

SUGARLOAF MOUNTAIN

An Appalachian Gathering

APOLLO'S *fire*

BAROQUE ORCHESTRA
jeannette sorrell

ON PERIOD INSTRUMENTS

Prologue

- ① THE MOUNTAINS OF RHÙM • Ross Hauck & Amanda Powell, *vocals* | *arr. & adapted by J. Sorrell from the trad. Scottish, Cuillens of Rhùm* [2:37]

Crossing To The New World

- ② FAREWELL TO IRELAND - HIGHLANDER'S FAREWELL • Susanna Perry Gilmore, *fiddle* | *trad. Irish & Appalachian reels, arr. J. Sorrell* [3:42]
③ WE'LL RANT AND WE'LL ROAR (Farewell to the Isles) • Ross Hauck & Amanda Powell, *vocals* | *trad. British & Canadian sea shanty, arr. J. Sorrell* [3:17]

Dark Mountain Home

- ④ THE CRUEL SISTER (Child Ballad #10) • Amanda Powell, *vocals* | *trad. English/Appalachian ballad, arr. J. Sorrell* [6:54]
⑤ SE FATH MO BUART HA (The Cause of All My Sorrow) - THE BUTTERFLY - BARNEY BRALLAGHAN • Kathie Stewart, *flute* | *trad. Irish, arr. K. Stewart* [4:18]
⑥ NOTTAMUN TOWN (Roud #1044) • Brian Kay, *vocals & long-neck dulcimer* | *medieval English & Appalachian ballad, arr. B. Kay* [4:34]
⑦ BLACK IS THE COLOR OF MY TRUE LOVE'S HAIR (Roud #3103) • Ross Hauck, *vocals* | *trad. Scots/Appalachian, arr. R. Schiffer & J. Sorrell* [4:35]
⑧ I WONDER AS I WANDER - THE GRAVEL WALK - OVER THE ISLES TO AMERICA • Jeannette Sorrell, *harpsichord* | *John Jacob Niles/trad. Appalachian/trad. Scottish, arr. J. Sorrell* [4:19]

Cornshuck Party

- ⑨ THE FOX WENT OUT ON A CHILLY NIGHT • Amanda Powell, *vocals* | *trad. British/Appalachian ballad, arr. J. Sorrell* [3:06]
⑩ OH SUSANNA! • Brian Kay & Ross Hauck, *vocals*; Susanna Perry Gilmore, *fiddle* | *minstrel song by Stephen Foster (1848), arr. J. Sorrell* [5:02]
PRETTY PEG - FAR FROM HOME • Susanna Perry Gilmore, *fiddle* / with René Schiffer, *cello* | *trad. Irish Reels, variations by R. Schiffer*

Love & Loss

- ⑪ ONCE I HAD A SWEETHEART • Amanda Powell, *vocals* | *trad. British & Appalachian ballad* [5:01]
WAYFARING STRANGER • Ross Hauck & Amanda Powell, *vocals* | *The Kentucky Harmony, 1816, arr. J. Sorrell*
⑫ PRETTY BETTY MARTIN - KATY DID - RED ROCKIN' CHAIR • Tina Bergmann, *hammered dulcimer & vocals* / Amanda Powell, *backup vocals* | *trad. Appalachian, arr. T. Bergmann* [5:04]
⑬ JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE, MOTHER • Ross Hauck, *vocals* | *G. Root, 1864* [4:35]
GO MARCH ALONG • Amanda Powell, *vocals* | *Southern Spiritual*

Glory On The Mountain

- ⑭ GLORY IN THE MEETING HOUSE (*Glory in the Meeting House/Say Old Man, Can You Play the Fiddle*) | *Kentucky Fiddle Tunes, arr. J. Sorrell, R. Schiffer, T. Bergmann* [3:38]
⑮ OH MARY, DON'T YOU WEEP • Amanda Powell, *vocals* | *trad. Southern spiritual, lyrics adapted by J. Sorrell* [3:13]

Appalachian Home

- ⑯ SUGARLOAF MOUNTAIN | *lyrics by J. Sorrell; music arr. & adapted by J. Sorrell from the Cuillens of Rhùm, trad. Scottish* [5:08]

The People of the Mountains Raise their Voices

by Jeannette Sorrell



Nestled between the hills of the Blue Ridge Mountains and the eastern Appalachians, just at the northern tip of the Shenandoah Valley, lies beautiful SUGARLOAF MOUNTAIN. Nearby, Amanda Powell, Kathie Stewart and I spent some formative years of our lives. From Frederick County where I lived as a teenager, and where Amanda later went to college, you can see the rounded slope of SUGARLOAF MOUNTAIN in the distance.

This area became my home when I was 14. I was still trying to figure out how to understand the Southern accents when unexpectedly, I was offered my first job - playing the piano for the Greenway Southern Baptist Church. A job! I was welcomed with open arms by this small Revivalist congregation, which represented a completely different culture than the one I knew. I was entranced by the beautiful, stark harmonies of the Southern hymns and by the passionate singing of the congregation. There was a sense of communal joy there.

I also keenly remember the lovely Appalachian ballad singer, Madeline MacNeil, who would travel around to the small towns of the valley, playing her lap dulcimer and singing these ancient ballads - most of which had come over from the British Isles, but she sang them in an Appalachian way.

I left Virginia at the age of 17 and never looked back - until 2008, when a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts sent me to the library for two years of research in early American traditional music - and, inevitably, a journey back to my teenage years in the Valley. From this was born Apollo's Fire's 2010 disc, *Come to the River: An Early American Gathering*. The completely unexpected popularity of *Come to the River* - sold-out concerts for years and two weeks in the Top 10 of the *Billboard* Classical chart - led me to ponder the way this music speaks to us, and to our shared roots.

This new disc is not a sequel to *Come to the River*. If anything, it is a prequel - reaching back in time to explore the earliest roots of the Appalachian heritage.

The immigrants from the British Isles who made the crossing and built the Appalachian community were mostly from the impoverished lower classes. They left their beloved isles of Scotland and Ireland due to endless years of unemployment, hunger and civil strife. The ballads they brought with them, which date back to the Renaissance and in some cases the Medieval period, include many that are dark and haunting. Topics such as murder and even fratricide are very common in this repertoire; but there are also delightfully playful children's songs. In short, life was hard back in the home country - and it was still hard in the Appalachian hills. But it was also filled with joy and laughter.



In this program we explore the communal journey of these Celtic immigrants, who left their island homes with sadness, but also with great hope. Their stories involve young men who had to leave their sweethearts behind in Scotland or Ireland; young women who had to face a dangerous life in the wilderness of the New World; and children who made joyful “play party” games (traditional songs that are danced) without the need of books or toys. The stories, the sorrows and the shared laughter of these immigrants are told in the ballads throughout the disc.

The typical instrumental ensemble of early America was the Old-Time band, consisting of a fiddle and a banjo to start with, and maybe adding a guitar and a singer if available. Of course the Irish were among the most prominent groups of immigrants, and they brought their airs, jigs and reels with them. In our opening Prologue, the traditional Celtic air “Mountains of Rhúm,” a young couple bids a sad farewell to the beautiful Scottish island. This leads into a set I call **“Crossing to the New World.”** Here we evoke the last night at home before boarding the ship for the New World, with a lively *ceili* dance featuring the Irish reel “Farewell to Ireland” and the Appalachian version of the Scottish reel “Highlander’s Farewell.” Our version of the traditional British and Canadian sea shanty, “We’ll Rant and We’ll Roar,” evokes the hopes and fears of the men and women who made the crossing – sometimes by choice and sometimes in desperation.

The large group of ballads from renaissance England and Scotland that made their way across the Atlantic and permeated the fabric of Appalachian culture are known as the Child Ballads – named for the ethnomusicologist James Francis Child who spent a lifetime collecting and cataloguing them. As mentioned, many of these are dark, and we explore that aspect of the Appalachian psyche in the second set, which I call **“Dark Mountain Home.”** This section includes the renaissance ballad “The Cruel Sister” or “Two Sisters” (“Twa Sisters” in the earliest sources). About 26 different versions of the text and about 5 different tunes can be found in New England and Appalachian folk music sources. Our version uses three different tunes to suit the story’s character at different moments. I drew the text and the tunes from amongst the versions in the *Northumbrian Minstrelsy* (an 1882 publication of much older ballads as they were sung in North England and Scotland), and Cecil Sharp’s collection of *English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians* (1932).

The medieval ballad “Nottamun Town” can still be heard today in the English Midlands, particularly in Nottinghamshire and Southern Yorkshire. It is much more popular in Appalachia though. Probably “Nottamun” is a corruption of Nottingham. The nonsensical lyrics describe an absurdly topsy-turvy world. The song may have been part of the Feast of Fools, a medieval festival where the hierarchy of the local clergy was flipped for a day, with the lower clergy elevated to power. The festival was frowned upon by the Church and repeatedly condemned in the 15th century. In the 20th century, Bob Dylan used the melody of “Nottamun Town” for his song, “Masters of War.” On our disc, Brian Kay sings this ballad while accompanying himself on an Appalachian long-neck dulcimer.



The “**Cornshuck Party**” section of our program was inspired partly by the descriptions that respected folk singer Jean Ritchie provides about her childhood in Kentucky – neighbors would gather for songs, stories and dancing while shucking the corn. The ballad “The Fox Went Out on a Chilly Night” is centuries old and can be found in many early English sources as well as in Appalachian versions. (There are even two versions in Middle English from the time of Chaucer).

Our version of the famous 1848 minstrel song “Oh Susanna” was inspired by our wish to sing the praises of our fabulous fiddle player, Susanna Perry Gilmore. Our resident “minstrel,” Brian Kay, begins the song with “a banjo on his knee” – and indeed he plays a gourd banjo similar to the African instrument in use by the 19th-century minstrels. Then Susanna takes the spotlight, performing a virtuoso set of variations composed by our cellist René Schiffer.

No program about early America could be complete without a look at the music of Old-Time Religion. The “**Glory on the Mountain**” section of our program evokes the small meeting houses of the Revival Movement in the Appalachians, where Southern hymns and spirituals were born in the early 19th century. From 1800 to 1850, several different shape-note hymnals were published, including *The Kentucky Harmony* in 1816, *The Southern Harmony* in 1835, and *The Sacred Harp* in 1844.

This was the era when the Celtic immigrants of the Appalachians met the music of the African slaves – resulting in the vibrant infusion of African-American spirituals into the musical fabric. The Kentucky fiddle tune “Glory in the Meeting House” opens this set with fiery ecstasy. The spirituals sung by Amanda Powell – “Go March Along” and “Oh Mary Don’t You Weep” – represent the fervent and soulful expression of rural Appalachian worshippers, both black and white. Our version of “Oh Mary” is inspired by the tradition of à cappella vocal ensembles such as Take 6 and the Cherryholmes family.

This program probably would not have been possible without the pioneering work of the great American ethnomusicologist Alan Lomax. Lomax, who died in 2002, spent most of his life journeying through rural America and making field recordings of Old-Time and Appalachian singers. His series of anthologies of traditional American songs and dance tunes is a treasure-trove of the folk art of regional cultures.

To close the disc, the echoes of the Scottish air that opened the program now return with a more Appalachian feel. I provided new lyrics to this melody, celebrating SUGARLOAF MOUNTAIN and its settlers. The song reflects the communal journey of our grandparents and their grandparents, as they made the crossing to the New World and built their new mountain homeland, one cabin at a time. We hope that this recording rings with their inextinguishable spirit.



photo: Debra-Lynn Hook

SUGARLOAF MOUNTAIN LYRICS

Prologue

THE MOUNTAINS OF RHÙM

No more shall I see thy bright shores
in the sunlight,
The heather of hill and the rising of morn.
The rolling grey mist that rolls east in the morning,
How can I leave you, my mountains of Rhùm?

Far away seaward a new land awaits me.
Far away seaward a new mountain home.
But will the peaks glimmer with snow in the moonlight
And will the streams laugh like my mountains of Rhùm?



photo: Roger Mastroianni

Crossing To The New World

WE'LL RANT AND WE'LL ROAR

Farewell and adieu to you, fair Dublin ladies,
Farewell and adieu to you, brave gentlemen,
For come morning at sunrise we'll sail for America,
And we may never see this fair country again.

'Tis a hardship to leave the dear lands of our fathers,
Our houses and farms obliged for to sell,
And to wander alone amongst Indians and strangers,
To find a sweet spot where our children might dwell.

We'll rant and we'll roar like true Yankee sailors,
We'll rant and we'll roar on deck and below,
Until we sight Gayhead off old Martha's Vineyard
And straight up the channel to New Bedford we'll go.

Then the signal was sent for the grand ship to anchor
And all in the downs that night for to stay.
May heav'n be her pilot and grant her fair breezes,
Till we reach the green fields of Americay.

So come away, Bessie, my own bonnie lassie,
Bid farewell to your mother and then come with me,
I'll do my endeavour to keep your mind cheery
Till we reach the green fields of Americay.

Now let every man drink down a full bumper,
Now let every man drink down a full bowl,
And we'll drink and be merry, and drink down melancholy,
Singing here's a good health to all good-hearted souls!



photo: Debra-Lynn Hook



photo: Dubia-Lynn Hook



photo: Erica Brenner

Dark Mountain Home

THE CRUEL SISTER (*Broadside Ballad*)

- I. There was a lady of the North Countrie,
Lay the bent to the bonny broom.*
And she had daughters, one, two, three,
Fa la la la, fa la la lerry-o.
- II. There came a young man a-courting there,
Lay the bent...
He made the choice of the youngest there.
- III. The eldest, she was a-vexed sair,
Lay the bent...
And sore envied her sister fair.
- IV. 'O Sister, sister, come you with me,
Binnorie, oh Binnorie.
To see the ships come in from the sea.
By the bonnie mill-dams of Binnorie.'
- V. They stood upon a cliff by the shore
Binnorie, oh Binnorie...
And she pushed her sister into the roar,
- VI. 'O sister, O sister, give me your hand,'
Bow down.
'O sister, O sister, give me your hand,'
The bough has been to me.
'O sister, O sister, give me your hand,
And I will give you my house and land.'
True to my love, love my love, be true to me.
- VII. 'I will not give to you my hand,'
Bow down.
'I will not give to you my hand,'
The bough has been to me.
'I will not give to you my hand,
Sink on! For I will marry that man.'
- VIII. Some days had passed, when upon the sand
Lay the bent...
A famous minstrel walked the strand.
- IX. And when he saw where her body lie,
Lay the bent...
He moaned and gave a heavy sigh.
- X. He made a harp of her breastbone,
Binnorie, oh Binnorie...
Whose sounds would melt a heart of stone,
- XI. He made the strings of her yellow hair,
Binnorie, oh Binnorie...
Whose notes made sad the listening ear,
- XII. He brought it to her father's home,
Binnorie, oh Binnorie...
And behold, it began to play alone!
- XIII. The very first song that the harp did play,
Lay the bent...
'Hang my auld sister,' is wad it say.



photo: Roger Mastroianni

NOTTAMUN TOWN

*In Nottamun Town, not a soul to be seen.
Not a soul would look up, not a soul would look down.
To show me the way to fair Nottamun Town.*

The King and the Queen and the company more
They came from behind and marching before.
A stark naked drummer come beating his drum,
His hand in his pockets came marching along.

In Nottamun Town, not a soul to be seen...

I had an old horse, she was called the Grey Mare,
Grey mane and grey tail, green stripe down her back,
There was no hair on her but what was called black.

BLACK IS THE COLOR OF MY TRUE LOVE'S HAIR

Black, black, black is the color of my true love's hair.
Her lips are something wondrous fair.
The brightest eyes and the daintiest hands.
I love the ground whereon she stands.

I love my love and well she knows.
I love the ground whereon she goes.
If she on earth no more I see,
My life will quickly leave me.

In Nottamun Town, not a soul to be seen...

She stood stark still, threw me to the dirt.
Oh, she tore at my hide and she bruised my shirt.
From saddle to stirrup I climbed back again
And on my ten toes I rode over the bend.

In Nottamun Town, not a soul to be seen...



photo: Roger Mastroianni

The winter's passed and the leaves are green,
The time is passed that we have seen,
But still I hope the time will come
When you and I shall be as one.

I go to the Clyde to mourn, to weep,
But satisfied, I ne'er can sleep.
So I'll write you a note in a few little lines,
I suffer death ten thousand times.



photo: Erica Bremner



photo: Roger Mastroianni

Cornshuck Party

THE FOX WENT OUT ON A CHILLY NIGHT

The Fox went out on a chilly night,
He prayed the moon to give him light,
For he'd many a mile to go that night,
Before he'd reach the town-O, town-O.

He ran till he came to the farmer's pen,
The ducks and the geese were kept therein,
"A couple of you are gonna grease my chin,
Before I leave this town-O, town-O..."

He grabbed the grey goose by the neck,
Threw the duck across his back,
He didn't mind the quack, quack, quack,
And the legs all dangling down-O, down-O...

Then old Mother Flipper-flopper jumped out of bed,
Out of the window cocked her head,
Saying, "John, John, the grey goose is gone,
The fox is on the town-O, town-O..."

OH SUSANNA!

I come from Alabama with my banjo on my knee,
I'm goin' to Louisiana, my true love for to see.
It rained all night the day I left, the weather it was dry,
The sun so hot I froze to death, Susanna, don't you cry!

*Oh Susanna, oh don't you cry for me!
For I come from Alabama with a banjo on my knee.*

Then John he run to the top of the hill,
Blowed his horn both loud and shrill,
The fox he said, "I better flee with my kill,
Or they'll soon be on my trail-O, trail-O..."

He run till he come to his cozy den,
There were his little ones: eight, nine, ten,
They said, "Daddy, Daddy, better go back again,
For it must be a mighty fine town-O, town-O..."

Then the fox and his wife without any strife,
Cut up the goose with a fork and a knife,
They'd never had such a supper in their life,
And the little ones chewed on the bones-O, bones-O...

I had a dream the other night, when everything was still,
I thought I saw Susanna dear a-comin' down the hill.
A buckwheat cake was in her mouth,
a tear was in her eye,
I said, "I'm comin' from the South,
Susanna, don't you cry!

Oh Susanna, oh don't you cry for me...!



photo: Erica Blenner



photo: Dabre-Lynn Hook

Love & Loss

ONCE I HAD A SWEETHEART

Once I had a sweetheart, now I have none.
He's gone and left me, he's gone and leaves me,
He's gone and leaves me to sorrow and mourning.

WAYFARING STRANGER

I'm just a poor wayfaring stranger
A-travellin' through this world of woe.
But there's no sickness, toil or danger
In that bright land to which I go.
I'm going there to see my father.
He said he'd meet me when I come.
I'm just a-goin' over Jordan,
I'm only goin' over home.

I'll soon be free of every trial,
My body lay beneath the sod.
I'll drop my cross of self-denial
And kneel before the throne of God.
I'm goin' there to see my Savior,
I'm goin' there forever more.
I'm only goin' over Jordan,
I'm only goin' over home.

RED ROCKIN' CHAIR

Well, I ain't got no use,
Ain't got no use for your red rockin' chair.
Got no sugar-baby now,
Got no sugar honey-baby now.

I will rock that cradle!
I will rock that cradle, and I will sing that song!
I will rock the cradle when you're gone.

I've done all I can do and I've said all I can say.
Take it to your Mama next payday!

I laid her in the shade,
Laid her in the shade, I gave her ev'ry dime I made.
What else could a poor boy do?

Who will call me honey?
Who will call me honey and who will sing that song?
Who will rock the cradle when you're gone?



JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE, MOTHER

Just before the battle, mother,
I am thinking most of you,
While upon the field we're watching
With the enemy in view.
Comrades brave are 'round me lying,
Filled with thoughts of home and God
For well they know that on the morrow,
Some will sleep beneath the sod.

Farewell, mother, you may never
Press me to your heart again,
But, oh, you'll not forget me, mother,
If I'm numbered with the slain.

GO MARCH ALONG

Go march along, I will see you again.
Go march along, I will see you on that judgment day.
My father's gone to glory. I will see him again.
Go march along, I will see you on that judgment day.

My mother's gone to glory. I will see her again.
Go march along, I will see you on that judgment day.

Glory on the Mountain

OH MARY, DON'T YOU WEEP

Oh Mary, don't you weep,
Tell Martha not to moan.
'Cause Pharoah's army got drowned in the sea.
If I could, I surely would
Stand on the rock where Moses stood.
I tell you, Mary, that glory's comin' soon.
I'm waiting for glory,
It's a-comin' to this mountain.
Well, somebody needs to tell it to Mary
That glory's comin' soon,
Right here on this mountain.
Oh Mary, don't you weep.



photo: Erica Brenner



photo: Debra-Lynn Hook

Appalachian Home

SUGARLOAF MOUNTAIN

lyrics by Jeannette Sorrell

My fairest, I write thee from Sugarloaf Mountain,
Far, far away, across the wide sea.
The journey was hard but the land here is lovely.
Come to my mountain, and share it with me.

Each morning the mist, it doth cloak the blue mountains.
Each night the bright stars, they are singing of you.
Oh, leave our sad island, its troubles unending!
Come to my mountain and then we'll be two.

Dear sister, I write thee from Sugarloaf Mountain,
Far, far away, across the wide sea.
Our cabin is small but the sun sets in glory!
Come to my mountain and then we'll be three.

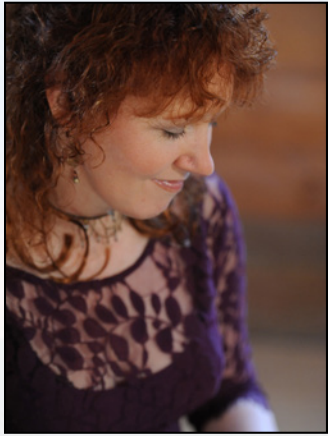
Dear brother, I write thee from Sugarloaf Mountain,
Far to the west, on that pale, distant shore.
The skies here are purple when the sun sets in glory!
Come to my mountain and then we'll be four.

Dear cousin, I write you from Sugarloaf Mountain
We heard of the troubles and pray you're alive.
The skies here are purple when the sun sets in glory!
Come to my mountain and then we'll be five.

Oh dearest, I write you from Sugarloaf Mountain,
Far, far away across the wide sea.
The skies here are purple when the sun sets in glory!
Come to our mountain and stay here with me.

The skies here are purple when the sun sets in glory!
Come to our mountain and stay here with me.

APOLLO'S FIRE Countryside Players



JEANNETTE SORRELL, *harpsichord & direction*, is a leading creative voice in the new generation of early music conductors and performers. Credited with “*forging a vibrant, life-affirming approach to the re-making of early music*” (BBC Music Magazine), she is the founder of Apollo’s Fire Baroque Orchestra and its folk wing, the Apollo’s Fire Countryside Players. As a conductor, she studied at the Tanglewood Music Festival under Roger Norrington and Leonard Bernstein and served as a conducting fellow at the Aspen Music Festival. As a harpsichordist, she studied with Gustav Leonhardt, and took First Prize and the Audience Choice Award in the 1991 Spivey International Harpsichord Competition. In addition to touring internationally with Apollo’s Fire, she enjoys serving as guest conductor with such orchestras as the Pittsburgh Symphony, Seattle Symphony, Los Angeles Chamber Orchestra, and the New World Symphony in Miami.

Unique among North American early music conductors in her commitment to historical folk traditions, Sorrell has won several awards for her research and arrangements of early American music - including the Noah Greenberg Award from the

American Musicological Society, given for her work in reconstructing music from the American Federalist period (1790’s). She is the creator and arranger of *Come to the River: An Early American Gathering*, which won two consecutive awards from the National Endowment for the Arts and became a Top 10 best-selling CD on the *Billboard* Classical chart. She holds an Artist Diploma from Oberlin Conservatory, an Advanced Performer’s Certificate from the Sweelinck Conservatory in Amsterdam, and an honorary doctorate from Case Western University. She fell in love with Appalachian folk music at the age of 14, when she moved with her family to the rural Shenandoah Valley in Virginia.

Praised for her “*abundant vocal technique and infectious spirit*” (ClevelandClassical.com), *soprano* **Amanda Powell** enjoys a diverse career in the realms of classical, folk, and jazz. She holds a Bachelor’s degree in vocal performance from Shenandoah Conservatory and a certificate in jazz improvisation from the Jazz in July Institute (University of Massachusetts). Ms. Powell’s solo performances with Apollo’s Fire in recent seasons have included Handel’s *Messiah* (mezzo soloist), Mozart’s *The Magic Flute* (Second Lady), Praetorius *Christmas Vespers* (soprano soloist), and Liza Jane in the 2013 national tour of the acclaimed *Come to the River* program. Her work as an internationally recognized leader in the field of sacred world music has taken her to concert halls in Italy, Spain, France, Mongolia and China. Her debut solo album, entitled *Beyond Boundaries*, was released in 2015 and quickly sold out on Amazon. The album explores folk and jazz traditions of cultures around the world. Amanda spent her childhood summers riding through the Blue Ridge Mountains in the back of her grandpa’s pickup truck and later lived in the Shenandoah Valley, within sight of Sugarloaf Mountain.



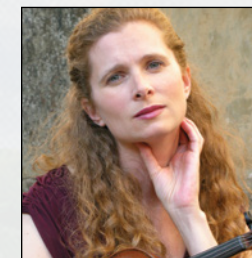
Ross Hauck, *tenor*, grew up in Ohio, but currently lives in Seattle with his wife and four children. Mr. Hauck is a busy concert artist specializing in early music, sacred oratorio, and premieres of new works. A regular with Apollo's Fire, Mr. Hauck has been heard as Tamino in *The Magic Flute*, as Johny in the *Come to the River* tour, as well as being the featured Irish tenor in the 2012 and 2013 Countryside Concerts. He has sung with the symphonies of Seattle, Dallas, Phoenix, Chicago, Portland, Grand Rapids, Kansas City and the National Symphony. Mr. Hauck has been heard live in broadcast on PBS, and received mention in THE WASHINGTON POST, THE NEW YORK TIMES, THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE and OPERA NEWS. Mr. Hauck is also a cellist and serves as a professor of voice on the faculty of Seattle University. An alumnus of Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, he undertook further training at the Tanglewood, Ravinia, and Aspen Festivals and at the Wolf Trap Opera Company. He can be heard on the AVIE label on the Apollo's Fire recording of *Messiah* and on the Naxos label in the world premiere of the song cycle *Vedem* by Lori Laitman. Mr. Hauck comes from a family of southern preachers and church music directors, and grew up singing spirituals and Southern hymns in his father's church. He frequently programs sacred concerts for churches and Christian universities.



Tina Bergmann, *hammered dulcimer*, is one of the world's leading exponents of the instrument and was described by folk musician Pete Seeger as "*the best hammered dulcimer player I've heard anywhere.*" Playing in the aural tradition as a child, she made her solo debut at age 12 and led her first string band at age 16. Since then, she has been in demand at folk festivals and has performed as soloist with several symphony orchestras. Her contradance bands, *Strings & Things* and *Hu\$hmoney*, have explored traditional American and Celtic music. She can be heard on the Apollo's Fire CDs *Come to the River*, *Scarborough Fayre*, and *Sacrum Mysterium: A Celtic Christmas*.



Susanna Perry Gilmore, *fiddle*, enjoys a multifaceted career as solo artist, chamber musician, and orchestral concertmaster. She is concertmaster of the Omaha Symphony, a position she previously held with the Memphis Symphony for fifteen years. Her chamber music performances have been featured on National Public Radio's *Performance Today*, *A Prairie Home Companion* and *America's Music Festivals*. Her recent classical solo performances include Jennifer Higdon's *The Singing Rooms* (for violin, choir and orchestra) in Paris at the invitation of Ms. Higdon, as well as Vivaldi's *Four Seasons* and Prokofiev and Korngold violin concertos with the Omaha Symphony. She holds a Bachelor's degree in music from Oxford University (UK) and a Master's in Violin Performance from the New England Conservatory (Boston). She learned to play Celtic fiddle in her youth through sitting in on Irish sessions during her years in Nashville and England, and for several years performed regularly with the Memphis-based Irish band *Planet Reel*.



Kathie Stewart, *wooden flutes*, enjoys a dual-career as one of North America's leading baroque flutists and an active Irish flute performer. She teaches baroque flute and coaches early music ensembles at Oberlin Conservatory, where she is also the Curator of Harpsichords. She has also performed with Tafelmusik (Toronto), the Oberlin Baroque Ensemble, ARTEK baroque orchestra, Cleveland Opera, and The Cleveland Orchestra. She holds a Master's degree in flute performance from the Manhattan School of Music. A founding member of Apollo's Fire, she also plays with the Irish band, *Turn the Corner*, and the Scottish band, *Next in Line*. She can be heard on the Koch International Classics and AVIE labels.





Brian Kay, *lute, guitar, banjo & long-neck dulcimer*, is a modern-day troubadour. He holds a Master's of Music from Peabody Conservatory of the Johns Hopkins University, where he studied lute and theorbo. He specializes in historical plucked instruments and ancient songs of various world traditions. Brian is a songwriter and poet, and also paints and plays a variety of percussion and wind instruments. Cleveland Classical.com called Brian “*far-ranging*,” “*brilliant*,” and “*exciting*,” and Early Music America called his work “*phenomenal*.” His newest album, *Three Ravens*, was released in January 2015.

René Schiffer, *cello*, is a composer in historical styles as well as a leading baroque cellist of the international early music scene. A protégé of the great baroque cellist Anner Bijlsma, he toured internationally for 16 years as a member of La Petite Bande under Sigiwald Kuijken. He has also performed with the Amsterdam Baroque Orchestra (Ton Koopman), Les Musiciens du Louvre (Minkowski), and in over 50 projects with Tafelmusik (Toronto). His compositions and reconstructions in historical styles have been performed by orchestras in North America, Europe and Australia, and appear on several Apollo's Fire CD recordings. He can be heard on the Harmonia Mundi, Philips, Virgin Classics, Erato, Sony and Avie labels.



THE CLEVELAND BAROQUE ORCHESTRA
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Praised for its “*expressive subtlety, exuberance and passion*” (Classical Music Magazine, UK), Apollo's Fire has won international admiration for its creative and animated period-instrument performances. Following its third European tour in 2014, the ensemble was chosen by the London Telegraph as one of the “*best 5 concerts of the year*.” Under the direction of founder Jeannette Sorrell, Apollo's Fire appears at such venues as the BBC Proms, London's Wigmore Hall, Madrid's Royal Theatre, the Grand Opera Theatre of Bordeaux (France), the Boston Early Music Festival, the Tanglewood Festival, and the Aspen Music Festival. The ensemble has been consistently praised for freshness, buoyancy, technical excellence, and creative programming.

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www.apollosfire.org

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CONCEIVED & ARRANGED
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Amanda Powell, *soprano vocals*
Ross Hauck, *tenor vocals*
Susanna Perry Gilmore, *fiddle*
Kathie Stewart, *wooden flutes & penny whistle*
Tina Bergmann, *vocals & hammered dulcimer*
René Schiffer, *cello*
Brian Kay, *vocals, lute, guitar, gourd banjo
& long-neck dulcimer*
Jeannette Sorrell, *harpsichord & direction*

with ensemble singers on tracks 1, 4 & 16:
Madeline Apple Healey, Sian Ricketts, *soprano*
Elena Mullins, *alto* • Corey Shotwell, *tenor*
Jeffrey Strauss, *baritone*

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