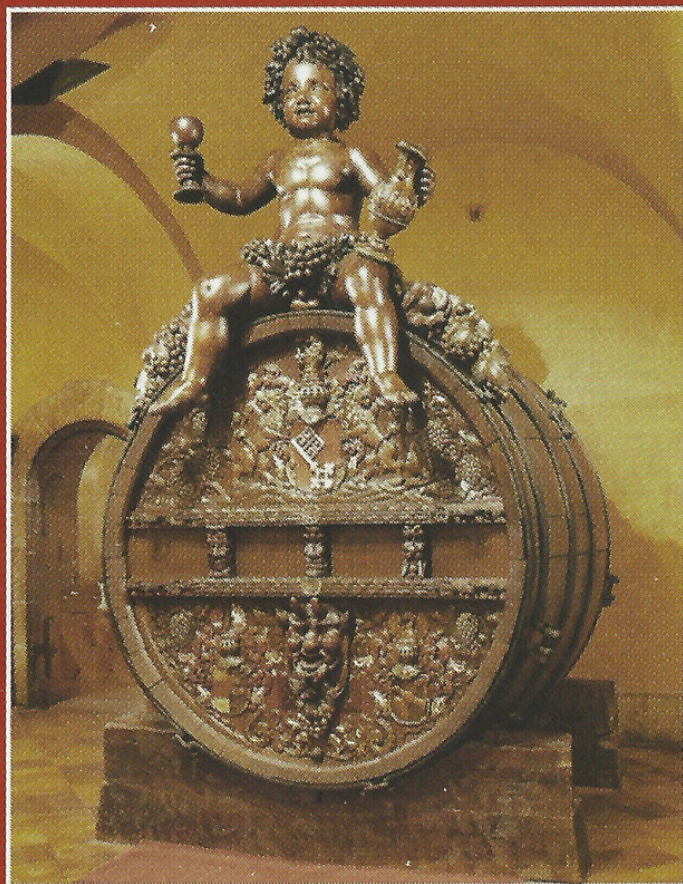


Daniel Pinkham

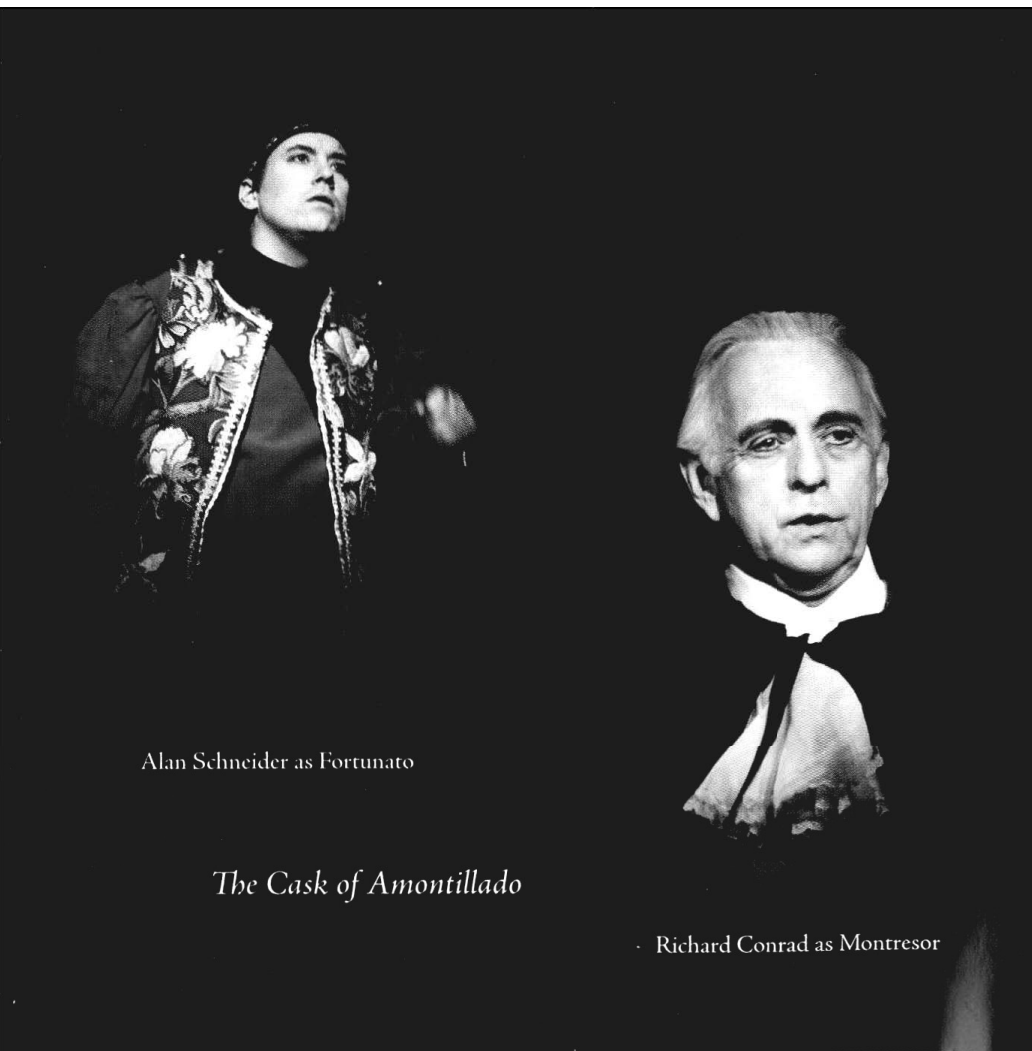
Two One-Act Operas

The Cask of Amontillado



Garden Party





Alan Schneider as Fortunato

The Cask of Amontillado

Richard Conrad as Montresor

THE CASK OF AMONTILLADO

Libretto and Music by Daniel Pinkham

Opera in one act and three scenes based on the story by Edgar Allan Poe

Commissioned by Richard Conrad and the Boston Academy of Music

Premiere: 5 June 2003 at the Massachusetts College of Art

The Chorus and Orchestra of the Boston Academy of Music, John Finney, conductor

CAST: **Montresor**, a Roman nobleman: Richard Conrad, baritone
Fortunato, a rich Roman: Alan Schneider, tenor
Masked revellers in carnival costumes: chorus

GARDEN PARTY

Libretto and Music by Daniel Pinkham

Comic opera in one act and four scenes

Commissioned by the Handel and Haydn Society, Boston

Premiere: 25 March 1977, Jordan Hall, New England Conservatory of Music,
Boston, Massachusetts, Thomas Dunn, conductor

Revival: 5 June 2003, Massachusetts of Art

The Chorus and Orchestra of the Boston Academy of Music, John Finney, conductor

CAST: **Adam**: Joe Dan Harper, tenor • **Eve**: Emily Browder, soprano
Gabriel: Aaron Engebret, actor • **Snake**: Wayne Rivera, actor
God (offstage and through a loud-speaker): Mark Pearson, actor

CHORUS: June Baboian, Jeramie Hammond, *Craig Hanson,
*Daniel Hershey, Jane Leikin, Laurie Lemley, *Mark Morgan,
Susan Byers Paxon, Clara Sandler, Kaja Schuppert, *Donald Wilkinson
* = Celestial Choir

INSTRUMENTAL ENSEMBLE: Stephen King, viola • Robert Lynam, contrabass
Bruce Creditor, clarinet • Justin Cohen, horn • Gary DiPerna, percussion
Anne Kissel Harper, keyboard

THE CASK OF AMONTILLADO

Libretto

Tracks 1—10 (31:33)

ROME: 19th century. Dusk, during carnival time

1 SCENE I. (5:31)

A small room in Montresor's palazzo in Rome. It contains a coat rack which holds a cloak, a black silk mask and a trowel. The music begins. Montresor enters.

MONTRESOR: Fortunato, I have borne as best I could a thousand injuries at your hand. But when you venture on insult I vow revenge. At length I shall be revenged. I shall not only punish you, but punish with impunity and, —at no risk to me. The servants are out for the evening. All is in readiness.

Revenge. How cunning. How satisfying. How deliberate. How sweet. Revenge!
Wine. Wine. Your weak point will undo you, Fortunato. You are a true connoisseur of wine. Few Italians have the true virtuoso spirit. This is your weak point and it will undo you, Fortunato. Revenge. How fulfilling. How gratifying. How delicious. How stark.

But now I shall go out in the supremē madness of the carnival season to find you, Fortunato.

Montresor puts on a cape and a black silk mask. He tucks the trowel into his belt and exits.

2 INSTRUMENTAL INTERLUDE (5:09)

3 SCENE II. (0:42)

A street outside near the Montresor palazzo. Revellers are singing and drinking.

TENOR: Bring on wine! Come and join in the rapture and capture the thrill of its welcome bouquet.

ALL (*Refrain*): Bring on wine!

Come and join in the rapture and capture the thrill of its welcome bouquet.

SOPRANO: Raise your glasses! Wine enhances the zest of the season. Though your reasoning suffers your spirits will soar ever more as you drink.

ALL (*Refrain*): Bring on wine! etc.

BARITONE: Name your choice. We have plenty. There's Chianti, Lambrusco, Barbera or, if you had rather, an Asti Spumante, a fountain of bubbles.

ALL (*Refrain*): Bring on wine!

MEZZO-SOPRANO: You will discover who is your lover when you look under the mask. Ever so sweetly, and quite discretely, give him a hug and a kiss. (*Dance*)

ALL (*Refrain*): Bring on wine!

Montresor spots Fortunato, who is dressed in motley. He has on a tight-fitting parti-striped dress, and his head is surmounted by the conical cap. He wears white gloves.

MONTRESOR: Pleased to find Fortunato so quickly. He conceals his anger. He feigns good will and friendship. He wrings Fortunato's hand for a long time. The revellers move on.

4 (2:13) My dear Fortunato, you are luckily met. How remarkably well you are looking today! But I have received a cask of what passes for Amontillado, and I have my doubts.

FORTUNATO: How? Amontillado. A cask. Impossible! And in the middle of the carnival!

MONTRESOR: I have my doubts and I was silly enough to pay the full Amontillado price without consulting you in the matter. You were not to be found, and I was fearful of losing a bargain.

FORTUNATO: Amontillado!

MONTRESOR: I have my doubts.

FORTUNATO: Amontillado!

MONTRESOR: And I must satisfy them.

FORTUNATO: Amontillado!

MONTRESOR: As you are engaged, I am on my way to Luchesi. If any one has a critical turn, it is he.

FORTUNATO: Luchesi cannot tell Amontillado from ordinary Sherry.

MONTRESOR: And yet some fools will have it that taste is a match for your own. *Fortunato coughs.*

5 (2:41) Amontillado!

FORTUNATO: Heavy, strong, dark, with nut-like flavor.

MONTRESOR: Amontillado!

FORTUNATO: Amontillado.

FORTUNATO: Come, let us go.

MONTRESOR: Whither?

FORTUNATO: To your own vaults.

MONTRESOR: My friend, no; I will not impose upon your good nature. I perceive you have an engagement. Luchesi —

FORTUNATO: I have no engagement; come. *Coughs.*

MONTRESOR: My friend, no. It is not the engagement, but the severe cold with which I perceive you are afflicted. These vaults are insufferably damp. They are encrusted with nitre.

FORTUNATO: Let us go, nevertheless. My cold is a merely nothing. Amontillado! You have been imposed upon. As for Luchesi, he cannot distinguish ordinary Sherry from Amontillado. *Laughs.*

Montresor draws his cape around him. Fortunato takes his arm and hurries him back to the palazzo.

6 INSTRUMENTAL INTERLUDE (1:39)

7 SCENE III. (3:47)

In the Montresor family catacombs. Montresor, having removed the mask, takes from their sconces two torches. He gives one of them to Fortunato and bows him through several suites of rooms finally arriving at the vault. There are many bottles of wine and piles of human bones. Fortunato's gait is unsteady.

FORTUNATO: The cask?

MONTRESOR: It is further on in the catacombs, but observe the white webwork which gleams from these cavern walls.

Fortunato looks at Montresor for a long time.

FORTUNATO: Nitre?

MONTRESOR: Nitre. *Pause.* How long have you had that cough?

Fortunato coughs many times and says nothing for several minutes.

FORTUNATO: It is nothing.

MONTRESOR: Come, we will go back; your health is precious. You are rich, respected, admired, beloved; you are happy, as once I was. You are a man to be missed. For me it is no matter. We will go back; you will be ill, and I cannot be responsible. Besides there is Luchesi—

FORTUNATO: Enough, the cough is a mere nothing; it will not kill me. I shall not die of a cough.

MONTRESOR: True—true and, indeed, I had no intention of alarming you unnecessarily; but you should use all proper precautions.

Montresor knocks off the neck of a bottle which he drew from a long row of its fellows and gives it to Fortunato.

A draught of this Médoc will defend us from the damp. Drink.

Fortunato raises it to his lips with a leer. He pauses and nods to Montresor familiarly.

8 (3:33)

FORTUNATO: I drink to the buried that repose around us.

He passes the bottle to Montresor.

MONTRESOR: And I to your long life.

Montresor drinks and returns the bottle to Fortunato. Fortunato takes Montresor's arm again and they proceed.

FORTUNATO: *Coughs.* These vaults are extensive.

MONTRESOR: The Montresors were a great and numerous family.

FORTUNATO: Your arms?

MONTRESOR: A huge golden foot in a field of azure: the foot crushes a serpent rampant whose fangs are embedded in the heel.

FORTUNATO: And the motto?

MONTRESOR: No one who insults me shall go unpunished.

FORTUNATO: Good!

The wine sparkles in Fortunato's eyes.

MONTRESOR: The nitre, see, it increases. It hangs like moss upon the vaults. We are below

the river's bed. The drops of moisture trickle among the bones. Come, we will go back ere it is too late. Your cough—

FORTUNATO: It is nothing. Let us go on. But first another draught of the Médoc.

Fortunato sets down his torch which goes dark. He takes the bottle from Montresor in both hands.

9 3:22

How noble, this wine. Its warmth sings of summer's loving nurture. Delicate, yet substantial, the triumph of an autumn harvest.

Fortunato empties the bottle and tosses it up in the air in a curious gesture. Montresor looks at him uncomprehending. Fortunato repeats the grotesque gesture.

You do not comprehend the gesture?

MONTRESOR: Not I.

FORTUNATO: Then you are not of the brotherhood.

MONTRESOR: How?

FORTUNATO: You are not of the masons.

MONTRESOR: Yes, yes. Yes, yes.

FORTUNATO: You? Impossible! A mason?

MONTRESOR: A mason.

FORTUNATO: A sign.

MONTRESOR: It is this. my trowel.

Montresor produces the trowel from the beneath the folds of his cape.

FORTUNATO: You jest. Recoiling a few paces. But let us proceed to the Amontillado.

MONTRESOR: Be it so. *He replaces the trowel beneath the cloak.* Proceed. Here in is the

Amontillado. As for Luchesi—

FORTUNATO:

Fortunato leads. Montresor holds his torch in such a way that Fortunato eclipses its rays and walks in his own shadow.

Luchesi is an ignoramus.

Fortunato's progress is stopped by a granite wall in which there are two iron staples, distant from each other about two feet, horizontally. From one of these hangs a short chain, from the other a padlock. Fortunato is too surprised to resist. Montresor throws the chain about Fortunato's waist,

closes the padlock and turns the key.

The Amontillado! *Not yet recovered from his astonishment.*

MONTRESOR: True, the Amontillado

He puts down his torch and busies himself among the pile of bones. He soon uncovers several building stones and mortar. He takes out the trowel from under his cape. He begins vigorously to wall up the entrance of the niche. From within comes the clanking of chains.

10 (2:55)

FORTUNATO: Ha! ha! ha! — he! he! he! — a very good joke indeed — an excellent jest.

We will have many a rich laugh about it at the palazzo — he! he! he! — over our wine — he! he! he!

MONTRESOR: The Amontillado!

FORTUNATO: He! he! he! — he! he! — yes, the Amontillado. But is it not getting late?

Will not they be awaiting us at the palazzo, the Lady Fortunato and the rest? Let us be gone.

MONTRESOR: Yes, let us be gone.

FORTUNATO: *Finally recognizing Montresor's true intention.* For the love of God, Montresor, Let me out!

MONTRESOR: Yes, for the love of God!

Montresor waits in vain for a response, but there is none.

Fortunato! (No answer). Fortunato, my friend, farewell.

Montresor finishes his labors and puts the last stone and masonry in place. He stacks up a pile of bones to conceal his work. He takes up his torch and departs in silence).

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GARDEN PARTY

Libretto

Tracks 11 — 24 (41:14)

The libretto of GARDEN PARTY is based on the most eminent sources, ancient and modern. Genesis 2 and 3, of course, give only the bare outline of the story but later authors have supplied and illuminated the details.

Saki (H.H. Munro) was the first definitely to establish that the archangel Gabriel was present in the Garden of Eden. Mark Twain, in his capacity as editor, revealed Adam's hitherto unrecognized literary talents in preparing his diary for publication. Both John Milton and Julia Child have given their private but divergent views on the rôle of the apple in contemporary society. Mrs. M. A. Kidder, sometime librettist for Stephen Foster (and here librettist for the Celestial Choir), has provided the first half of the splendidly moral poem "Read the Bible." Norma Farber, my late friend, graciously permitted me to set her sonnets "Tree of life" and "While Eve," which are sung by the chorus in the third scene, and which provide, in an exact reversal of Shakespeare's practice, a welcome interlude of "serious relief" before the levity of the finale.

—D. P.

11 SCENE I. *The Garden of Eden, long ago.* (4:14)

INSTRUMENTAL PRELUDE

CHORUS:

When God the Lord had heaven made
and likewise formed the earth,
in his own image did create
a man of sin-free birth.
In Eden's garden God did place
his Adam thence to tend
the wond'rous trees which grew there tall
magnificent and end-
less in supply of fruit. But one,

the fairest, God denied.

Next to the tree of life it stood,
the tree of knowledge. Sigh'd
then Adam, "Knowing good and e-
vil is for me not part of
God's design. Content I'll keep
his charge within my heart".

ADAM: *Seated, playing a game of Solitaire. Gabriel enters.* Good morning, Gabriel.

GABRIEL: Good morning, Adam. who's winning?

ADAM: I don't have knowledge so I'm not sure. But at least it gives me something to do. But what do you have there?

GABRIEL: *Produces a large picture book.* God said you looked as though you'd like something constructive to do. He thought that you might like to give names this morning to all the living creatures: names to the cattle, to the birds of heaven and names to every wild animal.

ADAM: Thank you, Gabriel. *Takes book.* My, what pretty pictures in full living-color. *Gabriel exits as Adam recites the following Alphabestiary.*

12 (1:55)

A is for ape, up in the tree. B is for bobolink, meadow-bird free. C is for cat, stalking a bird. D is for dinosaur, gone without word. E is for eel, shocking his prey. F. if for firefly, lighting the way. G is for goat, Capricorn sign. H is for halibut,. Bring on white wine! I is for itch, mite under skin. J is for jacana, wading-bird thin. K is for kite, narrow of wing. L is for lioness, wife of the king. M is for mole, lives in the dark. N is for Newfoundland, noisy his bark. O is for owl, turning his head. P is for pachyderm, hide thick as lead. Q is for quail, delicious to eat. R is for rainbow trout, also a treat. S is for skunk. Odor avoid! T is for tanager. Scarlet's his pride. U is for unicorn, mythical beast. V is for vampire. Blood is his feast. W, wasp. Shun his abode! X is for xenopus, web'd-footed toad. Y is for yak, covered with hair. Z is for zebra. Stripes he doth wear.

Gabriel enters dressed as a doctor wearing a white robe, a stethoscope around his neck, a physician's

mirror on his forehead, etc. In his hand a glass of water and a huge pill.

ADAM: Well, it's done—and they're all named! But even without knowledge I could see that there are two of every kind, male and female, while I am the only one of my species here in Eden.

GABRIEL: I bring you glad tidings from on high, Adam! God has decided that it's not good for you to be alone and he is going to provide a partner for you. Just lie down over here and take this pill.

Adam does as instructed.

13 SLEEP MUSIC (0:58)

14 CHORUS: (2:02)

Sleep, Adam sleep,
and God will take
a rib. And when you wake
from slumber deep
you'll have a wife to comfort you.
For she,
this creature new,
will share your life.

Sleep, Adam, sleep
and do not stir
or turn
while God makes her
for you to keep.
She'll share your worse
and better times
and will
inspire the rhymes
of poets' verse.

15 (0:40)

ADAM: *Waking. Eve is by his side. My Eve!*

EVE: My Adam!

ADAM: Now this, at last –

bone from my bones,
flesh from my flesh! –
this shall be called woman,
for from man was this taken. *Suddenly.*
What games can you play?

EVE: *Misunderstanding and shocked. Why, Adam!*

ADAM: *Picking up playing cards. Come, I'll teach you what each card means.*

16 (2:49)

Two, three, four, five six, sev'n,
eight, nine ten, —there's no elev'n,
but portraits in this stack
of king and queen and jack
each with his mirrored face,
And then there comes the ace.

Club, diamond, and spade
and heart are here arrayed
in colors red and black.
You see them in this pack
all shining, new and clean,
in every suit thirteen.

So take one card, dear Eve.
The others you may leave
and then I'll draw one too,
and read my fortune true.

And thus throughout the day
we'll while our time away.

EVE: *Draws a card and is terrified.*

What means this card, my dear?
The Queen of Spades I fear
portends some evil fate
and hence from Eden's gate
for something we have done
we'll surely have to run.

ADAM: *Trying to comfort her.*

No harm will éer befall.
Avoid the fruit tree tall
and ne'er from it partake
no matter what the snake
may urge. Remember clear-
ly this and never fear.

BOTH: No matter what betide
I'll be here by your side

ADAM: to cherish you always,

EVE: to honor and obey.

BOTH: Each day throughout our life
we'll live as man and wife.

ADAM: *Gets up.* Well, if I'm to be the breadwinner I'd better leave for work. Be a good
housewife. See you later, Eve. *Adam exits.*

EVE: Goodbye, Adam. — And I should pick at least some fruit today. *Eve exits.*

[17] CHORUS

How beautiful the garden! —
warm the days,
cool the nights.
What peace is here!

The trees grow tall in Eden, —
sweet their fruit,
soft their shade,
their perfumes rare.

But now appears the serpent. —
Craft his trade,
sly his talk
beguiling Eve.

Of Eve he now grows jealous
for he sees
he to her
has Adam lost.

[18] SCENE II. (2:49) *A month has passed. Under the apple tree in the middle of the garden.*

SNAKE: Good morning, Eve.

EVE: What do you mean by that, Snake? "Good morning"? Every morning is a good morn-
ing in the garden.

SNAKE: A most appalling consistency. I, for one, would welcome a little change. — I say, Eve,
is it still true that God has forbidden you to eat from any tree in the garden?

EVE: There you go again! You know very well that we may eat the fruit of any tree in the
garden, except for the tree right here in the middle. God has forbidden us either to eat
or to touch the fruit of this tree; if we do, we shall die.

SNAKE: Come on, Eve. Of course you will not die. God knows that as soon as you eat it,
your eyes will be opened and you will be like God, knowing good and evil.

EVE: If God says no, that's good enough for me. And what's so special about that tree
anyway. There are lots of trees that are just as good. The fig tree, for example. That's a
pretty tree—tasty fruit, too—although I don't see any use for the fig leaves. The quince I
transplanted is doing nicely, thank you. And besides Adam and I had a serious talk

just this morning over our all-natural breakfast and we resolved, and are in complete agreement that...

SNAKE: *Interrupting.* Very healthy, those apples. Keeps the doctor away, you know.

EVE: I get my daily intake of Vitamin A from carrots, Vitamin B from various complexes, Vitamin C from spinach, Vitamin D from ..(sounds of a chorus warming up).

O dear—The Celestial Choir rehearsing their new material. What a sanctimonious crew they are!

19 (4:06)

CELESTIAL CHOIR:

Don't forget to read the bible,
In the early days of youth,
Every morning, every evening,
Fill you minds with sacred truth.
Read the bible, read the bible,
For a guide to you 'tis given;
Read the bible, read the bible,
It will lead you up to heaven!

CHORUS:

Read the bible, read the bible,
It will lead you up to heaven.

CELESTIAL CHOIR:

Has your heart grown sad and weary,
Full of sorrow, grief and care!
"Come to me, ye heavy laden,"
Take your bible, read it there!
Read how God in sweet compassion
Set aside one day in seven,
That we all might read the message
Sent to guide us all to heaven!

CHORUS:

Read the bible, read the bible,
It will lead you up to heaven.

CELESTIAL CHOIR

Read the epic of creation.
Read of Noah and his ark.
Read how Daniel was delivered
from the lions' den so dark.
Read ere sickness comes upon you.
Read ere earthly ties are riven!
Read the bible, read the bible,
It will lead you up to heaven.

CHORUS

Read the bible, read the bible,
It will lead you up to heaven.

CELESTIAL CHOIR

Read about the plagues in Egypt
and the parting sea so red.
Read how Moses led the Children,
how they were with manna fed.
Read the exploits there of David—
with Goliath how he'd striven.

Read the bible, read the bible,
It will lead you up to heaven.

CHORUS

Read the bible, read the bible,
It will lead you up to heaven.

CELESTAIL CHOIR

Read of Jonah's awesome saga
in the belly of the fish,
and John's Baptist head presented
to Salome on a dish.

EVE: *Starts to applaud.*

SNAKE: Please don't applaud. It will only encourage them.

CELESTIAL CHOIR: *Begins an encore.*

Read the feats of strongman Samson
and Delilah's strong appeal,
Of Susanna and the Elders,
of Ezechiel and the wheel.
Read of Job's enduring patience.
Read how Solomon had thriv'n.
Read the sacred scriptures daily.
They will point the way to heaven.

CHORUS

Read the bible, read the bible,
It will lead you up to heaven.

EVE: What a preachy text!

SNAKE: Agreed. But you must admit that they sing better than they used to. —I've just spotted a fat caterpillar that would be delicious for my coffee beak. Why not have an apple for yours. See you around. Have a nice day! *Exits.*

Read about the foolish virgins,
how the kingdom is like leaven.
These and other stories read there,
hey will lead you up to heaven.

CHORUS

Read the bible, read the bible,
It will lead you up to heaven.

20 (5:32)

EVE: With Adam I resolved
to do as we were bidden,
God's wishes to obey,
although their meaning hidden.

More beautiful this tree
than others in the garden.
If sweet the fruit allowed,
how tastes the fruit forbidden?

GABRIEL: *Entering.* Hello, Eve.

EVE: Hello, Gabriel.

GABRIEL: Where's Adam?

EVE: He's a bit poorly this morning, I'm sorry to say. Same old complaint—sore ribcage, you know. He says he's not been the same since the operation. But what brings you here?

GABRIEL: *Carrying a large book.* Well, I've been looking into my Future Book and reading some marvelous recipes from The French Chef Cookbook. Here's one for apple charlotte, and a nifty one for moulded apple custard. And then there are some apple fillings for crêpes, apple marmalade, apple tart and in the index a reference to pommes. (That's French for apples).

EVE: Not you, too! I may not know good and evil but I sure can tell when you and Snake are up to something.

GABRIEL: Eve, I must talk seriously with you. Did you know that you're causing my Future Book all sorts of grave problems? Many pages incomplete—many totally blank. Look here, for instance; Here's Bach, who wants to compose a work entitled "Adam's Fall."

EVE Adam's Fall. Fall? Well, that is ridiculous! Everyone knows that it's always summer in the garden. We don't have seasons.

GABRIEL: *Pained and addressing the audience.* I'll pretend I didn't hear that one. *Addressing Eve.* Then look at this page. No, this one over here. Milton has started a long, long poem about Paradise. Incomplete. Your fault. The poets and composers union is threatening a strike. You must try. You've got to let a little sin come into the world. *Exits.*

18

EVE: With Adam I resolved
to do as we were bidden,
God's wishes to obey,
although their meaning hidden.

If taking one small bite,
scarce more than just a nibble,
would help the artists' plight,
then surely who would quibble?

SNAKE: *Enters.* Hello, Eve. Just passing through. *To audience.* Why doesn't she just go away? *To Eve.* My caterpillar was yummy. How was your apple? *Ciao! Exits.*

EVE: With Adam I resolved
to do as we were bidden,
God's wishes to obey,
although their meaning hidden. *She plucks an apple from the tree.*

But fruit so ripe and red
plucked from the tree of knowledge
might make me bright just like
graduate of collage. *She bites the apple.*

21 SCENE III. (2:20)

CHORUS

O tree fulfilled with blame, o tree of burden
and bliss and fiery juice and taste of sin
like fruit, o prominent plant, o stem of pain,
o apple-bleeding branch in a myth of garden
where jungle festered and the fang was hidden
and God dissembled to his creature man,
and truth spoke from a snake; o tree made plain
by wrath: see, before the bole is rotten

19

you shall connive again against a man,
and sweat with sap exacted from his eyes,
blaze by his anguish, and be bled into
in wounds like his through the sollicitu-
dinous night, and be recited later o less
and less a tree, and more and more a cross.

(— *Tree of Blame* by Norma Farber)

22 (5:27)

ADAM, EVE AND SNAKE *enter, eyes downcast.*

GOD: Adam, where are you?

ADAM: I heard the sounds as you were walking in the garden, and I was afraid because I was naked, and I hid myself.

GOD: Who told you you were naked? Have you eaten from the tree which I forbade you?

ADAM: The woman you gave me for a companion, she gave me fruit from the tree and I ate.

GOD: Eve, what is this that you have done?

EVE: The serpent tricked me, and I ate.

GOD: Snake, because you have done this you are accursed more than all cattle and all wild creatures. On you belly you shall crawl, and dust you shall eat all the days of your life. I will put enmity between you and the woman, between your brood and hers. They shall strike at your head, and you shall strike at their heel.

Eve, I will increase your labor and your groaning, and in labor you shall bear children. You shall be eager for your husband, and he shall be your master.

Adam, because you have listened to your wife and have eaten from the tree which I forbade you, accursed shall be the ground on your account. With labor you shall win your food from it all the days of your life. It will grow thorns and thistles for you, none but wild plants for you to eat. You shall gain your bread by the sweat of your brow until you return to the ground; for from it you were taken. Dust you are, and to dust you shall return. *Exeunt.*

CHORUS:

How like a man that earliest Adam blamed
Eve in a grove, as if he manly ate
evil for chivalry's sake, and if that meat
dried up in his mouth with dread. How he disclaimed
the pulp a petal on his tongue, the inflamed
fruit-skin a sunrise glutting in his throat.
How he contemned the trespass now too late,
and the reptile writhing, and the woman becalmed;
while Eve: while downcast Eve upheld the snake
for its true serpenthood, upheld the tree
laden with ache, upheld the ache, and the sky
clouded with dark Jehovah. And her nak-
edness and self alone did not uphold,
but covered up her shame, and still was cold.

(— *While Eve* by Norma Farber)

Adam, Eve and Snake leave. Snake crawling.

23 SCENE IV. : (3:00) *Outside the Garden of Eden.*

An angel guards the gates. Adam and Eve enter, wearing fig leaves.

ADAM: Bad show, Eve.

EVE: I know. And we can't go back, I fear.

ADAM: Not while Jophiel stands there holding that flaming sword and guards the gates.

EVE: O Adam, look at us now—exiles. Our home gone, our innocence gone, reduced to a fading memory.

ADAM AND EVE:

How beautiful the garden! —
warm the days,
cool the nights.
What peace was there!

The trees grew tall in Eden,
sweet their fruit,
soft their shade,
their perfumes rare.

The judgment harsh upon us —
for our sin
driven hence
from Paradise.

For ever lost, the garden!
Gone our joys,
past our bliss,
néer to return.

ADAM: I'll miss the garden and our friends.

EVE: Adam, that snake was a bad influence on you.

ADAM: He tricked you, I notice.

EVE: I wonder if the pages of Gabriel's Future Book are complete now. And I wonder what they say we are going to do.

ADAM: That we'll never know. But first of all we'd better go job-hunting.

EVE: We already have our work cut out for us, Adam, if we're to be the parents of the whole human race. And there is one solace, despite our expulsion from the Garden—although we now are mortal, at least we have knowledge to learn to enjoy sin.

24 SOLI AND CHORUS (3:26)

Welcome, sin!	Enter love!	Hello, bliss!	Greetings fun,
Do come in.	From above	Here's a kiss.	now begun!
Here on earth	in the air,	And my heart	First we knock,
joy and mirth	everywhere,	for its part	then unlock
on us bestow.	delight us now.	will send you more.	enchantment's door.

ADAM AND EVE

It was all for an apple
our troubles began,
from the tree in the garden,
the downfall of man.

The apple, the apple to sin it us led.
Though it was our ruin
we now are pursuin'
the pleasures and pastimes ahead.

CHORUS: An apple a day
keeps the doctor away.
And apple brought frolic,
best cure for the colic,
to people all over the world.

TUTTI: Welcome, sin! (*reprise*)

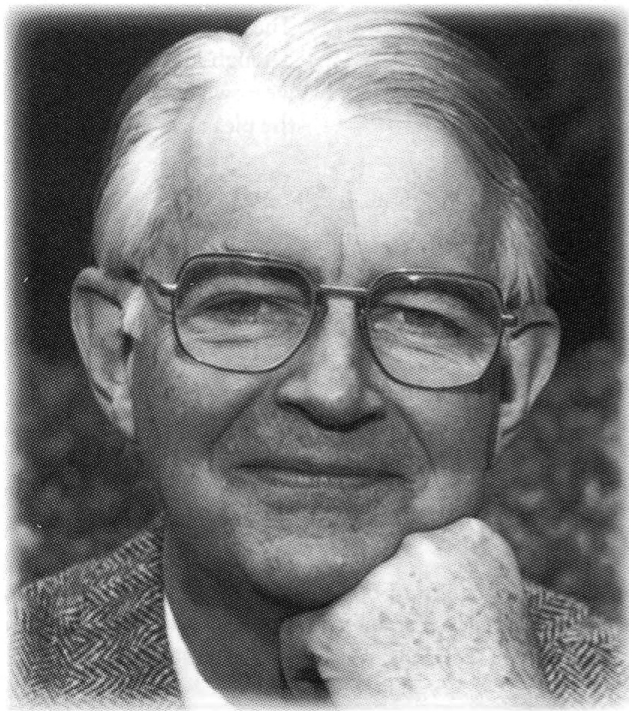
Shout for joy, girl and boy!	Let's all join in the strain.
Voices raise now in praise of lusty hours.	Music, thrill us until our loves are ours.

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DANIEL PINKHAM

was born in Lynn, Massachusetts on 5 June 1923. He studied organ and harmony at Phillips Academy, Andover, with Carl F. Pfat-teicher; then at Harvard with A. Tillman Merritt, Walter Piston, Archibald T. Davison and Aaron Copland (A.B. 1942; M.A. 1944). He also studied harpsichord with Putnam Aldrich and Wanda Landowska, and organ with E. Power Biggs. At Tanglewood he studied composition with Arthur Honegger and Samuel Barber, and subsequently with Nadia Boulanger. He has taught



at Simmons College, Boston University, Dartington Hall (Devon, England), and was Visiting Lecturer at Harvard University (1957-58). In 1950 he was awarded a Fulbright Fellowship and in 1962 a Ford Foundation Fellowship as a choral conductor. He is a Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. He is on the faculty of the New England Conservatory of Music where he is senior professor in the Musicology Department. He is Music Director

Emeritus of historic King's Chapel in Boston where he actively served from 1958 until 2000. He is the recipient of six honorary degrees: Litt D., Nebraska Wesleyan University, 1976; Mus. D., Adrian College, 1977; Mus. D. Westminster Choir College, 1979; Mus. D., New England Conservatory, 1993; Mus. D., Ithaca College, 1994; Mus. D., Boston Conservatory, 1998.

Pinkham is a prolific and versatile composer whose catalog includes four symphonies and other works for large ensembles; cantatas and oratorios; concertos and other works for solo instrument and orchestra for piano, piccolo, trumpet, violin, harp and three organ concertos; theatre works and chamber operas; chamber music; electronic music; and twenty documentary television film scores.

Pinkham's orchestral works have been played by major orchestras in the United States including the New York Philharmonic under the direction of Leonard Bernstein, The Buffalo Philharmonic (which he conducted in the premiere of his Organ Concerto Number One), the Boston Pops Orchestra under the direction of John Williams, Keith Lockhart, and by the composer himself, the Portland Symphony Orchestra, the Louisville Symphony Orchestra, the Orchestra Sinfonica Nacional de Mexico and many others. In June 1994 the London Symphony Orchestra recorded his Symphony Number Three and Symphony Number Four, Serenades for Trumpet and Symphonic Wind Orchestra and Sonata Number Three for Organ and Strings with the American organist James David Christie as soloist. In 1995 Dr. Christie premiered his Organ Concerto Number Two with the Rheinland Philharmonic Orchestra in Koblenz, Germany. In May 1997 Ray Cornils premiered his Organ Concerto Number Three with the Portland (Maine) Symphony Orchestra. In September 2003 Charles Ansbacher recorded Make Way for Ducklings with the Moscow Symphony Orchestra. Senator Edward M. Kennedy was the narrator.

In 1990 he was named Composer of the Year by the American Guild of Organists. In 1996 he received the Alfred Nash Patterson Foundation Lifetime Achievement Award for contributions to the Choral Arts.

EMILY BROWDER has received critical acclaim as a versatile singing actress in the Boston area. She has appeared with the Boston Academy of Music, Opera Boston, Cantata Singers, and the Boston Music Theater Project, among others. She can be heard as *The Boy* on Boston Modern Orchestra Project's recording of Lukas Foss's *Griffelkin* (Chandos).

RICHARD CONRAD has enjoyed equal success as a singer, actor, stage director, teacher, and *empresario*. Although he is perhaps best known as a specialist in belcanto repertoire and in the operas of Gilbert and Sullivan, he has also performed a wide range of contemporary music, especially the compositions of Daniel Pinkham. Conrad began working with Pinkham in 1960, and since then he has performed in the premieres of many of Pinkham's works which were composed especially for him, including *Letters from St. Paul*, *Eight Poems of Gerard Manley Hopkins*, *Requiem*, *Antiphons*, the opera *The Cask of Amontillado*, and solo songs.

AARON ENGBRETH maintains an active solo career in opera, oratorio and recital. He has been a featured soloist with the Tanglewood and Ravinia Music Festivals, Boston Ballet, San Diego, Charlotte and New Haven Symphonies, Opera Boston and Opera Aperta. Also known for his interpretation of early music, he has been soloist with the many of the finest early music organizations in the U.S.A. He lives with his wife, Katherine and daughter, Daphne in Portland, Maine.

JOHN FINNEY is the well-established conductor of several choral and orchestral ensembles in the Boston area. He is Associate Conductor and Chorusmaster of Boston's Handel & Haydn Society, and holds the position of Distinguished Artist-in-Residence at Boston College, where he is Director of the University Chorale and Conductor of the Boston College Symphony Orchestra. He serves as Director of Music at the Wellesley Hills Congregational Church, and as Conductor of the Heritage Chorale in suburban Boston.

JOE DAN HARPER has distinguished himself as a versatile singer of concert, recital & chamber music repertoire. He has performed recently with the Buffalo Philharmonic, Boston Academy of Music, Central City Opera, Handel & Haydn Society of Boston, Opera Aperta, Opera Unlimited, Plano International Arts Festival, South Carolina Opera, Utah Festival Opera & Utah Opera. His recordings also include Wesley Fuller's setting of five poems by William Carlos Williams, *A Solace*

of *Ripe Plums*, on the Capstone Records label. Joe Dan performs frequently with his wife, pianist Anne Kissel Harper. Sought after as interpreters of contemporary music, they have presented many premieres. Mr. Harper joined the SUNY Fredonia School of Music voice faculty in the Fall of 2005 after returning from a Fulbright Fellowship in Germany.

MARK PEARSON is now retired from the faculty of New England Conservatory of Music, where he was for forty-two years chair of the Voice Department.

WAYNE RIVERA has distinguished himself on the operatic stage and in the concert hall both in the United States and abroad. As a finalist in both the Metropolitan Opera and the Chicago Lyric Opera auditions, he toured twenty-six countries as a member of the Metropolitan Opera Studio and has performed as a soloist with most of the major United States symphonies, as well as the New York City, Boston and Hartford Ballets. He has sung leading roles in the opera houses of Aachen, Germany; Lucerne, Switzerland, and Lyon, France, and with numerous opera companies and major concert organizations in the United States. He is currently Chair of Opera Performances and Voice Faculty at The Hartt School in Connecticut.

ALAN SCHNEIDER has performed in opera, operetta, and music theatre productions with many companies in his native New England and elsewhere, including Sarasota Opera, OperaDelaware, Florida Grand Opera, The Huntington Theatre Company, and The North Shore Music Theatre. He has most often appeared with the Boston Lyric Opera, having performed roles in seven of their productions over the past five seasons.

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Cover Photos by Erich Lessing: (left) a gay Bacchus straddles a 17th C., Bremen Town Hall; (right) Adam & Eve, 12th C. Spanish ivory chess pawn; by permission of Art Resource, NY

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