



(LYRCD 6009)

**GEORGE QUINCY
POCAHONTAS
At the Court of King James I
Libretto by Thayer Burch**

ROBERTA GUMBEL
Pocahontas & Lady
MARSHALL COID
King James I

THE QUEEN'S CHAMBER BAND

TRACKS:

- Pocahontas (PART I)
The Queen's Chamber Band
Elaine Comparone, harpsichord & artistic director
1 Opening (2:21)
2 "Your Majesty" (2:53)
3 "That putrid tobacco" (2:05)
4 "Who is her husband?" (1:42)
5 "You have heard much" (4:33)

CHOCTAW DIARIES

The Bronx Arts Ensemble

William Scribner, artistic director

6 Awakening to Spirit (5:24)

7 That We May Touch the Earth (3:41)

8 Beauty Comes to the Eye (6:23)

9 Journey to my Truth (6:22)

Pocahontas (PART II)

The Queen's Chamber Band

10 "Lady Rebecca, again we meet" (2:45)

11 "I trust you enjoyed" (5:42)

12 "When I close my eyes" (2:30)

13 "Lady Rebecca!" (2:00)

14 "Savage Princess!" (2:33)

TOTAL TIME: 51:03

POCAHONTAS – PROGRAM NOTES

Matoaka, Pocahontas, Lady Rebecca Rolfe—by all these names the young, cart-wheeling Native American girl was called. From a tribe of the Powhatan Alliance, Pocahontas captivated English settlers at Jamestown, began to learn English from John Smith and, in 1616 was presented at the court of James the First of England as the charming, Christianized, well-spoken Lady Rebecca Rolfe, the Princess from the Kingdom of Virginia.

Was the beautiful 21-year-old sent there as part of an elaborate publicity plan by the English tobacco growers of Virginia, or was she fulfilling her tribal role of "Beloved Woman," an honor designated to a female of great spiritual power, a shaman, the one her tribe foretold would come? Was this young woman an Indian spy, a colonial pawn, a shamanic warrior, a savage, a cultivated Lady who spoke fluent English and French, as well as native tongues? Which? All? King James, quick to burn witches, professed concern about the satanic aspects of tobacco. Yet he worried more about full coffers.

Pocahontas (c. 1595-1617) was most likely born in Werawocomoco (now Wicomico, Gloucester County, Virginia) on the north side of the Pamaunkee (York) River. Her true name was Matoaka, but that name was only used within her tribe. Native Americans believed harm would come to a person if outsiders learned of his/her tribal name. One of many daughters of the powerful Powhatan chief Wahunsenacawh, who ruled more than 25 tribes, Pocahontas became

acquainted with the English colonists who settled in the Chesapeake Bay area in 1607. Along with her tribe, Pocahontas watched the colonists build a fort and search for food. The next year, her uncle Opechancanough captured colonist John Smith. Smith was brought to Chief Powhatan, who decided he must die. According to an account written later by Smith, Pocahontas saved Smith's life by throwing herself down and cradling his head before he was clubbed to death. Several years later, Pocahontas was taken hostage by the colonists. She was treated kindly during her captivity and lived in the home of a minister. During this time, Pocahontas converted to Christianity and was baptized with the name Rebecca. While held in Jamestown, Pocahontas met a distinguished colonist named John Rolfe. The two fell in love and planned to marry. The marriage was blessed by Virginia governor Sir Thomas Dale, as well as Chief Powhatan. Although the chief did not attend the wedding, he sent others in his place and made a gift of land as a pledge of dowry; these later purportedly became part of the holdings of the Virginia Tobacco Company.

In 1615, Rolfe and Pocahontas had their first and only child, Thomas. The following year, the family was invited to England, where Pocahontas became the center of attention of English society. Banquets and dances were given in her honor, and her portrait was painted by famous artists and she met the celebrated poet Ben Jonson. Pocahontas was received with royal honor by the King James and Queen Anne, who showed her special favor. While in England, Pocahontas was also reunited with her friend John Smith, whom she had believed dead. Before she could return to Virginia, Pocahontas contracted small pox (some say tuberculosis). She wished to see her native land one last time and set sail for America, but owing to her grave condition, turned back and died in England in March, 1617, at age 21. Pocahontas was buried in the chapel of the parish church in Gravesend, England.

In Part I of composer George Quincy's composition, King James I and a Lady of Court await Lady Rebecca Rolfe's arrival, before the evening's entertainment by Ben Jonson. In Part II,

CHOCTAW DIARIES.....PROGRAM NOTES

The suite Choctaw Diaries for native flute and classical chamber orchestra, evokes a Native American landscape of spirit, the dawn of a day from another time, meshing with my own Oklahoma childhood recollections. It recalls the prairie, the canyon, the expanse of sky. The four movements represent "The Awakening of Spirit," "That We May Touch the Earth," "Beauty Comes to the Eye" and "Journey to My Truth." The voice of the native flute calls for these experiences to be eternal. The strings and the reeds and the percussion are all parts of the natural surroundings. G.Q.

POCAHONTAS

Libretto by Thayer Burch

The court of King James I of England, 1617. The King and a Lady of the Court await the much anticipated arrival of Lady Rebecca (Pocahontas).

PART I

OPENING

TRACK 1

SCENE

TRACK 2

LADY OF THE COURT

Your Majesty, we have today
A presentation of a very special woman.

KING JAMES I

I know. She is from the New World.

LADY

Your Majesty, are you not thrilled to see
This woman, this Princess,
A high-born savage from the Kingdom of Virginia?

KING

The Kingdom of Virginia?

LADY

I hear she has many graces
And speaks well, Sire? Not a little curious?

KING

Why do I feel I'm being made use of and fooled
By the Virginia Tobacco Company?
Oh yes, I have heard much of her, this creature.
I'm sure she is exotic.

BOTH

Matoaka, Pocahontas

LADY

She is a Lady now, your Majesty. Lady Rebecca.

And worthy of your company.
All christened and married and coiffed just so.
The Queen has taken to her, I hear.

KING
My Lady, she sails here on clouds of smoke, evil smoke.

TRACK 3

KING
That putrid tobacco, that dreaded devil's plant
Blessed by demon spirits, terrible ceremonies by heathens.
Degenerate weed!
Yet, with so much commercial promise for our kingdom.
That plant the Protestants so love and claim
So does God above.
But this is a new world of grasp and greed
And this husband, what's his name? John Rolfe?
Who knows how he got his hands on the magic seed?

LADY
Bermuda Gold!
Tobacco seeds stolen from some Spanish hold
Wafting, weaving so surely o'er the world
We've watched countries grow rich as it rose and curled.
How we hunger for it.
How God hates those decadent unholy addictions.
I want to help him rid us of it ,
But it fills our coffers. And who are we
To turn our backs on what our God offers.
They say she has a beauty. And a son.

KING
A Christian convert.

TRACK 4

KING
Who is her husband, this John Rolfe?
He is a commoner.
A commoner! A common man.
Who does he think he is to marry into nobility?
How could she love him? How could she love him?
I hope he does not presume to be our company?

LADY

I'm sure not, your Majesty.
He may be crude and common but not that dense.
I'm hurt to think you think my Lady
Has not more sense.
He will be kept far from royal sight
Deep in the dark corners of the gallery
All through the masque by Mr. Jonson,
All through the entertaining night.

TRACK 5

KING
You have heard as much as I
Of her strange entourage.

LADY
Oh yes!

KING
Heathens all.
Quite glorious in their savagery. Their savagery.

LADY
Seen at Plymouth, at the disembarkation.
First, there came Uttamatamakin,
Sometimes called Tomocomo or Tomo,
A tall and fierce-looking savage, painted skin...

KING
They say he is advisor to the Lady.

LADY
But I would call him shaman, holding much within.

KING
Lights in his shifting eyes, like a beast in the dark.

LADY
Bermuda gold...

KING
All stealth and sinew and looking round,
Like an ocean shark.

LADY
Next came Matachanna, a relative.

KING
They say.

LADY
With again bright paint, slashed across his face
And Native dress...

KING
Clearly strong. An eagerness.

LADY
He had a decorated scalp lock...

KING
A fur mantle...

LADY
And over his breechcloth...

KING
Madam!

LADY
Over that an animal head! Of course, dead.

BOTH
Three other Powhatan women

LADY
(That is her tribe)

BOTH
Followed and following them,
Four other Powhatan men.

KING
These were well presumed to be servants of the Lady.

LADY
At Plymouth, a source tells me,
He overheard the Lady Rebecca in some strange talk.
She said "Manito Aki, Manito Aki,
Oh spirit world," he said, she whispered

KING

“Oh spirit world!”

LADY

“I feel you, trust you,
Kiss you as your bride.”

KING

“I feel you by my side.”

LADY

“Manito Aki, these are your winds I ride.”

KING

“I ride...”

BOTH

“Manito Aki.” “Manito Aki.”
What does it mean for all of us? All of us?
Lady Rebecca, Pocahontas. All so mysterious.
Christian, a savage, a lady. So mysterious.

LADY

Your Majesty, the Lords and Ladies of the court enter now.

KING

So mysterious.

LADY

Shhhh! She comes!

BOTH

Pocahontas!

CHOCTAW DIARIES

Awakening to Spirit TRACK 6
That We May Touch the Earth TRACK 7
Beauty Comes to the Eye TRACK 8
Journey to My Truth TRACK 9

Pocahontas

PART II (The Great Hall)

TRACK 10

KING

Lady Rebecca, again we meet.

POCAHONTAS

Highness, Oh, Highness,
I am once again flattered and honored by your Grace.

KING

How does the Princess from Virginia fare
In this harsh London winter?

POCAHONTAS

The winter is cold but the society so charming.
(aside) Lady Rebecca, Pocahontas, Matoaka,
Who am I now as I stand here before this King?
A young girl who takes the woodland paths,
Chases squirrels and laughs to hear the birds she knows?
A young girl, who of Europe and England
Has heard not a thing.
Child of the forest and field
Who somersaults into the hearts of braves?

Who knows the ceremonies, the sacrificial rites?
Who loves the dawn and Corn Goddess fire nights?
Where has she gone when I need her so?
I seem to have lost part of her when I crossed the sea.
Yet that wasn't very long ago.

TRACK 11

KING

I trust you enjoyed the night's entertainment.
No other court can boast a new play by Ben Jonson—
Music, theater, talent everywhere.
It warms the stone cold hallways of my castle...

POCAHONTAS

Indeed, Sire—my King, my King.

KING (aside)

She is so much more cultivated than I would expect a
savage to be—But I'm sure she still has savage thoughts.
Savage instincts still most likely fill her blood
and make the devil in her strong.
What kind of mind lies beneath this smooth, English
exterior?

Charming, yes, but something's wrong.

POCAHONTAS (aside)

He is so much smaller than I thought he would be.
Almost shrunken and with darting, frightening, dangerous
eyes. There is no truth in his words.
I must remember this and never let him see
That I smile and curtsy and play the Lady,
Yes, play the Lady, so I may him utilize.

BOTH

Charming, yes, but something's wrong.

KING

My sparkling Lady, tell me if what I hear is true:
That the untamed wilderness beyond your kingdom
Has evil sorcerers who concoct poisons with dire results?

POCAHONTAS

Highness, no, from what I hear, the craft of poisoners does
blossom much more here. In fact, the Duchess told me...

KING

Never mind that!
What I want to know is what of Satan there?
I ask as a ruler to one of ruler born.
Are there hellish spells, succubae and curses on the
unborn?

POCOHANTAS

Oh, no, Highness. The joys of there are much like here.
There, too, we laugh and pray and dance,
Make music and enjoy.
There, too, we wonder what to wear and feel the blush
when maiden kisses boy.

KING

What a relief to hear.
These rumors sometimes keep a monarch awake at night.
(aside) When I finally fall asleep,
Terrible dreams do my company keep.
A dark hawk pecks at my face with a razor beak.
Talons dig at my trembling skin and eyes
While bony witches shriek,
They crookedly dance around a full-moon fire,

Throwing parts of me into a burning pyre,
Mouthing dire curses
To the black demon-packed skies,
Frightening incantations to bring on my demise.
When finally I fall asleep...

TRACK 12

POCOHANTAS (aside)

When I close my eyes
I see my beloved country fading from me.

Even in my child, Thomas, I see all memory fade.
And I begin to question the promises I made.
Medicine woman, Matoaka, who are you now?
What has become of you?
How much can you help your tribe?
How far can your shaman blood go
To stop the English flood?
With one hand I smile and disarm and raise money
For the Virginia Tobacco Company
I look in my gilded mirror and wonder
“What have I become?” One self sipping English tea,
The other beating on the shaman drum
To change the future of this short history.
Oh Great Spirit, help me remain calm and strong,
To be in truth. My visit here grows dangerously long.

BOTH

When I close my eyes I see...(She coughs.)

TRACK 13

KING

Lady Rebecca, I fear your cough has worsened.

POCAHONTAS

Highness, I am sure I am mending. Why just the other day...

KING

The lady is not well. I have seen the pallor take hold.
Yet her gaiety in court brings pleasure to the town
Enlivens the feast and diverts the crown.

REBECCA

You ask what I love about England?

KING:
The court, of course.

REBECCA
Of course, the court.

KING
Theatre, culture...

REBECCA
Yes, that, Sire.

KING
I heard a love of cribbage took hold of you.

REBECCA
Cribbage, yes.

KING:
The English garden...

REBECCA
The English...pardon?

KING
Garden...and of course the horse, the English horse!

REBECCA
Of course, the horse, the English horse.

KING:
...The steed!

REBECCA
Indeed!

KING
But no tobacco.

REBECCA
None here, Sire.

KING
For that I must cross the water.

REBECCA

For that you must trade... (to herself) or slaughter.

KING

What did you say?

REBECCA

The tobacco fields so far away.

KING

Yes, so far away.

REBECCA

But most of England pleases me well. (She coughs again.)

TRACK 14

KING

Savage Princess, I pray you heal
Before the chill of winter worsens you.

REBECCA

Heaven knows, Sire, I pray I do.
I pray for blessings just like you.
I pray for the divine to hear me.

KING

Holy Spirit, be my weapon
before age and death me betray.
And help me kill all agents of Satan day after day.

POCAHONTAS

Oh Great Spirit, help me home
Before the English cold murders me.
Oh Great Spirit... Beloved King...

KING

Holy Spirit, Savage Princess

BOTH

How clear it is to me that you and I
Want to make the world a better place before we die.

GEORGE QUINCY

George Quincy was born and raised in Oklahoma and is of Choctaw heritage. He has two degrees from The Juilliard School and later taught there, became musical advisor to Martha Graham and went on to compose, orchestrate and conduct music for Theater, Dance, Film, Opera, Television and Concert. His music has been performed in Carnegie Hall, Weill Hall, Alice Tully Hall and many theaters in New York City. Throughout his childhood, his Juilliard years and later, Quincy believed that his lyrical gift in musical composition was rooted in his Choctaw blood and his analytical talent in his white western education. He develops the emotional and cultural fusion of classical music and Choctaw sounds in his personal artistic journey in the works presented on this disc. His album, Christmas, has been re-released and can be found on amazon.com

THE NEW YORK 5, a chamber music group specializing in Mr. Quincy's music, played two concerts at the American Indian Wing of the Smithsonian in Washington, DC in October of 2006. Albany Records has also released a CD called Choctaw Nights, based on Quincy's Choctaw background and the moons of Jupiter. Pocahontas at the Court of James I, (part 2) was presented by The Queen's Chamber Band at Merkin Hall on May 9, 2006. Both parts of the Pocahontas score were performed at the American Indian Wing of the Smithsonian in November, 2007. Those performances form the basis of this recording. George Quincy has received awards from ASCAP every year since 1997 and many grants from Meet the Composer. He was featured in the Juilliard Journal in February, 2008.

THE QUEEN'S CHAMBER BAND,

Elaine Comparone, harpsichord and artistic director

Robert Zubrycki, Lori Miller, violins; Veronica Salas, viola; Peter Seidenberg, cello; Joseph Bongiorno, bass; Karla Moe, flute; Marsha Heller, oboe/oboe d'amore; Jerry Willard, lute; George Quincy, rain stick; Elaine Comparone, harpsichord

THE BRONX ARTS ENSEMBLE

William Scribner, artistic director

George Quincy, conductor

Timothy Archambault, solo flute

Robert Zubrycki, Fritz Krakowski, Faina Agranov, violin I

Lori Miller, Yen Yu, Beulah Cox, violin II

Yukie Handa, Amy Wright, Wende Namkung, violin III

Alice Poulson, Andrea Schultz, Marya Columbia, violin IV

Joel Rubin, Sally Shumway, Denise Cridge, viola

Bruce Wang, Marisol Espada, Daryl Goldberg, cello

Marsha Heller, oboe; William Scribner, bassoon; Donald Batchelder, trumpet

Mark Sherman, percussion

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Pocahontas recorded live at Merkin Concert Hall, NYC

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