



Artists

Jan Bickel, Mezzo-Soprano

Dana Brown, Piano

Martha M. Morris, Flute

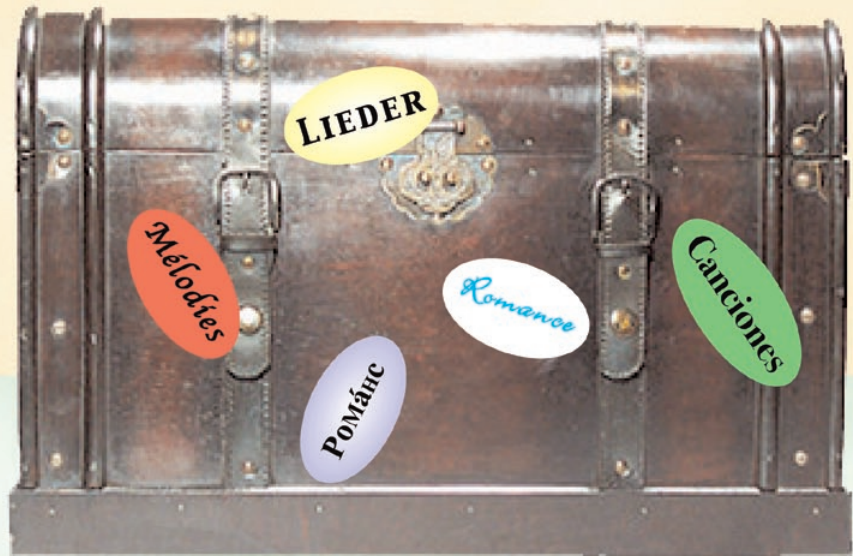
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An Art Song Excursion



Jan Bickel ~ Mezzo-Soprano

Martha M. Morris ~ Flute

Dana Brown ~ Piano

An Art Song Excursion

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Frauenliebe und Leben, Op. 42

- | | |
|---|------|
| 1. Seit ich ihn gesehen | 2:34 |
| 2. Er, der Herrlichste von allen | 3:27 |
| 3. Ich kann's nicht fassen | 1:47 |
| 4. Du Ring an meinem Finger | 3:13 |
| 5. Helft mir, ihr Schwestern | 2:03 |
| 6. Süßer Freund | 4:22 |
| 7. An meinem Herzen | 1:28 |
| 8. Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan | 3:52 |

Camille Saint-Saëns (1835-1921)

9. *Une Flûte Invisible* 3:34

Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

Banalités

- | | |
|------------------------|------|
| 10. Chanson d'Orkenise | 1:23 |
| 11. Hôtel | 1:51 |
| 12. Fagnes de Wallonic | 1:38 |
| 13. Voyage à Paris | 0:59 |
| 14. Sanglots | 4:20 |

Alberto Ginastera (1916-1983)

Cinco canciones populares Argentinas

- | | |
|---------------|------|
| 15. Chacarera | 1:07 |
| 16. Triste | 2:57 |
| 17. Zamba | 1:04 |
| 18. Arrorro | 2:12 |
| 19. Gato | 1:57 |

Sergei Rachmaninoff (1873-1943)

20. *O, do not Grieve*, Op. 14, No. 8 3:08

21. *Lilacs*, Op. 21, No. 5 1:46

22. *In the Silent Night*, Op. 4, No. 3 2:36

23. *Spring Torrents*, Op. 14, No. 11 2:15

Total Performance Time 56:32

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in Piano chamber Music and Accompanying from the University of Michigan, where he studied with renowned accompanist Martin Katz.

Martha M. Morris ~ Flute

Flutist Martha Morris, is Director of Music Education and Instrumental Studies at Saint Xavier University in Chicago, where she has been a member of the Music Department faculty for 27 years. She earned the Master of Music Degree in Flute Performance from the American Conservatory of Music and a Bachelor of Arts in Music Education from Saint Mary-of-the Woods College in Terre Haute, IN. As conductor/director of the university orchestra, she has pursued postgraduate study in orchestral conducting and bowing techniques with violinist, Steven Bjella, and Maestro Peter Lipari, internationally known conductor. Her conducting experience includes having been Assistant Conductor of the Southwest Symphony Orchestra in Chicago, and later its Co-Conductor. In 1982, she was named Conductor of the Southwest Symphony Youth Orchestra, a position she held until 1998. As a music professor at Saint Xavier University, her courses include Applied Flute, Orchestral and Choral Conducting, Orchestration, Music History, and specialized course work in Music Education. She held the music executive's chair of the Music Department of Saint Xavier for 12 years; during which she proposed and instituted a full band program, and brought the department to full accreditation with NASM.

As a professional flutist, Professor Morris has

performed recitals and chamber concerts at Saint Xavier and throughout the Midwest. She has performed as soloist with the SXU and Southwest Symphony Orchestras. She specializes on the Baroque Flute; performing on a replica of a 1760 One-Key Baroque Flute authentically designed and built for her by flute-maker Thomas Boehm of Milwaukee, with whom she studied Baroque flute technique during a sabbatical granted for this purpose by SXU.

In 1996, Ms. Morris co-founded **Flutes Unlimited**, a non-profit organization consisting of three flute choirs with a membership of about 55 flutists. During Summer 2000, **Flutes Unlimited** received a grant to record three works which had been commissioned for the LTD Flute Choir of **Flutes Unlimited** and the SXU Chamber Singers. Ms. Morris' arrangement of Gretchaninov's *Missa Festiva* was one of the three works recorded on this CD.

Professor Morris is listed in the 2004-05 Who's Who of American Women, and has received the Excellence in Scholarship and the Excellence in Research Awards for consecutive years at SXU where she has received several faculty research and creative production grants for her work as a flutist and researcher. Her current research project, in collaboration with Dr. Jan Bickel, is "Enhancing Flute Tone Through Vocal Tract Resonance", and the two have given workshops and presentations nationally on this subject. She is a member of the National Flute Association, the Conductor's Guild, the Music Educators National Conference, and the American Association of University Professors.

NATS competition. She often adjudicates competitions for NATS as well as for the Illinois Music Educators Association, the Union League and the Musicians Club of Women's annual vocal scholarship competitions. Dr. Bickel is a frequent adjudicator at choral festivals and serves at both the college and high school levels in that capacity. She has been a clinician for the Saint Mary-of-the-Woods College Women's Choral festival for several years.

Dr. Bickel is also a well-known choral director, and her University Chamber Singers have recorded two professional CD's under her baton. Her university choral ensembles are known for presenting a wide variety of musical styles and languages from the chants of Hildegard von Bingen to the music of living composers such as Gwyneth Walker, Imant Raminsch and a variety of non-west composers. The compact disc **Of Wind and Voice** is a recording of music arranged or composed specifically for the University Chamber Singers and the Flutes LTD choir of the Chicago flute choir organization **Flutes Unlimited**, and is available from **Flutes Unlimited** online.

Her love for music is demonstrated in her teaching in the vocal studio at Saint Xavier as well as in her own performing. As Professor of Music, she teaches voice, art song literature, vocal pedagogy, and conducts choral ensembles. In addition, she is pleased to teach a course in multicultural music and a course she designed entitled *Writing and Speaking About Music*. She has always stated that her first love is teaching, followed closely by performing. She

loves working with the students and watching them grow and learn to be the best singers and musicians they can possibly be! She belongs to the National Association of Teachers of Singing, The American Choral Directors Association, The National Opera Association, and the American Association of University Professors.

Dana Brown ~ Piano

Dr. Dana Brown enjoys a varied and exciting musical career. He is Assistant Professor of Opera and Vocal Coaching at the Chicago College of Performing Arts at Roosevelt University, after having been the full-time Vocal Coach since 2001. At Roosevelt, he teaches Diction, and is music director for the Opera Theater class, as well as coaching graduate and undergraduate students in the vocal programs.

As a pianist, he has been heard at the Ravinia Festival, the Tanglewood Festival and on WFMT Radio in Chicago, both as a solo pianist and as a collaborative musician. A frequent accompanist to many of the finest singers in Chicago, he has performed frequently with Chicago Opera Theater, L'Opera Piccola, and Light Opera Works of Evanston, in addition to having given many concerts at the Chicago Cultural Center.

Since 1998, Dr. Brown has been the Director of Music at Broadway United Methodist Church in the Lakeview neighborhood of Chicago. He conducts and composes for the acclaimed forty-voice Broadway Choir, and also conducts the men's twelve member ensemble: Joyful Noise.

Dana holds a Doctor of Musical Arts degree

Frauenliebe und leben (Woman's Love and Life) Robert Schumann: Op. 42, Nos. 1-8 (text by Adalbert von Chamisso)

Robert Schumann's **Frauenliebe und Leben** (Woman's Love and Life) was composed in his thirtieth year, 1840, shortly before his marriage to the 21-year-old pianist Clara Wieck. Prior to 1840, Schumann had written almost entirely for solo piano, while 1840 was to be his year of song. In 1841, he began composing orchestral material, meaning these songs are the stylistic and thematic link between the piano works and the symphonies.

In June 1840, Clara and Robert were fighting her father in court for their right to marry; there was a wedding to plan and a home to find. Schumann scholar, Eric Sams, tells us that in July 1840, Schumann was "making the first down payment on a flat, and writing about a woman's love. . . his letters to Clara brim with a touching solicitude and empathy. He begins to see life through her eyes." So too had the poet Chamisso married a woman many years his junior. The poems and the songs may or may not be biographical for both, but "clearly some personal feeling is displayed in the depiction of a woman's doubts, hopes, triumphs and tragedies as fiancée, wife, mother, and widow, and their embodiment in simple singable verse."

Lotte Lehmann, magnificent singer and teacher of singing, states that one should approach the cycle "with the reverence and enchantment with which you might take from an old cabinet a rare piece of precious lace which had been the proud possession of your great-grandmother."

Carol Kimball points out in **Song, A Guide to Style and Literature**, that "the cycle has been criticized on several accounts. Chamisso's poetry is not of the highest quality and more importantly, when viewed in contemporary social light, the idea of a woman's entire being revolving only around her husband and her position as a wife goes against the grain for many."

On the contrary, says Sams, "The poems were greeted with acclamation by the women of 19th Century Germany, who hailed Chamisso as the champion of their cause for emancipation. The text, seen in historical perspective, is a rallying call for a woman's right to the independent expression of feelings - previously a male prerogative. The music enshrines a very real and lasting devotion in words and music, linking lyric self-expression with new objectivity, and thereby creating some of the finest and most durable love-songs ever written."

Frauenliebe und leben (Woman's Love and Life)

Original Text

1. 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, 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.

2. 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, nied're Magd, nicht kennen,
Hoher Stern der Herrlichkeit!

Nur die Würdigste von allen
Darf beglücken deine Wahl,

English Translation

1. Since I have seen him

Since I have seen him, I think myself blind;
wherever I look, I see only him;
as in a waking dream his image hovers before me,
plunging out of deep darkness
brighter, brighter upwards.

Everything is light and colorless all around me,
for my sisters' games I have no desire;
I would rather weep, quietly in my little room;
since I have seen him, I think myself blind.

2. He, the noblest of all

He, the noblest of all,
how gentle, how good!
lovely lips, clear eyes,
bright mind and firm courage.

As there in blue depths,
bright and glorious, that star,
thus is he in my heaven,
bright and glorious, sublime and distant.

Go, go on your own way,
let me only gaze upon your radiance,
only in humility, contemplate it,
blissful then, and sad!

Hear not my silent prayer,
to your happiness alone dedicated;
you should me, lowly maiden, not know,
high star of splendor.

Only the most worthy of all
shall be favored by your choice,

About the Performers

Jan Bickel ~ Mezzo-Soprano

*Mezzo-Soprano Jan Bickel was born and educated in the Midwest; earning a liberal arts degree in music from St. Mary's College at Notre Dame, a Master of Music in Vocal Performance from the Chicago Conservatory of Music under the mentorship of Madame Sonia Sharnova, and earning a Doctor of Musical Arts in Vocal Performance from the American Conservatory of Music in Chicago. She has received awards for her singing from the National Federation of Music Clubs, the Musicians Club of Women, and the Foundation for the Arts in Chicago, and was a finalist in the National Opera Association Vocal Artist competition, and a regional finalist in the National Association of Teachers of Singing Artist contest. Dr. Bickel is Professor of Music/Director of Vocal Studies at Saint Xavier University in Chicago, where she has taught for 23 years in the Music Department. As a faculty member at SXU, she has been awarded the Teaching Excellence Award, the Excellence in Scholarship and the Excellence in Research Awards, has been nominated and listed in **Who's Who Among American Teachers in the USA** during consecutive years, and has received several faculty research and creative production grants for her work as a singer and researcher. Her current research project, in collaboration with Professor Martha M. Morris, is **Enhancing Flute Tone Through Vocal Tract Resonance**, and the two have presented workshops and conference presentations nationally on this subject.*

*As a professional singer, Jan has frequently presented recitals in Chicago at the Chicago Cultural Center, the Xavier Classics at Noon Concert Series, at Cantigny Gardens, among others. She has appeared as soloist with the Chicago Symphony, Chicago Philharmonic, Chicago Chamber Orchestra, the Mid-Columbia Symphony, the Southwest Symphony, and the Wheaton and Kankakee Valley Symphony Orchestras among others. She has sung leading and supporting roles with the Chicago Opera Theater, Chamber Opera Chicago, Chicago Opera Players, Opera Racine, Inspiration Point Opera, Des Moines Metro Opera, and others; singing roles such as Angelina in Rossini's **La Cenerentola**, Suzuki in **Madama Butterfly**, Marcellina in **Le Nozze di Figaro**, Maddalena in **Rigoletto**, and Hänsel in **Hänsel und Gretel**, as well as Orlofsky in **Die Fledermaus**, and both the 2nd and 3rd Lady in **Die Zauberflöte**. She appeared in the Chicago Opera Theater premiere of Daron Hagen's **Shining Brow** in 1997. Dr. Bickel has also been heard as soloist in many oratorios; including Rossini's **Stabat Mater**, the *Bach, Rutter, and Raminsk Magnificat*, and the *Saint-Saëns Christmas Oratorio*.*

*As a voice teacher, Dr. Bickel has written **Vocal Technique, A Physiological Approach for Voice Class**, which teachers and schools in Chicagoland use to teach introductory voice class for college level students. Her students have taken top positions at vocal competitions; including the Nicholas Raimondi Scholarship from the Italian Cultural Center, and the Chicago*

V molchan'ji nochi tajnoj (Op. 4 No. 3)

text by Afanasy Fet (1890)

O, dolgo budu ja, v molchan'ji nochi tajnoj,
Kovarnyj lepet tvoji, ulybku, vzor, vzor sluchajnyj,
Perstam poslushnuju volos, volos tvojkij gustuju prjad',
Iz myslej izgonjat', i snova prizyvaj';
Sheptaj' i popravljaj' bylyje vyrazhen'ja
Rechej mojkijh s toboj, ispolnennykh smushchen'ja,
I v op'janen'ji, naperekor umu,
Zavetnym imenem budit' nochnuju t'mu,
Zavetnym imenem budit' nochnuju t'mu.
O, dolgo budu ja, v molchan'ji nochi tajnoj,
Zavetnym imenem budit' nochnuju t'mu.

Vesennije vody (Op. 14 No. 11)

text by Feodor Tyutchev (1896)

Jeshchjo vpoljakh belejet sneg,
A vody uzj vesnoj shumjat,
Begut i budjat sonnyj breg,
Begut i bleshchut, i glasjat.

Oni glasjat vo vse koncy:

"Vesna idot,
Vesna idot!
My molodoj vesny goncy,
Ona nas vyslala vperjod.
Vesna idot,
Vesna idot!"
I tikhikh, teplykh majskikh dnejj
Rumjanyj, svetlyj khorovod
Tolpitsja veselo za nej.

In the Silence of Mysterious Night

Oh, long will I, in the silence of mysterious night
your cunning whispers, smiles, and fleeting glances
the locks of your thick hair, so obedient to my fingers,
From my thoughts banish, and then recall
Whisper and correct past expressions
of conversations with you, so filled with shyness;
And as if intoxicated contrary to reason
With your cherished name, awaken the darkness of night,
With your cherished name, awaken the darkness of night.
Oh, long will I, in the silence of mysterious night,
With your cherished name, awaken the darkness of night.

Spring Torrents

Still in the fields there lies white snow
but the streams already murmur of Spring
They rush along, awaking the sleepy shore
They run and glisten and proclaim

They proclaim for all to hear:

"Spring is coming,
Spring is coming!
We are the early Spring messengers,
She has sent us on ahead.
Spring is coming,
Spring is coming!"
and the quiet warm May days
Rosy, bright round dance
crowds joyfully after her.

Und ich will die Hohe segnen
Viele tausend Mal.

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

Er, der Herrlichste von allen,
wie so milde, wie so gut!

3. Ich kann's nicht fassen

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

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

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

4. Du Ring an meinem Finger

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

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

and I will the exalted one bless
many thousand times.

I shall then rejoice and weep,
happy, (very) happy am I then,
even if my heart should break,
break, o heart, what does it matter?

He, the noblest of all,
how gentle, how good!

3. I cannot comprehend it

I cannot comprehend, or believe it,
A dream has me entranced;
How could he, from among them all
poor me exalt and bless?

It seemed to me, he spoke:
"I am forever yours,"
It seemed to me, I am still dreaming
it can never be so.

Oh let me in the dream die,
cradled at his breast,
the blissful death let meavor
in tears of enending joy.

4. You ring on my finger

You ring on my finger,
my golden little ring,
I press you devoutly to my lips,
to my heart.

I had stopped dreaming,
childhood's peacefully beautiful dream,
I found myself alone, forlorn
in the empty, unending space.

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.

5. 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 Myrthe Zier.

Als ich befriedigt, Freudigen Herzens,
Sonst dem Geliebten im Arme lag,
Immer noch rief er, Sehnsucht im Herzen,
Ungeduldig den heutigen Tag.

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

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

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

You ring on my finger,
you have first taught me,
my eyes unlocked
to life's unending, deep value.

I will serve him, live for him,
to him belong entirely,
to him myself give and find
myself transfigured in his radiance.

5. Help me, my sisters

Help me, my sisters,
kindly to adorn myself,
serve me, the happy one, today!
Eagerly wind around my forehead
the blooming myrtle ornament.

As I lay content with joyful heart,
in my beloved's arms,
still would he call out, with yearning heart,
impatiently for today.

Help me, my sisters,
help me to banish a foolish anxiety;
so that I may receive him with clear eye,
him, the fountain of joy.

You have, my beloved, appeared before me
will you, sun, give me your radiance?
Let me in devotion, let me in humility,
let me bow before my master.

Scatter for him, sisters,
scatter for him flowers,
bring to him budding roses.
But you, sisters, I greet with sadness,
joyfully withdrawing from your group.

Four Russian Songs

Russian Transliterated Text

O, ne grusti! (Op. 14 No. 8)

text by Alexei Apukhtin (1896)

O, ne grusti po mne!
Ja tam, gde net stradanij
Zabud' bylykh skorbej muchitel'nyje sny.
Pust' budut obo mne tvoji vospominan'ja
Svetlej, chem pervyj den' vesny.

O, ne toskuj po mne!
Mezh nami net razluki,
Ja tak zhe, kak i vstar', dushe tvojej blizka.
Menja poprezhnemu tvoji volnujut muki,
Menja gnetet tvoja toska.
Zhivi! ty dolzhen zhit!
I jesli siloj chuda
Ty zdes' najdjosh' otradu i pokoj,
To znaj, chto `eto ja
Otkliknulas' ottuda
Na zov dushi tvojej bol'noj.

Siren' (Op. 21 No. 5)

text by Ekaterina Beketova (1902)

Po utru, na zare,
Po rosistoj trave,
Ja pojdu svezhim utrom dyshat';
I v dushistuju ten',
Gde tesnitsja siren',
Ja pojdu svoje schast'je iskat'...

V zhizni schast'je odno
Mne najti suzhdeno,
I to schast'je v sireni zhivjot;
Na zeljonykh vetvjakh,
Na dushistykh kistjakh
Mojo bednoje schast'je cvetjot...

English Translation

Oh, Do Not Grieve

Oh, do not grieve for me!
I am there where there is no suffering.
Forget the torments and dreams of sorrows past.
May your memories of me
Be brighter than the first day of spring.

Oh, do not pine for me!
Between us there is no separation
Just as of old, I am close to your soul
As before, your torments move me
Your anguish oppresses me
Live! You must live!
And if by some miracle
you find your way to joy and peace,
then know that it is I
who have answered from beyond
the call of your wounded soul.

Lilacs

In the morning, at dawn,
over the dew covered grass,
I will go to breathe in the fresh morning air;
And into the fragrant shade
Where the lilacs cluster
I will go to seek my happiness

In this life one happiness alone
I am destined to find,
And that happiness lives in the lilacs;
On the green branches,
In the fragrant clusters
My poor happiness blooms.

Four Russian Songs
Sergei Rachmaninoff (1873-1943)

Sergei Rachmaninoff wrote more than 70 songs in his twenties and early thirties, but none after he left Russia for America in 1917. In **The Singer's Rachmaninoff**, Natalia Challis states that the Russian culture of song, where "all of life, its joys and sorrows, holy days and work days were reflected upon in song" could not be recreated for Rachmaninoff once he left his homeland. The art song, or "romance" was an important part of Russian life, an outgrowth of the great Russian liturgical music tradition, the epic ballads, as well as the folk music of the country. Rachmaninoff was able to combine these elements into art songs which are vocally expressive and rewarding for both performers and listeners. Like Schumann, Rachmaninoff was a fine pianist, and in his songs we find beautiful vocal melodies, supported by interpretively expressive and powerful accompaniments. Indeed, singer and accompanist are equal partners in interpreting these emotionally exciting and operatically conceived art songs.

"In the Silence of the Secret Night", Rachmaninoff's first song, was written in 1890 when he was only 17! It is a setting of a text by Afanasy Fet, whose poetry was strongly influenced by music. Challis states: "Fet was an impressionist of associations, nuances, and fleeting images which brought him close to the symbolist poets of the 1890's."

From Opus 14, written in 1896, come "O, do not grieve," and "Spring Torrents." "O, do not grieve," with text by Alexei Apukhtin, says

Challis, "is reminiscent of the elegiac and lyrical romances of Tchaikovsky, with a softness of the vocal melody. The elegy is sung by a woman and is one of several of Rachmaninoff's songs that interpret a woman's gift to console and to comfort." "Spring Torrents" is perhaps the most often performed Rachmaninoff song on the stage today, and is a setting of a text by Feodor Tyutchev, "whose images of nature," Challis tells us "revealed a profoundly philosophic consciousness." The song reveals the joy one feels at winter's passing and earth's awakening in Spring.

When Rachmaninoff composed the songs of Opus 21, including the lovely "Lilacs", the 28-year-old composer's first symphony had been judged a failure. He was so devastated by the critics' review that he did not compose for three years following. Instead, he took a position as conductor for Mamontov's Russian Opera, where he met Feodor Chaliapin, the renowned Russian bass, who was to become a lifelong friend, and for whom Rachmaninoff wrote many songs; including the first of this opus. This simple nature text by Ekaterina Beketova, is given a hint of sadness within its lilting declamation of the fragrant lilac bushes; perhaps symbolizing the happiness which eluded the composer.

"Russian song," says Challis, "wears its heart on its sleeve; it is highly emotional and demonstrative, generously drawing the listener into its colorful stories and music. Its melodies are rich and lyric, its poetic moods deeply felt." Clearly this is true for Rachmaninoff's romances.

6. Süsßer Freund

Süsßer Freund, du blickest mich verwundert an,
kannst es nicht begreifen, wie ich weinen kann;
lass der feuchten Perlen ungewohnte Zier
freudig hell erzittern in dem Auge mir.

Wie so bang mein Busen, wie so wonnevoll!
wüsst' ich nur mit Worten, wie ich's sagen soll;
komm und birg dein Antlitz hier an meiner Brust,
will in's Ohr dir flüstem 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,
fest und fester!

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.
dein Bildnis.

7. An meinem Herzen

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 überglücklich aber jetzt.

Nur die da säugt, nur die da liebt
Das Kind, dem sie die Nahrung gibt,

Nur eine Mutter weiss allein,
Was lieben heisst und glücklich sein.

6. Sweet friend

Sweet friend, you look at me in wonder,
you cannot understand, how I can weep;
let the moist pearls strange adornment
tremble joyous bright in my eyes.

How anxious my heart, how full of bliss!
if I only knew, how to say it in words;
come and hide your face here on my breast,
I will in your ear whisper all my joy.

Now you know the tears, that I can weep,
should you not see them, beloved man!
Stay on my heart, feel its beat,
that I may press you closer and closer
closer and closer!

Here by my bed is the place for the cradle,
where it quietly hides my lovely dream;
the morning will come when the dream awakes,
and your image smiles up at me.
Your image.

7. Upon my heart

Upon my heart, Upon my breast,
you my joy, you my delight!

Happiness is love, love is happiness,
I have said it and will not take it back,

I thought myself rapturous
but now I am overjoyed.

Only she who suckles, only she who loves
the child she nourishes,

Only a mother knows,
what love means and happiness is.

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!

8. Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan

Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan,
Der aber traf.

Du schläfst, du harter, umbarmherz'ger Mann,
Den Todesschlaf.

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

Ich zieh' mich in mein Inn'res still zurück,
Der Schleier fällt;
Da hab' ich dich und mein verlornes Glück,
Du meine Welt!

Oh, how I pity the man,
who cannot feel a mother's bliss!

You dear, dear angel you,
you look at me and smile!

Upon my heart, Upon my breast,
you my joy, you my delight!

8. Now you have caused me the first pain

Now you have caused me the first pain,
it struck me hard.

you sleep, you hard, merciless man,
the sleep of death.

The deserted one stares ahead,
the world is empty, is empty.
Loved have I and lived,
I am living no more.

I withdraw into my self quietly,
the veil falls;
there I have you and my lost happiness,
you my world!

4. Arroró

Arroró mi nene,
Arroró mi sol,
Arroró pedazo
de mi corazón.
Este nene lindo
Se quiere dormir
Y el pícaro sueño
No quiere venir.

5. Gato

El gato de mi casa
Es muy gauchito
Pero cuando lo bailan
Zapateadito.
Guitarrita de pino
Cuerdas de alambre.
Tanto quiero a las chicas,
Digo, como a las grandes.
Esa moza que baila
Mucho la quiero
Pero no para hermana
Que hermana tengo.
Que hermana tengo, si,
pónete al frente
Aunque no sea tu dueño,
Digo, me gusta verte.

4. Lullaby

Lullaby my baby;
lullaby my sunshine;
lullaby part
of my heart.
This pretty baby
wants to sleep
and that rascal sleep
does not wish to come.

5. Cat (folk dance)

The cat of the house
is most mischievous,
but when they dance,
they stamp their feet.
Little guitar of pine
and wire strings.
I like the little girls
as much as the big ones.
That girl dancing
is the one for me.
but not as a sister
I have one already.
I have a sister, yes,
come to the front.
I may not be your master
but I like to see you.

Cinco Canciones Populares Argentinas

Original Text

1. Chacarera

A mí me gustan las ñatas
Y una ñata me ha tocado
Ñato será el casamiento
Y más ñato el resultado.
Cuando canto chacareras
Me dan ganas de llorar
Porque se me representa
Catamarca y Tucumán.

2. Triste

Ah!
Debajo de un limón verde
Donde el agua no corría
Entregué mi corazón
A quien no lo merecía.
Ah!
Triste es el día sin sol
Triste es la noche sin luna
Pero más triste es querer
Sin esperanza ninguna.
Ah!

3. Zamba

Hasta las piedras del cerro
Y las arenas del mar
Me dicen que no te quiera
Y no te puedo olvidar.
Si el corazón me has robado
El tuyo me lo has de dar
El que lleva cosa ajena
Con lo suyo ha de pagar
Ay!

English Translation

1. Dance from Chaco

Insignificant (ugly) things please me
to me they are crazy
Insignificant will be my wedding
and more insignificant the result
Whenever I sing the chacarera
it makes me want to cry,
Because it reminds me of
Catamarca and Tucuman.

2. Sad

Ah!
Beneath a lime tree
where the water does not run
I gave up my heart
to one who did not deserve it
Ah!
Sad is the day without sun.
Sad is the moonless night.
But sadder still is to love
with no hope at all.
Ah!

3. Dance

Even the stones on the hillside
and the sand in the sea
tell me not to love you.
But I cannot forget you.
If you have stolen my heart
then you must give me yours.
He who takes what is not his
must return it in kind.
Ay!

Une Flûte Invisible (An Unseen Flute)

Charles Camille Saint-Saëns (1835-1921)

(text by *Vicomte Victor Marie Hugo (1802-1885)*, from *Les Contemplations*)

The Romantic school of poetry in France begins perhaps with the French poet, dramatist, and novelist Victor Hugo (1802-1885); author of the great novel Les Misérables as well as "Une Flûte Invisible." He favored the free style of the modernists over the stiffness of the classicists, and his writings reflect nature sounds, harmony, and color. "Une Flûte Invisible," taken from Les Contemplations (1856), was written following the tragic death of his daughter in 1843, when his poetry had turned from the lush romantic to a more philosophic content. The text here, however, is as simple and straight forward as his earlier poetry.

Singers probably know Camille Saint-Saëns best for his opera Samson et Dalila, but he composed many Romances and Mélodies; beginning from the age of six; frequently setting the texts of Victor Hugo. This lovely setting was composed in 1885, the year of Victor Hugo's death, a year which sparked a new wave of more intimate composition for Saint-Saëns following intense work on larger orchestral and operatic compositions. Many of these

later Mélodies are contemplative, and allow the composer to speak of "the stable values of life." According to Frits Noske in his French Song from Berlioz to Duparc, "Saint-Saëns' choice of texts is in itself a significant indication of his artistic viewpoint (his interest in versification rather than in the poem itself is significant). . . Even Hugo, his favorite poet, was admired chiefly for his virtuosity, richness of image, and universality of concepts." In Saint-Saëns' own words: "Music is something besides a source of sensuous pleasure and keen emotion, and this resource, precious as it is, is only a chance corner in the wide realm of musical art. He who does not get absolute pleasure from a simple series of well-constructed chords, beautiful only in their arrangement, is not really fond of music."

Romance

Une Flûte Invisible (An Unseen Flute)

Original Text

Viens! - une flûte invisible
Soupire dans les vergers. -
La chanson la plus paisible
Est la chanson des bergers.

Le vent ride, sous l'yeuse,
Le sombre miroir des eaux.
La chanson la plus joyeuse
Est la chanson des oiseaux.

Que nul soin ne te tourmente.
Aimons-nous! aimons toujours!
La chanson la plus charmante
Est la chanson des amours.

English Translation

Come! An unseen flute
sighs in the orchards.
The most peaceful song
is the song of the shepherds.

The wind ruffles, beneath the oaks,
the cloudy mirror of the water.
The most joyous song
is the song of the birds.

May no care torment you.
Let us love! Let us love forever!
The most charming song
is the song of lovers.



Cinco Canciones Populares Argentinas

(Five Popular Argentine Folk Songs) Alberto Ginastera (1916-1983), Op. 10

Alberto Ginastera (1916-1983) was born in Buenos Aires, studied composition there, and later taught at the National Conservatory prior to traveling to the US, where he founded the League of Argentinean Composers. His music incorporates Argentine folklore and musical idioms; combining the Argentine folk music tradition with contemporary musical techniques.

*Ginastera's **Five Popular Argentine Songs** (a song cycle), was completed in 1943 and exhibits many characteristics of Argentinean folk music. Much of the art, poetry and music of Argentina is connected with the picturesque figure of the gaucho, the roving minstrel cowboy of the treeless plains of Argentina - always ready to "burst into song." Each of the five songs is in a ballad style and is full of picturesque images and metaphors. Using folklore as the thematic background, Ginastera selects a few aspects of the original folk elements; particularly the Argentine fondness for the hemiola rhythm and the much-loved syncopation.*

"Chacarera" is the name given to a "finger - snapping, foot - stomping" improvised folk dance which is believed to have originated with the farmers in Buenos

Aires. Here, Ginastera uses not only the popular rhythm of the dance, but the good humored satirical text as well. "Triste" is a colorful contrast; a melancholy love song coming from the folk song tradition of northern Argentina. Each of the opening vocal phrases is punctuated by an arpeggiated simulation of the strumming of open guitar strings. Typical here too, is the reference to the moon (la luna), always associated with love and passion in South America. "Zamba," or samba as it is known in the US, is a folk dance for couples using the typical hemiola rhythm and metaphoric poetry. The impression is somewhat Spanish; resembling the habanera. "Arrorró" means lullaby or cradle song, but the haunting dissonances heard in the harmonic rocking motion of the accompaniment leave the listener wondering about the happiness of both mother and child. "Gato" is the highly energetic dance of the gaucho. Again, the hemiola rhythm is prominent, and reminds the listener of flamenco guitar rhythms. The text here alternates between seven and five syllables; creating an uneven feeling for the singer, but Ginastera has set the words in such a way that aids the rapid declamation of the text.

5. Sanglots

Notre amour est réglé par les calmes étoiles
Ôu nous savons qu'en nous beaucoup d'hommes
respirent

Que vinrent des très loin et sont un sous nos fronts
C'est la chanson des rêveurs

Qui s'étaient arraché le cœur

Et le portaient dans la main droite

Souviens t'en cher orgueil de tous ces souvenirs

Des marins qui chantaient comme des conquérants

Des gouffres de Thulé des tendres cieux d'Ophir

Des malades maudits de ceux qui fuient leur ombre

Et du retour joyeux des heureux émigrants

De ce cœur il coulait du sang

Et le rêveur allait pensant

À sa blessure délicate

Tu ne briseras pas la chaîne de ces causes

Et douloureuse et nous disait

Qui sont les effets d'autres causes

Mon pauvre cœur mon cœur brisé

Pareil au cœur de tous les hommes

Voici voici nos mains que la vie fit esclaves

Est mort d'amour ou c'est tout comme

Est mort d'amour et le voici

Ainsi vont toutes choses

Arrachez donc le vôtre aussi

Et rien ne sera libre jusqu'à la fin des temps

Laissons tout aux morts

Et cachons nos sanglots

5. Sobs

Our love is ordered by the tranquil stars
But we know that many men breathe within us

Who came from afar and are one inside our head

It is the song of the dreamers

Who had torn out their heart

And carried it in the right hand

(Remember dear pride all these memories

Sailors who sang like conquerors

Of Thulé's depths of Ophir's sweet skies

Of the cursed sick people of those who flee their shadow

And of happy emigrants' joyful homecoming)

From this heart flowed blood

And the dreamer ever thought

Of his delicate wound

(You will not break the chain of these causes)

His painful wound and said to us

(Which are the effects of other causes)

My poor heart my broken heart

Like the heart of all men

(Here here are our hands that life enslaved)

Died of love or virtually did

It died of love and here it is

That is the way with everything

So tear out yours also

(And nothing will be free until the end of time)

Let us leave all to the dead

And let us hide our sobbing

Banalités

Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

(text by Guillaume Apollinaire)

One hundred years after Schumann wrote *Frauenliebe und Leben*, Francis Poulenc was composing his *Banalités*: five settings of poems by Guillaume Apollinaire (1880-1918). Most singers do not consider this collection of *mélodies* a song cycle, as there is no clear connection among the songs either poetically or musically. The title, *Banalités*, would seem to indicate a group of poems of insignificant value; yet the texts and music are far from banal! In an article written for the *National Association of Teachers of Singing Bulletin* (35:3), Marion Weide suggests *Banalités* is a series of tableaux of remembered dreams, paralleling the surreal quality of the time (the French Occupation) during which life went on under a daily mask of banalities. If so, then the five *mélodies* should be considered a song cycle, with this being the unifying force.

An eccentric man and a favorite contemporary poet of Poulenc, Guillaume Apollinaire was probably one of the first poets to work in the surrealistic style. He kept a notebook of his dreams, places, phrases, impressions, and archaic words picked up from reading, and then used these random notes in his poetry frequently. This surrealism is most evident in "Sanglots." Here, the poet juxtaposes the main declamatory narrative with "asides," creating a poem within a poem. In the translation provided, the "asides" are placed in parentheses for a clearer

understanding. Apollinaire's poetry in *Banalités* runs the gamut from French popular song style ("Chanson d'Orkenise") to the philosophical study of dreams and love in "Sanglots." In between, we find the depiction of a lazy 'smoke' in the sun light of a hotel room window, a short but lovely trip to Paris, and the chance to ride a gust of wind through Belgium's moors.

As a composer of some 150 *mélodies*, Poulenc spent months studying the texts he chose to set to music. In a 1950's radio interview, he said: "Setting a poem to music must be an act of love, and never a marriage of reason. Once I have chosen a poem whose musical setting I do only several months later, I examine it in all its aspects. If it is Apollinaire or Éluard, I give great importance to the arrangement on the page, blank spaces, margins. I recite the poem to myself often. I listen to it, looking out for problems. I often underline the difficult bits of text in red. I note the breathing points, trying to uncover the internal rhythm through one line, not necessarily the first one. Then I try setting it to music, taking into account the different densities of the piano accompaniment." Pierre Bernac, French Lyric Baritone for whom many of Poulenc's *mélodies* were composed, says they "are extremely varied in character, ranging from the craziest buffoonery to the most sincere lyricism, from obvious sensuousness to poignant gravity; but they never fail to bear the mark of his personality.

Banalités

Original Text

1. Chanson D'Orkenise

Par les portes d'Orkenise

Veut entrer un charretier.

Par les portes d'Orkenise

Veut sortir un vanupieds.

Et les gardes de la ville

Courant sus au vanupieds:

'Qu'emportes tu de la ville?'

'J'y laisse mon coeur entier.'

Et les gardes de la ville

Courant sus au charretier:

'Qu'apportes tu dans la ville?'

'Mon coeur pour me marier!'

Que de coeurs dans Orkenise!

Les gardes riaient, riaient.

Vanupieds la route est grise,

L'amour grise, ô charretier.

Les beaux gardes de la ville

Tricotaient superbement;

Puis les portes de la ville

Se fermèrent lentement.

2. Hôtel

Ma chambre a la forme d'une cage

Le soleil passe son bras par la fenêtre

Mais moi qui veut fumer

Pour faire des mirages

J'allume au feu du jour ma cigarette

Je ne veux pas travailler

Je veux fumer.

English Translation

1. Song of Orkenise

Through the gates of Orkenise

a carter wants to enter.

Through the gates of Orkenise

a tramp wants to leave.

And the town guards

hasten up to the tramp:

'What are you taking away from the town?'

'I leave my whole heart there.'

And the town guards

hasten up to the carter:

'What are you bringing into the town?'

'My heart to be married!'

What a lot of hearts in Orkenise!

The guards laughed, laughed.

Tramp, the road is hazy,

love makes the head hazy, O carter.

The fine looking town guards

knitted superbly;

then the gates of the town

slowly closed.

2. Hotel

My room is shaped like a cage

the sun puts its arm through the window

but I who would like to smoke

to make smoke pictures

I light at the fire of day my cigarette

I do not want to work

I want to smoke.

3. Fagnes de Wallonie

Tant de tristesses plénières

Prirent mon coeur aux fagnes désolées

Quand las j'ai reposé dans les sapinières

Le poids des kilomètres pendant que râlait

le vent d'ouest

J'avais quitté le joli bois

Les écureuils y sont restés

Ma pipe essayait de faire des nuages

Au ciel

Qui restait pur obstinément

Je n'ai confié aucun secret sinon une chanson énigmatique

Aux tourbières humides

Les bruyères fleurant le miel

Attiraient les abeilles

Et mes pieds endoloris

Foulaient les myrtilles et les airelles

Tendrement mariée

Nord

Nord

Le vie s'y tord

En arbres forts

Et tors

La vie y mord

La mort

À belles dents

Quand bruit le vent

4. Voyage à Paris

Ah! la charmante chose

Quitter un pays morose

Pour Paris

Paris joli

Qu'un jour

Dût créer l'Amour

3. Uplands of Walloon

So many utter sadnesses

Took my heart to the desolate uplands

When weary I laid down among the firs

The weight of kilometres to the moaning

Of the west wind

I had left the pretty wood

The squirrels there remained

My pipe strove to create clouds

In the sky

Which remained obstinately clear

Apart from an enigmatic song I entrusted no secret

To the damp peat bog

The heath fragrant with honey

Attracted the bees

And my throbbing feet

Trampled bilberry and whinberry

In a loving marriage

North

North

There life twists itself

Into trees strong

And gnarled

There life bites at

Death

With relish

When the wind howls

4. Trip to Paris

Ah! What a lovely idea

To leave a cheerless place

For Paris

Pretty Paris

Which one day

Must have created love