



**STANLEY GRILL**  
**RUSTLING FLIGHTS OF WINGS**

**NANCY ALLEN LUNDY**  
**STEPHEN GOSLING**  
**RALPH FARRIS**



## STAN GRILL



Raised in the Bronx, Stan has been obsessed with music since the age of six, when his mother took him to Carnegie Hall and he was astonished and awe-struck by a performance of "La Mer." While that

obsession first took the form of playing piano at every possible moment (when not otherwise engaged in activities typical of a kid growing up in the Bronx of the 1950's and '60s), it was Stan's music theory studies at the Manhattan School of Music that converted that obsession to writing music – and to finding his own musical voice.

He learned the craft from extraordinary musicians: among others - Robert Helps, Leon Kushner, Ursula Mamlok and Joseph Prostackoff. Stan's passion for medieval and Renaissance music has greatly influenced his writing - a contemporary expression of ageless techniques based on melody, modal harmonies, and contrapuntal, extended, interweaving lines. Two main themes permeate many of his works - music composed in an attempt to translate something about the nature of the physical world, and music composed to inspire and promote world peace.

Stan's music has been performed the world over – from Ecuador to Poland; Toulouse to Tokyo; Brooklyn to Vienna – by such artists as Camerata Philadelphia, Camerata Arkos, Englewinds, the Pandolfis Consort, the Bronx Arts Ensemble, One World Symphony, violists Brett Deubner and Ralph Farris, and violinist Jorge Avila.

While always inspired by great poetry to compose songs, Stan is also a prolific composer of chamber music. Several of his string quartets are also available from Innova Recordings in a brilliant recording by the Diderot String Quartet.

*"As I see it, as much as we strive to find reason and purpose in our having been born into this amazing, mysterious and awe-inspiring universe, that attempt is largely futile. It is however, the best part of our nature that obliges us to make the attempt, though the most we can hope for is to gain some small degree of understanding of the world around us, and, more importantly, of ourselves. To achieve this, we each approach the problem in our own way, uniquely shaped by our cultural background, innate talents and abilities, education and so on. For some, science may be the window through which they best perceive and interpret the world, for others, religion. For those to whom the world seems to express itself most clearly and beautifully through sound, music is the voice that speaks to us and through which we, in turn, most effectively express ourselves. The best of my music has arrived, rather inexplicably, as part of a personal effort to understand the world and myself. It is, in a way, an act of translation. The world says something, I try to understand it, and then translate it into musical language. The particular musical language which I speak, is, of course, a product of my conservatory training and personal musical tastes, but hopefully, the outcome, imperfect a translation as it may be, will convey to others something of its original intent."*

— Stan Grill

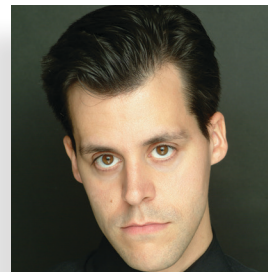
## THE ARTISTS



**Nancy Allen Lundy** has earned critical acclaim for her unique vocal beauty, skillful musicianship and theatrical prowess in a variety of classical and contemporary styles. Engagements with opera companies and festivals include English National Opera, Netherlands Opera, New York City Opera, Houston Grand Opera, Washington Opera, Cincinnati Opera, Opera Company of Philadelphia, Hawaii Opera Theater, Minnesota Opera, Opera Theatre of St. Louis, Portland Opera, Spoleto, USA, Teatro Municipal de Santiago (Chile), Bregenzer Festspiele (Austria), Festival Euro Mediterraneo (Rome), and Suntory Hall (Tokyo). Her operatic repertoire encompasses more than thirty roles, of which she has earned particular acclaim for her portrayals of Curley's Wife in *Of Mice and Men*, Gilda in *Rigoletto*, Musetta in *La Bohème*, Ann Trulove in *The Rake's Progress*, Sophie in *Der Rosenkavalier*, the title role in *Lucia di Lammermoor*, Rosina in *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, and Cunegonde in *Candide*.

Oscar-winning composer Tan Dun began writing for Ms. Lundy following her success in his *Peony Pavilion*, directed by Peter Sellars at London's Barbican Center with subsequent performances in Rome and Paris. With her skills in mind, Tan Dun scored the role of Juliet in his *Orchestral Theater IV: The Gate*, which she premiered with the NHK Symphony Orchestra (Tokyo). She has sung *The Gate* and *Orchestral Theater III: Red Forecast* with the Vienna Radio Symphony Or-

chestra, London's BBC Symphony Orchestra, St. Paul Chamber Orchestra, Munich Philharmonic, as well with orchestras in Lyon, Paris, Shanghai, Lisbon, Sapporo (Pacific Music Festival), and New York (Brooklyn Academy of Music). 2002 saw the world premiere in Tokyo of Tan Dun's *Tea* for which Ms. Lundy created the role of Lan under the direction of Pierre Audi, a production which was later reprised in Amsterdam. She has sung *Tea* in Stockholm and in a concert version at Teatro Carlo Felice (Genova), Lawrence Renes conducting. Other contemporary opera roles she has interpreted include Claire in the American premiere of Peter Bengtson's *The Maids*, Caroline Gaines in Richard Danielpour's *Margaret Garner*, Pat Nixon in *Nixon in China*, Singer #1 in Conrad Sousa's *Transformations*, and Water in Tan Dun's *Marco Polo*.



**Stephen Gosling** enjoys a varied career as soloist and chamber musician with a particular focus on the music of our time. He earned his bachelor's, master's, and doctoral degrees at The Juilliard School, where he was awarded the Mennin Prize and Sony Elevated Standards Fellowship, and appeared as concerto soloist on an unprecedented four occasions. He is a member of the New York New Music Ensemble, Talea Ensemble Orchestra of the League of Composers, as well as pianist with the New York City Ballet, and has appeared as guest artist with The Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Orpheus, Orchestra of St. Luke's, St. Paul

Chamber Orchestra, eighth blackbird, American Composers Orchestra, and Chamber Orchestra of Europe, among many others. He frequently performs in the Lincoln Center, Mostly Mozart, and June in Buffalo festivals. Mr. Gosling has collaborated with composers including Pierre Boulez, Elliott Carter, Brian Ferneyhough, Oliver Knussen, Steve Reich, Poul Ruders, Charles Wuorinen, and John Zorn, with whom he has performed worldwide over the past several years and released several recent recordings (including the 2015 Pulitzer Prize-nominated *Hexentrottel*); and John Psathas, whose music he has recorded on two award-winning albums and whose concerto *Three Psalms* he premiered with the New Zealand Symphony Orchestra.



**Ralph Farris** is a Juilliard-trained conductor, multi-instrumentalist, composer, arranger, and record producer. He is a tireless collaborator, whether working as an individual, or as a founding member and Artistic Director of ETHEL, the genre-bending string quartet described by *The New York Times* as “indefatigable and eclectic,” and by *The New Yorker* as “vital and brilliant”. That spirit has led to work with a who’s-who of rock stars, filmmakers, choreographers, educators, stage directors and poets.

Ralph has taken part in major collaborations with ETHEL, Robert Mirabal, Molissa Fenley and Frank Cassara, Annie-B Parson, Vijay Iyer, Stewart Copeland, Martin Scorsese (on the short *The Key*

to *Reserva*), and Kurt Elling (on the GRAMMY®-winning album *Dedicated to You: the Music of Coltrane and Hartman*); toured extensively with Roger Daltrey (as Music Director and lead fiddle), Todd Rundgren, Joe Jackson, Ensemble Modern, Bang On A Can, Yo-Yo Ma’s Silk Road Ensemble, Orpheus Chamber Ensemble, and Kaki King; performed in concert with Seiji Ozawa, John Williams, Leonard Bernstein, David Byrne, Thomas Dolby, Tom Verlaine, Jill Sobule, Andrew Bird, Fernando Otero, Jake Shimabukuro, JP Jofre, Pete Townsend, Alice Cooper, Sinéad O’Connor, Lou Reed, and Trey Anastasio; conducted *The Lion King* and *Annie* on Broadway; composed for film (Noelle Brower’s short *Everything Is Ordinary*; Anika Burt’s short *Begin Again*; Susan Todd’s short *The Mother Is the One Who Stretches* (with ETHEL); Danièle Wilmouth’s feature *Eleanore And The Timekeeper* (with ETHEL); Jehane Noujaim’s industrial *Pangea Day*), for dance (Monkeyhouse), and for the stage (Aquila Theatre’s productions of *A Female Philoctetes* and *The Tempest*, Jarrett & Raja, Lawler & Fadoul, the Jerome Foundation, BRIC Arts Media, Arts Brookfield, OZ Nashville, BAM, and the NEA); arranged music for Five For Fighting (the GRAMMY®-nominated hit “Superman (It’s Not Easy)”), Dishwalla, Chantal Kreviazuk, Room 11, Pound, Dayna Kurtz, Lord Graham Russell (of Air Supply), and the University of Michigan; recorded with Paul Simon, Depeche Mode, Ivy, Fountains of Wayne, Regina Carter, Clay Aiken, Rod Stewart, Natalie Merchant, Better than Ezra, and Harry Connick, Jr.; and produced records for ETHEL and the Hevreh Ensemble.

Currently, Ralph is composing a full-length musical, a ballet based on *Snow White* for Pineapple Dance, performing in his new all-violin quartet Firewood with Gallim Dance in their production of *Stone Skipping*, touring as part of ETHEL's production of *CIRCUS – Wandering City*, which premiered at The Ringling Museum of Art, and producing a series of contemporary classical recordings for composer Stanley Grill.

## THE MUSIC

### A COLLECTION OF SONGS (C.F. CILLIERS)

We live in a world governed by incidental collisions – and such incidents are greatly multiplied by the technology of the internet. How else would a poet living in South Africa and a composer sitting in his attic writing music in New Jersey ever have crossed paths and begun to share our work? Having accepted a “friend” request on Facebook from Charl, without having any idea of who he was, or where he was from, I began to read – and love – the poems he occasionally posted. Amongst all of the ignorable nonsense that people post, these stood out as gems – demanded my attention – and some seemed to cry out for music. Having set one poem, then another, from Facebook, I reached out to Charl directly to ask for more – and he sent me volumes. This collection is a beginning, as I'm sure Charl will keep on writing words – and I will continue to write notes.

### THE VIOLIN SINGS IN A COMMON LANGUAGE

The first song in this cycle, *Der Nachbar*, was composed for Ursula Fiedler, soprano and violinist. At the time, I had intended to set other songs for soprano and violin, but years went by without my getting around to it. Recently, finding several other wonderful poems which employ the violin as a central image, it seemed that combining these poems, each written in a different language, in a single group accompanied by the violin, conveyed something important about the nature of music as a universal language that can bond people together, despite our many differences.

### 4 SONGS TO POEMS BY HART CRANE

Not daring to begin setting his masterpiece, *The Bridge*, to music, I settled instead on four lovely poems with startling imagery.

### 6 SONGS

Of all poets in the English language, I always found W.B. Yeats to be the most musical. English, after all, is not a beautiful singing language – but somehow, he was able to make it so. These 6 songs, taken from poems spanning his output, are some of my favorites.

## THE POEMS

### A COLLECTION OF SONGS TO POEMS BY C.F. CILLIERS

#### Out of Season

sunlight out of season  
in an empty crystal vase  
has burst into flower

colours of the rainbow  
that a short shift of time  
will soundlessly erase

#### The Nymph

Clothed in grey  
the garden nymph  
stood all day  
on a concrete plinth.

Dull and drab  
as ashen granite  
she stood, stone slab,  
silent, inanimate.

Till that one  
day I saw her wear,  
in the dazzling sun  
as she stood there,  
a crimson butterfly in her grey hair.

#### The Owl People

They who are hidden, from afar  
can hear

what no one else hears.

For longings larger than grief  
theirs are wings softer than fur  
sight boundless as belief.

They sit in the sunlight of stars  
till a sound's shape appears.

Then, in the spark of an eye,  
seize the shape, take it apart

only to find grief's tiny cries lie  
in the tree-hollow dark of the heart.

#### Angels

Colder and fainter are they  
than the extinguished light  
of comets that burn  
in the cold space of night.

No warmth pulses  
in their hearts like a star.  
Their shape is dust.  
And yet they are.

They sometimes hover, haloed  
in light from afar,  
as if seeking the warmth  
of something familiar

something so intimate  
we almost feel  
the magic of a world  
that thought has made unreal.

## Time

sand  
in the hollow  
of your hand

sky  
in the depth  
of your eye

death in each  
breath taken

and time  
ticks by

## A Game

Down by a once and bitter sea  
joy was a game we used to play.  
Once was a bitter and bright day  
for you and for me.

Our castles against the slow waves  
stood – crumbled and were caves  
again. In our laughter then we knew,  
I think, that joy would always be  
a game we played beside the sea.

## Our Lives Grow

Our lives grow golden in our leaves,  
and leaving we are moulded into earth  
and air, though no one grieves  
our true going for what its worth.

Grief only stays for loss beyond release.

And going, we cannot show ourselves  
again to others loved, except where we've ceased  
to live, framed on desks or shelves.

We are in their tears, blurred ghosts  
speaking into dreams where they still live,  
eager, ineffectual hosts  
whispering love to souls to which they cannot give  
a body's substance. So as we are  
we shine on, exploded, like a star.

## Who Would Not Gladly

Who would not  
gladly cast off  
like a chrysalis  
this object body  
hard and stiff  
with the formality  
of customary years  
if they could know  
there was  
in them all  
ready rustling flights of wings.

## Finally

Our first loves are fairytales.  
Before we can speak words  
needing to be said, before us lie worlds so frail  
with wonder – magical, urgent and absurd –  
that a single loss shatters them to tears:  
but words we learn for love and loss  
grow closer with encroaching years  
as familiarity obscures the gloss  
until with the futility of one last breath  
love and loss are finally one in death.

## THE VIOLIN SINGS IN A COMMON LANGUAGE

### Der Nachbar (Rilke)

Fremde Geige, gehst du mir nach?  
In wieviel fernen Städten schon sprach  
deine einsame Nacht zu meiner?  
Spielen dich hunderte? Spielt dich einer?

Gibt es in allen grossen Städten  
solche, die sich ohne dich  
schon in den Flüssen verloren hätten?  
Und warum trifft es immer mich?

Warum bin ich immer der Nachbar derer,  
die dich bange zwingen zu singen  
und zu sagen: Das Leben ist schwerer  
als die Schwere von allen Dingen.

### Chanson d'Automne (Verlaine)

Les sanglots longs  
Des violons  
De l'automne  
Blessent mon cœur  
D'une langueur  
Monotone.  
Tout suffocant  
Et blême, quand  
Sonne l'heure,  
Je me souviens  
Des jours anciens  
Et je pleure;  
Et je m'en vais  
Au vent mauvais  
Qui m'emporte  
Deçà, delà,

### The Neighbor

Strange violin, are you following me?  
Already, in how many distant cities  
has your lonely night spoken to mine?  
Are hundreds playing you? Only one?

Are there such men in all great cities,  
who without you would already  
have lost themselves in the rivers?  
And why does it always hit me?

Why am I always the neighbor  
of those who anxiously force you  
to sing and to say: Life is harder  
than the heaviness of all things.

### Autumn Song

The long tears  
Of Autumn's  
Violins  
Wound my heart  
With a monotonous  
lethargy.  
All suffocating  
And pale when  
The hour strikes,  
I remember  
The old days  
And I cry...  
And I am going away  
On an ill wind  
That carries me  
Here, there,



Pareil à la  
Feuille morte.

#### Casida del llanto (Lorca)

He cerrado mi balcón  
porque no quiero oír el llanto  
pero por detrás de los grises muros  
no se oye otra cosa que el llanto.

Hay muy pocos ángeles que canten,  
hay muy pocos perros que ladren,  
mil violines caben en la palma de mi mano.

Pero el llanto es un perro inmenso,  
el llanto es un ángel inmenso,  
el llanto es un violín inmenso,  
las lágrimas amordazan al viento,  
no se oye otra cosa que el llanto.

#### Kreisler (Sandburg)

Sell me a violin, mister, of old mysterious wood.  
Sell me a fiddle that has kissed dark nights  
on the forehead where men kiss sisters they love.  
Sell me dried wood that has ached with passion clutching  
the knees and arms of a storm.  
Sell me horsehair and rosin that has sucked at the breasts  
of the morning sun for milk.  
Sell me something crushed in the hearts blood of pain  
readier than ever for one more song.

#### Haiku (C.F. Cilliers)

In die herfs  
Huil viooltjies  
In die wind

Just like a  
Dead leaf.

#### Casida of the Weeping

I've closed my balcony  
for I don't want to hear the weeping,  
yet out beyond the grey walls  
nothing is heard but weeping.

There are very few angels singing,  
there are very few dogs barking,  
a thousand violins fit in the palm of my hand.

But the weeping's a dog, immense,  
the weeping's an angel, immense,  
the weeping's a violin, immense  
the tears have silenced the wind,  
and nothing is heard but weeping.

In autumn  
Wild pansies cry  
In the wind

#### 4 SONGS TO POEMS BY HART CRANE

##### At Melville's Tomb

Often beneath the wave, wide from this ledge  
The dice of drowned men's bones he saw be-  
queath  
An embassy. Their numbers as he watched,  
Beat on the dusty shore and were obscured.

And wrecks passed without sound of bells,  
The calyx of death's bounty giving back  
A scattered chapter, livid hieroglyph,  
The portent wound in corridors of shells.

Then in the circuit calm of one vast coil,  
Its lashings charmed and malice reconciled,  
Frosted eyes there were that lifted altars;  
And silent answers crept across the stars.

Compass, quadrant and sextant contrive  
No farther tides . . . High in the azure steeps  
Monody shall not wake the mariner.  
This fabulous shadow only the sea keeps.

##### Interior

It sheds a shy solemnity,  
This lamp in our poor room.  
O grey and gold amenity, --  
Silence and gentle gloom!

Wide from the world, a stolen hour  
We claim, and none may know  
How love blooms like a tardy flower  
Here in the day's after-glow.

And even should the world break in  
With jealous threat and guile,  
The world, at last, must bow and win  
Our pity and a smile.

##### Exile

My hands have not touched pleasure since your  
hands, --  
No, -- nor my lips freed laughter since 'farewell',  
And with the day, distance again expands  
Voiceless between us, as an uncoiled shell.

Yet, love endures, though starving and alone.  
A dove's wings clung about my heart each night  
With surging gentleness, and the blue stone  
Set in the tryst-ring has but worn more bright.

##### A Name for All

Moonmoth and grasshopper that flee our page  
And still wing on, untarnished of the name  
We pinion to your bodies to assuage  
Our envy of your freedom—we must maim

Because we are usurpers, and chagrined—  
And take the wing and scar it in the hand.  
Names we have, even, to clap on the wind;  
But we must die, as you, to understand.

I dreamed that all men dropped their names, and  
sang  
As only they can praise, who build their days  
With fin and hoof, with wing and sweetened fang  
Struck free and holy in one Name always.

## 6 SONGS (W.B. YEATS)

### The Rose of the World

Who dreamed that beauty passes like a dream?  
For these red lips, with all their mournful pride,  
Mournful that no new wonder may betide,  
Troy passed away in one high funeral gleam,  
And Usna's children died.

We and the labouring world are passing by:  
Amid men's souls, that waver and give place  
Like the pale waters in their wintry race,  
Under the passing stars, foam of the sky,  
Lives on this lonely face.

Bow down, archangels, in your dim abode:  
Before you were, or any hearts to beat,  
Weary and kind one lingered by His seat;  
He made the world to be a grassy road  
Before her wandering feet.

### The Old Men Admiring Themselves in the Water

I heard the old, old men say,  
'Everything alters,  
And one by one we drop away.'  
They had hands like claws, and their knees  
Were twisted like the old thorn-trees  
By the waters.

I heard the old, old men say,  
'All that's beautiful drifts away  
Like the waters.'

### He Hears the Cry of the Sedge

I wander by the edge  
Of this desolate lake  
Where wind cries in the sedge:

Until the axle break  
That keeps the stars in their round,  
And hands hurl in the deep  
The banners of East and West,  
And the girdle of light is unbound,  
Your breast will not lie by the breast  
Of your beloved in sleep.

### Two Songs of a Fool

I

A speckled cat and a tame hare  
Eat at my hearthstone  
And sleep there;  
And both look up to me alone  
For learning and defence  
As I look up to Providence.

I start out of my sleep to think  
Some day I may forget  
Their food and drink;  
Or, the house door left unshut,  
The hare may run till it's found  
The horn's sweet note and the tooth of the  
hound.



I bear a burden that might well try  
Men that do all by rule,  
And what can I  
That am a wandering-witted fool  
But pray to God that He ease  
My great responsibilities?

II

I slept on my three-legged stool by the fire,  
The speckled cat slept on my knee;  
We never thought to enquire  
Where the brown hare might be,  
And whether the door were shut.  
Who knows how she drank the wind  
Stretched up on two legs from the mat,  
Before she had settled her mind  
To drum with her heel and to leap?  
Had I but awakened from sleep  
And called her name, she had heard,  
It may be, and not have stirred,  
That now, it may be, has found  
The horn's sweet note and the tooth of the  
hound.

### The Cat and the Moon

The cat went here and there  
And the moon spun round like a top,  
And the nearest kin of the moon,  
The creeping cat, looked up.  
Black Minnaloushe stared at the moon,  
For, wander and wail as he would,  
The pure cold light in the sky  
Troubled his animal blood.  
Minnaloushe runs in the grass  
Lifting his delicate feet.  
Do you dance, Minnaloushe, do you dance?  
When two close kindred meet.  
What better than call a dance?  
Maybe the moon may learn,  
Tired of that courtly fashion,  
A new dance turn.  
Minnaloushe creeps through the grass  
From moonlit place to place,  
The sacred moon overhead  
Has taken a new phase.  
Does Minnaloushe know that his pupils  
Will pass from change to change,  
And that from round to crescent,  
From crescent to round they range?  
Minnaloushe creeps through the grass  
Alone, important and wise,  
And lifts to the changing moon  
His changing eyes.

## THE RECORDING

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Sandburg, Verlaine and Lorca are in the public do-  
main.

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### On the Web:

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## OTHER VOCAL MUSIC BY STAN GRILL

To a Child (W.B. Yeats) soprano & string quartet, 1987  
Crazy Jane Sings (W.B. Yeats) soprano, strings, piano, flute, 1999  
Two Sad Songs (W.B. Yeats) soprano, string orchestra, 2002  
Thinking of You (John MacKenzie) soprano, cello, harp, 2005  
Love's Little Pleasures (various) soprano, string orchestra, 2008  
5 Rilke Songs (R.M. Rilke) soprano, viola d'amore, cello, 2009  
Mystical Songs (Fernando Rielo) soprano, viola, string orchestra, 2009  
Song of Loss and Remembrance (R.M. Rilke) soprano, viola d'amore, viola, cello, 2012  
Sonnets to Orpheus (R.M. Rilke) tenor, piano, 2012  
Rozmowa z kamieniem (Szyborska) soprano, 2 violins, cello, 2013  
La selva de los relojes (Garcia Lorca) mezzo, cello, piano, 2018

## A COLLECTION OF SONGS TO POEMS BY C.F. CILLIERS

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NANCY ALLEN LUNDY soprano  
STEPHEN GOSLING piano  
RALPH FARRIS violin





**A COLLECTION OF SONGS TO POEMS BY C.F. CILLIERS**

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- 06 A Game 1:50
- 07 Our Lives Grow 4:09
- 08 Who Would Not Gladly 1:06
- 09 Finally 3:31

**THE VIOLIN SINGS IN A COMMON LANGUAGE**

- 10 Der Nachbar (R.M. Rilke) 4:05
- 11 Chanson d'Automne (Verlaine) 3:24
- 12 Casida del llanto (Lorca) 3:46
- 13 Kreisler (Sandburg) 2:52
- 14 Haiku (C.F. Cilliers) 1:26

**4 SONGS TO POEMS BY HART CRANE**

- 15 At Melville's Tomb 3:43
- 16 Interior 2:32
- 17 Exile 3:32
- 18 A Name for All 2:47

**6 SONGS (W.B. YEATS)**

- 19 The Rose of the World 2:42
- 20 The Old Men Admiring Themselves in the Water 1:34
- 21 He Hears the Cry of the Sedge 3:47
- 22 Two Songs of a Fool (I) 1:26
- 23 Two Songs of a Fool (II) 3:40
- 24 The Cat and the Moon 3:22

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