hand
and heart, and your heart,
Don't mind the weather
so the wind don't blow.
Hop up my ladies, three in a row,
Don't mind the weather
so the wind don't blow.

MAN:
I give my hand, and heart to you.
Don't mind the weather
so the wind don't blow.
Hop up my ladies, three in a row,
Don't mind the weather
so wind don't blow.

O, I want to got to heaven when
I die, when I die,
Don't mind the weather so the
wind don't blow.
Hop up my ladies, three in a row,
Don't mind the weather
so the wind don't blow.

We'll ride away together over hill,
over dale,
Don't mind the weather
so the wind don't blow.
Hop up my ladies, three in a row,
Don't mind the weather
so the wind don't blow.



TOD FITZPATRICK

Baritone Tod Fitzpatrick is an active singer, teacher and researcher. Interested in a variety of vocal repertoire, his performance experience includes over forty operatic and music theater roles in addition to a substantial number of oratorio and concert works. He also has a passion for song recitals and new works for voice. He appeared as the Father in Virko Baley's opera *Holodomor: Red Earth. Hunger* at the National Opera in Ukraine. Other ensembles and organizations with which he has sung include the Los Angeles Philharmonic, the Los Angeles Opera, Opera Pacific, the Virginia Symphony, Virginia Opera, the Los Angeles Mozart Orchestra, the Britten-Pears Programme in Aldeborough, the San Francisco Opera Center, the Tanglewood Music Center, the Sacramento Choral Society, the Las Vegas Philharmonic, and the Utah Festival Opera Company.

Composers Jennifer Barker and Judy Cloud feature him on recordings of their songs. He served as the Cal-Western Regional Governor for the National Association of Teachers of Singing and coordinated the prestigious NATS Intern Program. He also served as Co-Director of the National Council Auditions for the Metropolitan Opera in Las Vegas.

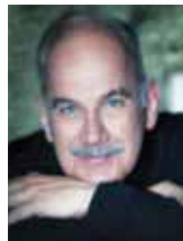
Fitzpatrick was honored to win the 2014 UNLV College of Fine Arts "Teacher of the Year Award."



Undergraduate and graduate students with whom he has worked have gone on to win national voice competitions, perform with professional opera companies, perform in Broadway productions and earn university teaching positions in addition to performing in numerous productions on the Las Vegas Strip.

His educational background includes a Bachelor of Music in Voice Performance from Chapman University and both Master of Music and a Doctor of Musical Arts degrees in Voice Performance from the University of Southern California where he received the Marilyn Horne Voice Scholarship. He also earned a Certificate in Vocology from the National Center for Voice and Speech located at the Denver Center for the Performing Arts and the University of Iowa. Currently, Associate Professor of Music at the University of Nevada, Las Vegas, he teaches voice and serves as the Associate Director of the School of Music.

ALAN SMITH



Pianist Alan Smith enjoys a reputation as one of the United States' most highly regarded figures in the field of collaborative artistry. His performing experiences have included associations in major musical venues with such musical personalities as bass-baritone, Thomas Stewart; soprano,

Barbara Bonney; mezzo-soprano, Stephanie Blythe; violist, Donald McInnes; violinist, Eudice Shapiro; as well as the Los Angeles Chamber Virtuosi. Broadcasts of his performances, compositions and interviews have been aired internationally.





His expertise and experience in song literature, chamber music and opera make him much sought after as an accompanist, coach, faculty colleague, teacher of master classes and adjudicator of area and international competitions, including regular engagements as a judge for the Metropolitan Opera National Council Auditions.

At the USC Thornton School of Music, Professor Smith serves as the chair of Keyboard Studies and still serves as the director of the Keyboard Collaborative Arts Program, one of the oldest and largest programs of its kind the country. Having studied with the legendary Martin Katz, Alan Smith has become a teacher of renown himself; among his awards are the Virginia Ramo Award for excellence in teaching and the Dean's Award for Excellence in Teaching from the Thornton School and the Inaugural Mellon Award Certificate of Recognition for Excellence in Mentoring. His current and former students maintain important positions internationally in the field of collaborative piano and coaching. He has served for 24 years as a member of the vocal coaching faculty at the Tanglewood Music Center in western Massachusetts, was formerly that program's vocal program coordinator and most recently served as the coordinator of the piano program, for which he held a named chair as the Marian Douglas Martin Master Teacher.



MARIA JETTE

Soprano Maria Jette's wide-ranging career has encompassed everything from early Baroque opera to world premieres, in the United States and abroad. Her orchestral resumé includes The Saint Paul Chamber Orchestra, Los Angeles Chamber Orchestra, Minnesota Orchestra, Houston, Kansas City, San Luis Obispo, Santa Rosa, Charlotte, Buffalo, Grand Rapids, Austin, Marin and San Antonio Symphonies, New York Chamber Symphony, Portland Baroque Orchestra and Musica Angelica; plus Berkshires Opera, Roanoke Opera, Sacramento Opera, and the sadly defunct Ex Machina Antique Music Theatre in her home base of Minneapolis-St. Paul. There, she's often heard with VocalEssence (led by conductor Philip Brunelle), Chamber Music Society of Minnesota, Minnesota Sinfonia The Schubert Club and Lyra Baroque Orchestra.

A regular guest over many seasons at the San Luis Obispo Mozart and Oregon Bach Festivals, the Maverick Chamber Series and the Oregon Festival of American Music, she's often heard nationally on Garrison Keillor's *A Prairie Home Companion*.

Maria is an ecumenical recitalist: her programs range from songs of Grieg or Fauré through Edwardian parlor music and Latin American chamber music, liberally interspersed with Tin Pan Alley and the Great American Songbook. She's performed her own productions of Seuss/Kapilow's "Green Eggs & Ham" and Gertrude McFuzz for over 50,000 kids throughout the country, with pit bands, symphony orchestras, and even just piano and train whistle!



Thank you

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Recorded at the Beam Music Center
Recital Hall on the campus of the
University of Nevada, Las Vegas.

Piano: Steinway & Sons, Model D
Producer and Engineer: Andreas K. Meyer

For more information visit:
TodFitzpatrick.com

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