

Sunday, November 20, 2011, 3pm
Hertz Hall

Eric Owens, *bass-baritone*

Craig Rutenberg, *piano*

PROGRAM

Hugo Wolf (1860–1903) Drei Lieder nach Gedichten von Michelangelo
Wohl denk ich oft
Alles endet, was entsteht
Fühlt meine Seele das ersehnte Licht

Robert Schumann (1810–1856) Mein Herz ist schwer, Op. 25, No. 15
Muttertraum, Op. 40, No. 2
Der Schatzgräber, Op. 45, No. 1
Melancholie, Op. 74, No. 6

Franz Schubert (1797–1828) Prometheus, D. 674
Fahrt zum Hades, D. 526
Gruppe aus dem Tartarus, D. 583

INTERMISSION

Claude Debussy (1862–1918) Beau Soir
Fleur des Blés
Romance
Nuit d'étoiles

Henri Duparc (1848–1933) L'Invitation au Voyage
Le Manoir de Rosemonde
Élégie

Maurice Ravel (1875–1937) Don Quichotte à Dulcinée
Chanson romanesque
Chanson épique
Chanson à boire

Richard Wagner (1813–1883) Les Deux Grenadiers

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Hugo Wolf (1860–1903)***Drei Lieder nach Gedichten von Michelangelo*
("Three Songs on Poems by Michelangelo")**

Hugo Wolf was the greatest German composer of songs after Schubert. A seething emotional turmoil dominated his life—from his inability to subject himself to the rigors of formal training, through his vehemently zealous support of Wagner and his bouts of near-manic compositional frenzy, to his suicide attempts and his death in an insane asylum. His life and his music blaze with a white-hot inflammability that speaks of the deepest feelings of an age that was just beginning to sense the end of the artistic, social, political and ideological era that culminated in the catastrophe of World War I.

On March 5, 1892, a teacher in Berlin named Paul Müller attended a recital of Wolf's songs sponsored by the city's Wagner Society, and he was struck not just by the depth of expression in the music but also by the high quality of the texts on which it was based. He met Wolf after the concert and complimented him on the verses he had chosen for his songs, and a friendship quickly sprang up between them; Müller established the first Hugo Wolf Society, in Berlin, three years later and published his reminiscences of him shortly after the composer's death, in 1903. As a Christmas gift in 1896, Müller sent Wolf a copy of Walter Robert-Tornow's just-published German translations of poems by Michelangelo, and the following March, only six months before his final mental breakdown, Wolf set three of them. They were his last works, and in his 1910 biography of the composer, English musicologist Ernest Newman wrote that they contain "the throb of feeling as profound as in anything Wolf ever wrote."

In a letter to a friend, Wolf provided his own description of the first song, *Wohl denk' ich oft an mein vergang'nes Leben* ("I often think on my past life," excerpted from Michelangelo's *Io crederrei, se tu fussi di sasso*—"I believe I could, even if you were made of stone, love you so faithfully"): "[It] begins with a melancholy introduction and holds fast to this tone until the line before the last. Then it takes on unexpectedly

a vigorous character (developed from the previous motive) and closes festively with triumphal fanfares, like a flourish of trumpets sounded for [Michelangelo] by his contemporaries in homage."

The second song—*Alles endet, was entsteht* ("Everything ends which comes to be," based on Michelangelo's *Chiunque nasce a morte arriva*)—is one of Wolf's most profound utterances. He once considered titling it *Vanitas Vanitatum*, and Eric Sams, in his 1961 study of Wolf's songs, wrote that it seems to be music from "among the dead, speaking the language of the dead," a phrase that echoes the title Modeste Mussorgsky gave to his somber evocation of the Roman catacombs in *Pictures at an Exhibition*, subtitled *Cum Mortuis in Lingua Mortua*—"With the Dead in a Dead Language."

Fühlt meine Seele das ersehnte Licht von Gott? ("Is my soul feeling the longed-for light of God?" based on Michelangelo's *Non so se s'è la desiata luce*) yearns for spiritual fulfillment but can find no answer within, and ends by tracing the unsettled state of the poet's mind to an unnamed beloved: *I am driven by a yes and a no, a sweet and a bitter—that, mistress, is the doing of your eyes.*

Robert Schumann (1810–1856)
Four Songs

In 1815, Lord Byron (1788–1824) published a collection of *Hebrew Melodies*, poems inspired by verses from the Old Testament, that the would-be composer Isaac Nathan, the son of a Jewish cantor in Canterbury, had persuaded him to fit to his adaptations of a number of melodies from the synagogue services. *My Soul Is Dark*, based on I Samuel 16:14–23, was rendered into German as *Mein Herz ist schwer* by Karl Julius Körner (1793–1873) and given a new and deeply thoughtful setting by Robert Schumann under the title *Aus den Hebräischen Gesängen* ("From the Hebrew Melodies") for inclusion in his song cycle *Myrthen* ("Myrtles") of 1840.

Schumann acquired his interest in literature from his father, August, a bibliophile and

successful bookseller in Zwickau, and he kept abreast of the day's most important writers throughout his life. He was already aware of the 32-year-old Hans Christian Andersen (1805–1875), the prolific Danish writer of novels, travelogues, poetry and fantasy tales, when his *Kun en Spillemand* ("Only a Fiddler") appeared in German translation in June 1837. Schumann read the novel—"very wise, so clever, so child-like" was his estimation—and he thereafter sought out other works by the Danish author, including several poems translated by the German Romanticist Adalbert von Chamisso (1781–1838), whose *Frauenliebe und -leben* ("Woman's Love and Life") he set in July 1840. As soon as he had finished that cycle, Schumann set five of Andersen's poems as his *Fünf Lieder*, Op. 40. In October 1842, Schumann sent Andersen a copy of the Op. 40 Songs with the following note: "Perhaps the settings will seem strange to you. So at first did your poems to me. But as I grew to understand them better, my music took on a more unusual style." Schumann arranged a performance of the Op. 40 Songs by soprano Livia Frege with his wife, Clara, as pianist when he and Andersen met for the first time during the writer's visit to Leipzig on June 22, 1844; Andersen declared the songs to be "poetic." The strangeness that Schumann perceived in Andersen's verses is exemplified by the second number of the set, *Muttertraum* ("A Mother's Dream"), in which a mother lovingly cradles her child while just outside the window ravens, symbolic ill omens since ancient times, gather with sinister intent.

Schumann composed some 140 songs in 1840, the year he finally married his beloved Clara. "Oh Clara, what bliss to write songs," he told his new wife. "I should like to sing myself to death like a nightingale." Since Schumann was given to concentrating on one poet at a time, many of his songs are arranged into cycles created around the texts of a single author. He composed such a "song cycle"—a *Liederkreis*—on nine poems by Heinrich Heine, one of his favorite writers, and issued it as his Op. 24; the Heine *Liederkreis* was followed by a sequel on texts of Joseph von Eichendorff, cataloged as Op. 39. In

November 1840, two months after his wedding, Schumann created a pendant to those two song cycles with the *Romanzen und Balladen I*, Op. 45, which contains two poems by Eichendorff and one by Heine. The first song—*Der Schatzgräber* ("The Treasure-Seeker")—is a grim morality tale by the devoutly Catholic Eichendorff about the wages of avarice.

The verses of Emanuel von Geibel, one of Germany's most popular Romantic poets, were set to music hundreds of times through the early 20th century by Robert and Clara Schumann, Felix Mendelssohn and his sister, Fanny, Wolf, Grieg, Bruckner, Berg, Brahms, Bruch, Griffes, Strauss, Schoenberg, MacDowell, Lehár and dozens of others. Robert Schumann first learned of Geibel's poems around 1840, when his verses began appearing in literary journals and composers were submitting their songs set to them for review to the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik* ("New Journal for Music"), which Schumann had founded six years before. Schumann and Geibel met in Dresden four times between April and June 1846, and it is possible that the poet presented the composer on one of those occasions with a copy of his *Volkslieder und Romanzen der Spanier* (1843), translations of song texts and poems by such Spanish and Portuguese Renaissance authors as Luis de Camoens (c.1524–1580), Pedro de Padilla (1540–after 1599), Gil Vicente (1465–1537) and Rodrigo de Cota (c.1430–c.1505); several of the poems are anonymous and at least some of them may have been written by Geibel himself. In 1848, Schumann took over direction of the Dresden *Verein für Chorgesang* ("Association for Choral Singing"), and the following March he set ten of Geibel's verses for that ensemble as the *Spanisches Liederspiel*, Op. 74 ("Spanish Song Play"), which included *Melancholie*, based on a text by the 16th-century Spanish writer Francisco de Sá de Miranda.

Franz Schubert (1797–1828)
Three Songs

Schubert set some 30 poems by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749–1832), including

the beloved *Erlkönig*. *Prometheus* was the mythological titan of ancient Greece who stole fire, the symbol of enlightenment, from the gods to release mankind from ignorance through science and art. For his brazen disregard of Zeus, Prometheus was chained to a rock, where daily an eagle tore at his liver until he was released by Hercules. Goethe began a drama on the subject of Prometheus in 1773 but sketched only three scenes, one of which is a poem of raging defiance that Schubert made into a dramatic song (D. 674) in October 1819.

Johann Baptist Mayrhofer was born in Steyr in 1787, went to school in Linz, and moved to Vienna in 1810 to study law. He met Schubert four years later, and the two became close friends despite their contrasting characters—Mayrhofer was moody and melancholic; Schubert, ebullient and outgoing. Schubert was influenced both by Mayrhofer's thoughtfulness and by his knowledge of the classics, and he set some three-dozen of his poems during the next four years. They grew close enough personally that the composer moved into the poet's quarters late in 1818, but when the libertarian but congenitally contrary Mayrhofer accepted what seemed to be a deliberately self-flagellating post with the state censor's office in 1820 to make ends meet, Schubert moved out. Their friendship continued, however, and Schubert set nine more of Mayrhofer's verses. Mayrhofer was deeply moved by Schubert's early death in 1828, and he largely gave up writing thereafter. He first tried to commit suicide in 1831, and finally succeeded five years later. Schubert set *Fahrt zum Hades* ("Journey to Hades," D. 526), Mayrhofer's evocation of the soul's journey across the River Styx, the mythical boundary separating the lands of the quick and the dead, in January 1817.

There is no more disturbing and violent page anywhere in Schubert's creative output than *Gruppe aus dem Tartarus* ("Group from Tartarus," D. 583), his 1817 setting of Friedrich von Schiller's chilling vision of a most fearsome hell. The frightening imagery of Schiller's poem is heightened by references to ancient mythology: Tartarus was the sunless abyss below Hades, the underworld inhabited by departed

souls, where Zeus imprisoned the Titans after defeating them; Cocytus was a tributary of the Acheron, the river over which Charon ferried the souls of the dead; Saturn was the god of agriculture, believed to have ruled earth during a period of happiness and plenty, and "shattering his sickle asunder" portends the death of hope itself. The great German baritone Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau said that he never placed *Gruppe aus dem Tartarus* at the end of a recital because "the listener will be left stunned and terrified."

Claude Debussy (1862–1918) Four Songs

Edward Lockspeiser's statement that "poetry fertilizes the art of Debussy" is borne out by the dozens of songs that the composer created throughout his career. French art at the dawn of the 20th century was seeking to escape the hyperventilated expression of Romanticism, specifically the pervasive influence of Germanic Wagnerian Romanticism, to forge a new art informed by intimation and suggestion, by gossamer image and evocative word. Debussy was profoundly affected by these quietly revolutionary French artistic upheavals, and he immersed himself in the painting and poetry of his near-contemporaries. He sought to embody the spirit of his nation in his music—he chose as his personal title *musicien français*—and found continual inspiration for his work in the art of the Impressionists and the verses of the Symbolists. All of his songs use French texts by French authors.

Romance (1881) and *Beau Soir* (1882) are settings of evocative poems by the French writer Paul Bourget (1852–1935), who was noted for his critical essays and his psychologically penetrating novels. Bourget enjoyed considerable acclaim during his lifetime for his writings—which included a journal of his visit to the United States in 1893—and he was admitted to the Academie Française in 1894 and made an *Officier de la Légion d'honneur* the following year.

Fleur des Blés ("Wheat Flower") is Debussy's winsome setting of a poem by André Girod, who

was a director of the Parisian music publishing firm that issued a biweekly journal titled *L'Art Musical* in the 1880s and handled several lesser-known French composers; Girod published the song in 1891. *Fleur des Blés* was composed early in 1881, when Debussy was accompanying the singing class of Madame Moreau-Sainti for "*les jeunes filles du meilleur monde*" and dedicated to one of the students, Madame Émile Deguingand, the wife of a prominent Parisian businessman.

Théodore Faullin de Banville (1823–1891) gained prominence through his 20 volumes of poetry but he was also known as a literary and drama critic, essayist and author of several plays produced at the Comédie-Française. He was made a member of the *Légion d'honneur* in 1858 and promoted to an officer in that order in 1886. Debussy's 15 settings of Banville's verses include a dreamy setting of *Nuit d'étoiles* ("Starry Night") from 1880, which was the young composer's first published work.

Henri Duparc (1848–1933) Three Songs

Troubled in spirit and in health and sufficiently self-critical to destroy much of what he composed, Henri Duparc left a tiny musical legacy to posterity: two tone poems (*Lénore* and *Aux étoiles*), a suite of waltzes for orchestra, a half-dozen pieces for piano, a cello sonata, one vocal duet, a motet for three voices, a few arrangements of organ works by Bach and Franck, and 16 songs. He is remembered almost entirely for his handful of songs, but what songs they are—exquisite, fluid, precisely inflected musical wrappings of voluptuously beautiful verse that count among the greatest contributions to the French vocal repertory.

Duparc, born in Paris on January 21, 1848, studied piano and, later, composition privately at the Collège du Vaugiraud with César Franck, who regarded Henri as his most talented pupil. Duparc's formal training was for a career in law, but the lure of music was too strong for him, and he had begun composing in earnest by 1868,

when five of his songs appeared in print. After a pilgrimage to hear *Die Walküre* and *Tristan* in Munich, where he met both Wagner and Franz Liszt, Duparc devoted himself to a musical career. He became secretary of the new Société Nationale, founded by Saint-Saëns to promote French music after the debacle of the Franco-Prussian War in 1870, which premiered his orchestral *Suite de Valses* and three-movement *Poème nocturne* in 1874. (He later destroyed the *Poème's* second and third movements; only *Aux étoiles* remains.) The Société gave his tone poem *Lénore*, after Burger's ballad, the following year. During the next decade, Duparc worked on an opera based on Pushkin's *Roussalka*, which he never completed and whose drafts he eventually destroyed, and added several more numbers to his collection of songs. In 1885, he suddenly stopped composing after suffering a breakdown occasioned by what Martin Cooper described in his article on Duparc in the *New Grove Dictionary* as "a neurasthenic condition [nervous debility and exhaustion], no doubt of physical origin but predominantly psychological in its manifestations of crippling hyperaesthesia [an abnormally acute sense of pain, heat, cold or touch]." Duparc never composed another note. He withdrew into a quiet life with his wife and family, tried rest cures in Switzerland and southern France, read, painted, listened to music, grew devoutly religious, and eventually became blind and paralyzed. He died at Mont-de-Marsan, in southeastern France, in 1933, nearly 50 years after composing his last song; he was 85.

The sweet, fantastic vision evoked by Charles Baudelaire (1821–1867) in his *L'Invitation au voyage* is perfectly reflected in Duparc's music.

Le Manoir de Rosemonde ("Rosemonde's Manor"), composed in 1879, sets a text by the Parisian novelist, journalist and poet Robert de Bonnières (1850–1905), a close friend with whom Duparc once shared an apartment. The poem, which had just been published in Bonnières's *Contes de fées* ("Fairy Tales"), tells of a feverish quest to find the refuge of love in the cryptic "blue domain of Rosemonde," perhaps a reference to the beautiful Rosamund Clifford, mistress of King Henry II of England

(1133–1189), who lost his beloved when she had to enter a nunnery after their liaison became public knowledge, shortly before her death in 1176. Numerous legends sprang up around “The Fair Rosamund,” and she was the subject of a poem by Apollinaire that was set by Poulenc. Duparc’s dramatic song mirrors the wild hunting images in the poem’s first part and the sullen disillusion of the failed pursuit that follows.

Élégie is Duparc’s setting of the French translation of the verse that the Irish poet Thomas Moore (1779–1852) wrote in memory of Robert Emmet, a close friend and fellow student at Trinity College in Dublin, who was captured, tried and hung for participating in an uprising of the United Irishmen in 1803.

Maurice Ravel (1875–1937)
Don Quichotte à Dulcinée

Ravel spent four months early in 1932 on tour with Marguerite Long putting his new Piano Concerto in G on display throughout much of central Europe to enthusiastic praise. When he returned to the Basque countryside for a rest, he found waiting for him there a commission to write music for a film version of *Don Quixote* starring the legendary Russian basso Feodor Chaliapin in the title role. Despite his declining health and his doctor’s warning to save his strength, Ravel was intrigued by the project and he accepted it, agreeing to compose both background music and songs specially prepared for Chaliapin. The film’s producer, Georg W. Pabst, had already engaged as screenwriter and lyricist Paul Morand, a world traveler, skilled diplomat and writer well known for his novels depicting many cultures with clarity and realism. With the widely regarded Ravel as another contributor, Pabst not only had a fine artistic team, but also figured to attract backers for the undertaking. Ravel, despite an ambitious beginning during the summer, was unable to complete any of his assignment on time, and Jacques Ibert was entrusted to take over in his place in the production team. (Pabst overcame financial difficulties

to complete his film, a valuable document of Chaliapin if not a memorable cinematic endeavor.) Ravel, however, continued the songs as a concert work and completed them some time early the following year, though his deteriorating neurological condition made it difficult for him to control his hands, forcing him to seek the help of Lucien Garban and Manuel Rosenthal in preparing the fair copy of the full score. *Don Quichotte à Dulcinée* was Ravel’s last work.

These songs are the final evidence of Ravel’s long interest in the music of Spain, which had blossomed in such earlier works as the *Rapsodie espagnole*, *L’Heure espagnole* and *Boléro*. He had even contemplated an opera based on the tale of Cervantes’s quixotic knight, though that plan never came to fruition. Each of the three settings of Morand’s poems is based on a traditional dance rhythm of Spain: *Chanson romanesque* on the *quajira*, *Chanson épique* on the *zortzico* and *Chanson à boire* on the *jota*. The first is a love song of near manic devotion to the beloved Dulcinée in the characteristic Spanish meter produced by alternate measures of 6/8 and 3/4. The second song presents Quixote as a holy warrior invoking the aid of the Madonna and Saint Michael to sustain him in his valiant quest. The closing *Drinking Song* paints the hero in his one undeniable virtue—as an expansive tippler.

Richard Wagner (1813–1883)
Les deux grenadiers (“The Two Grenadiers”)

In July 1839, cabals and creditors ran Wagner out of Riga, where he had been conducting at the local opera house for the previous two years. (Wagner was a notorious financial deadbeat throughout his life.) With his wife, Minna, and Robber, their enormous Newfoundland dog, he arrived in Paris on September 17 by a circuitous route that led through London. Wagner’s time in the French capital was the most miserable he ever endured. Though he met many of the city’s important musicians, including Meyerbeer (a transplanted German), he spoke virtually no French, and could make no professional

headway. He lived in poverty in a miserable garret, struggling to exist by writing journal articles and undertaking such menial musical tasks as arranging selections from recent operatic hits. The nadir of his fortunes came in October 1840, when he was briefly incarcerated in debtor’s prison. Though he was longing to bring his visions of vast operatic ventures to the stage (he had begun *Rienzi* before leaving Riga), Wagner wrote a few songs to French texts “in order to gain the graces of the Parisian salon world through its favorite singers,” he recalled in his autobiography. “I composed several French songs, which, after all my efforts to the contrary, were considered too out of the way and difficult to be actually sung.” Wagner demonstrated his nascent sense of drama early in 1840 in a setting of *Die beiden Grenadiere* (“The Two Grenadiers”) by Heinrich Heine that had been rendered into French by François-Adolphe Loève-Weimar. (Robert Schumann set Heine’s poem in the original German that April.) The poem, which Heine included in his *Buch der Lieder* of 1827, imagines two of Napoleon’s soldiers captured in Russia who only learn of their emperor’s ultimate defeat at Waterloo in June 1815 on their long trek home. One says that it is time to return to his wife and child, but the other experiences one last surge of patriotism that culminates in a fervent reference to *La Marseillaise*.

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Hugo Wolf

Drei Lieder nach Gedichten von Michelangelo

Wohl denk ich oft

Text: Walter Heinrich Robert-Tornow (1852–1895)
Based on the Italian text by Michelangelo Buonarroti
(1475–1564)

Wohl denk ich oft an mein vergangnes Leben,
 Wie es vor meiner Liebe für dich war;
 Kein Mensch hat damals Acht auf mich gegeben,
 Ein jeder Tag verloren für mich war;
 Ich dachte wohl, ganz dem Gesang zu leben,
 Auch mich zu flüchten aus der Menschen Schar.
 Genannt in Lob und Tadel bin ich heute,
 Und, dass ich da bin, wissen alle Leute!

Alles endet, was entsteht

Alles endet, was entsteht.
 Alles, alles rings vergehet,
 Denn die Zeit flieht, und die Sonne
 Sieht, dass alles rings vergehet,
 Denken, Reden, Schmerz, und Wonne;
 Und die wir zu Enkeln hatten
 Schwanden wie bei Tag die Schatten,
 Wie ein Dunst im Windeshauch.
 Menschen waren wir ja auch,
 Froh und traurig, so wie ihr,
 Und nun sind wir leblos hier,
 Sind nur Erde, wie ihr sehet.
 Alles endet, was entsteht.
 Alles, alles rings vergehet.

Fühlt meine Seele das ersehnte Licht

Fühlt meine Seele das ersehnte Licht
 Von Gott, der sie erschuf? Ist es der Strahl
 Von ander Schönheit aus dem Jammertal,
 Der in mein Herz Erinnerung weckend bricht?

Ist es ein Klang, ein Traumgesicht,
 Das Aug und Herz mir füllt mit einem Mal
 In unbegreiflich glüh'nder Qual,
 Die mich zu Tränen bringt? Ich weiss es nicht.

Was ich ersehne, fühle, was mich lenkt,
 Ist nicht in mir: sag mir, wie ich's erwerbe?
 Mir zeigt es wohl nur eines Andren Huld;

Darein bin ich, seit ich dich sah, versenkt.
 Mich treibt ein Ja und Nein, ein Süß und Herbe—
 Daran sind, Herrin, deine Augen Schuld.

I Often Think of My Past Life

I often think of my past life,
 The way it was before my love for you;
 no one had paid any attention to me then,
 each and every day was lost to me;
 I thought that I would dedicate my life to song,
 and flee from human throng.
 Today my name spoken in praise and criticism,
 and that I exist—that is known by all.

Everything Ends Which Comes to Be

Everything ends which comes to be.
 Everything everywhere passes away,
 for time moves on, and the sun
 sees that everything passes away,
 thinking, speaking, pain and joy;
 and those who had been our grandchildren
 have vanished as shadows flee the day,
 as a breath of wind dispels the mist.
 Yes, we once were people too,
 glad and sad, just like you,
 and now we are here lifeless,
 are but earth, as you can see.
 Everything ends which comes to be.
 Everything everywhere passes away.

Is My Soul Feeling the Longed-for Light?

Is my soul feeling the longed-for light
 of God who created it? Is it the gleam
 of a different beauty from the valley of misery,
 reflecting in my heart and evoking memory?

Is it a sound, a dream vision,
 that suddenly fills my eye and heart
 in incomprehensibly burning pain,
 that brings me to tears? I do not know.

What I long for, the sense of what directs me,
 is not within me: Tell me how do I acquire it?
 To me it reveals only another's grace and love;

I have been their captive since I first saw you.
 I am driven by a yes and a no, a sweet and a bitter—
 that, mistress, is the doing of your eyes.

Robert Schumann

Mein Herz ist schwer from *Myrthen*

Text: Karl Julius Körner (1793–1873)
Based on the English text by George Gordon Noel Byron,
Lord Byron (1788–1824)

Mein Herz ist schwer! Auf!
 Von der Wand die Laute—
 Nur sie allein mag ich noch hören,
 Entlocke mit geschickter Hand
 Ihr Töne, die das Herz betören.
 Kann noch mein Herz ein Hoffen nähren,
 Es zaubert diese Töne her,
 Und birgt mein trocknes Auge Zähren,
 Sie fließen, und mich brennt's nicht mehr!

Nur tief sei, wild der Töne Fluss,
 Und von der Freude weggekehret!
 Ja, Sänger, dass ich weinen muss,
 Sonst wird das schwere Herz verzehret!
 Denn sieh! Von Kummer ward's genähret,
 Mit stummem Wachen trug es lang,
 Und jetzt vom Äussersten belehret,
 Da brech es oder heil im Sang.

Muttertraum

Text: Adelbert von Chamisso (1781–1838)
Based on a Danish text by Hans Christian Andersen
(1805–1875)

Die Mutter betet herzlich und schaut
 Entzückt auf den schlummernden Kleinen.
 Er ruht in der Wiege so sanft und traut.
 Ein Engel muss er ihr scheinen.

Sie küsst ihn und herzt ihn, sie hält sich kaum.

Vergessen der irdischen Schmerzen,
 Es schweift in die Zukunft ihr Hoffungsraum.
 So träumen Mütter im Herzen.

Der Rab indes mit der Sippschaft sein
 Kreischt draussen am Fenster die Weise:
 Dein Engel, dein Engel wird unser sein,
 Der Räuber dient uns zur Speise.

Der Schatzgräber

Text: Josef Karl Benedikt von Eichendorff (1788–1857)

Wenn alle Wälder schliefen,
 Er an zu graben hub,
 Rastlos in Berges Tiefen
 Nach einem Schatz er grub.

My Soul Is Dark

My heart is heavy! Arise!
 Take the lute from the wall,
 it alone I still wish to hear;
 with a skilful hand entice from it
 sounds that beguile the heart.
 If my heart can still nurture a hope,
 these sounds shall magically call it forth,
 and if my dry eyes harbor tears,
 they shall flow, and I shall no longer be burned by pain!

Only deep, wild be the flow of the notes,
 and turned away from joy!
 Yea, singer, that I must weep,
 otherwise my heavy heart shall be consumed!
 For look! It was nourished by anguish,
 with mute watching it long bore its burden,
 and now, having been taught by the extremes of pain,
 it must break or heal in song.

A Mother's Dream

The mother prays sweetly and gazes with delight
 upon her slumbering little one.
 He rests in his cradle, so tender and cozy.
 He must seem to be an angel to her.

She kisses him and hugs him, she cannot restrain
 herself.
 Forgetting all earthly pain,
 her hopeful dreams wander into the future.
 Thus do mothers often dream.

The raven meanwhile, with its clan,
 shrieks a tune outside the window:
 your angel, your angel will be ours—
 the brigand shall serve us at supper.

The Treasure-Seeker

When all the forests were sleeping,
 he began to dig
 without rest in the mountain deep:
 for a treasure did he dig.

Die Engel Gottes sangen
Dieweil in stiller Nacht,
Wie rote Augen drangen
Metalle aus dem Schacht.

»Und wirst doch mein,« und grimmer
Wühlt er und wühlt hinab!
Da stürzen Steine und Trümmer
Über den Narren herab.

Hohnlachen wild erschallte
Aus der verfallnen Gruft,
Der Engelsang verhallte
Wehmütig in der Luft.

Melancholie from *Spanisches Liederspiel*

Text: Emanuel von Geibel (1815–1884)

*Based on a Spanish text by Francisco de Sá de Miranda
(1481?–1558)*

Wann, wann erscheint der Morgen,
Wann denn, wann denn, wann denn,
Der mein Leben löset¹
Aus diesen Banden!
Ihr Augen, vom Leide
So trübe, so trübe!
Saht nur Qual für Liebe,
Saht nicht eine Freude,
Saht nur Wund' auf Wunde,
Schmerz auf Schmerz mir geben,
Und im langen Leben
Keine frohe Stunde.
Wenn es endlich doch geschähe,
Dass ich säh' die Stunde,
Wo ich nimmer sähe!

Franz Schubert

Prometheus

Text: Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749–1832)

Bedecke deinen Himmel, Zeus,
Mit Wolkendunst
Und übe, dem Knaben gleich,
Der Disteln köpft,
An Eichen dich und Bergeshöh'n;
Musst mir meine Erde
Doch lassen stehn
Und meine Hütte, die du nicht gebaut,
Und meines Herd,
Um dessen Glut
Du mich beneidest.

Angels of God sang
while, in the still night,
like red eyes,
metals emerged from the shaft.

“And you will be mine!” and more grimly
did he burrow and burrow downward!
Then the stones and rubble tumbled
down upon the fool.

Scornful, wild laughter resounded
from the collapsed vault,
and the angel-song faded away
sadly into the air.

Melancholy

When, when will the morning come,
when, when, when,
that will release my life from these bonds?
You my eyes, so clouded by sorrow,
saw only torment instead of love,
saw no joy;
saw only wounds upon wounds,
agony upon agony inflicted on me;
and in my long life,
not one cheerful hour.
If it would only finally happen
that the hour would arrive
when I could no longer see!
When will the morning come,
that will release my life from these bonds?

Cover your heavens, Zeus,
with gauzy clouds,
and practice, like a boy
who beheads thistles,
on the oaks and peaks of mountains;
but you must allow
my world to stand,
and my hut, which you did not build,
and my hearth,
whose glow
you envy me.

Ich kenne nichts Ärmeres
Unter der Sonn', als euch, Götter!
Ihr nähret kümmerlich
Von Opfersteuern
Und Gebetshauch
Eure Majestät
Und darbtet, wären
Nicht Kinder und Bettler
Hoffnungsvolle Toren.

Da ich ein Kind war
Nicht wusste, wo aus noch ein,
Kehrt' ich mein verirrtes Auge
Zur Sonne, als wenn drüber wär'
Ein Ohr, zu hören meine Klage,
Ein Herz wie meins,
Sich des Bedrängten zu erbarmen.

Wer half mir
Wider der Titanen Übermut?
Wer rettete vom Tode mich,
Von Sklaverei?
Hast du nicht alles selbst vollendet
Heilig glühend Herz?
Und glühtest jung und gut,
Betrogen, Rettungsdank
Dem Schlafenden da droben?

Ich dich ehren? Wofür?
Hast du die Schmerzen gelindert
Je des Beladenen?
Hast du die Tränen gestillet
Je des Geängsteten?
Hat nicht mich zum Manne geschmiedet
Die allmächtige Zeit
Und das ewige Schicksal,
Meine Herrn und deine?

Wähntest du etwa,
Ich sollte das Leben hassen,
In Wüsten fliehen,
Weil nicht alle
Blütenträume reiften?

Hier sitz' ich, forme Menschen
Nach meinem Bilde.
Ein Geschlecht, das mir gleich sei,
Zu leiden, zu weinen,
Zu geniessen und zu freuen sich
Und dein nicht zu achten,
Wie ich!

I know nothing more shabby
under the sun than you gods!
You wretchedly nourish,
from offerings
and the breath of prayers,
your majesty;
And you would starve, were
children and beggars not
such hopeful fools.

When I was a child
I did not know in from out;
I turned my confused eyes
to the sun, as if above it there were
an ear to hear my laments—
a heart like mine
that would pity the oppressed.

Who helped me
against the pride of the titans?
Who rescued me from death—
from slavery?
Did you not accomplish it all yourself,
my sacred, glowing heart?
Yet did you not glow with ardent and youthful goodness,
deceived, and full of gratitude
to the sleepers above?

I, honor you? Why?
Have you ever alleviated the pain
of one who is oppressed?
Have you ever quieted the tears
of one who is distressed?
Was I not forged into a man
by all-mighty Time
and eternal Fate,
my masters and yours?

You were deluded if you thought
I should hate life
and fly into the wilderness
because not all of my
budding dreams blossomed.

Here I will sit, forming men
after my own image.
It will be a race like me,
to suffer, to weep,
to enjoy and to rejoice,
and to pay no attention to you,
as I do!

Fahrt zum Hades*Text: Johann Baptist Mayrhofer (1787–1836)*

Der Nachen dröhnt, Cypressen flüstern,
Horch, Geister reden schaurig drein;
Bald werd' ich am Gestad', dem düstern,
Weit von der schöne Erde sein.

Da leuchten Sonne nicht, noch Sterne,
Da tönt kein Lied, da ist kein Freund.
Empfang die letzte Träne, o Ferne,
Die dieses müde Auge weint.

Schon schau' ich die blassen Danaiden,
Den fluchbeladnen Tantalus;
Es murmelt todesschwangern Frieden,
Vergessenheit, dein alter Fluss.

Vergessen nenn' ich zwiefach Sterben,
Was ich mit höchster Kraft gewann,
Verlieren, wieder es erwerben—
Wann enden diese Qualen? Wann?

Der Nachen dröhnt, Cypressen flüstern,
Horch, Geister reden schaurig drein;
Bald werd' ich am Gestad', dem düstern,
Weit von der schöne Erde sein.

Gruppe aus dem Tartarus*Text: Friedrich von Schiller (1759–1805)*

Horch—wie Murmeln des empörten Meeres,
Wie durch hohler Felsen Becken weint ein Bach,
Stöhnt dort dumpftief ein schweres, leeres
Qualerpresstes Ach!
Schmerz verzerrt
Ihr Gesicht, Verzweiflung sperret
Ihren Rachen fluchend auf.
Hohl sind ihre Augen, ihre Blicke
Spähen bang nach des Cocytus Brücke,
Folgen tränend seinem Trauerlauf.
Fragen sich einander ängstlich leise,
Ob noch nicht Vollendung sei!
Ewigkeit schwingt über ihnen Kreise,
Bricht die Sense des Saturns entzwei.

Journey to Hades

The dory creaks, cypresses whisper;
hear, spirits' eerie cries.
Soon I will be on the gloomy shore
far removed from beautiful Earth.

Sunlight, starlight, neither shines there,
no song sounds, no friend is found.
Take, o distant land, these final
tears my eyes have left to shed.

Already I see the wan Danaids,
and curse-burdened Tantalus;
heavy with death's stillness,
Oblivion, your age-old river, murmurs.

I call forgetting a second death.
To lose what I spent utmost strength
to win, and then repeat the struggle—
When will these tortures finish? When?

The dory creaks, cypresses whisper;
hear, spirits' eerie cries.
Soon I will be on the gloomy shore
far removed from beautiful Earth.

Group from Tartarus

Hark—like the angered ocean's murmuring,
like a brook weeping through rocky hollows,
groans yonder, dankly deep, a grievous, vain,
torment-extracted moan.
Agony contorts
their faces, despair opens
wide their jaws in imprecation.
Hollow their eyes: their gaze
fixes fearfully on Cocytus's bridge,
or, weeping, follows Cocytus's drear course.
Softly and in fear, each of the other asks
whether it be not yet the end.
Eternity above them whirls in circles,
and shatters Saturn's sickle asunder.

Claude Debussy

Beau Soir*Text: Paul Bourget (1852–1935)*

Lorsque au soleil couchant les rivières sont roses,
Et qu'un tiède frisson court sur les champs de blé,
Un conseil d'être heureux semble sortir des choses
Et monter vers le cœur troublé.

Un conseil de goûter le charme d'être au monde,
Cependant qu'on est jeune et que le soir est beau,
Car nous nous en allons comme s'en va cette onde,
Elle à la mer, nous au tombeau.

Fleur des Blés*Text: André Givrod*

Le long des blés que la brise
Fait onduler puis défrise
En un désordre coquet,
J'ai trouvé de bonne prise
De t'y cueillir un bouquet.

Mets-le vite à ton corsage—
Il est fait à ton image
En même temps que pour toi...
Ton petit doigt, je le gage,
T'a déjà soufflé pourquoi:

Ces épis dorés, c'est l'onde
De ta chevelure blonde
Toute d'or et de soleil;
Ce coquelicot qui fronde,
C'est ta bouche au sang vermeil.

Et ces bluets, beau mystère!
Points d'azur que rien n'altère,
Ces bluets ce sont tes yeux,
Si bleus qu'on dirait, sur terre,
Deux éclats tombés des cieus.

Romance*Text: Paul Bourget (1852–1935)*

L'âme évaporée et souffrante,
L'âme douce, l'âme odorante
Des lys divins que j'ai cueillis
Dans le jardin de ta pensée,
Où donc les vents l'ont-ils chassée,
Cette âme adorable des lys?

Beautiful Evening

When streams turn pink in the setting sun,
and a slight shudder rushes through the wheat fields,
a plea for happiness seems to rise out of all things
and it climbs up towards the troubled heart.

A plea to relish the charm of life
while there is youth and the evening is fair,
for we pass away, as the wave passes:
the wave to the sea, we to the grave.

Wheat Flower

Amid the wheat that the breeze
has ruffled in playful teasing,
leaving disorder so gay,
here I seize my chance to please you,
and pluck for you a sweet bouquet.

Place it lightly on your breast;
I made it in your image blest
and do you say, "Tell me why?"
A little bird, I have guessed,
has already told you why!

First some ears of wheat, the flare
of your lovely hair,
golden tresses full of sun;
now the scarlet poppies fair,
these your lips that love has won.

And these bluets, how enchanting,
but of azure disconcerting,
these bluets are your own eyes,
no blue on this earth so dazzling,
heaven's flow'rs fall'n from the skies.

The vanishing and suffering soul,
the sweet soul, the fragrant soul
of divine lilies that I have picked
in the garden of your thoughts,
where, then, have the winds chased it,
this charming soul of the lilies?

N'est-il plus un parfum qui reste
De la suavité céleste
Des jours où tu m'enveloppais
D'une vapeur surnaturelle,
Faites d'espoir, d'amour fidèle,
De béatitude et de paix?

Nuit d'étoiles

Text: Théodore Faullin de Banville (1823–1891)

Nuit d'étoiles, sous tes voiles,
sous ta brise et tes parfums,
Triste lyre qui soupire,
je rêve aux amours défunts.

La sereine mélancolie vient éclore
au fond de mon cœur,
Et j'entends l'âme de ma mie
Tressaillir dans le bois rêveur.

Dans les ombres de la feuillée,
Quand tout bas je soupire seul,
Tu reviens, pauvre âme éveillée,
Toute blanche dans ton linceuil.

Je revois à notre fontaine
tes regards bleus comme les cieus;
Cettes rose, c'est ton haleine,
Et ces étoiles sont tes yeux.

Henri Duparc

L'invitation au voyage

Text: Charles Baudelaire (1821–1867)

Mon enfant, ma sœur,
Songe à la douceur
D'aller là-bas vivre ensemble,
Aimer à loisir,
Aimer et mourir
Au pays qui te ressemble.

Les soleils mouillés
De ces ciels brouillés
Pour mon esprit ont les charmes
Si mystérieux
De tes traîtres yeux,
Brillant à travers leurs larmes.

Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,
Luxe, calme et volupté.

Is there no longer a perfume that remains
of the celestial sweetness
of the days when you enveloped me
in a supernatural haze,
made of hope, of faithful love,
of bliss and of peace?

Starry Night

Starry night, beneath your pinions,
beneath your breeze and your perfumes,
lyre, in sorrow, softly sighing,
I dream of a love long past.

Melancholy, so sadly tranquil, fills with gloom
my poor weary heart.
And I hear your dear soul, my darling,
quivering in the dreamy wood.

In the shadows of the greenwood,
when, alone, I am sighing low,
you come back, O! poor soul awaken'd,
pure and white as snow in your shroud.

I watch here at this, your small fountain
your blue eyes like the sky;
this rose, it is my dear hope,
and these fair stars they are your eyes.

The Invitation to the Voyage

My child, my sister,
think of the sweetness
of going there to live together!
To love at leisure,
to love and to die
in a country that is the image of you!

The misty suns
of those changeable skies
have for me the same
mysterious charm
as your fickle eyes
shining through their tears.

There, all is harmony and beauty,
luxury, calm and delight.

Vois sur ces canaux
Dormir ces vaisseaux
Dont l'humeur est vagabonde;
C'est pour assouvir
Ton moindre désir
Qu'ils viennent du bout du monde.

Les soleils couchants
Revêtent les champs,
Les canaux, la ville entière,
D'hyacinthe et d'or;
Le monde s'endort
Dans une chaude lumière!

Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,
Luxe, calme et volupté.

Le Manoir de Rosemonde

Text: Robert de Bonnières (1850–1905)

De sa dent soudaine et vorace,
Comme un chien l'amour m'a mordu...
En suivant mon sang répandu,
Va, tu pourras suivre ma trace...
Prends un cheval de bonne race,
Pars, et suis mon chemin ardu,
Fondrière ou sentier perdu—
Si la course ne te harcasse!
En passant par où j'ai passé
Tu verras que seul et blessé
J'ai parcouru ce triste monde,
Et qu'ainsi je m'en fus mourir
Bien loin, bien loin, sans découvrir
Le bleu manoir de Rosemonde.

Élégie

Text: Anonymous

Based on an English text by Thomas Moore (1779–1852)

Oh! ne murmurez pas son nom!
Qu'il dorme dans l'ombre,
Où froide et sans honneur repose sa dépouille.
Muettes, tristes, glacées, tombent nos larmes,
Comme la rosée de la nuit, qui sur sa tête humecte
la gazon;
Mais la rosée de la nuit bien qu'elle pleure en silence,
Fera briller la verdure sur sa couche
Et nos larmes, en secret répandues,
Conserveront sa mémoire fraîche verte dans nos cœurs.

See how those ships,
nomads by nature,
are slumbering in the canals.
To gratify
your every desire
they have come from the ends of the earth.

The westerling suns
clothe the fields,
the canals and the town
with reddish-orange and gold.
The world falls asleep
bathed in warmth and light.

There, all is harmony and beauty,
luxury, calm and delight.

Rosemonde's Manor

With its sudden, voracious fangs,
love, like a dog, has bitten me...
Following my spilled blood,
come, you will be able to retrace my path...
Take a horse of good breed,
set out, and follow my arduous road,
marsh, or lost pathway—
if the journey does not exhaust you!
Passing where I have passed,
you will see that, alone and wounded,
I have traversed this sorry world,
and that I thus went off to die
far, far away, without discovering
the blue domain of Rosemonde.

Oh! breathe not his name.
Let it sleep in the shade,
Where cold and un'honor'd his relics are laid:
Sad, silent and dark, be the tears that we shed,
As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

Maurice Ravel
Don Quichotte à Dulcinée
Text: Paul Morand (1888–1976)

I. Chanson romanesque

Si vous me disiez que la terre
 A tant tourner vous offense
 Je lui dépêcherais Pança:
 Vous la verriez fixe et se taire.

Si vous me disiez l'ennui
 Vous vient du ciel trop fleuri d'astres,
 Déchirant les divins cadastres,
 Je faucherais d'un coup la nuit.

Si vous me disiez que l'espace,
 Ainsi vidé ne vous plaît point,
 Chevalier-dieu, la lance au poing,
 J'étoilerais le vent qui passe.

Mais si vous disiez que mon sang
 Est plus à moi qu'à vous, ma Dame,
 Je blémirais, dessous le blâme
 Et je mourrais, vous bénissant.
 O Dulcinée.

II. Chanson épique

Bon Saint Michel qui me donnez loisir
 De voir ma Dame et de l'entendre,
 Bon Saint Michel qui me daignez choisir
 Pour lui complaire et la défendre,
 Bon Saint Michel veuillez descendre
 Avec Saint Georges sur l'autel
 De la Madone au bleu mantel.

D'un rayon du ciel bénissez ma lame
 Et son égale en pureté
 Et son égale en piété
 Comme en pudeur et chasteté: Ma Dame,
 (O grands Saint Georges et Saint Michel)
 L'ange qui veille sur ma veille,
 Ma douce Dame si pareille A Vous,
 Madone au bleu mantel! Amen.

III. Chanson à boire

Foin du bâtard, illustre Dame,
 Qui pour me perdre à vos doux yeux
 Dit que l'amour et le vin vieux
 Mettent en deuil mon cœur, mon âme! Ah!

I. Romanesque Song

If ever for rest you are yearning,
 I'll hush the winds and the seas, my love,
 I will say to the sun above,
 "Cease in your flight, stay in your turning!"

If ever for morning you sigh,
 the stars I will hide and their wonder,
 the splendor of heaven tear asunder,
 and banish the night from the sky.

If space lost in chaos was o'er you,
 filling your soul with nameless fear,
 god-like I'd come, shaking my spear,
 and sow the stars, radiant before you.

But if ever I hear you cry,
 "Give me your life! Prove how you love me!"
 Darkness will fall, shadows above me,
 blessing you still, then I shall die.
 O Dulcinée.

II. Epoch Song

Saint Michael, come! my lady bring to me,
 unto my soul her presence lending,
 Saint Michael, come! he champion let me be,
 with knightly grace her fame defending,
 Saint Michael, come! to earth descending,
 with good Saint George before the shrine
 of the Madonna with face divine.

May the light of heaven on my sword be lying,
 give to my spirit purity,
 and lend my heart sweet piety,
 and lift my soul in ecstasy, undying!
 (O good Saint George and Saint Michael, hear me!)
 An angel watches ever near me,
 my own beloved, so like to you,
 Madonna, maid divine! Amen.

III. Drinking Song

Lady adored! Wherefore this sorrow?
 I live in your glances divine,
 say not that love, love and good wine,
 brings to us mortals grief tomorrow! Ah!

Je bois A la joie!
 La joie est la seul but O! je vais droit...
 lorsque j'ai...lorsque j'ai bu!
 Ah! Ah! Ah! la joie! La La La!
 Je bois A la joie!

Foin du jaloux, brune maîtresse,
 Qui geind, qui pleure et fait serment
 D'être toujours cepâle amant
 Qui met de l'eau dans son ivresse! Ah!

Je bois A la joie!
 La joie est la seul but O! je vais droit...
 lorsque j'ai...lorsque j'ai bu!
 Ah! Ah! Ah! la joie! La La La!
 Je bois A la joie!

Richard Wagner
Les deux grenadiers

Text: François-Adolphe Loève-Veimar
Based on a German text by Heinrich Heine (1797–1856)

Longtemps captifs chez le Russe lointain,
 Deux grenadiers retournaient vers la France;
 Déjà leurs pieds touchent le sol germain;
 Mais on leur dit: Pour vous plus d'espérance;

L'Europe a triomphé, vos braves ont vécu!
 C'en est fait de la France, et de la grande armée!

Et rendant son épée,
 l'Empereur est captif et vaincu!

Ils ont frémi; chacun d'eux sent tomber
 des pleurs brûlants sur sa mâle figure.
 "Je suis bien mal"...dit l'un, "je vois couler
 des flots de sang de ma vieille blessure!"

"Tout est fini," dit l'autre, ô, je voudrais mourir!
 Mais au pays mes fils m'attendent, et leur mère,
 qui mourrait de misère!
 J'entends leur voix plaintive; il faut vivre et souffrir!"

"Femmes, enfants, que m'importe!
 Mon cœur par un seul vœu tient encore à la terre.
 Ils mendieront s'ils ont faim,
 l'Empereur, il est captif, mon Empereur!"

Ô frère, écoute-moi...je meurs!
 Aux rives que j'aimais,
 rends du moins mon cadavre, et du fer de ta lance,
 au soldat de la France
 creuse un funèbre lit sous le soleil français!

Drink then! drink to joy!
 For good wine makes you laugh like a merry boy!
 Makes you laugh, laugh like a boy!
 Ah! Ah! Ah! to joy! La La La!
 Drink on, drink to joy!

Who wants a maid (not I, I'm thinking!),
 a maiden who mopes all day long,
 silent and pale, never a song,
 frowning to see her lover drinking! Ah!

Drink then! drink to joy!
 For good wine makes you laugh like a merry boy!
 Makes you laugh, laugh like a boy!
 Ah! Ah! Ah! to joy! La La La!
 Drink on, drink to joy!

The Two Grenadiers

Two grenadiers were returning to France,
 from Russian captivity they came.
 And as they crossed into German lands
 they hung their heads in shame.

Both heard there the tale that they dreaded most,
 that France had been conquered in war, defeated and
 shattered!
 That once proud host—
 And the Emperor, a free man no more.

The grenadiers both started to weep
 at hearing so sad a review.
 The first said, "My pain is too deep;
 my old wound is burning anew!"

The other said, "The song is done;
 like you, I'd not stay alive;
 but at home I have wife and son,
 who would not survive without me."

"What matters son? What matters wife?
 By nobler needs I set store;
 let them go beg to sustain their life!
 My Emperor, a free man no more!"

Promise me, brother, one thing:
 if at this time I should die,
 Take my corpse to France for its final rest;
 as a French soldier
 let me lie in France's dear earth.

Fixe à mon sein glacé par le trépas
la croix d'honneur que mon sang a gagnée;
dans le cerceuil couche-moi l'arme au bras,
mets sous ma main la garde d'une épée;

de là je prêterai l'oreille au moindre bruit,
jusqu'au jour, où, tonnant sur la terre ébranlée,
l'écho de la mêlée
m'appellera du fond de l'éternelle nuit!

Peut-être bien qu'en ce choc meurtrier,
sous la mitraille et les feux de la bombe,
mon Empereur poussera son coursier
vers le gazon qui couvrira ma tombe.

Alors je sortirai du cerceuil, tout armé;
et sous les plis sacrés du drapeau tricolore,
j'irai défendre encore
la France et l'Empereur,
l'Empereur bien aimé."

The Cross of Valor, on its red band,
over my heart you shall lay;
my musket place into my hand;
and my sword at my side display.

So shall I lie and listen in the ground,
a guard watching, silently staying
till once more I hear the cannon's echo
and the hoofbeats of neighing horses.

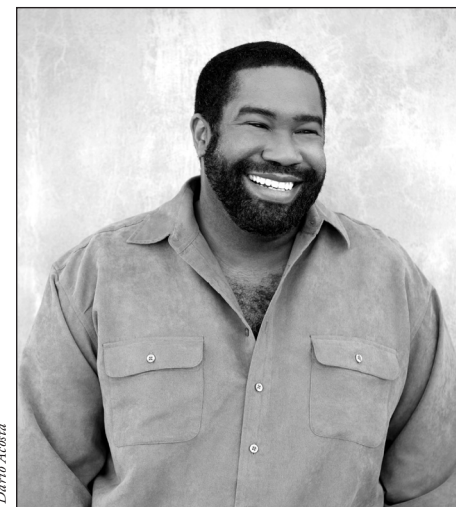
Perhaps in the shock of battle,
under fire and with bombs falling,
my Emperor will pass right over my grave,
with each sword a flashing reflector.

And I, fully armed, will rise up from that grave,
and under the sacred folds of the tricolor,
I'll again defend
France and the Emperor,
the beloved Emperor."

ACCLAIMED FOR his commanding stage presence and inventive artistry, American bass-baritone **Eric Owens** has carved a unique place in the contemporary opera world as both an esteemed interpreter of classic works and a champion of new music. Equally at home in concert, recital and opera performances, Mr. Owens continues to bring his powerful poise, expansive voice and instinctive acting faculties to stages around the world.

The 2010–2011 season saw Mr. Owens's *Ring* cycle debut as Alberich in Wagner's *Das Rheingold* in Robert Lepage's new production at the Metropolitan Opera, conducted by James Levine on the opening night of the Metropolitan's season. Universally praised, Mr. Owens's performance was considered a standout of the production. The 2010–2011 season also saw Mr. Owens as Ramfis in *Aida* at San Francisco Opera, and in the title role in Peter Sellars's new *Hercules* at Lyric Opera of Chicago. On the concert stage, Mr. Owens appeared as Lodovico in *Otello* with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra and conductor Riccardo Muti in performances at Symphony Center in Chicago and Carnegie Hall in New York.

During 2011–2012, Mr. Owens embarks on a significant recital tour with pianists Robert Spano and Craig Rutenberg. With engagements in Washington DC, Berkeley, Portland and Philadelphia, Mr. Owens will also perform February 21 at Carnegie Hall's Zankel Hall. He will sing Bach Cantatas with the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center on December 6. This season, Mr. Owens continues his work with the Metropolitan Opera's *Ring* cycle, with his character Alberich reappearing in October in *Siegfried* and in January in *Götterdämmerung*. The complete cycles will begin in April 2012. Mr. Owens will perform Beethoven's *Missa solemnis* with the Boston Symphony Orchestra in March at Carnegie Hall, one of three appearances there in 2011–2012. Appearing as Jochanaan in Strauss's *Salome* with the Cleveland Orchestra, Mr. Owens assumes the role in both Cleveland and at Carnegie Hall in May. Summer 2012 begins with Mr. Owens reprising the role of the Storyteller in *A Flowering Tree* by John Adams



with the Atlanta Symphony Orchestra. He will continue his summer at Glimmerglass Festival 2012 as the Artist in Residence. There, he will appear in *Aida* and *Lost in the Stars*, and will perform a jazz concert.

Mr. Owens has created an uncommon niche for himself in the ever-growing body of contemporary opera works through his determined tackling of new and challenging roles. He received great critical acclaim for portraying the title role in the world premiere of Elliot Goldenthal's *Grendel* with the Los Angeles Opera, and again at the Lincoln Center Festival, in a production directed and designed by Julie Taymor. Mr. Owens also enjoys a close association with John Adams, for whom he created the role of General Leslie Groves in the world premiere of *Doctor Atomic* at San Francisco Opera, and of the Storyteller in the world premiere of *A Flowering Tree* at Peter Sellars's New Crowned Hope Festival in Vienna and later with the Los Angeles Philharmonic. Mr. Owens made his Boston Symphony debut under the baton of David Robertson in Adams's Nativity oratorio *El Niño*.

Mr. Owens's career operatic highlights include his San Francisco Opera debut in *Otello* conducted by Donald Runnicles; his Royal Opera, Covent Garden, debut in *Norma*; *Aida* at Houston Grand Opera; *Rigoletto*, *Il Trovatore*

and *La Bohème* at Los Angeles Opera; *Die Zauberflöte* for his Paris Opera (Bastille) debut; and *Ariodante* and *L'Incoronazione di Poppea* at the English National Opera. He sang Collatinus in a highly acclaimed Christopher Alden production of Britten's *The Rape of Lucretia* at Glimmerglass Opera. A former member of the Houston Grand Opera Studio, Mr. Owens has sung Sarastro, Mephistopheles in *Faust*, Frère Laurent, Angelotti in *Tosca*, and Aristotle Onassis in the world premiere of *Jackie O* (available on the Argo label) with that company. Mr. Owens is featured on two Telarc recordings with the Atlanta Symphony: Mozart's Requiem and scenes from Strauss's *Elektra* and *Die Frau ohne Schatten*, both under the baton of Donald Runnicles. He is featured on the Nonesuch Records release of *A Flowering Tree*. In addition to great popular and critical acclaim, Mr. Owens has been recognized with multiple awards, including the 2003 Marian Anderson Award, a 1999 ARIA award, and second prize in the Plácido Domingo Operalia Competition, the Metropolitan Opera National Council Auditions and the Luciano Pavarotti International Voice Competition.

A native of Philadelphia, Mr. Owens began his musical training as a pianist at age six, followed by formal oboe study at age eleven under Lloyd Shorter of the Delaware Symphony and Louis Rosenblatt of the Philadelphia Orchestra. He later studied voice while an undergraduate at Temple University, and then as a graduate student at the Curtis Institute of Music. He currently studies with Armen Boyajian. He serves on the Board of Trustees of both the National Foundation for Advancement in the Arts and Astral Artistic Services.

Mr. Owens appears by arrangement with IMG Artists, Carnegie Hall Tower, 152 West 57th Street, New York, New York 10019.

Pianist **Craig Rutenberg** has collaborated with many of the world's greatest vocalists and is recognized as one of the most distinguished accompanists on the stage today.

Having studied piano and interpretation with John Wustman, Geoffrey Parsons, Pierre Bernac and Miriam Solovieff, Mr. Rutenberg has appeared in recital with Denyce Graves, Sumi Jo, Harolyn Blackwell, Susanne Mentzer, Frederica von Stade, Angelika Kirchschrager, Dawn Upshaw, Thomas Hampson, Ben Heppner and Jerry Hadley, as well as Olaf Bär, Simon Keenlyside and José van Dam. He has performed with Mr. Hampson at the White House under the Clinton administration.

Mr. Rutenberg records for Deutsche Grammophon, EMI/Angel, BMG/RCA and Koch International. He has often appeared in concert on national and international television and radio, including numerous PBS specials.

Currently Head of Music Administration at the Metropolitan Opera, Mr. Rutenberg is also guest coach at the Royal Opera in Stockholm, the Gothenburg Opera and the Norwegian Opera in Oslo.

He has coached and given master classes at the Ryan Opera Center for American Artists at Lyric Opera of Chicago, Chicago Opera Theatre, Santa Fe Opera and the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. Mr. Rutenberg has also worked for the Opera Studio de Paris, the Glyndebourne Festival Opera, San Francisco Opera, Houston Grand Opera and Vancouver Opera.

In addition to his duties at the Metropolitan Opera and his teaching activities in the 2011–2012 season, Mr. Rutenberg appears in recital with Christine Brewer, Marcello Giordani, Eric Owens, Mathias Hausmann and Mr. Hampson. As a solo pianist, he continues to record the complete piano music of Virgil Thomson for the Virgil Thomson Foundation's label, Everbest.