

VANCOUVER OPERA
AND
VANCOUVER RECITAL SOCIETY

present

JESSYE NORMAN
SOPRANO

DAN SAUNDERS
PIANIST

ORPHEUM THEATRE
TUESDAY, APRIL 28, 1992

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WALL FINANCIAL CORPORATION



*For she was the maker of the song she sang.
The ever-hooded, tragic-gestured sea
Was merely a place by which she walked to sing.
Whose spirit is this? we said, because we knew
It was the spirit that we sought and knew
That we should ask this often as she sang.*

Wallace Stevens

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92/93 season of
Vancouver Opera
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Vancouver Recital Society
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PROGRAMME

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The Confession Stone (Songs of Mary)

Robert Fleming
(1921-1976)

O my boy, Jesus
Don't pay attention
Jesus, did you know
There's a supper in Jerusalem
Cold and icy in my bed
Bring me those needles, Martha
Everything is black
O my boy, Jesus

II

Five Songs

Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)

Seitdem dein Aug'
Mit deinen blauen Augen
Einerlei
Morgen
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(1840-1893)

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Siete canciones populares españolas

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El Paño moruno
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JESSYE NORMAN

Jessye Norman, one of the most celebrated artists of our time, regularly appears with the world's most prestigious orchestras, opera companies, and in recital in the major music centres across the globe. Her 1991-1992 season includes recitals in Brussels, Paris, Barcelona, Amsterdam, Vienna, New York and Chicago, as well as a recital tour of the mid-western and western States, and appearances with the Los Angeles Philharmonic, Vienna Philharmonic; Philadelphia Orchestra; Toronto, San Francisco and London Symphony Orchestras. In 1992-93 she will sing the title role in a new Metropolitan Opera production of *Ariadne auf Naxos*, as well as Sieglinde in *Die Walküre*. She will also give recitals in New York, Boston, Washington, Toronto, San Francisco, Salzburg and throughout Japan; and appear in performance with the Berlin Philharmonic, Rotterdam Philharmonic, London Symphony and Munich Philharmonic.



In 1990-91 Miss Norman opened the Chicago Lyric Opera's season in Robert Wilson's critically-acclaimed production of Gluck's *Alceste*; appeared at the Tchaikovsky 150th Anniversary Gala in Leningrad; presented a special Christmas concert at the Cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris; sang her first Kundry in a new Met production of Wagner's *Parsifal*; and returned to Carnegie Hall for its televised Centennial Gala and as guest soloist for the Metropolitan Opera's first ever orchestral concert there. In addition she performed at the White House on the occasion of Her Majesty the Queen's visit to the United States.

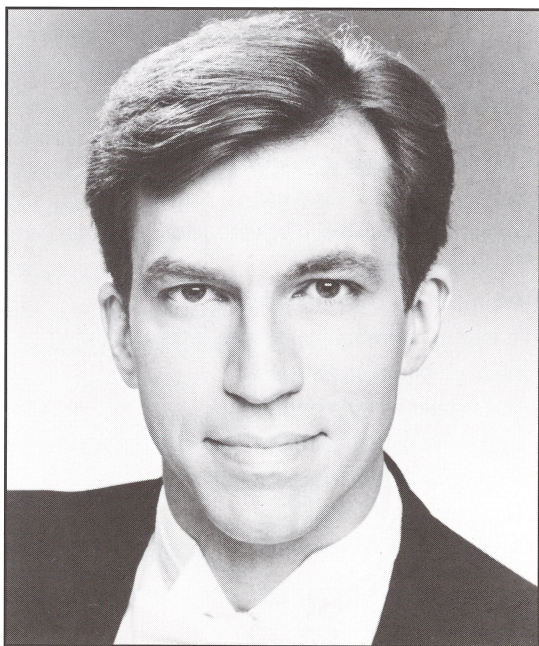
During 1989-90 Miss Norman joined Kathleen Battle, James Levine and members of the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra and Chorus in a Carnegie Hall Spirituals Gala telecast in the U.S. and Europe; and returned to the Metropolitan Opera as Sieglinde in Wagner's *Die Walküre*. The production, filmed as part of the company's complete *Ring* cycle, was telecast throughout the U.S. and Europe. In addition she performed recitals in Dublin, Birmingham (England), Paris and Toulouse; orchestral concerts in London, Amsterdam and Oslo; and appeared at the Tanglewood, Pollensa (Spain), Schleswig-Holstein, Nice (France), Ludwigsburg, Salzburg, Helsinki, Lucerne and Edinburgh Music Festivals.

Born in Augusta, Georgia, Miss Norman received her Bachelor's Degree from Howard University, and her Master's Degree from the University of Michigan. She has also studied at the Peabody Conservatory. In addition to her countless musical awards, she has been granted honorary degrees by Harvard, Yale, Brandeis, Kenyon, Juilliard and Cambridge, among many other colleges and universities.

In 1984 the French Government invested Miss Norman with the title "*Commandeur de l'Ordre des Arts et des Lettres*". In 1987 she became an Honorary Member of the Royal Academy of Music in London. She is also an Honorary Fellow of Pierson College, Yale University, and Jesus College, Cambridge University. In October 1989 she was awarded the "Legion of Honour" by French President Mitterrand, and in June 1990 she was named Honorary Ambassador to the United Nations by its Secretary General Xavier Perez de Cuellar.

An astonishingly prolific recording artist and the recipient of four Grammy Awards, Miss Norman's most recent Philips Classics releases include *Fidelio*, *Cavalleria Rusticana*, a Salzburg Recital with James Levine, *Amazing Grace* and *Lucky to Be Me*, her second anthology of popular songs.

DAN SAUNDERS



Dan Saunders collaborates regularly with many of the world's leading singers. Among the artists with whom he has performed in recital throughout the United States, Europe and Japan are Jessye Norman, Marilyn Horne, Kathleen Battle, Kiri Te Kanawa, Tatiana Troyanos, Elisabeth Söderström, Aprile Millo, Judith Blegen, Birgitta Svenden, Håkan Hagegård, Samuel Ramey, Thomas Allen, and Stanford Olsen.

As highlights of his current season, Dan Saunders returns to Japan as Assistant Conductor and Musical Advisor to Seiji Ozawa in productions of *Oedipus Rex* and *Der Fliegende Holländer*. He again accompanies Jessye Norman on her American recital tour, and collaborates with Gary Lakes in both Europe and the United States.

In 1987 Dan Saunders made his debut at the Salzburg Festival, assisting James Levine in the Salzburg premiere of Schoenberg's *Moses und Aron*, and he was heard as recitative accompanist in Mr Levine's performance of *Così fan tutte* with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra at the Ravinia Festival. He returned to Salzburg in 1988 to work with Mr Levine on both *Moses und Aron* and *Le Nozze di Figaro* and again in 1991, to

work with Mr Ozawa on *Idomeneo*, and to assist Mr Levine in the preparation of Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis*.

Dan Saunders was featured as accompanist to Kaaren Erickson in the nation-wide PBS telecast of Gordon Getty's song cycle, *The White Election*. He has also appeared on television as recitative accompanist in the Metropolitan Opera's production of *Le Nozze di Figaro*, conducted by James Levine, a role he has also filled during the Metropolitan Opera's performances of this work in Japan in 1988.

Dan Saunders was born in Perry, New York, and is a graduate of the American Conservatory of Music in Chicago, where he studied piano with William Browning. Following studies in London with Geoffrey Parsons and Louis Kentner, he performed throughout England with the Parnassus Piano Trio and appeared in numerous vocal and instrumental recitals, highlighted by concerts at London's Wigmore Hall and the Purcell Room on the South Bank.

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

ROBERT FLEMING

The Confession Stone (Owen Dodson)

O my boy, Jesus

O my boy, Jesus, my first and only son,
Rock on my breast, my first and only one,
My first and only son.
O my Jesus my first and only one.
Born of God and born near his sun,
Bright boy; my only one.
O my Jesus, rest on my breast,
My first and only son;
O my boy, Jesus, rest:
Shhh, you need the rest.

Don't pay attention

Don't pay attention
To the old men in the temple,
They have given up
Tell them what you told me;
Cast the sinners out,
Clean the house of God,
Load the rich with grief,
Prepare the poor with hope and, Jesus,
Don't stop to play with Judas
And his friends along the way.

Jesus, did you know

Jesus, did you know that Lazarus is back?
Jesus, are you list'ning?
Laz'rus has come back.
His grave is still open
And Martha tells she heard
Three angels singing with three birds —
Their feathers brushed together.

Jesus, are you hearing?
Laz'rus has returned to Bethany.
Jesus, won't you answer?
Laz'rus has come back
And he's calling for you.
He says that death was gentle
And woke him up early.
Jesus, are you praying?
Laz'rus has returned.

There's a supper in Jerusalem

There's a supper in Jerusalem tonight
And I wish that I was there.
I'd journey anywhere to be with Jesus,
To stroke his hair,
Remind Him, o my baby dear,
I'd journey anywhere to be with Jesus tonight.
There's a supper in Jerusalem
And I could be right there.
But I don't dare to journey to Jerusalem tonight.
O my Jesus, you're eating in Jerusalem tonight
And I wish that I was there.
O my boy, take care at that supper in Jerusalem
tonight.

Cold and icy in my bed

Cold and icy in my bed.
Laid on the ground of Jerusalem;
Ev'ry flow'r is withered,
The birds have left their song,
The sun wears a twisted eye.
I'm alone with your dream of redemption, my Lord.
Save Him, save our son.

I'm his mother, save Him;
Let me rock Him again in my trembling arms.
Save Him, I'll receive the silver from Judas
Help Him, your word is all my world.
I'll receive the silver from Judas' hand
And spend it on nothing.
Save Him, Jehovah, help Him, my God,
Bless Him, my Lord, redeem Him, my husband.
Oh save Him, save Him,
Save Him, save Him, save our boy.

Bring me those needles, Martha

Bring me those needles, Martha.
I believe I'll knit Jesus a scarf.
Go on snapping those butter beans.
What time is it?
Let me see now, knit one.
You say it's twelve o'clock?
Snap enough for Joseph and Lazarus.
They'll be home before you're through.
Martha, what time is it?
Purl two, purl one, knit one, purl two.
If I had the star of Bethlehem,
I'd knit three and light His sky.
Where was I, Martha?
Oh yes, knit one, purl sev'n.
What time is it, Martha?
Knit three, purl ten.
It can't be near three o'clock.
Where was I?
Knit, purl twelve, purl nothing.
Martha, don't leave me alone
Where are you Martha,
Martha, where are you, Martha? Martha?

Everything is black

Everything is black,
Air, water, sun, moon, all light, dirt is black.
Heav'n is in mourning for our Son.
The earth is dead;
It will rise again, Almighty God.
Now I understand what light is:
It is our Son. It is Jesus,
No longer trembling in my arms.
It is the Christ.
O my boy, Jesus, my first and only one,
Now on my knees with Joseph at my side.
I ask Thee; send the resurrection now
Give the air and water and sun and the moon,
And the dirt; thy light again.
Send the presence Almighty God,
Send it even to evil men.
I see Jesus in the clouds,
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh free Him from death for life.
Let me rise up into your starry sky
And love our Son,
And praise thee, and praise thee
Ah, comfort me in paradise.

O my boy, Jesus

O my boy, Jesus, my first and only son
Rock on my breast, my first and only one,
My first and only son.
O my Jesus, my first and only one.
Born of God and born near his sun,
Bright boy; my only one.
O my Jesus, rest on my breast,
My first and only son;
O my boy, Jesus, rest:
Shhh, you need the rest.

RICHARD STRAUSS

Five Songs

Seitdem dein Aug' (von Schack)

Seitdem dein Aug' in meines schaute
und Liebe, wie vom Himmel her
aus ihm auf mich herniedertaute,
was böte mir die Erde mehr?
Ihr Bestes hat sie mir gegeben,
und von des Herzens stillem Glück
war übervoll mein ganzes Leben
durch jenen einen Augenblick.

Mit deinen blauen Augen (Heine)

Mit deinen blauen Augen
siehst du mich lieblich an,
da ward mir so träumend zu Sinne,
dass ich nicht sprechen kann.

An deine blauen Augen
gedenk' ich allerwärts:
Ein Meer von blauen Gedanken
ergiesst sich über mein Herz.

Einerlei (von Arnim)

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!

Since your Eyes

Since your eyes looked into mine
And love fell like
The dew of heaven onto me,
What else can earth offer me?
It has given me its best
And my heart's quiet joy
has overflowed into my entire life,
With every single glance.

Your eyes so blue and tender

Your eyes so blue and tender,
They gaze into mine own;
As if in a dream world I wander,
And speech from me has flown.

Of thy blue eyes so tender
I dream forever more;
A sea of azure reflections
Before my spirit doth soar.

One and the Same

Her mouth is the same always,
its kiss is ever new,
still the same her eyes are,
their frank gaze true to me;

O you sweet one-and-the same
the diversity that comes of you!

Morgen (Mackay)

Und morgen wird die Sonne wieder scheinen
Und auf dem Wege, den ich gehen werde,
Sind uns, die Glücklichen, sie wieder
Immitten dieser sonnenatmenden Erde...

Und zu dem Strand, dem weiten wogenblauen,
Werden wir still und langsam niedersteigen,
Stumm werden wir uns in die Augen schauen,
Und auf uns sinkt des Glückes stummes Schweigen...

Cäcilie (Hart)

Wenn du es wüsstest,
Was träumen heisst von brennende Küssen,
Von Wandern und Ruhen mit der Geliebten
Aug in Auge,
Und kosend und plaudernd,
Wenn du es wüsstest,
Du neigtest dein Herz!

Wenn du es wüsstest,
Was bangen heisst in einsamen Nächten,
Umschauert vom Sturm, da niemand tröstet
Milden Mundes die kampfmüde Seele
Wenn du es wüsstest,
Du kämest zu mir.

Wenn du es wüsstest,
Was leben heisst, umhaucht von der Gottheit
Weltschaffendem Atem,
Zu schweben empor, lichtgetragen,
Zu seligen Höhen,
Wenn du es wüsstest,
Du lebstest mit mir!

Tomorrow

And tomorrow the sun will shine again,
and on the path that I shall take,
it will unite us, happy ones, again
upon this sun-breathing earth...

and to the shore, broad, blue-waved,
we shall, quiet and slow, descend,
silent, into each other's eyes we'll gaze,
and on us will fall joy's speechless silence...

Cecily

If you knew
what it is to dream of burning kisses,
of wandering, resting with one's love
gazing at each other,
and caressing and talking,
if you knew,
you would incline your heart!

If you knew,
what fear is on lonely nights,
in the awesome storm, when no one comforts
with soft voice the struggle-weary soul,
if you knew,
you would come to me.

If you knew
what it is to live enveloped in God's
world-creating breath
to float upwards, borne on light,
to blissful heights,
if you knew,
you would live with me!

PYOTR ILL'YICH TCHAIKOVSKY

Mélodies françaises, Op. 65

Aurore (E. Turquet)

Où vas-tu, souffle d'aurore,
vent de miel qui vient d'éclore,
fraîche haleine d'un beau jour?
Où vas-tu, brise inconstante,
quand la feuille palpitante
semble frissonner d'amour?

Est-ce au fond de la vallée,
dans la cime échevelée
d'un saule où le ramier dort?
Poursuis-tu la fleur vermeille,
ou le papillon qu'éveille
un matin de flamme et d'or?

Va plutôt, souffle d'aurore,
bercer l'âme que j'adore:
porte à son lit embaumé
l'odeur des bois et des mousses
et quelques paroles douces
comme les roses de mai.

Déception (P. Collin)

Le soleil rayonnait encore.
J'ai voulu revoir les grands bois
où nous promenions autrefois
notre amour à sa belle aurore.
Je me disais: "Sur le chemin,
je la retrouverai, sans doute;
ma main se tendra vers sa main,
et nous nous remettrons en route."
Je regarde partout: en vain!
J'appelle! Et l'écho seul m'écoute!
O le pauvre soleil pâli!
O les pauvres bois sans ramage!
O mon pauvre amour, quel dommage!
Si vite perdu dans l'oubli!

Dawn

Whither go you, breath of dawn,
honeyed breeze that has just risen,
freshness of a lovely day?
Whither go you, fickle zephyr,
when the trembling leaf
seems to quiver with love?

Is it down to the valley,
in the tousled top of the willow
where the ring-dove sleeps?
Do you pursue the vermillion flower,
or the butterfly awakened
by a morn of flame and gold?

Go rather, breath of dawn,
to lull the one I adore:
carry to her fragrant bed
the scent of woods and mosses
and some words as sweet
as the roses in May.

Disappointment

The sun was still shining.
I wanted to see again the great woods
where once we walked
in the glowing dawn of our love.
I said to myself: "On the way
I shall doubtless find her again;
my hand will reach out for hers,
and we will go on again together."
I look all around: in vain!
I call, and only echo hears me!
O poor wan sun!
O poor woods without birdsong!
O my poor love, how sad
to be so soon lost in oblivion!

Sérénade (P. Collin)

J'aime dans le rayon de la limpide aurore
le reflet de tes jolis yeux;
dans le chant matinal de l'oiseau j'aime encore
l'écho de ton rire joyeux.

Dans le calme des lys j'aime ta paix sereine;
dans leur pureté, ta blancheur;
j'aime dans le parfum des roses ton haleine
et dans leur fraîcheur, ta fraîcheur.

Dans la mer que le flux ou le reflux agite
j'aime tes caprices d'enfant,
et j'aime les soupirs de ton sein qui palpite
dans les longues plaintes du vent.

J'aime la fière ardeur dont ton coeur sent la flamme
dans l'éclat du soleil qui luit;
et j'aime les pudeurs charmantes de ton âme
dans l'ombre chaste de la nuit.

J'aime dans le printemps qui verdit la folie
de ta jeunesse et ses espoirs;
et j'aime la douceur de ta mélancolie
dans le vague déclin des soirs.

Rondel (P. Collin)

Il se cache dans ta grâce
un doux ensorcellement.
Pour leur joie et leurs tourment
sur les coeurs tu fais main basse.
Tous sont pris. Nul ne se lasse
de ce servage charmant.
Il se cache dans ta grâce
un doux ensorcellement.
C'est l'affaire d'un moment;
ton regard qui sur nous passe
est le filet qui ramasse
nos âmes, Dieu sait comment!
Il se cache dans ta grâce
un doux ensorcellement.

Serenade

In the rays of the limpid dawn
I love the reflection of your beauteous eyes;
in morning birdsong I also love
the echo of your joyous laughter.

In the lilies' calm I love your serene peace;
in their purity, your whiteness;
I love your breath in the scent of roses
and in their freshness, your freshness.

In the ebb and flow of the sea
I love your childlike whims,
and in the wind's long complaints I love
the sighs from your throbbing bosom.

In the brilliance of the radiant sun I love
the proud ardor whose flame your heart feels;
and I love your spirit's charming modesty
in night's chaste shadow.

In the virescent Spring I love the folly
of your youth and its hopes;
and I love your gentle melancholy
in the dim decline of evening.

Rondel

In your grace is hidden
a sweet sorcery.
For their joy and their torment
you captivate all hearts.
All are taken. None wearies
of this charming servitude.
In your grace is hidden
a sweet sorcery.
It is the matter of a moment.
Your glance that passes over us
is the net that gathers up
our souls, heaven knows how!
In your grace is hidden
a sweet sorcery.

MANUEL DE FALLA

Siete canciones populares españolas

El Paño moruno

Al paño fino en la tienda
Una mancha le cayó;
Por menos precio se vende,
Porque perdió su valor, Ay!

The Moorish Cloth

On the delicate fabric in the shop
there fell a stain;
for a lower price it sells
because it lost its value. Ay!

Seguidilla Murciana

Cualquiera que el tejado tenga di vidrio,
No debe tirar piedras al del vecino.
Arrieros somos,
Puede que en el camino
Nos encontremos.
Por tu mucha inconstancia
Yo te comparo
Yo te comparo por tu mucha inconstancia
Yo te comparo
Con peseta que corre de mano en mano;
Que al fin se borra
Y creyéndola falsa
Nadie la toma.

Seguidilla of Murcia

Whoever has a glass roof
should not throw stones at his neighbor's.
mule drivers are we,
perhaps on the road
we shall meet.
Because of your inconstancy
I compare you,
I compare you because of your inconstancy,
I compare you
to a peseta that passes from hand to hand;
that finally becomes so rubbed down,
that believing it false,
no one will take it.

Asturiana

Por ver si mi consolaba,
Arriméme a un pino verde;
Por verme llorar, lloraba.
Y el pino, como era verde,
Por verme llorar, lloraba.

Asturiana

To see if I could be consoled
I sought comfort of a green pine tree;
seeing me weep, it wept too.
And the pine tree, since it was green,
seeing me weep, wept too.

Jota

Dicen que no nos queremos
Porque no nos ven hablar;
A tu corazón y al mío
Se lo pueden preguntar.
Ya me despido de tí
De tu casa y tu ventana
Y aunque no quiera tu madre,
Adiós, niña, hasta mañana.

Jota

They say we don't love each other
because they never see us talking;
but of your heart and mine
they have only to ask.
Now I bid you farewell,
your house and your window too,
even though your mother may not like it,
farewell, little girl, until tomorrow.

Nana

Duérmete, niño, duerme,
Duerme, mi alma,
Duérmete, lucerito
De la mañana.
Nanita, nana.
Nanita nana
Duérmete, lucerito
De la mañana.

Canción

Por traidores, tus ojos,
Voy a enterrarlos;
No sabes lo que cuesta,
"Del aires," niña, el mirarlos
"Madre, a la orilla,"
Niña, el mirarlos.
"Madre."
Dicen que no me quieres,
Ya me has querido...
Váyase lo ganado
"Del aire" por lo perdido,
"Madre, a la orilla," por lo perdido.
"Madre."

Polo

Guardo una "ay"
Guardo una pena en mi pecho
Ay!
Que a nadie se la diré!
Malhaya el amor, malhaya!
Ay!
Y quien me lo dió a entender!
Ay!

Nana

Sleep, little baby, sleep,
sleep, my soul,
sleep, little star
of the morning.
Nanita, nana,
nanita nana.
Sleep, little star
of the morning.

Song

Because they are traitors, your eyes,
I will bury them;
you don't know how painful it is,
"From heaven" little one, to look at them.
"Mother, from their edge",
little one, to look at them.
"Mother."
They say you don't love me,
yet once you did love me!
Gone is my love!
"From heaven," it is lost.
"Mother, from their edge!" It is lost.
"Mother!"

Polo

I am hiding an "ay" —
I am hiding a pain in my breast,
Ay!
That to no one will I reveal!
Cursed love, cursed!
Ay!
And the one who taught it to me!
Ay!

*Vancouver Opera and the Vancouver Recital Society
would like to thank Tom Lee Music for providing the piano for this evening's recital.*

PROGRAMME NOTES

For much of his too short career, Canadian composer Robert Fleming was a staff composer and, later, music director at the National Film Board. Although Fleming was a prolific composer not only of film scores but educational, liturgical, theatre and concert works, in the later years of his life his conservative modern idiom was out of favour with the self-appointed tastemakers of Canadian music; consequently, his reputation was eclipsed by composers of little talent and less technique.

Fortunately, in recent years, the quality and lasting value of his music has become increasingly apparent. No work better demonstrates his assured and confident idiom than *The Confession Stone*, written in 1966 to texts by the American poet Owen Dodson. The simplicity of both the texts and the music produces an effect of the utmost sincerity: a powerful re-telling of the events of the Passion from the perspective of Mary in direct, everyday language.

Norman Del Mar has aptly chronicled Strauss' "lifetime of lieder writing"; indeed throughout his long, productive career Richard Strauss frequently turned to song writing — not just as a manifestation of his own love of the German lieder tradition, but also for the practical performance use of his wife Pauline (not to mention other even more distinguished singers).

For this evening's programme Jessye Norman has assembled a group of five songs written between 1887 and 1918. *Seitdem dein Aug'* is, according to Del Mar, "short, almost introductory in character"; *Mit deinen blauen Augen* "looks forward to the pastiche classicism of *Der Rosenkavalier*"; *Einerlei* is a captivating trifle, while *Cäcilie* ("the most patently Straussian of all the composer's many lieder") and *Morgen*, (where, in the opening, "the voice remain[s] silent as if too moved to give expression to an emotion so full of enchantment") were part of the composer's "wedding present" to his future wife.

Tchaikovsky's aesthetic currency has been so devalued by indiscriminate over-performance that many of his orchestral works have long since outworn their welcome. But if we recall his great contribution to opera and to vocal music in general, we may realize how little we really know of this remarkable figure.

The years immediately preceding Tchaikovsky's suicide in 1893 were filled with disillusionment and increasing despair. Despite acclaim, his need for honest self-expression was too often thwarted, and he often experienced a corrosive inability to convey his innermost thoughts and feelings in musical terms.

The *Mélodies françaises* of 1888, among his last vocal works, are settings of French texts composed at the same time as the Fifth Symphony. While that symphony reveals much of Tchaikovsky at his worst, the songs retain a freshness and expressive power that combine the composer's facile charm with unexpected depth.

Born in 1876, Manuel de Falla's early years were spent in Cadiz and Madrid; by the turn of the century he had composed a number of works and amassed something of a local reputation. But, of greater significance, he realized his need to travel — in particular to familiarize himself with the new musical developments then happening in France. From 1907 until 1914 Falla lived and worked in Paris, coming to the attention of Dukas, Ravel and Debussy; after his return to Spain he was at last recognized as one of his country's pre-eminent composers.

The *Siete canciones populares españolas* were one of the last products of his years in Paris; as such they mark a synthesis of then avant garde compositional processes with the rhythms and melodic formulas of Falla's homeland. Falla's technique is unabashedly French, but his content remains just as implacably Spanish.

Though the works are "settings" of traditional tunes and words, Falla was not a purist. "In all honesty", he wrote in 1917, "in popular song the spirit is more important than the letter. The essential feature of these songs are rhythm, tonality and melodic intervals. The people themselves prove this by their infinite variations on the purely melodic lines of the songs." The settings are direct, elegant and spare — a polished and exquisite reflection of Falla's credo: "By conviction and temperament I am opposed to any Art that might be called egotistical. One must work for others: with simplicity, without arrogant or conceited aims. Only in this way can Art accomplish its noble and beautiful social mission."

Programme notes by David Gordon Duke

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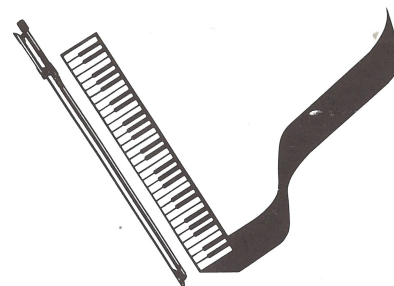
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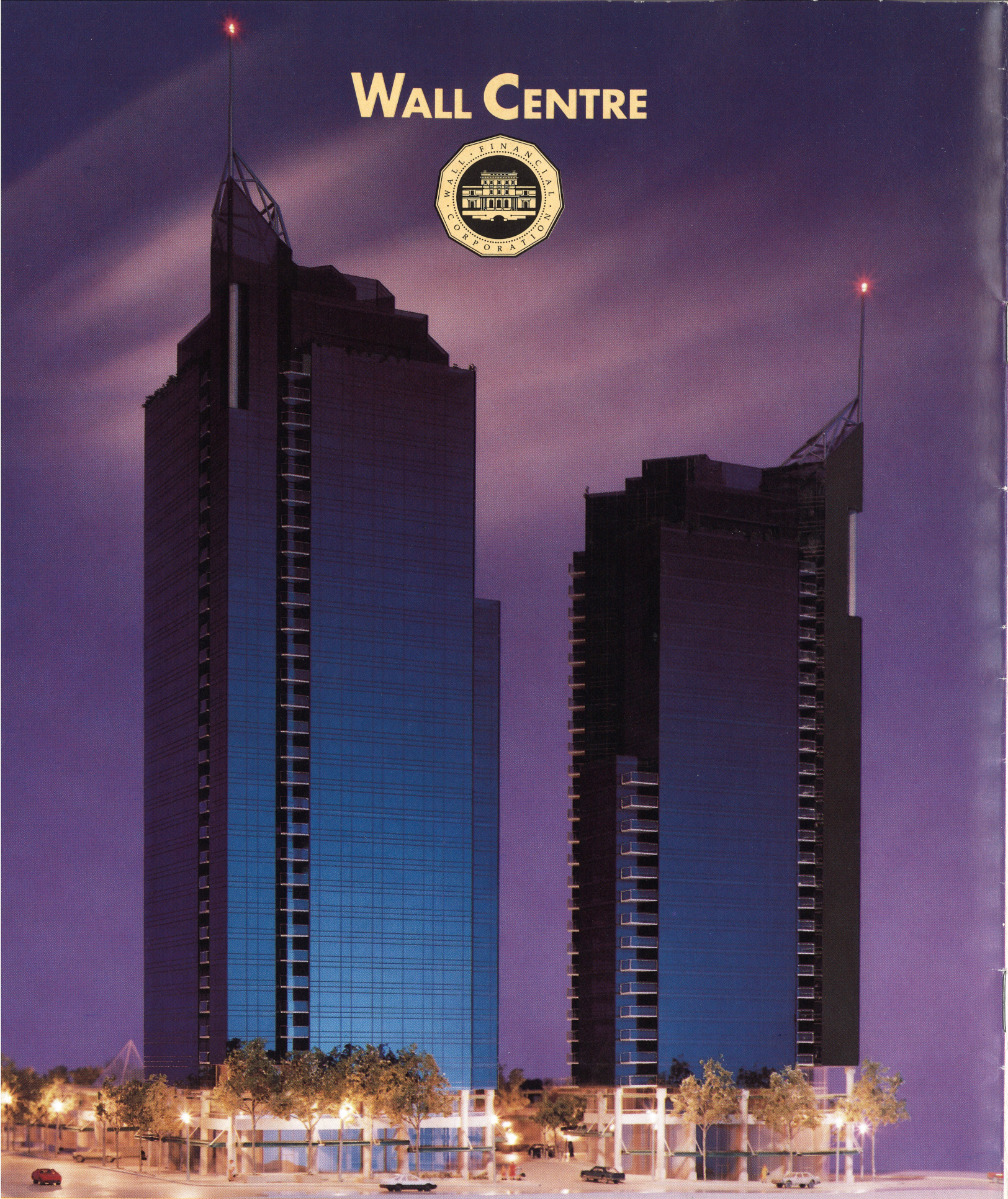
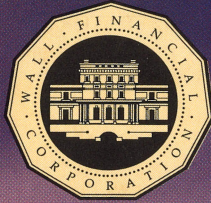
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