

Sunday, December 9, 2007, 3pm
Hertz Hall

Mariusz Kwiecien, *baritone* Howard Watkins, *piano*

PROGRAM

- Robert Schumann (1810–1856) *Dichterliebe*, Op. 48 (1840)
1. Im wunderschönen Monat Mai
 2. Aus meinen Tränen sprießen
 3. Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne
 4. Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'
 5. Ich will meine Seele tauchen
 6. Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome
 7. Ich grolle nicht
 8. Und wüßten's die Blumen, die kleinen
 9. Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen
 10. Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen
 11. Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen
 12. Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen
 13. Ich hab' im Traum geweinet
 14. Allnächtlich im Traume
 15. Aus alten Märchen winkt es
 16. Die alten, bösen Lieder

INTERMISSION

This performance is made possible, in part, through the generosity of Nancy and Gordon Douglass.

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

- Pyotr Il'yich Tchaikovsky (1840–1893) *Blagoslavlyayu vas lesa* ("I Bless You, Forests"), Op. 47, No. 5 (1880)
Net, tolko tot kto znal ("No, Only One Who Knows"), Op. 6, No. 6 (1869)
Seranada Don Juana, Op. 38, No. 1 (1878)
- Mieczysław Karłowicz (1876–1909) *Smutną jest dusza moja* ("My Soul Is Heavy with Sorrow"), Op. 1, No. 6 (1895–1896)
Śpi w blaskach nocy ("In Moonlight Lies the Quiet Sea"), Op. 3, No. 5 (1896)
Pamiętam, ciche, jasne, złote dni ("I Remember Those Quiet, Bright, Golden Days"), Op. 1, No. 5 (1895–96)
Mów do mnie jeszcze ("Keep Talking to Me"), Op. 3, No. 1 (1896)
Najpiękniejsze piosnki ("That Girl Taught Me All Those Beautiful Songs"), Op. 4 (1898)
- Maurice Ravel (1875–1937) *Don Quichotte à Dulcinée* (1932–1933)
1. Chanson Romanesque
 2. Chanson épique
 3. Chanson à boire

Robert Schumann (1810–1856) *Dichterliebe* (“Poet’s Love”), Op. 48

Composed in 1840.

In 1841, Schumann composed not one, but two symphonies, the first movement of what became his Piano Concerto, a hybrid orchestral work called *Overture, Scherzo and Finale* (Op. 52), and sketches for a C minor symphony that was never completed. The following year, he turned to chamber music with nearly monomaniacal zeal, producing the three quartets of Op. 41, the Piano Quintet (Op. 44), the Piano Quartet (Op. 47) and the *Phantasiestücke* for Piano, Violin and Cello (Op. 88) within five months. This magnificent burst of creativity was begun, however, in the time surrounding his wedding on September 12, 1840 (Clara’s 21st birthday), with the composition in that single year of some 160 songs, a genre to which he had not contributed since writing 11 *Lieder* in 1827–1828. “Oh Clara, what bliss to write songs,” he told his new wife. “Too long have I refrained from doing so.... I should like to sing myself to death like a nightingale.” Settings of fine poetry by Goethe, Eichendorff, Chamisso, Hans Christian Andersen, Rückert and others poured out of him, many gathered into cycles—*Frauenliebe und -leben*, *Myrthen*, two *Liederkreise*—but no single poet fired Schumann’s creativity more intensely in 1840 than Heinrich Heine, whose verses he wrapped with music at least 35 times, most notably in the first *Liederkreis* (“Ring of Songs,” Op. 24) and the masterful *Dichterliebe* (“Poet’s Love”). “Few women in all history,” observed the composer’s biographer Robert Haven Schauflyer, “have received such gifts from their lovers.”

By 1840, Heinrich Heine, born in 1797 to Jewish parents in Düsseldorf, had been living for a decade in Paris. Though given an advantageous upbringing, he was a poor student, incapable of holding a regular job (he reluctantly converted to Protestantism in 1825 to try for work in the civil service, then closed to Jews, but never got a government position), and outspoken about what he saw as the repressive qualities of German life. He did, however, find success in writing, establishing his reputation with the 1823 *Lyrisches Intermezzo*, which tempered the sentimentality and folkish

simplicity of much German Romantic poetry with a bittersweet irony and a sometimes corrosive wit. He devoted much time in the late 1820s to the four volumes of *Reisebilder* (“Pictures of Travel”), which wove together autobiography, social criticism and fiction. With his republican sympathies stirred by the July Revolution of 1830 in Paris, Heine moved to France the following year, writing political essays (some published in Karl Marx’s newspaper *Vorwärts* [“Forward”]), studies of German culture (in French), and articles about French life and politics, in addition to collections of new, sharper-edged poems. Though he was largely confined to what he called his “mattress-grave” by paralysis, pain and partial blindness apparently caused by venereal disease during the eight years before he died in Paris in February 1856, Heine continued to write, maintaining his standing as one of the day’s most widely read but controversial authors.

Schumann met Heine only once, in Munich in May 1828, when 18-year-old Robert was touring the country before beginning his studies in Leipzig. Schumann expected the poet to be an “ill-tempered, misanthropic man,” but instead found in him “a human Anacreon [a Greek writer of love poems and drinking songs] who shook my hand in a most friendly way.... Only around his mouth is there a bitter, ironic smile; he laughs about the trivialities of life and is scornful about the pettiness of little people.” Schumann’s encounter with Heine remained a vivid impression when he selected 20 poems from the *Lyrisches Intermezzo* for the cycle *Dichterliebe* a dozen years later. (Four songs were eliminated before Peters published the first edition, in Leipzig in 1844.) The songs do not form a narrative, but instead comprise a series of images of nature and countryside in which the dream of love is disillusioned by the loss of love. Schumann’s songs are remarkable not only for the way in which they allow the singer to plumb the moods and nuances of the words, but also for the importance they give to the piano, the composer’s instrument, which distills the essence of each number in its often-lengthy postludes. “The role of the piano is well-defined,” wrote Donald Ivey in his survey of the song literature. “It carries forward the musical movement, it engages in dialogue with the voice, and always it establishes a character of its own with

bases in the poetic expression rather than merely furnishing a harmonic support for the voice.” Such sensitivity to the indissoluble bonding of word and tone places Schumann upon the most rarified plateau of masters of the German *Lied*.

Pyotr Il’yich Tchaikovsky (1840–1893) Three Songs

Scattered among the orchestral works and operas upon which Tchaikovsky’s fame rests are some hundred songs for voice and piano that he composed throughout his career. With only a few exceptions, these pieces are little known outside Russia, partly because of their language but also because Tchaikovsky succumbed to a kind of popular drawing room sentimentality in many of them that does not wear or travel well. It was exactly the qualities that make his symphonies and concertos among the most beloved in the repertory—the grand emotionalism, the sweeping melodic gesture, the broad formal statement—that limited his success in the intimate form of the song. “The essential in vocal music,” he wrote, “is truthful reproduction of emotion and state of mind. Correct textual accentuation is secondary. Absolute accuracy of musical declamation is a negative quality and its importance should not be exaggerated.” Given such indifference to the subtleties of text setting, it is not surprising that Tchaikovsky’s most successful songs, such as those on this program, are the ones in which he uses his distinctive melodic gift to summarize the general emotional state of the poem.

The Russian poet, playwright and diplomat Count Alexei Konstantinovich Tolstoy (1817–1875), a distant relative of the famed novelist, held various honorary posts at court and spent much time in western Europe. In addition to several highly regarded novels and a trilogy of plays on historical subjects—*The Death of Ivan the Terrible*, *Czar Feodor* and *Czar Boris*—he also wrote serious and comic verse and adapted the old story of Don Juan for the stage. Tchaikovsky’s setting of Tolstoy’s *I Bless You, Forests* (Op. 47, No. 5) is a paean to nature whose musical substance is shared equally between voice and piano. *Don Juan’s*

Serenade (Op. 38, No. 1) conveys the flavor of the tale’s Spanish setting.

No, Only One Who Knows was composed in November and December 1869, immediately after the first version of *Romeo and Juliet* was completed, as the last of the Six Romances, Op. 6, Tchaikovsky’s earliest published set of songs. The text is a Russian adaptation by Lev Mey of *Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt*, Mignon’s song from Goethe’s *Wilhelm Meister* about the agony of love in separation, a well-known poem of which Beethoven attempted no fewer than four settings and Schubert, six. *No, Only One Who Knows* was introduced in Moscow on March 26, 1870, by the contralto Elizaveta Lavrovskaya, a faculty colleague of the composer at the Moscow Conservatory, at a chamber concert that Tchaikovsky staged of his works to promote his growing reputation. The piece gained an immediate popularity, and has remained his best-loved song.

Mieczysław Karłowicz (1876–1909) Five Songs

Composed in 1895–1898.

Mieczysław Karłowicz was among the leading figures of *Młoda Polska w muzyce* (“Young Poland in Music”), an informal association of composers led by Karol Szymanowski who re-invigorated Polish musical life at the turn of the 20th century. Karłowicz, born in 1876 on the family estate in northeastern Poland, was the son of the noted linguist, ethnographer and musician Jan Karłowicz, who translated and authored books on music theory, wrote about Polish folk music, played cello and composed songs and piano pieces. Father Karłowicz’s academic studies carried the family to Heidelberg, Prague and Dresden during Mieczysław’s early years before they finally settled in 1887 in Warsaw, where the musically promising youngster studied violin with Stanisław Barcewicz, a virtuoso of international stature (he premiered Tchaikovsky’s *Valse-Scherzo* in Paris in 1878), and composition with Gustaw Roguski, a professor at the Warsaw Conservatory. Karłowicz continued his training under the distinguished composer and pedagogue Heinrich Urban in Berlin from 1895 to 1901, when he published his first works (the 17 songs

comprising Opp. 1, 3 and 4) and wrote a number of orchestral pieces and a Violin Concerto. After returning to Warsaw, he became a member and later director of the Warsaw Music Society, which organized concerts, published music, encouraged musicological research and did much to foster *Młoda Polska w muzyce*. Karłowicz composed steadily during the few remaining years of his career, gaining special recognition for a series of folk-influenced orchestral tone poems in a late-Romantic idiom reminiscent of Richard Strauss that he conducted in Berlin, Vienna and Warsaw; he also compiled a book of the *Previously Unpublished Memorabilia of Chopin*. Following conducting studies in 1906 in Berlin with Arthur Nikisch, music director of the Berlin Philharmonic, Karłowicz, an avid outdoorsman, settled in Zakopane in the Tatra Mountains, along Poland's southern border with Slovakia. He was killed in an avalanche while mountain climbing on February 8, 1909; he was 32.

Karłowicz's songs are all early works, composed between 1895 and 1898, while he was studying in Berlin with Urban. The texts for the songs on this program were taken from the early German Romantic poet Heinrich Heine (1797–1856; *In Moonlight Lies the Quiet Sea*), the Polish playwright and poet Adam Asnyk (1838–1897; *That Girl Taught Me All Those Beautiful Songs*) and the journalist, novelist and poet Kazimierz Przerwa-Tetmajer (1865–1940; *My Soul Is Heavy with Sorrow; I Remember Those Quiet, Bright, Golden Days; Keep Talking to Me*), a member of the Young Poland movement.

Maurice Ravel (1875–1937) *Don Quichotte à Dulcinée*

Composed in 1932–1933.

Ravel spent four months early in 1932 on tour with Marguerite Long putting his new Piano Concerto in G on display throughout much of central Europe to enthusiastic praise. When he returned to the Basque countryside for a rest, he found waiting for him there a commission to write music for a film version of *Don Quixote* starring the legendary Russian *basso* Feodor Chaliapin in the title role. Despite his declining health and his doctor's

warning to save his strength, Ravel was intrigued by the project and he accepted it, agreeing to compose both background music and songs specially prepared for Chaliapin. The film's producer, Georg W. Pabst, had already engaged as screenwriter and lyricist Paul Morand, a world traveler, skilled diplomat and writer well known for his novels depicting many cultures with clarity and realism. With the widely regarded Ravel as another contributor, Pabst not only had a fine artistic team, but also figured to attract backers for the undertaking. Ravel, despite an ambitious beginning during the summer, was unable to complete any of his assignment on time, and Jacques Ibert was entrusted to take over in his place in the production team. (Pabst overcame financial difficulties to complete his film, a valuable document of Chaliapin if not a memorable cinematic endeavor.) Ravel, however, continued the songs as a concert work, and he completed them some time early the following year, though his deteriorating neurological condition made it difficult for him to control his hands, forcing him to seek the help of Lucien Garban and Manuel Rosenthal in preparing the fair copy of the full score. *Don Quichotte à Dulcinée* was Ravel's last work.

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

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Schumann: *Dichterliebe* *Texts by Heinrich Heine*

1.
Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,
Als alle Knospen sprangen
Da ist in meinem Herzen
Die Liebe aufgegangen.

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,
Als alle Vögel sangen,
Da hab' ich ihr gestanden
Mein Sehnen und Verlangen.

2.
Aus meinen Tränen sprießen
Viel blühende Blumen hervor,
Und meine Seufzer werden
Ein Nachtigallenchor.

Und wenn du mich lieb hast, Kindchen,
Schenk' ich dir die Blumen all',
Und vor deinem Fenster soll klingen
Das Lied der Nachtigall.

3.
Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne,
Die lieb' ich einst alle in Liebeswonne.
Ich lieb' sie nicht mehr, ich liebe alleine
Die Kleine, die Feine, die Reine, die Eine;
Sie selber, aller Liebe Wonne,
Ist Rose und Lilie und Taube und Sonne.
Ich liebe alleine
Die Kleine, die Feine, die Reine, die Eine.

4.
Wenn ich in deine Augen seh',
So schwindet all' mein Leid und Weh;
Doch wenn ich küsse deinen Mund,
So werd' ich ganz und gar gesund.

Wenn ich mich lehn' an deine Brust,
Kommt's über mich wie Himmelslust;
Doch wenn du sprichst: ich liebe dich!
So muß ich weinen bitterlich.

5.
Ich will meine Seele tauchen
In den Kelch der Lilie hinein;

Poet's Love

1.
In the wondrous month of May,
when buds were bursting open,
then it was that my heart
filled with love.

In the wondrous month of May,
when the birds were singing,
then it was I confessed to her
my longing and desire.

2.
From my tears burst
many full-blown flowers,
and my sighs become
a nightingale chorus.

And if you love me, child,
I'll give you all the flowers,
and at your window shall sound
the song of the nightingale.

3.
Rose, lily, dove, sun—
all once I blissfully loved.
I love them no more, alone I love
one who is small, fine, pure, rare;
she, most blissful of all loves,
is rose and lily and dove and sun.
Alone I love
one who is small, fine, pure, rare.

4.
When into your eyes I look,
all my sorrow flies;
but when I kiss your lips,
then I am wholly healed.

When I recline upon your breast,
over me steals heavenly bliss;
but when you say: I love you!
then bitter tears must I shed.

5.
My soul will I bathe
in the lily's chalice;

Die Lilie soll klingend hauchen
Ein Lied von der Liebsten mein.
Das Lied soll schauern und beben
Wie der Kuß von ihrem Mund,
Den sie mir einst gegeben
In wunderbar süßer Stund'.

6.

Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome,
Da spiegelt sich in den Well'n
Mit seinem großen Dome,
Das große, heil'ge Köln.

Im Dom da steht ein Bildnis,
Auf goldenem Leder gemalt;
In meines Lebens Wildnis
Hat's freundlich hineingestrahlt.

Es schweben Blumen und Eng'lein
Um unsre liebe Frau;
Die Augen, die Lippen, die Wänglein,
Die gleichen der Liebsten genau.

7.

Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das Herz auch bricht,
Ewig verlor'nes Lieb! Ich grolle nicht.
Wie du auch strahlst in Diamantenpracht,
Es fällt kein Strahl in deines Herzens Nacht.
Das weiß ich längst.

Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das Herz auch bricht.
Ich sah dich ja im Traume,
Und sah die Nacht in deines Herzens Raume,
Und sah die Schlang', die dir am Herzen frißt,
Ich sah, mein Lieb, wie sehr du elend bist.
Ich grolle nicht.

8.

Und wüßten's die Blumen, die kleinen,
Wie tief verwundet mein Herz,
Sie würden mit mir weinen,
Zu heilen meinen Schmerz.

Und wüßten's die Nachtigallen,
Wie ich so traurig und krank,
Sie ließen fröhlich erschallen
Erquickenden Gesang.

Und wüßten sie mein Wehe,
Die goldenen Sternelein,

the lily shall breathe
a song of my beloved.
The song shall tremble and quiver
like the kiss her lips
bestowed on me once,
in a sweet and lovely hour.

6.

In the Rhine, the holy river,
mirrored in the waves,
with its great cathedral
is great and holy Cologne.

The cathedral has a picture,
painted on gilded leather;
into my life's wilderness
friendly rays it has cast.

Flowers and angels float
about Our Lady dear;
eyes, lips, cheeks
are the image of my love's.

7.

I bear no grudge, though my heart breaks,
loved one forever lost! I bear no grudge.
However you may gleam in diamond splendor,
no ray falls into the night of your heart.
I've known that long.

I bear no grudge, though my heart breaks.
For I saw you in my dream,
saw the night within your heart,
and saw the serpent gnawing at your heart,
saw, my love, how pitiful you are.
I bear no grudge.

8.

If the little flowers knew
how deep my heart is hurt,
with me they would weep
to heal my pain.

If the nightingales knew
how sad I am and sick,
joyously they'd let sound
refreshing song.

And if they knew my grief,
the little golden stars,

Sie kämen aus ihrer Höhe,
Und sprächen Trost mir ein.

Sie alle können's nicht wissen,
Nur Eine kennt meinen Schmerz;
Sie hat ja selbst zerrissen,
Zerrissen mir das Herz.

9.

Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen,
Trompeten schmettern darein;
Da tanzt wohl den Hochzeitsreigen
Die Herzallerliebste mein.

Das ist ein Klingen und Dröhnen,
Ein Pauken und ein Schalmei'n;
Dazwischen schluchzen und stöhnen
Die lieblichen Englein.

10.

Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen,
Das einst die Liebste sang,
So will mir die Brust zerspringen
Von wildem Schmerzdrang

Es treibt mich ein dunkles Sehnen
Hinauf zur Waldeshöh',
Dort löst sich auf in Tränen
Mein übergroßes Weh'.

11.

Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen,
Die hat einen andern erwählt;
Der andre liebt eine andre,
Und hat sich mit dieser vermählt.

Das Mädchen nimmt aus Ärger
Den ersten besten Mann,
Der ihr in den Weg gelaufen;
Der Jüngling ist übel dran.

Es ist eine alte Geschichte,
Doch bleibt sie immer neu;
Und wem sie just passiert,
Dem bricht das Herz entzwei.

12.

Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen
Geh' ich im Garten herum.

from the sky they'd come
and console me.

But none of them can know,
one only knows my pain;
for she it was who broke
my heart, broke my heart in two.

9.

What a fluting and fiddling
and a blaring of trumpets!
There, dancing her wedding dance
will be my dearest love.

What a clashing and clanging,
drumming and piping;
and sobbing and groaning
of delightful angels.

10.

When I hear the song
my love once sang,
my heart almost breaks
from the wild rush of pain.

Vague longing drives me
up to the high forest,
where my immense grief
dissolves in tears.

11.

A boy loves a girl,
she chooses another;
the other loves another
and he weds her.

The girl, out of spite,
takes the first man
to come her way;
the boy's badly hurt.

It is an old, old story,
remains though ever new,
and he to whom it happens,
his heart is broken in half.

12.

One bright summer morning
I walk in the garden.

Es flüstern und sprechen die Blumen,
Ich aber wandle stumm.

Es flüstern und sprechen die Blumen,
Und schau'n mitleidig mich an:
Sei unsrer Schwester nicht böse,
Du trauriger blasser Mann.

13.

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet,
Mir träumt', du lägest im Grab.
Ich wachte auf, und die Träne
Floß noch von der Wange herab.

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet,
Mir träumt', du verließest mich.
Ich wachte auf, und ich weinte
Noch lange bitterlich.

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet,
Mir träumt', du wärest mir noch gut.
Ich wachte auf, und noch immer
Strömt' meine Tränenflut.

14.

Allnächtlich im Traume seh' ich dich,
Und sehe dich freundlich grüßen,
Und laut aufweinend stürz ich mich
Zu deinen süßen Füßen.

Du siehest mich an wehmütiglich
Und schüttelst das blonde Köpfchen;
Aus deinen Augen schleichen sich
Die Perletränenröpfchen.

Du sagst mir heimlich ein leises Wort
Und gibst mir den Strauß von Cypressen.
Ich wache auf, und der Strauß ist fort,
Und's Wort hab' ich vergessen.

15.

Aus alten Märchen winkt es
Hervor mit weißer Hand,
Da singt es und da klingt es
Von einem Zauberland;

Wo bunte Blumen blühen
Im gold'nen Abendlicht,
Und lieblich duftend glühen,
Mit bräutlichem Gesicht;

Flowers whisper and speak,
but I walk silently.

Flowers whisper and speak,
and gaze at me in pity:
'Be not angry with our sister,
sad, pale man!'

13.

I wept in my dream,
I dreamt you lay in your grave.
I woke, and tears
still flowed upon my cheek.

I wept in my dream,
I dreamt you were leaving me.
I woke, and wept on
long and bitterly.

I wept in my dream,
I dreamt you loved me still
I woke, and my tears
still did stream.

14.

Nightly in my dreams I see you,
see your friendly greeting,
and weeping loudly, hurl myself
at your sweet feet.

You look at me wistfully,
shaking your little fair head;
from your eyes steal
teardrops of pearl.

A soft word you whisper to me,
and give me a bouquet of cypress.
I wake, the bouquet is gone,
and the word forgotten.

15.

A white hand beckons
from fairy tales of old,
song there is, and sounds
of a magic land,

where colorful flowers bloom
in golden evening light,
and, sweet scented, glow
with bride-like faces.

(Und grüne Bäume singen
Uralte Melodei'n,
Die Lüfte heimlich klingen,
Und Vögel schmettern drein;

Und Nebelbilder steigen
Wohl aus der Erd' hervor,
Und tanzen luft'gen Reigen
Im wunderlichen Chor;

Und blaue Funken brennen
An jedem Blatt und Reis,
Und rote Lichter rennen
Im irren, wirren Kreis;

Und laute Quellen brechen
Aus wildem Marmorstein.
Und seltsam in den Bächen
Strahlt fort der Widerschein.)

Ach, könnt' ich dorthin kommen,
Und dort mein Herz erfreu'n,
Und aller Qual entnommen,
Und frei und selig sein!

Ach! jenes Land der Wonne,
Das seh' ich oft im Traum,
Doch kommt die Morgensonne,
Zerfließt's wie eitel Schaum.

16.

Die alten, bösen Lieder
Die Träume bö's' und arg,
Die laßt uns jetzt begraben,
Holt einen großen Sarg.

Hinein leg' ich gar manches,
Doch sag' ich noch nicht, was;
Der Sarg muß sein noch größer
Wie's Heidelberger Faß.

Und holt eine Totenbahre
Und Bretter fest und dick;
Auch muß sie sein noch länger,
Als wie zu Mainz die Brück'.

Und holt mir auch zwölf Riesen,
Die müssen noch stärker sein
Als wie der starke Christoph
Im Dom zu Köln am Rhein.

Die sollen den Sarg forttragen,
Und senken ins Meer hinab;

(and green trees sing
old, old melodies,
stealthy breezes murmur,
and birds warble;

and misty shapes rear
from the earth,
and dance airy dances
in strange throng;

and blue sparks blaze
on every leaf and twig,
and red fires race
in mad wild circles;

and loud springs burst
from living marble, and
strange in the brooks
the reflection shines.)

Oh, could I but go there,
there gladden my heart,
from all pain removed,
blissful and free.

Oh, that land of joy,
in dreams I see it often,
but, come morning sun,
it's gone like foam.

16.

The bad old songs,
the dreams wicked and bad,
let us now bury them—
fetch a big coffin.

Much will I lay in it,
though what, I won't yet say;
a bigger coffin must it be
than the vat of Heidelberg.

And fetch a bier
and planks firm and thick;
the bier must be longer
than the bridge at Mainz.

And fetch me twelve giants,
who shall be even stronger
than St. Christopher the Strong
in Cologne Cathedral on the Rhine.

They shall bear off the coffin,
and sink it in the sea;

Denn solchem großen Sarge
Gebührt ein großes Grab.

Wißt ihr, warum der Sarg wohl
So groß und schwer mag sein?
Ich senkt auch meine Liebe
Und meinen Schmerz hinein.

Tchaikovsky: Blagoslavlyayu vas, lesa
Text by A. K. Tolstoy

Blagaslavlyayu vas, lesa,
daliny, nivы, gory, vody,
blagaslavlyayu ya svabodu i galubiye nebesa!

I posokh moy blagoslovlyayu,
i etu bednyuyu sumu,
i step' ot krayu i do drayu,

y solntsa svet, i nochi t'mnu,
i odinokuyu tropinku, po koyey, nishchiy, ya idu,
i v pole kazhduyu bylunku,

i v nebe kzhduyu zvezdu!
O, yesli b mog vsyu shizn' smeshat ya,
vsyu dushu vmeste s vami slit'!

O, yesli b mog v moy ob'yat'ya
ya vas, vragi, druz'ya i brat'ya,
i vsyu prirodu, v moy ob'yat'ya zaklyuchit'!

Tchaikovsky: Net, tol'ko tot, kto znal
Text by Lev Mey, after Goethe

Net, tol'ka tot, kto znal svidanya zhazhdu,
paimyot, kak ya stradal i kak ya strazhdu.
Glyazhu ya v dal'...net sil,
tuskneyit oka...
Akh, kto minya lyubil i znal—daloka!

Akh, tol'ka tot, kto znal svidanya zhazdu,
paimyot, kak ya stradal i kak ya strazhdu.
Fsya grud' garit...kto znal svidanya zhazhdu,
paimyot, kak ya stradal, i kak ya strazhdu.

Tchaikovsky: Serenada Don Juana
Text by A. K. Tolstoy

Gasnut dal'ney Al'puhary
zalatistiye kraya,

for such a big coffin
belongs in a big grave.

Do you know why the coffin
should be so heavy and big?
I would put my love in
and my sorrow too.

I Bless You, Forests

I bless you, forests,
valleys, fields, hills, waters,
I bless freedom and the blue skies!

And I bless my staff,
and this poor traveling pouch,
and the steppe from one end to the other,

and sunlight, and the darkness of night,
and the lonely path along which, a poor man, I go,
and every blade of grass in the field,

and every star in the sky!
O, if I could combine all of life
to merge my whole soul with you!

O, if I could in my embraces,
you—enemies, friends and brothers—
and all of nature in my embraces gather!

No, Only One Who Knows (Mignon's Song)

No, only one who knows loneliness
can understand how I suffered and still suffer.
I look into the distance...I have no strength,
my eyes grow dim...
Ah, he who knew and loved me is far away!

Ah, only one who knows loneliness
can understand how I suffered and still suffer.
My heart is burning...one who knows loneliness
can understand how I suffered and still suffer.

Don Juan's Serenade

Darkness is enfolding
distant Alpujara's golden lands,

na prizyvniy zvon gitary
vyidi, milaya maja!

Fseh, kto skazhet shto drugaya
zdes' ravnyayetsa s taboy,
fseh, lyuboviyu zgaraya,
fseh, fseh, fseh zavu na smertniy boy!

At lunnava sveta zardel nebasklon,
O vyidi Nisetta,
O vyidi Nisetta
skarey na balkon.

At Sevilyi da Grenady
F tiham sumrake nachey
Razdayutsa serenady
Razdayotsa svon mechej.

Mnoga rkovi, mnoga pesney,
Dlya pelesnykh lyotsa dam,
Ja zhe toh, kot fseh prelesney,
Fsyo, fsyo, i pesnyi krof' maju atdam!

At lunnava sveta zardel nebasklon,
O vyidi Nisetta,
Skarey na balkon.

Karłowicz: Smutną jest dusza moja
Text by Kazimierz Przerwa-Tetmajer

Smutną jest dusza moja aż do śmierci,
Opuszczam ręce, niech się co chce dzieje.
Już mi cios żaden mózgu nie przewierci,
Bom już zeń wygnął do szczętu nadzieję.

I oto stoję, milczący jak we śnie
Nad urną pragnień mych, rozbitą w ćwierci.
A żem ją strącić musiał w proch tak wcześniej,
Smutną jest dusza moja aż do śmierci.

Karłowicz: Śpi w blaskach nocy
Text by Heinrich Heine

Śpi w blaskach nocy morska toń,
Leciuchno szemrzą fale,
A mnie na sercu ciężko tak,
Wspominam dawne żale.

I owe wieści dawnych lat,
Miał zatopionych jęki,
I ze dna morza słyszę w noc
Modły i dzwonów dźwięki.

come out, my darling,
to the call of my guitar!

All those who claim that another
is your rival here,
inflamed with love, I challenge them all,
all, every one, to fight to the death!

Moonlight has brought a glow to the sky,
oh, come out, Nisetta,
oh, come out, Nisetta,
come quickly onto the balcony.

From Seville to Granada
in the shadowy stillness of the night
come the sound of serenades,
and the ringing of swords.

Much blood and many songs
are dedicated to charming ladies,
and to the one who is more charming than any other,
I will give all, everything, my blood and my song!

Moonlight has brought a glow to the sky,
oh, come out, Nisetta,
come quickly onto the balcony.

My Soul Is Heavy with Sorrow

My soul is heavy with sorrow, like death
There is no hope, what is meant to happen will happen.
No new blow can harm my brain,
Because I rid it of all hope.

And here I stand, silent as in a dream
Looking at the urn of my desires, shattered into pieces.
Because I had to turn it into ashes so soon,
My soul is heavy with sorrow, like death.

In Moonlight Lies the Quiet Sea

In moonlight lies the quiet sea,
The waves are gently swaying.
My heart feels sad, and wearily
Comes back the ancient saying.

The ancient saying of the town
Drowned in the water's fraying.
Dull from the depths, at times, resound
Bell-ringing peals and praying.

Ale nie zbawia miast tych już
Modły i dzwonów bicia,
Bo to, co raz chwyciła śmierć,
Nie wróci się do życia.

Karłowicz: Pamiętam ciche, jasne, złote dni

Text by Kazimierz Przerwa-Tetmajer

Pamiętam ciche, jasne, złote dni,
Co mie się dzisiaj cudnym zdają snem,
Bo był otwarty raj także i mnie,
Bo był otwarty w dzieciństwie mem.
I czasem myślę, żem ja tylko spał,
Że całe życie moje było snem,
Zbudzę się, raj ten odnajdę com miał
Com miał w dzieciństwie mem!

Karłowicz: Mów do mnie jeszcze

Text by Kazimierz Przerwa-Tetmajer

Mów do mnie jeszcze, z oddali, z oddali,
Głos twój mi płynie na powietrznej fali.
Jak kwiatem, każdym słowem twym się pieszczę,
Mów do mnie jeszcze...

Mów do mnie jeszcze, te płynące ku mnie słowa
Są jakby modlitwa przy trumnie.
I w sercu śmierci wywołują dreszcze,
Mów do mnie jeszcze...

Karłowicz: Najpiękniejsze piosnki

Text by Adam Asnyk

Najpiękniejszych moich piosnek nauczyła mnie
dzieweczka,
Mistrzem bowiem były dla mnie harmonijne jej usteczka.
Te usteczka brzmiały zawsze jakąś piosnką świeżą, nową,
Každy uśmiech był melodią, śpiewem było każde słowo.

Wszystko o czym serce śniło, wszystko o czym nawet
nie śni,
Odbijało się w jej oczach i płynęło w słodkiej pieśni.

Więc mnie zawsze przy jej boku, wpatzonego w
jej oblicze,
Kołysały śpiewne mary, czarodziejskich brzmień słodycze.
Czegom uchem nie dosłyszał, czegom wzrokiem
nie doczytał,
Tom z usteczek malowanych sam ustami swymi chwycił.

The prayers and the bells, you know,
Will not restore the city,
The fate that strikes the mortal blow
Knows never any pity.

I Remember Those Quiet, Bright, Golden Days

I remember those quiet, bright, golden days
which seem to me today to be a wonderful dream.
When the Paradise was open for me as well,
when it was open in my childhood.
And sometimes I think I was only sleeping
and that my entire life was a dream.
I will wake up to find the Paradise
I used to have in my childhood.

Keep Talking to Me

Keep talking to me, from the distance, from the
distance. Your voice is flowing with the airy wave.
Your every single word is like a flower subtly touching
my senses. Keep talking to me...

Keep talking to me, those flowing words towards me
are like a prayer by the coffin,
causing the thrills of death in my heart.
Keep talking to me...

That Girl Taught Me All Those Beautiful Songs

That girl taught me all those beautiful songs.
Her perfect lips seemed to be my master.
Those lips were always fresh like a new song.
Every single smile was like a melody, so was every single
word.

Everything what the heart could dream about,
everything what it even couldn't, was in her eyes
and flowed towards me like the sweetest song.

So being by her side and staring at her face,

I was dreaming of the magic sweetness of her sounds.
What my ear couldn't hear, what my eye couldn't read,

I just drank with my mouth from her sensual lips.

Don Quixote to Dulcinea

Ravel: Don Quichotte à Dulcinée

Texts by Paul Morand

I. Chanson romanesque

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

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

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

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

O Dulcinée!

2. Chanson épique

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

D'un rayon du ciel bénissez ma lame
Et son égale en pureté
Et son égale en piété,
Comme en pudeur et chasteté:
Ma Dame.

(O grands Saint Georges et Saint Michel)
L'ange qui veille sur ma veille,
Ma douce Dame si pareille
A vous, Madone au bleu mantel!

Amen.

I. Romanesque Song

If you were to tell me that the earth
in its turning offends you,
I would dispatch Pancho:
you would see it fixed and silent.

If you were to tell me
that the sky, full of stars, bored you,
destroying the divine order,
I would sweep away the night in one stroke.

If you were to tell me that space
thus emptied did not please you,
god-like knight, my lance at ready,
I would fill the wind with stars.

But if you were to tell me that my blood
belongs more to myself than to you, my Lady,
I would pale beneath the reproach
and I would die, blessing you.

O Dulcinea!

2. Epic Song

Good Saint Michael, who gives me leave
to see my Lady and to hear her,
Good Saint Michael, who deigns to elect me
to please and defend her,
Good Saint Michael, I pray you descend
with Saint George upon the altar
of the Madonna of the blue mantle.

With a ray from heaven bless my sword,
and its equal in purity
and its equal in piety,
as in modesty and chastity:
my Lady.

(O great Saint George and Saint Michael)
the angel who watches over my vigil,
my gentle Lady so much resembling
you, Madonna of the Blue Mantle!

Amen.

3. Chanson à boire

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

Je bois à la joie!
La joie est le seul but
Où je vais droit...
lorsque j'ai bu!

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

Je bois à la joie!
La joie est le seul but
Où je vais droit...
lorsque j'ai bu!

3. Drinking Song

A fig for the bastard, illustrious Lady,
who, to shame me in your sweet eyes,
says that love and old wine
will bring misery to my heart, my soul!

I drink to joy!
Joy is the one aim
to which I go straight...
when I am drunk!

A fig for the jealous fool, dark-haired mistress,
who whines, who weeps and vows
ever to be this pallid lover
who waters the wine of his intoxication!

I drink to joy!
Joy is the one aim
to which I go straight...
when I am drunk!



Mihailoj Mikolajczyk

Polish baritone **Mariusz Kwiecien** is recognized worldwide as one of the leading baritones before the public today. Known for his handsome voice, incisive musicianship and captivating stage presence, he performs with the foremost opera companies and symphony orchestras in Europe, North America and Asia.

Mariusz Kwiecien opened the Metropolitan Opera's 2007–2008 season with performances of Enrico in a new production of *Lucia di Lammermoor*. This season, he can be heard across North America in recital, with performances at William Jewell College in Kansas City; Rockefeller University in New York; the Vancouver Recital Society; the Van Cliburn Foundation in Fort Worth, Texas; Cal Performances; and the Vocal Arts Society in Washington, D.C. He sings Brahms' *Ein deutsches Requiem* with the Atlanta Symphony conducted by Robert Spano, which will be recorded for Telarc. He also sings *Ein deutsches Requiem* with the Rotterdam Philharmonic Orchestra under Valery Gergiev in Maestro Gergiev's final performances with the orchestra as music director. Mr. Kwiecien returns to the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden,

for his first performances of Germont in *La traviata*. He also returns to Lyric Opera of Chicago to sing the title role in *Eugene Onegin* and to Seattle Opera for his first performances of Riccardo in *I puritani*. He ends his season at The Santa Fe Opera in the role of Count Almaviva in a new production of *Le nozze di Figaro*.

Mr. Kwiecien appears frequently at the Metropolitan Opera, where in recent seasons he has sung Marcello in *La bohème*, Silvio in *I pagliacci* and Malatesta in a new production of *Don Pasquale*. Under the baton of James Levine, he has sung Almaviva in *Le nozze di Figaro* and Guglielmo in *Così fan tutte*. He has also worked with Maestro Levine both at the Tanglewood Festival, singing the title role in *Don Giovanni* with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and at Carnegie Hall with members of the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra in a performance of Bach's Cantata No. 82, Ravel's *Don Quichotte* songs and Brahms' *Liebeslieder Waltzer*. He is an alumnus of the Metropolitan Opera's Lindemann Young Artist Program.

Mariusz Kwiecien has distinguished himself as Don Giovanni, a role he has sung at the Vienna State Opera, Bilbao Opera, Houston Grand Opera, San Francisco Opera, Santa Fe Opera, Seattle Opera, in a new production at Warsaw Opera and for the Veroza Company in Japan under Seiji Ozawa. He sang Marcello in *La bohème* for his debut with San Francisco Opera, Count Almaviva in *Le nozze di Figaro* at San Diego Opera, and Silvio in Los Angeles Opera's production of *I pagliacci*, a role he also sang in a new production at Lyric Opera of Chicago. In summer 2007, he sang his first performances of Escamillo in *Carmen* with the Veroza Company and Seiji Ozawa.

Mr. Kwiecien's European career has included Belcore in *L'Elisir d'Amore* for his debuts at the Paris Opera and The Netherlands Opera, Guglielmo in *Così fan tutte* at Grand Théâtre de Genève, and his debut at La Scala as Ottokar in *Der Freischütz*. He made his debuts at the Bolshoi Opera and Graz Opera singing the title role in a new production of *Eugene Onegin*, a role he has also sung at the Warsaw Opera. Other engagements include Marcello in *La bohème* with the Hamburg State Opera and at the Arena di Verona, Count Almaviva in *Le nozze di Figaro* at the Glyndebourne Festival and at Teatro

About the Artists

Maggio Musicale Fiorentino, conducted by Zubin Mehta. Audiences in Vienna have heard Mr. Kwiecien as Belcore in *L'Elisir d'Amore* and Count Robinson in Cimarosa's *Il matrimonio segreto*. He has also sung Enrico in *Lucia di Lammermoor* at Teatro Municipal in São Paulo.

Mariusz Kwiecien has won prestigious awards in several international vocal competitions, including First Prize in the 1994 Duszynki Zdroj International Competition (Poland), the Vienna State Opera and Hamburg State Opera prizes in the 1996 Hans Gabor/Belvedere Competition in Austria, and the Mozart Interpretation Prize and Audience Choice Award at the 1998 Francisco Viñas Competition in Barcelona. He was selected to represent his native Poland in the 1999 Singer of the World Competition in Cardiff, Wales.

Mariusz Kwiecien; tenor Charles Castronovo; and Canadian soprano Alexandra Deshorties. Under the aegis of the Marilyn Horne Foundation, Mr. Watkins has performed in recitals and educational residencies in the United States, and he has also appeared in the Horne Foundation gala New York recital at The Juilliard School.

Mr. Watkins has given recitals and concerts at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, Spivey Hall in Atlanta, the Kennedy Center in Washington D.C., the Pierpont Morgan Library and Alice Tully Hall with the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center. In addition, he has performed with the Met Chamber Ensemble in Weill and Zankel halls under the baton of James Levine. He has accompanied the classes of such legendary artists as Marilyn Horne, Renata Scottò, Regina Resnik, Regine Crespin and Birgit Nilsson, among others. A number of his performances have been broadcast on WQXR in New York as part of George Jellinek's *The Vocal Scene* and the *Young Artists Showcase*, and he has recorded for the Centaur and Prestant labels. As an educator, Mr. Watkins serves on the faculty of the Tanglewood Music Center, and he has taught at the Aspen Music Festival, the Banff Centre, Meadowmount School of Music, the International Vocal Arts Institute in Tel Aviv, Israel, and the VOICEexperience in Florida with Sherrill Millnes. He is also a faculty member of the International Institute of Vocal Arts in Chiari, Italy. Mr. Watkins has taught at the North Carolina School of the Arts in the A. J. Fletcher Opera Institute and worked on the music staffs of the Los Angeles Opera, the Washington National Opera, the Lake George Opera Festival and Palm Beach Opera.

A native of Dayton, Ohio, Mr. Watkins received his undergraduate degree from the University of Dayton, and he completed his DMA in 1998 at the University of Michigan. In 2004, Mr. Watkins was honored as the recipient of both the Paul C. Boylan award from the University of Michigan for his outstanding contributions to the field of music and a Special Achievement Award from the National Alumni Association of the University of Dayton. He is currently a resident of New York City.



American pianist **Howard Watkins** is in the vanguard of the current generation of collaborative pianists and is a frequent collaborator with some of the world's leading musicians both on the concert stage and as an assistant conductor at the Metropolitan Opera. Mr. Watkins

has performed in numerous recitals and concerts throughout the United States, South America, Europe, Russia, Israel and the Far East. In recent seasons, he has appeared in recital and on television with Kathleen Battle, Grace Bumbry, Anna Netrebko, Rolando Villazon, Elizabeth Futral, Anthony Dean Griffey and violinist Sarah Chang, as well as rising tenors Lawrence Brownlee and Gregory Turay, winners of the 2006 and 2000 Richard Tucker Foundation Awards; baritone