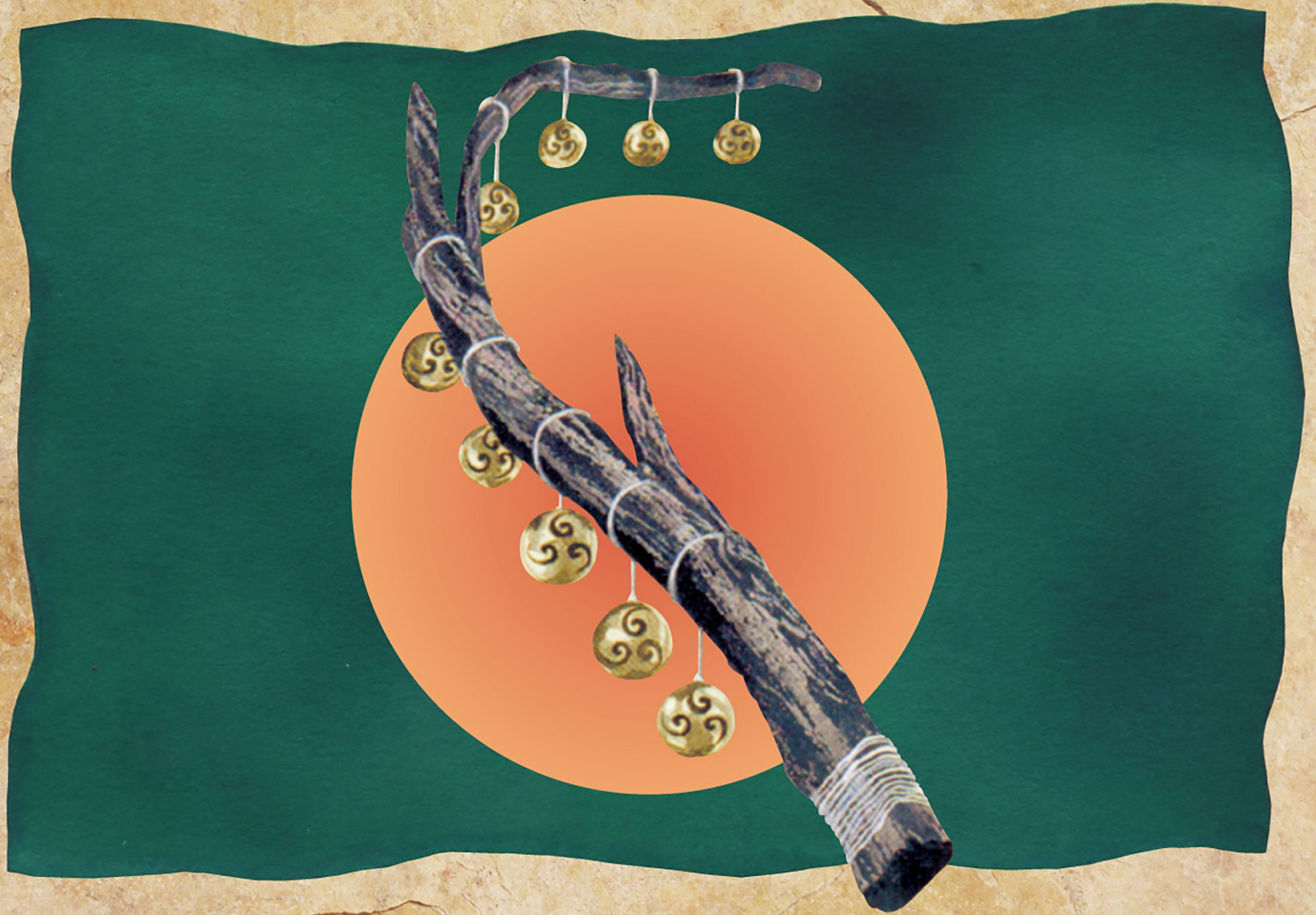


PAUL WINTER AND FRIENDS



CELTIC SOLSTICE

I was drawn to the music of Ireland through my allurements to two unique voices. The first was one I had heard about in the late '60s when I was exploring different instrumental voices for a new ensemble I wanted to form, a kind of "contemporary consort." I had a particular fascination with double-reed instruments, and an ethnomusicologist friend told me of an Irish bagpipe that has a distinctive and soulful sound, the Uilleann pipes. Recordings of the musics of the world were not so easy to find then as they are today, so I realized I would have to go to the source if I wanted to hear this instrument.

My chance came in 1971 when I was in London mixing the Consort's album ICARUS. I made some inquiries and I learned about a club in Dublin where Uilleann pipers gathered every Saturday night. On my first free week-end I flew to Dublin and sought out this place, The Pipers' Club, at 14 Thomas Street, not far from the Guinness Brewery. Inside this old building was a bare room, with straight-backed wooden chairs lining the walls. In one corner sat three or four elderly pipers, but no one else was present. I became an audience of one. I listened all evening, enthralled by the petulant and bluesy sounds coming from these strange-looking instruments. The players hold wind bellows under their arms, which they pump continuously, and from this the instrument gets its name. *Uilleann* is Gaelic for elbow. These are "elbow pipes"; they are not blown as are most other bagpipes in the world. I left Dublin resonating with these sounds, and imbued with the rich aroma of stout, which seems to pervade the whole city. I would have loved to incorporate Uilleann pipes into my band then, but couldn't imagine finding a player anywhere outside of Ireland. For the time being I had to be content with the oboe to satisfy my double-reed cravings; and when your oboist is as stupendous as Paul McCandless, who was playing with the Consort then, there's no need to go too far afield.

Seventeen years later I encountered the second of these alluring Irish voices. In the Spring of 1988, the Consort was part of an earth celebration in Rotterdam Cathedral. Soon after we had finished our segment of the program, we heard, coming from the back of the Nave, an extraordinary female voice, which sounded like a cross between an angel and a jazz singer. She sang very freely, with unique embellishments, as she walked through the Cathedral, gesturing gracefully with her hands as if to cast a spell over us. I found her totally beguiling, but at that moment had no idea from where she came or in what language she was singing.

It was Nóirín Ní Riain, from County Limerick in Ireland, singing in the ancient style known as *sean nos*. Meeting her later, the Consort members and I felt an immediate bond with Nóirín and we invited her to come to New York to sing in our annual Winter Solstice Celebration. Nóirín became an integral part of this event for the next several years, and also sang with us on other milestone occasions, including my wedding in 1991 and the Earth Summit in Rio in 1992. Nóirín and I often talked about presenting simple, "pure drop" musical events that would have more a feeling of ritual. I had long wanted to do early morning performances, at that time of

day when people may be open to a deeper listening adventure. We imagined a totally simple event—with no sound system, no lighting, no talking, and no money: admission would be free. That June of '94, with the blessings of our friend the Dean of the Cathedral, the Very Rev. James Parks Morton, we offered our first Summer Solstice Celebration, at 4:30 on the morning of the longest day of the year. We had no idea if anyone would come, as we had no budget for advertising. We were amazed that through word-of-mouth generated by some calendar listings and a few Public Service Announcements on radio, 700 people showed up to share this adventure with us. Four of us were performing: Níoirín, Paul Halley, Cathedral organist Dorothy Papadakos, and myself. The music began in total darkness, and over the next two hours listeners experienced a continuous stream of sounds, and saw the great stained-glass windows in the east end of the Cathedral gradually become illuminated with the first dawn of summer. It was one of the most profound performing experiences of my life.

During the next two years, Paul Halley and I worked with Níoirín on her debut album for Living Music, *CELTIC SOUL*. Around the time it was due for release, in the spring of 1996, we were planning our third annual Summer Solstice Celebration, and since we were going to be performing music from this new album, the idea arose to title the event "Celtic Solstice," as a word-play on "Celtic Soul." We invited whistle-player and flutist Joanie Madden, who had played on Níoirín's album, to be a special guest. Four days before the summer solstice, Níoirín fell ill and couldn't come to New York. Through Joanie and folklorist Mick Moloney, we were fortunate to find Karan Casey, singer from the band *Solas*. One of the songs Karan brought us was *Golden Apples of the Sun*, based on the famous poem by W. B. Yeats, *The Song of Wandering Aengus*. The experience of hearing Karan singing this, accompanied by the organ, in this mystical pre-dawn space of the Cathedral, was epiphanic for me. I felt deeply the call of the quest in Yeats' lyric, intermingled with the sense of promise—of the fullness of life—that seems to be in the air at the beginning of summer. I imagined then an entire album coming forth from the ambience of this song and this event.

In the months that followed I thought about the voices that might be part of this *CELTIC SOLSTICE* album, and decided it was high time to con-sort with the one I had sought out 25 years before: the Uilleann pipes. And I knew the name of the player I wanted to invite. I had heard at a friend's home in the early '90s a recording that stopped me in my tracks. A bagpipe was playing a beautiful ballad over the accompaniment of what sounded like an organ (but turned out to be a synthesizer). The piece felt very much like the sax/organ duets that Paul Halley and I have often played. I learned that it was Irish piper Davy Spillane, playing his song *Midnight Walker*. I resolved then to find this man and invite him to play in the Cathedral with the Consort and the pipe organ.

Early in 1997 I called Níoirín and asked if she knew Davy. "He's a grand fellow, and the two of you should meet," she said, and rang him up. Although he'd never heard of me, Davy was very open to meeting. That March I made my second Uilleann pipes pilgrimage to

Ireland, this time traveling to the west coast, where Davy lives in an old stone cottage near the Cliffs of Moher. Our meeting felt like the reunion of long-lost brothers. We had a wonderful time listening to each other's music, trading stories of our respective musical journeys, and talking of our dreams for the future. Davy was excited about collaborating, and he agreed to come to New York that June to be part of CELTIC SOLSTICE.

The night Davy arrived at the Cathedral, I took him on a tour of the seven side-chapels that surround the Great Choir. In one of them is an old white baby-grand piano that had belonged to Duke Ellington. When I told Davy whose piano it had been, he seemed to become transfixed. He sat down on the bench, laid his folded arms on the keyboard cover, and with his head bowed on his arms, sat there for several minutes in silence. He told me then that his father had been one of Ireland's greatest jazz fans, and that he'd grown up listening to recordings of all the famous jazz musicians. "What I would give," he said, "for my father to be here with me right now."

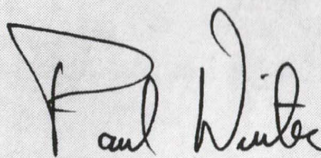
Our first music-making together in the Cathedral was unforgettable. Davy was awed by the space and the acoustics and was thrilled by the rich, often Ellingtonian, harmonic accompaniments Paul Halley played on the organ. The blending of these two instruments, this marriage of the earthy and the sublime, was richer than I had imagined. Our recordings for CELTIC SOLSTICE began that summer solstice week-end, and we parted with a clear sense of a path for the album and our future work together.

Over the next year, thanks to Joanie Madden, I began to meet more of her friends among the community of Irish musicians living in the States. Our 1998 Celtic Solstice event, with new guest performers, spawned more music for the recordings.

Here, finally, is our CELTIC SOLSTICE album. More than intending to be anything authentically "Celtic," it's simply a musical offering born of this event. As far as I have learned, there actually were no traditions of celebrating summer solstice among the Celts. Celtic Europe celebrated seasonal festivals on the quarter days which fall mid-way between the Solstices and Equinoxes. Summer began with the festival of Beltane, on the first of May; and June 21st, when we celebrate summer solstice, was their "mid-summer." So it might be said that "Celtic Solstice" is something we've invented; but I think it would be equally true to say that "Celtic Solstice" invented itself. In any case, here is the music that happened. The making of it has been deeply rewarding, and I eagerly look forward to our solstice musical adventures of the future. We hope you'll be with us.

Thanks for listening.

For Living Music,

A handwritten signature in black ink, reading "Paul Winter". The signature is stylized, with the first name "Paul" and the last name "Winter" written in a cursive, flowing script.



THE FINEST MUSIC

Fionn Mac Cumhail was a legendary Irish hero, urbane, cultured and cunning, who combined elements of warrior, seer and poet. In one story, Fionn sparked a debate when he asked his followers what they thought was the finest music in the world.

"Tell us what you think," said Fionn, turning to Oisín.

"The cuckoo calling from the highest tree in the hedge," cried his jolly son.

"That is a good sound," said Fionn. "And Oscar," he asked, "what do you think is the finest music?"

"The best music to my ears is the ring of a spear on a shield," cried the sturdy lad.

"That is a good sound," said Fionn.

And the other champions told what best pleased them: the bugling of a stag across water, the baying of a melodious pack heard from afar, the song of a lark, the laughter of a gleeful girl, or the whisper of a moved one.

"Those are all good sounds," said Fionn.

"Tell us, chief," one ventured, "what do you think?"

"The music of what happens," said great Fionn, "that is the finest music in the world."

James Stephens, *Irish Fairy Stories*



1. TRIUMPH

Paul Winter, Paul Halley, Davy Spillane
(Living Earth Music, BMI
Umpawaug Music, ASCAP)

Paul Winter | *soprano sax*
Paul Halley | *pipe organ*
Davy Spillane | *Uilleann pipes*

In the wee hours of a June morning, inside the darkened space of this great stone cathedral, and well before the chorus of birds outside would begin to announce the dawn, Davy Spillane and Paul Halley and I improvised together for the first time. We had stationed ourselves at considerable distances from each other—Davy seated behind his Uilleann pipes in the Crossing under the cathedral's dome, Paul Halley up in the organ loft of the Great Choir, and I with my sax far down the aisle of the Nave. We had no other plan.

Triumph, as a title, came to my mind when we listened to the playback. The summer solstice, or Midsummer Day, as the Celts would have regarded it, is the great turning point in the sun's journey, when, after climbing higher and higher day by day in the sky, it reaches its zenith. I hear in the music some hints of this "triumph" of the sun. And the process of making this music, in our first adventure together, also felt triumphant.

"It's about communion," Davy said later. To me it was a communal triumph: a trio with "umph."

When Davy had arrived from Ireland the night before, he showed Paul and I his magnificent set of Uilleann pipes, which he had made himself, and explained the workings of all the components of this amazing instrument, which he alternately describes as like "playing seven oboes at once," or "an intensive-care unit." Most of the playing is done on one melody-pipe, the chanter, with or without the three drone pipes. Then there are three other single-note pipes, activated by keys called regulators, for chordal tones, which Davy said worked especially well in the key of G. When we played, Paul Halley, remembering this, very artfully guided our harmonic journey so that we would end up in G, and Davy obliged by opening up all his regulators for the final chord.



2. **GOLDEN APPLES OF THE SUN**

Words by W. B. Yeats; Music trad.,
arranged by Karan Casey,
Paul Halley, Paul Winter
(Living Earth Music, BMI
Umpawaug Music, ASCAP)

Karan Casey | *vocal*

Paul Halley | *pipe organ*

Paul Winter | *soprano sax*

*I went out to a hazel wood,
Because a fire was in my head,
And cut and peeled a hazel wand,
And hooked a berry to a thread
And when white moths were on the wing
And moth-like stars were flickering out
I dropped the berry in a stream
And caught a little silver trout.*

*Well I had laid it on the floor
I went to blow the fire flame,
But something rustled on the floor
And someone called me by my name.
It had become a glimmering girl
With apple blossom in her hair
Who called me by my name and ran
And faded through the brightening air.*

*Though I am old with wandering
Through hollow lands and hilly lands
I will find out where she has gone
And kiss her lips and take her hands;
And walk among long dappled grass,
And pluck till time and times are done
The silver apples of the moon,
The golden apples of the sun.*

W. B. Yeats wrote this poem, *The Song of Wandering Aengus*, in June of 1897. We felt it was auspicious that we were making this recording exactly 100 years later, in June of 1997.

The allusions to “the golden apples of the sun” and “the silver apples of the moon” most likely refer to the musical branch, a traditional accessory of the Celtic poet. Representing part of the mythical world tree made from the wood of one of the sacred trees such as hazel or apple, and decorated with bells that were symbolic of the apples of the otherworld, the branch was said to produce sounds of enchantment and healing, and to affect a change of consciousness in all who heard it. Master poets bore a branch with golden bells; lesser poets, one with silver. Entering a gathering, the poet waved the branch, for the purpose of engaging attention and casting a spell over the listeners.

3. **HOLLOW HILLS**

Davy Spillane

(Burrenstone Music)

Davy Spillane | *low whistle*

4. **O'FARRELL'S WELCOME TO LIMERICK**

Trad.; arranged by Paul Winter
(Living Earth Music, BMI)

Jerry O'Sullivan | *Uilleann pipes*
Joanie Madden | *whistle*
Paul Winter | *soprano sax*
Paul Halley | *piano, pipe organ*
Carol Thompson | *Celtic harp*
Zan McLeod | *guitar*
Bakithi Kumalo | *bass*
Austin McGrath | *bodhran*
Jamey Haddad | *koohabata drum,*
kan dara (Indonesian log drum),
caixixi (Brazilian baskets),
Brazilian tamborin, grand cassa
(bass drum)

This old slip-jig was composed for the Uilleann pipes perhaps 150 or 200 years ago. O'Farrell was a renowned piper who played in the operetta *Oscar and Malvina* at Covent Garden in London in the 1790s. He also published the first tutor for the Uilleann pipes. His collections are a mix of Irish, Scottish, Northumbrian, and Baroque pieces—basically the “Top 40” of the day.

I first heard this on a recording by the great Irish piper Liam O'Flynn, from his fine album *THE GIVEN NOTE*. Playing the different themes of this slip-jig in unison with all these wonderful melody instruments takes me back to my be-bop days, and the complex and challenging unison melodies, like those of Charlie Parker, which all the horns would play together.

5. **DAWNWALKER**

Davy Spillane, Paul Halley
(Burrenstone Music)

Davy Spillane | *Uilleann pipes*
Paul Halley | *pipe organ*
Paul Winter | *soprano sax*

The first recording of Davy I ever heard was his beautiful ballad, *Midnight Walker*. When Davy came to New York to play for the first time in our summer solstice event, he brought its sequel, *Dawnwalker*, as a gift for our celebration of the first morning of summer.



6. MY FAIR AND FAITHFUL LOVE | BLARNEY PILGRIM

My Fair and Faithful Love

John MacLean, trad.; arranged by
the Rankin Family, Paul Halley,
Paul Winter

(Umpawaug Music, ASCAP
Living Earth Music, BMI)

Blarney Pilgrim

Trad.; arranged by Paul Halley,
Paul Winter

(Umpawaug Music, ASCAP
Living Earth Music, BMI)

Paul Winter | *soprano sax*

Joanie Madden | *whistle*

Eileen Ivers | *fiddle*

Jerry O'Sullivan | *Uilleann pipes*

Paul Halley | *piano, pipe organ*

Carol Thompson | *Celtic harp*

Zan McLeod | *guitar*

Bakithi Kumalo | *bass*

Austin McGrath | *bodhran*

Jamey Haddad | *djembe,*
caxixi (Brazilian baskets),
anklungs, agogo

MO RÚN GEAL DILEAS

Mo rún geal dileas, dileas dileas,

Mo rún geal dileas, nach till thu nall!

Cha till mi fein nut, a ghaoil, chan fhaod mi;

'Sann tha mi, ghaoil, 'na mo aighe tinn.

MY FAIR AND FAITHFUL LOVE
My fair and faithful, faithful love,
My fair and faithful love, would that you
returned to me!
I will not return to you, love, I cannot;
For I am lying ill.

Paul Halley spends his summers in Nova Scotia, and some years ago he brought back an album by a wonderful ensemble from Cape Breton, the Rankin Family. We were captivated by a traditional song they sing, *My Fair and Faithful Love*, and for years we've been itching for a chance to record it.

Blarney Pilgrim is a traditional jig which we learned from Scottish bag-piper Mike MacNintch.

7. SWEET COMERAGHS

Maurus ó Faoláin; arranged by

Karan Casey, Paul Halley
(Living Earth Music, BMI
Umpawaug Music, ASCAP)

Karan Casey | *vocal*

Paul Winter | *soprano sax*

Paul Halley | *pipe organ, synthesizer*

This song celebrates the beauty of the Comeragh Mountains in County Waterford. Karan Casey learned it from Anne Mulqueen of Waterford.

A CHOMARAIGH AOIBHINN Ó

*Mo bheannacht óm' chroí dod' thir 's dod'
shléibhte*

A chomaraigh aoibhinn ó

Is dod' mhuintir shuairc ar dual dóibh féile

A chomaraigh aoibhinn ó

Do shrutháin gheala 's do choillte craobhach

Do ghleannta meala 's do bhánta léire

ó grá mo chroí iad siúd le cheile

A chomaraigh aoibhinn ó

Is dat húil breá do chruacha scéimchruth

A chomaraigh aoibhinn ó

Nuair a lasaid suas le hamharc gréine

A chomaraigh aoibhinn ó

Na faillte 's leacain ar gach taobh diot

Mar bhrata sróil le seolta gleásta

Nuair a scaipeann an drúcht anuas ón spéir ort

A chomaraigh aoibhinn ó

Do bhíos thar sáile seal i gcéin uait

A chomaraigh aoibhinn ó

I ndúthaigh fáin ag déanamh saothair

A chomaraigh aoibhinn ó

Ach b'obair tháir liom cnuasach gréithre

I bhfad óm' ait fé scáil do shléibhte

Is chas mé aris ort a phlúr na nDéise

A chomaraigh aoibhinn ó.



SWEET COMERAGHS

*My heartfelt blessings on your valleys
and mountains*

Sweet Comeragh

*And on your cheerful people so
naturally kind*

Sweet Comeragh

*On your shining streams and your
leafy woodland*

*Your honeyed slopes and your
gleaming meadows*

My heart fills with love for all of them surely

Sweet Comeragh

Your rugged peaks are a handsome sight

Sweet Comeragh

As the rising sun sets them aflame

Sweet Comeragh

Cliffs and steep slopes in every direction

Like a satin weave from a magic loom

As the dew falls from the heavens high

Sweet Comeragh

I was a while away from your beauty

Sweet Comeragh

Slaving so hard in a foreign land

Sweet Comeragh

Base work it was just making a living

*Far from my home 'neath the shade of
your mountains*

So I came back to you, the flower of the Deise

Sweet Comeragh.

(translation by Oisín ó Siochrú)

8. **AFTER THE FLEADH |
RUNNING THROUGH THE WOODS
WITH KEETU |
AFTER THE FLEADH**

After the Fleadh

Paddy Fahy

(Published by PRS)

*Running through the Woods
with Keetu*

Joanie Madden

(Wood Park Publishing, BMI)

Jerry O'Sullivan | *Uilleann pipes*

Eileen Ivers | *fiddle*

Joanie Madden | *flute*

Paul Winter | *soprano sax*

Zan McLeod | *guitar*

Paul Halley | *pipe organ*

Bakithi Kumalo | *bass*

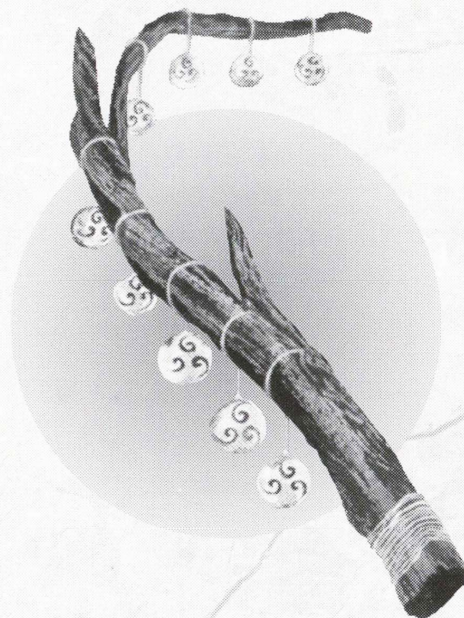
Jamey Haddad | *djembe, shakers,*

Cooperman frame drum,

Remo tar drum

The Gaelic word *fleadh* refers to *fleadh ceol*—a festival of music. Jerry O'Sullivan taught us this slow reel which was composed by Paddy Fahy of Galway.

Joanie Madden arrived at one of our late-night Cathedral recording sessions with a new tune. She had just awoken from a nap in which she dreamed she was running through the woods with Keetu (my two-year old daughter) and a black bear. What made the dream amazing was that Joanie hadn't known that my wife and I had recently gotten Keetu a Newfoundland pup, who looks like a woolly black bear. Joanie titled this tune *Running through the Woods with Keetu*.



9. **THE MINSTREL'S ADIEU**

John Thomas; adapted by
Carol Thompson, Paul Winter
(Living Earth Music, BMI)

Carol Thompson | *Welsh triple harp*
Paul Winter | *soprano sax*

This was composed by the Welsh harpist John Thomas (1826 –1913). I am grateful to Carol Thompson for introducing me to it.

My mother's people emigrated from Wales to America in the 19th century. In playing this piece, I honor their journey.

*FFARWEL Y TELYNOR
I'W ENEDIGOL WLAD
Mynd yr wyf o fy ngwlad
Lle mae f'annwyl fam a thad;
Gwae i mi ddod y dydd,
Dagrau dreiglant dros fy ngrudd:
Ysgwyd llaw, braw i'm bron,
Adael hen gymdeithion llon:
Eiliwn dôn, Delyn fwyn,
Chwydded hiraeth yn fy nghwyn.*

THE MINSTREL'S ADIEU TO HIS NATIVE LAND

*I am leaving my land
Where my dear mother and father are;
Woe is me that the day has come,
Tears are trickling down my cheek;
Shaking hand, fear in my breast,
Leaving happy old friends;
I will compose a tune, gentle harp,
A longing for my land swells in
my lament.*

(translation by Kate Bond)

10. **FAREWELL TO GOVAN**

Phil Cunningham
(Published by MCBS)

Paul Winter | *soprano sax*
Eileen Ivers | *fiddle*
Joanie Madden | *whistle*
Jerry O'Sullivan | *Uilleann pipes*
Paul Halley | *pipe organ*
Carol Thompson | *Celtic harp*
Zan McLeod | *guitar*
Jamey Haddad | *djembe, shaker,
witch sticks*

CELTIC
SOLSTICE

This song by Phil Cunningham served as the theme music for the Glasgow stage production of *The Big Picnic*, a play about World War I. Govan is a section of Glasgow, and the play tells of some young men from there who enlisted to fight in the War. Their friends in the Army had written to them saying: "Come on out—there's no fighting here. It's just a big picnic." Most of them never came back.

11. **GOLDEN APPLES OF THE SUN**
(Reprise)

Trad.; arranged by

Karan Casey, Paul Halley
(Living Earth Music, BMI
Umpawaug Music, ASCAP)

Karan Casey | *vocal*

Paul Halley | *pipe organ*

12. **DAWNWALKER (Reprise)**

Davy Spillane, Paul Halley
(Burrenstone Music)

Davy Spillane | *Uilleann pipes*

Paul Halley | *pipe organ*

Paul Winter | *soprano sax*



Produced by Paul Winter and
Dixon Van Winkle
Associate Producer: Davy Spillane

Recorded by Dixon Van Winkle in the
Cathedral of St. John the Divine,
New York City, assisted by Jim Butler.
Additional recording in the Church of
Christ Congregational, Norfolk,
Connecticut; and at Sorcerer Sound,
New York City, assisted by Dick Kondas.
Additional editing by Keith Chirgwin,
Little Big Feet Studio, Monroe, Connecticut.

Mixed by Dixon Van Winkle at Living
Music Studio, Litchfield, Connecticut
Mastered by George Marino, Sterling Sound,
New York City

Production coordinator: Christina Andersen
Liner notes edited by Chez Liley and
Vivienne Liley

Cover design and art: Brenda Duke
Musical branch painting, *The Silver Branch*,
by Danuta Meyer from *The Celtic Book of the
Dead*, Caitlin Matthews (HarperCollins, 1993)
Package design: Randy Weyant |
KatArt Graphics

Davy Spillane appears courtesy of Sony |
Covert. His latest release is THE SEA
OF DREAMS.

Karan Casey appears courtesy of
Shanachie Records. Her solo album is
entitled SONGLINES.

Eileen Ivers appears courtesy of
Sony Classical. Her debut album is
entitled CROSSING THE BRIDGE.

Joanie Madden appears courtesy of
RCA Victor. Her latest solo album, on
Hearts of Space, is SONG OF THE IRISH
WHISTLE, VOL. II.

Jerry O'Sullivan's solo album on Shanachie Records is THE GIFT.

Paul Halley's solo album on Pelagos is NIGHTWATCH.

Carol Thompson's latest album on Dorian Recordings is CAROLAN'S WELCOME.

Zan McLeod's latest album on Joy of Music is HIGHLAND SOUL.

Jamey Haddad's latest album on Apple Trax is DRUMS OF THE WORLD, VOL. I.

Bakithi Kumalo's debut album on Siam Records is SAN BONAN.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Great thanks to Nóirín Ní Riain, our first Celtic musical "sister," who introduced us to the world of Irish music; and to her husband, pianist/composer Mícheál Ó Súilleabháin, whose encouragement and humor have given us so much inspiration. And to Joanie Madden, who has been such a great guiding spirit and partner in our CELTIC SOLSTICE events and recordings.

Gratitude to Caitlin and John Matthews for their guidance into the realms of Celtic lore, for introducing us to the "musical branch," and for their *Encyclopaedia of Celtic Wisdom* and many other books; to Tom Cowan for his book *Fire in the Head: Shamanism and the Celtic Spirit* (HarperSanFrancisco, 1983); and to John J. O. Riordain for his book *The Music of What Happens* (Columbia Press, Dublin: 1996)

Many thanks to everyone at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, especially to the Very Rev. Harry H. Pritchett Jr., Karen DeFrancis, Don Lundquist, Susan Cannon, Ken Williams, Dorothy Papadakos, Douglas Hunt, Charlie Persell, Steve Facey, Arnold Southerland, Keith Hinkson and Alexander Hill.

And to all my colleagues at Earth Music Productions and Living Music: Christina Andersen, Jim Butler, Kathi Fragione, Vivienne Liley and Kandi Quarterson.

Gratitude to the many friends who have contributed to the creation of this album: Christine Jenkins, Mick Moloney, Steve Vining, Sheila Volpe, Mike MacNintch, Teresa Mahoney, Paul Verna, David Darling, Tommy Skarupa, Tom Bates, Tom Jung, Joe Servello, Peggy Harrington, Kate Bond, William Kooienga, Karen Sovak, Richard Nevins, Peter Gelb, Howie Gabriel, and Tony McAnany.

A song of gratitude to my family—my wife Chez and our daughter Keetu, my mother Beulah and my sister Diane.

**We dedicate this album
to our great friend,
The Very Rev. James Parks Morton,
former Dean of the
Cathedral of St. John the Divine,
who in 1980 invited
my colleagues and I
to be artists-in-residence
at the Cathedral,
and under whose encouragement
we began our
"Celtic Solstice" events.**

THE WORLD OF LIVING MUSIC

CALLINGS | PAUL WINTER
MISSA GAIA/EARTH MASS | PAUL WINTER
SUN SINGER | PAUL WINTER
ICARUS | PAUL WINTER CONSORT
CONCERT FOR THE EARTH | PAUL WINTER CONSORT
CANYON | PAUL WINTER
NEW FRIEND | EUGENE FRIESEN & PAUL HALLEY
LIVING MUSIC COLLECTION | PAUL WINTER & FRIENDS
PIANOSONG | PAUL HALLEY
OSCAR! | OSCAR CASTRO-NEVES
HOMEcoming | DENNY ZEITLIN
WINTERSong | PAUL WINTER CONSORT
WHALES ALIVE | PAUL WINTER & PAUL HALLEY, with LEONARD NIMOY
EARTHBEAT | PAUL WINTER CONSORT with the DMITRI POKROVSKY SINGERS
ARMS AROUND YOU | EUGENE FRIESEN
WOLF EYES | PAUL WINTER
EARTH: VOICES OF A PLANET | PAUL WINTER CONSORT
ANGEL ON A STONE WALL | PAUL HALLEY with the PAUL WINTER CONSORT
SONGS OF THE HUMPBACK WHALE | HUMPBACK WHALES
TURTLE ISLAND | GARY SNYDER with the PAUL WINTER CONSORT
ANTHEMS | PAUL WINTER & FRIENDS
SOLSTICE LIVE! | PAUL WINTER CONSORT with SPECIAL GUESTS
SPANISH ANGEL | PAUL WINTER CONSORT
PRAYER FOR THE WILD THINGS | PAUL WINTER & THE EARTH BAND
DEEP VOICES | BLUE, RIGHT & HUMPBACK WHALES
THE MAN WHO PLANTED TREES | PAUL WINTER CONSORT
CELTIC SOUL | NÓIRÍN NÍ RIAIN
PETE | PETE SEEGER & FRIENDS
CANYON LULLABY | PAUL WINTER
BRAZILIAN DAYS | PAUL WINTER & OSCAR CASTRO-NEVES
GREATEST HITS | PAUL WINTER & FRIENDS

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