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SONGS OF THE ROMANTIC AGE

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soprano

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piano

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Patrice Michaels Bedi, soprano

Deborah Sobol, piano

TT: (68:45)

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SONGS OF THE ROMANTIC AGE

The art song has had an almost universal appeal among composers, performers, and listeners over the last two centuries. While songs make up a major portion of the output of some composers (such as Schumann and Fauré), even those composers more strongly associated with other genres have found a special affection for the art song. The form has proved an attractive outlet for expression crossing national boundaries

and artistic schools. Thus, the songs represented on this program encompass eight distinct national styles and range chronologically from 1837 to 1921.

All of the French composers represented in this recital either taught or studied at the prestigious Paris Conservatory. Claude Debussy (1862-1918) began his studies at the Conservatory at the precocious age of ten. *Paysage sentimental*, composed in 1883, is an early impressionistic work in which the melodic line is subservient to the “accompanimental” harmonies. Ernest Chausson (1855-99) studied with Jules Massenet at the Conservatory followed by private lessons with César Franck. *Le Colibri* (The Hummingbird), from Chausson’s Op. 2 songs of 1882, is a passionate setting of a classically Romantic poem that compares a lover’s kiss to the ecstatic death of a hummingbird that “drinks too much from the rosy cup.” Another Paris Conservatory product, Alfred Bachelet’s (1864-1944) experience as an opera composer influenced his songs, including the sumptuous *Chère Nuit*, which he wrote for the celebrated Australian soprano, Nellie Melba.

Benjamin Godard (1849-95) entered the Conservatory at the age of fourteen and published his first work, a violin sonata, two years later. While Godard may be most celebrated for his 1888 opera *Jocelyn*, he did compose over 100 songs, of which *Chanson de Juin* is a particularly enchanting example. Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924) was a prolific composer of songs whose well-crafted opuses, like the charming *Chanson d’Amour*, inspired contemporaries such as Debussy and Chausson. From 1896, Fauré also influenced young composers as a teacher at the Conservatory, where he served as director from 1905 to 1920. Gabriel Pierné (1863-1937), whose breezy *Serenade* is typical of his lilting style, was also an alumnus of the Conservatory, where he studied organ with Franck and composition with Massenet.

The German *Lied* is generally viewed as the dominant form of nineteenth-century art song. After Schubert, perhaps no composer contributed more significantly to the development of this revered genre than Robert Schumann (1810-56). The somber *Ich hab’ in Traum geweinet* (In a dream I wept) comes from Schumann’s 1840 song cycle *Dichterliebe* (Poet’s Love), Op. 48. Also from 1840 but in a lighter vein is Felix Mendelssohn’s (1809-47) lovely strophic lullaby, *Bei der Wiege* (At the Cradle), Op. 47, No. 6. Separating works by the early and late nineteenth century German song composers is a *Lied* by the Russian composer Nikolai Medtner (1880-1951). One of the finest pianists of his time, Medtner left Russia for Germany in 1919 and settled in Paris in 1925. Although Medtner is best known for his piano works, he also wrote around 100 songs very much in the German Romantic tradition, including the bittersweet *Erster Verlust* (First Loss).

Of the later composers of *Lieder*, Johannes Brahms (1833-97) was perhaps the most strongly influenced by folksongs; his songs are largely diatonic and do not contain

lengthy introductions and postludes. The wistful *Nachtigall* (Nightingale) is the first in Brahms's Op. 97 set of 1884-85. Hugo Wolf's (1860-1903) *Italienisches Liederbuch* is a collection of anonymous lovesong settings that includes *Wie lange schon war immer mein Verlangen* (How long have I pined for a musician's love). The song is reminiscent of Schumann and includes an amusing postlude depicting the not-so-competent playing of a violin. Appropriately concluding this group is a work by the last of the great *Lieder* composers, Richard Strauss (1864-1949), who wrote his characteristically sparkling *Ich schwebe* (I float), Op. 48, No. 2 in 1900.

Although Frédéric Chopin (1810-49) is known almost exclusively as a composer of music for solo piano, he wrote many songs, often as gifts for potential amours. His dance-like *Moja Pięszotka* (My Darling), Op. 74 No. 12 from 1837 evokes the character of a mazurka in which Chopin's characteristic musical nationalism is intensified by the use of a Polish text. As a young man, Manuel de Falla (1876-1946) was deeply impressed by the nationalistic vein of Edward Grieg's music. Falla aspired to achieve a similarly distinct Spanish idiom in his own music. This aspiration is already achieved in his early (1902) Andalusian song *Tus ojillos negros* (Your little black eyes).

Like many of the composers on this program, Ottorino Respighi (1879-36) is known almost exclusively for his orchestral compositions. Works like the lush *O falce di luna* (O sliver of moon), however, suggest that Respighi's skill as a writer of songs may not be sufficiently appreciated. Stefano Donaudy's (1879-1925) *Arie di stile antico* is a collection of songs, each modeled on a specific older genre such as the villanella and the madrigal. Beyond their neo-renaissance orientation, songs from this set like *O del mio amato ben* are unabashedly Italianate in style, marked by a melody-dominated texture and an immediacy of appeal characteristic of Italian opera.

Igor Stravinsky (1882-1971) dedicated his 1907 vocalize entitled *Pastorale* to Nadezhda Rimsky-Korsakov, wife of Stravinsky's famous teacher. Atypical for Stravinsky, this playful piece has the lyrical feeling of a French *chanson*. Modest Mussorgsky (1839-81) was the greatest genius of the "Mighty Handful" of Russian nationalist composers who preceded Tchaikovsky. Although most celebrated for his great opera *Boris Godunov*, Mussorgsky wrote beautiful songs from the beginning of his musical career, as his melancholic *O, my little star* of 1857 demonstrates. In the late nineteenth-century, the Russian art song became dominated by the *romance*, a sentimental form akin to the Victorian drawing-room ballad. Many of Piotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky's (1840-93) over 100 songs are of this type, including the sorrowful, distinctly Russian *Was I not a blade of grass*, Op. 47, No. 7. *The bush on the hill*, Op. 104, No. 3 is characteristic of the more melodic, less acerbic music Sergei Prokofiev (1891-1953) wrote in his last years. This bright song is actually an authentic folk tune that Prokofiev ingeniously harmonized. The songs of Sergei Rachmaninov (1873-

1943) reflect his brilliance at both piano writing and melodic invention. The impressive Op. 34 songs, including *The Muse*, feature simple melodies and piano inflections designed to emphasize particular words.

With more than 100 songs to his credit, it is surprising that the great Finnish composer Jean Sibelius (1865-1957) is thought of almost exclusively as a writer of orchestral music. Sibelius's harmonically exotic 1917 song *Norden* (From the North), set to a Swedish text, is considered one of the strongest of his Op. 90 set. Charles Ives (1874-1954) is known primarily as a composer of thorny, transcendently complex works like the "Concord" Sonata, but *Two Little Flowers* proves there is a softer side to his artistry. Ives wrote the words and music to this affectionate song about his own daughters in 1921, describing them as "the fairest, rarest [flowers] of all." The Swiss-American Rudolph Ganz (1877-1972) trained as a pianist and conductor in Switzerland and Berlin, and emigrated to the United States in 1901, where he served as director of the Chicago Musical College from 1929 to 1954. His tender song *A Memory* first appeared in 1919.

Before de Falla, it could be said that the best Spanish music was written by Frenchmen. Such Spanish flavor permeates Léo Delibes's (1836-91) delightful parlor aria *Les filles de Cadix*, a perfect showpiece to conclude this wide-ranging program.

· David Ross Hurley

1 Benjamin Godard: *Chanson de Juin* (poem by Victor Barrucand)

This is the lovely hour when the night descends,
The hour when the valley fills itself with pure enchantment;
An invisible ash purples with its flight the azure heavens.
This is the lovely hour when night descends,
The hour of abandon and of renewal.
This is the lovely hour, the hour of abandon.

This is the lovely hour when dreams come true,
The hour when desires rise and fall plaintively,
The same as the shore where the wave rushes and breaks in a frenzy.
This is the hour when dreams come true.
The hour when the sun dies on the blood red horizon.
This is the hour when dreams come true.

This is the hour when night comes,
The hour when fragrances become more pungent,
The stars of the heavens are glowing on the waters,
And on the brown pathway.
This is the hour when night comes,
The hour of remembrances, dear to lost loves.

Voici l'heure adorable où la nuit va descendre,
L'heure où le val s'emplit d'un pur enchantement;
Une invisible cendre Empourpre de son vol l'azuré firmament.
Voici l'heure adorable où la nuit va descendre.
L'heure des abandons et du recueillement.
Voici l'heure adorable, l'heure des abandons.

Voici l'heure adorable où se complait le rêve
L'heure où le désir monte et retombe dolent;
De même vers la grève Le flot se précipite et se brise en râlant.
Voici l'heure adorable où se complait le rêve,
L'heure où le soleil meurt à l'horizon sanglant.
Voici l'heure adorable où se complait le rêve.

Voici l'heure adorable où la nuit est venue,
L'heure où plus pénétrants s'exhalent les parfums.
Les astres de la nue Falotent sur les eaux
et dans les sentiers bruns.
Voici l'heure adorable où la nuit est venue,
L'heure des souvenirs, Chère aux amours défunts.

2 Claude Debussy: *Paysage sentimental* (poem by Paul Bourget)

The winter sky, so soft, so sad, so sleepy,
Where the sun wandered among the white mists
(the sky) was the same as the soft, as the deep feelings
that gave us melancholy joy
through this afternoon of kisses under the branches.

Dead branches, which no breath stirred
Black branches with a few withered leaves
Ah! that your mouth gave itself to my mouth
even more tenderly than this great silent forest
and in this listlessness of the dying year.

The death of everything except for you that I love so much
And except for the happiness with which my soul is filled
Happiness which sleeps in the depth of my solitary soul
Mysterious, calm and fresh like a pond
Which paled at the depths of the pale valley.

Le ciel d'hiver, si doux, si triste, si dormant,
Où le soleil errait parmi des vapeurs blanches,
Était pareil au doux, au profond sentiment
Qui nous rendait heureux mélancoliquement
Par cet après midi de baisers sous les branches.

Branches mortes qu'aucun souffle ne remuait
Branches noires avec quelque feuille fanée
Ah! que ta bouche s'est à ma bouche donnée
Plus tendrement encor Dans ce grand bois muet
Et dans cette langueur de la mort de l'année

La mort de tout sinon de toi que j'aime tant
Et sinon du bonheur dont mon âme est comblée.
Bonheur qui dort au fond de cette âme isolée
Mystérieux, paisible et frais comme l'étang
Qui pâlisait au fond de la pâle vallée.

3 Ernest Chausson: *Le Colibri* (poem by Leconte De Lisle)

The green humming bird, king of the hills,
Seeing the dew and the bright sun
Glitter on his nest, woven of fine grasses,
Like a cool ray of sun, escapes into the air.

He hurries and flies to the nearby springs,
Where the reeds make the sound of the sea,
Where the red hibiscus, with its heavenly scent
Unfolds and brings a humid light to the heart.

Towards the golden flower he descends, alights,
And drinks so much love from the rosy cup
That he dies, not knowing if he could have drained it!

On your pure lips, oh my beloved,
My soul likewise would have wanted to die
Of the first kiss, which has perfumed it.

Le vert colibri, le roi des collines,
Voyant la rosée et le soleil clair,
Luire dans son nid tissé d'herbes fines,
Comme un frais rayon s'échappe dans l'air.

Il se hâte et vole aux sources voisines,
Où les bambous font le bruit de la mer,
Où l'acoka rouge aux odeurs divines
S'ouvre et porte au coeur un humide éclair.

Vers la fleur dorée, il descend, se pose,
Et boit tant d'amour dans la coupe rose
Qu'il meurt, ne sachant s'il l'a pu tarir!

Sur ta lèvre, pure, ô ma bien aimée,
Telle aussi mon âme eut voulu mourir,
Du premier baiser, qui l'a parfumée.

4 Alfred Bachelet: *Chère Nuit* (poem by Eugène Adenis)

Soon it will be time.
Behind the hill the sun sets,
Hiding his jealous rays.
I hear the soul of all things singing,
And the narcissus and the roses
Hold fragrances even sweeter (than in day).

Dearest night of serene clarity,
You bring back to me my tender lover.
Ah, descend and veil the earth with your mystery,
Calm and delightful.

My happiness is reborn under your canopy
O night, more beautiful than the lovely days.
Ah! Arise to make the dawn shine again with my love.

Dearest night of serene clarity,
You bring back to me my tender lover.
Ah, descend and veil the earth with your mystery,
Calm and delightful.

Dearest night! Ah! descend!

Voici l'heure bientôt.
Derrière la colline Je vois le soleil qui décline
Et cache ses rayons jaloux
J'entends chanter l'âme des choses
Et les narcisses et les roses
M'apportent des parfums plus doux!

Chère nuit aux clartés sereines,
Toi qui ramènes Le tendre amant,
Ah! descends et voile la terre De ton mystère,
de ton mystère Calme et charmant.

Mon bonheur renaît sous ton aile
Ô nuit plus belle Que les beaux jours;
Ah! lève toi! Ah! lève toi!
Pour faire encore Briller l'aurore
De mes amours!

Chère nuit aux clartés sereines,
Toi qui ramènes Le tendre amant,
Ah! descends et voile la terre De ton mystère,
de ton mystère Calme et charmant.

Chère nuit! Ah! descends!

5 Gabriel Fauré: *Chanson d'Amour* (poem by Armand Silvestre)

I love your eyes, I love your face,
Oh my rebellious, oh, my fierce one,
I love your eyes, I love your lips
Where my kisses will exhaust themselves.

I love your voice, I love the strange
Gracefulness of everything that you say,
Oh my rebellious one, oh my dear angel,
My inferno and my paradise!

I love your eyes . . .

I love everything that makes you beautiful.
From your feet to your hair,
Oh you, to whom all my desires ascend,
Oh my fierce one, oh my rebel,

I love your eyes . . .

J'aime tes yeux, j'aime ton front,
O ma rebelle, ô ma farouche,
J'aime tes yeux, j'aime ta bouche
Où mes baisers s'épuiseront.

J'aime ta voix, j'aime l'étrange
Grâce de tout ce que tu dis,
O ma rebelle, ô mon cher ange,
Mon enfer et mon paradis!

J'aime tes yeux . . .

J'aime tout ce qui te fait belle,
De tes pieds jusqu'à tes cheveux,
O toi vers qui montent mes vœux,
O ma farouche, ô ma rebelle,

J'aime tes yeux . . .

6 Gabriel Pierné: Serenade (poem by Eugène Adenis)

In the bosom of the night all sleeps yet the star shines.
The wind dies out in the lilacs,
Under the kindly foliage the bird falls asleep.
Come, the enchanted forests are perfumed.

In the bosom of the night all sleeps yet the star shines.
Come, my love, I am yours, be mine completely!
Let us allow our souls to wander with the fragrances and songs,
Let us love and dream.

But alas! Is it in vain that my voice
causes the moaning echo of these woods?
Come, the air is so sweet around us.
Ah, come!

In the bosom of the night all sleeps yet the star shines.
The wind dies out in the lilacs,
Under the kindly foliage the bird falls asleep.
Come, the enchanted forests are perfumed.

In the bosom of the night all sleeps yet the star shines.
Come, my love, I am yours, be mine completely!
Let us allow our souls to wander with the fragrances and songs,
The time for us to love flies and we pass away.
Let us love! Let us love!

Au sein des nuits tout dort, l'étoile brille encor.
Le vent se tait là bas, dans les lilas.
Sous le feuillage ami, l'oiseau s'est endormi.
Viens, les bois charmés sont embaumés;

Au sein des nuits tout dort. Oui, l'étoile brille encor.
Viens, ô mon amour, je t'appartiens. Sois toute à moi!
Laissons errer nos âmes sur les parfums et les chansons.
Aimons nous, aimons, rêvons.

Mais hélas! Est-ce en vain que ma voix
Fait gémir l'écho de ces bois?
Viens, l'air est si doux autour de nous,
Ah! viens! Ah! viens! Ah!

Au sein des nuits tout dort, l'étoile brille encor,

Le vent se tait là bas, dans les lilas.
Sous le feuillage ami, l'oiseau s'est endormi.
Viens, les bois charmés sont embaumés;

Au sein des nuits tout dort. Oui, l'étoile brille encor.
Viens, ô mon amour, je t'appartiens, sois toute à moi!
Laissons errer nos âmes sur les parfums et les chansons.
Le temps où nous aimâmes s'envole et nous passons.
Aimons! Aimons!

Moja Pieszczotka
(Adama Mickiewicza)

My darling - when, in a happy moment
she begins to twitter and chirp,
so nicely making the sounds of the birds,
that, not wanting to lose even one word,
I don't dare interrupt her or answer her,
and I only listen, listen, listen.

The liveliness of her speech lights up her eyes
and colors her cheeks - her pearly teeth shine among
the coral (of her lips); Ah! then I look more boldly
into her eyes,
and listening, I insist on nothing more than
to kiss her, to kiss her! to kiss her!

Moja pieszczotka, gdy wesotej chwili
pocznie szczebiotac i kwilic, i gruchac,
tak mile grucha szczebioce i kwili,
ze nie chcac stówka zadnego postradac
nie smiem przerywac, nie smiem, nie smiem odpowiadac
i tylko chcialbym sluchac, sluchac, sluchac!
I tylko chcialbym sluchac, sluchac!

Lecz mowy zywosc gdy oczki zapali
i pocznie mocniej jagody rozowac,
perlowe zabki blyсна srod koralu; ach! ach! wtenczas, ach!
wtenczas, wtenczas smiej woczeta, woczeta pogladam,
usta pomykam i stuchac nie zadam, tylko atowac,
catowac, catowac! catowac!

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet
(Heinrich Heine)

In a dream I wept,
I dreamed that you lay in a grave.
I woke and the tears
still flowed over my cheeks.

In a dream I wept,
In my dream, you left me.
I woke and yet I cried
long and bitterly.

In a dream I wept,
In my dream you still cared for me.
I woke, and even so my tears
streamed down in a flood.

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet,
mir träumte, du lägest im Grab.
Ich wachte auf und die Thräne
floss noch von der Wange herab.

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet,
mir träumt, du verliessest mich.
Ich wachte auf und ich weinte
noch lange bitterlich.

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet,
mir trääumte, du wär'st mir noch gut.
Ich wachte auf, und noch immer
strömt meine Thränen flut.

Bei der Wiege
At the Cradle
(Carl Klingemann)

Slumber!
Slumber and dream of times to come,
which before you must soon unfold,
Dream, my child, of joy and sorrow,
Dream of friendly figures!
Though many will come and go
New ones will always appear,
Always be patient!

Slumber and dream of the power of spring,
Bringing the flowers and growing things,
Listen, how the birdsong sounds in the wood,
Love is in the heavens - on the earth!
The day has done and you mustn't worry,
Your spring will yet bloom and blossom.
Always be patient!
Slumber!

Schlumm're!
Schlumm're und träume von kommender Zeit,
Die sich dir bald muß entfalten,
Träume, mein Kind, von Freud und Leid,
Träume von lieben Gestalten, Träume von lieben Gestalten!
Mögen auch viele noch kommen und gehen,
Müssen dir neue doch wieder erstehen,
Bleibe nur fein geduldig! Bleibe nur fein geduldig!
Bleibe, bleibe nur fein geduldig!

Schlumm're und träume von Frühlingsgewalt,
Schau all das Blühen und Werden,
Horch, wie im Hain der Vogelsang schallt,
Liebe im Himmel, auf Erden, Liebe im Himmel, auf Erden!
Heut zieht's vorüber und kann dich nicht kümmern,
Doch wird dein Frühling auch blüh'n und schimmern,
Bleibe nur fein geduldig! Bleibe nur fein geduldig!
Bleibe, bleibe nur fein geduldig! Schlumm're!

Erster Verlust
First Loss
(Johann Wolfgang von Goethe)

Ah! Who can bring back those beautiful days,
Those days of first love,
Ah, who can bring back even an hour
Of that wonderful time!

In solitude I face my sorrow
and stand with renewing laments,
wretched over my lost bliss.

Ah! Who can bring back those beautiful days,
That wonderful time!

Ach! Wer bringt die schönen Tage,
jene Tage der ersten Liebe,
ach, wer bringt nur eine Stunde
jener holden Zeit zurück!

Einsam nähr' ich meine Wunde
und mit stets erneuter Klage
traur' ich um's verlor'ne Glück.

Ach! Wer bringt die schönen Tage,
jene holde Zeit zurück!

Nachtigall
(Rheinhold)

Oh Nightingale, your sweet sound
pierces through all my being.
No, kind bird, No!
what creates such sweet pain in me
is not of your doing;
It is rather a soft echo
in your song, of other sounds,
heavenly but long since
vanished from me.

O Nachtigall, dein süsßer Schall,
er dringet mir durch Mark und Bein.
Nein, traurer Vogel, nein!
was in mir schafft so süsse Pein,
das ist nicht dein,
das ist von andern, himmelschönen,
nun längst für mich verklungenen Tönen
in deinem Lied ein leiser Widerhall,
ein leiser Widerhall!

Wie lange schon war immer mein Verlangen
(anonymous)

How long have I pined for a musician's love!
Now the good Lord has granted my wish
and has sent me one, young and fresh,
all peaches and cream.
Here he comes with gentle demeanor,
looking down and playing the violin!

Wie lange schon war immer mein Verlangen:
ach, wäre doch ein Musikus mir gut!
Nunliess der Herr mich meinen Wunsch erlangen
und schickt mir einen, ganz wie Milch und Blut.
Da kommt er eben her mit sanfter Miene,
und senkt den Kopf und spielt die Violine.

Ich schwebe
(Karl Henckell)

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 so shy, tenderly and clearly,
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.

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', indess mich füllen
Die süssesten der Melodien,
Sieht ohne Falten, ohne Hüllen,
Mein lächelnd Lieb vorüberziehn.

O, my little star
(N. Grekow)

Where are you my little star?
Where are you, my clear one?
Have you been dimmed by a threatening cloud?

Where are you maiden?
Where are you, oh beautiful one?
Have you abandoned your dear friend -
Your most beloved friend?

A dark cloud has covered the little star.
The cold earth has taken the maiden.

Gdy ty, zodochnka?
Okh gdy ty yasnaya?
I zatsmilasa tuche chornoyu,
tuche chornoyu tuche groznoyu?

Gdy ty, devitsa,
gdy ty, krasnaya?
Il pakinula druga milova?
Druga milova, nye nagadnavo?

Tucha chornoya skrila svozdochnku,
Zimla chladnaya vzala devitsa.

Was I not a blade of grass in the field?
(Ivan Zakharovich Surikov)

Was I not a blade of grass in the field?
Did I not grow green?
They took me, little blade-let,
They cut me and dried me in the field in the sun.

Ah, my sorrow, my own dear little sorrow!
To know such a fate!

Was I not a snowball-berry bush?
Did I not grow red?
They took the little bush,
Broke it, and burned it!

Ah, my sorrow . . .

Was I not my father's daughter?
Was I not my mother's sweet little flower?
By force they took me, poor thing,
And to an old graybeard they married me!

Ah, my sorrow . . .

Ya li v pole do ne travushka byla?
Ya li v pole ne zelenaya rosla?
Vsyali menya travushku skosili
Na solnyshke v pole issushili!

Okh ty gorye, moio goryushka,
Okh ty gorye, moio goryushka,
Znat', znat' takaya moya dolyushka.

Ya li v pole ne kalinushka byla?
Ya li v pole da ne krasnaya rosla?
Vzyali kalinushka slomali,
Da v zhgutiki menya posvyzali!

Okh ty . . .

Ya l' u batyushki ne dochen'ka byla,
U rodimoi ne tzvetohek ya rosla;
Nevolei menya bednuyu vzyali

Da s'nemilym sedym povenchali,
S'nemilym da sedym povenchali!

Okh ty . . .

The bush on the hill (folk verse)

On the hill is a berry bush,
On the hill is a wonderful berry bush.

Under the hill is a raspberry bush,
Under the hill is a wonderful raspberry bush.

There a maiden was wandering,
There a wonderful maiden was wandering.

She broke off the berry bush,
She broke off the wonderful berry bush.
She broke it off.

Na goreto kalina, na goreto kalina,
Na goreto dusharadost kalina.

Pod garoyu malina, pod garoyu malina,
pod garoya dusharadost malina.

Tom devitsa gulyala, tom devitsa gulyala,
tom devits dusharadost gulyala.

Kalinushku lomala, kalinushku lomala,
kalinushku dusharadost lomala.

The Muse
(Alexander Pushkin)

In my childhood she gave me a 7-holed pipe,
and empowered me to play this flute.
She smiled on me, and lightly along the
resonant grooves of this empty walking stick,
I played out with my fingers the hymns inspired by the gods,
and the peaceful frygian songs of the shepherds.

From morning till evening, working hard in the shadow
of the unspeaking grove, I heeded the lesson
of the secret maiden. And she, throwing back the
curls from her brow, taking the pipe from my hands,
she rewarded. The pipe was animated with a godlike
breath, and it filled my heart with a holy enchantment.

Vmladenchestve mayom ona menya lubyla,
I smistvolnuyu tsevnitsu mne vruchila;
ona vnimala mne tsu libkoi, i slekha
Pa zvonkim skvazinam pustova trastnika
Uzhe naigrival ya slabymi pirstami,
I gimny vazhnoye, vnushonoye bagami,
I pyesni mirnoya frigiskekh pastukhov.

Sutro da v'etchera vnyemoy t'yeni dubrov
Prilyezhna ya vnimal urokam dyevy tainy;
I raduya minya nagradoyu slutchainy,
Atkinuv lokony ot milova tchela,
Sama izruk mayich sviryel ona brala.
Trastnik byl ozhivlyon bozhestvyenoim dychainem
I syertse napolnal svatym atcharavanym.

Charles Ives: Two Little Flowers (and dedicated to them) (poem by the composer)

On sunny days in our backyard,
two little flowers are seen.
One dressed, at times, in brightest pink
and one in green.

The marigold is radiant,
the rose passing fair;
the violet is ever dear,
the orchid ever rare;

There's loveliness in wild flow'rs
of field or wide Savannah,
But fairest, rarest of them all
are Edith and Susanna.

A Memory
(Minnie K. Breid)

Somehow I feel that Thou art near,
Though there is naught around;

Somehow I hear Thy soft sweet voice,
Though there is not a sound;

Some how I feel Thine eyes resting on mine,
Though looking, naught do I see;

Somehow I feel the touch of Thy hand;
Ah! Tis but a memory!

Norden
(J. L. Runeberg)

Leaves fall, the lakes freeze.
You floating swans, sail, sail,
O sail sorrowfully to the south
to seek necessary food, but longing
to travel our sea!

Then shall an eye, watching you from
the palm's shadow, speak: "Languishing swans,
what enchantment rests in the north?
One who longs from the south seeks a
heaven in his longing."

Löfven de falla, sjöarna frysa.
Flyttande svaner, seglen, seglen,
O, seglen sorgsna till södern,
söken dess nödspis, längtande åter;
plöjen dess sjöar, saknande våra!

Då skall ett öga se
er från palmens skugga och tala: "Tynande svaner,
hvilken förtrollning hvilar på norden?
den som från södern längtar,
hans längtan söker en himmel."

O del mio amato ben
(anonymous)

O my beloved,
the enchantment is lost!
Far from my eyes
is the one who was my pride and glory!

Now through silent rooms
I go searching and calling for him.
My heart is full of hope . . .
But I search in vain, I call in vain.
Weeping is so dear to me
that I feed my heart on tears alone.

It seems to me that every place is sad without him.
Night seems day; frost seems fire.
If sometimes I try to give myself to other cares,
one thought alone torments me:
But without him, what can I do?
It seems to me thus: life is in vain without my love.

O del mio amato ben
perduto incanto!
Lungi è dagli occhi miei
chi m'era gloria e vanto!

Or per le mute stanze
sempre lo cerco e chiamo
con pieno il cor di speranze . . .
Ma cerco invan, chiamo invan!
E il pianger m'è sì caro,
che di pianto sol nutro il cor.

Mi sembra, senza lui, triste ogni loco.
Notte mi sembra il giorno; mi sembra gelo il foco.
Se pur talvolta spero di darmi ad altra cura,
sol mi tormenta un pensiero:
ma, senza lui, che farò?
Mi par così la vita vana cosa senza il mio ben.

O falce di luna
(G. D'Annunzio)

Oh sliver of moon
that shines on the deserted waters,
Oh sliver of silver,
what crop of dreams
floats down here under your quiet light!

Brief breath of leaves, of flowers, of waves
wafts from the woodland to the sea:
not a sound, not a cry
goes through the vast silence.

Heavy from love and pleasure
the living fall asleep
Oh sliver that shines,
what crop of dreams
floats down here under your quiet light.

O falce di luna
calante che brilli su l'acque deserte,
O falce d'argento,
qual mèsse di sogni
ondeggia a'l tuo mite chiarore quagiù!

Aneliti brevi di foglie di fiori di flutti
da'l bosco esalano a'l mare:
non canto non grido
non suono pe'l vasto silenzio va.

Oppresso d'amor, di piacere
il popol de'vivi s'addorme . . .
O falce calante,
qual mèsse di sogni
ondeggia al tuo mite chiarore quagiù.

Tus ojillos negros
(Cristobal de Castro)

I don't know what your little black eyes have,
that they give me sorrow and yet I like to look at them.

They are so playful and such flatterers,
their quick glances reach so deeply within,
that there are those that are sure that God made them
as a sign of what Good is,
of what Glory is, of what Heaven is.

Yet, on the other hand, they are so deceitful!
They say so many things that they recant later,
that there are those that are sure that God made them
as a sign of what Torment is,
of what Misfortune is, of what Hell is.

And there are in your eyes, as there are in the heavens,
very gloomy nights, very peaceful days.
And there is in your glances eternal marriage
of crazy little affections and discreet disdain,
and among their penumbras and their sparkles
shine your anxieties and your thoughts,
as among the shadows of the gloomy night
strike the lightning-flashes with their sudden fire.

Lights that seem like they are dying,
and later unexpectedly return to life.
Adorable shadows full of mystery,
like your affections, like my desires.
Something that gives life, much that creates fear . . .
I don't know what your little black eyes have,
that they give me sorrow and I like to look at them!

Yo no sé qué tienen tus ojillos negros,
que me dán pesares y me gusta verlos,
que me dán pesares y me gusta verlos.

Son tan juguetones y tan zalameros,
sus miradas prontas llegan tan adentro,
que hay quién asegura que Dios los ha hecho
como para muestra de lo que es lo bueno,
de lo que es la gloria, de lo que es el cielo.

Mas, por otra parte, son tan embusteros!
Dicen tantas cosas que desdicen luego,
que hay quien asegura que Dios los ha hecho
como para muestra de lo que es tormento, de lo que es desdicha, de lo que es infierno.

Y es que hay en tus ojos, como hay en los cielos,
noches muy oscuras, días muy serenos.
Y hay en tus miradas maridaje eterno
de amorcillos locos y desdenes cuerdos,
y entre sus penumbras y sus centelleos
brillan tus afanes y tus pensamientos,
como entre las sombras de la noche oscura
brillan los relámpagos con su vivo fuego.

Luces que parece que se estan muriendo,
y que de improviso resucitan luego,
y que de improviso resucitan luego.
Sombras adorables llenas de misterio,
como tus amores, como mis deseos.
Algo que dá vida, mucho que dá miedo . . .
Yo no sé que tienen tus ojillos negros,
que me dán pesares y me gusta verlos!

Les Filles De Cadix
(Alfred de Musset)

We had just seen the bullfight,
Three lads and three young girls,
On the green it was fine
And we danced a bolero
To the sound of the castanets:
Tell me, neighbor,
If my looks please you,
And if my skirt
Is becoming this morning.
Do you think my waist is slender?
The daughters of Cadix have a liking for that!

And we danced a bolero
On a Sunday evening,
A Hidalgo approached us,
Clothed in gold, a feather in his cap,
And his fist on his hip:
If you fancy me,
Brunette with the sweet smile,
You need only say so,
This gold is yours.
Go on your way, handsome sir . . .
The daughters of Cadix will have none of that!

Nous venions de voir le taureau.
Trois garçons, trois fillettes,
Sur la pelouse il faisait beau,
Et nous dansions un boléro
Au son des castagnettes:
Dites moi, voisin,
Si j'ai bonne mine,
Et si ma basquine
Va bien ce matin.
Vous me trouvez la taille fine?
vous me trouvez la taille fine?
ah! ah! ah! ah! ah!
Le filles de Cadix aiment assez cela,
ah! ah! ah! ah! ah!
les filles de Cadix aiment assez cela,
la ra la la la la la ra la la la la,

les filles de Cadix aiment assez cela.
ah! ah!

Et nous dansions un boléro,
Un soir c'était dimanche.
Vers nous s'en vient un hidalgo,
Cousu d'or, la plume au chapeau,
Et le poing sur la hanche:
Si tu veux de moi,
Brune au doux sourire,
Tu n'as qu'à le dire.
Cet or est à toi.
Passez votre chemin, beau sire,
Passez votre chemin, beau sire,
ah! ah! ah! ah! ah!
Les filles de Cadix n'entendent pas cela,
ah! ah! ah! ah! ah!
Les filles de Cadix n'entendent pas cela,
la ra la la la la la ra la la la la,
les filles de Cadix n'entendent pas cela!
ah! ah!

About the Performers

Patrice Michaels Bedi has concertized extensively throughout North America, appearing in concert with renowned ensembles including the Minnesota Orchestra, the Atlanta and Milwaukee Symphonies, Chicago's Grant Park Symphony, and Boston's Banquette Musicale. Ms. Michaels Bedi will make her Chicago Lyric Opera debut during the 1994/95 season. Other opera companies with which she has performed include the Cleveland Opera, Colorado's Central City Opera, and Chicago Opera Theater. Ms. Michaels Bedi's previous recordings include Bach's St. Matthew Passion with Sir Georg Solti and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra for London Records, Mozart's C minor Mass with Chicago's Music of the Baroque, and Dominick Argento's Six Elizabethan Songs with the Rembrandt Chamber Players for Cedille Records. This disc marks Ms. Michaels Bedi's solo recording debut.

Deborah Sobol has given solo and chamber music recitals throughout the United States, Europe, and Japan. She has performed at music festivals with acclaimed soloists including Shlomo Mintz, Anner Bylsma, Nobuko Imai, and Gary Karr. Ms. Sobol is a founding member of The Chicago Chamber Musicians, and has served as the chamber group's artistic co-director since its inception in 1986.

Raves for Patrice Michaels Bedi's other performance on Cedille Records

Dominick Argento: Six Elizabethan Songs
with the Rembrandt Chamber Players on “20th Century Baroque” (CDR 90000 011)

“Dominick Argento’s . . . luscious vocal line is a gift to soprano Patrice Michaels Bedi, who makes the most of it. Argento’s setting of ‘Spring’ by Thomas Nashe is especially joyful, at least in Bedi’s performance.”

— *Fanfare*

“Ms. Bedi’s voice has the same crystalline clarity, buoyancy, and colorful vibrato as Dawn Upshaw’s.”

— *American Record Guide*