

Though I have always regarded the record producer's role as purely musical, the extraordinary circumstances that surround this recording require written documentation.

Jan DeGaetani called me in the winter of 1988, asking if Bridge would be interested in recording her in Berlioz's *Les Nuits d'été* and ten Mahler songs, in chamber orchestra arrangements made by her husband, Philip West. We were extremely honored to be asked. The news of Jan's leukemia had already reached me, and the urgency of moving toward a rapid realization of the project was apparent. Meetings followed with Robert Freeman, the Director of the Eastman School of Music. Eastman's collaboration enabled us to schedule sessions for May of 1989.

During the ensuing months Jan required hospitalization and major surgery. In conversations with her friends and associates I was warned not to hold any high expectations that the sessions would take place. I also learned that Jan—scores at her bedside—maintained a burning desire to make this recording.

After six weeks of hospitalization, Jan was able finally to return home, some seven weeks before the scheduled sessions. It was at this time that her manager, Norma Hurlburt, called to tell me of Jan's first attempts at singing again, and about the task of rebuilding her physical and vocal stamina.

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I write this note some 48 hours after Jan's passing. The memory of those late spring sessions is still vivid. I will never forget Jan's courage, and the tears and exhilaration that marked those hours.

In the days before her death Jan and Phil referred to this recording as their "little miracle." That the recording took place was, perhaps, a miracle—but of course, the real miracle has always been *Jan*. To the end, she sought deeper meaning and solutions, ultimately revealing to us a glimpse of the limitless potential of human endeavor.

David Starobin
September 18, 1989

- 1 Hector Berlioz: *Les Nuits d'été*, Op. 7** (28:24)
- 1** La Villanelle (1:55)
 - 2** Le Spectre de la rose (5:46)
 - 3** Sur les lagunes (5:53)
 - 4** Absence (4:59)
 - 5** Au Cimetière (Clair de lune) (5:56)
 - 6** L'île inconnue (3:23)
- 7 Gustav Mahler: Five Songs from *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*** (17:15)
- 7** Wer hat dies Liedlein erdacht? (1:47)
 - 8** Verlor'ne Müh' (2:40)
 - 9** Wo die schönen Trompeten blasen (7:08)
 - 10** Rheinlegendchen (2:52)
 - 11** Lob des hohen Verstandes (2:20)
- 12 Gustav Mahler: Five Rückert Songs** (19:03)
- 12** Ich atmet' einen linden Duft (2:23)
 - 13** Liebst du um Schönheit (2:16)
 - 14** Um Mitternacht (5:39)
 - 15** Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder! (1:05)
 - 16** Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen (7:05)

Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano
The Eastman Chamber Ensemble; David Effron, conductor

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Songs and Cycles by Berlioz and Mahler

Classically, song cycles come in two basic varieties: the ones that tell stories (Schubert's *Die schöne Müllerin* or *Winterreise*) and the ones that set forth related moods or emotions without actually unfolding a narrative (Schumann's Heine and Eichendorff *Liederkreise*). In practice, there's still another kind of "cycle": the collection of songs that were published together and have come to be recorded thus, sometimes even programmed together in concerts. Wolf's *Italienisches Liederbuch* or Brahms's *Deutsche Volkslieder* are examples, which the respective composers certainly did not regard as self-standing, sequential, coherent works, but rather as gardens from which bouquets might be culled according to taste.

That the boundaries among these categories are not always clear need not disturb us unduly, for the process of questioning such boundaries, by historians, critics, performers, and listeners is a continuing stimulus to reevaluation and reconsideration. (For example, the "cyclicality" of the Heine settings in Schubert's *Schwannengesang*, traditionally regarded as a publisher's posthumous compilation, is currently under provocative discussion.) Even in this "authenticity"-minded era, composers' intentions have not necessarily been treated as imperatives—witness the performance history of the groups of songs on the present record.

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Les Nuits d'été by Hector Berlioz (1803-69) has some claim to historical precedence among song cycles with orchestra; it is certainly the earliest such work to hold an established place in the repertory, even though that place was not fully established until after World War II. Yet *Les Nuits d'été* became an orchestral "cycle" only incidentally and inadvertently. The texts come from the 1838 collection *La Comédie de la mort* by the French poet Théophile Gautier (1811-72), one of the moving spirits of the *Parnassien* movement that reacted against Romantic subjectivity. Just when Berlioz chose six poems and set them for mezzo-soprano and piano is not clear, though it must have been between February 1838 (when the words were published) and June 1841 (when the music was published).

In February 1843, while on tour in Germany, Berlioz orchestrated *L'absence* for the soprano Marie Recio, whom he would later marry, after the death of his estranged wife Harriet Smithson; he described the result as "ten times more effective than on the piano." Some years later, around the beginning of 1856, he orchestrated *Le spectre de la rose* for a mezzo named Falconi, and its success stimulated a publisher to

request orchestral versions of the four remaining songs in the original set, which Berlioz made in March 1856. In this version, a vocal range is specified for each of the six songs (sometimes with alternatives), and each is dedicated to a singer fitting the preferred range.

Les Nuits d'été is certainly unified by subject and mood rather than by narrative. The central literary image is yearning—optimistically treated in the outer songs, more morbidly in the central four. At the end of the sixth song, the pretty maid asks to be taken "to that safe shore where love endures," and the poet replies, "That shore, my dear, is quite unknown in the land of love," thus metaphorically embracing the unsatisfied longings expressed in the preceding songs. Internal musical links abound: for example, the two "nautical" songs, *Sur les lagunes* and *L'île inconnu*, share the traditional boating-song meter of 6/8 (treated quite differently, of course—*andantino* in a minor key vs. *allegro spiritoso* in major) and melodic resemblances as well. Striking harmonic relationships can also be traced, though they differ in the two versions of the cycle, for in the orchestrations two of the songs were transposed to new keys.

Though Berlioz conducted *Le spectre* and *L'absence* individually, he never led the other four songs, nor is any integral performance of the orchestral *Les Nuits d'été* under his direction or in his presence documented; in 1861 he described it as "a work quite unknown in France and which I myself have never heard in its entirety." To him, the orchestral version seems not to have been an indivisibly unified conception—nor, with its assignment of each song to a different voice, the utterance of one dramatic intelligence. Yet in modern times the practice of complete performance—most often with a single singer (usually female)—has been universally accepted, whether in the keys of the orchestral version, in those of the piano version, or in transpositions to suit individual singers. (Rarest, for obvious practical reasons, are performances with the four singers implied by Berlioz's score and its multiple dedications.)

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Broadest and deepest of all orchestral song cycles is *Das Lied von der Erde*, a full-scale song-symphony, the most intimate amalgamation of the two forms that dominated the compositional life of Gustav Mahler (1860-1911). The road to this led through several intermediate stages. Beginning in the 1880s and continuing until the turn of the century, Mahler's symphonies incorporated musical material from his songs—even entire songs, as vocal movements. Most of these songs drew their texts from the famous anthology *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* (1806-08), which Clemens Maria Brentano and his brother-in-law

Achim von Arnim had assembled from a wide range of German folk and art poetry. In its day powerfully influential on German Romanticism and the growth of a national consciousness, this collection in its many aspects—humorous, earthy, rustic, tragic, military, visionary, naively religious—fascinated Mahler in a more directly personal, unarchaic, non-nationalistic way.

His first *Wunderhorn* settings, for voice and piano, were published in the late 1880s, and during the 1890s he returned several times to this source for a dozen songs with orchestral accompaniment, eventually published in 1899-1900. Two more orchestral *Wunderhorn* settings, of military character and using a large orchestra, brought this series to an end—the last, *Der Tamboursg'ssell*, written in 1901, the year Mahler began setting the poetry of Friedrich Rückert (1788-1866). That year, he composed some of the *Kindertotenlieder* and four of the five Rückert songs later published as a set; the fifth, *Liebst du um Schönheit*, was written the following year, while the *Kindertotenlieder* were not finished until 1904, when Mahler's focus had shifted from the Fifth Symphony to the more pessimistic Sixth. By this time, the songs and symphonies were no longer directly related, although stylistic correspondences point the way to the eventual confluence of these two streams.

Mahler evidently never considered his orchestral *Wunderhorn* songs an integral work; in his own concerts, he programmed only individual songs or groups. The second half of the twentieth century has treated them as a somewhat loose "cycle"—more in the late-modern sense of "constellation" (cf. Pierre Boulez's Third Piano Sonata) than as a traditional fixed sequence. Flexible is not only the order, but also the choice of vocal ranges, and even the total content. (Mahler incorporated two of the initial twelve songs into the Second and Third Symphonies, where they are now generally felt to "belong," while the two later military songs, though published separately, are invariably added to the "cycle"). Modern acceptance of these songs as an approximate if not definitive totality probably derives from the fact that to us they collectively epitomize Mahler's imaginative relationship to the world of German Romanticism and folkishness.

However, performing a selection of *Wunderhorn* songs, as in this recording, is quite congruent with Mahler's own practice. Witness the concert he conducted in Vienna on January 29, 1905, which began with two groups of songs from *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* (including the premieres of the two later military songs), divided among three singers; after the intermission followed the first performances of the *Kindertotenlieder* (sung by one baritone) and four of the other Rückert settings (divided between two baritones). The

remaining Rückert song was probably omitted because Mahler had not orchestrated it; when the full score of these songs was published later that year, the title page of *Liebst du um Schönheit* ascribed the instrumentation to Max Puttmann, an editor for the Leipzig publisher Kahnt and a music critic (later editions omitted his name).

While the *Kindertotenlieder* comprise an obvious narrative and emotional sequence, the other Rückert group shares only the poet's somewhat pallid idealism and, more tellingly, Mahler's vivid response to the poems in his increasingly linear style. (Since four of them deal with love and the other with faith, it takes no great discernment to suspect autobiographical import in Mahler's choice of texts.) Over the years, the Rückert songs have, like the *Knaben Wunderhorn* songs, come to be regarded as an open-form, non-binding "cycle," variable in sequence and content (for example, *Liebst du um Schönheit* is sometimes omitted from orchestral performances), but rewarding in the mutual reinforcement of the songs' expressivity.

These two phases of Mahler's song-writing—*Des Knaben Wunderhorn* and Rückert—inhabit different esthetic and musical worlds. The basic mode of the *Knaben Wunderhorn* songs is folkish, dancelike, or martial, while the musical vocabulary is full of vernacular elements. Of the three songs in triple dance meter, *Verlor'ne Müß'* is the most straightforward, though its three two-part stanzas explore different harmonic paths. The four stanzas of *Rheinlegendchen* are yet more varied. In the orchestral ritornellos of these songs appear rotating arabesque-like figures, which become a central element in *Wer hat dies Liedlein erdacht?*; here the *moto perpetuo* of sixteenth notes, which invades the voice as well, lets up only in the contrasting second stanza.

The strophic parallelism of the other humorous song in the present selection, *Lob des hohen Verstandes* (which in an early draft Mahler entitled *Lob der Kritik*—"praise of criticism") is interrupted to depict the singing of cuckoo and nightingale and the jackass's reaction. The nocturnal dialogue of *Wo die schönen Trompeten blasen* is set as a rondo, alternating distant military echoes in the winds (major mode, duple meter) and a warmer melody in strings (minor mode, triple meter); the central episode ("Willkommen, lieber Knabe mein!") is in a more distant key, and the final phrases synthesize the previous contrasts.

With its rapid and obsessive figuration, *Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder* recalls the lighter *Knaben Wunderhorn* pieces, as does the varied strophic plan of *Liebst du um Schönheit*, one of the most direct and heartfelt of Mahler's utterances, in which the voice climbs repeatedly to the same peak, each time with a different emotional effect. In other Rückert songs, the rotating arabesques characteristic of *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* are transmuted

to serve another expressive purpose. The arching and rotating lines are slowed down in *Ich atmet' einen linden Duft*: most of the song is counterpoint between a flowing violin line and the austere vocal line, moving half as fast, sometimes joined by a wind line; harmonic shifts are discreetly underlined by other instruments (no cellos or basses are used). This poem is built on an untranslatable pun, the equivalence of the noun *Linde* (linden tree) and the feminine adjective *linde* (gentle, tender) yielding the auditorily indistinguishable *linden Duft* (tender scent) and *Lindenduft* (linden scent). The step-by-step unfolding of the melody in *Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen* reminds us that these songs, from 1901 and 1902, are contemporary with the Adagietto of the Fifth Symphony; the apparently autonomous motion of the individual lines over static underlying harmonies continually deflects anticipated resolutions. Though most of the Rückert settings use smaller forces than Mahler's symphonies, *Um Mitternacht* is drawn on a grander canvas (originally scored for winds, brass, harp, and piano), and builds slowly from its dotted opening motive and descending scalar lines to a heroic climax—though not without interim downward-glissando collapses that foreshadow the composer's Ninth Symphony.

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The versions of these songs here recorded were made by Philip West for Jan DeGaetani over a period of five years. First encountering Mahler's *Rückert Songs* from the wind section of the orchestra, he recognized their aptness to his wife's voice and style; over the years, she sang them often, as well as the mezzo parts in Mahler's symphonies. In 1983, as a fiftieth-birthday present, West arranged four of them (all except *Um Mitternacht*) for string quintet (2 violins, viola, cello, and double bass), wind quintet (flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, horn), and harp; these were first performed at the 1984 Aspen Music Festival.

Subsequently, a program at the Eastman School of Music that included Wagner's *Siegfried Idyll* in its original chamber scoring (flute, oboe, 2 clarinets, bassoon, 2 horns, trumpet, and string quintet) prompted arrangements of the five songs from *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* for those forces plus triangle. At the same time, the remaining Rückert setting was adapted for this layout (cellos and basses, absent in Mahler's scoring, were used to supply the low brass lines). The Berlioz songs, first performed at Aspen in 1988, are set for similar forces (flute, oboe, 2 clarinets, bassoon, 2 horns, harp, and strings—this time with two cellos, to accommodate the frequent *divisi* writing in the original string parts).

West's transcriptions have distinguished precedents, notably the many chamber recordings made for Arnold Schoenberg's Society for Private Musical Performances in Vienna after World War I (among them a "de-orchestration," so to speak, of Mahler's *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen*). When recordings were still primitive in sound and not widely available, such versions permitted the performance of music rarely heard in standard concert life. Today, such settings for smaller forces also facilitate performance of the music in more intimate surroundings, and minimize the difficulties of balance that often arise from modern orchestral dynamics and large halls.

In this context, it is relevant that the title page of the Berlioz cycle describes it as "Six songs with a small orchestra" and that most of the Mahler songs entail small forces to begin with. Indeed, in *Rheinlegendchen* West changes not a note of Mahler's score, merely reducing the string section to solo instruments, and elsewhere the adjustments are often minimal, such as discreetly distributing double wind parts among a smaller ensemble. Preserving the tonal coloring and the expressive character of the originals, West's settings, as recorded by the artist who inspired them, also constitute an enduring memorial to a personal and professional collaboration in which life and music were inseparably and rewardingly interlinked.

—David Hamilton

HECTOR BERLIOZ

Les Nuits d'été

Poems by Théophile Gautier

I. LA VILLANELLE

*Quand viendra la saison nouvelle,
Quand auront disparu les froïds,
Tous les deux nous irons, ma belle,
Pour cueillir le muguet aux bois;
Sous nos pieds égrenant les perles
Que l'on voit au matin trembler,
Nous irons écouter les merles
Siffler.*

*Le printemps est venu, ma belle,
C'est le mois des amants bñi,
Et l'oiseau, sainant son aile,
Dit des vers au rebord du nid.
Oh! viens donc sur ce banc de mousse
Pour parler de nos beaux amours,
Et dis-moi de ta voix si douce:
"Toujours!"*

*Loin, bien loin, égarant nos courses,
Faisant fuir le lapin caché
Et le daim au miroir des sources
Admirant son grand bois penché;
Puis chez nous, tout heureux, tout aises,
En paniers enlaçant nos doigts,
Revenons rapportant des fraïses
Des bois.*

When the new season comes,
When the frosts have all melted,
We two shall go off to the woods
To gather lilies-of-the-valley;
Our feet scattering pearls
Of trembling morning dew,
We shall go to hear the blackbirds
Warble.

**Spring has come, my darling,
The blissful time for lovers,
And the bird, preening its wing,
Carols from the rim of the nest.**
Oh! come now to this mossy bank
To speak of our hearts' dear love,
And in your sweet voice tell me:
"Forever!"

Far, far afield shall we roam,
Flushing the hidden hare
And the deer at the mirror of the stream,
Stooping to admire its great antlers.
Then homeward we'll go, so happy and content,
Our fingers entwined as baskets,
To carry back wild
Strawberries.

II. LE SPECTRE DE LA ROSE

*Soulève ta paupière close
Qu'effleure un songe virginal,
Je suis le spectre d'une rose
Que tu portais hier au bal.
Tu me pris encore emperlée
Des pleurs d'argent de l'arrosoir,
Et parmi la fête étoilée
Tu me promenais tout le soir.*

*Ó toi, qui de ma mort fut cause,
Sans que tu puisse le chasser,
Toutes les nuits mon spectre rose,
À ton chevet viendra danser.
Mais ne crains rien, je ne réclame,
Ni messe ni De Profundis:
Ce léger parfum est mon âme,
Et j'arrive du paradis.*

*Mon destin fut digne d'envie,
Et pour avoir un sort si beau
Plus d'un aurait donné sa vie,
Car sur ton sein j'ai mon tombeau,
Et sur l'albâtre où je repose
Un poète avec un baiser
Écrivit: Ci-gît un rose,
Que tous les rois vont jalouser.*

Raise your closed eyelid,
Now brushed by a virgin's dream;
I am the phantom of the rose
You wore last night to the ball.
You plucked me, still bejewelled
With the water-spout's silvery tears,
And round the sparkling revelry
You paraded me all evening long.

Oh agent of my death,
You shall be powerless to banish
My rosy ghost, each night
Come to dance on your pillow.
But never fear, I will claim
No mass, no *De Profundis*:
This faint perfume is my very soul,
And I am here from Paradise.

My doom was an enviable one,
And for so lovely an end
Many a one would have surrendered his life;
For your breast is now my tomb,
And upon that alabaster where I rest,
A poet, with loving kiss
Inscribed: "Here lies a rose
That every king shall envy."

III. SUR LES LAGUNES (Lamento)

*Ma belle amie est morte;
Je pleurerai toujours;
Sous la tombe elle emporte
Mon âme et mes amours.
Dans le ciel, sans m'attendre,
Elle s'en retourna;
L'ange qui l'emmena
Ne voulut pas me prendre.
Que mon sort est amer!
Ah! sans amour s'en aller sur la mer!*

*La blanche créature
Est couchée au cercueil.
Comme dans la nature
Tout me paraît en deuil!
La colombe oubliée
Pleure et songe à l'absent;
Mon âme pleure et sent
Qu'elle est dépareillée.
Que mon sort est amer!
Ah! sans amour s'en aller sur la mer!*

*Sur moi la nuit immense
S'étend comme un linceul;
Je chante ma romance
Que le ciel entend seul.
Ah! comme elle était belle
Et comme je l'aimais!
Je n'aimerai jamais
Une femme autant qu'elle.
Que mon sort est amer!
Ah! sans amour s'en aller sur la mer!*

My beloved friend is dead;
Forever will I weep;
Into the grave she bears
My soul and my passion.
Abandoning me, to heaven
She returned;
The angel who led her away
Had no wish to take me.
How bitter my fate!
Ah! loveless to sail the sea!

Her pale form
In a coffin lies.
To me all of nature
Seems in mourning!
The dove, forsaken,
Weeps, dreaming of the departed;
My soul weeps and feels
Itself bereft.
How bitter my fate!
Ah! loveless to sail the sea!

Above me, the immense night
Like a shroud engulfs me.
I sing my old love-song
And none but heaven hears.
Ah! how fair she was
And how I did love her!
Never will I love
A woman so dearly.
How bitter my fate!
Ah! loveless to sail the sea!

IV. ABSENCE

*Reviens, reviens, ma bien aimée!
Comme une fleur loin du soleil,
La fleur de ma vie est fermée,
Loin de ton sourire vermeil.*

*Entre nos coeurs quelle distance,
Tant d'espace entre nos baisers!
Ô sort amer! Ô dure absence!
Ô grands désirs inapaisés!*

Reviens, reviens, ma bien aimée, etc.

*D'ici là-bas, que de campagnes,
Que de villes et de hameaux,
Que de vallons et de montagnes,
À lasser le pied des chevaux!*

Reviens, reviens, ma bien aimée, etc.

Come back, come back, my beloved!
Like a flower deprived of sunlight,
My budding life is tightly shut,
Far from your glowing smile.

Between our hearts what distance!
How far between our kisses!
Oh bitter fate! Oh cruel absence!
Oh great, unquenched desires!

Come back, come back, my beloved! etc.

Between us now, how many fields,
How many towns and villages,
How many vales and mountains,
To wear out any horse's hooves!

Come back, come back, my beloved! etc.

V. AU CIMETIÈRE (Clair de lune)

*Connaissez-vous la blanche tombe,
Où flotte avec un son plaintif
L'ombre d'un if!
Sur l'if, une pâle colombe,
Friste et seul au soleil couchant,
Chante son chant:*

*Un air maladivement tendre,
À la fois charmant et fatal,
Qui vous fait mal,
Et qu'on voudrait toujours entendre;
Un air, comme en soupire aux cieux
L'ange amoureux.*

*On dirait que l'âme éveillée
Pleure sous terre à l'unison
De la chanson,
Et du malheur d'être oubliée
Se plaint dans un roucoulement
Bien doucement.*

*Sur les ailes de la musique
On sent lentement revenir
Un souvenir;
Une ombre, une forme angélique
Passe dans un rayon tremblant,
En voile blanc.*

*Les belles de nuit, demi-closes,
Jettent leur parfum faible et doux
Autour de vous,
Et le fantôme aux molles poses
Murmure en vous tendant les bras:
"Tu reviendras!"*

*Oh! Jamais plus, près de la tombe,
Je n'irai, quand descend le soir
Au manteau noir,
Écouter la pâle colombe
Chanter sur la point de l'if
Son chant plaintif!*

Do you know the white tomb
Where, with plaintive sigh, there sways
The shadow of a yew?
Upon the yew a pale dove,
Lone and disconsolate at sundown
Sings its song:

An air sickly tender,
At once charming and malign,
That disquiets the soul,
Yet which gladly one would hear forever,
An air like a sigh to the heavens
Of an angel in love.

It is as if the soul, awakened,
Weeps beneath the earth in unison
With that song;
Grief-stricken at being forgotten,
It laments, crooning
Soft and low.

Upon the music's wing
One feels, slowly stealing back,
A memory;
A shadow, of angelic form,
Passes in a trembling ray of light,
Veiled in white.

The night-blooming cereus, half-shut,
Cast their faint, sweet aroma
Round you,
And the swaying spectre,
Stretching its arms to you, murmurs:
"You will come back!"

Oh, never! nevermore near that tomb
Shall I ever go when night's
Dark mantle falls,
To listen to that pale dove
Sing on the branch of the yew
Its plaintive song!

VI. L'ÎLE INCONNUE

*Dites, la jeune belle,
Où voulez-vous aller?
La voile enfle son aile,
La brise va souffler!*

*L'aviron est d'ivoire,
Le pavillon de moire,
Le gouvernail d'or fin;
J'air pour lest une orange,
Pour voile une aile d'ange,
Pour mousse un séraphin.*

Dites, la jeune belle, etc.

*Est-ce dans la Baltique,
Dans la mer Pacifique,
Dans l'île de Java?
Ou bien est-ce en Norvège,
Cueillir la fleur de neige,
Ou la fleur d'Angsoka?*

Dites, la jeune belle, etc.

*"Menez-moi," dit la belle,
"A la rive fidèle
Où l'on aime toujours."
"Cette rive, ma chère,
On ne la connaît guère
Au pays des amours."*

*Où voulez-vous aller?
La brise va souffler.*

Say, pretty maid,
Where would you go?
The sail is full-billow,
The breeze will soon blow!

My oar is of ivory,
My flag moiré silk,
My rudder's pure gold;
For ballast, I've an orange,
An angel's wing for sail,
For cabin boy, a seraph.

Say, pretty maid, etc.

Is it to the Baltic,
To the Pacific,
To the Isle of Java,
Or else to Norway,
To pick the snow-flower
Or the Angsoka blossom?

Say, pretty maid, etc.

"Take me," says the fair one,
"To that safe shore
Where love endures."
"That shore, my dear,
Is quite unknown
In the land of love."

Where would you go?
The breeze will soon blow!

GUSTAV MAHLER
Five Songs from *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*

Wer hat dies Liedlein erdacht?

*Dort oben am Berg in dem hohen Haus,
Da gukket ein fein's, lieb's Mädel heraus.
Es ist nicht dort daheim!
Es ist des Wirts sein Töchterlein!
Es wohnt auf grüner Heide!*

*Mein Herzle is wund!
Komm', Schätzle, mach's g'sund!
Dein' schwarzbraune Äuglein,
Die hab'n mich verwund't!
Dein rosiger Mund macht Herzen gesund,
Macht Tote lebendig,
Macht Kranke gesund.*

*Wer hat denn das schön schöne Liedlein erdacht?
Es haben's drei Gäns' übers Wasser gebracht,
Zwei graue und eine weiße!
Und wer das Liedlein nicht singen kann,
Dem wollen sie es pfeifen! Ja.*

From the big house high on the hill,
A fine, sweet maiden peeps out.
That's not her home!
She's the innkeeper's young daughter,
She dwells on the green moor.

My poor heart is aching!
Come, sweetheart, make it well!
Those dark brown eyes of yours
Have pierced it through and through!
Your rosy mouth can heal the heart,
Make young men wise,
Bring the dead to life,
And cure the sick.

Now, who made up this sweet little tune?
Three geese brought it over the waters,
Two gray, and one white.
And if anyone can't sing this tune,
They'll honk it to him! Yes.

Verlor'ne Müh'

*Büble, wir Büble, wir wollen aussegehe!
Wollen wir? Unsere Lämmer besehe?
Gelt! Komm'! lieb's Büberle,
Komm', ich bitt'!
"Närrisches Dinterle, ich geh' dir halt nit!"
Willst vielleicht a bissel nasche?
Willst vielleicht?! Willst vielleicht?!
Hol' dir was aus meiner Tasch'!
Hol' dir was! Hol' dir was!
Hol'! lieb's Büberle, hol', ich bitt'.
"Närrisches Dinterle, ich nasch' dir halt nit!"
Gelt, ich soll mein Herz dir schenke?
Gelt? ich soll?
Immer willst an mich gedenke'?
Immer?! Immer?! Immer?!
Nimm's! Nimm's! Lieb's Büberle!
Nimm's, ich bitt'!
"Närrisches Dinterle, ich mag es halt nit!"*

Hey boy, let's go out!
Shall we? Let's go mind the lambs!
Well, come on, dear boy!
Come on! Please do!
"Silly girl, I'll have none of you!"
Maybe you'd like a little taste?
Wouldn't you? Wouldn't you?
Have a taste from my little pouch?
Have some! Have some!
Have some, dear boy, do!
"Silly girl, I'll taste nothing of yours!"
Well now, shall I give you my heart?
Well? Shall I?
Will you think of me always,
Always? Always? Always?
Take it! Take it, dear boy,
Take it, please do!
"Silly girl, I'll have none of it!"

Wo die schönen Trompeten blasen

*Wer ist denn draussen und wer klopfet an,
Der mich so leise, so leise wecken kann?*

*Da ist der Herzallerliebste dein,
Steh' auf und lass mich zu dir ein!
Was soll ich hier nun länger steh'n!
Ich seh' die Morgenröt aufgeh'n,
Die Morgenröt, zwei helle Stern'.
Bei meinem Schatz da wär' ich gern!
Bei meinem Herzallerliebsten.*

*Das Mädchen stand auf und liess ihn ein,
Sie heisst ihn auch willkommen sein.
Willkommen, lieber Knabe mein!
So lang hast du gestanden!
Sie reicht' ihm auch die schneeweisse Hand.
Von ferne sang die Nachtigall,
Das Mädchen fing zu weinen an.*

*Ach weine nicht, du Liebste mein,
Auf's Jahr sollst du mein eigen sein.
Mein eigen sollst du werden gewiss,
Wie's keine sonst auf Erden ist!
O Lieb' auf grüner Erden.
Ich zieh' in Krieg auf grüne Heid',
Die grüne Heide, die ist so weit!
Alkwo dort die schönen Trompeten blasen,
Da ist mein Haus von grünem Rasen.*

"Who is out there, who is knocking,
So gently, gently waking me?"

"It is your heart's dearly beloved,
Get up and let me come in!
Why must I wait out here so long?
I see the light of dawn arising,
Dawn and two bright morning stars.
I yearn to be beside my sweetheart,
Beside my heart's beloved."

The maiden rose and let him in,
Bidding him a welcome true.
"Welcome, my dearest boy,
You stood waiting for so long."
She then stretched out her snow-white hand.
Far off sang the nightingale,
And the maiden fell to weeping.

"Oh do not weep, dear love of mine,
In a year you'll be my own,
My very own you'll surely be,
As no one else on earth has been,
Oh, loveliest on the earth so green!
I'm off to the wars, o'er the green moors,
The green moors, so far away!
Wherever brave trumpets sound,
There is my home, the turf so green!"

Rheinlegendchen

*Bald gras' ich am Neckar,
Bald gras' ich am Rhein,
Bald hab' ich ein Schätzlein,
Bald bin ich allein!
Was hilft mir das Gras,
Wenn d'Sichel nicht schneid't,
Was hilft mir ein Schätzlein,
Wenn's bei mir nicht bleibt!*

*So soll ich denn grasen
Am Neckar, am Rhein,
So werf' ich mein goldenes
Ringlein hinein!
Es flüesset im Neckar
Und flüesset im Rhein
Soll schwimmen hinunter
Ins Meer tief hinein!*

*Und schwimmt es, das Ringlein,
So frisst es ein Fisch!
Das Fischlein soll kommen
Auf's Königs sein Tisch!
Der König tät fragen:
Wem's Ringlein sollt' sein?
Da tät mein Schatz sagen:
Das Ringlein g'hört mein!*

*Mein Schätzlein tät springen
Bergauf und bergein,
Tät mir wied'rum bringen
Das Goldringlein fein!
Kannst grasen am Neckar,
Kannst grasen am Rhein!
Wirf du mir nur immer
Dein Ringlein hinein!*

Now I mow by the Neckar,
Now I mow by the Rhine,
Now I have a sweetheart,
Now I have none!
What good is my mowing
If the sickle won't cut?
What good is a sweetheart
If she won't stay around?

So if I'm to mow
By the Neckar or Rhine,
Well then, I'll toss in
My little gold ring.
It floats in the Neckar
And floats in the Rhine,
It will swim its way down,
Deep into the sea.

And as it swims by,
A fish swallows the ring,
And that fish will end up
On the table of the King!
The King would then ask:
"Whose ring may it be?"
My sweetheart would answer:
"This ring belongs to me!"

My sweetheart would skip
Up hill and down dale,
To bring back to me
My fine golden ring!
"You can mow by the Neckar,
Or mow by the Rhine,
Just always toss in for me
Your little gold ring!"

Lob des hohen Verstandes

*Einstmals in einem tiefen Tal
Kuckuck und Nachtigall
Täten ein' Welt' anschlagen:
Zu singen um das Meisterstück,
Gewinn' es Kunst, gewinn' es Glück:
Dank soll er davon tragen.*

*Der Kuckuck sprach: "So dir's gefällt,
Hab' ich den Richter 'wählt,"
Und tät gleich den Esel ernennen.
"Denn weil er hat zwei Ohren gross,
So kann er hören desto bos
Und, was recht ist, kennen!"*

*Sie flogen vor den Richter bald.
Wie dem die Sache ward erzählt,
Schuf er, sie sollten singen.*

*Die Nachtigall sang lieblich aus,
Der Esel sprach: "Du machst mir's kraus!
I-ja! I-ja! Ich kann's in Kopf nicht bringen!"*

*Der Kuckuck drauf fing an geschwind
Sein Sang durch Terz und Quart und Quint.
Dem Esel g'fiels, er sprach nur: "Wart!
Dein Urteil will ich sprechen, ja sprechen.*

*"Wohl sungen hast du, Nachtigall!
Aber Kuckuck, singst gut Choral,
Und hältst den Takt fein innen!
Das sprech' ich nach mein' hoh'n Verstand!
Und kost' es gleich ein ganzes Land,
So lass ich's dich gewinnen!
Kuckuck! Kuckuck! I-ja!"*

Once upon a time, in a dark glen,
A cuckoo and a nightingale
Made a bet:
He who sings the masterpiece,
Whether through art or through luck,
Will reap the reward.

Said the cuckoo: "If you please,
I have chosen the judge,"
And promptly named the jackass!
"For, as he has two huge ears,
He can the better tell
The false from the true!"

They flew right off to the judge,
And after they explained the situation,
He commanded them to sing.

The nightingale sang out clear and sweet.
Said the jackass: "You make me wince!
Hee-haw! I just can't take it in!"

Thereupon the cuckoo began singing
In thirds and fourths and fifths.
The ass was delighted and said: "Wait!
I shall pronounce the verdict.

"Well enough have you sung, Nightingale!
But Cuckoo, you sing a good hymn-tune
And you keep strict time.

Therefore, by authority of my lofty intellect,
And even if it should cost me a whole kingdom,
I hereby name you the winner:
Cuckoo, Cuckoo, hee-haw!"

GUSTAV MAHLER Five Rückert Songs Poems by Friedrich Rückert

Ich atmet' einen linden Duft

*Ich atmet' einen linden Duft.
Im Zimmer stand
Ein Zweig der Linde,
Ein Angebinde
Vo lieber Hand.
Wie lieblich war der Lindenduft!*

*Wie lieblich ist der Lindenduft,
Das Lindenreis
Brachst du gelinde!
Ich atme leis
Im Duft der Linde,
Der Liebe linden Duft.*

I breathed a tender fragrant scent.
In my room there lay
A sprig of linden,
A gift received
From a beloved hand.
How lovely was the linden scent!

How lovely is the linden scent,
That linden twig
You plucked so gently!
Softly I breathe
The scent of linden,
The tender fragrant scent of love.

Liebst du um Schönheit

*Liebst du um Schönheit,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe die Sonne,
Sie trägt ein gold'nes Haar!
Liebst du um Jugend,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe den Frühling,
Der jung ist jedes Jahr!
Liebst du um Schätze,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe die Meerfrau,
Sie hat viel Perlen klar!
Liebst du um Liebe,
O ja mich liebe!
Liebe mich immer,
Dich lieb' ich immerdar!*

If it's for beauty that you love,
Oh, love not me!
Love the sun
With her golden hair.
If it's for youth that you love,
Oh, love not me!
Love the springtime,
Young again each year!
If it's for riches that you love,
Oh, love not me!
Love the mermaid
With her wealth of bright pearls!
If it's for love that you love,
Oh yes, then love me!
Love me forever,
I'll love you evermore!

Um Mitternacht

*Um Mitternacht
Hab' ich gewacht
Und aufgeblickt zum Himmel;
Kein Stern vom Sterngewimmel
Hat mir gelacht
Um Mitternacht.*

*Um Mitternacht
Hab' ich gedacht
Hinaus in dunkle Schranken;
Um Mitternacht.
Es hat kein Lichtgedanken
Mir Trost gebracht
Um Mitternacht.*

*Um Mitternacht
Nahm ich in Acht
Die Schläge meines Herzens;
Ein einz'ger Puls des Schmerzens
War angefacht
Um Mitternacht.*

*Um Mitternacht
Kämpft' ich die Schlacht,
O Menschheit, deiner Leiden.
Nicht konnt' ich sie entscheiden
Mit meiner Macht
Um Mitternacht.*

*Um Mitternacht
Hab' ich die Macht
In deine Hand gegeben!
Herr über Tod und Leben:
Du hältst die Wacht
Um Mitternacht!*

At midnight
I was awake
And looked up to the heavens;
No star in all that swarm of stars
Smiled down on me
At midnight.

At midnight
My thoughts journeyed
To the darkest reaches;
At midnight.
No glimmer of light
Brought me comfort
At midnight.

At midnight
I hearkened to
The beating of my heart;
One single throb of anguish
Flared up
At midnight.

At midnight
I waged the battle,
Oh mankind, of your sufferings;
I could not decide it,
Try as I might
At midnight.

At midnight
I placed my strength
Into your hand!
Lord of death and life,
The watch is yours
At midnight!

Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder!

*Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder!
Meine Augen schlag' ich nieder,
Wie ertappt auf böser Tat.
Selber darf ich nicht vertrauen,
Ihrem Wachsen zuzuschauen.
Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder!
Deine Neugier ist Verrat!*

*Bienen, wenn sie Zellen bauen,
Lassen auch nicht zu sich schauen,
Schauen selbst auch nicht zu.
Wenn die reichen Honigwaben
Sie zu Tag gefördert haben,
Dann vor Allen nasche du!*

Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen

*Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen,
Mit der ich sonst viele Zeit verdorben.
Sie hat so lange nichts von mir vernommen,
Sie mag wohl glauben, ich sei gestorben!*

*Es ist mir auch gar nichts daran gelegen,
Ob sie mich für gestorben hält.
Ich kann auch gar nichts sagen dagegen,
Denn wirklich bin ich gestorben der Welt.*

*Ich bin gestorben dem Weltgetümmel
Und ruh' in einem stillen Gebiet.
Ich leb' allein in meinem Himmel,
In meinem Lieben, in meinem Lied.*

Do not spy on my songs!
My own eyes I cast down
As though caught in some mischief.
I myself dare not
Watch them as they grow.
Do not spy on my songs!
Your curiosity is treasonous!

Bees, when building their cells,
Let no one watch them either,
Nor do they watch themselves.
When the rich honeycombs
Are at last unveiled,
Then you'll be the first to taste!

I have become lost to the world
On which I wasted so much time.
So long has it known nothing of me,
It may well think I am dead!

It matters nought to me
If it takes me for dead.
Nor can I even deny it,
For truly am I dead to the world.

I am dead to the world's clamor,
At peace in a quiet realm.
I live apart, in my own heaven,
In my love, in my song.

— translations by Teresa Sterne

The Eastman Chamber Ensemble

Joanna Bassett, flute; Philip West, oboe, oboe d'amore, English horn
Michael Webster, clarinet 1; Marianne Gythfeldt, clarinet 2
David Van Hoesen, bassoon; Peter Kurau, horn 1; Janine Gaboury-Sly, horn 2
Charles Geyer, trumpet, triangle; Eileen Malone, harp; Mark Lawson, piano
Lynn Blakeslee, violin 1; Rebecca Stepleton, violin 2; James Dunham, viola
Steven Doane, cello 1; David Ying, cello 2; Deborah Dunham, bass
David Effron, conductor

JAN DeGAETANI

The distinguished American mezzo-soprano Jan DeGaetani in her 30-year career performed an unrivalled breadth of repertory, and was recognized the world over for having expanded the vocal literature of our time. Perhaps best known as a pre-eminent interpreter of 20th-century music (important works were written for her by such leading composers as Elliott Carter, George Crumb, Peter Maxwell Davies, Richard Wernick, to name a few), she was also renowned for her performance of German *Lieder* and French *chansons*, and sang with ease in many languages. She was also active in the field of early music; and she took leading operatic roles—from Purcell and Gluck to Stravinsky and the British contemporaries Birtwistle and Maxwell Davies. Her oratorio and orchestral work ran the gamut from Bach cantatas through the vocal parts in Mahler's symphonies, to modern masterpieces by Schoenberg, Stravinsky, and Shostakovich. DeGaetani's presentation of songs by Charles Ives and Stephen Foster brought this music to new life and broad recognition.

Born in Ohio on July 10, 1933, Jan DeGaetani came to New York to study at The Juilliard School. Upon graduating in 1955, she began singing with pioneering ensembles specializing in both early and contemporary music—among them the Abbey Singers, the Gramercy Chamber Ensemble, and Noah Greenberg's New York Pro Musica Antiqua and, in the 1960s, with Arthur Weisberg's influential Contemporary Chamber Ensemble. Her collaboration with pianist Gilbert Kalish began in the course of these group activities; this unique partnership was to continue throughout the entire span of her career. In addition to countless recitals with Kalish, DeGaetani was heard throughout the United States, Europe, and the Far East with leading chamber ensembles and the world's great orchestras, and she was a favorite soloist with conductor Pierre Boulez. She was an honored guest at international music festivals, including Aldeburgh and Dartington (England), Warsaw, Adelaide (Australia), and in this country, Ravinia and Tanglewood.

A prime element in Jan DeGaetani's activities was her work with young musicians at the Aspen Music Festival and as Professor of Voice at the Eastman School of Music where, through her example and teaching, she exerted a powerful influence on a new generation of singers and instrumentalists.

DeGaetani's discography shows a total of 60 separate record listings; this, her last recording, was made in May 1989 at the Eastman Theater in Rochester, New York.

DAVID EFFRON

David Effron has served as Music Director and Conductor of the Eastman Philharmonia for the past twelve years. In 1982, Mr. Effron was appointed Music Director of the Heidelberg Festival. Mr. Effron's early training was in his native Cincinnati, where his father was concertmaster of the Cincinnati Symphony for 25 years. Further study ensued in Cologne as a recipient of Fulbright and Rockefeller grants. Returning to the United States, he joined the conducting staff of the New York City Opera, a position he held for sixteen years. Mr. Effron's conducting engagements have included the San Francisco Opera, Aspen Festival, Chautauqua Festival, Frankfurt Opera, and the orchestras of Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Denver, Buffalo, Rochester, and New Mexico. In the Fall of 1987, he was, in addition to his Eastman duties, appointed Music Director of the Youngstown Symphony Orchestra.

PHILIP WEST

Philip West is a versatile musician whose activities include appearances as oboe and English horn soloist; faculty membership since 1973 at the Eastman School of Music where he founded and directs the Eastman InterMusica Ensemble, an unusual chamber music program in which works of the 17th to the 20th century for varied ensembles of two to fifteen players are studied and performed; and preparation of editions and arrangements published by Theodore Presser and International Music Company. Since 1972 he has also been a member of the artist/faculty at the Aspen Music Festival where these Mahler and Berlioz arrangements had their first performances. Mr. West has recorded for RCA, Columbia, Nonesuch, Vanguard, C.R.I., Bridge, the BBC and others.

Producer: David Starobin
Engineer: Paul Zinman
Diction Supervisor: Thomas Paul
Assistant Engineer: Phil Rubenstein
Editing: David Starobin, Phil Rubenstein, Michael Calvert,
Paul Zinman, Shane McMartin
Mastering: Paul Zinman, David Starobin
Photography: ©1989 Lauren Piperno
Liner Notes: David Hamilton
Translations: Teresa Sterne
Design: Brighton Typography, Ltd.
Managing Director (Bridge Records): Becky Starobin

Thanks to Gala Sound of Rochester, NY

Recorded at Eastman Theater, Rochester, N.Y., May 17, 18, 19, 21, 1989



Philip West and Jan DeGaetani, May 1980

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