

TO THE THAWING WIND

- 1 **RELUCTANCE** 04:50
Shea Owens baritone
Artem Belogurov piano
- 2 **GOING FOR WATER** 07:32
Madison Leonard soprano
Artem Belogurov piano
- 3 **PAN WITH US** 06:38
Shea Owens baritone
Artem Belogurov piano
- 4 **STARS** 04:05
Madison Leonard soprano
Artem Belogurov piano
- 5 **SNOWFLAKES** 06:37
Shea Owens baritone
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- 6 **WIND AND WINDOW FLOWER** 08:13
Madison Leonard soprano
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- 7 **PEONY** 05:19
Shea Owens baritone
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- 8 **HAVE YOU GOT A BROOK IN YOUR LITTLE HEART** 05:06
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Artem Belogurov piano
- 11 **DESCENDING INTO DREAMS (SEABREEZE)** 06:45
Shea Owens baritone
Artem Belogurov piano

RELUCTANCE

Robert Frost (1874 - 1963)
from "A Boy's Will", 1913

Introduction:

*Out Fields, Fields Woods,
Looked world, Descended, Ah!*

Out through the fields and the woods
And over the walls I have wended;
I have climbed the hills of view
And looked at the world, and descended;
I have come by the highway home,
And lo, it is ended.

The leaves are all dead on the ground,
Save those that the oak is keeping
To ravel them one by one
And let them go scraping and creeping
Out over the crusted snow,
When others are sleeping.

And the dead leaves lie huddled and still,
No longer blown hither and thither;
The last lone aster is gone;
The flowers of the witch hazel wither;
The heart is still aching to seek,
But the feet question 'Whither?'

Ah, when to the heart of man
Was it ever less than a treason
To go with the drift of things,
To yield with a grace to reason,
And bow and accept the end
Of a love or a season?

GOING FOR WATER

Robert Frost (1874 - 1963)
from "A Boy's Will", 1913

The well was dry beside the door,
And so we went with pail and can
Across the fields behind the house
To seek the brook if still it ran;

Not loth to have excuse to go,
Because the autumn eve was fair,
(Though chill), because the fields were ours,
And by the brook our woods were there.

We ran as if to meet the moon
That slowly dawned behind the trees,
The barren boughs without the leaves,
Without the birds, without the breeze.

But once within the wood, we paused,
Like gnomes that hid us from the moon,
Ready to run to hiding new,
With laughter when she found us soon.

Each laid on other a staying hand,
To listen ere we dared to look,
And in the hush we joined to make,
We heard, we knew we heard the brook.

A note as from a single place,
A slender tinkling fall that made
Now drops that floated on the pool,
Like pearls, and now a silver blade.

PAN WITH US

Robert Frost (1874 - 1963)
from "A Boy's Will", 1913

Pan came out of the woods one day,—
His skin and his hair and his eyes were gray,
The gray of the moss of walls were they,—
And stood in the sun and looked his fill
At wooded valley and wooded hill.

He stood in the zephyr, pipes in hand,
On a height of naked pasture land;
In all of the country he did command
He saw no smoke and he saw no roof.
That was well! and he stamped a hoof.

His heart knew peace, for none came [near]
To this lean feeding save once a year
Someone to salt the half-wild steer,
Or homespun children with clicking pails
Who see so little they tell no tales.

He tossed his pipes, too hard to teach
A new-world song, far out of reach,
For a sylvan sign that the blue jay's screech,
And the whimper of hawks beside the sun
Were music enough for him, for one.

Times were changed from what they were:
Such pipes held less of power to stir
The fruited bough of the juniper
And the fragile bluets clustered there
Than the merest aimless breath of air.

They were pipes of pagan mirth,
And the world had found new terms of worth.
He laid them down on the sun-burned earth,
And ravelled a flower and looked away—
Play? Play?—What [shall we] play?

STARS

Robert Frost (1874 - 1963)
from "A Boy's Will", 1913

How countlessly they congregate
O'er our tumultuous snow,
Which flows in shapes as tall as trees
When wintry winds do blow!—

As if with keenness for our fate,
Our faltering few steps on
To white rest, and a place of rest
Invisible at dawn,—

And yet with neither love nor hate,
Those stars like some snow-white
Minerva's snow-white marble eyes
Without the gift of sight.

On a calm clear mid-ocean night a human climbs slowly and ponderously up on deck, raising gaze to the cold, cloudless sky and celestial awe above. The unfolding overwhelming mysterious beauty above transfixes away from self.

The stargazer turns his view and thoughts to earth contemplating fate.

Finally the perception of cold unfeeling stars contrasting with the experience of warm human feelings, inspired by the magnificence, engulfs the mind and soul of the viewer. —PG

SNOWFLAKES

Paul E. Gay (b. 1936)
from "Three Songs of Loss", 2014

You came and captured me.
Suddenly, my life is held softly,
Softly in your hand,
Held in your hand I rest so very softly,
Rest and fall asleep and then,
I dream the following and that is—

You are Spring and I am Fall,
Somehow that matters not,
So like snowflakes falling,
In your upturned palm and in your lovely eyes,
All the rest twinkling around.

I sleep gently,
Hold me before I melt and fade away,
Crystallize as snow, Crystallize then melt
And flow away.

Hold me gently, for I am gone but you remain,
Different now but much the same,
So like teardrops falling,
From your lovely eyes and through your upturned palm,
To where I rest so softly in the ground.

Lovely shadows hold you
Before you rise and walk away,
Snow begins to fall,
Crystallize and melt,
Then flow away.

Hold me gently,
Hold me gently
In your Heart.

WIND AND WINDOW FLOW'ER

Robert Frost (1874 - 1963)
from "A Boy's Will", 1913

Lovers, forget your love,
And list to the love of these,
She a window flower,
And he a winter breeze.

When the frosty window veil
Was melted down at noon,
And the caged yellow bird
Hung over her in tune.

He marked her through the pane,
He could not help but mark,
And only passed her by,
To come again at dark.

He was a winter wind,
Concerned with ice and snow,
Dead weeds and unmated birds,
And little of love could know.

But he sighed upon the sill,
He gave the sash a shake,
As witness all within
Who lay that night awake.

Perchance he half prevailed
To win her for the flight
From the firelit looking-glass
And warm stove-window light.

But the flower leaned aside,
And thought of naught to say,
And morning found the breeze
A hundred miles away.

PEONY (DUET)

Paul E. Gay (b. 1936)
from "Three Songs of Loss", 2014

(Baritone) Peony,
Everything is blooming
Except the Peony.
Remember the day we brought it home to stay?
(Soprano) Well I do my dear.

(B.) Peony,
With a scent so subtle
And so heavenly divine,
(S.) Can you remember how
It drifted on the breeze?

(B.) Why, oh why did you go?
I never thought you'd leave me so alone.
(S.) If I could come back things would be, so heavenly,
(Both) With you beside me hand in hand,
Joined together.

(B. together) Peony, hang your head yet I still see your lovely face before me,
(S. together) Peony, I'm resigned I'll never be here on earth again,
(B. together) But for now I have memories that are so dear,
(S. together) In my dreams each night and every day,
(Both) Of you and me together.
(B.) I wish to God that you were here, or I were there with you.
(Both) Oh let it be!

(S.) I cherish every memory, I cherish every dream I have alive with you.
(B.) I cherish every dream I have of you alive.
(Both) If I/you could come back I would be, in ecstasy,
With you beside me hand in hand.
Peony, Oh! Peony...

HAVE YOU GOT A BROOK IN YOUR LITTLE HEART

Emily Dickinson (1830 - 1886)
first published in 1890, Book II, "Love"

Have you got a Brook in your little heart,
Where bashful flowers blow,
And blushing birds go down to drink,
And shadows tremble so?

And nobody knows, so still it flows,
That any brook is there;
And yet your little draught of life,
Is daily drunken there.

Then look out for the little brook in March,
When the rivers overflow,
And the snows come hurrying from the hills,
And the bridges often go.

And later, in August it may be,
When the meadows parching lie,
Beware, lest this little brook of life,
Some burning noon go dry!

TO THE THAWING WIND

Robert Frost (1874 - 1963)
from "A Boy's Will", 1913

Come with rain, O loud Southwester!
Bring the singer, bring the nester;
Give the buried flower a dream;
Make the settled snow-bank steam;
Find the brown beneath the white;

But whate'er you do to-night,
Bathe my window, make it flow,
Melt it as the ice will go;
Melt the glass and leave the sticks
Like a hermit's crucifix;

Burst into my narrow stall;
Swing the picture on the wall;
Run the rattling pages o'er;
Scatter poems on the floor;
Turn the poet out of door,

[And stay out, out the door!]

NOW CLOSE THE WINDOWS

Robert Frost (1874 - 1963)
from "A Boy's Will", 1913

Now close the windows and hush all the fields;
If the trees must, let them silently toss;
No bird is singing now, and if there is,
Be it my loss.

It will be long ere the marshes resume,
It will be long ere the earliest bird:
So close the windows and not hear the wind,
But see all wind-stirred.

DESCENDING INTO DREAMS (SEABREEZE)

Paul E. Gay (b. 1936)
from "Three Songs of Loss", 2014

Softly as a goosedown pillow it seems to me this night,
This night, so gentle the feel of hands held firm, not tight.
Softly as a goosedown pillow it seems to me tonight.
What is this I dream?

Sea breeze floats by mystery,
Now clouds recede, moonlight touches us.
Still, your beating heart beats,
Lay the rest to dust.

Surely this will end,
Must it ever 'tho?
I could spend forever gently so entwined,
Forever, dream with me.

In the mirror reflected,
The sun appears to my op'ning eyes.
Still, your beating Heart beats,
Where are they now?

Surely this did end?
Now that I'm awake, I will search forever,
Searching, searching for
Dreams of you.

Lying softly,
Goosedown pillow.
Now that I'm alone,
Must it e're be so? So.

Moonlight,
Seabreeze — sswish —

LINER NOTES

Those who have experienced cruel winters in cold climates know the precise sense of isolation that accompanies months of gray skies, snowdrifts, and icy window panes. But perhaps many more of us in 2020 have now experienced a different kind of isolation, stillness, or even hopelessness. Just as Frost beckoned the “loud Southwester” to bring the birds, rain, and warmth of spring, many of us now yearn for change, inspiration, and renewal. A shared desperation for freedom. A melting away of tension and hostility. New energy born from the stillness.

The thawing wind is not necessarily tranquil – change rarely is. In Robert Frost’s poem, **Pan with Us**, Pan confronts a changed landscape. Where once he stood proudly in charge of his domain, his “pipes of pagan mirth” in hand, ready to make his mark (or his music) on the world, he now discovers that the world has found “new terms of worth.” It no longer values his offering. Now what?

The original poem ends with an open-ended question: “What should he play?” Paul Gay’s bold and hopeful change: “What [shall we] play?” is an invitation to join in this period of discovery. We need not relegate our craft to the neglected “sun-burned earth,” even if our old pipes and methods must be discarded along the way.

Just as Pan confronted his vastly altered landscape, we too have the opportunity to revitalize and “give the buried flower a dream.” Despite his rejection, Pan altered course and found that the calls of the animals and the sounds of nature “were music enough for him, for one.”

As we all pine for a new season in life, we hope that this album inspires you to find the music that brings you fulfillment in this moment. Of course, this could take the form of art. But it could also be the sound of a brook running through the forest, a child’s laugh, love for a partner, a flowering garden, fantastical dreams, the night sky, or gratitude for the simple miracle of being alive. We invite you to listen carefully to that music, feel deeply, take risks, seek adventure, be whole, and find joy in your life.

THOUGHTS FROM THE COMPOSER

“In the still moment between dusk and dark, a single note well-played on a musical instrument is a thing of beauty all by itself.”—PG

The World as it is, or the World as you want it to be? How to choose? The ebb and flow of consonance and dissonance vary considerably with the choice made, carrying the listener’s attention and interest along with the flow. Dissonance is to music as a combustion engine is to an auto, it’s your friend. A little too much however results in fumes too strong for some. Music without the spice of dissonance can grow tedious, void of that which effectively drives it. Music requires repose too. Dissonance and consonance – one without the other has a plateau effect. “Nature abhors a vacuum” but I think is not too keen on plateaus either. The artistry is in the approach and the departure.

There is a void in every human waiting to be filled. The fortunate begin filling it early on with the arts, something that guides the soul and subsequent interactions with humans and nature. I cannot imagine a world without music or art.

My sincere thanks to soprano Jayne West for whom the Frost Songs were written; to good friend baritone David Maze for his encouragement and for introducing me to the soloists; to the musicians whose great talents, professionalism and attitudes made this project an absolute delight; and to Brendon Heinst for his expertise and devotion to excellence, a model to us all.

For more information on the music contact Nothern Lights Publishing at minutemanmusicpublications.com

MADISON LEONARD

Madison Leonard is an American singer who believes in the power of musical storytelling to buoy the human spirit. On the operatic stage, her roles include Gilda, Susanna, Adina, and Juliette, and in 2018 she was named a winner of the Grand Finals of the Metropolitan Opera National Council Auditions. As a lover of poetry, she delights in art song recitals and was honored to bring these songs to life with such fine colleagues. She has been blessed with many incredible teachers, mentors, and opportunities to grow in her burgeoning career. She currently resides in St. Gallen, Switzerland with her husband Shea Owens. For more information on performance credits and upcoming engagements, visit madisonleonard.com or her profile at stagetimearts.com.

SHEA OWENS

American baritone Shea Owens finds joy in the ever-evolving nature and newness of a musician's work—whether that entails premiering new music or sharing a classic with someone hearing it for the first time. Along with traditional operatic and concert work, he especially enjoys the challenge and novelty of interpreting the works of living composers. Mr. Owens believes in the importance of bringing music to audiences of all kinds, especially children. He is currently a member of the soloist ensemble at Theater St. Gallen, and lives in Switzerland with his wife, soprano Madison Leonard. For more information about him and his future performances, please visit sheaowens.com or his profile at stagetimearts.com.

ARTEM BELOGUROV

Artem Belogurov is equally at home at the modern piano, the harpsichord, the clavichord and the many varieties of historical pianos. His repertoire ranges through four centuries of solo, concerto, and chamber repertoire. Based in Amsterdam, he performs in Europe, North America, and Japan as a soloist as well as with his regular duo partner, cellist Octavie Dostaler-Lalonde, and his chamber ensemble Postscript. Artem is avidly interested in research, particularly relating to Romantic performance practice, and enjoys experimenting with and reviving forgotten expressive devices. This is his third album for TRPTK. To learn more about him and his projects, please visit artembelogurovmusic.com, postscriptensemble.com, and romanticlab.com.



Our goal is to create immersive experiences through sound. By creating an acoustic hologram, our recordings give you the illusion of being at the world's most beautiful concert halls and churches – all this, while never leaving your listening room.

No costs or efforts are spared to seize that magical moment in which music is being created, and bring it home to you in the highest quality. Why? Simply because this is how music should be experienced: fresh and alive, not canned and with a stale aftertaste of conservation. To us, music is life, and should be lived to the fullest in an authentic and uncompromising way.

Through these recordings, we bring you closer to the music and the musicians than you've ever imagined. The devil is in the details, and the ability to catch those makes all the difference between good quality and excellent quality. Listening to our recordings, you're able to perceive every breath, every bowing, every movement with an astonishing clarity. Not only do you hear the music, you hear the music as it's being created. This adds a human dimension to your listening experience, connecting you instantly and instinctively to what you're listening to.

The basis for all of our recordings is our Optimised Omnidirectional Array (OOA for short), developed by founder and lead audio engineer Brendon Heinst. With OOA, we aim to create a truly accurate image of the soundstage, while retaining uncoloured transparency in the tonal characteristics of the recording. Unlike many current recording techniques, OOA was developed scientifically through simulation and modelling, as well as through many extensive listening tests with an independent listening panel. But however great any microphone array can be, the signals still have to be converted into the digital domain. Our aim at TRPTK is to do this conversion process completely and utterly uncoloured, preserving all the tiniest little details without the harshness usually attributed to digital recordings. The way we do this is by recording at 352.8 kHz 32 bits DXD, at 16 times higher than CD quality. This means, in musical terms, that everything in the original performance is preserved. From the huge 32-foot pipe of a cathedral organ, to the highest notes on a piccolo flute. From the softest whispers all the way to the searingly loudest orchestral hits.

Speaking of soft whispers and loud orchestral hits; we choose our artists not just by their ability to amaze us. We're eager to collaborate with musicians and composers who walk that fine line between renewing genres and connecting to audiences. Together with them, we can achieve our goal of creating daring recordings that stay loyal to the idea of always aiming for the highest quality possible.

Because at TRPTK, we bring you not just the sound, but the core of music.

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads 'Brendon Heinst'.

recording & mastering engineer at TRPTK

CREDITS

Executive producers	Paul Gay Maureen Amaral-Gay
Recording & mastering	Brendon Heinst
Co-production	Ernst Spycckerelle
Piano technician	Matthijs Jongepier
Album artwork	Brendon Heinst
Liner notes	Madison Leonard Shea Owens

This album was recorded between February 11th to 13th 2020, at the Westvest Church in Schiedam (NL). Artem Belogurov performed on a Steinway & Sons Model D-274 (#565253) concert grand.

EQUIPMENT

Microphones	DPA d:dicate 4006A DPA d:dicate 4015A
AD/DA converters	Merging Technologies Hapi Merging Technologies Anubis
Master clock	Grimm Audio CC2 at 352.8 kHz
Monitoring (recording)	KEF LS50 active loudspeakers
Monitoring (mastering)	KEF Blade Two loudspeakers Hegel H30 amplifiers Sennheiser HD800S headphones
Power conditioning	Furutech Daytona 303E CAD Ground Control GC1
Cabling	Furutech custom microphone cables Furutech custom power cables Furutech custom loudspeaker cables
Misc.	JCAT NET Card FEMTO JCAT M12 Switch Gold Furutech e-TP609E NCF Furutech NCF Boosters R.T.F.S. acoustics modules

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