



## how do I find you

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| 1  | <b>how do I find you</b>                   | (Caroline Shaw)                      | 4. 53 |
| 2  | <b>Listen</b>                              | (Kamala Sankaram/Mark Campbell)      | 2. 50 |
| 3  | <b>Risk Not One</b>                        | (Matt Boehler/Todd Boss)             | 3. 06 |
| 4  | <b>Self-Portrait with Dishevelled Hair</b> | (Missy Mazzoli/Royce Vavrek)         | 3. 09 |
| 5  | <b>Spider</b>                              | (John Glover/Kelley Rourke)          | 4. 30 |
| 6  | <b>Dear Colleagues</b>                     | (Rene Orth/Colleen Murphy)           | 3. 24 |
| 7  | <b>Everything Will Be Okay</b>             | (Christopher Cerrone/John K. Samson) | 2. 58 |
| 8  | <b>The Hazelnut Tree</b>                   | (Gabriel Kahane)                     | 2. 30 |
| 9  | <b>(A Bad Case of) Kids</b>                | (Andrew Marshall/ Todd Boss)         | 4. 17 |
| 10 | <b>The Work of Angels</b>                  | (Huang Ruo/ David Henry Hwang)       | 7. 41 |
| 11 | <b>Altitude</b>                            | (Timo Andres/ Lola Ridge)            | 1. 48 |
| 12 | <b>Inward Things</b>                       | (Nico Muhly/ Thomas Traherne)        | 4. 14 |
| 13 | <b>That Night</b>                          | (Hilary Purrington/ Mark Campbell)   | 4. 22 |
| 14 | <b>After the Fires</b>                     | (Lembit Beecher/ Liza Balkan)        | 5. 50 |
| 15 | <b>#MasksUsedToBeFun</b>                   | (Frances Pollock/ Emily Roller)      | 5. 08 |
| 16 | <b>Still Waiting</b>                       | (Joel Thompson/ Gene Scheer)         | 5. 04 |
| 17 | <b>Where Once We Sang</b>                  | (Jimmy López Bellido/ Mark Campbell) | 4. 28 |

Total playing time: 70. 12

**Sasha Cooke**, Mezzo-Soprano

**Kirill Kuzmin**, Piano

## A Note from Sasha

*how do I find you* is an album of words and music written in 2020, portraying the range of human experiences during the ongoing Covid-19 pandemic. When cancellation after cancellation was coming in, I wanted to create something that wasn't dependent on a live public performance. From the moment I called the first composer, it felt as if a light suddenly shone and a piece of myself was returned to me.

Some of the songs are heartfelt, wrestling with societal challenges from racial injustice and school shootings to the California wildfires. Others are abstract or wryly humorous, seen through the lens of harried parents working from home, or mulling that most urgent quarantine quandary: whether to order a Peloton bike.

The only common thread is that these gifted creators were given carte blanche to create what spoke most to *them* during this time. The freedom afforded by this unique common thread lends each piece a sense of immediacy and authenticity, offering listeners a chance to find songs that resonate with their own recent lives. I chose to feature composers in their 40s or younger; the juxtaposition of their varied works is an apt reflection of the way we've all had to manage daily life while confronting existential threats.

Those threats haven't all been viral, of course. Throughout the pandemic, so many performing artists have felt an utter loss of identity. This project provided me a sense of purpose and hope — a way to orient myself through the haze of so much change and uncertainty — and I am so grateful. Before the music had even arrived, I was uplifted, thinking of composers in their own space, creating their art.

And then the music arrived! I was amazed by what the writers and composers had created. Every day that a song came in, it felt like my birthday: unwrapping a package that revealed a new and surprising sound world. Often at the piano as I worked through the songs, I would find myself overwhelmed with emotion. Some employed a folksong-like style, some jazz; in the music of others one will hear moments of great lyricism, lush harmonies, but also, as the mood required, sparse and minimalist ones. For the more painful topics, the music sometimes becomes dissonant, even cacophonous; in the more meditative moments, there is a crystalline beauty and simplicity.

Producing the album has been a crash course in nurturing artistic alchemy across distance and my first time with a project like this, quite different from fitting myself into someone else's vision. It became an experiment in liberation, inspired by a time in which so many of us have looked into the mirror, or at our loved ones on a computer screen, and wondered: Is this real life? Who are you now? *How do I find you?*



## Lyrics

1

*"You find me in that odd silence that follows a wood thrush's song in the late afternoon in western Massachusetts."*

-Caroline Shaw

### how do I find you

Music and lyrics by Caroline Shaw

How do I find you?  
When do I blind you?  
Do I remind you,  
bind or confine you,  
shine and confide  
in your counter side,  
co-sign your anxiety and  
comfort you silently?

While tenderly pretending  
that nothing is ending,  
we fend off the sendoff,  
suspending the mending.

Tending a garden is always a labor.  
The weeds and the wilds of human behavior  
fill up the earth with a bittersweet synonym  
for what we contain in a world that is  
brimming  
with light that is dimming but fighting to  
hum  
its hymn to tomorrow and what is to come.

Tending a garden is mending a love  
for the weeds and the wilds climbing above  
the earth and its history.  
Will tomorrow forget that it once was a  
mystery?

How can I  
How

How you remind me  
to realign the elastic  
shine from a light that confides  
in a garden that hums—  
with all that may come.

2

*"Since writing 'Listen' over a year ago, the world seems hopeful, but delicate. I am also delicate and hopeful, grateful for quiet, but eager for community."*

-Kamala Sankaram

### Listen

Music by Kamala Sankaram  
Lyrics by Mark Campbell

Listen—  
As you would for rain  
When the fields are dry.  
Listen—  
As you would for birds  
When the night won't end.  
Listen—  
As you would to a child  
When they share a dream.  
Listen—  
As you would to the words  
Of a dying friend.  
Listen.

Do not make a sound.  
Do not intrude,  
Only listen,  
Even if it's painful,  
Even if it's ugly,  
Even if it hurts to hear,  
Allow another their turn.  
Listen close,  
Listen pure,  
Listen true.  
Listen,  
Listen,  
To learn.

*Note: Mark Campbell wrote the lyric for Listen in May of 2020 in response to the death of George Floyd and the Black Lives Matter movement.*

*“Early morning walks are getting me through this. All the cars have left San Francisco—everything is so beautifully still right now...” -Matt Boehler*

### **Risk Not One**

Music by Matt Boehler

Lyrics by Todd Boss

Complicate your life. Confuse it.  
 What good’s a plot if you don’t use it?  
*The Wire*, Season 1, Episode 10—  
 nothing was at stake till then,  
 so the story didn’t matter much.  
 The game got real. Until you clutch  
 your bedsheets to your chin, life’s just  
 TV, a show. No—nonplussed  
 is how you want to go. Confounded.  
 Trees and shrubs and grubs are grounded,  
 We rate Biblical complications:  
 tainted loves, corrupted nations,  
 angry gods. Play the odds. Go for broke.  
 Quit your comforts. Face the smoke.  
 Use your fears to file your knives.  
 Risk not one but all your lives.

*“You can find the real me in the cracks that form in the path, in the silence between the notes, in the song behind the words, in the painting under the painting.”  
 -Missy Mazzoli*

### **Self-Portrait with Dishevelled Hair**

Music by Missy Mazzoli

Lyrics by Royce Vavrek

I will paint you a self-portrait of me.  
 I will paint you another.  
 In my face and by my brush shall be proof  
 that the mind changes in tandem with the  
 body.

I will paint you a self-portrait of me.  
 I will paint you another.  
 And another.  
 So that you and I, separated by centuries,  
 might lock into each other’s gaze.

I will paint you a final portrait.  
 A final record from this humble hand.

Note: the title for this song comes from the Rembrandt painting of the same name. Vavrek and Mazzoli were inspired by the idea of the self-portrait as a captured moment in time and a reflection on one’s legacy as a creative individual.

*“You’ll find me carving out time for watching the world around me and being dazzled by all of the small miracles that can happen each day.”  
 -John Glover*

### **Spider**

Music by John Glover

Lyrics by Kelley Rourke

she casts out a line to drift on the wind  
 lets it fly so far  
 she can’t see the end  
 and waits to feel it catch

she steps out on the line as it sways in the  
 wind  
 reinforcing her gesture  
 from end to end  
 then on to the next

and the next  
 and the next

making her marks against the wind



measured, instinctual, eight steady limbs  
lay down the pattern  
eccentric, exacting  
intent

till a breathtaking tracery floats on the wind  
awaiting its moment  
its purpose, its end  
the collision  
the catch

nothing is wasted  
she gathers it in  
into her small solid body  
and rests

*she casts out a line to drift on the wind*

*"Pandemic parenting is not for the faint of heart, but I suppose that one day, 'this too shall pass!'" -Rene Orth*

### **Dear Colleagues**

Music by Rene Orth

Lyrics by Colleen Murphy

*Working mother writing an email:*

Dear colleagues, I will try to answer your email in a timely fashion.

I'm working from home while caring for an eight-month old son; my daughter's three; twin boys seven; a dog and—Sweetie, don't come in while mommy's—what?

*The twins put your teddy bear in the freezer?*

BOYS—

*Take her bear out*

*And someone feed the dog!*

(Where was I?)

...twin boys, seven; a dog

and a nervous hamster.

According to the *Washington Post*,

data shows the average length of uninterrupted—Honey the baby's crying—BOYS—

*Don't come in here when—*

*OK, play X-box—Sweetie, don't—what?*

*You let the hamster out of the cage?*

*Go find her!*

...the average length of an uninterrupted stretch of work time for parents working at home—BOYS, stop fighting.

*Go ask your dad—*

*Michael, fix the X-box—*

*I know you're busy*

*So am I.*

*Tech support is not my job—*

*I order groceries and wine online*

*Make lunch and dinner four days out of seven*

*Prepare breakfast then make snacks at eleven.*

*Do the laundry*

*Fold the clothes, nurse the baby,*

*do the accounts*

*Help the twins with school on zoom—*

*NO HONEY,*

*I'M NOT FIGHTING, I'M STATING*

*FACTS—SO FILL UP THE CAR WITH GAS*

*BECAUSE I'M DRIVING TO THE*

*MOUNTAINS AWAY FROM THESE CRAZY*

*DAYS EVEN THOUGH I'LL TURN AROUND*

*IMMEDIATELY BECAUSE 'THIS TOO SHALL*

*PASS'—SO FIX THE DAMN X-BOX AND*

*FIND THE HAMSTER SO I CAN FINISH THIS*

*AUTO-REPLY AND RELISH THE JOY OF*

*HAVING TWO SECONDS TO MYSELF!*

...the average length of an uninterrupted stretch of work time for parents working at home during the pandemic was three minutes, twenty-four seconds.

Thank you for your understand—Ah!—

*The hamster's under my chair—*

BOYS!

Note: the inspiration for this lyric came from an article in the *Washington Post* entitled "Yes, balancing work and parenting is

impossible. Here's the data," which found that the average amount of uninterrupted work time parents get working from home was 3 minutes 24 seconds. Rene Orth also managed to make the song exactly that long.

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7

*"How do I find you? In moments of panic, I don't need to, you always seem to find me."*  
-Christopher Cerrone

### **Everything Will Be Okay**

Music by Christopher Cerrone  
Poem by John K. Samson

It's always surprising, this sense of relief. When you kiss me unexpectedly, I'm reminded of the time I left a shoe-box containing ten or eleven thousand dollars on a coffee table in a hotel lobby in Northern Italy.  
I was between floors in the elevator, staring at my reflection knowing something

was missing when I remembered what was, and pushed every button and rolled through the doors, sprinted hallways in search of the universal symbol for stairs, barreled down six flights, and found it waiting there, untouched, and haloed by the light of late-afternoon.

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8

*"You have found me: tired, laboring over a hot stove on an unseasonably warm day (there will be more of those), dumbfounded, despondent, overwhelmed, pecking out emails while trying to blot out the dull but persistent pain in my neck (is that too tidy a metaphor?), but also full of love, hope, possibility, wonder."*  
-Gabriel Kahane

### **The Hazelnut Tree**

Music and lyrics by Gabriel Kahane

The papers spell fresh threats of doom.  
Squinting to read in the dark of the bedroom  
I hear the breath of my child,  
And ain't love the thing that's beguiled us  
For ages, and still...

The pages of newsprint can fill  
Me with what do you call that feeling—  
Like spiders are crawling to your head?

You wake up tangled in the bed,

A dream, an explosion, the dead,  
Survivors in black and blue and red.  
Last night we three went outside,  
Looked at the harvest moon, hollow  
And high in the sky where the satellites beam  
The faces of men to our neighbor's tv screen—  
It's more information than I need.

Fold up the paper I'm done,  
Glide through the front hall,  
Open the door, see the sun  
On the hazelnut tree:  
That's something I still believe.

*"Weathering the uncertainties accompanying the pandemic. Grateful for continued opportunities and silver linings."*

-Andrew Marshall

### **(A Bad Case of) Kids**

Music by Andrew Marshall

Lyrics by Todd Boss

I haven't got a fever, I haven't got a cough.  
But I got somethin that you can't shake off.  
Forget the pandemic. What I got's genetic.  
A pre-existing case of hominids. I got kids.  
Can you blame a girl for needin a fix  
after such a monotonous year?  
My temp is 98.6  
but what I've got I've got up to here.  
My eyes are puffin' outta their lids,  
'cause I got a glaring case a the kids.

I've got a rash like a field has clover.  
Headache? More like mental mariachi.  
I find I repeat things over and over.  
I'm not just lonely, I'm Dr. Fauci.  
If I've got all the charms of a squid,

that's my squirming case a the kids.

Now, don't get me wrong,  
I'm alive, and I'm strong,  
and nothing's as bad as we think.  
It's just that somewhere between  
the kids and Covid-19  
I've found a new reason to drink.

Find me a bed on the topmost floor  
far from the cries of the maternity ward.  
And if my progeny hunt me down,  
tell em I'm in another hospital,  
in another town. You don't have to lie,  
y'know?  
Just divert them.  
Remember camp?  
Remember school?  
They were gone all day!  
That was so cool.  
Now it's just me,  
teacher, janitor, nurse.  
I do it all,  
and every day worse.  
There's no guarantee of tomorrow.

*"In a challenging time as now, people are isolated and separated; and yet, the human nature of yearning to be seen, heard, and found, is connected and communicated through words, music, voice, friendship, and beyond..." -Huang Ruo*

### **The Work of Angels**

Music by Huang Ruo

Poem by David Henry Hwang

Sunday,  
They say,  
is for worship.  
And so

I am in the bathroom  
with ghosts of women,  
who wear flowers,  
freshly showered,  
newly powdered,

And hang  
by  
the  
neck

We're all on borrowed time.

The facts are hard to swallow  
but they go down better with a  
slice of lime.

Today I started kicking the cats,  
and that's cause I got an irritable  
case a the brats  
—a real bad case a  
my own damn basically  
spoiled rotten blatantly  
whining at me nasally  
Phase 3 contagiously  
crazy-making case of the kids.

Every day we count our blessings,  
wipe their noses,  
clean their messes,  
but we're a danger to ourselves and to  
others.  
My eyes are puffin' outta their lids  
cause I got a bad bad case a the kids.

until morning.

(I have heard  
that they  
couldn't jump  
off stools  
'cause there were none)

Sunday,  
they say,  
is for worship.  
And I am amazed  
that ninety-six women  
(or a hundred twenty,  
during the busy season)  
weep,  
shit,  
sleep,  
and attack each other  
in this room  
for ten months,  
or ten years,  
to enter a country  
they hate  
and I

call  
home.

(since they couldn't  
get stools,  
they just held  
their feet  
up)

Sunday,  
they say,  
is for worship.  
And so  
I am in a barrack,  
paint chipping,  
metal rusting,  
toes freezing,  
standing  
awed  
by the work  
of angels.

Note: David Henry Hwang wrote this poem in 1978 inspired by the history of Angel Island, located in the San Francisco Bay. Under the Chinese Exclusion Act of 1882, which remains the first and only act in the United States barring the immigration of a specific ethnic group or nationality, Asian immigrants were interrogated and detained before being given entry into the United States. Some of these immigrants died, some were held for months or years and some were rejected and sent back to Asia after a long detention.

\_\_\_\_\_ 11 \_\_\_\_\_  
"You can find me making myself useful, or trying to, and at times succeeding."  
-Timo Andres

### **Altitude**

Music by Timo Andres  
Poem by Lola Ridge

I wonder  
how it would be here with you,  
where the wind

that has shaken off its dust in low valleys  
touches one cleanly,  
as with a new-washed hand,  
and pain  
is as the remote hunger of droning things,  
and anger  
but a little silence  
sinking into the great silence.

\_\_\_\_\_ 12 \_\_\_\_\_  
"At the beginning of this, I got an email which was clearly meant to have read 'I hope this finds you well.' Instead, it read 'I hope this finds you,' which felt and feels like the only adequate way to phrase the question. I can't guarantee what it's going to be like when you get here, but you found me." -Nico Muhly

### **Inward Things**

Music by Nico Muhly  
Poem by Thomas Traherne

Sure Man was born to meditate on things,  
And to contemplate the Eternal Springs



Kirill Kuzmin

Of God and Nature, Glory, Bliss, and  
Pleasure;  
That Life and Lov might be his chiefest  
Treasure;  
And therefore *Speechless* made at first, that  
he  
Might in himself profoundly busied be:  
Not giving vent, before he hath ta'n in  
Such Antidotes as guard his Soul from Sin.  
Wise Nature made him Deaf too, that he  
might  
Not be disturb'd, while he doth take Delight  
In inward Things, nor be deprav'd with  
Tongues,  
Nor injur'd by the Errors and the Wrongs  
That *mortal* Words convey. For Sin and Death  
Are most infused by accursed Breath,  
That, flowing from corrupted Intraills, bear  
Those hidden Plagues which  
Souls may justly fear.

*"For me, the past year has exposed the  
power and fragility of collective belief, and  
that our participation is a choice. You can  
find me free, flailing, and finding my own  
way forward."* -Hilary Purrington

### **That Night**

Music by Hilary Purrington  
Lyrics by Mark Campbell

Oh... It's *that* night,  
*That* night.  
You know the one.  
Let's toast  
To *that* night,  
That New York night.  
That New York night...  
*That* night.  
When everyone's out.  
And the sidewalks dance.  
And everyone flirts,  
And everyone who flirts  
Knows how to flirt.  
*That* New York night.  
When twin spotlights—

Amber and rose—  
 Follow you everywhere,  
 Lovingly shine down  
 On you all over town.  
 That night,  
 That night,  
 You're Fred Astaire  
 And the skyline is your chair.  
 And the city of chaos,  
 Of anarchy,  
 Of nothing ever working,  
 Is suddenly aligned,  
 In sync.  
 A rain falls,  
 Gentle and warm (of course),  
 And the taxi's right there (of course).  
 And off you go...  
 Dizzy from some fizzy drink.  
 Flying down Fifth,  
 In a mad cab,  
 Hopscotching lanes,  
 Not stopping at cross streets,  
 And not about to stop.  
 Red yellow green...  
 Fifty-ninth,

Red yellow green...  
 Forty-seventh,  
 Red yellow green...  
 Red yellow green.  
 Your neck tilts back,  
 And the world appears upside down  
 Through the rear windshield.  
 The town  
 And the towers  
 Rise up  
 Behind you,  
 One by one,  
 Stippled with neon raindrops,  
 Hundreds of towers—  
 Thousands,  
 An ovation of towers.  
 And you...  
 You buy into the myth again.  
 You believe it all—  
 Kit and caboodle,  
 The whole lot.  
 Darling, how could you not?  
 Still, on you go.  
 Red yellow green...  
 On you go.

Red yellow green...  
 Thirty-first,  
 Twenty-third,  
 Red yellow green...  
 On and on  
 Into *that* night.  
 And you say to yourself,  
 Pray to yourself:  
 May it never end,  
 May it never end.

Oh...  
 It's *that* night,  
 That night.  
 You know the one.  
 Let's toast  
 To that night,  
 That New York night.  
 That New York night...  
 It's *that* night,  
 That night,  
 You miss most.

*"Last year, for a brief moment, you might have found me visiting my parents in the house I grew up in. Should I have told you to look for the clearing in the forest that smells like redwood bark and ferns, with damp soil, childhood games, and occasional wafts of oaky-madrone air coming down from the sunbaked chaparral across the road? Now, visiting again, there is a new smell—sawdust and wood chips—as my parents and their neighbors take down trees and brush, trying to make their homes safe from fire."*

-Lembit Beecher

### **After the Fires**

Music by Lembit Beecher

Lyrics by Liza Balkan

In October  
 when I'm finally able to get back home  
 things seem so normal.

Just up the road,  
 there's such a sudden change  
 from lush green forest

to brown charred trunks  
and orange dried leaves.

Still...  
It's surprising how much a fire leaves behind.

Trunks.  
Leaves.  
Ash.  
It looks like snow.

My friend, who lost her house, tells me:  
There's a feeling of memories being erased  
along with the place.

People.  
Place.  
Possessions.  
These things we need to finish our sentences,  
to tell the stories we only half remember.

My parents' house survived.  
But...  
Had it not...  
What moments in our lives would be gone

forever?

Whoever said possessions don't matter must  
have been young I think.  
Or a wishful thinker.

I don't know.  
Perhaps that's wrong.  
But...  
When it comes to fire...  
Nature's eraser.  
When it all becomes  
cinder  
ember...

My father would tell me  
how terribly strange and beautiful the storm  
was  
that brought the fire.  
He and my mother lay in bed,  
watching the lights flash 'cross the sky,  
through the skylight.

*Note: text by Liza Balkan, based on  
interviews and writings by Lembit Beecher*

*"This past year, you found me asking  
questions about precedent—does it have to  
be this way or is there something more? Now  
you find me searching for something more."*  
-Frances Pollock

### **#MasksUsedToBeFun**

Music by Frances Pollock  
Lyrics by Emily Roller

My pretty little princess!  
Happy birthday to the best big brother!  
Democracy is dying!  
This is what 70 pounds of pumpkins looks like.  
"Like."  
This sleepy little snuggler.  
Ten years ago today!  
People are dying!  
The days are long but years are short.  
"Like."

They might mandate masks in Missouri!  
They might mandate masks.  
They're mandating masks in Missouri.  
They're infringing upon my right to decide

how to...  
Communist!  
Finally!  
So stupid!  
If they were only informed.  
That's ignorant as hell!  
Not my battle! "Like."

It's everybody's battle!  
The orange man!  
The old man!  
The virus,  
The "virus,"  
The virus, virus, virus...ugh!  
Unfollow!  
Please, thank a teacher.  
Cooking curry tonight.  
You will die when it's time.  
I "like," "like," "like," "like,"  
I "like," "like," "like" "like,"  
"Like," "like," "like" "like..."  
No!  
I "love" the fall!  
"A Catalog of his Cruelty, Collusion,

Corruption, and Crime."  
Crazy racist  
Evil bigot  
Ignorant, uniformed, Alt Right...  
Snow Flake!  
Tell the truth!  
You!  
Us!  
Them!  
Those people!

Why is the world so crazy?  
They are ruining everything!  
There is no cure...  
Misogynistic, homophobic..  
There is no us.  
There is no hope.  
There is no unity.  
You must choose...

Choose greatness!  
Choose morality!  
Choose Peloton Bike!  
Choose love!  
Civil liberty!

Our country!  
Our future!  
Our history!  
Your life!  
My life.

#MasksUsedToBeFun

Note: the inspiration for Emily Roller's text came from her personal Facebook feed, which bounces between two distinct bubbles: the rather conservative-leaning Ozark community where she was raised and the liberal-leaning Northeastern community of her later education.

*"How do you find me? Ask me about my dreams, ask me about that little alcove between hope and despair, ask me about what we can create together now to make tomorrow more possible — and you'll find me there."* -Joel Thompson

### Still Waiting

Music by Joel Thompson  
Lyrics by Gene Scheer

I heard my daughter crying.  
I went to her.  
Honey bunny, that's just a shadow on the wall.  
No need to be afraid.  
I am here. Go to sleep.  
I am not going anywhere.

I knew what to do.  
HmMMM..  
And everything was ok.

The first time she got on the school bus.  
She wouldn't let go of my hand.

So, I took the barrette out of my hair  
And placed it in her hand.  
She held it tightly as she climbed into the bus.

I knew what to do  
HmMMM  
And everything was ok.

Five weeks ago, I was at work.  
I didn't see the text come in.  
But my phone kept vibrating in my bag.  
My daughter  
"There's a shooter in the school."  
"I'm locked in the gym."

"I'm ok. We're evacuating.  
I love you."

Is this part of being a mother now?  
Guns in the cafeteria?

I took the barrette out of my hair,  
As I'd done so many years before,  
And held it tightly in my hand.  
Still waiting for the fear to fade.

*"You find me weary yet hopeful, fragile yet resolute, vulnerable yet resilient. I remain determined to go on; not in spite of my emotions but because of them, allowing myself to feel, think, and be—in pure, triadic harmony"* -Jimmy López Bellido

### **Where Once We Sang**

Music by Jimmy López Bellido

Lyrics by Mark Campbell

Where once we sang,  
We will sing again.  
Our voices will ascend  
Above the reeds and brass and strings,  
And change the very air.  
And we will sing again,  
Where once we sang.

Where once we played,  
We will play again.  
The flourish of a mad baton  
Will turn a blot of notes  
Into a sweep of sound.  
And we will play again,

Where once we played.  
Though soundless and still,  
Though hollow and dark,  
Our houses now lie...  
In time, in time,  
We shall abide,  
We shall abide.

Where once we stood,  
We will stand again.  
And offer up our souls  
In blinding beams of light  
To seek some human truth.  
And we will stand again  
Where once we stood.

Though only in dreams,  
Memories and hopes,  
Our houses now lie.  
We shall return,  
We shall return.

And our hallowed halls  
Will be filled again.  
The lights will blind anew,

The sweep of sound will soar,  
The people will be back,  
In need of notes and words,  
In need of music and light,  
In need of our songs,  
More than ever before.

Where once we sang,  
We shall sing again.

## Biographies

### Sasha Cooke

Two-time Grammy Award-winning mezzo-soprano Sasha Cooke is sought after by the world's leading orchestras, opera companies, and chamber music ensembles for her versatile repertoire and commitment to new music. She has been called a 'luminous standout' by the *New York Times* and 'equal parts poise, radiance and elegant directness' by *Opera News*. Sasha has sung at the Metropolitan Opera, San Francisco Opera, English National Opera, Seattle Opera, Opéra National de Bordeaux, and Gran Teatre del Liceu, among others, and with over 70 symphony orchestras worldwide, frequently in the works of Mahler and Berlioz under such leading conductors as Harry Bicket, Gustavo Dudamel, Sir Mark Elder, Bernard Haitink, James Levine, Riccardo Muti, Yannick Nézet-Séguin, Michael Tilson Thomas and Edo

de Waart. Sasha is a graduate of Rice University, The Juilliard School and the Metropolitan Opera Lindemann Young Artist Program. She recently appeared on "Intonations: Songs from the Violins of Hope" on PENTATONE, as well as Michael Tilson Thomas' "Meditations on Rilke" with the San Francisco Symphony which won the 2020 Grammy for Best Classical Compendium. She made her debut with PENTATONE in Mason Bates' *The (R)evolution of Steve Jobs*, recorded and premiered at Santa Fe Opera. Sasha lives in Texas with her husband, baritone Kelly Markgraf and their two daughters, Evelyn and Julia.

### Kirill Kuzmin

Kirill Kuzmin is currently a principal coach at Houston Grand Opera. He also serves as a music staff member at The Glimmerglass Festival.

Recital appearances included a Schwabacher Debut Recital in San Francisco. He was also the pianist for recitals with Arturo Chacun-Cruz, Sasha Cooke, and Nicholas Phan on the HGO digital recital series.

A Russian native, Mr. Kuzmin spent three years with the Bolshoi Theater in Moscow, first as a young artist and then as a full-time member of the music staff. While in Moscow, he also served as pianist and coach for a number of operatic undertakings by the acclaimed Moscow Philharmonic.

Mr. Kuzmin holds degrees in piano performance from the Moscow Conservatory and in collaborative piano from the Moscow Conservatory and the University of Michigan, where he studied with renowned collaborative pianist Martin Katz.



Andrew Marshall



Caroline Shaw



Frances Pollock



Colleen Murphy



Kamala Sankaram



Lembit Beecher



Liza Balkan



Kelley Rourke



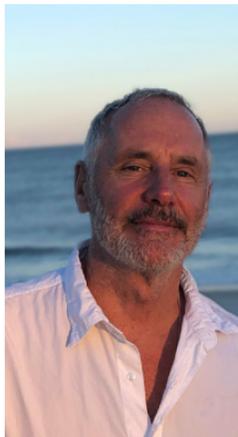
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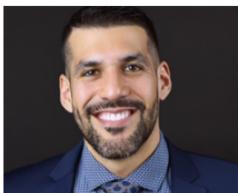
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Joel Thompson



Jimmy López Bellido



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Todd Boss



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Emily Roller



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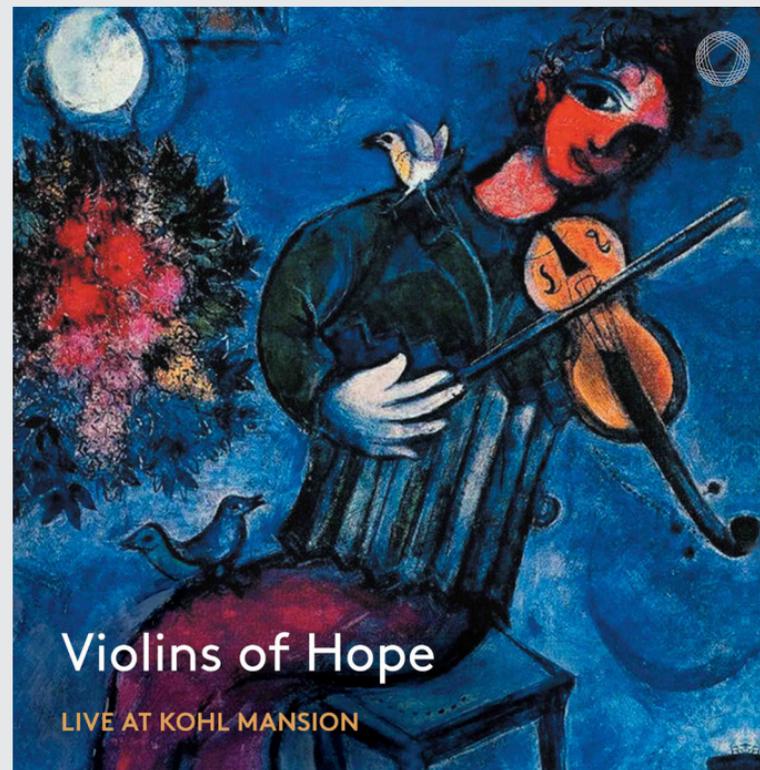


Missy Mazzoli

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# Acknowledgments

## PRODUCTION TEAM

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Recording coordinator **Nicolle Foland**

Liner notes **Sasha Cooke**

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Design & Product management **Kasper van Kooten**

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January 17, 18, 24 and September 6, 2021.*

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***I'd like to dedicate this album to my daughters, Evelyn and Julia,  
my daily source of inspiration.***

***~Sasha Cooke***

