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SOPRANO

MARTIN KATZ

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WEDNESDAY, MAY 12, 1993

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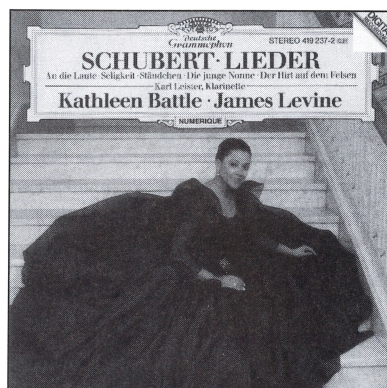


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PROGRAMME

*I attempt from love's sickness to fly
Sweeter than roses*

Henry Purcell
(1659-1695)

Singet nicht in Trauertönen Op.98a, No.7
Meine Rose Op.90, No.2
Schneeglöckchen Op.79, No.26
Der Sandmann Op.79, No.12
Aufträge Op.77, No.5
Er ist's Op.79, No.23

Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)

Ständchen Op.17, No.2
Die Nacht Op.10, No.3
Ich schwebe Op.48, No.2
Wiegenlied Op.41, No.1
Wie sollten wir geheim sie halten Op.19, No.4

Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)

INTERMISSION

Chanson d'avril
La coccinelle
Vieille chanson
Adieux de l'hôtesse arabe

Georges Bizet
(1838-1875)

Selections from *Honey and Rue*

André Previn
(b. 1929)

First I'll Try Love
Whose House is This?
The Town is Lit
I Am Not Seaworthy
Take My Mother Home

Miss Battle appears by arrangement with Columbia Artists Management Inc.;
Personal Direction: Michaela Kurz; Associate: Gary W. Miller; 165 West 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019.

Miss Battle records for Deutsche Grammophon, EMI/Angel, CBS/Sony Classical, RCA/BMG,
Decca/London, Vox Cum Laude, and Telarc.

Couture for Miss Battle: Rouben Ter-Arutunian.

KATHLEEN BATTLE

Kathleen Battle's lyric soprano voice and unique artistry have captivated audiences around the world, making her one of the most acclaimed singers of our time. Miss Battle appears regularly with the world's great opera companies and symphony orchestras and has toured extensively in recitals across the United States and Canada, Europe and the Far East. Her many recordings and television appearances have brought her voice and musicianship into millions of homes world-wide.

At the Metropolitan Opera, Kathleen Battle's repertoire has included Mozart's *Die Zauberflöte*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Don Giovanni*; Strauss' *Ariadne auf Naxos*, *Der Rosenkavalier*; Rossini's *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* and Donizetti's *L'Elisir d'Amore* and the role of Cleopatra in the Metropolitan's first staging of Handel's *Giulio Cesare*.

During the 1992-93 season Miss Battle returns to the Met as Adina in *L'Elisir d'Amore* and

Pamina in *Die Zauberflöte*. She appears with the New York Philharmonic and Kurt Masur in a special Gala concert telecast live on PBS' acclaimed *Live from Lincoln Center* series to inaugurate that orchestra's 150th anniversary season. She is joined by Frederica von Stade to open the Boston Symphony Orchestra season with a gala concert conducted by Seiji Ozawa, repeating the same concert in Carnegie Hall. Miss Battle stars with the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra and Claudio Abbado conducting the annual New Year's Eve concert broadcast live on world-wide television. Miss Battle's solo recitals include two concerts at New York's Alice Tully Hall as well as recitals in Los Angeles, Seattle, Vancouver, London, Paris, Rome, Amsterdam, Berlin, and Tokyo.

Kathleen Battle enjoys close collaborations with many of the most noted artists of our time. She has appeared in concert and has recorded with the world's major conductors, including James Levine, Herbert von Karajan, Riccardo Muti, Seiji Ozawa, André Previn, Leonard Slatkin, Sir Georg Solti, Lorin Maazel and Sir Neville Marriner. She has also performed with trumpeter Wynton Marsalis, guitarist Christopher Parkening, violinist Itzhak Perlman, flutist Jean-Pierre Rampal, soprano Jessye Norman, and tenors Luciano Pavarotti and Plácido Domingo. These partnerships are documented on recordings and on video disks. Last season Miss Battle presented the world premiere of *Honey and Rue*, a song cycle with music by André Previn and lyrics by Pulitzer Prize author Toni Morrison, which was commissioned for Miss Battle by Carnegie Hall as part of their Centennial celebration. Since 1982, her collaboration with the noted scenic and costume designer Rouben Ter-Arutunian has produced an array of gowns for many of her most important engagements.

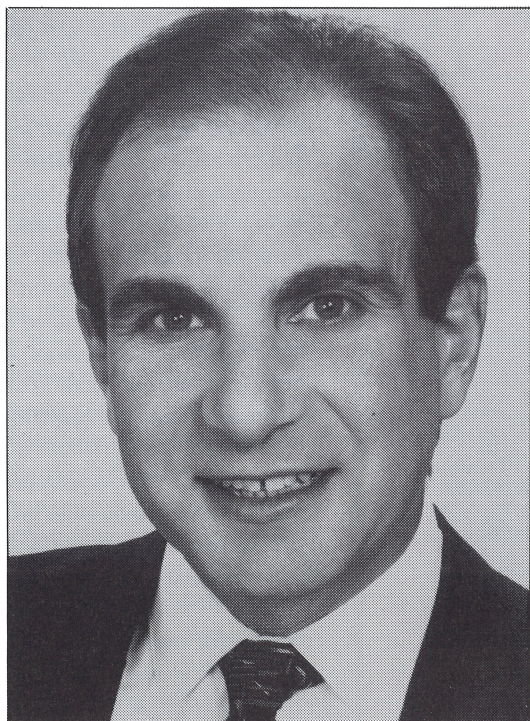
Kathleen Battle has established herself as a distinguished recording artist with a wide range of releases encompassing complete opera, concert, choral and solo albums on all major labels. A winner of several Grammy Awards, Miss Battle won her third Grammy as Best Classical Vocal Soloist for her recording *Kathleen Battle at Carnegie Hall* released in 1992 on the DG label. Also released in 1992 are Miss Battle's *Baroque Duet* with Wynton Marsalis; a documentary film of the same name originally broadcast on PBS television and nominated for an Emmy award;



A *Carnegie Hall Christmas Concert* (audio and video) all on the Sony label; and on DG a video entitled *Kathleen Battle at the Metropolitan Museum*. Her most recent release also, on DG, is Rossini's *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* with Plácido Domingo. Upcoming releases, all on DG include *bel canto* arias with the London Philharmonic conducted by Bruno Campanella, André Previn and Toni Morrison's *Honey and Rue* coupled with Samuel Barber's *Knoxville: Summer of 1915*, both conducted by Maestro Previn; and Handel's *Semele*, conducted by John Nelson, with Miss Battle in the title role. Two of Miss Battle's 'Metropolitan Opera Presents' performances are available on CD Video, Strauss' *Ariadne auf Naxos* and Rossini's *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, both on the DG label.

A native of Portsmouth, Ohio, Kathleen Battle studied at the College Conservatory of Music, University of Cincinnati. She made her Metropolitan Opera debut in December 1977, as the Shepherd in Wagner's *Tannhäuser* with James Levine, who remains a close musical advisor, and performs with her frequently, not only in opera, but also in concert and on recordings. Miss Battle received the Laurence Olivier Award for Best Performance in a New Opera Production for her Royal Opera House Covent Garden debut as Zerbinetta in *Ariadne auf Naxos*. She was the first American opera singer to be so honoured. Kathleen Battle has been awarded honorary doctoral degrees from her Alma Mater, the University of Cincinnati; Westminster Choir College, Princeton, New Jersey; Ohio University; Xavier University in Cincinnati; and from Amherst College.

MARTIN KATZ



Martin Katz is a native of Los Angeles where he began piano studies at the age of five. He attended the University of Southern California as a scholarship student and studied the specialized field of accompanying with its pioneer teacher, Gwendolyn Kodolsky. While yet a student, Mr. Katz was given the unique opportunity of accompanying the master classes of such luminaries as Lotte Lehmann, Jascha Heifetz, Pierre Bernac, and Gregor Piatagorsky. Following his graduation, Mr. Katz held the position of pianist for the U.S. Army Chorus in Washington, D.C. for three years.

Mr. Katz is in constant demand as partner for some of the world's most celebrated soloists in recitals virtually all over the globe. He performs regularly with such outstanding artists as Marilyn Horne, Frederica von Stade, Kiri Te Kanawa, Kathleen Battle, Judith Blegen, Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Tatiana Troyanos, Evelyn Lear, Thomas Stewart, Håkan Hagegård, Katia Ricciarelli, and José Carreras. His concerts have taken him to five continents thus far and he has recorded for Decca, Philips, CBS, RCA, Fonit Centra, and Desoto records.

Due mainly to his association with Marilyn Horne, Mr. Katz has developed a certain expertise in music of the Baroque and Bel Canto periods. His editions of Rossini

opere serie have been done by the Houston Grand Opera and by Carnegie Hall; his version of Handel's *Rinaldo* has been performed for the Ottawa Festival and at the Metropolitan Opera in 1984.

In recent years, invitations to conduct orchestral evenings have come with increasing frequency. Mr. Katz has partnered several of his soloists on the podium for the orchestras of the BBC, Houston Grand Opera, Washington DC, Tokyo, Miami, Rome, and Florence.

Teaching has always played a large role in Mr. Katz's schedule, as his concert activities permit. He is a professor at the University of Michigan, serving as chairman of their accompanying program, and continues to be a frequent guest at innumerable music schools and summer festivals for masterclasses.

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PROGRAMME NOTES

The life of the late 17th century composer Henry Purcell remains clouded in such obscurity that his best contemporary biographer, Franklin Zimmerman, exasperatedly summarizes: "We know only that during his tragically brief creative span of fifteen years, Purcell was extraordinarily active as a composer, editor, instrument-maker, musical consultant, music teacher, organ judge, and performer; that he was employed by three monarchs; that he may have been suspected of Catholic sympathies; and that he died at the early age of thirty-six, having established a splendid reputation as England's most prominent composer for court, church, theatre, and public concert."

The two songs used to launch tonight's recital are well known—the first from the 1795 quasi opera *The Indian Queen*, the second a number from the incidental music for the now forgotten play *Pausanias, The Betrayer of His Country*.

Robert Schumann needs very little introduction as a lieder composer, though it should be remembered that he came to song composition only in the 1840's, well after the completion of his remarkable series of piano compositions (which might be considered song cycles without words). The Schumann group assembled for this evening's programme represents works from his dark, later life, but, paradoxically, focuses on songs that are charming and diversionary.

Gerald Moore (whose assessments of the songs from the pianist's perspective are infused with unpretentious insight) believes that *Singet nicht in Trauertönen* introduces us to the lieder equivalent of Puccini's Musetta—"a young woman of great attraction, infinite vivacity and excessive amiability; her song is shallow but most amusing." *Meine Rose* is called "delectable," as is *Schneeglöckchen* where "the nuances, the delicate tracery, are left to the singer." *Der Sandmann* is more dualistic: "Schumann was unexcelled in such moods where playfulness and tenderness are combined." Moore characterizes *Aufträge* with the assertion that "in the whole field of song there are few with more exuberance than this." The concluding *Er ist's* forms a "virginal and unpretentious" coda to the group.

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BCTEL

In contrast to the short working lives of both Purcell and Schumann, Richard Strauss began to write songs in 1870 and continued until 1948, composing well over 200. The Strauss group this evening is drawn from the extravagantly popular works created between 1883 and the turn of the century. In his exemplary study of Strauss' "lifetime of lieder writing", Norman Del Mar notes that the first, *Ständchen*, is "the most popular of all Strauss' songs; that it is a masterpiece there can be little doubt." *Die Nacht* is "another well-known song and justifiably so." *Ich schwebe* "cavorts in a friskier way than even the light-hearted poem warrants. The swift, tinkling waltz with its rows of sugary consecutive sixths accompanies a floating voice line which is vocally so grateful that it has endeared the song to countless artists." In *Wiegenlied* "we are once again concerned with an especially popular favourite. Not only is the magical atmosphere maintained across a considerable canvass, but the simple melody itself is one of Strauss's most beautiful." Del Mar deems the concluding *Wie sollten wir geheim sie halten* "a thrilling song, full of breathless fervour."

The first group following the interval is devoted to four of the occasional songs that the French operatic master Georges Bizet wrote in the mid-1860s. While Bizet thought little of his songs, according to his biographer Winton Dean, they are the rather charming product of the worst period of the young composer's life, a musical purgatory devoted to the production of commercial arrangements of popular kitsch, educational pieces, transcriptions—anything to support and advance Bizet's nascent career as an opera composer. The mid-19th century flavour of the group is transcended, however, by the concluding *Adieux de l'hôtesse arabe*, a miniature masterwork showing definite glimpses of the operatic Bizet of the next decade.

Composer/conductor André Previn began his career as a *wunderkind* pianist/composer. After his initial training in Paris, his family relocated in Los Angeles and the teenaged composer vanished into the last days of the Hollywood studio system, uproariously described in his affectionate memoir *No Minor Chords*.

(continued on page 8)

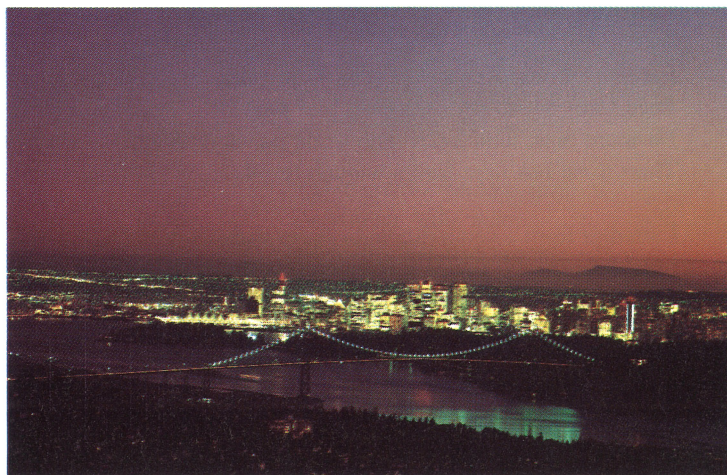


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Previn's *Grove's Dictionary* biographer notes that despite his current eminence as a conductor, he "has been bold enough not to repress his flair for popular music"—a potent influence in his set of songs *Honey and Rue*, written especially for Kathleen Battle and commissioned to celebrate the centennial of New York's Carnegie Hall. According to David Wright, its opening number, "First I'll Try Love", picks up the bittersweet imagery suggested by the title *Honey and Rue*. Underneath its wistful mood, the poem contains humorous and even assertive notes, which the musical setting reflects in its *forte* conclusion. "Whose House Is This?" is a moody *adagio*, its feelings of questioning and foreignness sketched in with chromatic phrases and atonal harmony. Similar ideas, viewed in a completely different light, inspire "The Town Is Lit", a sort of nocturnal scherzo in a jazz idiom, with plenty of zest and irony, text and music explore the conflicting appeal of domestic comforts and the bright lights of the big city. The floating, chordal accompaniment of "I Am Not Seaworthy" follows, with dream-like, disembodied meditation lightly colored by *poco espressivo* phrases. Structurally, "Take My Mother Home" resembles a recitative and aria, but its harmonies and the strophic form of its main section are based on the blues."

Programme notes by David Gordon Duke
(Mr. Duke is the academic coordinator of
the Music Department at
Vancouver Community College.)

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Please turn the page quietly only after the song and its accompaniment have ended.

HENRY PURCELL

I attempt from love's sickness to fly (Dreyden)

I attempt from love's sickness to fly in vain,
since I am myself my own fever and pain.
No more now, fond heart with pride no more swell,
Thou canst not raise forces enough to rebel.

I attempt from love's sickness to fly in vain,
since I am myself my own fever and pain.
For love has more power and less mercy than fate,
To make us seek ruin and love those that hate.

I attempt from love's sickness to fly in vain,
since I am myself my own fever and pain.

Sweeter than roses (Norton)

Sweeter than roses, or cool evening breeze,
On a warm flowery shore.
Was the dear kiss, first trembling made me freeze,
Then shot like fire all over.

What magic has victorious love!
For all I touch or see
Since that dear kiss I hourly prove
All is love to me.

ROBERT SCHUMANN

Singet nicht in Trauertönen (Goethe)

*Singet nicht in Trauertönen
Von der Einsamkeit der Nacht;
Nein, sie ist, o holde Schönen,
Zur Geselligkeit gemacht.*

*Könnt ihr euch des Tages freuen,
Der nur Freuden unterbricht?
Es ist gut, sich zu zerstreuen,
Zu was andern taugt er nicht.*

*Aber wenn in nächt'ger Stunde
Süsser Lampe Dämmerung fließt,
Und vom Mund zum nahen Munde
Scherz und Liebe sich ergießt;*

*Wenn der rasche lose Knabe,
Der sonst wild und feurig eilt,
Oft bei einer kleinen Gabe
Unter leichten Spielen weilt;*

*Wenn die Nachtigall Verliebten
Liebevoll ein Liedchen singt,
Das Gefangnen und Betrübten
Nur wie Ach und Wehe klingt:*

*Mit wie leichtem Herzensregen
Horchet ihr der Glocke nicht,
Die mit zwölf bedächtgen Schlägen
Ruh und Sicherheit verspricht!*

*Darum an dem langen Tage,
Merke dir es, liebe Brust:
Jeder Tag hat seine Plage
Und die Nacht hat ihre Lust.*

Meine Rose (Lenau)

*Dem holden Lenzgeschmeide,
Der Rose, meiner Freude,
Die schon gebeugt und blasser
Vom heissen Strahl der Sonnen,
Reich' ich den Becher Wasser
Aus dunklem, tiefem Bronnen.*

*Du Rose meines Herzens!
Vom stillen Strahl des Schmerzens
Bist du gebeugt und blasser;
Ich möchte dir zu Füßen,
Wie dieser Blume Wasser,
Still meine Seele giessen!
Könnt' ich dann auch nicht sehen
Dich freudig auferstehen.*

Sing not in mournful tones

Sing not in mournful tones
of the solitude of night;
no, sweet fair ones, night
was made for company.

Can you rejoice in day
which does but interrupt joy?
Good it is for distraction,
but serves for nothing else.

But when, at the nocturnal hour,
the sweet lamp's twilight flows,
and from one near mouth to another
jest and love pour forth;

When that hasty, roguish lad,
who's wont wildly, ardently to speed,
often, over a small gift,
lingers lightly sporting;

When, to lovers, the nightingale
sings lovingly a little song
which, to those captive and troubled,
sounds only like grief and woe;

With what lightly stirring heart
do you harken to the bell
that, with twelve cautious strokes,
pledges peace and security.

Therefore, in the long day,
dear heart, take note:
every day has its torment,
and the night its joy.

My rose

To spring's lovely jewel,
to the rose, my delight,
bowed and made paler
by the sun's torrid beam,
I bring water in this beaker
from the deep, dark well.

You, rose of my heart,
by pain's secret beam
are you bowed and made paler;
would I might at your feet,
as water to this flower,
silently pour forth my soul!
Even though I might not then
see you joyfully rise again.

Schneeglöckchen (Ruckert)

*Der Schnee, der gestern noch in Flöckchen
Vom Himmel fiel,
Hängt nun geronnen heut als Glöckchen
Am zarten Stiel.
Schneeglöckchen läutet, was bedeutet's
Im stillen Hain?
O komm geschwind! Im Haine läutet's
Den Frühling ein.
O kommt, ihr Blätter, Blüt und Blume,
Die ihr noch träumt,
All zu des Frühlings Heiligtume!
Kommt ungesäumt!*

Der Sandmann (Kletke)

*Zwei feine Stieflein hab' ich an,
Mit wunderweichen Söhlchen dran;
Ein Säcklein hab' ich hinten auf,
Husch! trippl' ich rasch die Trepp hinauf.
Und wenn ich in die Stube tret,
Die Kinder beten ein Gebet:
Von meinem Sand zwei Körnerlein
Streu ich auf ihre Augelein,
Da schlafen sie die ganze Nacht
In Gottes und der Englein Wacht.*

*Von meinem Sand zwei Körnerlein
Streut ich auf ihre Augelein:
Den frommen Kindern soll gar schön
Ein froher Traum vorübergehn.
Nun risch und rasch mit Sack und Stab
Nur wieder jetzt die Trepp hinab.
Ich kann nicht länger müssig stehn,
Muss heut noch zu gar Vielen gehn;
Da nickt ihr schon und lacht im Traum,
Und öffnet' doch mein Säcklein kaum.*

Aufträge (L'Egru)

*Nicht so schnelle, nicht so schnelle!
Wart ein wenig, kleine Welle!
Will dir einen Auftrag geben
An die Liebste mein.
Wirst du ihr vorüberschweben,
Grüsse sie mir fein*

*Sag, ich wäre mitgekommen,
Auf dir selbst herabgeschwommen:
Für den Gruss einen Kuss
Kühn mir zu erbitten,
Doch der Zeit Dringlichkeit
Hätt' es nicht gelitten.*

Snowdrops

The snow which only yesterday
fell from the sky in flakes,
hangs now, frozen, as a little bell
on a delicate stem.
The snowdrop rings its bell;
what does it signify in the silent wood?
Oh swiftly come! The wood rings the
springtime in.
Oh come, leaf, blossom, flower,
you who still dream,
all to spring's sanctuary!
Without delay!

The sandman

I wear two fine little boots,
with the softest of little soles;
with a little sack on my back,
in a twinkling, I trip up the stairs.
As I go into the bedroom,
the children are saying their prayers:
I drop two little grains
of sand on their eyes,
so they will sleep through the night,
watched over by God and His angels.

I place two little grains
of sand on their eyes:
good children should have sweet dreams.
Now, snip snap, with my sack and stick,
I trip downstairs again.
I cannot be idle any longer,
for I have many to go and see tonight.
Already you are nodding
and smiling in your dreams
and I hardly opened my sack at all.

Messages

Not so fast, not so fast!
Wait a little, tiny wave!
A message I'll give you
for my beloved,
As you glide past,
greet her fondly!

Say, I'd come too,
sailing on you:
for my greeting a kiss
boldly to demand,
but urgent time
would not have suffered it.

*Nicht so eilig; halt! erlaube,
Kleine, leichtbeschwingte Taube!
Habe dir was aufzutragen
An die Liebste mein!
Sollst ihr tausend Grüsse sagen,
Hundert obendrein.*

*Sag, ich wär mit dir geflogen,
Über Berg und Strom gezogen:
Für den Gruss einen Kuss
Kühn mir zu erbitten,
Doch der Zeit Dringlichkeit
Hätt' es nicht gelitten.*

*Warte nicht, dass ich dich treibe,
O du träge Mondesscheibe!
Weisst's ja, was ich dir befohlen
Für die Liebste mein:
Durch das Fensterchen verstohlen
Grüsse sie mir fein!*

*Sag, ich wär' auf dich gestiegen,
Selber zu ihr hinzufliegen:
Für den Gruss einen Kuss
Kühn mir zu erbitten,
Du seist schuld, Ungeduld
Hätt mich nicht gelitten.*

Er ist's (Mörike)

*Frühling lässt sein blaues Band
Wieder flattern durch die Lüfte.
Süsse, wohlbekannte Düfte
Streifen ahnungsvoll das Land.*

*Veilchen träumen schon,
Wollen balde kommen.
Horch, ein Harfenton!
Frühling, ja du bist's!
Dich hab ich vernommen.*

Not so swift, stay, allow me,
little light-winged dove.
I have a message to give you
for my beloved.
A thousand greetings give her,
and a hundred more.

Say, I'd have flown with you,
over hill and stream:
for my greeting a kiss
boldly to demand,
but urgent time
would not have suffered it.

Wait not for me to drive you,
O laggard moon!
You know my command to you
for my beloved:
secretly, through the window,
greet her fondly!

Say, I would have climbed on you
to fly to her in person:
for my greeting a kiss
boldly to demand,
but you are to blame, impatience
would not have suffered me so.

It is Spring

Spring lets its blue ribbon
flutter once more in the breeze;
sweet, familiar fragrance
drifts portentous through the land.

Violets are dreaming,
waiting to come soon.
Listen, the sound of a harp!
Yes, Spring, it is you!
It is you I have heard!

RICHARD STRAUSS

Ständchen (Schack)

*Mach auf, mach auf, doch leise,
meine kind,
um keinen vom Schlummer zu wecken.
Kaum murmelt der Bach, kaum zittert
im Wind
ein Blatt an den Büschen und Hecken.
Drum leise, mein Mädchen, dass nichts
sich regt,
nur leise die Hand auf die Klinke gelegt!*

*Mit Tritten, wie Tritte der Elfen so
sacht,
um über die Blumen zu hüpfen,
Flieg leicht hinaus in die
Mondscheinnacht,
zu mir in den Garten zu schlüpfen.
Rings schlummern die Blüten am
rieselnden Bach
und duften im Schlaf, nur die Liebe
ist wach.*

*Sitz nieder, hier dämmert's geheimnisvoll
unter den Lindenbäumen,
Die Nachtigall uns zu Häupten soll
von uns'ren Küssen träumen.
und die Rose, wenn sie am Morgen erwacht,
hoch glühn von den Wönneschauern
der Nacht.*

Die Nacht (Gilm)

*Aus dem Walde tritt die Nacht,
aus den Bäumen schleicht sie leise,
schaut sich um in weitem Kreise,
nun gib Acht.*

*Alle Lichter dieser Welt,
alle Blumen, alle Farben
löscht sie aus und stiehlt die Garben
weg vom Feld.*

*Alles nimmt sie, was nur hold,
nimmt das Silber weg des Stroms,
Nimmt vom Kupferdach des Doms
weg das Gold.*

*Ausgeplündert steht der Strauch,
rücke näher, Seel' an Seele;
O die Nacht, mir bangt, sie stehle
dich mir auch.*

Serenade

*Open up, open up, but softly,
my child,
so as to rouse no one from slumber.
The brook scarcely murmurs, the breeze
scarcely stirs
a leaf on bush or hedge.
So softly, my girl, so nothing shall
stir,
just lay your hand softly on the latch.*

*With tread as light as the tread of
elves,
to hop your way over the flowers,
flit out into the moonlit
night,
and steal to me in the garden.
By the rippling brook the flowers
slumber,
fragrant in sleep; love alone
is awake.*

*Sit here, the dark is full of mystery,
under the linden trees,
the nightingale at our heads shall
dream of our kisses,
and the rose, waking at morn,
glows deep from the raptures of
this night.*

Night

*Night steps from the wood,
slips softly from the trees,
gazes about her in a wide arc,
now beware.*

*All the light of the world,
all the flowers, all the colours
she extinguishes, and steals the sheaves
from out of the field.*

*All that is fair she takes,
the silver from the stream,
from the cathedral's copper roof
the gold.*

*Plundered stands the bush,
draw closer, soul to soul;
oh, the night, I fear, will steal
you, too, from me.*

Ich schwebe (Henckell)

*Ich schwebe wie auf Engelsschwingen,
die Erde kaum berührt mein Fuss;
in meinen Ohren hör' ich's klingen
wie der Geliebten Scheidegruss.*

*Das tönt so lieblich, mild und leise,
das spricht so zage, zart und rein,
leicht lullt die nachgeklung'ne Weise
in wonneschweren Traum mich ein.*

*Mein schimmernd' Aug'—indes mich füllen
die süssesten der Melodien,—
sieht ohne Falten, ohne Hüllen.
mein lächelnd' Lieb' vorüberziehn.*

Wiegenlied (Dehmel)

*Träume, träume, du mein süßes Leben,
Von dem Himmel, der die Blumen bringt.
Blüten schimmern da, die leben
Von dem Lied, das deine Mutter singt.*

*Träume, träume, Knospe meiner Sorgen,
Von dem Tage, da die Blume spross;
Von dem hellen Blütenmorgen,
Da dein Seelchen sich der Welt erschloss.*

*Träume, träume, Blüte meiner Liebe,
Von der stillen, von der heil'gen Nacht,
Da die Blume seiner Liebe
Diese Welt zum Himmel mir gemacht.*

Wie sollten wir geheim sie halten (Schnack)

*Wie sollten wir geheim sie halten,
die Seligkeit, die uns erfüllt?
Nein, bis in seine tiefsten Falten
sie allen unser Herz enthüllt!*

*Wenn zwei in Liebe sich gefunden,
geht Jubel hin durch die Natur,
in längern wonnevollen Stunden
legt sich der Tag auf Wald und Flur.*

*Selbst aus der Eiche morschem Stamme,
die ein Jahrtausend überlebt,
steigt neu des Wipfels grüne Flamme
und rauscht von Jugendlust durchbebt.*

*Zu höherm Glanz und Düfte brechen
die Knospen auf beim Glück der Zwei,
und süßes rauscht es in den Bächen,
und reicher blüht und reicher glänzt
der Mai.*

I float

*I float as if on angel's wings.
My feet barely touch the ground,
I hear a sound in my ears
Like the farewell of my beloved.*

*It sounds so sweet, so soft and gentle,
It speaks shy, tender and clear,
The echo of its melody lulls me
To sleep in an enraptured dream.*

*My gleaming eye, (while I am filled
With the sweetest of melodies)
Sees without disguise of robes and veils,
My smiling love pass by.*

Cradle song

*Dream, my sweet life, dream
of heaven that brings the flowers.
Blossoms gleam there which live
by the song your mother sings.*

*Dream, bud of my anxiety, dream
of the day the flower sprouted;
of that bright blossom morning
when your soul opened to the world.*

*Dream, blossom of my love, dream
of that silent, that holy night,
when the flower of his love
made this world heaven for me.*

How should we keep it a secret

*How should we keep it a secret,
the bliss with which we're filled?
No, to their deepest places,
let be to all our hearts revealed.*

*When, in love, two find each other,
nature's filled with jubilation,
and in longer hours of bliss
the day descends on wood and field.*

*Even from the oak's rotted trunk,
surviving for a thousand years,
the leaves' green flame ascends anew,
rustling, thrilling to youth's zest.*

*To heightened scent and gleam, buds
burst at the happiness of the two,
and brooks murmur more sweetly,
and May shines and blossoms more
richly.*

GEORGES BIZET

Chanson d'avril (Bouilhet)

*Lève-toi! lève-toi! Le printemps vient de naître!
Là-bas, sur les vallons, flotte un réseau vermeil!
Tout frissone au jardin, tout chante et ta fenêtre,
Comme un regard joyeux, est plein de soleil!*

*Du côté des lilas aux touffes violettes,
Mouches et papillons bruissent à la fois;
Et le muguet sauvage, l'ébranlant ses clochettes,
A réveille l'amour endormi dans les bois!*

*Puisqu'avril a semé ses marguerites blanches,
Laisse ta mante lourde et ton manchon frileux.
Déjà l'oiseau t'appelle et tes soeurs les pervenches
Te souriront dans l'herbe en voyant tes yeux bleus!*

*Viens, partons! au matin, la source est plus limpide;
Lève-toi! viens, partons!
N'attendons pas du jour les brûlantes chaleurs,
Je veux mouiller mes pieds dans la rosée humide,
Et te parler d'amour sous les poiriers en fleurs.*

La coccinelle (Hugo)

*Elle me dit: "Quelque chose,
Me tourmente."
Et j'aperçus son cou de neige
Et dessus, et dessus
Un petit insecte rose,
J'aurais dû... oui...mais, sage ou fou,
A seize ans on est farouche!
J'aurais dû...oh! oui j'aurais dû
Voir le baiser sur la bouche
plus que l'insecte a son cou!
On eût dit un coquillage,
Dos rose et taché de noir:*

*Les fauvettes pour nous voir
se penchaient dans le feuillage.
Sa bouche fraîche était là!
Hélas! Je me penchais sur la belle
Et je pris la Coccinelle
Mais le baiser s'envola!
"Fils, apprend comme on me nomme."
Dit l'insecte du ciel bleu!
"Les bêtes sont au bon Dieu!
Mais la bêtise est à l'homme!"
Dit l'insecte du ciel bleu
Hélas, j'aurais dû, oui!*

April song

Wake up! Wake up! Spring is born!
There in the vale, the reeds float vermillion!
The whole garden trembles and sings,
And your window is full of sun;

Next to the lilacs grow tufts of violets.
The honeybees and butterflies chatter all together,
And the wild lily, newly blossomed,
Has awakened love from woodland slumber.

Since April has strewn her white daisies about
Put off your heavy cloak and muff.
Already the birds call you and the periwinkles smile,
Envisioning your blue eyes in the grass.

Come, let us go, in the morning the spring is clearest.
Wake up! Let's go!
Before the day gets too hot;
I want to moisten my feet with dew,
and speak to you under the flowering pear trees.

The lady-bird

She said to me: "Something is
tormenting me."
And I noticed her white neck
and on top of it
a small pink insect.
I should have, but wise or crazy,
at sixteen, one is shy!
I should have, yes, I should have
seen the kiss on her mouth
more than the insect on her neck.
One might have thought it a shell,
back pink and touched with black.

The warblers to better see us
perched themselves in the foliage.
Her sweet mouth was there!
Alas, I leaned over her
and I took the ladybug
but the kiss flew away.
"Son, learn how I am called,"
said the insect of the blue sky.
"Beasts belong to God,
but foolish acts belong to man!"
said the insect of the blue sky.
Alas! I should have. Yes.

Vieille chanson (Millevoÿe)

*Dans les bois l'amoureux Myrtil
Avait pris fauvette légère;
Aimable oiseau, lui disait-il:
Je te destine à ma bergère.
Pour prix du don que j'aurai fait
Que de baisers, que de baisers!
Si ma Lucette, si ma Lucette
M'en donne deux pour un bouquet
J'en aurai dix pour la fauvette
La fauvette dans le vallon
A laissé son ami fidèle,
Et tant fait, que de sa prison
Elle s'échappe à tire d'aile.
Ah! dit le berger désolé,
Adieu les baisers de Lucette!
Tout mon bonheur s'est envolé
Sur les ailes de la fauvette!
Myrtil retourne au bois voisin
Pleurent la perte qu'il a faite,
Soit par hasard, soit à dessein,
Dans les bois se trouvait Lucette;
Et sensible à ce gage defoi.
Elle sortit de sa retraite
En lui disant: Console-toi, Myrtil.
Ah! Tu n'es perdu que la fauvette!*

Adieux de l'hôtesse arabe (Hugo)

*Puisque rien ne t'arrête en cet heureux pays,
Ni l'ombre du palmier, ni le jeune mais
Ni le repos, ni l'abondance,
Ni de voir à ta voix battre le jeune sein
De nos soeurs dont, les soirs, le tournoyant essaim
Couronne un coteau de sa danse;
Adieu, beau voyageur! Hélàs! Adieu!
Oh! que n'es-tu de ceux
Qui donnent pour limite à leurs pieds paresseux
Leur toit de branches ou de toiles!
Qui, rêveurs, sans en faire, écoutent les récits,
Et souhaitent le soir, devant leur porte assis,
De s'en aller dans les étoiles!
Hélàs! Adieu! beau voyageur!*

*Si tu l'avais voulu, peut-être une de nous,
O jeune homme, eut aimé te servir à genoux
Dans nos huttes toujours ouvertes
Elle eut fait, en berçant ton sommeil de ses chants.
Pour chasser de ton front les moucherons méchants,
Un éventail de feuilles vertes.
Si tu ne reviens pas, songe un peu quelquefois
Aux filles du désert, soeurs à la douce voix,
Qui dansent pieds nus sur la dune.
O beau jeune homme blanc, bel oiseau passager,
Souviens-toi; car peut-être, ô rapide étranger.
Ton souvenir resta à plus d'une!
Hélàs! Adieu! bel étranger! Souviens-toi!*

An old song

*In the woods, the love-sick Myrtil
Caught a linnet all unwary.
Sweet bird, he said, what joy I feel
Thee to my shepherdess to carry.
My gift to her let her repay
With many kisses this very day!
If my Lucette, faith have I in it,
Can give me two for one bouquet,
I shall have ten, for thee, dear Linnet.
In the valley she'd left her mate,
For his love loudly he was singing.
All at once, afar from her prison fate,
Her flight the linnet swift was winging.
Ah, said the shepherd with a moan,
Good-bye to kisses from Lucette!
My happiness on wings has flown
With the linnet destined for my pet!
Myrtil returned, but saw no sign,
With grief his heart was palpitating;
When, or by chance, or by design,
There Lucette in the woods was waiting.
And from her retreat she came smiling
Her eye had naught but love within it;
Myrtil, she said, grieve not the while,
Thou has lost nothing but the linnet.*

The farewell of the Arabian hostess

*Since nothing will keep you in this happy land,
neither the shady palm, nor the yellow corn,
nor the repose, nor the abundance,
nor to see how the voice makes the hearts
of our sisters beat, who in a whirling swarm,
at evening crown a hillside with their dancing.
Farewell, handsome voyager. Alas, farewell.
Oh, if only you were one of those
whose lazy feet are bound
by a roof of branches or tiles!
One of those dreamers, who, at evening sit
outside the door, listening to stories
and wishing to go to the stars.
Alas! Farewell, handsome voyager!*

*If you had wished it, perhaps one of us,
oh young man, would have liked to serve you
kneeling in our open huts;
while rocking you to sleep with her songs,
she would have made a fan of green leaves
to drive from your brow the nasty gnats,
If you do not return, dream from time to time
of the desert girls, sisters of the sweet voice,
who dance with bare feet on the sand dunes.
Oh handsome pale man, beautiful passing bird,
remember, oh swift stranger,
your memory remains with more than one of us.
Alas! Farewell, handsome stranger! Remember!*

ANDRE PREVIN

Honey and Rue (Toni Morrison)

First I'll Try Love

First
I'll try love.
Although I've never heard the word
Referred to even whispered to
Me.
First I'll try love.
So when winter comes
And sundown becomes
My time of day,
If anybody asks, I can say,
"First, I tried love."

Whose House Is This?

Whose house is this?
Whose night keeps out the light
In here?
Say, who owns this house?
It's not mine.
I had another, sweeter, brighter
With a view of lakes crossed in painted boats;
Of fields wide as arms open for me.
This house is strange.
Its shadows lie.
Say, tell me, why does its lock fit my key?

The Town is Lit

It's been suggested: well kept lawns and fences white porch
swings and toast by the fire.

It's been requested: puppies, a window of blossoming pear
trees and a place for the robins to nest.

But I know that somewhere, out there
The town is lit
The players begin
To make music in all the cafes
Clowns on wheels
Linger to steal
Foxes that click on the curb
Lovers expecting
The night to protect them
The moon too far to disturb
Trees in the park
Dance after dark
To music in all the cafes.

It's been suggested: well kept lawns and fences white
porch swings and toast by the fire.

It's been requested: puppies, a window of blossoming pear
trees and a place for the robins to nest.

But I know that somewhere, out there
 Geminis split
 Sagitarians mix
 To the music in all the cafes
 Aquarians throw
 Gold on the floor
 To rival the glitter it makes
 Pisces swim
 Over the rim
 Knowing they've got what it takes
 Cut through the dark
 Get to the heart
 Of the music in all the cafes.

I Am Not Seaworthy

I am not seaworthy.
 Look how the fish mistake my hair for home.
 I had a life, like you. I shouldn't be riding the sea.
 I am not seaworthy.
 Let me be earth bound; star fixed
 Mixed with sun and smacking air.
 Give me the smile, the magic kiss
 To trick little boy death of my hand.
 I am not seaworthy. Look how the fish mistake my hair
 for home.



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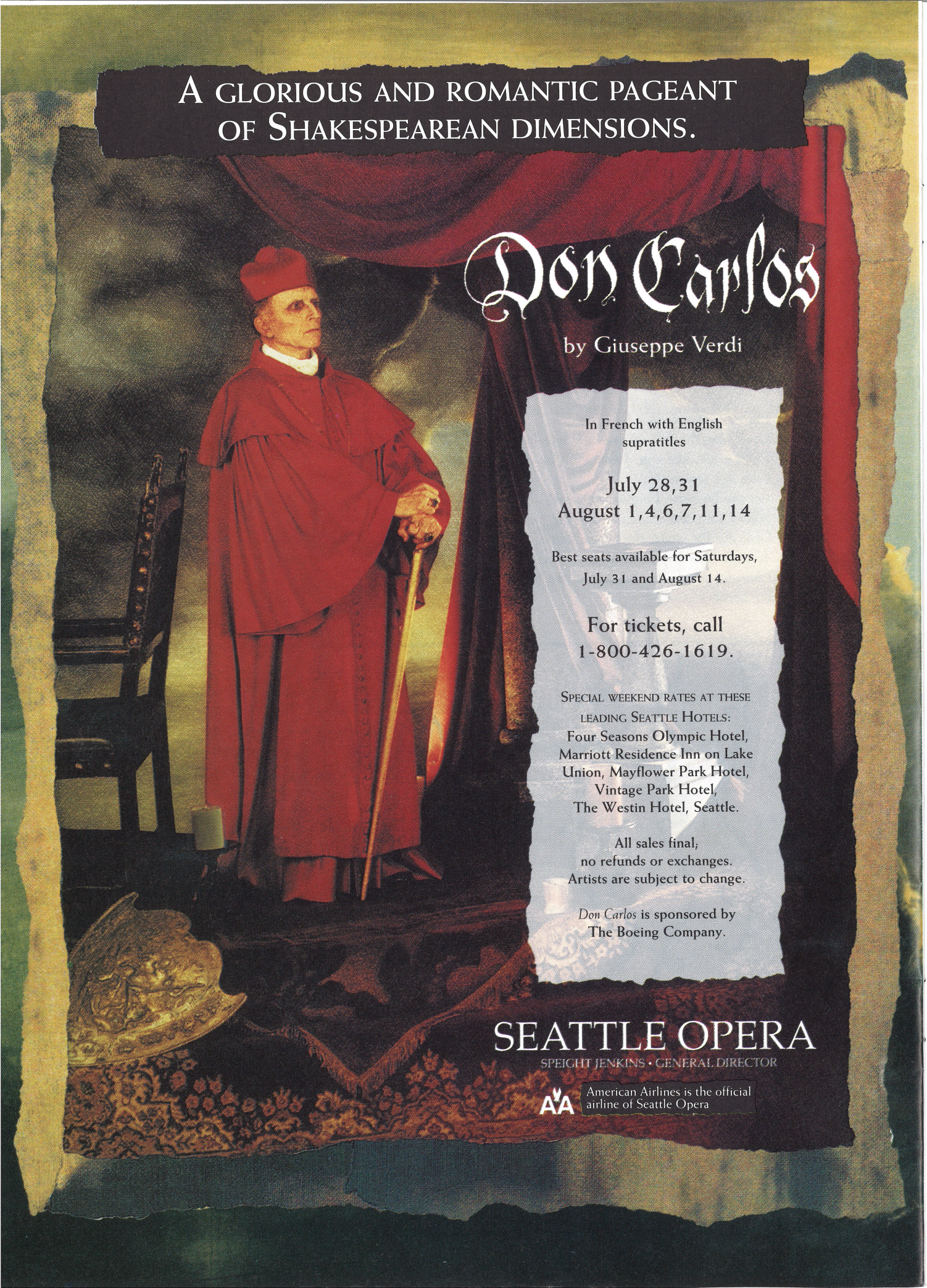
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Take My Mother Home

My lady rides a Tennessee stud with a tiny whip in her hand. The afternoon sky is kind to her and the wind is in love with her veil. Her coat is as red as her heart. The spurs on her heels glint like knives where the flesh of the stud is soft.

I wish I had me a fast footed horse; a veil to wrap my mind. I wish I had me a tiny little whip and a heart that could close like a coat.

Take my mother home; take my mother on home
I ain't free; never mind about me
Take my mother home.
Take my father home; let my father see his home.
I ain't free; don't worry about me
Take my father home.
Take my sister home; lead my sister home
I ain't free; forget about me
Take my sister home.
Take my brother home; show him the way to get home
I ain't free; it don't matter about me
Take my brother home.
Take my baby home; take my baby home
I ain't free and I never will be
Take my pretty baby on home.
Home. Home.
I can stay here all alone if you
Take my mother home.

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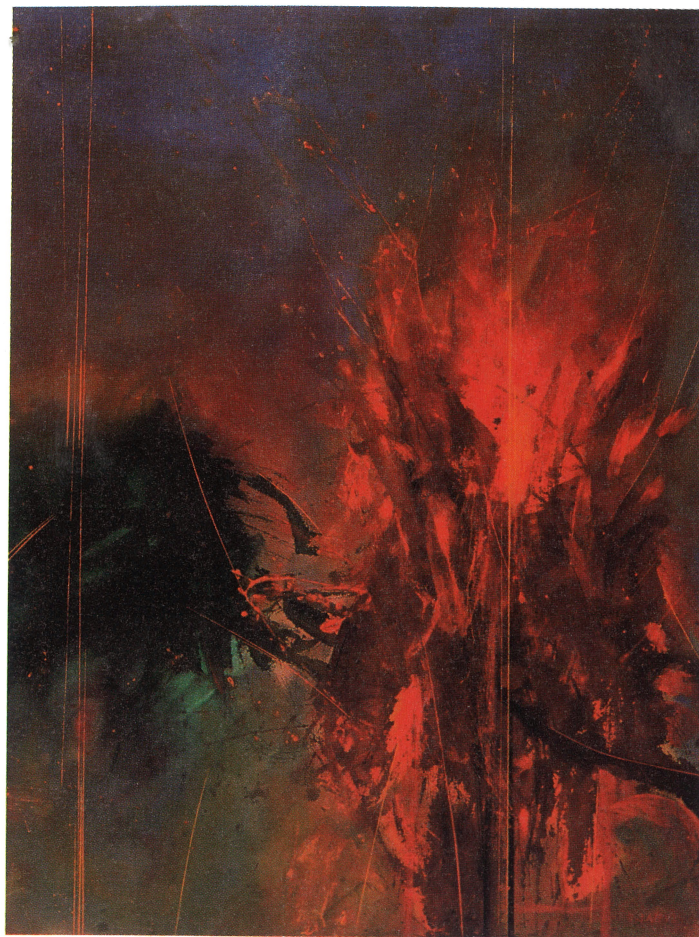
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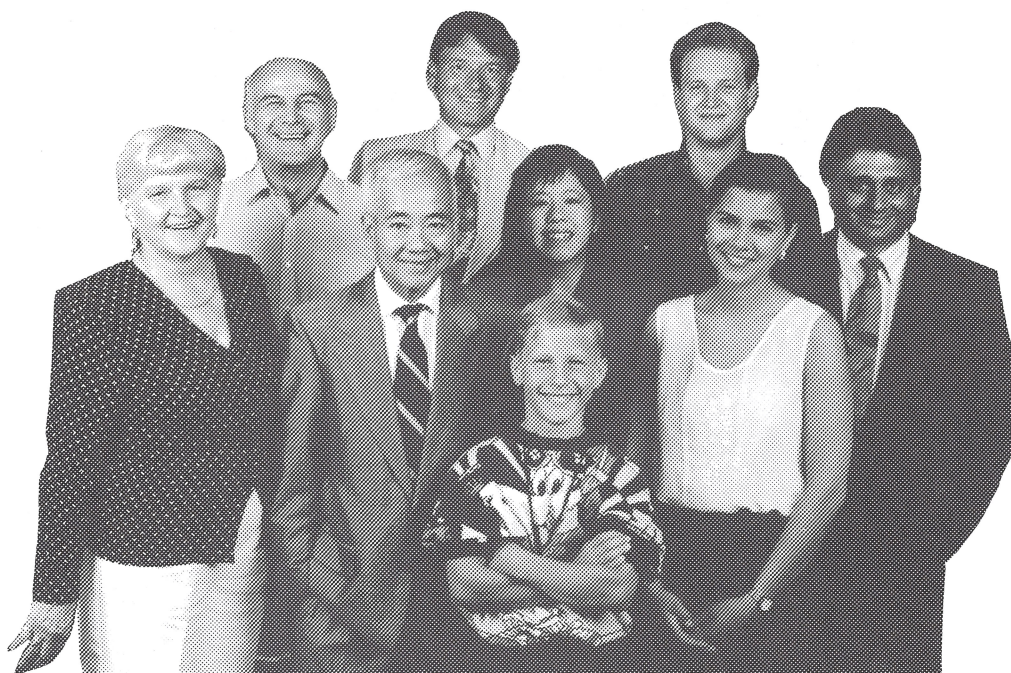
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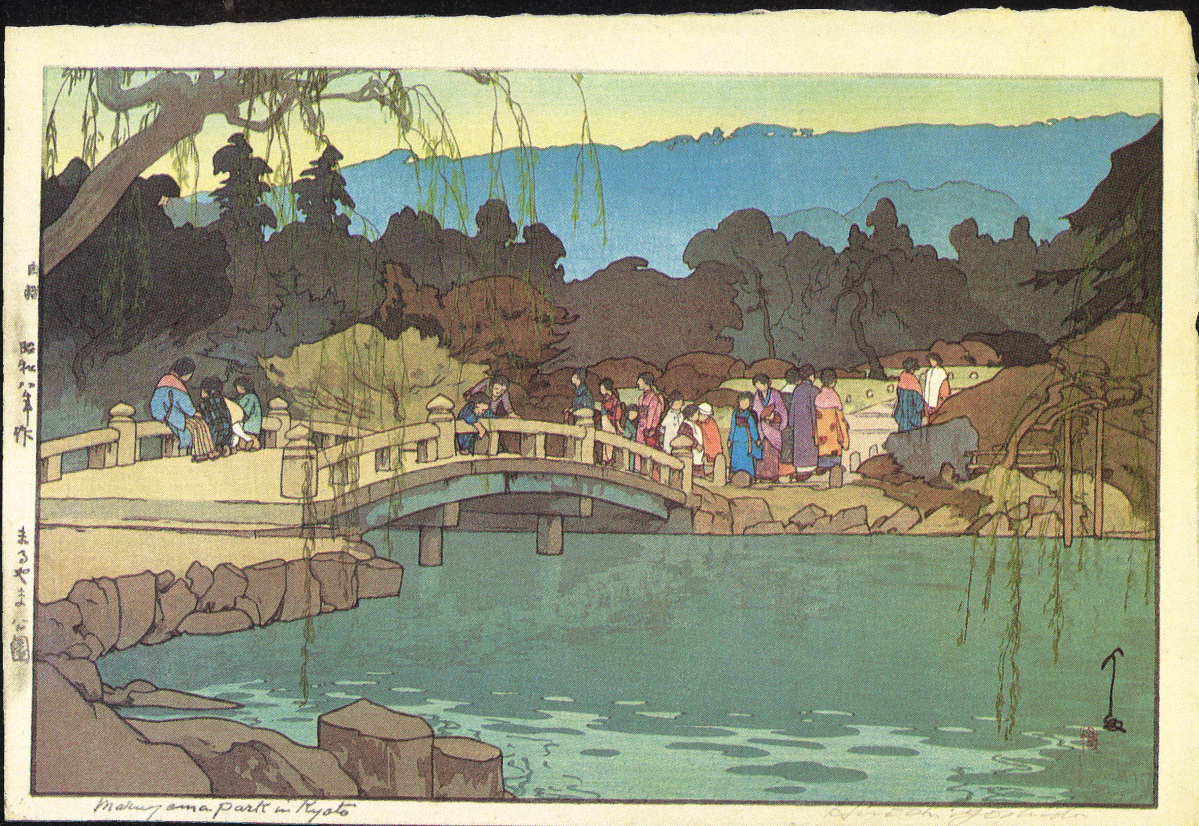
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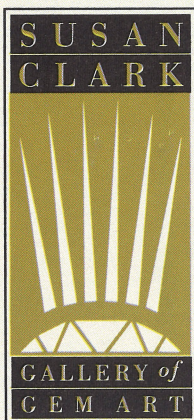
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