



Cedille Records
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SONGS
OF THE
CLASSICAL
AGE

Patrice
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soprano

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Schrader
fortepiano

SONGS OF THE CLASSICAL AGE

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Patrice Michaels Bedi *soprano*David Schrader *fortepiano*

TT: (79:34)

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SONGS OF THE CLASSICAL AGE

“Song . . . a short metrical composition, whose meaning is conveyed by the combined force of words and melody.” These words by Mrs. Edmund Wodehouse from an early edition of the *Grove Dictionary of Music and Musicians* offer profound simplicity and provocative challenge. The 27 selections in ***Songs of the Classical Age*** represent the era’s range of verse, melody, and harmony, but they also point to trends in earlier and later vocal music. Before the Classical period, Medieval Troubadours and a few Renaissance composers excelled at self-accompanied vocal music that could transmit a wide range of poetic sentiment. Composers of the Baroque era were more interested in creating cantatas stringing together many short movements, each one depicting a single affect. At that time, the preferred accompaniment to the voice was lute, organ, or harpsichord grouped in continuo with viola da gamba or cello. While most households retained the harpsichord well into the 19th century, the introduction of the fortepiano was a stunning innovation for Classical composers and performers. The variety of color and dynamic possibility on a fortepiano was entirely new, and it is to this relationship of instrument and voice that we owe our Classical and Romantic recital song aesthetic.

Franz Josef Haydn (1732-1809) went to London for the first time in 1791, earning immediate popularity with his operatic, symphonic, and

chamber music. By 1795, with his reputation established and his works regularly presented, Haydn enjoyed the kind of success that enticed many foreign musicians to remain. Two factors led him to curtail his stay in London, leaving posterity only a small collection of songs in English. England’s war with France made it nearly impossible to engage the Italian singers upon whom Haydn relied. And as court composer to the Esterházy dynasty, Haydn was summoned when Prince Paul Anton died unexpectedly. Haydn finished the London concert season of 1795 and returned to Austria, bringing with him the inspiration to compose Austria’s national anthem and the oratorio *The Creation*.

The canzonettas presented here owe their existence to a happy circumstance. In Vienna, Haydn frequently attended salons at the home of the imperial physician. In London, he lived near the royal physician, Dr. John Hunter, whose wife, Anne Home Hunter, was renowned for her frequent soirées and Scottish national verse. Whether high art or not, Haydn found Mrs. Hunter’s homely sentiment and domestic themes ideal for song settings. In ***Fidelity***, he develops virtuosic solo lines for both keyboard and voice; in ***Sailor’s Song***, witty repetition of motives prevails; and ***Pleasant Pain*** demonstrates his preoccupation with proportion and balance. The opening song in these selections from the Twelve Canzonettas is one of only

two texts not attributed to Anne Hunter. ***She Never Told Her Love*** is an excerpt from *Twelfth Night* by William Shakespeare (Act II, scene IV: Viola to the Duke).

Vincenzo Righini (1756-1825) wrote opera, sacred and instrumental music, approximately 200 songs, and an important book on singing. Originally a singer in his native Bologna, he joined an opera troupe in Prague, and wrote his first stage work in 1776. He became established as a composer and moved to Vienna four years later, where he was sought after as a singing teacher. Among his students were Maria Theresia von Paradies and Princess Elizabeth of Württemberg. In 1787, he became the first Italian-born Kapellmeister at the electoral court in Mainz. In 1793, he accepted offers to act as Kapellmeister and director of the Italian Opera in Berlin, working with J.F. Reichardt. The group of songs presented here is solid proof of his stature as a composer for voice. ***Or che il cielo*** (“Now that Heaven”), for example, could easily be taken for Mozart (who was born five days after Righini) in its lyricism, architecture, and beauty of accompaniment. Other songs in this group display brilliant handling of simple forms such as the A-B-A-Coda of ***Placido zeffiretto*** (“Gentle Zephyr”) and the playful, slightly extended structure of ***Vorrei di te fidarmi*** (“I Would Like to Have Faith in You”).

Chevalier Joseph Boulogne Saint-Georges (1749-1799), **Nicola Dalayrac** (1753-1809), and **Giuseppe Marco Maria Felice Blangini** (1781-

1841) all found success in the salons and theaters of Paris, although none were native to that city. Born in Guadaloupe of a black woman and an unmarried white French aristocrat, Saint-George's family came to Paris when he was ten. His first career was as a swordsman of the highest caliber, but he began to appear publicly as a violinist at the age of 25, and composed most of his opus from then until the early 1780s. The flamboyant introduction to ***L'autre jour à l'ombrage*** (“***One Day in the Shade***”) ***displays his love of the violin, and the melody follows in highly ornamented fashion.***

Nicola Dalayrac was befriended by the Comte d'Artois and left his native Muret in 1781 against the wishes of his father. Although written for the comic opera ***Nina, Quand le bien-aimé reviendra*** (“***When one's Beloved Returns***”) ***is more song than aria, and its mixed meter suggests earlier French dance forms.***

Felice Blangini left Turin for Paris in 1781 to escape political unrest. ***C'est une misère que nos jeunes gens*** (“It's a Misery — Our Young Men!”) highlights Blangini's comedic flair. Both this song and ***Il est parti!*** (“***He is Gone***”), ***included in the next French group, demonstrate his penchant for moving a melody from major to minor and back again.***

Anna Amalia von Sachsen-Weimar (1739-1807), niece of Frederick the Great, was married at sixteen. By the time she was eighteen, she had become the mother of two sons, a widow, and the regent of her duchy. A student of piano and

composition, she journeyed to Italy from 1778-1780, returning to Weimar with a great appreciation for singing. She established museums and theaters, and her patronage encouraged Johann Wilhelm von Goethe and many other artists. In 1773, she wrote the singspiel *Erwin und Elmire* from which *Auf dem Land und in der Stadt* (“*In the Country or the City*”) is taken. *Her compositions reflect the rhythmic and harmonic characteristics of the Baroque masters.*

Johann Friedrich Reichardt (1752-1814) was influential as a literary critic, journalist, violinist, composer, and Kapellmeister to Frederick the Great. He was particularly active in developing *liederspiel*, which implies a song of dramatic or theatrical character. His extended setting of the ballad *Johanna Sebus, chosen from a group of verses (1809) by Goethe, emphasizes the relationship between a natural disaster and the emotional turmoil of the heroine.*

Corona Schröter (1751-1802) was a central figure in the artistic life of Weimar. She published a total of 31 songs in addition to singing, acting, painting, and teaching. In 1776, Goethe introduced her to Duchess Anna Amalia von Sachsen-Weimar, and Schröter soon became indispensable to the many plays, operas, singspielen, and dance performances undertaken by the Duchess’s “Court of the Muses.” *Für Männer uns zu plagen* (“To be Plagued by Men”) was the second song in the singspiel *Die Fischerin* (1782), written with Goethe and performed on the banks of the river at Anna Amalia’s summer residence.

Maria Theresia von Paradies (1759-1824) was a prodigy of Vienna court life, born to the imperial court secretary, and blind from childhood. She studied with, among others, Salieri and Righini, became an avid touring performer at the keyboard, and befriended Mozart, who wrote the Piano Concerto K. 456 for her. *Morgenlied eines armen Mannes* (“*Morning Song of a Poor Man*”), on a text of *Johann Timotheus Hermes, explores the plight of the commoner. Paradies employs the poetry to create some of the most vivid text painting in songs of this era.*

The last five entries Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1795) made into his thematic catalogue are framed by two Masonic cantatas. In July of 1791: “a little German cantata for voice and keyboard (K. 619)”; and the final entry on November 15: “a little Freemason cantata (K. 623).” In between come entries for *Die Zauberflöte, La Clemenza di Tito*, and the Clarinet Concerto. The *Requiem* was never entered into this log, yet it, too, supports the evidence of Mozart’s overriding concern with matters of humanity and the Brotherhood. During the early 1780’s, freemasonry took the Vienna elite by storm. By 1783, when Mozart began to attend meetings, princes, diplomats, artists, and merchants gathered to share fellowship, ritual, and socially progressive ideas. Mozart was initiated into *Zur Wohltätigkeit* (Beneficence Lodge) in December, 1784. Haydn made application to join the same year, and Mozart recruited his father in the following year. Suspicious of the Masonic Order, Emperor Joseph II decreed in December

1785 that the dozens of Lodges in Vienna must be reduced to three, making it easier to gather information about the Lodges and their participants through the secret police. Although the fever of popularity had left Vienna by 1791, Mozart and impresario Emanuel Schikaneder undertook an “act of allegiance” to their lodge: They created *Die Zauberflöte*, patterning the character of Sarastro on the ideal of the Master of the Lodge. ***Cantata K. 619: Die ihr des unermesslichen Weltalls (“The Unfathomable Creator of the Universe”) speaks with the same musical and poetic vocabulary as the singspiel. Three arioso passages — Andante triple time, Allegro duple, and Andante mixed meter — are framed by recitative sections and followed by a short Allegro coda. The affect is one of grandeur juxtaposed with simplicity, where form serves and supports idealism.***

Ludwig van Beethoven (1770-1827) was an active composer and arranger of songs, especially during his ‘middle period,’ which is roughly framed by the 3rd and 8th Symphonies (1804 and 1812, respectively). He set ***Wonne der Wehmut (“Blissful Pain”) in 1810, the first in a group of three poems by Goethe. Beethoven’s unequal phrase lengths and motivic variation in the accompaniment sound very progressive in comparison to songs by most composers of this period.***

Sophie Westenholz (1759-1838) married a musician serving at the court of Duke Ludwig of Schwerin, and earned her living as singer and pianist there. One of only 26 songs she com-

posed, ***Morgenlied (“Morning Song”) of 1806 is important for its simple strophic form, rhapsodic piano introduction, demanding vocal tessitura, and warmly chromatic harmonies.***

Franz Schubert (1797-1828) represents the pinnacle of song composition for both the Classical and Romantic periods. He is unsurpassed in his ability to take a critical word or affect, and create in the accompaniment a musical figuration for its meaning. He developed the ballad form into a musical *scena* by composing in a style that was melodically compelling, even while changing key and tempo. ***Frühlingssehnsucht (“Spring Longing”) comes third in the group known as Schwanengesang — seven poems by Ludwig Rellstab that Schubert set just three months before he died.***

Pauline Duchambge (1778-1858) was well known in 1830s Paris for her *romances*. This genre has also been called *barcarolle, chansonette, ballade* or *nocturne*, but whatever the name, this rather simple, strophic form featured sentimental and pastoral texts. Duchambge was born in Martinique to Creole aristocrats, studied in a convent in France, married at 18, and left her husband for the composer Daniel François Auber. She studied composition, performed as a singer and pianist, and published 300 songs in France and Germany. ***La jalouse (“The Jealous One”) is a verse by her dearest friend, Marceline Desbordes-Valmore, a writer much admired by Balzac and Victor Hugo.***

Maria Szymanowska (1789-1831) is represented by two songs. Both were identified as *romances* in their day, but *Ballade* is really a *polonaise* with words, and *Se spiegar* ("If I Could Tell") is written as a small dramatic aria. Szymanowska was a virtuosa pianist. She gave her first concerts in Warsaw and Paris in 1810, spent a decade in a marriage, toured Europe from 1823-1827, and settled in Saint Petersburg the following year as court pianist for the Tsarina.

Isabella Colbran (1785-1845) left Spain at the age of sixteen to pursue an operatic career in Italy. While serving at Teatro San Carlo, she found great success premiering the operas of Giacomo Rossini. She married Rossini in 1822 and retired from singing two years later. During her early years in Italy, she composed four collections of songs. *Mi lagnerà tacendo* ("I Shall Mourn in Silence") sets the same *Metastasio* text as *Righini*, but Colbran's rendition features a more florid vocal line and a relatively plain accompaniment.

Vincenzo Bellini (1801-1835) was born to a family of musicians in Catania. In 1819 he went to the conservatory in Naples, where he began to study the compositions of Mozart. Like Mozart, Bellini's success as an opera composer was based on an excellent ear for language and musical characterization. *Arietta* (c. 1825) is one of the few *romances* he wrote, and it concludes this survey of song by celebrating the budding *bel canto* style dressed in Classical form.

— PATRICE MICHAELS BEDI

⌘ About the Instrument ⌘

The Viennese-styled fortepiano used for this recording was built in 1777 by Rodney Regier of Freeport, Maine. It is modeled after two eighteenth-century prototypes built between 1785 and 1790 by the respected Viennese piano maker Anton Walter. (One is in a museum in Nüremberg; the other at the Kunsthistorisches Museum in Vienna.) The hammers are covered with deerskin rather than the felt that became customary for later pianos. The action is of the *Prellmekanik* variety, on which the hammer heads point toward the player and are activated by leverage from the key when it is pressed down. This differs from the English concert grand action, in which the hammer points away from the player and is activated with a strong push from a separate lever when the key is pressed.

There are two chief advantages of the Viennese piano in the present repertoire: 1) The color of the instrument's sound changes with its dynamic level. This is helpful in projecting a narrative quality in support of songs, and for the quick-witted and mercurial phrasings so common to music of the Classical period. 2) Its lighter tone quality and changes of character from treble to bass are integral to the sound world, as it were, that inspired Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, and others to compose music of profound insight, emotional impact, and surpassing elegance.

— DAVID SCHRADER

① **Haydn: *She Never Told Her Love*** (William Shakespeare)

She never told her love,
But let concealment
Like a worm in the bud
Feed on her damask cheek.

She sat like Patience
On a monument
Smiling at grief.

② **Haydn: *Fidelity*** (Anne Hunter)

While hollow burst the rushing winds
And heavy beats the show'r
This anxious, aching bosom finds
No comfort in its pow'r.

For ah, my love, it little knows
What thy hard fate may be,
What bitter storm of fortune blows,
What tempests trouble thee.

A wayward fate hath spun the thread
On which our days depend.
And darkling in the checker'd shade
She draws it to an end.
But whatsoever may be our doom
The lot is cast for me,
For in the world or in the tomb,
My heart is fixed on thee.

③ **Haydn: *Pleasing Pain*** (Anne Hunter)

Far from this throbbing bosom haste
Ye doubts, ye fears that lay it waste.
Dear anxious days of pleasing pain
Fly, never to return again.

But ah, return ye smiling hours
By careless fancy crowned with flow'rs.
Come fairy joys and wishes gay
And dance in sportive rounds away.

So shall the moments gaily glide
O'er various life's tumultuous tide.
Nor sad regrets disturb their course
To calm oblivion's peaceful source.

④ **Haydn: *Piercing Eyes*** (attributed to Anne Hunter)

Why asks my fair one if I love
Those eyes so piercing bright
Can ev'ry doubt of that remove
And need no other light.

Those eyes full well do know my heart
And all its workings see,
E'er since they played the conqu'ror's part
And I no more was free.

⑤ **Haydn: *Sailor's Song*** (attributed to Anne Hunter)

High on the giddy bending mast
The seaman furls the rending sail.
And fearless of the rushing blast
He careless whistles to the gale.

Rattling ropes and rolling seas,
Hurly burly, hurly burly.
War nor death shall him displease.
The hostile foe his vessel seeks
High-bounding o'er the raging main.
The roaring cannon loudly speaks,
'Tis Britain's glory we maintain.

⑥ **Righini: *Placido zeffiretto***

Placido zeffiretto,
se trovi il caro oggetto
digli che sei sospiro
ma non gli dir di chi.

Gentle zephyr, if you find
the dear object (of my love),
tell him that you are someone's sighing
but do not tell him whose.

Limpido ruscelletto,
se trovi il caro oggetto
digli che pianto sei
ma non gli dir qual ciglio
crescer ti fè così.

Limpid brooklet, if you find
the dear object (of my love),
tell him that you are someone's sobbing
but do not tell him whose eyes
made your stream swell so.

⑦ **Righini: *T'intendo, sì, mio cor***

T'intendo, sì, mio cor,
con tanto palpitar
so che ti vuoi lagnar
che amante sei.
Ah! taci il tuo dolor,
Ah! soffri il tuo martir,
taci lo, e non tradir
gli affetti miei.

Yes, I hear you, my heart,
with such throbbing
I know you mean to protest
that you are in love.
Ah! silence your pain,
Ah! endure your torment
be silent about it and don't betray
my feelings.

⑧ **Righini: *Mi lagnerò tacendo*** (Metastasio)

Mi lagnerò tacendo
del mio destino avaro;
ma ch'io non t'ami o caro,
non lo sperar da me,
nò, non lo sperar da me.
Crudele! in che t'offendo
se resta in questo petto
il misero diletto
di sospirar per te?

I shall mourn in silence
over my harsh destiny,
but that I love you not, my dear,
do not expect that of me.
No, do not expect that of me.
Cruel one! how do I offend you
if in my breast there remains
this miserable delight
in sighing for you?

⑨ **Righini: *Or che il cielo a me ti rende***

Or che il cielo a me ti rende,
cara parte del mio cor,
la mia gioja non comprende
chi non sà che casa è amor.

Now that heaven has restored you to me
dear part of my own heart,
my joy cannot be understood
by anyone who doesn't know love.

Sono all'alma un grato oggetto
le mie barbare vicende,
e nel sen dolce discende
la memoria del dolor.

To my soul these are welcome —
the barbarous vicissitudes of my life
and sweetly into my breast
descends the memory of suffering.

10 Righini: *Vorrei di te fidarmi*

Vorrei di te fidarmi,
ma per usanza antica.
Inteso ad ingannarmi
io ti conosco amor;
Se t'accarezzo amica,
tu mi prepari un laccio,
se ti raccolgo in braccio
tu mi ferisci il cor.
I would like to have faith in you,

but by long experience
intent on deceiving me
I know you to be, Love.
If I caress you as a friend,
you set a snare for me;
If I take you in my arms,
You wound my heart.

11 Saint-Georges: *L'autre jour à l'ombrage*

L'autre jour à l'ombrage,
Un jeune et beau pasteur
Racontait ainsi sa douleur,
A l'écho plaintif du bocage.

One day, in the shade
A handsome young shepherd
Told thus of his sadness,
Echoed plaintively by the meadows.

Bonheur d'être aimé tendrement!
Que de chagrins vont à la suite.
Pourquoi viens tu si lentement
Et t'en retourne tu si vite?

It is such happiness to be tenderly loved!
Yet misery soon follows.
Why does happiness come so slowly
And go so quickly?

Ma maitresse m'oublie.
Amour fais moi mourir.
Quand on cesse de nous chérir
quel cruel fardeau que la vie.

My mistress has forgotten me.
I'm dying of love.
When one ceases to be loved
What a cruel burden is life.

Bonheur d'être aimé tendrement!
que de chagrins vont à la suite.
Pourquoi viens tu si lentement
et t'en retourne tu si vite?

It is such happiness to be tenderly loved!
Yet misery soon follows.
Why does happiness come so slowly
And go so quickly?

12 Dalayrac: *Quand le bien-aimé reviendra*

Quand le bien-aimé reviendra
près de sa languissante amie,
le printemps alors renaître,
l'herbe era toujours fleurie.
Mais je regarde, hélas!
Le bien-aimé ne revient pas.

Oiseaux, vous chanterez bien mieux
Quand du bien-aimé la voix tendre
Vous peindra ses transports, ses feux,
Car c'est à lui de vous l'apprendre.
Mais j'écoute, hélas!
Le bien-aimé ne chante pas.

Echo, que j'ai lassé cent fois
De mes regrets, de mes tristesse,
Il revient peut-être sa voix
Redemande aussi sa maîtresse.
Paix, il appelle, hélas!
Le bien-aimé n'appelle pas!

13 Blangini: *C'est une misère que nos jeunes gens!*

C'est une misère que nos jeunes gens!
L'âge dégénère, ah! Le pauvre temps!

Quand j'étais dans ma jeunesse,
Que les amants étaient charmants.
Qu'ils avaient de politesse,
Ils étaient ardents, pressants, ah!
On n'en voit plus de cette espèce,
On n'en voit plus de si gallants;
Ah! Le pauvre temps!

Chacun disait: ah! qu'elle est belle!
Et me jurait amour fidèle,
A présent; eh bien! eh bien!
On ne me dit plus rien.
Il n'est plus d'amour sincère,

When one's beloved returns
close to his lovesick friend,
the spring is reborn,
the grass will always bloom.
But I look around — alas!
My beloved does not return.

Birds, you will sing much better
when my beloved's tender voice
will paint its raptures and flames for you,
because it is for him to teach you.
But I listen — alas!
My beloved sings no more.

Echo, whom I've worn out a hundred times
with my regrets and my sorrows
perhaps its voice returns
asking again for its mistress.
Quiet, he calls — alas!
My beloved calls no more

It's a misery — our young men!
What a degenerate age, ah! what miserable
times!

When I was in my youth
Lovers were so charming.
They were so well brought up,
They were so attentive, so insistent, ah!
We don't see any more of that species,
We don't see any more gallantry.
Ah! what miserable times!

Everyone used to say: ah! how lovely she is!
And they would swear faithful love to me.
But now — oh well!
No one says anything to me anymore.

Il n'est plus d'amants constants;
Ah! l'âge dégénère, ah! le pauvre temps!

Tout est vanité, faste sans largesse,
Plaisir sans gaité, amants sans tendresse,
Leur délicatesse est dans leur santé!

Sur mes vieux ans quel pauvre temps!

[14] Sachsen-Weimar: *Auf dem Land und in der Stadt* (Johann Wilhelm von Goethe)

Auf dem Land und in der Stadt
Hat man eitel Plagen!
Muß um's bißchen, was man hat,
Sich mit'n Nachbar schlagen.
Rings auf Gottes Erde weit
Ist nur Hunger, Kummer, Neid,
Dich hinaus zutreiben.

Erden Not ist keine Not,
Als dem Feig und Matten,
Arbeit schafft dir täglich Brot,
Dach und Fach und Schatten.
Rings wo Gottes Sonne scheint,
Findst ein Mädchen, findest einen Freund,
Laß uns immer bleiben.

To the memory of a seventeen-year-old, young and beautiful, from the village of Brienen, who, on the 13th of January 1809, perished while giving help during the breaking up of the ice on the Rhine, and the bursting of the dam of Cleverham.

*Der Damm zerreißt, das Feld erbraust,
Die Fluten spülen, die Fläche saust.
"Ich trage dich, Mutter, durch die Flut,
Noch reicht sie nicht hoch, ich wate gut."
"Auch uns bedenke, bedrängt wie wir sind,
Die Hausgenossin, drei arme Kind!
Die schwache Frau! . . . Du gehst davon!"
The dam breaks, the ice fields growl,*

There are no more constant lovers.
Ah! What a degenerate age, what miserable times!

All is vanity, extravagance without generosity,
Pleasures without joy, love without
tenderness, The only thing delicate about them
is their health!
At my age, what a miserable time!

In the country or the city
One has futile torments!
With the little one has
One must beat his neighbor.
All over God's earth
Is only hunger, affliction, grudge,
Pushing you about.

Earthly need is not need,
Except for the weak or faint of heart,
Work produces one's daily bread
Shelter, a trade, and shade.
Wherever God's sun shines
One finds a lover and a friend,
Let us stay here always.

[15] Reichardt: *Johanna Sebus* (Goethe)

The floods arise, the waters howl. "I'll carry you,
Mother, across the swell,
It's not yet high, I can wade right well."
"Remember us, too, in what danger are we,
Your fellow lodger and children three!
The frail woman! . . . Go on if you may!"

Sie trägt die Mutter durch's Wasser schon.
"Zum Bühle da rettet euch! Harret derweil;

Gleich kehr' ich zurück, uns allen ist Heil.
Zum Bühl ist's noch trocken und wenige Schritt';
Doch nehmt auch mir meine Ziege mit!"

*Der Damm zerschmilzt, das Feld erbraust,
Die Fluten wühlen, die Fläche saust.*
Sie setzt die Mutter auf sichres Land,
Schön Suschen, gleich wieder zur Flut gewandt.
"Wohin? Wohin? Die Breite schwoll,
Des Wassers ist hüben und drüben voll.
Verwegen in's Tiefe willst du hinein!"
"Sie sollen und müssen gerettet sein!"

*Der Damm verschwindet, die Welle braust,
Eine Meereswoge, sie schwankt und saust.*
Schön Suschen schreitet gewohnten Steg,
Umströmt auch leitet sie nicht vom Weg,
Erreicht den Bühl und die Nachbarin;
Doch der und den Kindern kein Gewinn!

*Der Damm verschwand, ein Meer erbraust's,
Den kleinen Hügel im Kreis umsaust's.*
Da gähnet und wirbelt der schäumende Schlund
Und ziehet die Frau mit den Kindern zu Grund;
Das Horn der Ziege faßt das ein',
So sollten sie alle verloren sein!
Schön Suschen steht noch strack und gut:
Wer rettet das junge, das edelste Blut!
Schön Suschen steht noch wie ein Stern;
Doch alle Werber sind alle fern.
Rings um sie her ist Wasserbahn,
Kein Schifflin schwimmt zu ihr heran.
Noch einmal blickt sie zum Himmel hinauf,
Da nehmen die schmeichelnden Fluten sie auf.

*She bears the woman across the spray.
"Quick, go to the mound and awhile there wait;*

*I'll come back here soon, and all will be straight.
The mound isn't wet, just a few steps from me;
And I'll save my goat from this freezing sea!"*

*The dam cracks, the ice fields growl,
The floods rage, the waters howl.*
She places the mother safe on the shore;
Dear Susie then turns t'ward the flood once more.
"Where? Oh where? It widens too fast,
Here and there - I'm not sure I can last.
Try once again icy waters to master!"
"They shall and they must be saved from disaster!"

*The dam breaks up, the waters growl,
The floods roar, the waters howl.*
Dear Susie returns by the way she had tried,
The ways roar all 'round, but she turns not aside,
She reaches the mound and the neighbor strait,
But for her and the children, alas, too late!

*The dam disappears, everywhere the sea growls,
The hillock it circles, in eddies it howls.*
A space gapes wide open, and whirling around
The woman and children are borne to the ground;
The horn of the goat one is holding to fast,
But lost every one in the end is at last!
Dear Susie still stands there, untouched by a wave
Who'll help this young one, so true and brave!
Dear Susie still stands there, as bright as a star;
Yet even though help is beyond her too far.
The foaming waters around her roar,
To save her no boat pushes off from the shore.
Once more in the heavens her gaze has tarried,
But away with the floodwaters Susie is carried.

*Kein Damm, kein Feld! Nur hier und dort
Bezeichnet ein Baum, ein Turm den Ort.
Bedeckt ist alles mit Wasserschwall;
Doch Suschens Bild schwebt überall.
Das Wasser sinkt, das Land erscheint
Und überall wird schön Suschen beweint.
Und dem sei, wer's nicht singt und sagt,
Im Leben und Tod nicht nachgefragt!*

*No dam, no field! Only here and there
An occasional tree can be seen anywhere.
The rushing water the wilderness covers;
Yet Susie's image still over it hovers.
Subsides the water, the land reappears
Dear Susie's lament will be heard for years.
May he who refuses her story to tell
Be rejected in life and in death as well!*

16 Schröter: Für Männer uns zu plagen (Goethe)

Für Männer uns zu plagen
Sind leider wir bestimmt
Wir lassen sie gewären,
Wir folgen ihrem Willen:
Und wären sie nur dankbar,
So wär noch alles gut.

Sadly, we are destined
To be plagued by men.
We let them do what they want,
We follow their orders:
If they'd only be grateful,
Everything would be fine.

Und rührt sich im Herzen
Der Unmut zu weilen:
Stille! heißt es,
Stille! Liebes Herz!

And so my heart stirs
With discontent sometimes:
Quiet! - it burns -
Be quiet dear heart!

Aber ich will auch nicht länger
Alles ihren Grillen folgen,
Alles mir gefallen lassen
Will nach meinen Kopfe tun!

Well, no longer will I listen
To all of their yapping.
Come what may
I'll follow my own head!

17 Paradies: Morgenlied eines armen Mannes (Johann Timotheus Hermes)

Weckst du mich zum neuen Jammer,
Tag, den meine Sehnsucht rief,
Als in meiner kleinen Kammer
Weib und Säugling ruhig schlief?

Do you wake me to new misery, Day,
Calling out my longing
While in my little room
my wife and infant sleep?

Trefft nur mich, ihr neuen Sorgen,
Schonet doch des Weibes Herz,
Weck' sie spät qualvoller Morgen,
Ach ihr letzter Blick war Schmerz.

Ich will still auf rauhen Wegen
Des gewohnten Jammers gehn
Und auch heut' um Brot und Segen
Für mein Kind und Weib dich flehn.

Sie erwach — O dein Scherzen
Säugling, wie durch dringt es mich.
Diese allertiefsten Schmerzen
Wahrlich, Herr, sie jammern dich.

18 Mozart: Cantata K. 619: “Die ihr des unermesslichen Weltalls” (Franz Heinrich Ziegenhagen)

Die, ihr des unermesslichen Weltalls Schöpfer ehrt,
Jehovah nennt ihn, oder Gott, nennt Fu ihn,
oder Brama, hört!
Hört Worte aus der Posaune des Allherrschers.
Laut tönt durch Erden, Monden, Sonnen ihr
ew'ger Schall.
Hört, Menschen, sie auch ihr!

Liebt mich in meinen Werken!
Liebt Ordnung, Ebenmass und Einklang.
Liebt euch selbst und eure Brüder.
Körperkraft und Schönheit sei eure Zierd',
Verstandeshelle eure Adel.
Reicht euch der ew'gen Freundschaft Bruderhand
Die nur ein Wahn, nie Wahrheit, euch so lang entzog!

Zerbrechet diese Wahnes Bande,
Zerreiiset dieses Vorurtheiles Schleier.
Enthüllt euch vom Gewand das Menschheit in
Sektirerei verkleidet.

Strike only me, new miseries,
For my wife's heart will wake her
Later in this agonizing morning,
Ah — the last she saw was pain.

I want to persevere on this rough path
of habitual misery
and once again beg bread and blessing
for my child and my wife.

They awake — oh, your merriment,
Infant, how it touches me.
These overwhelming burdens —
Truly, God, they cry to you

You who honor the unfathomable creator of the
universe, whether you call him Jehovah or God, Fu
or Brama — listen!
Hear the words of the herald of the almighty.
Loudly resounds through the earth, moons, and
suns its eternal sound.
Listen to them, people!

Love me in the works I do.
Love order, justice, and unity.
Love yourselves and your brothers.
May physical strength and beauty be your adornment,
Brightness of spirit your noble title.
Extend the eternal hand of friendship, of which Illusion
(never Truth) so long deprived you.

Break these foolish bonds,
Tear off this veil of bigotry.
Remove the sectarian robes in which mankind
is disguised.

In Kolter schmiedet um das Eisen,
Das Menschen, das Brüderblut bisher vergoss!
Zersprenget Felsen mit dem schwarzen Staube,
Der mordend Blei in's Bruderherz oft schnellte!

Wähnt nicht, daß wahres Unglück sei auf meiner Erde!
Belehrung ist es nur, die wohlthut, wenn sie
euch bessern Thaten spornt.
Die Menschen, ihr in Unglück wandelt,
Wenn töricht blind ihr rückwärts in den Stachel schlägt
Der vorwärts euch antreiben sollte.

Seid weise nur, seid kraftvoll, und seid Brüder!
Dann ruft auf euch mein ganzes Wohlgefallen.
Dann netzen Freundschaftszähnen nur die Wangen.
Dann werden eure Klagen Jubel-töne.
Dann schaffet ihr zu Edens Thälern Wüsten.
Dann lachtet alles euch in der Natur.
Dann ist's erreicht, des Lebens wahres Glück.

[19] Beethoven: *Wonne der Wehmut* (Goethe)

Trocknet nicht, trocknet nicht
Tränen der ewigen Liebe!
Ach nur dem halb getrockneten Auge
Wie öde, wie tot die Welt ihm erscheint!
Trocknet nicht, trocknet nicht
Tränen unglücklicher Liebe!

Transform plowshares into an iron sword,
So that men shall not spill the blood of their brothers.
Break apart the rocks with the black powder,
The deadly bullets so often plunged into a brother's heart.

Don't imagine that real misfortune exists on my earth!
Enlightenment can only do good, if it spurs you
on to better deeds.
You, people, who in your misfortune wander
Blindly turning backwards to beat down the thorns
When you should push ahead.

Be wise, be strong, and be brotherly!
Then my whole delight of creation will call to you.
Then only tears of friendship will wet one's cheek.
Then shall your shouts jubilate.
Then Eden will spring forth from the valleys and desert.
Then you will rejoice in all of nature.
Then life's true blessing is attained.

Dry not, dry not
Tears of eternal love!
Ah, even to the half-dry eye
How barren, how dead the world appears!
Dry not, dry not
Tears of unhappy love!

[20] Westenholz: *Morgenlied*

Wie lieblich winkt sie mir die sanfte Morgenröthe!
Der Schatten weicht vor ihr zurück.
Wie Schön ist die Natur! O Herr, vor dem ich bete,
Sie überströmet mich mit Glück.
Und sanft ergiesse sich dein Licht in meine Seele,
Und zeige mir den Weg zu dir!
Stärk mich durch deine Kraft, und wenn ich
Schwacher fehle,
Dann Vater, hab' Geduld mit mir!

How lovingly the gentle dawn looks at me!
The shadows retreat before her.
Nature is so beautiful! O God, before whom I pray,
It floods me with joy.
And gently pour your light into my soul,
And show me the way to you!
Strengthen me through your might, and if I show
weakness,
Then, Father, have patience with me!

[21] **Schubert: *Frühlingssehnsucht*** (Ludwig Rellstab)

Säuselnde Lüfte wehend so mild,
Blumiger Düfte atmend erfüllt!
Wie haucht ihr mich wonnig begrüßend an!
Wie habt ihr dem pochenden Herzen getan?
Es möchte euch folgen auf luftiger Bahn!
Wohin?

Bächlein, so munter rauschend zumal,
Wollen hinunter silbern ins Tal.
Die schwebende Welle, dort eilt sie dahin!
Tief spiegeln sich Fluren und Himmel darin.
Was ziehst du mich, sehndend verlangender Sinn,
Hinab?

Grüßender Sonne spielendes Gold,
Hoffende Wonne bringest du hold!
Wie labt mich dein selig begrüßendes Bild!
Es lächelt am tiefblauen Himmel so mild
Und hat mir das Auge mit Tränen gefüllt!
Warum?

Grünend umkränzet Wälder und Höh'!
Schimmernd erglänzet Blütenschnee!
So drängt sich alles zum bräutlichen Licht;
Es schwellen die Keime, die Knospe bricht;
Sie haben gefunden, was ihnen gebricht:
Und du?

Rastloses Sehnen! Wünschendes Herz,
Immer nur Tränen, Klage und Schmerz?
Auch ich bin mir schwellender Triebe bewußt!
Wer stilltet mir endlich die drängende Lust?
Nur du befreist den Lenz in der Brust,
Nur du!

Rustling winds blow so gently,
Their breath overflowing with flowers' perfume!
How lovely is the greeting you breathe to me!
What have you done to my pounding heart?
It wants to follow on the path you blow!
To where?

Little stream, your rushing always so lively,
Eagerly drop, shimmering, into the valley.
The smooth waves, they hurry along!
Meadows and sky are mirrored deeply within.
How do you draw me, longing, desirous spirit,
Away?

Playful gold of the beckoning sun,
You tenderly bring hopeful joy!
How the sight of your sacred greeting refreshes me!
It laughs lightly within the deep blue sky
And fills my eyes with tears,
Why?

The forests and hills are crowned with green!
The glint of snowy white blossoms shimmers!
All strain toward the bridal light;
Sprouts swell, buds open;
They have found what they desire:
And you?

Restless desire, longing heart,
Is it always to be only tears, complaint, and pain?
I also know the swelling desire!
Who can finally still this burning longing?
Only you can set free the springtime in my
breast,
Only you!

22 **Duchambge: *La jalouse*** (Mme. Desbordes-Valmore)

Tu crois, s'il fait sombre
Qu'on ne te voit pas,
Non plus qu'une autre ombre,
Glissant sur tes pas?
Mais l'air est sonore,
Et ton pied bondit,
Ne fuis pas encore,
Je n'ai pas tout dit.

A qui ce gant rose,
Qui n'est pas le mien?
Quel parfum t'arrose,
Qui n'est plus le tien?
Quel trouble colore
Ton front interdit?
Ne fuis pas encore,
Je n'ai pas tout dit.

Sous la noble allée
Qui s'ouvre pour toi,
La pauvre voilée
Ingrat, c'était moi!
Sans pleurs, sans prière,
Sans voix qui maudit,
Je fuis la première.
Adieu j'ai tout dit.

Do you believe, if it is dark
You will not be seen
Any more than another shadow,
Gliding in your steps?
But the air echoes,
And your foot bounds away,
Do not fly yet,
I have not said everything.

Whose rose-colored glove is this
Which is not mine?
Whose perfume bathes you
Which is no longer your own?
What turmoil colors
Your silent brow?
Do not fly yet,
I have not said everything.

By the grand path
Which is open for you,
Poor veiled woman,
You ingrate - that was me!
Without tears, without a prayer,
Without a cursing sound,
I fly first.
Farewell, I have said all.

23 **Blangini: *Il est parti!*** (Felice Blangini)

Il est parti! Mon âme se déchire,
Il a trahi ses plus tendres serments.
Je cherche en vain, j'appelle, je soupire,
Et l'écho seul répond à mes accents.
Il est parti! Victime abandonnée
Dans un désert, va cacher tes douleurs.
Il est parti! Gemis, infortunée;
Qui désormais pourra tarir mes pleurs?

My soul is shattered,
He has betrayed his own most tender oaths.
I search in vain, I call, I sigh,
And only the echo responds to my cries.
He is gone! Victim, abandoned,
Go into the desert to hide your pain.
He is gone! Moan unhappy woman;
Who henceforth will dry my tears? He is gone!

[24] **Szymanowska: *Ballade*** (Mme. Saint-Onge)

Quand un Amant fidèle et tendre
 Nous sert et s'attache à nos pas
 Pourquoi chercher à se défendre
 Qu'on est sotté de n'aimer pas.
 Mais quand on voit un infidèle
 Qu'on peut aisément enflammer
 Qui voltige de belle en belle
 Ah! que l'on est sotté d'aimer.

Quand on peut former une chaîne
 Sans chagrin et sans embarras
 Quand l'amour n'a rien qui nous gêne
 Qu'on est sotté de n'aimer pas.
 Mais pour peu qu'on ait à craindre
 Qu'on puisse cesser de harmer
 Ou qu'un berger n'ait l'art de feindre
 Ah! que l'on est sotté d'aimer.

Au temps de l'aimable jeunesse
 Où l'on brille de mille appas
 L'oroqu' à nous plaire tout s'empresse
 Qu'on est sotté de n'aimer pas.
 Quand un amant sans constance
 Croit avoir droit de nous charmer
 S'il faut payer ses soins d'avance
 Ah! que l'on est sotté d'aimer.

When a lover who is faithful and tender
 Serves us and follows our every footstep
 Why look for a defense?
 How foolish it is not to love.
 But when one meets a faithless lover
 Who is easy prey to inflame
 Who flutters from woman to woman
 Oh how foolish it is to love!

When one forms a bond
 Without grief or burden
 When love is no hindrance to us
 How foolish it is not to love.
 But were one to fear
 One had ceased to be attractive
 Or should a fellow be artful at deception
 Oh how foolish it is to love!

In the time of charming youth
 When shining with a thousand graces
 When everything conspires for pleasure
 How foolish it is not to love.
 When an inconstant lover
 Thinks it his right to charm us
 If one must pay for his attention in advance
 Oh how foolish it is to love!

[25] **Colbran: *Mi lagnerò tacendo*** (Metastasio)

Mi lagnerò tacendo
 del mio destino amaro
 ma ch'io non tema o caro,
 non lo sperar da me,
 nò, non lo sperar da me.
 Crudel in che t'offendo
 se resta in questo petto
 il misero diletto
 di sospirar per te.

I shall mourn in silence
 over my harsh destiny,
 but that I love you not, my dear,
 do not expect that of me.
 No, do not expect that of me.
 Cruel one! how do I offend you
 if in my breast there remains
 this miserable delight
 in sighing for you?

26 Szymanowska: *Se spiegare*

Se spiegar potessi, Oh! Dio,
L'eccessivo mio dolore
Desterei nel tuo core
Qualche segno di pietà.

Forse allor, fatta pietosa
Volgereste a me lo spero
Uno sguardo lusinghiero
Della mia felicità.

If I could tell, oh God,
The extremes of my sorrow
I would awaken in your heart
A small sign of mercy.

Perhaps then, made compassionate
You would show to me, I hope,
A tempting glimpse
of my happiness.

27 Bellini: *Arietta*

Vanne o rosa fortunata
a posar di Nice in petto
ed ognun sar' a costretto
la tua sorte invidiar.

Oh se in te potessi anch'io
trasformarmi un sol momento
non avria più bel contento
questo core a sospirar.

Ma tu in chini dispettosa
bella rosa impallidita
la tua fronte scolorita
dallo sdegno e dal dolor.

Bella rosa e destinata
ad entrambi un ugal sorte
La trovar dobbiam la morte
tu d'invidia ed io d'amor.

Go ahead, fortunate one,
To hold Nice in your heart.
Everyone will be compelled
To be envious of your luck.

Oh, if it was in my power
To change you only for a moment
I could be no more contented
In my sighing heart.

But you bow spitefully
lovely pale rose.
Your face drained of color
By sadness and disdain.

Beautiful rose, you and I are destined
to find the same fate together
Death will come to both of us
You from envy and me from love.

∞ About the Artists ∞

Patrice Michaels Bedi “has a supple voice with the ring of Waterford crystal, and seems able to sing anything effortlessly,” declares the *Chicago Tribune*. Of her previous recital CD, “Songs of the Romantic Age,” *Classical DisCDigest* raved, “I don’t think I have enough superlatives in my vocabulary to describe this recording adequately, but I’ll give it a try.” In this, her seventh recording for Cedille Records, Miss Michaels Bedi turns to what many consider her “core” repertory: A recent performance of Mozart’s Great Mass in C Minor inspired the *Milwaukee Journal Sentinel* to praise, “The extraordinary beauty and richness of her singing . . . She filled each note to the brim with nuance . . . Michaels Bedi sang as if in a state of grace.”

Patrice Michaels Bedi has concertized extensively, appearing with noted ensembles including the St. Louis, Atlanta, Milwaukee, San Antonio, and Shanghai Symphonies, the Minnesota Orchestra, Chicago’s Grant Park Symphony and Music of the Baroque, the Maryland Handel Festival, 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. Miss Michaels Bedi has sung with opera companies throughout North America including Lyric Opera of Chicago, Chicago Opera Theater, the Cleveland Opera, Milwaukee’s Florentine Opera, the Tacoma Opera, Colorado’s Central City Opera, and at the Banff Centre in Canada. 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.

David Schrader has been hailed for performances of baroque and classical repertoire on harpsichord and fortepiano, and music of vastly divergent styles and eras on organ and piano. Mr. Schrader has appeared in recital and performed with major orchestras throughout Japan, Europe, and North America, including frequent appearances as soloist with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra under conductors including Daniel Barenboim, Claudio Abbado, Erich Leinsdorf, and Sir Georg Solti, with whom Schrader has made three recordings for London Records. David Schrader is currently organist at Chicago’s Church of the Ascension, and a member of the Chicago Baroque Ensemble. He is on the faculty of Roosevelt University’s College of Performing Arts.

∞ *Also with Patrice Michaels Bedi on Cedille Records* ∞

THE WORLD OF LULLY — CDR 90000 043

“The vocal selections make a dulcet impression by virtue of Patrice Michaels Bedi’s tonal purity and expressive poise. If you’re in the mood to be transported musically to the gilded salons of Louis XIV, this newest release from the Cedille label can be your Gallic time machine.”

— *Chicago Tribune*

“This recording of Lully is a treasure . . . Individually and collectively, the Chicago Baroque Ensemble’s passionate playing fills these stately pieces with invigorating spirit . . . enhanced by Patrice Michaels Bedi’s sensuous, warmtoned, luxuriant voice. Bedi caresses the French lyrics, adding abundant sparkle.”

— *Early Music America*

GIAN CARLO MENOTTI’S “THE MEDIUM” — CDR 90000 034

“The standout voice here belongs to Patrice Michaels Bedi in the role of Monica . . . Bedi brings to the role a pervasive and affecting sweetness well in keeping with the score and the character.”

— *Newark Star-Ledger*

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“I was completely won over by these performances. Her instrument is beautifully shaped, balanced, and focused, never becoming shrill in high register, projecting even in the softest passages. Her intonation is near perfect and her diction crystal clear. I find her a major talent for interpretation of American vocal music.”

— *Fanfare*

A VIVALDI CONCERT — CDR 90000 025

“Soprano Patrice Michaels Bedi lifts the performance to a higher realm. Nothing short of spectacular, she sings virtuoso motets and cantatas with the purity of a child, flies through florid passagework like a musical acrobat, matches her voice to the pure tome of baroque obbligato instruments and enlivens Italian recitative with the personality of a Mozartean soubrette.”

— *Cleveland Plain Dealer*

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