

Sunday, March 1, 2015, 3pm
Hertz Hall

Susan Graham, *mezzo-soprano*
Malcolm Martineau, *piano*
Frauenliebe und -leben: Variations

PROGRAM

I.

- Robert Schumann (1810–1856) **Seit ich ihn gesehen**, from *Frauenliebe und -leben*, Op. 42, No. 1 (1840)
- Edvard Grieg (1843–1907) **Møte**, from *Haugtussa*, Op. 67, No. 4 (1895)
- Richard Strauss (1864–1949) **Seitdem dein Aug' in meines schaute**, from *Sechs Lieder*, Op. 17, No. 1 (1885–1887)

II.

- Schumann **Er, der herrlichste von Allen**, from *Frauenliebe und -leben*, Op. 42, No. 2 (1840)
- John Dankworth (1927–2010) **Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?** (1964)
- Gabriel Fauré (1845–1924) **Chanson d'amour**, Op. 27, No. 1 (1882)
- Ture Rangström (1884–1947) **Melodi**, from *Fem dikter* (1917)

III.

- Schumann **Ich kann's nicht fassen**, from *Frauenliebe und -leben*, Op. 42, No. 3 (1840)
- Grieg **Jeg elsker dig**, from *Hjertets Melodier*, Op. 5, No. 3 (1864)
- Fauré **Au bord de l'eau**, Op. 8, No. 1 (1875)

IV.

- Schumann **Du Ring an meinem Finger**, from *Frauenliebe und -leben*, Op. 42, No. 4 (1840)
- Gustav Mahler (1860–1911) **Rheinlegendchen**, from *Das Knaben Wunderhorn* (1893)
- Joaquín Turina (1882–1949) **Los dos miedos**, from *Poema en forma de canciones*, Op. 19, No. 4 (1917)

V.

- Schumann **Helft mir, ihr Schwestern**, from *Frauenliebe und -leben*, Op. 42, No. 5 (1840)

PROGRAM

- Schumann Mutter, Mutter! Glaube nicht, from *Myrten*,
Op. 25, No. 11 (1840)
- Schumann Lass mich ihm am Busen hangen, from
Myrten, Op. 25, No. 12 (1840)
- Maurice Ravel (1875–1937) Tout gai!, from *Cinq mélodies populaires
grecques* (1904–1906)

INTERMISSION

VI.

- Henri Duparc (1848–1933) Phidylé (1882)
- Claude Debussy (1862–1918) La Chevelure, from *Chansons de Bilitis* (1897)
- Schumann **Süsser Freund, du blickest mich verwundert an**,
from *Frauenliebe und -leben*, Op. 42, No. 6 (1840)

VII.

- Pyotr Il'yich Tchaikovsky (1821–1897) Cradle Song, from *Six Romances*, Op. 16,
No. 1 (1875)
- Francis Poulenc (1899–1978) Le Carafon, from *La courte paille* (1960)
- Strauss Wiegenliedchen, from *Fünf Lieder*, Op. 41,
No. 1 (1899)
- Schumann **An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust**, from
Frauenliebe und -leben, Op. 42, No. 7 (1840)

VIII.

- Hector Berlioz (1803–1869) Absence, from *Les nuits d'été*, Op. 7, No. 4 (1841)
- Roger Quilter (1877–1953) How should I your true love know?, from
Four Shakespeare Songs, Op. 30, No. 3 (1933)
- Enrique Granados Campiña (1867–1916) ¡Oh, muerte cruel!, from *Tonadillas en un
estilo antiguo*, H. 136 (1912)
- Schumann **Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan**, from
from *Frauenliebe und -leben*, Op. 42, No. 8 (1840)

Funded, in part, by the Koret Foundation, this performance is part of Cal Performances' 2014–2015 Koret Recital Series, which brings world-class artists to our community.

*This performance is made possible, in part, by Patron Sponsors
Annette Campbell-White and Ruediger Naumann-Etienne.*

Hamburg Steinway piano provided by Steinway & Sons, San Francisco.

Cal Performances' 2014–2015 season is sponsored by Wells Fargo.

Prelude

SONGS are bite-sized commentaries on and reflections of human existence. Whatever their purely musical attributes (and their greatness, or not, is dependent upon the composer's compositional profundity), they participate in the "big things" of life: birth, death, love, hate, isolation, friendship, Time, and more. Schumann knew this: in the year of his battle for Clara Wieck's hand in marriage, he clearly thought long and hard about the vicissitudes of love and translated those thoughts into songs written for her, among them *Frauenliebe und -leben*: a tale of married love at its loveliest, from its beginnings in humble abnegation through fulfillment to the inevitable ending in one partner's death. Other composers in other countries have also sung of love, courtship, marriage, birth, and grief; what tonight's artists have done is to compile small anthologies of diverse songs on the rites of passage given us at each stage of Schumann's cycle.

"Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,/'Tis woman's whole existence," said Byron in *Don Juan*. The poetic cycle *Frauenliebe und -leben* by the French aristocrat Louis Charles Adelaïde de Chamisso de Boncourt, or Adelbert von Chamisso—when he was nine, his family fled the French Revolution for Prussia—might seem at first glance in accord with that peculiarly masculine view of women. According to some, the "female" poetic voice in this cycle is actually male, and the work is meant to teach women how the paterfamilias of the day wished to be worshipped by his wife. According to others (present company included), the poems are actually in sympathy with the emerging women's movement because it is the woman, not the husband, who is the narrator; Chamisso was hailed in his time as a champion of women. While listeners will make up their own minds, it is undeniable that Schumann saw in these words the occasion for great musical beauty. We hear a portrait in tones of a loving, tender, generous-hearted creature anyone would be proud to love and to be loved by.

I. *Seit ich ihn gesehen*:
"Love comes in at the eye"

"And love comes in at the eye," wrote William Butler Yeats: in this first group of three songs, lovers look at the beloved and are helpless to resist such beauty. In the "Amen"-chords at the start of Schumann's *Seit ich ihn gesehen*, we hear the nameless woman's reverence for the man she loves but believes is beyond her reach, hence the slight tinge of darkness and sadness in this music. Schumann had a passion for Bach, and he channels Baroque tradition in this sarabande-song (the "sarabande" was a Baroque dance in triple meter with the second and third beats often tied, usually grave in nature).

Love not yet admitted, much less acknowledged, in Schumann's first song is taken several steps farther in *Møte* from Edvard Grieg's famous *Haugtussa* cycle. In the first half of Arne Garborg's poetic cycle, the clairvoyant heroine Veslemøy—called "*Haugtussa*," or "hill sprite" for her ability to commune with Nature—falls in love with the "wild boy" Jon. As she dreams of him on a hilltop, he appears, and she gazes at him entranced before they fall into one another's arms. Her desire for him at the start, the music saturated with chromatic motion in the inner voices (a traditional trope for desire), is consummated at the end in their first tryst; we hear climax and the "dying-away" aftermath of lovemaking at the end.

"Since your eyes gazed in mine...what more could I ask of life?" the lover in Richard Strauss's *Seitdem dein Aug' in meines schaute* asks. Strauss begins without a piano introduction, the directness very moving, and singles out the word at the heart of it all—*liebe*, or "love"—by a vault upwards for the singer, underscored by the first tonic chord of the song. The throbbing syncopated patterns, the crescendo of rising passion that builds throughout, and the rhythmic elongation of *ganzes Leben* (my whole life) are all transformations of passion into song.

**II. *Er, der herrlichste von Allen:*
In praise of the beloved**

In the second song of *Frauenliebe*, the woman in love catalogues her beloved's wonderful attributes—his lips, eyes, mind, and courage—and then resolves to rejoice in her beloved's fantasized marriage to someone else as long as *he* is happy. Trying to do the right thing, she nonetheless finds it incredibly painful and weeps in private. Schumann was prone to invent wordless extensions of poetic meaning in his piano postludes, and this one is exquisite: in the contrapuntal strands that drift downwards from the high treble register, we hear the wistful dissolution of her dream of love.

The persona of Shakespeare's 18th sonnet, "Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?" declares that as long as this poem shall exist, his beloved will "live," defying time and death. Shakespeare and jazz: one might not expect the combination, but the great British jazzman John Dankworth composed a wonderfully evocative setting of this sonnet for his wife, the jazz and pop singer Cleo Laine.

Chanson d'amour is in "madrigal style," with its accompaniment that suggests the strumming of a lute or guitar and its time-traveling aura of an older era. "I love, I love, I love each individual thing about you," this ardent lover proclaims, and Fauré aids and abets all this repetition for emphasis by repeating the first stanza twice more in the course of his setting.

Ture Rangström is one of the foremost early-20th-century Swedish composers of *romans* ("art song")—some 250 of them. *Melodi* is a setting of a love poem by Bo Bergman; here, love brings Nature to more intense life and banishes suffering. Nature's sparkling voices ripple in the piano throughout the song, accompanying a beautiful melody; the words tell us that love itself is song and that it is all-powerful.

**III. *Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben:*
Avowals of lasting love**

Somewhere between the second and third songs in Schumann's *Frauenliebe*, the beloved

man has declared his love for her, and she is overwhelmed. We hear her come to the realization that this wonder is true in the course of this song, with its shifting moods and changing tempi; the astonishment at the start is succeeded by the somewhat slower, thoughtful repetition of his words. "I can hardly grasp it, hardly believe it," she repeats over and over; the final statement is preceded by a remarkable little piano interlude, rocking back and forth between different levels as if to say, "He loves me, he loves me not" before at last accepting that love is hers.

In Grieg's *Jeg elsker dig*, to words by Hans Christian Andersen, a lover swears to love only the beloved through all eternity; the song was composed for the composer's cousin Nina Hagerup in the year of their engagement. Each of the two stanzas culminates in a threefold proclamation of love that rises ecstatically by stages. Somehow it seems appropriate that the song is in C major (representing the ultimate clarity and purity of love) but is shot through with chromatic color and feeling, as in the lovely introduction.

In *Au bord de l'eau*, another poet also declares that his love will endure for eternity, but Fauré's music, like Time itself, flows ever onward, in calm contemplation of all those things that will pass—including this love. "My dear old au bord de l'eau," Henri Duparc wrote to Fauré in 1883, so consummately expressive of Fauré's art is this song.

**IV. *Du Ring an meinem Finger:*
Lovers' rings and wedding nights**

"To love him, serve him, belong wholly to him," *Frauenliebe*'s nameless woman sings passionately in mid-song she contemplates her wedding ring. This was the accepted model for matrimonial love at the time, and the strong-minded Clara Wieck—no pushover—says such things in her letters to Robert. This fourth song is the mirror of the second, the two sharing the same key, some of the same harmonies, and the "heartbeat" chords in the right hand (in the interior of this song).

Another ring figures prominently in Gustav Mahler's *Rheinlegendchen*, one of his songs on folk poems from the famous early 19th-century anthology *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* (The Youth's Magic Horn): a lover separated from his beloved fantasizes throwing his ring into the Rhine, where a fish will swallow it, and the King, when served that very same fish, will ask whose ring it is. The sweetheart at court, recognizing it, will immediately return to her faithful lover: the eternity symbol of the ring brings together true lovers who have been parted. In this song, we hear the typically Mahlerian ironic disjunction between the naiveté of the folk text and the extreme sophistication of the musical setting; Mahler himself pointed out the originality of its harmonization.

Spain's leading Romantic poet Ramón de Campoamor explored the oxymorons of love in his *Poem in the form of songs*, set to music by the Seville-born Joaquín Turina, who merged *sevillanismo* with French influences (he studied with Vincent d'Indy at the Paris Conservatory). The third song, *Los dos miedos*, expresses fear of the beloved before the night of love and fear of being *without* him after they have been together.

V. *Helft mir, ihr Schwestern:* Weddings, families, and communal rejoicing

Returning to *Frauenliebe*, the woman now sings a song of rejoicing as her sisters help her with her bridal dress; in their company and on this occasion, she can safely confess her desire for her beloved and his for her. Near the close, there is a momentary touch of melancholy as she bids her siblings farewell, but happiness resumes its sway as she goes to her husband. The wedding march we hear at the end owes a debt of gratitude to Felix Mendelssohn's music for *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

Schumann fashioned his song cycle *Myrthen* not after the model of its Beethovenian or Schubertian predecessors but according to his own unique design, with 26 songs that constitute an alphabet of love. In the

Lied der Braut I ("Mutter, Mutter, glaube nicht"), a bride reassures her mother, "I shan't love you any less for marrying the man I love," and thanks the woman who bore her for or an existence that has now become something splendid. Schumann made a habit of extending the poem wordlessly in his postlude, and this one ends with a beautiful Adagio variation on "such splendor." The daughter-bride continues to reassure her mother in *Lied der Braut* II ("Lass mich ihm am Busen hangen,") set to chordal strains as if the wedding march were already beginning to sound in the background.

At the start of the 20th century, a French Hellenist named Hubert Octave Pernot (1870–1946), in company with a Greek colleague named Pericles Matsa, collected Greek popular songs. The musicologist Pierre Aubry, who was giving a lecture on the songs of the oppressed Greeks and Armenians, asked another musicologist, Michel Calvocoressi, to select some of Pernot's Greek songs as illustrations. Calvocoressi taught the singer Louise Thomasset to produce the texts phonetically; when she wanted piano accompaniments, he turned to Ravel, who wrote five accompaniments in 36 hours—his first of several forays into folklore. *Tout gai!* is an irresistible invitation to the dance, the text not quite coherent because sung while in full flight, the singer distracted by the sight of lovely legs in joyous activity. Whatever the inimitably French veil thrown over the proceedings by Ravel, we feel as if transported to some sun-washed Greek village.

VI. Lovemaking and the creation of a child: *Süsser Freund, du blickest mich*

From the Parnassian poet Leconte de Lisle's *Études latines* ("Latin Studies"), Henri Duparc plucked *Phydilé* for one of his last and loveliest songs. (Duparc composed only 17 melodies before falling victim to a mysterious neuroathenic disease that prevented him from composing at all in the final 48 years of his life. As if in compensation for such a hideous fate, his songs are among the greatest in the

French language, their subtlety and *gravitas* beyond the reach of most of his contemporaries.) At the start, refined sensuality is evoked by limited motion to neighboring harmonies; from there, ravishment proceeds apace. By the time the musical persona bids his beloved “Repose” (“Rest”) three times in succession, we are all seduced.

In 1894, the French poet Pierre Louÿs published *Les Chansons de Bilitis*, a collection of prose-poems supposedly the work of Bilitis, a courtesan in ancient Greece at the time of Sappho; the poems were, he wrote, discovered in her tomb by a German archeologist named G. Heim (“*geheim*,” or “secret”). Louÿs, of course, was the actual author. The text of *La Chevelure* comes from the first section, entitled “Bucolics,” about Bilitis’s childhood and her first sexual encounter with the youth Lykas: his narrative of seduction, quoted within the song, makes Bilitis a figment of his imagination, but she ultimately contains his dream within her own recounting. In this intensely erotic scenario, it is no wonder that we encounter Wagner’s famous “Tristan” chord at the moment of imagined—soon to be actual—climax.

In Schumann’s *Süsser Freund, du blickest mich*, the woman tells her bewildered husband, who has found her both weeping and smiling, that she is pregnant. This is the only song where he is present, and Schumann disposes the piano part at times as a dialogue between treble and bass registers, between man and wife. It is in the piano that she whispers her glad tidings into his ear, the music rising in mini-waves of dawning realization, followed by a tender dialogue between her melody and his cello-like wordless phrases in the left hand.

VII. Songs to the child:

An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust

Russian poet Apollon Maikov paraphrased a Greek folk song, with echoes of Homeric animism, in a *Lullaby* set to music by Tchaikovsky; here, a mother invokes mighty forces of Nature as guardians to keep her child

safe while it sleeps. The composer dedicated his song to Nikolai Rimsky-Korsakov’s wife (she was expecting her first child), and it is deservedly a “chestnut,” in which the pianist rocks a cradle with both hands in alternation, while the singer’s melody gently swings and sways in cradling motion as well.

La courte paille (“The Short Straw”) was Francis Poulenc’s last song cycle, composed three years before his death for the soprano Denise Duval and her young son. Like Schumann’s *Kinderszenen*, these are songs about children rather than being children’s music. In the sixth song, *Le Carafon*, everything in the world wants a darling baby, so the wizard Merlin obligingly provides a water carafe—it has, we are told, a lovely soprano voice—with a pretty little infant carafe. Lively whimsy and sweetness join hands in this song.

A similar, somewhat gentler whimsy is on display in Strauss’s *Wiegenliedchen* (one would never guess from this song that his opera *Salome* would follow only four years later), in which a little bee and a spider are bidden to hum and spin “my little prince” to sleep. Again, we hear the cradle rocking in the piano as Strauss, in his inimitable fashion, touches lightly upon many different tonalities, as if on all the different shades of maternal love.

Returning again to *Frauenliebe*, there is now even more love in the picture, that of a mother for the infant daughter she nurses in *An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust*. The two chords at the start, one loud, one soft, open the doors of the bedchamber and allow us access to this intimate scene, unique in German song. In another of Schumann’s expressive postludes, we hear both waves of tender maternal feeling and the physical motion as the child is swung gently up and down.

VIII. Songs of grief and mourning:

Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan

In 1840, the same year as *Frauenliebe und -leben*, Hector Berlioz composed his song cycle *Les nuits d’été*, for what reason, we do not know: to make some money? As a vehicle for one of Paris’s

famous mezzos (Pauline Viardot, perhaps)? As a parting gift for its poet, en route to Spain? Whatever the reasons, the fourth song, L'Absence, is a plangent lament by someone parted from his beloved by great distance; in this context, we can imagine it as the distance of final illness, separating the living from the dead. Over and over, the singer implores, "Return, return, my dear beloved," and over and over, a brief silence follows—no one answers—before the singer resumes the grief-stricken plaint.

In Act IV, Scene 5, of Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, the mad Ophelia sings three songs, the first containing echoes of the so-called "Walsingham Ballad," written some 50 years after the destruction of Walsingham Shrine in 1538, during the English Reformation. In Shakespeare's variant, a woman asks piteously about her pilgrim lover and discovers that he is dead and buried. Roger Quilter's setting is a poignant thing, filled with echo-phrases; the use of the Phrygian, or flatted, second degree at the words "He is dead and gone, lady, he is dead and gone" is quietly powerful.

Enrique Granados was inspired by the Spanish tradition of theatre songs called *tonadillas* to create his own *Tonadillas en estilo antiguo*, in which *majas* and *majos* (near-untranslatable terms for the arrogant, boisterous, charming, proud working-class young men and women of Madrid, who engaged in complex games of courtship along a gamut from white-hot passion to white-hot contempt) sing

of love. The weightiest are the three songs in the mini-cycle *La maja dolorosa*, in which a *maja* grieves for her dead *majo*. The first song, ¡Oh, muerte cruel!, begins by striking iron-hard, heavy tones in the piano—we will hear a similar harsh blow at the start of Schumann's last song—followed by a cry of protest that begins in the heights and descends into the depths of depression: she does not wish to live any longer. The same progression, from tragic outcry to deadened quietude, is then repeated, and the piano postlude recapitulates in brief the same terrible, truthful contrast.

The ferocious minor chord at the start of *Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan* could hardly be more of a shock. Schumann knew that accusatory anger and a sense of betrayal are among the whirlwind of emotions we feel when someone beloved dies, and that is what we hear first in this searing song. The initial bitterness gives way to more inward grief and finally, to one of Schumann's most heart-stopping compositional decisions: the wordless return of the first song in the postlude. Only the accompaniment, not the vocal line, returns—half a song for a life deprived of half of its meaning. We are *meant* to hear the slight musical "bump," the transition from the present to the past as she remembers the start of it all, eight songs and a lifetime ago.

Dr. Susan Youens

Frauenliebe und -leben: Variations

I.

Robert Schumann

Seit ich ihn gesehen

Text by Adelbert von Chamisso (1781–1838)

Seit ich ihn gesehen,
Glaub ich blind zu sein;
Wo ich hin nur blicke,
She ich ihn allein;

Wie im wachen Traume
Schwebt sein Bild mir vor,
Taucht aus tiefstem Dunkel
Heller nur empor.

Sonst ist licht und farblos
Alles um mich her,
Nach der Schwestern Spiele
Nicht begehrt ich mehr,

Möchte lieber weinen,
Still im Kämmerlein;
Seit ich ihn gesehen,
Glaub ich blind zu sein.

Edvard Grieg (1843–1907)

Møte

Text by Arne Garborg (1851–1924)

Ho sit ein Sondag lengtande Li;
det strøymer på med desse søte Tankar;
og Hjarta fullt og tungt i Barmen bankar,
og Draumen vaknar, bivrande og blid.
Då gjeng det som ei Hildring yver Nuten;
ho raudnar heit—der kjem den vene Guten.

Burt vil ho gøyme seg i Ørska brå,
men stoggar tryllt og Augo mot han vender;
dei tek einannan i dei varme Hender
og stend so der og veit seg inkje Råd.

Då bryt ho ut i dette Undringsord:
«men snilde deg daa...at du er so stor!»

Og som det lid ti svale Kveldings Stund,
alt meir og meir i Lengt dei saman søkjer;
og brådt um Hals den unge Arm seg krøkjjer,
og øre skjelv dei saman Munn mot Munn.
Alt svimrar burt. Og der i Kvelden varm
i heite Sæle søv ho i hans Arm.

I.

Since I saw him

Since I saw him,
I think I am blind;
Every place I look,
I see him alone;

As in a waking dream
His image appears before me,
Rising out of darkest depths
Only more brightly.

Everything else is dark and colorless
All around me,
For my sisters' games
I am no longer eager,

I would like instead to weep
quietly in my little room;
Since I saw him,
I think I am blind.

The Encounter

One Sunday she sits quietly on the hill,
While pleasant thoughts rush over her,
And her heart beats fully and heavily in her chest,
And a shy dream awakens inside her.
Suddenly, enchantment arrives on the hilltop.
She blushes red; here he comes, the boy she loves.

She wants to hide in her embarrassment,
But shyly she raises her eyes to him;
Their warm hands reach out for each other,
And they stand there, neither one knowing what
to say.

Then she bursts out, exclaiming,
“My, how tall you are!”

And as the day changes softly into night,
They turn to each other full of longing,
Their young arms wind around each other's necks,
And trembling mouth meets trembling mouth.
Everything falls away, and in the warm night
She falls blissfully asleep enfolded in his arms.

Richard Strauss

Seitdem dein Aug' in meines schaute

Text by Adolf Friedrich von Schack (1815-1894)

Seitdem dein Aug' in meines schaute,
Und Liebe, wie vom Himmel her,
Aus ihm auf mich herniedertaute,
Was böte mir die Erde mehr?

Ihr Bestes hat sie mir gegeben,
Und von des Herzens stillem Glück
Ward übertoll mein ganzes Leben
Durch jenen einen Augenblick.

II.

Schumann

Er, der herrlichste von Allen

Text by von Chamisso

Er, der herrlichste von Allen,
Wie so milde, wie so gut.
Holde Lippen, klares Auge,
Heller Sinn und fester Mut.

So wie dort in blauer Tiefe,
Hell und herrlich jener Stern,
Also er an meinem Himmel
Hell und herrlich, hehr und fern.

Wandle, wandle deine Bahnen;
Nur betrachten deinen Schein,
Nur in Demut ihn betrachten,
Selig nur und traurig sein.

Höre nicht mein stilles Beten,
Deinem Glücke nur geweiht;
Darfst mich niedre Magd nicht kennen,
Hoher Stern der Herrlichkeit.

Nur die Würdigste von allen
Darf beglücken deine Wahl
Und ich will die Hohe segnen
Viele tausend Mal.

Will mich freuen dann und weinen,
Selig, selig bin ich dann,
Sollte mir das Herz auch brechen,
Brich, o Herz, was liegt daran?

Since your eyes first looked into mine

Since your eyes looked into mine,
and love, as if here from Heaven,
fell from above onto me like dew,
what more could the earth give me?

It has given me its best,
and from the heart's quiet happiness,
My whole life was overflowing
through one glance.

He, the most wonderful of all

He, the most wonderful of all,
So gentle, so good.
Lovely lips, sparkling eyes,
Clear mind and firm resolve.

As in the blue depths,
That star, bright and beautiful,
So is he in my heaven,
Bright and beautiful, majestic, distant.

Wander, wander your ways;
Just to watch your radiance,
Just to watch it in humility,
Just to be blissful and sad!

Hear not my silent prayer
Your happiness only blessed;
I, lowly maid, must not know,
Lofty, wonderful star.

Only the most worthy woman of all
May your choice favor
And that exalted one will I bless
Many thousands of times.

Then shall I rejoice and cry,
Be blissful, blissful then;
Even if my heart breaks,
Then break, O heart, what does it matter?

John Dankworth

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?

Text by William Shakespeare (1564–1616)

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
 Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
 Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
 And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
 Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
 And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
 And every fair from fair sometime declines,
 By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd;
 But thy eternal summer shall not fade
 Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st;
 Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
 When in eternal lines to time thou growest:
 So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
 So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

Gabriel Fauré

Chanson d'amour

Text by Armand Silvestre (1837–1901)

J'aime tes yeux, j'aime ton front,
 Ô ma rebelle, ô ma farouche,
 J'aime tes yeux, j'aime ta bouche
 Où mes baisers s'épuiseront.

J'aime ta voix, j'aime l'étrange
 Grâce de tout ce que tu dis,
 Ô ma rebelle, ô mon cher ange,
 Mon enfer et mon paradis!

J'aime tout ce qui te fait belle,
 De tes pieds jusqu'à tes cheveux,
 Ô toi vers qui montent mes vœux,
 Ô ma farouche, ô ma rebelle!

Song of Love

I love your eyes, I love your face,
 Oh my rebel, oh my wild one,
 I love your eyes, I love your mouth,
 Where my kisses exhaust themselves.

I love your voice, I love the strange
 Grace in everything that you say,
 Oh my rebel, oh my dear angel,
 My hell and my paradise!

I love everything that makes you beautiful,
 from your feet to your hair,
 Oh you towards whom my desires climb!
 Oh my wild one, oh my rebel!

Ture Rangström

Melodi

Text by Bo Bergman (1869–1967)

Bara du går över markerna,
 lever var källa,
 sjunger var tuva ditt namn.
 Skyarna brinna och parkerna
 susa och fälla
 lövet som guld i din famn.

Och vid de skummiga stränderna
 hör jag din stämmas
 vaggande vågsorl till tröst
 Räck mig de älskade händerna.
 Mörkret skall skrämmas.
 Kvalet skall släppa mitt bröst.

Bara du går över ängarna,
 bara jag ser dig
 vandra i fjärran förbi,
 darra de eviga strängarna.
 Säg mig vem ger dig
 makten som blir melodi?

III.

Schumann

Ich kann's nicht fassen

Text by von Chamisso

Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben,
 Es hat ein Traum mich berückt;
 Wie hätt' er doch unter allen
 Mich Arme erhöht und beglückt?

Mir war's, er habe gesprochen:
 «Ich bin auf ewig dein,»
 Mir war's, ich träume noch immer,
 Es kann ja nimmer so sein.

O lass im Traume mich sterben,
 Gewieget an seiner Brust,
 Den seligen Tod mich schlürfen
 In Tränen unendlicher Lust.

Melody

You simply walk across the meadows,
 and every spring becomes alive,
 every blade of grass sings your name.
 The clouds burn and the trees
 whistle and drop their
 leaves like gold on your lap.

By the foamy shores
 I hear your soothing voice
 rocking in a wave's murmur.
 Reach out your beloved hands.
 Darkness will be scared away.
 Torment will leave my breast.

You simply walk across the meadows,
 I see you
 wandering in the distance,
 those eternal strains tremble.
 Tell me who bestows upon you
 the power which becomes this melody?

I cannot grasp it

I cannot grasp it, cannot believe it,
 I am swept away in a dream;
 How, from everyone, has he
 Raised and chosen poor me?

I thought he said,
 "I am yours forever,"
 I thought I was still dreaming,
 For it can never be so.

O let me, dreaming, die,
 Cradled on his breast;
 Blissful death let me savor,
 In tears of endless happiness.

Grieg

Jeg elsker Dig

Text by Hans Christian Andersen (1805–1875)

Min Tankes Tanke ene du er vorden,
 Du er mit Hjertes første Kærlighed.
 Jeg elsker Dig, som Ingen her på Jorden,
 Jeg elsker Dig i Tid og Evighed!

Fauré

Au bord de l'eau

*Text by René-François Sully-Prudhomme
 (1839–1907)*

S'asseoir tous deux au bord du flot qui passe,
 Le voir passer,
 Tous deux s'il glisse un nuage en l'espace,
 Le voir glisser;
 À l'horizon s'il fume un toit de chaume,
 Le voir fumer;
 Aux alentours si quelque fleur embaume,
 S'en embaumer;
 Entendre au pied du saule où
 L'eau murmurer,
 Ne pas sentir tant que ce rêve dure
 Le temps durer.
 Mais n'apportant de passion profonde
 Qu'à s'adorer,
 Sans nul souci des querelles du monde
 Les ignorer;
 Et seuls tous deux devant tout ce qui lasse
 Sans se lasser,
 Sentir l'amour devant tout ce qui passe
 Ne point passer!

IV.

Schumann

Du Ring an meinem Finger

Text by von Chamisso

Du Ring an meinem Finger,
 Mein goldenes Ringelein,
 Ich drücke dich fromm an die Lippen,
 An das Herze mein.

Ich hatt' ihn ausgeträumet,
 Der Kindheit friedlich schönen Traum,
 Ich fand allein mich, verloren
 Im öden unendlichen Raum.

I love you

You are the one thought of my thoughts,
 You are the first love of my heart.
 I love you as I love no one else here on Earth,
 I love you for all time and all eternity!

At the Riverside

To sit together on the edge of the stream that passes
 To see it passing;
 Together, when a cloud float in space,
 To see it float;
 When a cottage chimney is smoking on the horizon,
 To see it smoke;
 If nearby a flower spreads its fragrances,
 To take in its scent;
 To hear at the foot of the willow tree, where
 The water murmurs,
 Not to sense, while this dream lasts,
 The passage of time,
 But to feel deep passion
 Only to adore each other;
 Not to care at all about the world's quarrels
 To ignore them,
 And alone, the two of us, facing all that grows weary,
 Not to grow weary,
 To experience love while everything passes away,
 Never to change!

You, Ring on my finger

You, ring on my finger,
 My little golden ring,
 I press you with reverence to my lips,
 To my heart.

I had finished dreaming
 Childhood's calm and beautiful dream,
 I found myself alone, lost
 In boundless desolation.

Du Ring an meinem Finger,
Da hast du mich erst belehrt,
Hast meinem Blick erschlossen
Des Lebens unendlichen, tiefen Wert.

You, ring on my finger,
You have first taught me,
Unlocked my eyes
To life's deep, unending worth.

Ich will ihm dienen, ihm leben,
Ihm angehören ganz,
Hin selber mich geben und finden
Verklärt mich in seinem Glanz.

I will serve him, live for him,
Belong wholly to him,
Give myself to him and find
Myself transfigured in his glance.

Gustav Mahler

Rheinlegendchen

Text by Clemens Brentano (1778–1842)

Rhein legend

Bald gras ich am Neckar,
Bald gras ich am Rhein;
Bald hab ich ein Schätzel,
Bald bin ich allein!

Sometimes I mow by the Neckar,
Sometimes I mow by the Rhein.
Sometimes I have a sweetheart,
Sometimes I am all alone!

Was hilft mir das Grasen,
Wenn d'Sichel nicht schneid't!
Was hilft mir ein Schätzel,
Wenn's bei mir nicht bleibt.
So soll ich denn grasen
Am Neckar, am Rhein,
So werf ich mein goldenes
Ringlein hinein.
Es fließt im Neckar
Und fließt im Rhein,
Soll schwimmen hinunter
Ins Meer tief hinein.

How does mowing help me
If the sickle will not cut?
How does a sweetheart help me
If she will not stay with me?
So if I am going to mow
By the Neckar, by the Rhein
Then I shall throw in
My little golden ring.
It will float down the Neckar,
Float down the Rhein,
And will swim under, down
Into the depths of the ocean.

Und schwimmt es, das Ringlein,
So frißt es ein Fisch!
Das Fischlein soll kommen
Auf's Königs sein' Tisch!
Der König tät fragen,
Wem's Ringlein sollt sein?
Da tät mein Schatz sagen:
Das Ringlein g'hört mein.

And if the ring swims,
A fish shall eat it!
The little fish will end up
On the table of a king!
The king will ask,
Whose ring is this?
And then my sweetheart will say,
The ring belongs to me.

Mein Schätzel tät springen
Bergauf und bergain,
Tät mir wiedrum bringen
Das Goldringlein mein!
Kannst grasen am Neckar,
Kannst grasen am Rhein,
Wirf du mir nur immer
Dein Ringlein hinein!

My sweetheart will run
Up and down the hillside
And will bring back
My little golden ring!
You can mow by the Neckar
You can mow by the Rhein
Just be sure that you always
Throw in your ring for me!

Joaquín Turina

Los dos miedos

Text by de Campoamor y Camposorio

(1817–1901)

Al comenzar la noche de aquel día
Ella lejos de mí,
¿Por qué te acercas tanto? Me decía,
Tengo miedo de ti.

Y después que la noche hubo pasado
Dijo, cerca de mí:
¿Por qué te alejas tanto de mi lado?
¡Tengo miedo sin ti!

V.

Schumann

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern

Text by von Chamisso

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern,
Freundlich mich schmücken,
Dient der Glücklichen heute, mir.
Windet geschäftig
mir um die Stirne
Noch der blühenden Myrte Zier.
Als ich befriedigt,
Freudigen Herzens,
Sonst dem Geliebten im Arme lag,
Immer noch rief er,
Sehnsucht im Herzen,
Ungeduldig den heutigen Tag.

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern,
Helft mir verscheuchen
Eine törichte Bangigkeit;
Dass ich mit klarem
Aug ihn empfangen,
Ihn, die Quelle der Freudigkeit.

Bist, mein Geliebter,
Du mir erschienen,
Gibst du mir, Sonne, deinen Schein?
Lass mich in Andacht,
Lass mich in Demut,
Lass mich verneigen dem Herren mein.

The Two Fears

At dusk on that day,
Far from me she said:
“Why do you come so close to me?
I am afraid of you.”

And after the night ended,
Close to me she said:
“Why do you move so far from me?
I am afraid without you.”

Help me, sisters

Help me, sisters,
In kindness to dress myself,
Serve me, the happy one, today,
Eagerly weave
About my brow
The blooming myrtle.
When I, content,
With a happy heart,
Lie in my beloved's arms,
Still would he call
With a yearning heart,
Impatiently for today.

Help me, sisters,
Help me disperse
Unfounded fears;
So that I, clear
Eyed, may receive him,
The source of my joy.

You, my beloved,
Have appeared before me,
Will you, sun, shine upon me?
Let me in reverence,
Let me in humility,
Let me bow to my lord.

Streuet ihm, Schwestern,
Streuet ihm Blumen,
Bringt ihm knospende Rosen dar.
Aber euch, Schwestern,
Grüss ich mit Wehmut,
Freudig scheidend aus eurer Schar.

Scatter flowers, Sisters,
Scatter flowers for him,
Offer budding roses.
But you, sisters,
I greet sadly,
Departing, joyous, from your throng.

Schumann

Mutter, Mutter! Glaube nicht (Lied der Braut I)

Text by Friedrich Rückert (1788–1866)

Mutter, Mutter! Glaube nicht,
Weil ich ihn lieb' also sehr,
Daß nun Liebe mir gebracht,
Dich zu lieben wie vorher.

Bride's Song I

Mother, mother, do not believe
That because I love him so much
I cannot love you
as I have in the past.

Mutter, Mutter! seit ich ihn
Liebe, lieb' ich erst dich sehr.
Laß mich an mein Herz dich zieh'n
Und dich küssen, wie mich er.

Mother, mother, since I love him
I now for the first time love you.
Let me draw you to my heart
And kiss you as he kisses me!

Mutter, Mutter! seit ich ihn
Liebe, lieb' ich erst dich ganz,
Daß du mir das Sein verlieh'n,
Das mir ward zu solchem Glanz.

Mother, mother! Since I love him
I finally love you completely
For giving me this life
That has become so joyous for me.

Schumann

Laß mich ihm am Busen hangen (Lied der Braut II)

Text by Rückert

Laß mich ihm am Busen hangen,
Mutter, Mutter! laß das Bangen.
Frage nicht: wie soll sich's wenden?
Frage nicht: wie soll das enden?
Enden? Enden soll sich's nie,
Wenden, noch nicht weiß ich, wie!

Bride's Song II

Let me cling to his chest,
Mother, Mother! Do not worry.
Don't ask: how should it change?
Don't ask: how should it end?
End? It should never end,
Change, I still don't know how!

Maurice Ravel

Tout gai!

Text by Michael Dimitri Calvocoressi (1877–1944)

Tout gai! gai, Ha, tout gai!
Belle jambe, tireli, qui danse;
Belle jambe, la vasselle danse,
Tra la la la la...

Everyone is happy!

Everyone is happy, happy!
Beautiful legs, which dance,
Beautiful legs; even the dishes are dancing!
Tra la la, la la la!

VI.

Henri Duparc

Phidylé

Text by Charles-Marie-René Leconte de Lisle

(1818–1894)

L'herbe est molle au sommeil sous les frais
peupliers,
Aux pentes des sources moussues
Qui dans les prés en fleurs germant par mille
issues,
Se perdent sous les noirs halliers.

Repose ô Phidylé.

Midi sur les feuillages
Rayonne, et t'invite au sommeil.
Par le trèfle et le thym, seules en plein soleil,
Chantent les abeilles volages;

Un chaud parfum circule au détour des sentiers,
La rouge fleur des blés s'incline,
Et les oiseaux, rasant de l'aile la colline,
Cherchent l'ombre des églantiers.

Repose ô Phidylé.

Mais quand l'Astre incliné sur sa courbe
éclatante,
Verra ses ardeurs s'apaiser,
Que ton plus beau sourire et ton meilleure baiser
Me récompensent, me récompensent de l'attente.

Claude Debussy

La Chevelure

Text by Pierre Louÿs (1870–1925)

Il m'a dit:
"Cette nuit, j'ai rêvé.
J'avais ta chevelure autour de mon cou.
J'avais tes cheveux comme un colier noir
autour de ma nuque et sur ma poitrine.

"Je les caressais, et c'étaient les miens;
et nous étions liés pour toujours ainsi,
par la même chevelure la bouche sur la bouche,
ainsi que deux lauriers n'ont souvent qu'une racine.

The grass is bending with sleep under the fresh
poplars,
On the slopes of the mossy springs
That in the blooming fields, sprouting
abundantly,
Disappear through the black thickets,

Rest, oh Phidylé.

Noon on the branches shines
And invites you to sleep.
By the clover and the thyme, alone in bright sunlight,
The buzzing bees sing;

A warm fragrance circles by the path's bend,
The red flowers of the wheat bows,
And birds, skimming the hill,
Seek the shade of the wild roses.

Rest, oh Phidylé.

But, when the sun, bending in its dazzling
curve,
Will see its blaze calmed,
Then your most beautiful smile and your best
kisses
Will reward me, reward me for having waited.

The Hair

He told me:
"Last night I had a dream.
Your hair was around my neck.
Your hair was like a black collar
around my neck and upon my chest.

I caressed it and it was mine;
and we were bound together forever like this,
By the same hair, mouth on mouth,
like two laurels that often have one root.

“Et peu à peu, il m’a semblé, tant nos membres
étaient confondus, que je devenais toi-même
ou que tu entras en moi comme mon songe.”

Quand il eu achevé,
il mit doucement ses mains sur mes épaules,
et il me regarda d’un regard si tendre,
que je baissai les yeux avec un frisson.

Schumann

Süsser Freund, du blickest mich verwundert an
Text by von Chamisso

Süsser Freund, du blickest mich verwundert an,
Kannst es nicht begreifen,
Wie ich weinen kann;
Lass der feuchten Perlen
Ungewohnte Zier
Freudig hell erzittern
In dem Auge mir.

Wie so bang mein Busen,
Wie so wonnevoll!
Wüsst ich nur mit Worten,
Wie ich’s sagen soll;
Komm und birg dein Antlitz
Hier an meiner Brust,
Will ins Ohr dir flüstern
Alle meine Lust.

Weisst du nun die Tränen,
Die ich weinen kann,
Sollst du nicht sie sehen,
Du geliebter Mann?
Bleib an meinem Herzen,
Fühle dessen Schlag,
Dass ich fest und fester
Nur dich drücken mag.

Hier an meinem Bette
Hat die Wiege Raum,
Wo sie still verberge
Meinen holden Traum;
Kommen wird der Morgen,
Wo der Traum erwacht;
Und daraus dein Bildnis
mir entgegen lacht.

Little by little, so intertwined were our limbs,
it seemed to me that I was becoming you,
or that you were entering into me like my dream.”

When he had finished,
he gently placed his hands on my shoulders,
and he looked at me with a look so tender
that I lowered my eyes with a shiver.

Sweet friend, you look at me in wonder

Sweet friend, you look at me in wonder,
You cannot understand
How I can weep;
These moist pearls let,
As a strange decoration,
Tremble joyous bright
In my eyes.

How anxious my heart,
How full of joy!
If I only knew the words
To say it as I should;
Come, hide your face,
Here, against my breast,
For me to whisper you
My full joy.

Now you know the tears
That I can weep,
Should you not see them,
Beloved man?
Stay against my heart,
Feel its beating,
That I may press you
Ever closer.

Here by my bed
Is the cradle’s place,
Where, it silently hides
My sweet dream.
The morning will come
When that dream will awake,
And your image
Will laugh up at me.

VII.

Pyotr Il'yich Tchaikovsky

Cradle Song

Text by Apollon Nikolayevich Maykov

(1821–1897)

Spi, ditja mojo, usni!
 Sladkij son k sebe mani:
 V njan'ki ja tebe vzjala
 Veter, solnce i orla.

Uletel orjol domoj;
 Solnce skrylos' pod vodoj:
 Veter, posle trekh nochej,
 Mchitsja k materi svojej.

Vetra sprashivajet mat':
 «Gde izvolil propadat'?
 Ali zvezdy vojeval?
 Ali volny vsjo gonjal.»
 «Ne gonjal ja voln morskikh,
 Zvezd ne trogal zolotykh;
 Ja ditja oberegal,
 Kolybelochku kachal!»

Spi, ditja mojo, spi, usni! spi, usni!
 Sladkij son k sebe mani:
 V njan'ki ja tebe vzjala
 Veter, solnce i orla.

Francis Poulenc

Le Carafon

Text by Maurice Carême (1899–1978)

“Pourquoi,” se plaignait la carafe,
 “N’aurais-je pas un carafon?
 Au zoo, madame la Girafe
 N’a-t-elle pas un girafon?”
 Un sorcier qui passait par là,
 À cheval sur un phonographe,
 Enregistra la belle voix
 De soprano de la carafe,
 Et la fit entendre à Merlin.
 “Fort bien,” dit celui-ci, “fort bien!”
 Il frappa trois fois dans les mains,
 Et la dame de la maison
 Se demande encore pourquoi
 Elle trouva, ce matin-là,
 Un joli petit carafon

Sleep, my baby, sleep, go to sleep, sleep, go to sleep!
 Bring sweet dreams to yourself:
 I've hired as nannies for you
 The Wind, the Sun and the Eagle.

The Eagle has flown back home,
 The Sun has hidden under the oceans,
 And three nights later
 The Wind is rushing back to her Mother.

The Wind's mother has been asking:
 “Where have you been all this time?
 Have you been fighting with the stars?
 Have you been chasing after the waves?”
 “I haven't been chasing the waves,
 I haven't been fighting the golden stars,
 I have been guarding a baby
 And rocking him gently his little cradle.”

Sleep, my baby, sleep, go to sleep, sleep, go to sleep!
 Bring sweet dreams to yourself:
 I've hired as nannies for you
 The Wind, the Sun, and the Eagle.

The Baby Carafe

“Why,” complained the carafe,
 “Can't I have a baby carafe?
 At the zoo, doesn't Mrs. Giraffe
 Have a baby giraffe?”
 A wizard who was passing by,
 Riding on a phonograph,
 Recorded the lovely voice
 Of the soprano carafe,
 And played it for Merlin to hear.
 “Most fine,” said he, “most fine!”
 He clapped his hands three times,
 And the lady of the house
 Still wonders why
 She found, that very morning,
 A pretty baby carafe

Blotti tout contre la carafe,
Ainsi qu'au zoo, le girafon
Pose son con fragile et long
Sur le flanc clair de la girafe.

Strauss

Wiegenliedchen

Text by Richard Dehmel (1863–1920)

Bienchen, Bienchen,
Wiegt sich im Sonnenschein,
Spielt um mein Kindelein,
Summt dich in Schlummer ein,
Süßes Gesicht.

Spinnchen, Spinnchen,
Flimmert im Sonnenschein,
Schlummre, mein Kindelein,
Spinnt dich in Träume ein,
Rühre dich nicht!

Tief-Edelichen
Schlüpft aus dem Sonnenschein
Träume, mein Kindelein,
Haucht dir ein Seelchen ein:
Liebe zum Licht.

Schumann

An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust

Text by von Chamisso

An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust,
Du meine Wonne, du meine Lust.
Das Glück ist die Liebe,
Die Lieb ist das Glück,
Ich hab's gesagt und nehm's nicht zurück.

Hab überschwenglich mich geschätzt,
Bin übergücklich aber jetzt.
Nur die da säugt, nur die da liebt
Das Kind, dem sie die Nahrung gibt;

Nur eine Mutter weiss allein,
Was lieben heisst und glücklich sein.
O wie bedauer' ich doch den Mann,
Der Mutterglück nicht fühlen kann.

Du lieber, lieber Engel du,
Du schaust mich an und lächelst dazu.
An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust,
Du meine Wonne, du meine Lust.

Snuggling close to the carafe,
Just as at the zoo the baby giraffe
Lays his long and fragile neck
Against the pale flank of the giraffe.

Cradle Song

Little bee, little bee,
Swaying in the sunshine,
Playing around my little child,
Humming to sleep,
Sweet face.

Little spider, little spider,
Shimmering in the sunshine,
Slumber, my little child,
Spin yourself in dreams,
Disturb not yourself.

Rich little fellow,
Slip out of the sunshine
Dream, my little child,
Breathe into yourself a little soul:
Love of the light.

On my heart, on my breast

On my heart, on my breast,
You my delight, you my joy!
Happiness is love,
Love is happiness,
I have said and will not take back.

I thought myself rapturous,
But now I am delirious with joy.
Only she who suckles, only she who loves
The child she nourishes;

Only a mother knows
What it means to love and be happy.
Oh, how I pity the man
Who cannot feel a mother's happiness.

You dear, dear angel,
You look at me and smile.
On my heart, on my breast,
You my delight, you my joy!

VIII.

Hector Berlioz

Absence

Text by Théophile Gautier (1811–1872)

Reviens, reviens, ma bien-aimée;
Comme une fleur loin du soleil,
La fleur de ma vie est fermée
Loin de ton sourire vermeil!

Entre nos cœurs qu'elle distance!
Tant d'espace entre nos baisers!
O sort amer! ô dure absence!
O grands désirs inapaisés.

D'ici là-bas que de campagnes,
Que de villes et de hameaux,
Que de vallons et de montagnes,
A lasser le pied des chevaux!

Come back, return, my well-beloved!
Like a flower far from the sun,
The flower of my life is closed
Far from your smiling ruby lips!

Between our hearts, what distance!
What space between our kisses!
O bitter fate! o harsh absence!
O great desires unappased!

From here to there, how much land there is!
How very many villages and hamlets,
How very many valleys and mountains,
To tire the hoofs of the horses!

Roger Quilter

How should I your true love know

Text by Shakespere

How should I your true love know
From another one?
By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon.

He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass green turf,
At his heels a stone.

White his shroud as the mountain snow,
Larded with sweet flowers;
Which bewept to the grave did go
With true-love showers
And will he not come again?
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead:
Go to thy deathbed.
He never, never will come again,
He never will come again.

His beard was as white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll;
He is gone,
And we cast away moan:
God ha' mercy on his soul.

PLAYBILL

Enrique Granados

¡Oh, muerte cruel!

Text by Fernando Periquet y Zuaznabar

(1873–1940)

¡Oh, muerte cruel!

¿Por qué tú, a traición,
mi majo arrebataste a mi pasión?
¡No quiero vivir sin él,
porque es morir, porque es morir
así vivir!

No es posible ya
sentir más dolor:
en lágrimas desecha ya mi alma está.
¡O Dios, torna mi amor,
porque es morir, porque es morir
así vivir!

Schumann

Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan

Text by von Chamisso

Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan,
Der aber traf,
Du schläfst, du harter, unbarmherziger Mann,
Den Todesschlaf.

Es blicket die Verlassne vor sich hin,
Die Welt ist leer.
Geliebet hab ich und gelebt,
Ich bin nicht lebend mehr.

Ich zieh mich in mein Innres still zurück,
Der Schleier fällt;
Da hab ich dich und mein verlornes Glück,
Du meine Welt.

Oh, cruel death

Oh, cruel death!
Why have you so traitorously
stolen my beloved?
I cannot bear to live without him,
for life as such is nothing more
than death.

It is not possible
to feel a greater pain:
my soul is drowning in my tears.
Oh, God! Return my beloved to me,
for life as such is nothing more
than death.

Now have you caused me my first pain

Now have you caused me my first pain,
But it has struck me hard.
You, harsh, pitiless man are sleeping
The sleep of death.

The deserted one stares ahead,
The world is void.
Loved have I and lived,
I am living no longer.

Quietly I withdraw into myself,
The veil falls;
There I have you and my lost happiness,
My world.



B. Edolovega

SUSAN GRAHAM—dubbed “America’s favorite Mezzo” by *Gramophone*—rose to the highest echelon of international artists within just a few years of her professional début, mastering an astonishing range of repertoire and genres along the way. Her operatic roles span four centuries, from Monteverdi’s *Poppea* to Sister Helen Prejean in Jake Heggie’s *Dead Man Walking*, which was written especially for her. Ms. Graham won a Grammy Award for her collection of Ives songs, and her recital repertoire is so broad that 14 composers from Purcell to Sondheim are represented on her most recent album, *Virgins, Vixens & Viragos*. Throughout her career, however, this distinctly American artist has been recognized as one of the foremost exponents of French vocal music; a Texas native, she was awarded the French government’s prestigious Chevalier de la Legion d’Honneur, both for her popularity as a performer in France and in honor of her commitment to French music.

The mezzo’s earliest operatic successes were in such “trouser” roles as Cherubino in Mozart’s *Le nozze di Figaro*. Her technical expertise soon brought mastery of Mozart’s more virtuosic roles, like Sesto in *La clemenza di Tito*, Idamante in *Idomeneo*, and Cecilio in *Lucio Silla*, as well as the title roles of Handel’s *Ariodante* and *Xerxes*. She went on to triumph in the iconic Richard Strauss mezzo roles, Octavian in *Der Rosenkavalier* and the Composer in *Ariadne auf Naxos*. These brought Ms. Graham to prominence on all the world’s major opera stages,

including the Metropolitan Opera, Lyric Opera of Chicago, San Francisco Opera, Covent Garden, Paris Opera, La Scala, Bavarian State Opera, Vienna State Opera, and the Salzburg Festival. In addition to creating the role of Sister Helen Prejean in the world première production of *Dead Man Walking* at San Francisco Opera, Ms. Graham sang the leading ladies in the Met’s world premières of John Harbison’s *The Great Gatsby* and Tobias Picker’s *An American Tragedy*, and made her Dallas Opera début as Tina in a new production of *The Aspern Papers* by Dominick Argento. As Houston Grand Opera’s Lynn Wyatt Great Artist, she launched the past season as Prince Orlofsky in the company’s first staging of *Die Fledermaus* in 30 years, before heading an all-star cast as Sycorax in the Met’s Baroque pastiche, *The Enchanted Island*, and making her rapturously received musical theater début in a new production of Rodgers & Hammerstein’s *The King and I* at the Théâtre du Châtelet in Paris.

It was in an early Lyon production of Berlioz’s *Béatrice et Bénédicte* that Ms. Graham scored particular raves from the international press, and a triumph as Massenet’s *Chérubin* at Covent Garden sealed her operatic stardom. Further invitations to collaborate on French music were forthcoming from many of that repertoire’s preeminent conductors, including Sir Colin Davis, Charles Dutoit, James Levine, and Seiji Ozawa. New productions of Gluck’s *Iphigénie en Tauride*, Berlioz’s *La damnation de Faust*, and Massenet’s *Werther* were mounted for the mezzo in New York, London, Paris, Chicago, San Francisco, and elsewhere. She recently made title role débuts in Offenbach’s comic masterpieces *La belle Hélène* and *The Grand Duchess of Gerolstein* at Santa Fe Opera, and proved herself the standout star of the Met’s star-studded revival of Berlioz’s *Les Troyens*, which was broadcast live to cinema audiences worldwide in the company’s celebrated “Live in HD” series. This season, she returns to the Met in the title role of Susan Stroman’s new production of Lehar’s *The Merry Widow* before closing the

season opposite Bryan Hymel in a new staging of *Les Troyens* at San Francisco Opera. She also looks forward to headlining gala concerts at Los Angeles Opera and Lyric Opera of Chicago, where she joins Jane Lynch, Renée Fleming, Ramsey Lewis, and others to celebrate the latter company's 60th anniversary.

Ms. Graham's affinity for French repertoire has not been limited to the opera stage, and serves as the foundation for her extensive concert and recital career. Such great oratorios and symphonic song cycles as Berlioz's *La mort de Cléopâtre* and *Les nuits d'été*, Ravel's *Shéhérazade*, and Chausson's *Poème de l'amour et de la mer* take her to the world's leading orchestras, with regular appearances at the New York Philharmonic, Boston Symphony, Orchestre de Paris, and London Symphony. Last season, she joined Bernard Haitink and the Boston Symphony for *Shéhérazade* in Boston and at Carnegie Hall, and in 2014–2015 she sings Berlioz with the Royal Flemish Philharmonic for *La mort de Cléopâtre*, and undertakes *Les nuits d'été* with both the London Symphony and John Eliot Gardiner's Orchestre Révolutionnaire et Romantique. Marking her first duo recital tour, the mezzo recently teamed up with soprano Renée Fleming at venues including Disney and Carnegie Hall. This season, she reunites with regular recital partner Malcolm Martineau for a West Coast tour and a season-closing recital in Classical Action's Michael Palm Series.

Ms. Graham's distinguished discography features all the works described above, as well as solo albums including *Un frisson français*, a program of French song recorded with pianist Malcolm Martineau for Onyx; *C'est ça la vie, c'est ça l'amour!*, an album of 20th-century operetta rarities on Erato; and *La belle époque*, an award-winning collection of songs by Reynaldo Hahn with pianist Roger Vignoles, from Sony. Among the mezzo's additional honors are *Musical America's* Vocalist of the Year and an Opera News Award.

© 21C Media Group



Russell Duncan

Malcolm Martineau was born in Edinburgh, read Music at St. Catharine's College, Cambridge, and studied at the Royal College of Music.

Recognized as one of the leading accompanists of his generation, he has worked with many of the world's greatest singers including Sir Thomas Allen, Dame Janet Baker, Olaf Bär, Barbara Bonney, Ian Bostridge, Angela Gheorghiu, Susan Graham, Thomas Hampson, Della Jones, Simon Keenlyside, Angelika Kirchsclager, Magdalena Kožená, Solveig Kringelborn, Jonathan Lemalu, Dame Felicity Lott, Christopher Maltman, Karita Mattila, Lisa Milne, Ann Murray, Anna Netrebko, Anne Sofie von Otter, Joan Rodgers, Amanda Roocroft, Michael Schade, Frederica von Stade, Sarah Walker, and Bryn Terfel.

He has presented his own series at the Wigmore Hall (a Britten and a Poulenc series, *Decade by Decade: 100 Years of German Song* and a *Songlines* broadcast by the BBC) and at the Edinburgh Festival (the complete lieder of Hugo Wolf). He has appeared throughout Europe (including London's Wigmore Hall, Barbican, Queen Elizabeth Hall, and Royal Opera House; La Scala, Milan; the Châtelet, Paris; the Liceu, Barcelona; Berlin's Philharmonie and Konzerthaus; Amsterdam's Concertgebouw; and Vienna's Konzerthaus and Musikverein), North America (including both Alice Tully Hall and Carnegie Hall in New York), Australia (including the Sydney Opera House), and at the Aix-en-Provence, Vienna, Edinburgh, Schubertiade, Munich, and Salzburg festivals.

Recording projects have included Schubert, Schumann, and English song recitals with Bryn Terfel (for Deutsche Grammophon); Schubert and Strauss recitals with Simon Keenlyside (for EMI); recital recordings with Angela Gheorghiu and Barbara Bonney (for Decca), Magdalena Kožená (for DG), Della

ABOUT THE ARTISTS

Jones (for Chandos), Susan Bullock (for Crear Classics), Solveig Kringelborn (for NMA); Amanda Roocroft (for Onyx); the complete Fauré songs with Sarah Walker and Tom Krause; the complete Britten folk songs for Hyperion; the complete Beethoven folk songs for Deutsche Grammophon; the complete Poulenc songs for Signum; and Britten song cycles, as well as Schubert's *Winterreise* with Florian Boesch for Onyx and Strauss lieder with Christiane Karg.

Mr. Martineau engagements this season include appearances with Simon Keenlyside, Bryn Terfel, Elina Garanča, Susan Graham, Christiane Karg, Kate Royal, Florian Boesch, Markus Werba, and Anne Schwanewilms.

He was given an honorary doctorate at the Royal Scottish Academy of Music and Drama in 2004, and appointed International Fellow of Accompaniment in 2009. Mr. Martineau was the Artistic Director of the 2011 Leeds Lieder+ Festival.