

Cedille Records
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clearings in the sky

Songs by
Lili Boulanger
and her
compatriots

Patrice Michaels, soprano

Rebecca Rollins, piano

clearings in the sky

GABRIEL FAURÉ (1845-1924)

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 2 Tristesse..... (2:51)
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LILI BOULANGER

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Patrice Michaels, soprano

Rebecca Rollins, piano

TT: (76:35)



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clearings in the sky

notes by Rebecca Rollins

Lili Boulanger lived only twenty-four years (1893-1918), was ill most of her life, and created musical works of great beauty and sophistication, works that Debussy described as “undulating with grace.” How did this happen? How did this woman manage to become so creative and productive in spite of her difficult and short life?

Lili Boulanger was French, and France had a recognized and lengthy tradition of women in music and the arts. This history ranged from medieval women troubadours to the professional women musicians and composers of the Baroque era (Elisabeth-Claude Jacquet de la Guerre being the most prominent) to the numerous women salon leaders of the 19th century. France’s openness and acceptance toward women in the arts and professions was unique among European countries.

Lili Boulanger was born on August 21, 1893 into a prominent, well-connected Parisian family with a long history of impressive musical and theatrical accomplishments. The Boulanger grandparents had won music competitions at young ages. Lili’s father, Ernest, won the Prix de Rome competition in composition in 1835, when he was nineteen. Lili’s mother, Raïssa (1858-1935), met Ernest when she became his voice student at the Paris Conservatoire. They “married” in 1877, when he was sixty-two and she was nineteen. (According to Boulanger biographer Léonie Rosenstiel, the couple may not have been legally married.) Nadia Boulanger, who would become one of the great composition peda-

gogues of the twentieth century, was born in 1887. Lili arrived six years later, when her father was seventy-seven. The family environment was a stimulating one, and accomplishment at an early age was expected. Family friends included Gounod, Saint-Saëns, Fauré, Dupré, and many other prominent French musicians.

From an early age, Lili showed every indication of following in and contributing to the Boulanger tradition of musical accomplishment. She sang melodies by ear at age two. At five, Lili began attending classes with Nadia at the Conservatoire. Her earliest musical studies included violin, cello, harp, piano, and harmony. By 1901, at the age of eight, she was auditing classes in organ, composition, and history. Her studies were sporadic, however; a severe case of bronchial pneumonia at age two left her with a weakened immune system and ill health for the rest of her life. (She eventually died from an intestinal disease.) The specter of death affected Lili from an early age. Her father, for whom she was a favorite, died suddenly when she was six. He was eighty-four, but it came as a great shock to Lili. She found comfort in her strong Catholic beliefs and in her musical pursuits. Lili’s first composition (which she later destroyed), from 1906, was a song about death and grief, themes that permeate her surviving works. Despite her early encounters with sickness and death, Lili was a cheerful and charismatic child with an insatiable curiosity who pursued her studies with a fierce ambition.

When Lili was sixteen, she decided she would be a

composer. Winning the Prix de Rome — the competition her father won in 1835, and in which her sister placed second in 1908 — became her immediate goal. Her perseverance was astounding as she set an intensive course of study for herself over the next three years, simultaneously studying harmony, fugue, counterpoint, and composition. In 1912, she was officially admitted to the Conservatoire by Fauré, made her debut as a composer, and attempted the Prix de Rome. The competition was a grueling affair that involved, among other things, being sequestered for one month while writing a cantata for soloists and orchestra on a specified text. Lili's illness forced her to withdraw in 1912, but the following year she tried again. Although she still was not well, her fortitude prevailed and she emerged triumphant. Lili's winning cantata, *Faust et Hélène*, created a sensation and received enthusiastic reviews from everyone — the judges, the public, the press, and her colleagues, including Debussy.

This was an amazing feat: Lili Boulanger had captured First Grand Prize in the Prix de Rome at the age of nineteen — the first woman ever to do so — and she had won decisively. She became an international celebrity almost overnight. The resulting whirlwind of appearances and performances sapped her limited strength, however, and she had to curtail her activities. Her two-year residency at the Villa Medici in Rome (part of the Prix de Rome prize) was interrupted frequently due to illness and also the onset of World War I. Nadia and Lili organized a war relief effort for musicians and friends, providing moral support and enabling correspondence among colleagues. Lili continued composing and readying scores for publication when she was able,

but her health was rapidly deteriorating. She remained courageous and determined, but frequently expressed frustration with her weakness.

From 1916, Lili was ill more often than she was well, but she continued to work. She knew she had limited time and that she had to work quickly when she was able. Her strength of character, the support of her mother, sister, and many devoted friends, and her own incredible abilities carried her through much pain and suffering. Her last piece, *Pie Jesu*, a haunting setting for voice, string quartet, harp, and organ, was dictated from her death-bed to Nadia. Lili Boulanger died on March 15, 1918, never having heard most of her music performed. Her sister, Nadia, lived until 1979 and was an ardent, life-long promoter of Lili's work.

As a composer, Lili Boulanger quickly absorbed everything she was taught and moved forward to forge her own style. The French tradition she inherited from Fauré and others inspired her predilection for setting texts; almost all of her music is vocal. In her harmonic language and instrumentation, she remained close to the composers around her, especially Debussy. But she was also an experimenter, bending forms, stretching harmonies, and incorporating new ideas. Elements in her music foreshadow the later music of Ravel, Honegger, and even Messiaen.

Clairières dans le ciel (Clearings in the Sky), a major work in Lili Boulanger's oeuvre, was written in 1914, before and during her stay at the Villa Medici in Rome. The initial idea came from Lili's close friend, Miki Piré, who gave Lili a collection of poems by Francis Jammes. Lili completed the cycle at



Miki's home in Nice, and sang a private "première" for her in May of 1917, with Nadia as pianist. The official premiere came in March of 1918, one week before Lili's death; she was too weak to attend. Eleven of the songs bear dedications to special people in Lili's life, including Fauré

(No. 1); Miki (No. 2); Lili's mother (No. 4); and David Devries, the tenor who sang the premiere of Lili's cantata *Faust et Hélène* (No. 11).

The interweaving of music and poetry in *Clairières* provides a wonderful metaphor for Lili's life. Her determination and optimism fueled a creative vision that constantly sought to turn tragedy into triumph. This attitude was manifest at the very beginning of her work on the cycle, when Lili asked Francis Jammes for permission to change the title from his *Tristesses* (Sorrows) to the more hopeful *Clairières dans le ciel* (the title of another collection of his poems). This outlook toward life is present in many aspects of the music, especially her choice and use of keys.

Lili must have identified both with the heroine, a too-tall, somewhat awkward girl who seems to evaporate into the mist, and with the narrator/lover in the poems. The key of E major, used in several songs, appears to represent the more joyous aspects of the

woman and the love between the two. Songs 1 and 2 describe the heroine in a gentle, lilting way. No. 4 depicts the bubbling fountain of their love. No. 5 begins in E minor with a passionate, imploring prayer from the lover to a black virgin icon and concludes in E major, in an atmosphere of peace and consolation. No. 8 conveys the woman's calm, passionate look, but the tonic E drops out at the end, leaving the lover (and the listener) literally "rootless." Finally, in No. 13, just before the end of the cycle, the woman's memory is recalled with an exact repetition of the opening of song No. 1.

A second important key, D minor, is used in the last three songs to represent the sadness and finally despair of the narrator/lover over the loss of his love. The somber, static, bare chords of No. 12 convey a sense of anguished finality. The foreboding nature of D minor also pervades No. 13; attempts are made to "temper" this sadness by recalling previous music in E and C major, but in the end, D minor prevails. The final notes of the cycle, an open fifth on D, could be interpreted as emptiness, an echo of "plus rien" (nothing); or perhaps this open fifth signals ambiguity, resignation, or even a small glimmer of hope.

The key of C major appears in the cycle at moments of affirmation and as relief from the despair of D minor. In No. 11, C major even plays a triumphant role, appearing near the end in a wistful, recurring, four-note motive that becomes transformed into an affirmative forte statement. This strong ending, the only such in the cycle, accompanies the text "sur ma vie" (on my life) and serves to reinforce the theme of empathy through suffering, an important theme both of the cycle and of Lili's life. Significantly, the wistful C major motive of No.

11 recurs in the piano at the end of No. 13, immediately preceding the final open fifths on D, to inject a moment of hope under the final “plus rien.”

A few other examples demonstrate further how the meaning of the text is reflected in the music. In No. 3, distinct segments of music with varying tempi, keys, and accompaniment patterns match the fleeting, fluctuating emotions of the distraught lover. In No. 6, tortured chromaticisms and repeated references to the opening of Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde* express melancholy and disillusion, while the final resolution on F minor, accompanying the phrase “I don't know if I will recover,” conveys an acquiescence that undoubtedly resonated with Lili. Soft, languorous chords in D-flat major (the only use of this key in the cycle) mark the centrality of No. 7, both musically and textually. The rippling accompaniment that opens No. 9 soon begins a journey toward increasingly anguished chromaticism, only to make an almost hopeful turn at the end toward D-flat major (a remembrance of the ecstasy of No. 7?), but in the final chord, the bass drops out, leaving only the upper voices fading away. The piano part of No. 10 lyrically depicts the swinging and swaying in the wind of two columbines, a little vignette providing relief, suitably in the key of C major, although C major is not established firmly until the end (most of the piece hangs on the dominant of G). In each song, chromaticism and dissonance are used freely and frequently to interrupt the prevailing mood and to indicate the lover's agitation, pain, or anguish.

A final word should be said about the choice of thirteen songs for the cycle. This number was significant for the composer: Lili's full name had thirteen letters in it, and she often joked about how the number was a

symbol for her. Also, the monogram of “LB” that she chose for the cover of her published works resembles “13.” Thus, Lili carefully and purposefully selected thirteen poems out of Jammes' original cycle of twenty-four.



The other four Lili Boulanger songs on this recording represent slightly different periods in her creative output — if it is possible to discuss “periods” in a career of only seven years. *Reflets* (*Reflections*) is from 1911 and bears some affinity to the songs of Fauré in its broken chord accompaniment and tonal harmonies. Only one year later, in *Attente* (*Expectation*) and *Le retour* (*The Return*), Boulanger's harmonic language is already more complex and chromatic, evocative of some early Debussy songs. These three songs are in the keys of F-sharp minor, C-sharp major, and F-sharp major, respectively, showing Lili's predilection for sharp keys. In contrast, *Dans l'immense tristesse* (*In Immense Sadness*), from 1916, is in B-flat minor, a key that represented mourning and sadness to Lili during this depressed time in her life. The dark sonorities, ostinato-like accompaniment patterns on stark open fifths, and dissonant harmonies convey the anguish of the mother grieving over her dead child. Some resolution comes at the end with the quotation of a French lullaby in the piano postlude. These four pieces express again the fortitude tinged by almost-unrelieved melancholy that was a constant theme for Lili Boulanger — in her life

and in her music.

Opening this recording are three *mélodies* of Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924), a Boulanger family friend and important influence on the music of Lili. As professor of composition at the Paris Conservatoire from 1896, and its director from 1905-1920, he taught composition to the Boulanger sisters and Ravel, among other notables. *Vocalise-étude* (1907) is one of three vocalises on this disc, all part of a multi-volume set of vocalises commissioned in the early years of the century, and published by Alphonse Leduc. *Tristesse* (Sadness, 1873) has an obvious thematic connection with the music of Lili. At age six, she reportedly sang *En prière* (In Prayer, 1889) at sight, with Fauré at the piano. Whether this occurred before or after the death of Lili's father is unknown, but the fervency of the prayer and the simple profundity of the music resonates with our knowledge of the child Lili.

Claude Debussy (1862-1918) and Maurice Ravel (1875-1937) are, of course, renowned figures in early 20th-century French music, and both have connections to Lili. Debussy and Boulanger never met, but they knew each other's music and, coincidentally, died within one week of each other. Boulanger was especially influenced by Debussy's opera, *Pelléas et Mélisande* (1902), based on the drama by Maurice Maeterlinck. Lili used Maeterlinck texts for *Reflets* and *Attente*; her large, unfinished project at her death was an opera on his *La Princesse Maleine*. Echoes of Debussy's early harmonic vocabulary, as in his *Cinq poèmes de Baudelaire* (1889), of which *Le jet d'eau* (The Fountain) is No. 3, are heard in Lili's later *Attente*.

Debussy's pianistic writing, his emphasis on sonority, and his idiomatic setting of the French language also influenced Boulanger.

Ravel met the Boulanger sisters in Fauré's composition classes at the Conservatoire; although they traveled in the same circles, they never became close friends. Ravel's influence on Lili's music can be heard in her colorful writing for piano, and for orchestra. Both composers had a penchant for exoticism, an obvious trait in Ravel's *Vocalise-étude en forme de Habañera* (1907). As in Bizet's *Carmen*, Ravel presents a French notion of a Spanish interpretation of a Cuban dance, and a ravishingly sensuous one at that.

The last two composers on this disc, Arthur Honegger (1892-1955) and Olivier Messiaen (1908-1992), are included here because of their connections to Lili, and because they represent possible directions Lili's music might have taken, had she lived a normal lifespan. Honegger was born in Switzerland (one year before Lili), but studied at the Paris Conservatoire (sporadically from 1911-1918) and was part of the group of prominent French composers known as Les Six. While his musical affinities were as much German as French, some of his music, including the *Vocalise-étude* (1929), incorporates the popular, jazz-tinged style favored among Les Six, and some of his harmonic and melodic characteristics were foreshadowed by Lili. One other connection of note: the first recording of Lili's music, which did not appear until 1960 and included some of her religious choral music, won that year's Arthur Honegger Prize for religious music.

Messiaen's connection with Lili comes through the Paris Conservatoire, where he studied organ with Marcel Dupré, a good friend of the Boulanger family and a fellow contestant with Lili for the 1913 Prix de Rome. Messiaen later taught harmony and composition at the Conservatoire. In 1965, when "Les Amis de Lili Boulanger" was formed in Paris, Messiaen was one of the luminaries on the organization's honorary committee. One of the most prominent composers of the 20th century, Messiaen's style incorporates colorful, dissonant, dense chords, with a weightlessness and transparency that clearly identifies it as "French." These characteristics are present in the brief, tender, almost enigmatic *Le sourire* (The Smile, from *Trois mélodies*, 1930). A setting of poetry by Cécile Sauvage, Messiaen's mother, it is one of his earliest published pieces, written three years after his mother died.

After studying and listening to the music of Lili Boulanger and her compatriots, inevitable questions arise: Why are the compatriots so much better known than Lili herself? Why the comparative neglect of the works of this extremely gifted woman who wrote such extraordinary music and who was so celebrated in her time?

In the years following Lili's death, her music was periodically performed in Paris and abroad, always to great acclaim. Later, groups formed in Boston (1939) and Paris (1965) to promote Lili's works. Still, the first recording of her music did not come until 1960, and the first (and only) comprehensive study of her life and music, Léonie Rosenstiel's *The Life and Works of Lili Boulanger*, was not published until 1978. Even today,

much of her music is difficult to find, in score or in recorded form, and many music lovers and musicians have never heard of her.

The reasons for this relative neglect are many and complex. Lili's output was not particularly large, so historians have tended to ignore her in favor of her (male) contemporaries, who lived longer and wrote more. Her biographical information and scores have also been difficult to obtain, largely because of Nadia Boulanger. Ironically, Nadia's profound devotion to her sister has prevented others from learning of and about Lili and her music. Much of the primary source material concerning Lili and many of her scores were held closely by Nadia until Rosenstiel's research in the 1970s; additional information will likely remain sequestered until Nadia's papers become publicly available in 2009. Many critics believed the "legend of Lili" was a sentimental myth propagated by Nadia, and that Lili (about whose music they knew very little) was much overrated. Recordings have also been rare, perhaps because so many of Lili Boulanger's works present extraordinary difficulties for performers; they are virtuosic works, for vocalist and pianist alike, testing the extremes of range, facility, and color for both performers.

In recent years, the exploration and revival of historic women composers, inspired in part by the feminist movement of the 1960s and 1970s, has brought new attention to Lili Boulanger. By placing her songs within the context of 20th century French music, we hope with this recording to foster increased understanding of and appreciation for the amazing originality and beauty of Lili Boulanger's music.

about the lyrics

notes by Eilene Hoft-March

Given Lili Boulanger's strong ties to the composers and musical artists of her time, it isn't surprising that she chose to set relatively contemporary texts to music, reflecting the ethos of her era and milieu. Beyond that, Lili's particular experience appears to have strongly influenced her deeply personal preferences in poetry. Thus, the fervor, optimism, melancholy, and soulfulness of her music are often matched in the lyrics she selected. One can especially see Lili's mark in the way she shortened and rearranged Francis Jammes' poetic cycle, *Tristesses* (Sorrrows), to suit her own artistic purposes.

The Fauré songs on this disc provide an interesting prologue and clear comparison to Lili's — appropriately so, given Fauré's status as her mentor. As mentioned above, Lili reputedly sang *En prière* (In Prayer) when quite young. The child's petition in the song reveals complete trust in a divinely paternal (or paternally divine) figure. Lili's own vocal works suggest both a deep desire for and some uncertainty about such simple and abiding faith.

The words to Fauré's *Tristesse* (Sadness) provide an illustrative counterpoint to the last song on this disc, Lili's *Dans l'immense tristesse* (In Immense Sadness). Théophile Gautier's poem for the Fauré deploys all the commonplaces associated with budding love: springtime, roses, music, wine, and young couples arm-in-arm under the arbor. These descriptions

of loveliness are punctuated with the mood-dampening announcement of the poet's "dreadful" sadness, attributed only allusively to some unmentionable loss ("I no longer love anything"). But the sadness of one disenfranchised from humanity and even from his own soul doesn't quite reach the "immense" sadness of the later song by Lili. Whereas the "grave" in Fauré's work is figurative, in Boulanger's piece it is quite literal and the loss explicit. An onlooker's description of a mother's night-time visit to a cemetery, much of the song's poignancy arises from the sentiment-charged image of the death of a child, his misunderstanding of his own death, and the mother's effort to maintain the pretense of a living relationship. The song bespeaks more than sadness; there is an anxious edge to the onlooker's questions. He assumes at first that the cemetery is a place of peace when it is, in actuality, the mother who brings peace from the world of the living to the child's troubled soul. The words must have resonated with Lili's experience of a close and vital parent-child relationship, like that prefigured in *En prière*. For both Lili and the figures in her song, however, death complicates this simple relationship.

Maeterlinck's words to Boulanger's *Reflets* (Reflections) are lovely, evocative, and — in good Symbolist style — not too ambiguous. Water is used as a metaphor for dreams which are both unreal and reflective of unknow-

able realities. Water is also the mediating surface that suggests, by its powers of reflection and penetrability, the vast firmament above and the depths of the heart and soul beneath. The two realms (heaven and heart) are not only mirrored but also linked: the moon, for example, illuminates the human heart “plunged in the source of the dream.” The last image, of dropping flower petals, a sure sign of transience, inverts the petals’ descent below water to make them rise “eternally” to the reflected moon. The optical/intellectual illusion of the human soul being connected to the cosmos is both evoked and challenged. The fade into silence which concludes the piece suggests that Lili adopts the darker suspicion.

Although Francis Jammes has been very loosely classified as a Symbolist, his work has little in common with the rich ambiguities of Maeterlinck, much less with the dense and murky abstractions of Stéphane Mallarmé. Jammes’ poetry is spare, clear, and highly visual. The cycle of his poems Lili chose to set, *Tristesses* (Sorrows), rehearses themes that go back to the tradition of medieval French courtly love: the poet’s obsession with a beloved woman, the unresponsive or reticent woman lover, and the suffering of the poet at the loss of the beloved, in this case, to death. In light of Lili’s artistic preferences and her own personal circumstances, one might wonder what most attracted her to Jammes’ cycle. Was it the poetry’s latent sensuousness? Or, quite differently, its subtle religious overtones? We know that Lili explicitly identified herself with the female figure in the poems, whom she further associated with Maeterlinck’s heroine,

la princesse Maleine, who spends her life in isolation from the people and activities she loves — as did Lili.

As mentioned earlier, Lili modified the cycle to make the poetry more her own. She substituted another Jammes’ title, *Clairières dan le ciel* (Clearings in the Sky), for *Tristesses*, a change that brought with it religious connotations of hope. In addition, Lili used only thirteen out of twenty-four poems in her cycle, and reordered the ones she did choose. These “editorial” decisions significantly changed the work’s complexion. For example, Lili dropped from the cycle a number of love poems (I have someone in my heart; Come under the arbor; Come, my beloved). Lili’s arrangement of the remaining thirteen poems creates a clear upward movement toward the seventh and central song, *Nous nous aimerons tant* (We will love each other so much), balanced by an emotional downturn to the last song, *Demain fera un an* (Tomorrow it will be a year).

The first song in Lili’s cycle illustrates her appropriation of Jammes’ work. Jammes’ first poem (which Lili omitted) begins “I desire her.” Lili avoids that cautiously lustful overture, beginning instead with the second poem: *Elle était descendue au bas de la prairie* (She had gone down to the bottom of the meadow), a song heavily laced with floral motifs. In Jammes’ series, having started with desire, the poet’s flower picking early in the poem suggests, somewhat unsubtly, other kinds of flower picking. By dodging the first poem, Lili softens the poet’s intimations and puts the focus much more on the female figure. Lili’s cycle begins with “elle” (she) instead of “je” (the masculine “I”). “Elle” is also the letter L in French,

Lili's first initial. To reinforce the link, water lilies — Lili's personal symbol — appear at the poem's end. The poem portrays a rather unconventional woman: too tall, awkward yet graceful, and lively. Other poems in the cycle describe her as possessing an inquiring and penetrating mind, a limpid soul, and a sealed heart with a single passion. Altogether, an appealing and not-at-all inaccurate description of Lili.

The fourth song, *Un poète disait* (A poet said), offers another example of Lili's appropriation of the poetry to her own ends. The poem reprises a familiar dynamic: woman inspires, poet writes — and the production verges on prolific. Verses flower like roses on a rosebush; water gushes from an inexhaustible source. The poet aspires to divine acts in which he would give the woman “the color of a perfume that will be nameless.” The poet wishes to create with words a visual scent beyond language, bright and penetrating, intangible and ineffable. But what the poet can only “wish” for his beloved, and cannot make with his words, the composer can accomplish on her own: producing a musical coloring, a surrounding impalpability, a wordless scent. Lili's version gives an interesting twist both to media (words vs. music) and gender roles.


Nous nous aimerons tant (We will love each other so much) marks the midpoint and emotional highpoint of Lili's cycle. The song projects a reunion of the couple in a familiar place and a gentle intimacy requiring neither words nor touch, only the evocative gesture of hands


outstretched to one another. The poem is set in an undetermined future, placing it apart from all the others in the cycle, which are firmly anchored in the poet's present or — especially as the work draws to a close — in a greatly regretted past.

The ninth song, *Les lilas qui avaient fleuri* (The lilacs that flowered), presents another interpretation redoubled and enriched by the composer's perspectives. Jammes has again chosen a floral décor, this time an orchard in bloom. According to long literary tradition, orchards serve as a favored trysting place, and this one is no exception. The Jammes persona has come in hopes of “I don't know what, from you” — some indeterminate desire — or so he says. Moreover, while mulling over this “je ne sais quoi,” he has placed his soul in the beloved's lap. We inevitably visualize the poet's head (not his soul) in the woman's lap: the quintessential Victorian pose of intimacy. By substituting a soul for a head, Jammes spiritualizes and transcendentalizes the contact, something Lili surely appreciated. The poet is clearly concerned about rejection (“don't push [my soul] away”); but the unexpected justification for this appeal is that the poet's soul might otherwise see how “faible et troublée” the beloved is. Here we must look to the original French to catch his drift. “Faible et troublée” can certainly be translated as “weak and troubled,” but in a vaguely erotic situation, there are additional connotations: “faible” connotes sexual vulnerability and “troublée” can mean “aroused,” “disturbed,” “embarrassed” — or all three at once.

While there exists no direct evidence of Lili's

thwarted love life, the poem generates a second cluster of meanings that fits what we know of the composer's life and temperament. Lili surely would have associated herself with the lilacs of the title, and other fragile flowers that bloom in sorry little flowerbeds and on frail peach trees. Lili — much more than Jammes — must have reflected on unfulfilled expectations and on the grand “je ne sais quoi” of a life lived on the edge. How much more urgently might Platonic intimacy have replaced not just desire but a sense of mortality that, uncurbed, would have left her weak and troubled indeed.

eux ancolies (Two columbines) and *Parce que j'ai souffert* (Because of what I have suffered) are poems seemingly made for Lili. They feature relationships not between lovers, but rather between female friends. Surely the poems spoke meaningfully to Lili, who relied so heavily — physically and emotionally — on her friend Miki Piré, her sister Nadia, and her mother. In *Deux ancolies*, “sister” flowers pummeled by the elements confess to their common fears, an admission that only serves to strengthen their affections. The second song develops the same notion of love born of adversity. Sisterhood expands into a relationship between the caring and the cared for, closely bonded through pain and illness. The second poem adds another dimension: the poet observing another relationship like his own (he confides, “for I was two”). The experience of suffering thus catalyzes a network of empathic understanding.

he last text for both cycles, *Demain fera un an* (Tomorrow it will be a year), descends into genuine despair over the death of the beloved. But the poet and the composer approach this death from very different vantage points. The poet's is one of retrospection: he reminisces with nostalgia and pain about his loss. Lili — who identified with the beloved flower-woman — is in the present but anticipates an imminent future in which she will be dead. The songs that conclude the cycle seem to take us irrevocably down to that death — or do they? Is the substituted title, *Clearings in the Sky*, sufficient to suggest hope? Should we take the musical quotations of the first song that resurface in the last as a return to an earlier point in the cycle? One hopeful sign is Lili's careful rearrangement of the texts to place at the heart and soul of the cycle the seventh song: The only song set in an unspecified future, it promises a union bright with enduring love and companionship, beyond time's ravaging grasp.

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GABRIEL FAURÉ

1 **Vocalise-étude** (no text)

2 **Tristesse**

Avril est de retour,
La première des roses,
De ses lèvres mi-closes,
Rit au premier beau jour.
La terre bienheureuse
S'ouvre et s'épanouit.
Tout aime, tout jouit . . .
Hélas! j'ai dans le cœur
Une tristesse affreuse!

Les buveurs en gaité
Dans leurs chansons vermeilles
Célèbrent sous les treilles
Le vin et la beauté.
La musique joyeuse,
Avec leur rier clair,
S'éparille dans l'air,
Hélas! . . .

En déshabillé blanc
Les jeunes demoiselles
S'en vont sous les tonnelles
Au bras de leur galant,
La lune langoureuse
Argente leurs baisers
Longuement appuyés,
Hélas! . . .

Sadness

April is back,
The first of the roses
With half-parted lips
Smiles at the first lovely day .
The happy earth
opens and brightens.
All is love, all is rejoicing . . .
Alas! I have in my heart
a dreadful sadness!

The drinkers gaily
With their bright songs
Celebrate under the trellis
Wine and Beauty.
The joyous music
With their clear laughter
Scatters through the air.
Alas! . . .

In their cool, white garments
The young girls
Go along under the arbor
On the arms of their sweethearts,
The languid moon
Paints silver their
Long-drawn-out kisses.
Alas! . . .

Moi, je n'aime plus rien,
Ni l'homme, ni la femme,
Ni mon corps, ni mon âme,
Pas même mon vieux chien:
Aller dire qu'on creuse
Sous le pâle gazon
Une fosse sans nom.
Hélas! . . .

— Théophile Gautier

3 En prière

Si la voix d'un enfant peut monter jusqu'à
Vous, O mon Père,
Écoutez de Jésus devant Vous à genoux
La prière.
Si vous m'avez choisi pour enseigner Vos lois
Sur la terre,
Je saurai Vous servir, auguste Roi des Rois,
O Lumière!
Sur mes lèvres, Seigneur, mettez la vérité
Salutaire,
Pour que celui qui doute, avec humilité,
Vous révère!
Ne m'abandonnez pas, donnez-moi la douceur
Nécessaire,
Pour apaiser les maux, soulager la douleur,
La misère!
Revelez Vous à moi, Seigneur, en
Qui je crois, Et j'espère,
Pour Vous je veux souffrir et mourir sur la croix,
Au Calvaire!

— Stéphan Bordèse

As for me, I no longer love anything,
Neither man nor woman,
Neither my body nor my soul,
Not even my old dog:
Go tell them to dig
Under the pale grass
A nameless grave.
Alas! . . .

In Prayer

If the voice of a child can reach
up to you, o my Father,
Listen to the prayer of Jesus who kneels
before You.
If you have chosen me to teach
Your laws on earth,
I will know how to serve You,
o great King of Kings, o Light!
On my lips, Lord, place salvation's
truth,
So that anyone who doubts, with
humbleness will revere You!
Abandon me not, grant me
the necessary gentleness
To lessen evil, relieve pain and
poverty!
Reveal yourself to me, Lord, in
Whom I believe and hope!
For You I want to suffer and die on the cross
at Calvary!

LILI BOULANGER

4 Reflets

Sous l'eau du songe qui s'élève
Mon âme a peur, mon âme a peur!
Et la lune luit dans mon cœur
plongé dans les sources du rêve!

Sous l'ennui morne des roseaux.
Seul le reflet profond des choses,
des lys, des palmes et des roses
pleurent encore au fond des eaux.
Les fleurs s'effeuillent une à une
sur le reflet du firmament.
Pour descendre, éternellement
sous l'eau du songe et dans la lune.

— Maurice Maeterlinck

5 Attente

Mon âme a joint ses mains étranges
A l'horizon de mes regards;
Exaucez mes rêves épars
Entre les lèvres de vos anges!

En attendant sous mes yeux las,
Et sa bouche ouverte aux prières
Éteintes entre mes paupières
Et dont les lys n'éclosent pas;

Elle apaise au fond de mes songes,
Ses seins effeuillés sous mes cils
Et ses yeux clignent aux périls
Éveillés au fil des mensonges.

— Maeterlinck

Reflections

Under the water of the rising dream
My soul dreads, my soul dreads!
And the moon shines in my heart
Plunged in the source of the dream.

Under the dismal boredom of the reeds
Only the deep reflection of things,
The lilies, the palms and the roses
Still cry in the depths of the waters.
The flowers drop their petals one by one
In the light of the firmament
To descend, eternally
Under the water of the dream and into the moon.

Waiting

My spirit has joined its strange hands
At the horizon of my gaze;
Fulfil my scattered dreams
Between the lips of your angels

Waiting before my weary eyes
And her mouth open to prayer
Extinguished under my lids
From which lilies do not bloom;

In the depths of my dreams [imagination]
She calms her breast[s] bared under my lashes
And her eyes blink at the perils
Awakened with each lie.

6 **Le retour**

Ulysse part la voile au vent,
Vers Ithaque aux ondes chéries
Avec des bercements la vague roule et plie.
Au large de son coeur la mer aux vastes eaux
Où son oeil suit les blancs oiseaux
Egrène au loin des pierre ries.

Ulysse part la voile au vent . . .

Penché oeil grave et coeur battant
Sur le bec d'or de sa galère,
Il se rit, quand le flot est noir, de sa colère
Car là bas Son cher fils pieux et fier attend
Après les combats éclatants, la victoire aux bras de son père
Il songe, oeil grave et coeur battant
Sur le bec d'or de sa galère

Ulysse part la voile au vent . . .

— Georges Delaquys

MAURICE RAVEL

7 **Pièce en forme de Habanera** (no text)

CLAUDE DEBUSSY

8 **Le jet d'eau** (Cinq Poèmes de Baudelaire)

Tes beaux yeux sont las, pauvre amantel
Reste longtemps sans les rouvrir,
Dans cette pose nonchalante
Où ta surprise le plaisir

The Return

Ulysses leaves, his sail to the wind,
Towards Ithaca of the beloved waves.
Rocking back and forth the waves roll and curl.
Cast off from his heart, the sea of wide water
Where his eye follows the white birds,
Picks out gems in the distance.

Ulysses leaves, his sail to the wind . . .

Leaning, eyes grave and heart beating,
He bends over the golden beak of his galley,
He laughs, when the water is black, at his anger
For over there, his dear son, pious and proud, awaits
After the shining combat, victory in the arms of his father
He dreams, eyes grave and heart beating
On the golden beak of his galley

Ulysses leaves, his sail to the wind . . .

The Fountain

Your beautiful eyes are tired, poor lover!
Stay awhile without opening them,
In this relaxed pose
Where pleasure has taken you by surprise.

Dans la cour le jet d'eau qui jase
Et ne se tait ni nuit ni jour,
Entretient doucement l'extase
Où ce soir m'a plongé l'amour.
La gerbe d'eau qui berce
Ses mille fleurs,
Que la lune traverse
De ses pâleurs,
Tombe comme une averse
De larges pleurs.

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

La gerbe d'eau . . .

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

La gerbe d'eau . . .

— Charles Baudelaire

In the courtyard the fountain that chatters
And is never silent night or day
Sweetly prolongs the ecstasy
Into which love has plunged me this evening.
The spray of water that rocks
its thousand flowers,
Which the moon crosses
With its paleness,
Falls like a shower
Of wide tears.

Thus your soul, set aflame
By the burning of voluptuousness,
Darts, quick and bold
Toward the vast enchanted heavens.
Then it overflows, dying,
In a wave of sad languor,
Which, by an invisible slope,
Descends to the depths of my heart.

The spray of water . . .

O you, whom the night makes so beautiful,
How sweet it is for me, leaning over your breasts,
To hear the eternal plaint
Which sobs in the fountain!
Moon, sonorous water, blessed night,
Trees quivering all around me,
Your pure melancholy
Is the mirror of my love.

The spray of water . . .

LILI BOULANGER

Clairières dans le ciel

9 I. Elle était descendue au bas de la prairie

Elle était descendue au bas de la prairie,
et, comme la prairie, était toute fleurie
de plantes dont la tige aime à pousser dans l'eau,
ces plantes inondées je les avais cueillies.
Bientôt, s'étant mouillée, elle gagna le haut
de cette prairie là qui était toute fleurie.
Elle riait et s'ébrouait avec la grâce dégingandée
qu'ont les jeunes filles trop grandes.
Elle avait le regard qu'ont les fleurs de lavande.

10 II. Elle est gravement gaie

Elle est gravement gaie
Par moments son regard se levait
comme pour surprendre ma pensée
Elle était douce alors, comme quand il est tard
le velours jaune et bleu d'une allée de pensées.

11 III. Parfois, je suis triste

Parfois, je suis triste
Et, soudain, je pense à elle
Alors, je suis joyeux
Mais je redeviens triste
de ce que je ne sais pas combien elle m'aime.
Elle est la jeune fille à l'âme toute claire,
et qui, dedans son cœur, garde avec jalousie
l'unique passion que l'on donne à un seul.
Elle est partie avant que s'ouvrent les tilleuls,

Clearings in the Sky

I. She had gone down to the bottom of the meadow

She had gone down to the bottom of the meadow
and, like the meadow, she was covered with flowers
whose stems like to grow in the water,
those drenched flowers I had gathered.
Soon, dripping, she reached the top
of that meadow which was all in bloom.
She was laughing and splashing about with the awkward grace
of young girls who are too tall.
She had the gaze of lavender flowers.

II. She is solemnly gay

She is solemnly gay.
Sometimes she would gaze up at me
as if to surprise my thought.
She was gentle then, like when it is late,
the velvet yellow and blue of a path of pansies.

III. Sometimes I am sad

Sometimes I am sad
And, suddenly, I think of her
Then I am joyful
But I grow sad again
for I do not know how much she loves me.
She is the young girl of wholly clear spirit,
and who has in her heart, guarded jealously,
the unique passion given to only one.
She left before the blossoming of the lime trees,

et, comme ils ont fleuri depuis qu'elle est partie,
Je me suis étonné de voir, ô mes amis,
des branches de tilleuls qui n'avaient pas de fleurs.

12 IV. Un poète disait

Un poète disait que lorsqu'il était jeune,
il fleurissait des vers comme un rosier des roses
Lorsque je pense à elle, il me semble que jase
une fontaine intarissable dans mon coeur
Comme sur le lys Dieu pose un parfum d'église,
comme il met du corail aux joues de la cerise,
je veux poser sur elle, avec dévotion,
la couleur d'un parfum qui n'aura pas de nom.

13 V. Au pied de mon lit

Au pied de mon lit, une Vierge négresse
fut mise par ma mère.
Et j'aime cette Vierge
d'une religion un peu italienne.
Virgo Lauretana, debout dans un fond d'or
qui me faites penser à mille fruits de mer
Que l'on vend sur les quais où pas un souffle d'air
n'émeut les pavillons qui lourdement s'endorment.
Virgo Lauretana, vous savez qu'en ces heures
où je ne me sens pas digne d'être aimé d'elle
c'est vous dont le parfum me rafraîchit le coeur.

14 VI. Si tout ceci n'est qu'un pauvre rêve

Si tout ceci n'est qu'un pauvre rêve,
et s'il faut que j'ajoute dans ma vie,
une fois encore, la désillusion aux désillusions;

and, as they bloomed after she left,
I was surprised to see, o my friends,
The branches of lime which had no flowers.

IV. A poet said

A poet said that when he was young
he flowered with verse like a rosebush with roses
When I think of her, it seems that there is chattering
an inexhaustible fountain in my heart.
As God places the scent of the church on the lily
As he places coral in the cheeks of the cherry,
So would I place on her, with reverence,
the color of a perfume which will be nameless.

V. At the foot of my bed

At the foot of my bed a black Virgin
was placed by my mother.
And I love that Virgin
with a slightly Italianate piety.
Virgo Lauretana, standing before a golden background
You who make me think of a thousand fruits of the sea
sold on the quay where not a breath of air
disturbs the tents which slumber deeply,
Virgo Lauretana, you know that in those hours
when I do not feel worthy of being loved by her
it is you whose perfume restores my heart.

VI. If all this is but a poor dream

If all this is but a poor dream
and if I must add to my life,
once again, disillusion to disillusion;

et si je dois encore, par ma sombre folie,
chercher dans la douceur du vent et de la pluie
les seules vaines voix qui m'aient en passion
je ne sais si je guérirai, ô mon amie.

15 VII. Nous nous aimerons tant

Nous nous aimerons tant que nous tairons nos mots,
en nous tendant la main, quand nous nous reverrons
Vous serez ombragée par d'anciens rameaux
Sur le banc que je sais où nous nous assoierons,
Donc nous nous assoierons sur ce banc tous deux seuls
D'un long moment, ô mon amie, vous n'oserez
Que vous me serez douce et que je tremblerei.

16 VIII. Vous m'avez regardé avec toute votre âme

Vous m'avez regardé avec toute votre âme.
Vous m'avez regardé longtemps comme un ciel bleu.
J'ai mis votre regard à l'ombre de mes yeux
Que ce regard était passionné et calme.

17 IX. Les lilas qui avaient fleuri

Les lilas qui avaient fleuri l'année dernière
vont fleurir de nouveau dans les tristes parterres.
Déjà le pêcher grêle a jonché le ciel bleu de ses roses,
comme un enfant la Fête-Dieu.
Mon coeur devrait mourir au milieu de ces choses
car c'était au milieu des vergers blancs et roses
Que j'avais espéré je ne sais quoi de vous
Mon âme rêve sourdement sur vos genoux
Ne la repoussez point, Ne la relevez pas,
de peur qu'en s'éloignant de vous elle ne voie
combien vous êtes faible et troublée dans ses bras.

and if once again, in my melancholy madness,
I must search in the gentle wind and rain
the only vain voices that have had passion for me
I don't know if I will recover, o my love.

VII. We will love each other so much

We will love each other so much that we will silence our words,
while our hands reach out, when we meet again.
You will be shaded by ancient branches
on the bench I know of, where we will sit,
So we will sit on the bench alone together
for a long while, o my love; you won't dare
how gentle you will be, and how I will tremble.

VIII. You looked at me with all your soul

You looked at me with all your soul.
You looked at me for a long time like a blue sky.
I put your look in the shadow of my eyes
How passionate and calm was that look.

IX. The lilacs that flowered

The lilacs that flowered last year
will flower again along the sad borders.
Already the fragile peach has strewn the blue sky with its roses,
like a child on Corpus Christi.
My heart should die in the midst of these things
for it was in the midst of white and pink orchards
that I had hoped for — I don't know what — from you
My soul dreams insensible on your lap
Don't push it away, don't wake it up,
for fear that in moving away from you it may see
how very weak and troubled you are in its arms.

18 X. Deux ancolies

Deux ancolies se balançaient sur la colline
Et l'ancolie disait à sa soeur l'ancolie:
Je tremble devant toi et demeure confuse.
Et l'autre répondait:
Si dans la roche qu'use l'eau, goutte à goutte,
Si je me mire, je vois que je tremble,
et je suis confuse comme toi.
Le vent de plus en plus les berçait toutes deux,
les emplissait d'amour et mêlait leur coeur bleu.

19 XI. Par ce que j'ai souffert

Par ce que j'ai souffert, ma mésange bénie,
je sais ce qu'a souffert l'autre: car j'étais deux.
Je sais vos longs réveils au milieu de la nuit
et l'angoisse de moi qui vous gonfle le sein.
On dirait par moments qu'une tête chérie, confiante et pure,
ô vous qui êtes la soeur des lins en fleurs
et qui parfois fixez le ciel comme eux,
on dirait qu'une tête inclinée dans la nuit
pèse de tout son poids, à jamais, sur ma vie.

20 XII. Je garde une médaille d'elle

Je garde une médaille d'elle où sont gravés
une date et les mots: prier, croire, espérer.
Mais moi, je vois surtout que la médaille est sombre:
Son argent a noirci sur son col de colombe.

X. Two columbines

Two columbines were swaying on a hill
And one columbine said to her sister columbine:
I tremble before you and remain confused.
And the other replied:
If, in the rock worn down by water, drop by drop,
If I look at myself I see that I tremble,
and am confused like you.
The wind rocked them both more and more,
filled them with love and blended their blue hearts.

XI. Because of what I have suffered

Because of what I have suffered, my blessed sparrow,
I know what the other has suffered: for I was two.
I know well your long vigils in the middle of the night
and the anguish for me which swells in your breast.
It seems at times that a cherished head, trusting and pure,
o you who are sister of the flax in blossom
and who sometimes gazes at the heavens like they do,
it seems that a head bowed in the night
bears with all its weight, forever, on my life.

XII. I keep a medallion of hers

I keep a medallion of hers on which is engraved
a date and the words: pray, believe, hope.
But me, I see most of all that the medallion is dark:
Its silver has tarnished on her dove's neck.

21 **XIII. Demain fera un an**

Demain fera un an qu'à Audaux je cueillais les fleurs
dont j'ai parlé, de la prairie mouillée.
C'est aujourd'hui le plus beau jour des jours de Pâques.
Je me suis enfoncé dans l'azur des campagnes,
à travers bois, à travers près, à travers champs.
Comment, mon coeur, n'estu pas mort depuis un an?
Mon coeur, je t'ai donné encore ce calvaire
de revoir ce village où j'avais tant souffert,
ces roses qui saignaient devant le presbytère,
ces lilas qui me tuent dans les tristes parterres,
Je me suis souvenu de ma détesse ancienne,
et je ne sais comment
je ne suis pas tombé sur l'ocre du sentier,
le front dans la poussière.
Plus rien.
Je n'ai plus rien,
plus rien qui me soutienne.
Plus rien.
Pourquoi fait-il si beau et pourquoi suis-je né?
J'aurais voulu poser sur vos calmes genoux
la fatigue qui rompt mon âme qui se couche
ainsi qu'une pauvre au fossé de la route.
Dormir
Pouvoir dormir
Dormir à tout jamais sous les averses bleues,
sous les tonnerres frais
Ne plus sentir.
Ne plus savoir votre existence.
Ne plus voir cet azur engloutir ces coteaux
dans ce vertige bleu qui mêle l'air à l'eau,

XIII. Tomorrow it will be a year

Tomorrow it will be a year since at Audaux I gathered the flowers
of which I spoke, from that soaked meadow.
Today is the most beautiful of Easter days.
I plunged into the azure of the countryside,
Across woods, across meadows, across fields.
What, my heart, haven't you been dead for a year?
My heart, I have once more given you the holy agony
of revisiting that village where I suffered so,
those roses which bled before the parsonage
those lilacs which kill me along the sad borders
I remember my old grief
and I don't know how
I didn't fall on the ocre of the path,
my face in the dust.
Nothing more.
I have nothing more,
Nothing to sustain me.
Nothing more.
Why is this day so lovely, and why was I born?
I would have liked to place in your calm lap
the weariness which breaks my soul
which lies like a poor woman in a ditch by the road.
To sleep
To be able to sleep
To sleep forever under the blue showers,
under the cool thunderheads
To feel no more.
To know your existence no longer.
To no longer see that azure consuming those hills
in the blue dizziness that mingles air and water,

ni ce vide où je cherche en vain votre présence.
Il me semble sentir pleurer au fond de moi,
d'un lourd sanglot muet, quelqu'un qui n'est pas là.
J'écris

Et la campagne est sonore de joie.
"Elle était descendue au bas de la prairie,
et comme la prairie était toute fleurie"

Plus rien.

Je n'ai plus rien,
plus rien qui me soutienne.

Plus rien.

Plus rien.

— Francis Jammes

nor this void where I search in vain for your presence.
I seem to feel weeping from deep within me,
a heavy, stifled sob of someone who isn't there.

I write

and the countryside resounds with joy.

"She had gone down to the bottom of the meadow
and like the meadow she was covered with flowers"

Nothing more.

I have nothing more,

Nothing to sustain me.

Nothing more.

Nothing more.

OLIVIER MESSIAEN

22 **Le sourire**

Certain mot murmuré
Par vous est un baiser
Intime et prolongé
Comme un baiser sur l'âme.
Ma bouche veut sourire
Et mon sourire tremble.

— Cécile Sauvage

The Smile

A certain word is murmured
For you it is a kiss
Intimate and prolonged
Like a kiss on the soul.
My mouth smiles
And my smile trembles.

ARTHUR HONEGGER

23 **Vocalise-étude** (no text)

24 **Dans l'immense tristesse**

Dans l'immense tristesse et dans le lourd silence,
Un pas se fait entendre, une forme s'avance,
Et vers une humble tombe elle vient se pencher.
Ô femme, en ce lieu saint, que viens-tu donc chercher.
Pourquoi viens-tu troubler la paix du cimetière?
As-tu donc un trésor caché sous quel que pierre,
Ou viens-tu mendier, à l'ombre des tombeaux,
Pauvre vivante, aux morts un peu de leur repos?
Non. Rien de tout cela jusqu'ici ne l'amène,
(La lune en cet instant éclairait cette scène)
Et ce que cette femme (hélas! le coeur se fend)
vient chercher, c'est un frère et gracieux enfant,
qui dort sur cette tombe, et qui, dans sa chimère,
Depuis qu'il a vu là disparaître sa mère,
Doux être! s' imagine en son naïf espoir
qu'elle n'est que cachée et qu'il va la revoir
Et l'on dirait, le soir, en vision secrète,
Lorsque le blond enfant sent s'alourdir sa tête,
Et que sa petite âme est lassé de gémir,
Que sa mère revient chanter pour l'endormir.

— Bertha Galeron de Calone

In immense sadness

In immense sadness and under heavy silence
A step is heard, a figure advances,
And over a humble grave, she comes to kneel.
O woman, in this sainted place what are you searching for?
Why do you trouble the peace of the cemetery?
Do you have a treasure hidden under some stone,
Or have you come to beg, at the shadow of the tombs,
Poor living thing, a little rest from the dead?
No. None of that brings her here,
(The moon at that moment illuminates the scene)
And what this woman (alas! the heart breaks)
Comes seeking is a frail and graceful child,
Who sleeps on this grave, and who, in his fancies,
Since he saw his mother disappear from the grave site,
Gentle one! Imagines with naïve hope
That she is only hiding and will be seen again
And it seems at night, in a secret vision,
When the blond child feels his head is heavy
And his little soul is tired of moaning,
That his mother comes to sing him to sleep.

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about the performers

*P*atrice Michaels (formerly Patrice Michaels Bedi) has concertized extensively, appearing with noted ensembles including the St. Louis, Atlanta, Milwaukee, San Antonio, Phoenix, and Shanghai Symphonies, the Minnesota Orchestra, Chicago's Grant Park Orchestra and Music of the Baroque, the Maryland Handel Festival, the Dallas Bach Society, the Chicago Baroque Ensemble, and Boston Baroque. Conductors with whom she has collaborated include Robert Shaw, Stanislaw Skrowaczewski, Nicolas McGegan Joseph Silverstein, Andrew Parrott, and Zdenek Macal. Ms. Michaels has sung with opera companies throughout North America including Lyric Opera of Chicago, the Cleveland Opera, Milwaukee's Florentine Opera, the Tacoma Opera, Colorado's Central City Opera, Chicago Opera Theater, and at the Banff Centre in Canada. A highlight of her 1999-2000 season was a recital tour of Belize and Havana, Cuba with Trio Chicago and Friends.

This is Patrice Michaels' eighth recording for Cedille Records. Her recordings for other labels include Bach's St. Matthew Passion with Sir Georg Solti and the Chicago Symphony for London Records, Mozart's Requiem on the Amadis Label, and Mozart's C Minor Mass with Chicago's Music of the Baroque.

*R*ecipient of the title of specialist in the field of women in music, Rebecca Rollins tours extensively as a performer and lecturer. Her solo recording, *Playing the Ivory Moon*, features the music of six women composers; her research and publications range from women musicians in early Christianity to women composers of the twentieth century. Ms. Rollins performs both solo and duo piano recitals, as well as with singers, instrumentalists, and spoken word artists. She holds a Master of Arts degree from the University of Minnesota and a Doctor of Musical Arts degree from Claremont Graduate University, where she studied with John Steele Ritter. Rebecca Rollins is Professor of Music at Saddleback College in Mission Viejo, California.



Photo: Gerald O. Taylor, Jr.



Patrice Michaels

Photo: Neshia & Kumiko Fotodesign