

Saturday, March 5, 2016, 8pm  
Zellerbach Hall

The Jan Shrem and Maria Manetti Shrem Celebrity Recital



**Renée Fleming, *soprano***

**Olga Kern, *piano***

*Cal Performances extends its heartfelt thanks to Jan Shrem and Maria Manetti Shrem for their major support of tonight's performance.*

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## PROGRAM

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Robert SCHUMANN (1810–1856)	<i>Frauenliebe und -leben</i> , Op. 42 Seit ich ihn gesehen Er, der Herrlichste von allen Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben Du Ring an meinem Finger Helft mir, ihr Schwestern Süßer Freund, du blickest An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust Nun hast du mir der ersten Schmerz getan
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Sergei RACHMANINOFF (1873–1943)	O dolga budu ja, Op. 4, No. 3 Ne poy, krasavitsa, pri mne, Op. 4, No. 4 Rechnaya lileya, Op. 8, No. 1 Sumerki, Op. 21, No. 3 Vesenniye vodi, Op. 14, No. 11
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## INTERMISSION

Patricia BARBER (b. 1955)	Higher Scream Hunger Morpheus You Gotta Go Home
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Richard RODGERS (1902–1979) and Oscar HAMMERSTEIN II (1895–1960)	Selections from <i>The King and I</i> I Whistle a Happy Tune Something Wonderful Shall We Dance
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*Frauenliebe und -leben*, Op. 42

## Robert Schumann

Though not as renowned for his art songs (*Lieder*, in German) as his predecessor Franz Schubert—who wrote over 600—Robert Schumann made significant contributions to the genre over the course of his 40-year career. Songs were among Schumann's first works: he started writing them at the age of 17, and over half his compositional output was written for voice.

In 1837, Schumann had proposed marriage to the young Clara Wieck, the daughter of a prominent pianist in Leipzig. Schumann had first met Clara when he was a young man and she was a child prodigy concertizing across Germany. What began as a friendship and mutual artistic admiration blossomed into passionate romance, though not all parties approved. Clara's father thought Schumann, nine years Clara's senior and not well established as a composer, would only stand in the way of his plan to make Clara the foremost woman concert pianist of her generation. In an attempt to stop their union, Wieck forbade all communication between Robert and Clara. The couple ultimately petitioned the courts, which granted them permission to marry in 1840, a day shy of Clara's 21st birthday. The year 1840 was a year of great artistic triumph for Schumann as well; in this one year, he composed more than 130 art songs, including this cycle.

In multiple ways, Schumann's work closely reflected the life of its author. Schumann was noted for fixating on specific genres (e.g. works for solo piano, art songs, and orchestral works) for long periods of time before sinking into a state of deep mental fatigue. The composer's journals and letters suggest that his general mood also vacillated wildly between bursts of manic energy and extreme lethargy. The cycle *Frauenliebe und -leben* ("A Woman's Love and Life"), perhaps Schumann's most famous and most personal work for voice, came on the heels of his marriage to Clara. The deep adoration reflected in Adelbert von Chamisso's poetry and Schumann's music mirrors the couple's devotion to one another as newlyweds.

The first song in the cycle, "Seit ich ihn gesehen" ("Since I Saw Him"), opens hesitantly, the truncated phrases in the piano suggesting the nervousness and blind stumbling of the narrator. Blind to all else besides her beloved, she has lost all joy in things she once treasured, preferring instead to weep. "Er, der Herrlichste von allen" ("He, the Most Magnificent of All") celebrates the beauty of her beloved in both the music and text, the woman's "bright and glorious star in the deep blue heavens." Yet in her devotion she languishes, believing herself far beneath his love.

The third song, "Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben" ("I Can't Grasp or Believe It") marks a turning point in the cycle, as we learn that the woman's love is reciprocated. Schumann's setting reflects a literal sense of disbelief, as the piano punctuates the fragmented recitative-like opening with crescendoing *staccato* chords. As Schumann has written it, even the woman's "eternally delighted tears" are tinged with doubt. In the hymn-like melody of "Du Ring an meinem Finger" ("Thou Ring on My Finger"), the woman's disbelief gives way to joy as she presses her engagement ring to her lips; at last, physical proof of her betrothed's love for her! She returns to the ring in every other stanza, as if only its presence can reassure her that her dream has come true.

In "Helft mir, ihr Schwestern" ("Help Me, Ye Sisters"), both singer and pianist move nearly unceasingly, depicting the excited bustling of the bride and her sisters on her wedding day. Upward leaps in the vocal line express the bride's irrepressible giddiness, as does her trill on the words "thy shine."

One of the most passionate songs in the set, "Süßer Freund, du blickest" ("Sweet Friend, Thou Gazest") contrasts slow, tender intimacy with anxious talk of tears over a pulsing ostinato. Now married, the wife reveals to her husband her pregnancy, as blissful pillow talk gives way to dreaming. "An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust" (At My Heart, at My Breast) finds the new mother lovingly holding her baby in her arms, the piano painting a vivid picture of a mother rocking her child to sleep.



The final song of the cycle, “Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan” (“Now Thou Hast Given Me, For the First Time, Pain”) brings about sudden tragedy as we hear the narrator in low, fragmented phrases, mourn for her dead husband. Harsh and dissonant, the piano writing in this song contrasts as sharply with the rest of the cycle as the life of the child contrasts with the husband’s deathly sleep. This dissonance remains through the end of the text, until Schumann repeats the opening bars of the first song. In this moment of agonizing loss, Schumann evokes the woman’s first look at her beloved, even as his body is lowered into the

grave. Writing in her marriage diary, a newly married Clara Schumann confessed, “The thought that one day I might lose him causes my mind to be completely confused—may heaven protect me from such misfortune, I couldn’t take it.” Tragically, Clara would lose Robert to disease and mental illness after only 16 years of marriage; she never remarried.

### Selected Songs

#### Sergei Rachmaninoff

For most of the 20th century, German composers and poetry dominated the art song genre, though other nations, including Russia, had their own traditions of song. Russian classical art song (called *romans*, after the French *romance*) sprang largely from music of the Eastern Orthodox Church and diverse folk music traditions. While Russian composers such as Glinka and Dargomyzhsky wrote many great songs in the first half of the 19th century, and the Mighty Handful—a group of five nationalistic composers including Rimsky-Korsakov and Mussorgsky—wrote more than 500 songs between them, modern audiences gravitate toward the songs of those great melodists Tchaikovsky and Rachmaninoff.

Sergei Rachmaninoff, a fiercely talented pianist and conservatory-trained composer, penned more than 80 songs of varying depth and complexity. His education and skills as a performer led to small-scale compositions that were markedly rich in harmony and texture. He composed his first songs at the age of 17 (like Schumann), and would return to song for the next 25 years.

“O dolga budu ja” (“In the Silence of the Mysterious Night”), one of Rachmaninoff’s first songs, captures the nervousness, excitement, and intoxication of new love from the vantage point of youth. Both buoyant and introspective, the song grows to a climax as chromatic, agitated chords clang around a bold and soaring vocal line. “Ne poy, krasavitsa, pri mne” (“Do Not Sing, My Beauty”), also from Op. 4, concerns love and memory as well, though unlike “O dolga budu ja,” this song is etched in wistful

melancholy. A piano introduction evokes the singing of the titular maiden, which comes to an end as the narrator pleads, “Do not sing my beauty to me.” Her “sad songs of Georgia” remind the singer of a time, place, and girl from “another life and distant shores,” memories too painful to remember or forget.

Rachmaninoff set “Rechnaya lileya” (“The Water Lily”), a Russian translation of famed German poet Heinrich Heine, in late 1893, after returning to Moscow after a productive summer in the country. Like the water lily, the music itself is dainty and whimsical, highlighting Rachmaninoff’s gift for writing simple compositions despite his often lush use of the piano.

While all artists need income to survive and hope to be paid for their work, Rachmaninoff very pointedly wrote his Op. 21 with a payday in mind. In a letter to a close friend dated April 1, 1902, the composer revealed a sudden and shocking engagement to his cousin, Natalya Satina: “... At the end of this month I am being incautious enough to get married. ... For God’s sake don’t come, I implore you. The fewer people there the better. ... I shall ... perhaps go to the country to write at least 12 songs before the wedding, so that there is something with which to pay the priests and to go abroad.” To circumvent the strict canon law of the Russian Orthodox Church (among other things, first cousins were not permitted to marry), Sergei and Natalya were wed in an army barracks where the clergy were decidedly more lax. The 12 songs mentioned in the above letter would become his Op. 21, which he completed in a hotel near Lucerne while on his honeymoon.

The final song on this set, “Vesenniye vodi” (“Spring Waters”), heralds the end of winter and the welcome arrival of spring. Fast swirls of notes depict the flowing streams, much like Schubert’s whirling figures in *Die Forelle*. The ebullient piano accompaniment reaches orchestral proportions as the waters cry, “Spring is coming! Spring is coming!”



## Selected Songs

### Patricia Barber

Jazz has always formed a core part of multi-talented musician Patricia Barber’s roots. Born into a musical family, the composer grew up listening to her mother, a blues singer, and her father, jazz saxophonist Floyd “Shim” Barber, perform in and around Chicago, a city with deep connections to jazz and the blues. At the turn of the 20th century, thousands of African Americans fled the South in search of a better life; more than 75,000 settled in Chicago before the end of the 1920s. Despite these strong ties to jazz, Barber was reluctant to make it her ca-

reer, once saying, "...becoming a jazz woman was a stupid thing for a smart woman to do." With a career spanning decades, over a dozen albums, and the first Guggenheim Fellowship awarded for non-classical music composition, Patricia Barber continues to craft poignant original works and push the boundaries of genre.

Renée Fleming met Patricia Barber at one of the latter's concerts at Chicago's Green Mill Jazz Club, Barber's artistic home for over 20 years. Their mutual admiration led the two to collaborate on a multi-city project, *Higher*, in 2015. Performing in Chicago, Washington, DC, and New York City, Fleming and Barber blended jazz and classical sensibilities in a performance of Barber's music described as a "profound synthesis" of the two musical languages. On tonight's program, Fleming performs songs from albums recorded over the course of more than a decade, songs whose topics range from anger and disaffection to the serenity of letting a loved one go.

Of Barber's music, Fleming says, "When I was introduced to her work years ago, I was immediately struck by her uniquely sophisticated lyrics and her musical vocabulary, which, though idiomatically jazz, evoke art songs for me, and the intimacy she conveys in performance." Barber responded, "When Renée sings my music, I am thrilled to discover that a musical ideal can be realized. She inspires me to reach higher.... What she brings to the music is her own beautiful, sterling voice and her own artistic way of doing it.... Hearing that instrument of hers in my song was...the realization of an ideal."

### Selections from *The King and I*

#### Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II

Tonight's program concludes with a selection of songs from the musical *The King and I*, the great Rodgers and Hammerstein's fifth Broadway collaboration. Still basking in the success of their Tony Award and Pulitzer Prize-winning musical *South Pacific*, the duo was initially reluctant to take on the subject matter of *The King and I*, which also deals with important themes of intercultural conflict. Conceived as a star vehicle for Broadway veteran Gertrude Lawrence, Hammerstein adapted the musical from the 1944 novel *Anna and the King of Siam*. Based on the memoirs of Anna Leonowens, a British widow who spent five years in Siam (now Thailand) teaching the royal family the English language and British customs, the novel was quite successful in its own right. Today, most of us know the 1956 film version of *The King and I*, starring Deborah Kerr as Anna (and surreptitiously dubbed by famous playback singer Marni Nixon) and Yul Brynner as the King, a role he played on stage over 4,600 times, and for which he would win an Academy Award.

As Anna and her young son, Louis, arrive in Bangkok, she reminds him to be brave with the song "I Whistle a Happy Tune." Of the three songs in this set, "Something Wonderful" is the only song not performed by Anna. After Anna and the King argue over her lessons, the King's head wife, Lady Thiang, convinces Anna to continue to support him. Many will remember Yul Brynner and Deborah Kerr joyfully dancing through a vast ballroom to the tune of "Shall We Dance?" as friendship and mutual respect blossom into something more, something wonderful.

—Andrew McIntyre © 2016

Robert Schumann

*Frauenliebe und -leben, Op. 42*

*Text by Adelbert von Chamisso (1781-1838)*

Seit ich ihn gesehen

Seit ich ihn gesehen,

Glaub' ich blind zu sein;

Wo ich hin nur blicke,

Seh' 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.

Since I Saw Him

Ever since first seeing him,

I think I must have gone blind;

Wherever I happen to look

I can only see him alone;

As if I'm daydreaming,

His image hovers in front of me,

Rising up even from the deepest darkness,

Brighter and brighter still.

Everything else around me

Is missing light and color,

I no longer have any desire

To play games with my sisters,

I would rather be weeping

All alone in my little room;

Ever since first seeing him,

I think I must have gone blind.

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*please turn page quietly*

Er, der Herrlichste von allen  
 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 tausendmal.

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

Er, der Herrlichste von allen,  
 Wie so milde, wie so gut!  
 Holde Lippen, klares Auge,  
 Heller Sinn und fester Mut.

He, the Most Magnificent of All  
 He, the most magnificent of all,  
 How gentle and good he is!  
 Enchanting lips, luminous eyes,  
 An open mind, and strong courage!

Just like that bright and glorious star  
 In the deep blue heavens,  
 He is bright and glorious in my heaven,  
 Illustrious, and so far above me.

Follow, follow your own path,  
 Just to gaze upon your radiance,  
 Just to humbly gaze upon it,  
 Is to be both blissful and melancholy.

Don't bother to hear my quiet prayer,  
 Dedicated solely to your happiness;  
 You don't need to know this irrelevant girl,  
 You sublime and glorious star!

Only the worthiest one of them all  
 Should be made happy by your choice,  
 And I will bless that elevated one  
 A thousand times over.

Then I shall rejoice and weep,  
 Blissful, I will be blissful then,  
 And if then my heart breaks:  
 Break, heart! Why does it matter?

He, the most magnificent of them all,  
 How gentle and good he is!  
 Enchanting lips, luminous eyes,  
 An open mind, and strong courage!

**Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben**

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 seligsten Tod mich schlürfen  
In Tränen unendlicher Lust.

**Du Ring an meinem Finger**

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

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

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

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

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

**I Can't Grasp or Believe It**

I can't grasp or believe it,  
I must've been dreaming;  
Why would he, of all people,  
Choose to honor and bless me?

I think he may have said:  
"I am eternally yours."  
I think—no, I'm still dreaming!  
This could never be true!

Oh let me die in this dream,  
Nestled against his breast,  
Let me drink a blissful death  
Of eternally delighted tears.

**Thou Ring on My Finger**

Thou ring on my finger,  
My little golden ring,  
I press thee piously upon my lips  
Piously upon my heart.

I had dreamt it,  
The tranquil, lovely dream of childhood,  
I found myself alone and lost  
In barren, infinite space.

Thou ring on my finger,  
Thou hast taught me for the first time,  
Hast opened my gaze unto  
The endless, deep value of life.

I want to serve him, live for him,  
Belong to him entire,  
Give myself and find myself  
Transfigured in his radiance.

Thou ring on my finger,  
My little golden ring,  
I press thee piously upon lips,  
Piously upon my heart.

*please turn page quietly*

**Helft mir, ihr Schwestern**

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,  
Giebst du mir, Sonne deinen Schein?  
Laß mich in Andacht,  
Laß mich in Demut,  
Laß mich verneigen dem Herren mein.

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

**Help Me, Ye Sisters**

Help me, ye sisters,  
Friendly, adorn me,  
Serve me, today's fortunate one,  
Busily wind  
About my brow  
The adornment of blooming myrtle.

Otherwise, gratified,  
Of joyful heart,  
I would have lain in the arms of the beloved,  
So he called ever out,  
Yearning in his heart,  
Impatient for the present day.

Help me, ye sisters,  
Help me to banish  
A foolish anxiety,  
So that I may with clear  
Eyes receive him,  
Him, the source of joyfulness.

Dost, my beloved,  
Thou appear to me,  
Givest thou, sun, thy shine to me?  
Let me with devotion,  
Let me in meekness,  
Let me curtsy before my lord.

Strew him, sisters,  
Strew him with flowers,  
Bring him budding roses,  
But ye, sisters,  
I greet with melancholy,  
Joyfully departing from your midst.

Süßer Freund, du blickest  
 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 den 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 in's 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.

Sweet Friend, Thou Gazest  
 Sweet friend, thou gazest  
 Upon me in wonderment,  
 Thou canst not grasp it,  
 Why I can weep;  
 Let the moist pearls'  
 Unaccustomed adornment  
 Tremble, joyful-bright,  
 In my eyes.

How anxious my bosom,  
 How rapturous!  
 If I only knew, with words,  
 How I should say it;  
 Come and bury thy visage  
 Here in my breast,  
 I want to whisper in thy ear  
 All my happiness.

Knowest thou the tears,  
 That I can weep?  
 Shouldst thou not see them,  
 Thou beloved man?  
 Stay by my heart,  
 Feel its beat,  
 That I may, fast and faster,  
 Hold thee.

Here, at my bed,  
 The cradle shall have room,  
 Where it silently conceals  
 My lovely dream;  
 The morning will come  
 Where the dream awakes,  
 And from there thy image  
 Shall smile at me.

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*please turn page quietly*

**An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust**

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 giebt;

Nur eine Mutter weiß allein  
Was lieben heißt und glücklich sein.

O, wie bedaur' ich doch den Mann,  
Der Mutterglück nicht fühlen kann!

Du lieber, lieber Engel, du,  
Du schauest mich an und lächelst dazu!

An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust,  
Du meine Wonne, du meine Lust!

**Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan**

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!

**At My Heart, at My Breast**

At my heart, at my breast,  
Thou my rapture, my happiness!

The joy is the love, the love is the joy,  
I have said it, and won't take it back.

I've thought myself rapturous,  
But now I'm happy beyond that.

Only she that suckles, only she that loves  
The child, to whom she gives nourishment;

Only a mother knows alone  
What it is to love and be happy.

O how I pity then the man  
Who cannot feel a mother's joy!

Thou lookst at me and smiles,  
Thou dear, dear angel thou!

At my heart, at my breast,  
Thou my rapture, my happiness!

**Now Thou Hast Given Me, For the First Time, Pain**

Now thou hast given me, for the first time, pain,  
How it struck me.  
Thou sleepest, thou hard, merciless man,  
The sleep of death.

The abandoned one gazes straight ahead,  
The world is void.  
I have loved and lived, I am  
No longer living.

I withdraw silently into myself,  
The veil falls,  
There I have thee and my lost happiness,  
O thou my world!

**Sergei Rachmaninoff**

**O, dolgo budu ya**

*Text by Afanasy Afanas'yevich Fet*

O, dolgo budu ja, v molchan'i nochi tajnoj,  
Kovarnyj lepet tvoj, ulybku, vzor sluchajnyj,  
Perstam poslushnuju volos, volos tvojikh gus-  
tuju prjad',  
Iz myslej izgonjat', i snova prizyvaf';  
Dysha poryvisto, odin, nikem ne zrimyj,  
Dosady i styda rumjanami palimyj,  
Iskat' khotja odnoj zagadochnoj cherty  
V slovakh, kotorye proiznosila ty;  
Sheptaf' i popravljaf' bylye vyrazhen'ja  
Rechey moikh s tobój, ispolnennykh  
smushchen'ja,  
I v op'janenii, naperekor umu,  
Zavetnym imenem budif' nochnuju t'mu.

**Ne poy, krasavitsa, pri mne**

Ne poy, krasavitsa, pri mne  
Ty pesen Gruzii pechal'noj;  
Napominajut mne  
Druguju zhizn' i bereg dal'nij.

Uvy, napominajut mne  
Tvoi zhestokije napevy  
I step', i noch', i pri lune  
Cherty dalekoj, bednoj devy!

Ja prizrak milyj, rokovoj,  
Tebja uvidev, zabyvaju;  
No ty pojosh', i predó mnoj  
Jego ja vnov' voobrazhaju.

Ne poj, krasavica, pri mne  
Ty pesen Gruzii pechal'noj;  
Napominajut mne  
Druguju zhizn' i bereg dal'nij.

**Rechnaya lileya**

*Text by Heinrich Heine*

*Trans. Aleksey Nikolayevich Pleshcheyev*

Rechnaya lileya, golovku podnyavshi na nebo  
glyadit;  
A mesyacz vlyublenny'j luchami uny'lo eyo  
serebrit...  
I vot ona snova ponikla sty'dlivo, k lazurny'm  
vodam;  
No mesyacz vse bledny'j i tomny'j kak prizrak,  
siyaet i tam...

**In the Silence of the Mysterious Night**

In the silence of the mysterious night,  
your alluring babble, smiles, and glances,  
your fleeting glances, the locks of your rich  
hair, locks pliant under your fingertips—  
I will long be trying to get rid of the images  
only to call them back again.  
I will be repeating and correcting in a whisper  
the words I've told you, the words full of awk-  
wardness,  
and, drunk with love, contrary to reason,  
I will be awakening the night's darkness with a  
cherished name.

**Do Not Sing, My Beauty**

Do not sing, my beauty, to me  
your sad songs of Georgia;  
they remind me  
of that other life and distant shore.

Alas, they remind me,  
your cruel melodies,  
of the steppe, the night and moonlit  
features of a poor, distant maiden!

That sweet and fateful apparition  
I forget when you appear;  
but you sing, and before me  
I picture that image anew.

Do not sing, my beauty, to me  
your sad songs of Georgia;  
they remind me  
of that other life and distant shore.

**The Water Lily**

The slender water lily  
Gazed dreaming up out of the lake.  
The moon greeted her from above  
With bright love complaints.  
Shyly she lowers her little head  
Down to the waters again—  
There she sees at her feet  
That poor pale fellow.

### Sumerki

Ona zadumalas. Odna, pered oknom sklonyas,  
 ona sidit i v sumrake nochnom  
 mertsayet dolgiy vzor;  
 a v sineve bezbrezhnoy  
 temneyushchikh nebes, ronyaya luch svoy  
 nezhnii,  
 voskhodyat zvezdochki bezshumnoyu tolpoyu;  
 i kazhetsya, chto tam kakoy-to svetliy roy  
 tainstvenno parit i, slovno voskhishchennii,  
 trepeshchet nad yeyo golovkoyu sklonennoy.

### Vesenniye vodi

*Text by F.I. Tyutchev*

Yeshcho v polyakh bileyit sneg,  
 A vodi uzh vesnoy shumyat,

Begut i budyat sonni breg,  
 Begut i bleshchut, i glasyat.  
 Anye glasyat va fsye kanti:

«Vesna idyot, vesna idyot,  
 Mi maladoy vesni gantsi,  
 Ana nas vislala fpyerot.

Vesna idyot, vesna idyot!»  
 I tikhikh, toplikh maiskikh dnyey  
 Rumyani, svyetli kharavot  
 Talpitsya vyesyela za nyey.

### Twilight

Lost in dreams, she sits alone by the window;  
 her head leaning forward,  
 she gazes into  
 the twilight.  
 In the boundless azure of the darkening sky,  
 the silent celestial throng  
 begin to cast down their rays;  
 mysteriously, a shining host seems to gather  
 there,  
 as if enraptured, and hover above her inclined  
 head.

### Spring Waters

The fields are still white with snow,  
 but the streams are already resounding with  
 spring,  
 they are flowing, awakening the sleepy banks,  
 they are running and sparkling,  
 and crying out. They cry out everywhere:

“Spring is coming, spring is coming,  
 We are harbingers sent forth  
 by the young spring!”

“Spring is coming, spring is coming!”  
 And a rosy, light flock  
 of quiet, warm, May days  
 throngs merrily behind it.

**Patricia Barber**

**Higher**

Oh what shall we sing sitting on this fire wire  
With the rest of the flock I'll lift my song  
higher.

Well above the din, north of the grayest day  
angels,  
Birds and I leap up and away.

And you my true love have been stilled by  
pain  
Grounded in silence  
On earth you'll remain.

Until and air blows in like spring  
You'll be young again  
Raise your voice, take wing.

**Scream**

Scream—when Sunday, finally comes  
and god, isn't there  
Scream—the farmers' work is done  
and the rain isn't there  
Scream—investment bankers won  
and the money isn't there  
Scream—the soldier has his gun  
And the war isn't where  
We thought it would be  
Post enlightenment free  
Just as the sun will set  
We will pay our debt  
Scream—if thousands speak as one  
And God will be there. Scream.

**Hunger**

Everything is food, everything is fair game.  
The second it's gone is the second I crave  
more animal, vegetable, mineral feed,  
more fodder, more fuel, more cake and ice  
cream.  
In Scythia, where the pickings are slim,

I'm gorgeous and grateful it's "in" to be thin.  
Wan and pale, I court emaciation  
in high style and endless mastication.  
With cheekbones and ribs that tighten my skin,  
wildly attractive and seductive as sin,  
the closer you come, the more you want me,  
the more you want, the more you want to be free.  
There's no slaking of thirst, no quenching  
of need,  
and there's never, ever enough to eat:

When the Gods get even They think of me  
While you're fast asleep to your bed I creep  
As my breath you breathe as I give you a kiss  
As I take my leave I leave you with this  
As you wake so you dream of fish fowl and beef

And there's never ever enough to eat

Where inherited wealth meets fine French  
cuisine

Where oodles of truffles and tarts and terrines  
Where gavage is an art and foie gras is fatty  
Where quail duck lamb sugar butter and  
spaghetti  
There desire is infectious and fulfillment is lean  
And there's never ever enough to eat

does an ocean deny a river?  
would a fire spurn the wood it craves  
for heat?  
like Narcissus and his lover  
you can never have the other  
you can never turn away  
you can never lick the plate  
clean

When the coffers are empty in lieu of defeat  
I deal my daughter for camembert cheese  
Here the story leaves me to my own device  
As lips teeth tongue savor self sacrifice  
And now the Hunter is prey and the Hungry  
are meat  
And there's never ever enough to eat

---

*please turn page quietly*

**Morpheus**

Downright tired in the winter white  
 Though my best sleep is dressed in black  
 Ample hours to dream, still I lack  
 Repose, and wander through the night

A drink or two, blackjack straight through  
 Till dawn, ever unrequited love  
 Nothing brings peace, Heaven above  
 Send Morpheus to me, for I am due

Will you sing softly, Will you keep  
 Watch as the light begins to wane?  
 Steadfast and sweet, will you remain  
 God of my dreams, and let me sleep?

**You Just Gotta Go Home**

Your vision isn't splendid  
 Your vocabulary's weak  
 Your passport's been extended,  
 But I've got some plans next week,  
 You gotta go home  
 You gotta go home,  
 You've overstayed your welcome  
 And the thrill is really gone  
 You just gotta go.

The English have their pudding  
 The Haitians have their coup  
 The Parisians, they have style  
 So how did they get you  
 You gotta go home  
 You gotta go home,  
 It started out a picnic  
 But now it's gonna rain  
 You just gotta go

Your mouth caught my attention  
 French lips were made to kill  
 Baudelaire in my ear and a  
 City that broke my will  
 You gotta go home  
 You gotta go home,  
 A sexy month or two  
 Now I'm stuck with you  
 You just gotta go

A poet's thing for drama  
 The charm of the insane  
 You've taken all my money  
 Now just get on the plane  
 You gotta go home  
 You gotta go home

You've got a special flair  
 For broken love affairs  
 You just gotta go  
 You just gotta go

It's not that I don't care  
 But it's better over there  
 Just go  
 From the start this wasn't wise  
 No long drawn-out goodbyes  
 Just go  
 From heaven into hell  
 Good riddance and farewell  
 Just go  
 You just gotta go

Richard Rodgers & Oscar Hammerstein II

**I Whistle a Happy Tune**

Whenever I feel afraid  
 I hold my head erect  
 And whistle a happy tune  
 So no one will suspect I'm afraid  
 While shivering in my shoes  
 I strike a careless pose  
 And whistle a happy tune  
 And no one ever knows I'm afraid  
 The result of this deception  
 Is very strange to tell  
 For when I fool the people  
 I fear I fool myself as well  
 I whistle a happy tune  
 And every single time  
 The happiness in the tune  
 Convinces me that I'm not afraid  
 Make believe you're brave  
 And the trick will take you far  
 You may be as brave  
 As you make believe you are  
 You may be as brave  
 As you make believe you are  
 While shivering in my shoes  
 I strike a careless pose  
 And whistle a happy tune  
 And no one ever knows I'm afraid  
 The result of this deception  
 Is very strange to tell  
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 Convinces me that I'm not afraid  
 Make believe you're brave  
 And the trick will take you far  
 You may be as brave  
 As you make believe you are

**Something Wonderful**

This is a man who thinks with his heart,  
 His heart is not always wise.  
 This is a man who stumbles and falls,  
 But this is a man who tries.  
 This is a man you'll forgive and forgive  
 And help and protect, as long as you live.  
 He will not always say what you would have  
     him say  
 But, now and then he'll say something  
     wonderful.  
 The thoughtless things he'll do will hurt and  
     worry you,  
 Then, all at once he'll do something  
     wonderful.  
 He has a thousand dreams that won't  
     come true  
 You know that he believes in them and that's  
     enough for you.  
 You'll always go along, defend him when  
     he's wrong  
 And tell him when he's strong, he is  
     wonderful.  
 He'll always needs your love and so he'll  
     get your love  
 A man who needs your love can be wonderful.

*please turn page quietly*

**Shall We Dance?**

We've just been introduced  
I do not know you well  
But when the music started  
Something drew me to your side

So many men and girls  
Are in each others arms  
It made me think we might be  
Similarly occupied

Shall we dance?  
On a bright cloud of music shall we fly?  
Shall we dance?  
Shall we then say, goodnight and mean  
goodbye

Oh perchance  
When the last little star has left the sky  
Shall we still be together?  
With our arms around each other  
And shall you be my new romance?

On the clear understanding  
That this kind of thing can happen  
Shall we dance?  
Shall we dance?  
Shall we dance?

Shall we dance?  
On a bright cloud of music shall we fly?  
Shall we dance?  
Shall we then say, goodnight and mean  
goodbye?

Oh perchance  
When the last little star has left the sky  
Shall we still be together?  
With our arms around each other  
And shall you be my new romance?

On the clear understanding  
That this kind of thing can happen  
Shall we dance?  
Shall we dance?  
Shall we dance?

**R**enée Fleming is one of the most acclaimed singers of our time. In 2013, President Obama awarded her America's highest honor for an individual artist, the National Medal of Arts. Winner of the 2013 Grammy Award for Best Classical Vocal Recording, she has sung at momentous occasions around the world, from the Nobel Peace Prize ceremony to performances in Beijing during the 2008 Olympic Games. In 2014, she became the first classical singer ever to perform "The Star-Spangled Banner" at the Super Bowl. In 2012, in another historic first, she sang on the balcony of Buckingham Palace in the Diamond Jubilee Concert for HM Queen Elizabeth II. In 2009, Fleming was featured in the televised *We Are One: The Inaugural Celebration at the Lincoln Memorial* concert for President Obama. She has performed for the United States Supreme Court, and in 2014, she celebrated the 25th anniversary of the fall of the Berlin Wall in a televised concert at the Brandenburg Gate. Another distinction was bestowed in 2008 when, breaking a precedent, Fleming became the first woman in the 125-year history of the Metropolitan Opera to solo headline an opening night gala.

On New Year's Eve (2015), Fleming appeared in the title role in a new production of *The Merry Widow* at the Metropolitan Opera. In April, she made her Broadway theater debut in *Living on Love*, for which she was nominated for a Drama League Award. She has appeared in virtually all of the world's greatest opera houses and concert halls, and her recital schedule in recent years has spanned the globe, including appearances in Rio de Janeiro, São Paulo, Buenos Aires, Quito, Bogota, Paris, Geneva, London, Vienna, Hong Kong, Beijing, Guangzhou, and Taipei.

Fleming won her fourth Grammy for her album *Poèmes*. Recipient of 14 Grammy nominations to date, she has recorded everything from complete operas and song recitals, to an album of indie rock covers, *Dark Hope*; the jazz album *Haunted Heart*; and the movie soundtrack of *The Lord of the Rings: The Return of the King*. Known for bringing new audiences to clas-

sical music and opera, Fleming has sung not only with Luciano Pavarotti and Plácido Domingo but also with Elton John, Sting, Lou Reed, Josh Groban, Joan Baez, and even the Muppets.

Her recent opera DVDs include Strauss' *Arabella* and *Ariadne auf Naxos*, and Donizetti's *Lucrezia Borgia*. Other recent DVD releases include Handel's *Rodelinda*, Massenet's *Thaïs*, and Rossini's *Armida*, all three in the Metropolitan Opera's *Live in HD* series, and Verdi's *La Traviata*, filmed at London's Royal Opera House.

With a multimedia profile rare among contemporary opera singers, Fleming has hosted a wide variety of television and radio broadcasts, including the Metropolitan Opera's *Live in HD* series for movie theaters and television, and *Live from Lincoln Center* on PBS. She was the subject of an HBO *Masterclass* documentary, and has been a frequent guest on *Prairie Home Companion* on National Public Radio. In 2013, she joined with the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts to present *American Voices*, a concert and three-day festival celebrating the best American singing in all genres. The festival was the subject of a *Great Performances* documentary on PBS in January.

Renée Fleming's book *The Inner Voice* was published by Viking Penguin in 2004, and released in paperback by Penguin the following year. An intimate account of her career and creative process, the book is now in its 12th US printing; it is also published in France, the United Kingdom, Germany, Japan, and Russia. A Polish edition will be released this autumn. Fleming is a champion of new music and has performed works by a wide range of contemporary composers, including recent compositions by Anders Hillborg, Henri Dutilleux, Brad Mehldau, André Previn, and Wayne Shorter.

In 2010, Fleming was named the first-ever creative consultant to Lyric Opera of Chicago, and she curated the creation of a world-premiere opera based on the best seller *Bel Canto* for Lyric Opera's current season. She is a member of the board of trustees of the Carnegie Hall Corporation, the board of Sing for Hope, and

the artistic advisory board of the Polyphony Foundation. Among her awards include the Fulbright Lifetime Achievement Medal, the Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur, Germany's Cross of the Order of Merit, Honorary Membership in the Royal Academy of Music, Sweden's Polar Music Prize, and honorary doctorates from Duke University, Harvard University, Carnegie Mellon University, the Eastman School of Music, and The Juilliard School. For more information, visit [www.reneefleming.com](http://www.reneefleming.com).

**Olga Kern** (*piano*) is now recognized as one of her generation's great pianists. She jumpstarted her US career with a historic gold medal at the Van Cliburn International Piano Competition in Fort Worth, Texas, as the first woman to do so in more than 30 years. First prize winner of the Rachmaninoff International Piano Competition at age 17, Kern is a laureate of many international competitions. In 2016, she serves as jury chairman of both the Seventh Cliburn International Amateur Piano Competition and the first Olga Kern International Piano Competition, where she also holds the title of artistic director.

Kern opened the Baltimore Symphony's centennial season with Marin Alsop earlier this season. Other season highlights include returns to the Royal Philharmonic with Pinchas Zukerman, Orchestre Philharmonique de Nice with Giancarlo Guerrero, Rochester Philharmonic, and San Antonio Symphony; a month-

long tour of South Africa visiting the Cape and KwaZulu Natal philharmonics; an Israeli tour with the Israel Symphony; solo recitals at Van Wezel Hall and the 92nd Street Y; and a recital with Renée Fleming in Carnegie Hall.

Last season, Kern appeared with the NHK Symphony, Orchestre National de Lyon, and the orchestras of Detroit, Nashville, Madison, New Mexico, and Austin, and gave a recital at Seattle's Meany Hall. She has performed in such famed concert halls as Carnegie Hall, the Great Hall of the Moscow Conservatory, Symphony Hall in Osaka, the Salzburger Festspielhaus, La Scala in Milan, the Tonhalle in Zurich, and the Châtelet in Paris.

Kern's discography includes her Grammy-nominated recording of Rachmaninoff's *Corelli Variations* and other transcriptions (2004), Brahms *Variations* (2007), and Chopin Piano Sonatas No. 2 and 3 (2010). She was featured in the award-winning documentary about the 2001 Cliburn Competition, *Playing on the Edge*.

Renée Fleming appears by arrangement with IMG Artists, 7 West 54th Street, New York, NY 10019. Olga Kern appears by arrangement with Columbia Artists Management, 5 Columbus Circle, New York, NY 10019. Renée Fleming records exclusively for Decca and Mercury Records (UK). Her jewelry is by Ann Ziff for Tamsen Z. Olga Kern's dresses are designed by Alex Teih. Olga Kern is a Steinway Artist.