

Sunday, April 13, 2008, 3pm
Hertz Hall

Kate Royal, *soprano*
Roger Vignoles, *piano*

PROGRAM

- Joaquín Rodrigo (1901–1999) Cuatro Madrigales Amatorios (1947)
 ¿Con qué la lavaré?
 Vos me matéasteis
 ¿De dónde venis, amore?
 De los álamos vengas, madre
- Enrique Granados (1867–1916) Quejas, o la maja y el ruiseñor (1909–1911)
- Claude Debussy (1862–1918) From *Cinq poèmes de Baudelaire* (1887–1889)
 Le balcon
 Le jet d'eau
 La Mort des Amants
- Debussy "Lia's Air" from *L'enfant prodigue*
 (1884; rev. 1906–1908)

INTERMISSION

Cal Performances' 2007–2008 season is sponsored by Wells Fargo Bank.

- Joseph Canteloube (1879–1957) From *Songs of the Auvergne* (1923–1930, 1955)
 Lou Bousso (Series III, No. 3)
 La Delaïssádo (Series II, No. 4)
 Malurous qu'o uno fenno (Series III, No. 5)
 Brezairola (Series III, No. 4)
 Uno jionto postouro (Series V, No. 7)
- Richard Strauss (1864–1949) Mädchenblumen, Op. 22 (1888–1889)
 Kornblumen
 Mohnblumen
 Epheu
 Wasserrose
- Strauss Three Songs (1918)
 Einerlei, Op. 69, No. 3
 Ich wollt ein Sträusslein binden, Op. 68, No. 2
 Als mir dein Lied erklang, Op. 68, No. 4

Joaquín Rodrigo (1901–1999)

Cuatro Madrigales Amatorios

Composed in 1947.

Though Joaquín Rodrigo, born on November 22, 1901, at Sagunto, Valencia, on Spain's eastern coast, lost his sight when he was three from diphtheria, he early showed a pronounced aptitude for music. His parents enrolled him in a school for blind children in the nearby city of Valencia, and at age eight, he began formal lessons in harmony, piano and violin. During the 1920s, Rodrigo established himself as a pianist with performances of challenging recent works by Ravel, Stravinsky and other contemporary composers, and he began composing seriously in 1923 with the *Suite para Piano* and the *Dos Esbozos* ("Two Sketches") for Violin and Piano. His first work for orchestra, *Juglares* (written, like all of his scores, on a Braille music typewriter and then dictated to a copyist), was played in both Valencia and Madrid in 1924; his *Cinco Piezas Infantiles*, also for orchestra, won a National Prize the following year. In 1927, he followed the path of his compatriots Albéniz, Granados, Falla and Turina, and moved to Paris, where he enrolled at the Schola Cantorum as a pupil of Paul Dukas; he later also studied at the Paris Conservatoire and the Sorbonne. The outbreak of civil war in Spain in 1936 prevented Rodrigo from returning home, and he spent the next three years traveling in Germany, Austria and Switzerland, and living in the French capital. He returned to Madrid after the Spanish Civil War ended in 1939, and established his position among the country's leading musicians with the premiere of the *Concierto de Aranjuez* for Guitar and Orchestra the following year. His prominence in Spanish musical life was recognized with many awards, honorary degrees and memberships, and, in 1947, the creation for him of the Manuel de Falla Chair at the University of Madrid. In addition to teaching at the University, Rodrigo also served as Head of Music Broadcasts for Spanish Radio, music critic for several newspapers, and Director of the Artistic Section of the Spanish National Organization for the Blind. He died in Madrid on July 6, 1999.

Rodrigo's 60 songs capture superbly the spirit of his Spanish homeland and the cadence and color of its language. The *Cuatro Madrigales Amatorios* of 1947 are settings of four traditional anonymous love songs from the Spanish Renaissance to which Rodrigo gave accompaniments that are at once modern and evocative of the modal harmonies of the 16th century.

Enrique Granados (1867–1916)

Quejas, o la maja y el ruiseñor

Composed in 1909–1911.

"I have fallen in love with Goya, with his palette," Enrique Granados wrote to the pianist Joaquín Malats in 1896, during the 150th anniversary celebration of the great Spanish painter's birth. "With him, with the Duchess of Alba; his mistresses, his models, his quarrels. That rose-white of the cheeks contrasting with the light and dark velvet trimmings; those supple waists, hands of mother-of-pearl and jasmine resting on black marble—they intrigue me. I would like to combine the sentimental, the amorous, the passionate, the dramatic and the tragic, as Goya did." Several years later, between 1909 and 1911, Granados wrote a set of six piano pieces collectively titled *Goyescas* that were inspired by the paintings and tapestry cartoons of Goya. He premiered *Goyescas* with excellent success in Barcelona on March 9, 1911, and the work created such enthusiasm when he played it at the Salle Pleyel in Paris on April 4, 1914, that he was awarded the *Légion d'honneur*. The artistic wing of the Paris Opéra saw the makings of a stage work in Granados' evocative piano suite, and he was awarded a contract to create an operatic version of his *Goyescas* for the coming season. The poet and Spanish cultural historian Fernando Periquet was engaged as librettist, and Granados settled in Switzerland to work on the score, adapting sections of the piano suite (to which Periquet had to fit words) and writing additional music to flesh out the newly devised story, set in Goya's Madrid at the end of the 18th century. The outbreak of World War I in August stymied the promised production

in Paris, however, and the Metropolitan Opera offered to mount the new piece. *Goyescas*, the first Spanish-language opera given by the Met, was premiered successfully in New York on January 26, 1916, but, in one of music history's saddest ironies, Granados lost his life when his ship home was torpedoed in the middle of the English Channel by a German submarine on March 24.

Quejas, o la maja y el ruiseñor ("Laments, or the Maiden and the Nightingale"), which Granados dedicated to his wife in its original piano version and Periquet fitted with a text, is a maiden's poignant nocturne to which a nightingale sings an ornate, cadenza-like response.

Claude Debussy (1862–1918)

Selections from *Cinq poèmes de Baudelaire*

Composed in 1887–1889.

Early in his career, Debussy—Bohemian, artist, congenital iconoclast—felt a strong affinity with the eccentric, self-destructive and brilliant French poet, art critic and acclaimed translator of Edgar Allan Poe, Charles Baudelaire. "As both poet and critic," wrote the English historian Richard D.E. Burton, "Baudelaire stands in relation to French and European poetry as Gustave Flaubert and Édouard Manet do to fiction and painting, respectively: as a crucial link between Romanticism and modernism and as a supreme example, in both his life and his work, of what it means to be a modern artist." By his late 20s, Debussy had begun to see himself in a similar catalyzing role as a musician—a *musicien français*—and between December 1887 and March 1889, he set five poems from Baudelaire's notoriously sensual (and revolutionary) *Les Fleurs du Mal* ("Flowers of Evil"), six of which had been banned from further distribution as "offensive to religion and public morality" immediately upon the collection's publication in 1857. At the time he was immersing Baudelaire's remarkable verses in his music, Debussy was still much under the influence of Richard Wagner's voluptuous harmonic palette and fervent expression (he visited Bayreuth in 1888 to partake of *Parsifal* and *Die Meistersinger* and following year to see

Tristan und Isolde), but there is already heard in these songs his own unmistakable and distinctly French voice. Debussy shed his Wagnerism with these early *Cinq Poèmes de Baudelaire* and, like Baudelaire, he was thereafter to set his art on a new direction for a new era.

Debussy

Lia's Air from *L'enfant prodigue*

Composed in 1884; revised in 1906–1908.

Premiered on June 27, 1884, in Paris.

It was with his cantata based on the Biblical tale of the *Prodigal Son* that Debussy won the coveted *Prix de Rome* in 1884. The story is taken from a parable told by Jesus to illustrate forgiveness for repentant sinners. The Son brazenly asks his father for his inheritance prematurely and squanders it completely during years of profligate living in "a far country," but is lovingly welcomed home by his parents upon his return. Édouard Guinand's maudlin libretto pared the story down to its denouement—the grief of the mother (Lia), the return of the exhausted son (Azaël), and the joy of mother and father (Simeon) at their child's homecoming. Though there are only occasional hints of Debussy's distinctive musical speech in *L'enfant prodigue*, it displays a considerable artistry for a 22-year-old composer, drawing largely on the Massenet-Lalo idiom that then dominated Parisian musical taste but avoiding the pitfalls of the text's invitation to sentimentality in favor of a more restrained, objective interpretation. Lia expresses her feelings at the moment of her son's return in the Air that opens the cantata.

Joseph Canteloube (1879–1957)

Selections from *Songs of the Auvergne*

Composed in 1923–1930 and 1955.

Joseph Canteloube was born to an old family in the small town of Annonay in the Ardèche, 50 miles south of Lyons—his country heritage was to shape his life's work. He went to Paris as a young man, and studied piano with Amélie Doetzer, who

had been a pupil of Chopin. In 1901, Canteloube entered the Schola Cantorum, which had been founded by the composer and pedagogue Vincent d'Indy just five years before. D'Indy became his mentor as well as his instructor (he published a biography of his teacher in 1949), and d'Indy's musical style and passion for French folksong were the model and inspiration for much of Canteloube's work. Canteloube began composing while still a student, and he went on to create a modest catalog of original works: two operas (the first of which, *Le Mas*, completed in 1913, won the Huegel Prize, but was not premiered until 1929); a symphonic poem; concerted pieces for violin and piano; some vocal music; and two chamber works. It was his research and arrangements of French folksong, however, that won him enduring fame. He spent much of his life traveling throughout France to collect the music of many regions, preserving traditions soon to be gobbled up by mass media, and he lectured, wrote and broadcast extensively about his findings. He arranged many songs for choir or solo voice, most with instrumental accompaniment, making a special point of preserving the dialects of the originals (though he also gave renditions in modern French). From 1939 to 1944, Canteloube edited the *Anthologie des chants populaires français*, a comprehensive collection of regional folksongs. Between 1923 and 1930, he issued superbly atmospheric settings of 19 *Songs of the Auvergne* in four volumes for voice and orchestra; he added a fifth set of seven numbers in 1955. The texts treat the subjects of love and seduction, often in a refreshingly earthy manner, and the melodies range in style from simple ditties to country arias. The settings in which Canteloube enfolded the songs are filled with warmth and wit, always rich and sweet in sonority and harmony, yet never cloying. They are among the most masterful vocal music of the 20th century.

Richard Strauss (1864–1949) *Mädchenblumen*, Op. 22

Composed in 1888–1889.

In 1888, when he composed *Mädchenblumen* (“Maiden’s Flowers”), Richard Strauss was one of the fastest-rising stars in the European musical

firmament, having already held conducting positions at Meiningen and Munich and established a quickly growing reputation as a composer with concertos for horn and violin, two symphonies, a “symphonic fantasy” in four movements (*Aus Italien*), a piano quartet, sonatas for cello, violin and piano, two well-received works for wind ensemble (Serenade, Op. 1, and Suite, Op. 4) and numerous other instrumental pieces and songs. These compositions were all largely conservative in idiom and technique, expressions of the excellent but reactionary training that had been guided by his father, Franz, the best horn player in Europe and a musician who confined young Richard’s musical explorations to the classic literature of Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert and Mendelssohn and stubbornly refused to let him investigate the turbulent Romanticism of Wagner and Liszt. It was only when Strauss met Alexander Ritter, an artistic jack-of-all-trades who made his living as a violinist but also considered himself a poet and composer, at his conducting post at Meiningen in 1885 that he was introduced to the operas of Wagner. Having made the inevitable discovery of *Tristan* and the *Ring*, Strauss became one of the most progressive composers of his day with the series of brilliant, programmatic tone poems that began with *Macbeth* in 1887 and *Don Juan* a year later.

Strauss also broached new territory in his vocal music with the *Mädchenblumen* of 1888–1889, settings of four verses by Felix Ludwig Julius Dahn, one of Germany’s most distinguished historians and a part-time poet of significant talent. Strauss described the *Mädchenblumen* to the publisher Eugen Spitzweg as “very complicated and experimental,” and said that did not expect them to be a success with the public. (He was right. They are still among his least-known songs.) He did, however, find a publisher for the *Mädchenblumen* with the Berlin firm of Adolph Fürstner, who eventually acceded to the headstrong young composer’s demand for an exorbitant fee 800 marks. (Spitzweg had paid only 500 for the 45-minute *Aus Italien* for large orchestra two years before.) Though the 24-year-old Strauss was to move well beyond these “experimental” songs in his later works, they show his early interest in such forward-looking techniques as wide leaps, the patient development of a long melodic line, harmonic adventuresomeness,

and what became a life-long infatuation with the soprano voice.

Strauss **Three Songs**

The great tradition of the 19th-century German *Lied* came to its end with the songs of Richard Strauss. Though he wrote songs throughout his long life—his first piece, penned at age six, was a Christmas carol; his last was the magnificent *Four Last Songs*—he composed most of his *Lieder* before he turned from the orchestral genres to opera at the beginning of the 20th century. Much of his inspiration for song composition during his early years came from his wife, Pauline de Ahna, an excellent singer who had performed at Bayreuth and taken part shortly before they were married in the premiere of Strauss’ first opera, *Guntram*. Like Schubert, Strauss was not especially discriminating in his selection of the texts for his songs (he was, curiously, just the opposite with his opera libret-

tos), choosing his verses from minor contemporary poets as frequently as from the more esteemed classic German writers. His songs correspondingly vary in quality, a situation for which the composer himself offered a surprisingly candid explanation: “Musical ideas have prepared themselves within me—God knows why—and a song appears in the twinkling of an eye when I come across a poem more or less corresponding to the subject of the imaginary song.... If I find no poem matching the subject which exists in my imaginary mind, however, then the creative urge has to be re-channeled to the setting of some other poem which I think lends itself to music. It goes slowly, though. I resort to artifice.” The best of Strauss’s songs are imbued with a soaring lyricism, a textural and harmonic richness, and a sensitivity to the text that place them among the most beautiful and enduring works of their type, the culmination of the most intimate musical genre of the legacy of Schubert, Schumann and Brahms.

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Joaquín Rodrigo *Cuatro Madrigales Amatorios*

¿Con qué la lavaré?

¿Con qué la lavaré
la tez de la mi cara?
¿Con qué la lavaré,
Que vivo mal penada?
Lávanse las casadas
con agua de limones:
lávome yo, cuitada,
con penas y dolores.

Vos me matásteis

Vos me matásteis,
niña en cabello,
vos me habéis muerto.
Riberas de un río
ví moza virgen,
Niña en cabello,
vos me matásteis,
vos me habéis muerto.

¿De dónde venís, amore?

¿De dónde venís, amore?
Bien sé yo de dónde.
¿De dónde venís, amigo?
Fuere yo testigo!

De los álamos vengo, madre

De los álamos vengo, madre,
de ver cómo los menea el aire...
De los álamos de Sevilla,
de ver a mi linda amiga,

Enrique Granados *Quejas, o la maja y el ruiseñor*

¿Por qué entre sombras el ruiseñor
entona su armonioso cantar?
¿Acaso al rey del día
guarda rancor
y de él quiere algún agravio vengar?
Guarda quizás su pecho oculto tal dolor
que en la sombra espera alivio hallar,
triste entonando cantos de amor.
Y tal vez alguna flor,
temblorosa del pudor de amor,
es la esclava enamorada de su cantar.

How shall I wash?

How shall I wash
this face of mine?
How shall I wash it,
for I live in great sorrow?
Married women wash
with lime scent;
I wash my wretched self,
with tears wrung from my sorrow.

You have slain me

You have slain me,
maiden, with your long tresses;
you have left me lifeless.
On the banks by the river
I saw a young virgin,
maiden, with your long tresses,
you have slain me,
you have left me lifeless.

Where have you been, my love?

Where have you been, my love?
I know full well where you've been.
Where have you been, my friend?
I saw everything!

I come from the elms, Mother

I come from the elms, Mother,
from seeing how the wind shakes them...
from the elms of Sevilla,
seeing my pretty sweetheart.

Why does the nightingale intone
its melodious lay in the darkness?
Perhaps it harbors a grudge
against the king of daylight
and wants to avenge some offence of his?
Perhaps it keeps such grief hidden in its breast
that it hopes to find solace in the dark,
sadly singing songs of love.
And perhaps some flower,
trembling with the bashfulness of love,
is the slave enamored of its song.

¿Misterio es el cantar
que entona envuelto en sombra el ruiseñor!
¿Ah! Son los amores como flor a merced de la mar.
¿Amor! ¿Ah! No hay cantar sin amor.
¿Ah! Ruiseñor, es tu cantar un himno de amor.

Claude Debussy *From Cinq poèmes de Baudelaire*

Le balcon

Mère des souvenirs,
maîtresse des maîtresses,
O toi, tous mes plaisirs!
ô toi, tous mes devoirs!
Tu te rappelleras
la beauté des caresses,
La douceur du foyer
et le charme des soirs,
Mère des souvenirs,
maîtresse des maîtresses.

Les soirs illumines
par l'ardeur du charbon,
Et les soirs au balcon,
voilés de vapeur rose.
Que ton sein m'était doux,
que ton coeur m'était bon!
Nous avons dit souvent
d'impérissables choses
Les soirs illumines
par l'ardeur du charbon.

Que les soleils sont beaux
par les chaudes soirées!
Que l'espace est profond!
que le coeur est puissant!
En me penchant vers toi,
reine des adorées,
Je croyais respirer
le parfum de ton sang.
Que les soleils sont beaux
par les chaudes soirées!

La nuit s'épaississait
ainsi qu'une cloison,
Et mes yeux dans le noir
devinaient tes prunelles,
Et je buvais ton souffle.
Ô douceur, ô poison!
Et tes pieds s'endormaient
dans mes mains fraternelles,

Mysterious is the song
that the nightingale intones wrapped in darkness!
Ah! Love is like a flower at the whim of the sea.
Love! Ah! There is no singing without love.
Ah, nightingale, your song is a hymn of love.

The Balcony

Mother of memories,
mistress of mistresses,
you who are all my pleasures
and all my duties,
you will remember
the beauty of our caresses,
the sweetness of the hearth,
the charm of the evenings,
mother of memories,
mistress of mistresses.

On evenings lit
by the glowing coal-fire
and evenings on the balcony,
veiled with pink mist,
how soft your breast was,
how kind to me was your heart!
Often we said
imperishable things
on evenings lit
by the glowing coal-fire.

How beautiful the sun is
on warm evenings!
How deep is space!
How powerful the human heart!
As I leant over you,
oh queen of all adored ones,
I thought I was breathing
the fragrance of your blood.
How beautiful the sun is
on warm evenings!

The night would thicken
like a wall around us,
and in the dark my eyes
would make out yours,
and I would drink your breath,
oh sweetness, oh poison!
And your feet would fall asleep
in my brotherly hands.

La nuit s'épaississait
ainsi qu'une cloison.

Je sais l'art d'évoquer
les minutes heureuses,
Et revis mon passé blotti
dans tes genoux.
Car à quoi bon chercher
tes beautés langoureuses
Ailleurs qu'en ton cher corps
et qu'en ton coeur si doux?
Je sais l'art d'évoquer
les minutes heureuses!

Ces serments, ces parfums,
ces baisers infinis.
Renaîtront-ils d'un gouffre
interdit à nos sondes
Comme montent au ciel
les soleils rajeunis
Après s'être lavés au fond
des mers profondes
O serments! ô parfums!
ô baisers infinis!

Le jet d'eau

Tes beaux yeux sont las, pauvre amante!
Reste longtemps sans les rouvrir,
Dans cette pose nonchalante
où t'a surprise le plaisir.
Dans la cour le jet d'eau qui jase
Et ne se tait ni nuit ni jour,
Entretient doucement l'extase
Où ce soir m'a plongé l'amour.

La gerbe d'eau qui berce
Ses mille fleurs,
Que la lune traverse
De ses pâleurs,
Tombe comme une averse
De larges pleurs.

Ainsi ton âme qu'incendie
L'éclair brulant des voluptés,
S'élançait, rapide et hardie,
Vers les vastes cieus enchantés.
Puis, elle s'épanche, mourante
En un flot de triste langueur,
Qui par une invisible pente
Descend jusqu'au fond de mon coeur.

The night would thicken
like a wall around us.

I know how to evoke
the moments of happiness,
I relive my past,
nestling my head on your lap.
For why would I seek
your languid beauties anywhere
except in your dear body
and your oh-so-gentle heart?
I know how to evoke
the moments of happiness!

Will those sweet words, those perfumes,
those infinite kisses
be reborn from a chasm deeper
than we may fathom
like suns that rise rejuvenated
into the sky
after cleansing themselves
in the oceans' depths?
Oh sweet words, oh perfumes,
oh infinite kisses!

The Fountain

Your pretty eyes are tired, poor darling!
Keeping them closed, stay a long time still
in that nonchalant pose
in which pleasure came upon you.
Out in the courtyard the chattering fountain
never silent night or day
is gently prolonging the ecstasy
into which love has plunged me this evening.

The water-sheaf which waves
to and fro its thousand flowers,
and through which the moon
shines its pallid rays,
falls like a shower
of large teardrops.

Even so your soul, set ablaze
by the burning flash of pleasure,
leaps up, rapid and bold,
towards the vast enchanted skies.
And then it spills, dying,
in a wave of sad languor
down an invisible slope
into the depths of my heart.

O toi, que la nuit rend si belle,
Qu'il m'est doux, penché vers tes seins,
D'écouter la plainte éternelle
Qui sanglote dans les bassins!
Lune, eau sonore, nuit bénie,
Arbres qui frissonnez autour—
Votre pure mélancolie
Est le miroir de mon amour.

La Mort des Amants

Nous aurons des lits pleins d'odeurs légères,
Des divans profonds comme des tombeaux;
Et d'étranges fleurs sur des étagères,
Écloses pour nous sous des cieus plus beaux,

Usant à l'envi leurs chaleurs dernières;
Nos deux coeurs seront deux vastes flambeaux,
Qui réfléchiront leurs doubles lumières
Dans nos deux esprits, ces miroirs jumeaux.

Un soir fait de rose et de bleu mystique
Nous échangerons un éclair unique,
Comme un long sanglot tout chargé d'adieu,

Et plus tard un ange, entrouvrant les portes,
Viendra ranimer, fidèle et joyeux,
Les miroirs ternis et les flammes mortes.

Debussy *Lia's Air*

L'année en vain chasse l'année
A chaque saison ramenée,
Leurs jeux et leurs ébats m'attristent malgré moi:
Ils rouvrent ma blessure et mon chagrin s'accroît...
Je viens chercher la grève solitaire.
Douleur involontaire! Efforts superflus!
Lia pleure toujours l'enfant qu'elle n'a plus!

Azaël! Azaël! Pourquoi m'as-tu quittée?
En mon coeur maternel ton image est restée.
Cependant les soirs étaient doux
Dans la plaine d'ormes plantée,
Quand sous la charge récoltée,
On ramenait les grands boeufs roux.
Lorsque la tâche était finie,
Enfants, vieillards et serveurs,
Ouvriers des champs ou pasteurs
Louaient de Dieu la main bénie!
Ainsi les jours suivaient les jours
Et dans la pieuse famille

Oh beloved, whom night makes so beautiful,
as I lean over your breasts, I find it sweet
to listen to the eternal lament
that sobs in the fountain basins!
Oh moon, sounds of water, blessed night,
oh trees trembling all around—
your pure melancholy
is the mirror of my love.

The Death of the Lovers

We will have beds filled with light perfumes,
divans as deep as tombs,
and displays of exotic flowers
which have bloomed for us under fairer skies.

Vying to use up their final heat
our hearts will be two huge torches
reflecting their double light
in the twin mirrors of our two spirits.

On an evening that is all mystic blue and pink
we will exchange a single lightning-flash
like one long sob, laden with farewells;

And later, an angel, nudging open the doors,
will enter, faithful and joyous, to revive
the tarnished mirrors and dead flames.

The years chase each other away in vain
As each season brings back its frolicking games
Which sadden me in spite of myself:
They open my wound and increase my sorrow...
I come to visit the lonely shore.
Spontaneous grief! Useless endeavor!
Lia forever mourns the child she has no more!

Azaël! Azaël! Why did you leave me? Your image
lives on in my maternal heart.
Yet the evenings were mellow
In the elm-filled meadow,
Bearing the harvest yield,
The great russet oxen were brought home.
When the tasks were done,
Children, ancients and retainers,
The field workers or shepherds
Praised the blessed hand of God!
Thus day followed day,
And in the pious family

Le jeune homme et la jeune fille
Echangeaient leurs chastes amours!
D'autres ne sentent pas le poids de la vieillesse,
Heureux dans leurs enfants,
Ils voient couler les ans
Sans regret comme sans tristesse...
Aux coeurs inconsolés que les temps sont pesants!
Azaël! Azaël! Pourquoi m'as-tu quittée?

Joseph Canteloube
Selections from *Songs of the Auvergne*

Lou Boussu

Dzanètou tsoù 'l poumiéirou
Què sé souloumbravo,
Què sé souloumbravo si,
Què sé souloumbravo la,
Què sé souloumbravo.

Oqui possèt un boussu
Què lo mirolhavo,
Què lo mirolhavo si,
Què lo mirolhavo la,
Què lo mirolhavo.

Ah! Poulido Dzanètou!
Bous sèrès lo mèouno!
Bous sèrès lo mèouno si,
Bous sèrès lo mèouno la,
Bous sèrès lo mèouno!

Per qué ieu lo bouostro sio
Cal coupa lo bosso!
Cal coupa lo bosso si,
Cal coupa lo bosso la,
Cal coupa lo bosso!

Oï! Pècaïré, Dzanètou!
Gordorai mo bosso!
Gordorai mo bosso si,
Gordorai mo bosso la,
Gordorai mo bosso!

La Delaïssádo

Uno pastourèlo èsper' olaï al capt del bouès

Lou galan doguélo, mè nè bèn pas!
"Ay! souï délaïssado!
Què n'aï pas vist lou mio galant;

Youths and maidens
Exchanged their innocent love!
Others do not feel the decline of life,
Happy with their children,
They watch the years go by
Without regret or sorrow...
How heavily time lies on unsoled hearts!
Azael! Azael! Why did you leave me?

The Hunchback

Beneath an apple tree, Jeanette
Is resting in the shade,
Is resting in the shade here,
Is resting in the shade there,
Is resting in the shade.

A hunchback passes by
And takes a look at her,
And takes a look at her here,
And takes a look at her there,
And takes a look at her!

Oh, Jeanette, so sweet and kind,
Will you be my sweetheart?
Will you be my sweetheart here,
Will you be my sweetheart there,
Will you be my sweetheart?

Ha! If you want me as your sweetheart,
First cut off your hump!
Cut your hump off here,
Cut your hump off there,
First cut off your hump!

Ouch! Go to the devil, Jeanette,
I shall keep my hump!
I shall keep my hump here,
I shall keep my hump there,
I shall keep my hump!

The Forsaken Shepherdess

A shepherdess is waiting over there at the top of
the wood
for the one she loves, but he does not come!
"Alas, he has forsaken me!
I look for him in vain!

Crésio què m'aïmábo, è ton l'aïmé ièu!"
Luziguet l'estèlo, acquèlo qué marco la nuèt
e lo pauro pastouretto
Démouret à ploura...

Malurous qu'o uno fenno

Malurous qu'o uno fenno,
Malurous qué n'o cat!
Qué n'o cat n'en bou uno,
Qué n'o uno n'en bou pas!
Tradèra, ladèri dèrèro, etc.

Urouzo lo fenno
Qu'o l'omé qué li cau!
Urouz' inquèro maito
O quèlo qué n'o cat!
Tradèra, ladèri dèrèro, etc.

Brezaïrola

Soun, soun, bèni, bèni, bèni;
soun, soun, bèni, bèni, doun.
Soun, soun, bèni, bèni, bèni;
soun, soun, bèni, d'en docon!
Lou soun, soun, bouol pas bèni, pècaïré!
Lou soun, soun, bouol pas bèni,
Lou nèni s'en bouol pas durmi! Oh!

Soun, soun, bèni, bèni, bèni;
soun, soun, bèni, bèni, doun!
Lou soun, soun bouol pas bèni,
L'èfontou bouol pas durmi!
Soun, soun, bèni, bèni, bèni;
Soun, soun, bèni, o l'èfon! Oh!

Soun, soun, bèni, etc.
Atso lo qu'ès por oqui, pècaïré!
Atso lo qu'ès por oqui,
Lou nèni s'en boulio durmi...Ah!

Uno jionto postouro

Uno jionto postouro,
Un d'oquècè motis,
Ossitado su l'erbèto,
Plouro soun bel omi!

"Garo, sério bè ouro
Qué fougesso tournat!

I thought he loved me, and I love him so!"
The star comes out, the star announcing the night,
and the poor little shepherdess
stays alone and weeps...

Wretched the man who has a wife

Wretched the man who has a wife,
Wretched the man without one!
He who hasn't got one wants one,
He who has one doesn't!
Tradera, laderi derero, etc.

Happy is the woman
Who has the man she needs!
But happier still is she
Who's managed to stay free!
Tradera, laderi derero, etc.

Lullaby

Come, come sleep descend upon these eyes,
come, sleep, oh come!
Come, come sleep descend upon these eyes,
Come from wherever you will!
Sleep will not come: the laggard!
Sleep will not come,
the baby will not sleep! Oh!

Sleep, come, hurry up!
Sleep, oh do come here!
It doesn't want to come,
the baby will not sleep!
Sleep, come, hurry up!
Sleep, come to the baby! Oh!

Come, come sleep, etc.
It is coming at last, the laggard!
It is coming, here it is!
And the baby is going to sleep...Ah!

A pretty shepherdess

A pretty shepherdess
one morning
was sitting on the grass
crying for her sweetheart.

"He should have returned
before now!

Cáuco postouro mayto
Soun cur auro dounat!

“Ah! pauro postourèlo!
Délayssado soui yèn
Coumo lo tourtourèlo
Qu’o perdu soun poriou!”

Richard Strauss *Mädchenblumen*

Kornblumen

Kornblumen nenn ich die Gestalten,
die milden mit den blauen Augen,
die, anspruchslos in stillem Walten,
den Tau des Friedens, den sie saugen
aus ihren eigenen klaren Seelen,
mitteilen allem, dem sie nahen,
bewusstlos der Gefühlsjuwelen,
die sie von Himmelshand empfahn.

Dir wir so wohl in ihrer Nähe,
als gingst du durch ein Saatgefilde,
durch das der Hauch des Abends wehe,
voll frommen Friedens und voll Milde.

Mohnblumen

Mohnblumen sind die runden,
rotblutigen gesunden,
die sommersprossgebräunten,
die immer froh gelaunten,
kreuzbraven, kreuzfidelen,
tanznimmermüden Seelen;
die unter’m Lachen weinen
und nur geboren scheinen,
die Kornblumen zu necken,
und dennoch oft verstecken
die weichsten, besten Herzen,
im Schlinggewächs von Scherzen;
die man, weiss Gott, mit Küssen
ersticken würde müssen,
wär’ man nicht immer bange,
umarmest du die Range,
sie springt ein voller Brander
aufflammend auseinander.

He must have fallen in love
with another shepherdess!

“Ah! Poor shepherdess!
I have been abandoned
like a dove
who has lost her mate!”

Cornflowers

Cornflowers I call these figures
that gently, with blue eyes,
preside quietly and modestly,
placidly drinking the dew of peace
from their own pure souls,
communicating with everything that is near,
unconscious of the precious sensitivity
that they have received from the hand of God.

We felt so close to you,
as if you were going through a field of crops
through which the breath of evening blew,
full of pious quietude and full of mildness.

Poppies

They are poppies, those round,
red-blooming, healthy ones
that bloom and bake in the summer
and are always in a cheery mood,
good and happy as a king,
their souls never tired of dancing;
they weep beneath their smiles
and seem born only
to tease the cornflowers;
yet nevertheless,
the softest, best hearts often hide
among the climbing ivy of jests;
God knows one would wish to
suffocate them with kisses
were one not so afraid
that, embracing the boisterous girl,
she would spring into a full blaze
and go up in flames.

Epheu

Aber Epheu nenn’ ich jene Mädchen
mit den sanften Worten,
mit dem Haar, dem schlichten, hellen
um den leis’ gewölbten Brau’n,
mit den braunen seelenvollen Rehenaugen,
die in Tränen steh’n so oft,
in ihren Tränen gerade sind unwiderstehlich;
ohne Kraft und Selbstgefühl,
schmucklos mit verborg’ner Blüte,
doch mit unerschöpflich tiefer
treuer inniger Empfindung
können sie mit eigner Triebkraft
nie sich heben aus den Wurzeln,
sind geboren, sich zu ranken
liebend um ein ander Leben:
an der ersten Lieb’umrankung
hängt ihr ganzes Lebensschicksal,
denn sie zählen zu den seltenen Blumen,
die nur einmal blühen.

Wasserrose

Kennst du die Blume, die märchenhafte,
sagengefeierte Wasserrose?
Sie wiegt auf ätherischem, schlankem Schafte
das durchsicht’ge Haupt, das farbenlose,
sie blüht auf schilfigem Teich im Haine,
gehütet vom Schwan, der umkreiset sie einsam,
sie erschliesst sich nur dem Mondenscheine,
mit dem ihr der silberne Schimmer gemeinsam:
so blüht sie, die zaub’rische Schwester der Sterne,
umschwärmt von der träumerisch dunklen Phaläne,
die am Rande des Teichs sich sehnet von ferne,
und sie nimmer erreicht, wie sehr sie sich sehne.

Wasserrose, so nenn’ ich die schlanke,
nachtlock’ge Maid, alabastern von Wangen,
in dem Auge der ahnende tiefe Gedanke,
als sei sie ein Geist und auf Erden gefangen.
Wenn sie spricht, ist’s wie silbernes Wogenrauschen,
wenn sie schweigt, ist’s die ahnende Stille der
Mondnacht;
sie scheint mit den Sternen Blicke zu tauschen,

deren Sprache die gleiche Natur sie gewohnt macht;

du kannst nie ermüden, in’s Aug’ ihr zu schau’n,
das die seidne, lange Wimper umsäumt hat,
und du glaubst, wie bezaubernd von seligem Grau’n,
was je die Romantik von Elfen geträumt hat.

Ivy

But ivy is what I call that maiden
with soft words,
with the simple, bright hair,
gently waving brown about her,
with brown, soulful doe’s eyes,
who so often stands in tears,
in her tears simply irresistible;
without strength and self-consciousness,
unadorned with secret blossoms,
yet with an inexhaustible, deep
true inner sentience
that under her own power she can
never yank herself up by the roots;
such are born to twine
lovingly about another life:
upon her first love
she rests her entire life’s fate,
for she is counted among those rare flowers,
those that only blossom once.

Water Lily

Do you know the flower, the fantastic
water lily, celebrated in myth?
On a slim, ethereal stem bobs
its translucent, colorless head;
it blooms by reedy pools in groves,
protected by the swan, who circles it in solitary vigil;
it opens only in the moonlight
with which it shares its silver glimmer:
thus does it bloom, the magical sister of the star,
idolized for its dreamy, dark tendrils
which by the edge of the pool can be seen from afar,
never reaching what it yearns for.

Water lily, so do I call the slim
maiden with night-dark locks and alabaster cheeks,
with deep foreboding thoughts showing in her eyes
as if they were ghosts imprisoned on Earth.
When she speaks, it is like the silvery rushing of water;
when she is silent, it is the pregnant silence of the
moonlit night.
She seems to have exchanged radiant expressions with
the stars,
whose language, of the same nature, she has grown
accustomed to.

You can never grow weary of gazing in those eyes,
fringed with silky, long lashes, and you believe, as if
blessedly, terrifyingly bewitched,
whatever the Romantics have dreamed about elves.

Strauss Three Songs

Einerlei

Ihr Mund ist stets derselbe,
Sein Kuss mir immer neu,
Ihr Auge noch dasselbe,
Sein freier Blick mir treu;

O du liebes Einerlei,
Wie wird aus dir so mancherlei!

—*Ludwig Achim von Arnim*

Ich wollt ein Sträusslein binden

Ich wollt ein Sträusslein binden,
Da kam die dunkle Nacht,
Kein Blümlein war zu finden,
Sonst hätt ich dir's gebracht.

Da flossen von den Wangen
Mir Tränen in den Klee,
Ein Blümlein aufgegangen
Ich nun im Garten seh.

Das wollte ich dir brechen
Wohl in dem dunklen Klee,
Doch fing es an zu sprechen:
"Ach, tue mir nicht weh!"

Sei freundlich im Herzen,
Betracht dein eigen Leid,
Und lasse mich in Schmerzen
Nicht sterben vor der Zeit!"

Und hätt's nicht so gesprochen,
Im Garten ganz allein,
So hätt ich dir's gebrochen,
Nun aber darf's nicht sein.

Mein Schatz ist ausgeblieben,
Ich bin so ganz allein.
Im Lieben wohnt Betrübten,
Und kann nicht anders sein.

—*Clemens von Brentano*

Singular one

Her mouth remains the same,
Its kiss is ever new,
Her eyes yet unchanged,
Their boundless gaze true to me.

Oh you dear singular one,
What wondrous variety comes from you!

I would have made a bouquet

I would have made a bouquet
but dark night arrived
and there was no little flower to be found,
or I would have brought it.

Then down my cheeks flowed
tears onto the clover—
I saw that one small flower had sprouted up
now in the garden.

I wanted to pick it for you
deep in the dark clover,
but it began to speak:
"Ah, do not harm me!

"Be kind-hearted,
consider your own grief,
and do not let me
die in agony before my time!"

And if it had not spoken so,
in the garden all alone,
I would have plucked it for you,
but now that cannot be.

My sweetheart has not come,
I am so entirely alone.
In love dwells tribulation,
and it can be no different.

Als mir dein Lied erklang

Dein Lied erklang, ich habe es gehört,
Wie durch die Rosen es zum Monde zog,
Den Schmetterling, der bunt im Frühling flog,
Hast du zur frommen Biene dir bekehrt.
Zur Rose ist mein Drang,
Seit mir dein Lied erklang!

Die Nachtigallen klagen,
Ach, meiner Ruhe süßes Schwanenlied
dem Mond, der lauschend von dem Himmel sieht,
Der Sternen und den Rosen muss ichs klagen,
Wohin sie sich nun schwang,
Der dieses Lied erklang!

Dein Lied erklang, es war kein Ton vergebens,
Der ganze Frühling, der von Liebe haucht,
Hat, als du sangest, nieder sich getaucht,
Im sehnsuchtsvollen Strome meines Lebens,
Im Sonnenuntergang,
Als mir dein Lied erklang!

—*Clemens von Brentano*

When your song rang out

Your song rang out: I heard it
as it soared through the roses to the moon.
The butterfly that flew colorfully in the spring
you have converted into a pious bee.
My urge is toward the rose,
Since your song rang out to me.

The nightingales are singing,
alas, the sweet swan song of my repose
To the moon, who watches and listens from the sky,
to the stars and the roses I must tell my complaint:
whither she has now soared,
the one to whom this song rang out!

Your song rang out; no tone was in vain.
All of springtime, which breathes love,
while you sang dipped itself
into the desire-filled stream of my life,
into the sunset,
as your song rang out to me!



Susanne Ahlberg

Born in London, soprano **Kate Royal** studied at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama and the National Opera Studio. Her many awards include the 2004 Kathleen Ferrier Award, the 2004 John Christie Award and the 2007 Royal Philharmonic Society Young Artist Award.

Her concert performances include Wagner's *Das Rheingold* with Sir Simon Rattle (BBC Proms and Festspielhaus Baden-Baden), Mendelssohn's *Der Onkel aus Boston* with the Bach Akademie Stuttgart under Helmut Rilling (also recorded), and Mozart's *Zaide* under Sir Charles Mackerras at the Edinburgh Festival. She made her U.S. debut with the National Symphony Orchestra (Washington) under Helmuth Rilling (Bach's *St. Matthew Passion*). She appears in recital in London, Edinburgh, Amsterdam, Barcelona, Brussels, Cologne and at the BBC Proms.

She has recorded Mahler's Symphony No. 4 with the Manchester Camerata and Schumann's *Liederkreis* (for Hyperion) with Graham Johnson. In October 2006, Ms. Royal signed an exclusive contract with EMI Classics, and her first solo recording with Edward Gardner and the Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields was issued in summer 2007.

In opera, she has sung Pamina (*Die Zauberflöte*) for the Glyndebourne Festival, Countess (*Le nozze di Figaro*) and Governess (*The Turn of the Screw*) for Glyndebourne on Tour, Helena (*A Midsummer Night's Dream*) for both the Teatro Real, Madrid,

and the Glyndebourne Festival, Poppea for the English National Opera, Miranda (Ades's *The Tempest*) for the Royal Opera, Handel's *L'Allegro* for the Paris Opera, and Countess Almaviva for the Aix-en-Provence Festival.

This season, her concert engagements include the Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment with Simon Rattle, the Berlin Philharmonic with William Christie, and a major recital tour of North America. Her future operatic engagements include both Micaela (*Carmen*) and Donna Elvira (Don Giovanni) for the Glyndebourne Festival and both Pamina and Anne Trulove for the Royal Opera, Covent Garden.



Matthew Ford

Pianist **Roger Vignoles** is one of Britain's most outstanding musicians. Originally inspired by the playing of Gerald Moore, he decided on leaving university to pursue a career as a piano accompanist, completing his essential training with the distinguished Viennese-born teacher, Paul Hamburger.

Since then, reviewers worldwide have consistently recognised his distinctive qualities as a player. Among his first partners was the great Swedish soprano Elisabeth Söderström, whom he regularly accompanied throughout the 1970s and 1980s. During this period, he also developed particularly fruitful collaborations with Dame Kiri Te Kanawa; with Sir Thomas Allen, recording many works including Schumann's *Dichterliebe* and Schubert's *Winterreise*; and with Sarah Walker, in a wide repertoire of song, from German *Lieder* and French *Méodies* to cabaret songs by Gershwin, Britten and others.

Recent seasons have included tours with Measha Brueggergosman, Sylvia McNair, Dame Felicity Lott, Susan Graham, Véronique Gens, Sir Thomas Allen and Joan Rodgers, as well as recitals

with Olaf Bär, Kathleen Battle, Christine Brewer, Brigitte Fassbaender, Bernarda Fink, Christine Schaefer, Thomas Hampson, Lorraine Hunt, Stephan and Christoph Genz, Monica Groop and Sarah Walker, including appearances at the Bath, Cheltenham, Brighton, Aldeburgh, Prague, Schleswig-Holstein, Verbier and Ravinia Festivals. He is also a regular visitor to the Schubertiade in Feldkirch.

He has devised and directed many festivals, highlights of which include, in 1997, a week-long Schubert series entitled *Landscape into Song* at the Queen Elizabeth Hall in London, in which his culminating performance of *Winterreise* with Robert Holl was described by *The Times of London* as "one of the most memorable performances of the year." In 1998, he inaugurated the Nagaoka Winter Festival in Japan, giving recitals and masterclasses based on Schubert's *Winterreise*, and subsequently returned each year as artistic director until 2002. In 2007, he was the Artistic Director of Leeds

Lieder+, a weekend of song with such artists as Mark Padmore, Measha Brueggergosman, Florian Boesch and Elizabeth Watts.

Among his recordings, *La Belle Epoque* with Susan Graham (devoted to the songs of Reynaldo Hahn), *Nuits d'Etoiles* with Véronique Gens (Fauré, Debussy, Poulenc), and a CD of Strauss, Mahler and Marx with Katarina Karneus all have been nominated for Gramophone Awards, while his recording of Beethoven songs with Stephan Genz on Hyperion won the 1999 Award in the Song category. Recent releases include the complete *Wolf Mörike-Lieder* with Stephan Genz; *Canciones Amatorias*, a CD of Spanish songs with Bernarda Fink; and Strauss songs with Christine Brewer on Hyperion.

His future engagements include recitals with Kate Royal, Christine Rice, Elizabeth Watts, Bernarda Fink, John Mark Ainsley, Angela Denoke, Jonathan Lemalu, Robert Holl, Miah Persson, Wolfgang Holzmaier and Mark Padmore.