

Gyre Music presents

Of Love & Soul

Frank Wallace *guitar, baritone, composer*

music for and by fathers and sons

Father Said: (2003) part I

The stars
The fixed course
Sand dunes
The cage
The river
Climbing cliffs
The taste
Pungent odor
Shall I fret
Shade
Dusk
Interlude

Frank A. Wallace, b. 1952

lyrics by Frank C. Wallace, 1888-1951

Film Scores (2015)

Frank A. Wallace

Father Said: (2003) part II

Tantalize your troubles
Cool zephyrs
A calm
Cold winds
Aunt Tabitha

Frank A. Wallace

Passing in the Night (2012)

'Round the world
Don't say goodbye
Par 9
Say au revoir
I'm still your Pappy

Frank A. Wallace

intermission

From the Windy Place (1997)

The pilgrim's road
Sand and sky
In the shadow of the church
The gift

Frank A. Wallace

like black snow (2012)

Frank A. Wallace

lyrics by Nathan Wallace, b. 1983

Film Scores (2015)

Frank Wallace

The Game (2007)

Manhattan
Furrowed Brow
Deep
Tell us True Love
Vision

Frank A. Wallace

lyrics by Frank A. Wallace

Program Notes

POP

Father Said: is a powerful combination of the profound folk wisdom of my great-grandfather, pioneer Joel Sylvanus Wallace (b. c.1845), as remembered in the elegant poetry of my grandfather Frank C. Wallace [Pop] (b. Chico, Texas, 1888), and presented in these compositions that I wrote in the last week of 2003. (Frank A. Wallace, b. Houston, 1952).

An extraordinary image of early American life and its connection to nature, the cycle is dedicated to my father, Earl Wallace [Pop] (b. 1917, Waco, Texas). Earl only met his grandfather Joel once as a child, remembering an old man with a long white beard once knocking on the door. The saga begins with the setting of the great outdoors that pervades the piece. **Father Said:** has a marvelous structure as set out by the poet in which short triptychs of wise sayings come between longer stories of childhood scenes.

Passing in the Night was written in Würzburg Germany August 15-18, 2012 while on a composition retreat after 13 concerts in Spain. Anxious to write in general and specifically to fulfill a commission for the Beatty Youth Competition, I did not expect to receive notice that my 94 year old father had stopped eating. The words of **Amanda**, a shape note hymn by Justin Morgan, still resounded in my ears from a performance in the magical Romanesque San Martín de Frómista: *"Death like an overflowing stream sweeps us away, our life's a dream, an empty tale, a morning flower, cut down and withered in an hour."*

The five works encompass various styles, influenced by my travels and my father's love of travel. The first, **'Round the World**, is a homage to the fabulous Bulgarian composer/guitarist Atanas Ourkouzounov who I had just visited in Paris. The second, **Don't say Goodbye** recalls the stark harmonies and gracious melodies of Justin Morgan, mentioned above. The titles of 2,3 and 5 are quotes from my father during my last visit. Dad told us of his recent, imagined trip "'round the world.'" A few months earlier he would have elaborated greatly in detail, exotic surely. But as his body weakened from eleven years of struggle, his mind, or perhaps just his voice, couldn't illumine the imagined trip. On parting Dad said, "Don't say goodbye [#2], say *au revoir* [#4]; I'm still your Pappy! [#5]"

Par 9 [#3] evokes his impossible dream of joining the pro golf circuit at age 90. Or rather, it is the feeling in me of how odd it was to feel happy that he had dreams, yet sad that he was divorced from reality. Which is better? Joyous dancing and love of life infuse the the last two pieces, celebrating a life well lived.

GUS

From the Windy Place was written for my first son Gus whose life began in the northwestern province of Galicia, Spain. **The Pilgrim's Road** is the path of life, **Sand and Sky** are the vista in which life is discovered and **In the Shadow of the Church** is a *peñión* next to the Cathedral at Santiago de Compostela, a spiritual home for my soul. Finally, **The Gift** is the birth of Gus. The 'Windy Place' is the rough and steep coast of Spain north of Santiago de Compostela where I traveled with my wife after Trio LiveOak gave a concert for the festival Musica en Compostela in the summer of 1982. It was magical and our first son's name, Nathan ["gift" in Hebrew] Guthrie ["from the windy place" in Gaelic], is a remembrance of that time.

Composed August 11-15, 2012 in Lauda and Würzburg, Germany, **like black snow** is a short song cycle with interludes. The three poems by that same son, Guthrie, have adorned our refrigerator since he composed them with fridge magnets several years ago. Given that I accompany myself as a singer, these poems begged me to try a form that I had never used – each poem is preceded by a lengthy introduction, virtually a guitar solo between each song.

ADAM

Film Scores started in the summer of 2011 with the writing of 10 very brief ideas that my second son, Adam, could use for the many short films he was making along with his colleagues at the Roger Smith Hotel. Great work they were doing about life in New York, artists and their exhibits at the Hotel, Hotel employees and more. I was left with the feeling that writing a real film score would be an awesome task some day. In the meantime, in the spring of 2015 I revived the idea and completed 11 brief works that are tone poems, brief sketches, an attempt to capture nothing but the moment and inspire vision.

The Game [of life] was composed in the fall of 2007 out of desperation – desperation to create after several months of hellish administrative work and after a year of completing arrangements and recording of my Christmas project, **A Season of Light**. I needed to reconnect with my creative muse and these poems seemed the perfect path to that goal. They had been written at various times, but all speak of the joys and sorrows of raising a family in the country and my own struggles with finding a sense of place, having been born in Texas, raised in California and then settling in New England.

BIOGRAPHY

Frank Wallace's compositions for guitar, lute and voice are the fruit of a colorful career in music that has been unlike any other of his generation of guitarists. Wallace has distinguished himself not only as a dynamic soloist and accompanist on classical and romantic guitars, but he is also recognized as a leading player of the *vihuela de mano* and lute. He is a master of self-accompanied song. With his rich baritone he sings and plays the solo songs of renaissance Italy and Spain, Elizabethan England, Schubert and his own compositions with equal attention to the subtleties of melody, words, and accompaniments.

Frank Wallace-his own new works (Gyre 10012), Wallace's debut recording of his own compositions, won him a **2001 Artist Fellowship** grant from the Arts Council of New Hampshire. As an outstanding young classical guitarist from San Francisco Conservatory in the 70's, Wallace joined the guitar faculty at New England Conservatory while also studying early music with Marleen Montgomery. He has performed at many of the leading early music festivals including Utrecht, Regensburg and Boston, and has also performed, lectured and taught at a number of Lute Society of America Seminars, the Holland Festival/Utrecht, Amherst Early Music Week and the Guitar Foundation of America Festival. Wallace tours with soprano Nancy Knowles as Duo LiveOak and records exclusively for Gyre Music, which released his fourth solo album, **Sketches**, in October 2004.

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Father Said: by Frank C. Wallace, 1887-1951

I. The stars

The stars
May fall, but look again and you will see
The fixed stars shining on as if to shame
Our fears.

II. The fixed course

We threaded tangled trails that wound the brakes
And creeks in sleeves of endless turns and twists.
When one is lost the right turn seems the wrong.
But on we trailed, for father was in charge,
And no objection to his course had weight.
A wag remarked, "Our course may run bee true,
But all the stars are out of place tonight."
And then our goal.

"By daylight," Father used
To say, "a woodsman knows his trees; by night
He knows the stars. If he will lay his course
By things as fixed as stars he'll come out right."

III. Sand dunes

Sand dunes
Are cliffs that gave way to the weaker winds
Which proved more willful than the granite cliffs
Themselves.

IV. The cage

A cage
A bowl, a jar that chokes the yellow vine,
A tethered cub depress me more than Death
Itself.

V. The river

This side
The river is much like the other side
And yet the farther banks call out to me
To come.

VI. Climbing Cliffs

Our Father took us to the hills one day
To climb the cliffs and play among the rocks.
When he had reached a shady ledge he stopped
While we still climbed, and clung to rocky walls.
We called to him to see how high we were,
And on we tugged.

Below he watched and warned
Of footings, loose or rolling stones that lay
Unseen to trip the step or cheat our grasp.
With some new height attained, we cried again
For him to thrill with us in our success.
Then Brother shouted down, "the higher you climb
The farther you can see!"

Now since that day
I've heard the echo of our Father's answer:
"The higher you climb the farther you can fall!"

VII. The taste

The taste
Of water from a coffee mug is flat
And stale as aromatic Java from
A gourd.

VIII. Pungent odor

The spears
Of pungent odor from the wild horse-mint
Have wounded me with poisoned tips until
I drowse.

IX. Shall I fret

Shall I
Fret at the summer sun when it distills
The nectars in the lush Elberta peach
For me?

X. Ingenuity

He found no shade, but made his own,
So shade and shine he had together;
He turned his back to break the sun,
Or face it, so to change his weather.

XI. Crow flight

At dusk the somber crows
Beat ebon pinions
In rhythmic, silent flight
To bleak dominions
Of the night.

Across the after-glow
Like driven minions
They file to darker gloom,
Their beating pinions
Waving doom.

I watch the long line reach
The sky's low hem;
I fear, but wish I might
Be one of them
For one gray night.

XII. Tantalize your troubles

Our home looked north, and stood four-square against
The bleak blue northers. Father boxed the hall
For winter, but the winds were not outdone:
They screamed about each crack in fiendish glee,
And cried and wailed, and snarled and growled in all
Their furious whirr and whine. "The wind, the wind,"
My Mother sighed.
Then Father rose and with
A twinkle in his eye left us about
The roaring fire to go into the blasts.
We heard him tinker at the shrieking cracks,
And then a reinforced array of wraiths
And goblins, banshees, ogres, imps and oafs
Began a bedlam, turn by turn, and now
In unison, running the scales in runes
Of strident pitch.
"You'll drive us daft as loons,
You and your horse-hair harps," Mother began;
But Father smiled in greater merriment:
"Our worries grow inside of us, so turn
Your troubles inside out; grin at the thing
That bothers you and it will laugh with you."
We listened with hungry ears for each
New sound the playful winds might improvise.
Too soon the norther calmed, for then we missed
The harpings of the hosts that filled the winds.

XIII. Cool zephyrs

The pure
In heart are fresh cool zephyrs blowing down
Across the summer meadows close behind
The rain.

XIV. A calm

Pity
The aged? Never! They have come to know
A calm the storms of raging youth can not
Disturb.

XV. Cold winds

Cold winds
May chill the deepest marrow of our bones
But they are never quite so cold when faced
For friends.

XVI. Aunt Tabitha

When Aunt Tabitha came to spend the day
She brought her yarns to knit gray socks and rib
Them black. It seemed her palsied hands were timed
To catch the stitches for her knits and purls,
Though they were wrinkled as her bony face.
That she might catch her breath from slight fatigue
She lit her small dirt-dauber pipe with coals
She balanced on the poker from the hearth.
My brother thought it strange that trembling hands
Could turn the trick.

"Her physick grows for worse,"
Our Mother said to Father after Auntie left,
"I doubt if she is here when acorns fall."
"Or rise of grass in April," Father said
In solemn mood.

Long since I have forgot
When Aunt Tabitha passed, at acorn fall
Or rise of grass. And, too, I wondered if
My Mother's words were children of her wish
That she might go at some full harvest time;
And Father's that he ride away with Death
At grass-rise time, beginning with the flush
Of Spring his new adventure in a land
Of youth, eternal morning, growing things,
Somewhere among the pastures of the stars.

Like Black Snow (2012)

by Nathan G. Wallace

sad he shivers
like black snow
watch plant and flower
come to life
this I always know

stand child
fly before morning
wander above the wood
happy wild cry
but every sound is dead
don't ask how

the night a smile
purple water
I fall small
laugh
look moon a cloud

The Game (2007)

by Frank A. Wallace

I. Manhattan

My son lives in Manhattan
Food, folly, fun and fame,
Walks the dog on trails
Carved by steel and crane.
Forms fabulous frame
Man, hat and game.

Follow your heart
My little boy
Forget not your
Grassy root
Stone wall and
Mud-caked boot.

II. Furrowed Brow

He furrily frowned,
Brows like manes
Gone foul;
Furious fowl
Flown south
to browse
The bush
For fame.

No flame
Here, north
Of south
East of west
His nest.

III. Deep

It's too deep
This joy, this pain.
He came, he went,
He's gone, he's back.

He's deep, his black
Hair is thick.
He's hers, her boy's
Broad back holds

Back my tears.
Tears my sobbing
Throat, holds
My aching...

Now is my guide;
Hold me Now;
In darkness
Let me glide,
In lightness
Let me guide

My thoughts, now
To this joy,
Now to that pain,
Back to the deep.

IV. Tell us true love

Speak Love
Speak a thousand nights
Speak of dark exchanges
Life's spark.

Tell us true love
If thou art false
Or dear, art thou
Lost in the night
Or God's dagger of light.

Speak love to our hearts
Speak to our fragile
Hold on this edge of
Spirit we call life.

Throw a thousand darts
Through this night
This night of sorrow
This night of rage

Random darts of love
To pierce our heart's
Cold shell, hard wall
Of doubt and fear.

Speak heart of love
Speak spirit set free
From body abhorred
By abuse betrayed.

Speak spirit to spirit
Of love and soul
Forgiven by space
And time.

Betray not those
Betrayers of thee
Lover's soul speak to me
And mine of love.

V. Vision

The crone stands
By young embraced
Rot peeled bark
Like old skin.

Were she found
By a sidewalk
Café in Manhattan
Folks would scowl

But if found
Etched and carved,
Cast In bronze...

Here time is patient
Wood more graced
Life colors
And death
Feeds.