

# ROBERT SCHUMANN

(1810-1856)

## 1 Frauenliebe und -leben, Op. 42 (23:08)

*Texts by Adalbert von Chamisso*

- 1 Seit ich ihn gesehen (2:44)
- 2 Er, der Herrlichste von allen (3:13)
- 3 Ich kann's nicht fassen (1:44)
- 4 Du Ring an meinem Finger (2:41)
- 5 Helft mir, ihr Schwestern (1:53)
- 6 Süsser Freund, du blickest (4:42)
- 7 An meinem Herzen (1:12)
- 8 Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan (4:35)

## 9 Mondnacht, Op. 39, no. 5 (4:44)

*Text by Joseph von Eichendorff*

Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano  
Lee Luvisi, piano

# JOHANNES BRAHMS

(1833-1897)

## 10 Verzagen, Op. 72, no. 4 (2:18)

*Text by Karl von Lemcke*

## 11 O kühler Wald, Op. 72, no. 3 (2:19)

*Text by Clemens Brentano*

## 12 Zigeunerlieder, Op. 103 (11:26)

*Texts by Hugo Conrat, after the Hungarian*

- 12 He, Zigeuner ( :54)
- 13 Hochgetürmte Rimaflut (1:03)
- 14 Wisst ihr, wann mein Kindchen (1:26)
- 15 Lieber Gott, du weisst (1:02)
- 16 Brauner Bursche (1:25)
- 17 Röslein dreie (1:08)
- 18 Kommt dir manchmal in den Sinn (2:30)
- 19 Rote Abendwolken ziehn (1:23)

## 20 Geistliches Wiegenlied, Op. 91, no. 2 (5:33)

*Text by Emanuel Geibel, after Lope de Vega*

Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano  
Lee Luvisi, piano  
Lawrence Dutton, viola, (op. 91)

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## NOTES

by Patrick Mason

The year 1840 was one of astonishing consequence for Robert Schumann. He turned thirty years old, he married the young piano virtuoso Clara Wieck (against her father's wishes and after a court battle) and he began to write songs—150 songs that year alone. His reverence for Franz Schubert, the quintessential *lieder* composer, and the deep influence of Beethoven's unique song-cycle *An die Ferne Geliebte* (To the Distant Beloved) blended with his often heightened emotional state to produce some of his very greatest music. Like Beethoven, Schumann wrote groups of songs linked by a story line or theme. The song-cycles on poems of Heinrich Heine (Op. 24) and Joseph von Eichendorff (Op. 39), the famous *Dichterliebe* (Poet's Love), again using poetry by Heine, and *Myrthen* (Op. 25) all date from 1840. Likewise *Frauenliebe und -leben* was written the same year in the space of two days in July. He set the first five poems on the eleventh and the remaining three on the twelfth.

Adalbert von Chamisso (1781-1838) was an adventurer, soldier, novelist, friend of Mme. de Staël, botanist and poet. His work was widely popular in Biedermeier Germany and reflected the staid, family-centered values and tastes of that era. He wrote the poems of *Frauenliebe* in early 1830. They reveal not so much (if at all) a portrait of women at the time, but rather the image of the idealized "feminine" in the minds of middle class, northern European men. The characteristics are common: absolute, self-effacing devotion to one man; serene, almost pious, beauty and innocence; nobility and elegance in grief. Chamisso's verse is simple and direct, full of feeling and perfect for sensitive musical setting. Like *Dichterliebe*, the best of Schumann's many cycles, *Frauenliebe* presents a story in isolated events. It tells of a young girl's infatuation with a man (most likely older), engagement, marriage, parenthood and separation by death. As he did in *Dichterliebe*, Schumann plotted carefully the

key sequences of the songs, wrote substantive piano postludes, recalled music at the end of the cycle and created very individual atmospheres in each of the eight songs. The harmonies are more restrained and the personal revelation in response to the text less profound than in his finest songs, the melodies are longer breathed and decorous, while the setting is rendered with sincerity throughout. These are among the most famous songs written exclusively for the female voice.

In his masterful study of Schumann's songs, Eric Sams describes *Mondnacht* as "By common consent . . . one of the world's greatest songs, hard to speak of with restraint." The fifth song of *Liederkreis*, Op. 39, to poetry by Eichendorff, the words are vaguely epithalamic, describing the embrace of earth and sky. The quiet ecstasy of the prelude as night falls, the exquisite dissonance in the rising vocal line, the faultless portrayal of the soul in flight all seem inevitable and fully realized. It is the Romantic spirit at its all-embracing zenith contained in the atomic space of a song.

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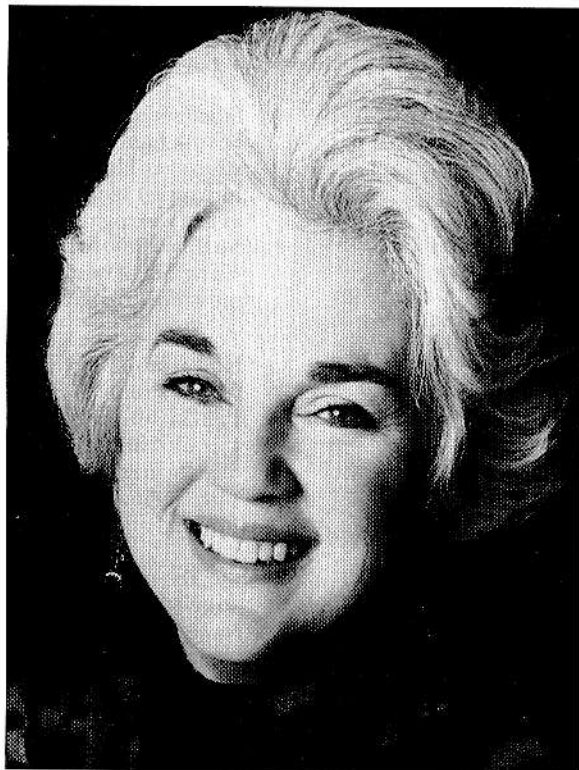
The *lieder* of Johannes Brahms span his entire life and are an interesting barometer to changes in his style and methods. Like Schumann, Brahms was a thoroughly lyrical composer and had a consummate grasp of clear, classical forms coupled with a richly Romantic sense of melody and harmony.

The two songs from Op. 72 were both written in March of 1877. Brahms was a fine pianist and the piano writing in *Verzagen* almost captures the poetry of Karl von Lemcke. However, the sweeping vocal line is well formed to depict inconsolable grief. *O kühler Wald*, with its broad melody, was a favorite of the famous *lieder* singer Julius Stockhausen. Brahms' genius is evidenced in the silence at the center of the song as the poet looks into his heart to face the despair of loss.

The *Zigeunerlieder* Op. 103 were written for vocal quartet and piano, and contained eleven settings of texts taken from a collection of Hungarian folk-songs, though their folk origins are doubtful. The enormous popularity of the original version led Brahms to arrange eight of them for

solo voice and piano in 1889. For all his interest in folk-music, shared by many musicians of the time, the *Gypsy Songs* are pure Brahms, borrowing only some obvious rhythmic and melodic formulae from Hungarian popular sources. Described by the composer as "a merry, cheerful piece of nonsense," they are actually full of vigor, appealing and occasionally deeply moving in sentiment.

*Geistliches Wiegenlied* Op. 91, no. 2, written in 1884, unites a number of themes important to Brahms: folk-song, nostalgia, escape from the pain of life, motherhood and childhood. In the rich texture of the song the viola plays the old Christmas lullaby, "Joseph lieber, Joseph mein" while the Virgin tries to shelter the Child from the world's anger, madness and sorrow. In this lullaby it is Brahms who is seeking to borrow comfort for himself and us, in the sleep of innocence.



JANE HAMBORSKY

**Jan DeGaetani**

**Frauenliebe und -leben**  
**Woman's Love and Life**

Texts by Adalbert von Chamisso

**1** *Seit ich ihn gesehen,  
Glaub ich blind zu sein;  
Wo ich hin nur blicke,  
Seh ich ihn allein;  
Wie im wachen Traume  
Schwebt sein Bild mir vor,  
Taucht aus tiefstem Dunkel  
Heller nur empor.*

*Sonst ist licht- und farblos  
Alles um mich her,  
Nach der Schwestern Spiele  
Nicht begehrt ich mehr,  
Möchte lieber weinen  
Still im Kämmerlein;  
Seit ich ihn gesehen,  
Glaub ich blind zu sein.*

**2** *Er, der Herrlichste von allen,  
Wie so milde, wie so gut.  
Holde Lippen, klares Auge,  
Heller Sinn und fester Mut.*

*So wie dort in blauer Tiefe  
Hell und herrlich jener Stern,  
Also er an meinem Himmel  
Hell und herrlich, hehr und fern.*

Since seeing him,  
I think I am blind;  
wherever I look,  
him only I see;  
as in a waking dream  
he floats before me,  
rising out of darkest depths  
only more brightly.

For the rest, dark and pale  
is all around,  
for my sisters' games  
I am no longer eager,  
I would rather weep  
quietly in my room;  
since seeing him,  
I think I am blind.

He, the most wonderful of all,  
so gentle, so good.  
Sweet lips, bright eyes,  
clear mind and firm resolve.

As there in the blue depths  
that star, clear and wonderful,  
so is he in my heaven,  
clear and wonderful, majestic,  
remote.

*Wandle, wandle deine Bahnen;  
Nur betrachten deinen Schein,  
Nur in Demut ihn betrachten,  
Selig nur und traurig sein.*

*Höre nicht mein stilles Beten,  
Deinem Glücke nur geweiht;  
Darfst mich niedre Magd nicht kennen,  
Hoher Stern der Herrlichkeit.*

*Nur die Würdigste von allen  
Darf beglücken deine Wahl  
Und ich will die Hohe segnen  
Viele tausend Mal.*

*Will mich freuen dann und weinen,  
Selig, selig bin ich dann,  
Sollte mir das Herz auch brechen,  
Brich, o Herz, was liegt daran?*

**3** *Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben,  
Es hat ein Traum mich berückt;  
Wie hätt' er doch unter allen  
Mich Arme erhöht und beglückt?*

*Mir war's, er habe gesprochen:  
»Ich bin auf ewig Dein«,  
Mir war's, ich träume noch immer,  
Es kann ja nimmer so sein.*

*O laß im Traume mich sterben,  
Gewieget an seiner Brust,  
Den seligen Tod mich schlürfen  
In Tränen unendlicher Lust.*

Wander, wander your ways;  
just to watch your radiance,  
just to watch it in humility,  
just to be blissful and sad!

Hear not my silent prayer  
for your happiness alone;  
me, lowly maid, you must not know,  
lofty, wonderful star.

Only the most worthy woman of all  
may your choice favour  
and that exalted one will I bless  
many thousands of times.

Then shall I rejoice and weep,  
be blissful, blissful then;  
even if my heart should break,  
then break, O heart, what matter?

I cannot grasp it, believe it,  
I am in the spell of a dream;  
how, from amongst all, has he  
raised and favoured poor me?

He said, I thought,  
'I am forever yours,'  
I was, I thought, still dreaming,  
for it can never be so.

O let me, dreaming, die,  
cradled on his breast;  
blissful death let me savour,  
in tears of endless joy.

4 *Du Ring an meinem Finger,  
Mein goldenes Ringelein,  
Ich drücke dich fromm an die Lippen,  
An das Herze mein.*

*Ich hatt' ihn ausgeträumet,  
Der Kindheit friedlich schönen Traum,  
Ich fand allein mich, verloren  
Im öden unendlichen Raum.*

*Du Ring an meinem Finger,  
Da hast du mich erst belehrt,  
Hast meinem Blick erschlossen  
Des Lebens unendlichen, tiefen Wert.*

*Ich will ihm dienen, ihm leben,  
Ihm angehören ganz,  
Hin selber mich geben und finden  
Verklärt mich in seinem Glanz.*

5 *Helft mir, ihr Schwestern,  
Freundlich mich schmücken  
Dient der Glücklichen heute, mir,  
Windet geschäftig  
Mir um die Stirne  
Noch der blühenden Myrte Zier.*

*Als ich befriedigt,  
Freudigen Herzens,  
Sonst dem Geliebten im Arme lag,  
Immer noch riefer,  
Sehnsucht im Herzen,  
Ungeduldig den heutigen Tag.*

Ring on my finger,  
my little golden ring,  
devoutly I press you to my lips,  
to my heart.

I had finished dreaming  
childhood's tranquil pleasant dream,  
alone I found myself, forlorn  
in boundless desolation.

Ring on my finger,  
you have first taught me,  
unlocked my eyes  
to life's deep, boundless worth.

I will serve him, live for him,  
belong wholly to him,  
yield to him and find  
myself transfigured in his light.

Help me, sisters,  
in kindness to adorn myself,  
serve me, the happy one, today,  
eagerly twine  
about my brow  
the flowering myrtle.

When I, content,  
with joyous heart,  
lay in my beloved's arms,  
still would he call  
with yearning heart,  
impatiently for today.

*Helft mir, ihr Schwestern  
Helft mir verscheuchen  
Eine törichte Bangigkeit;  
Daß ich mit klarem  
Aug ihn empfangen,  
Ihn, die Quelle der Freudigkeit.*

*Bist, mein Geliebter,  
Du mir erschienen,  
Gibst du mir, Sonne, deinen Schein?  
Laß mich in Andacht,  
Laß mich in Demut,  
Laß mich verneigen dem Herren mein.*

*Streuet ihm, Schwestern,  
Streuet ihm Blumen,  
Bringt ihm knospende Rosen dar.  
Aber euch, Schwestern,  
Grüß ich mit Wehmut,  
Freudig scheidend aus eurer Schar.*

6 *Süßer Freund, du blickest  
Mich verwundert an,  
Kannst es nicht begreifen,  
Wie ich weinen kann;  
Laß der feuchten Perlen  
Ungewohnte Zier  
Freudig hell erzittern  
In dem Auge mir.*

Help me, sisters,  
help me banish  
foolish fear;  
so that I, clear-  
eyed, may receive him,  
the source of joy.

You, my beloved,  
have appeared before me,  
will you, sun, give me your radiance?  
Let me in reverence,  
let me in humility,  
let me bow to my lord.

Sisters,  
strew flowers for him,  
offer budding roses.  
But you, sisters,  
I salute sadly,  
departing, joyous, from your throng.

Sweet friend, you look  
at me in wonder,  
cannot understand  
how I can weep;  
these moist pearls let,  
as a strange adornment,  
tremble joyous bright  
in my eyes.

Wie so bang mein Busen,  
Wie so wonnevoll!  
Wüßt ich nur mit Worten,  
Wie ich's sagen soll;  
Komm und birg dein Antlitz  
Hier an meiner Brust,  
Will ins Ohr dir flüstern  
Alle meine Lust.

Weißt du nun die Tränen,  
Die ich weinen kann,  
Sollst du nicht sie sehen,  
Du geliebter Mann?  
Bleib an meinem Herzen,  
Fühle dessen Schlag,  
Daß ich fest und fester  
Nur dich drücken mag.

Hier an meinem Bette  
Hat die Wiege Raum,  
Wo sie still verberge  
Meinen holden Traum;  
Kommen wird der Morgen,  
Wo der Traum erwacht;  
Und daraus dein Bildnis  
Mir entgegen lacht.

How anxious my heart,  
How full of bliss!  
If only I knew words  
to say it;  
come, hide your face,  
here, against my breast,  
for me to whisper you  
my full joy.

Now you know the tears  
that I can weep,  
are you not to see them,  
beloved man?  
Stay against my heart,  
feel its beat,  
so that I may press you  
ever closer.

Here by my bed  
is the cradle's place,  
where, silent, it shall hide  
my sweet dream.  
The morning will come  
when that dream will awake,  
and your image  
laugh up at me.

7

An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust,  
Du meine Wonne, du meine Lust.  
Das Glück ist die Liebe,  
Die Lieb ist das Glück,  
Ich hab's gesagt nehm's nicht zurück.  
Hab überschwenglich mich geschätzt,  
Bin übergücklich aber jetzt.  
Nur die da säugt, nur die da liebt  
Das Kind, dem sie die Nahrung gibt;  
Nur eine Mutter weiß allein,  
Was lieben heißt und glücklich sein.  
O wie bedauer' ich doch den Mann,  
Der Mutterglück nicht fühlen kann.  
Du lieber, lieber Engel du,  
Du schaust mich an und lächelst dazu.  
An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust,  
Du meine Wonne, du meine Lust.

8

Nun hast du mir den erstern Schmerz  
getan,  
Der aber traf,  
Du schläfst, du harter, unbarmherz'ger  
Mann,  
Der Todesschlaf.  
Es blicket die Verlassne vor sich hin,  
Die Welt ist leer.  
Geliebet hab ich und gelebt,  
Ich bin nicht lebend mehr.

At my heart, at my breast,  
you my delight, you my joy!  
Happiness is love,  
love is happiness,  
I have said and will not take back.  
I thought myself rapturous,  
but now I am delirious with joy.  
Only she who suckles, only she who loves  
the child she nourishes;  
only a mother knows  
what it means to love and be happy.  
Oh, how I pity the man  
who cannot feel a mother's bliss.  
You dear, dear angel,  
you look at me and smile.  
At my heart, at my breast,  
you my delight, you my joy!

Now you have caused me my first  
pain.  
but it has struck me hard.  
You, harsh, pitiless man are  
sleeping  
the sleep of death.  
The deserted one stares ahead,  
the world is void.  
Loved have I and lived,  
I am living no longer.

*Ich zieh mich in mein Innres still zurück,  
Der Schleier fällt;  
Da hab ich dich und mein verlornes  
Glück,  
Du meine Welt.*

Quietly I withdraw into myself,  
the veil falls;  
there I have you and my lost  
happiness,  
my world.

**Mondnacht**  
**Moonlit Night**

Text by Joseph von Eichendorff

**9** *Es war, als hätt' der Himmel  
Die Erde still geküßt,  
Daß sie im Blütenschimmer  
Von ihm nun träumen müßt.*

It was as if the sky had  
gently kissed the earth  
so that in a glitter of blossoms she  
must now dream of him.

*Die Luft ging durch die Felder,  
Die Ähren wogten sacht,  
Es rauschten leis die Wälder,  
So sternklar war die Nacht.*

The breeze passed through the fields,  
the ears of corn waved gently.  
Softly the woods rustled,  
so starry clear was the night.

*Und meine Seele spannte  
Weit ihre Flügel aus,  
Flog durch die stillen Lande,  
Als flöge sie nach Haus.*

And my soul stretched  
its wings wide out,  
flew through the quiet landscape  
as if it flew towards home.

**Verzagen**  
**Despair**

Text by Karl von Lemcke

**10** *Ich sitz am Strande der rauschenden See  
Und suche dort nach Ruh.  
Ich schaue dem Treiben der Wogen  
Mit dumpfer Ergebung zu.*

I sit by the shore of the rushing sea  
and there seek peace;  
I watch the press of the waves  
with dull resignation.

*Die Wogen rauschen zum Strande hin,  
Sie schäumen und vergehn,  
Die Wolken, die Winde darüber,  
Die kommen und verwehn.*

The waves rush towards the shore,  
foam up and seethe, then die away;  
the clouds and the winds above them  
come, then blow past.

*Du ungestümes Herz, sei still  
Und gib dich doch zur Ruh.  
Du sollst mit Winden und Wogen dich  
trösten,  
Was weinst, was weinst du?*

You impetuous heart, be still  
and let yourself rest.  
You should be comforted by winds  
and waves;  
why are you weeping?

**O kühler Wald**  
**O Cool Forest**

Text by Clemens Brentano

**11** *O kühler Wald, wo rauschest du,  
In dem mein Liebchen geht?  
O Widerhall, wo lauschest du,  
Der gern mein Lied versteht?*

Where do you whisper, cool woods,  
where my beloved walks?  
Where do you listen, echo,  
that happily understands my song?

*Im Herzen tief, da rauscht der Wald,  
In den mein Liebchen geht,  
In Schmerzen schlief der Widerhall,  
Die Lieder sind verweht.*

Deep in my heart whisper the woods  
where my beloved walks;  
the echo fell asleep in its pain;  
the songs trailed away in the wind.

**Zigeunerlieder**  
**Gypsy Songs**

Texts by Hugo Conrat, after the Hungarian

- 12** *He, Zigeuner, greife in die Saiten ein!  
Spiel das Lied vom ungetreuen Mägdelein  
Laß die Saiten weinen, klagen, traurig  
bange,  
Bis die heiße Träne netzet diese Wange!*
- Hey, gypsy, sound your strings!  
Play the song of the faithless girl!  
Make those strings sob, lament,  
grief stricken,  
till scalding tears wet this cheek!
- 13** *Hochgetürmte Rimaflut,  
Wie bist du so trüb;  
An dem Ufer klag ich  
Laut nach dir, mein Lieb!*
- Towering Rima at flood-tide,  
how turbid you are!  
On these banks I cry out  
for you, my love!
- Wellen fliehen, Wellen strömen,  
Rauschen an dem Strand heran zu mir.  
An dem Rimaufer laß mich  
Ewig weinen nach ihr!*
- Waves ebb and flow,  
rushing towards me on the shore;  
on Rima's bank  
let me forever weep for her!
- 14** *Wißt ihr, wann mein Kindchen am  
allerschönsten ist?  
Wenn ihr süßes Mündchen scherzt und  
lacht und küßt.  
Mägdelein, du bist mein, inniglich  
küß ich dich,  
Dich erschuf der liebe Himmel einzig  
nur für mich!*
- Do you know when my sweetheart  
is loveliest?  
When her sweet lips banter and  
laugh and kiss.  
Little girl, you are mine, I kiss you  
with all my heart,  
dear Heaven created you for  
me alone!

*Wißt ihr, wann mein Liebster am  
besten mir gefällt?  
Wenn in seinen Armen er mich  
umschlungen hält.  
Schätzelein, du bist mein, inniglich  
küß ich dich,  
Dich erschuf der liebe Himmel einzig  
nur für mich!*

- 15** *Lieber Gott, du weißt, wie oft bereut  
ich hab,  
Daß ich meinem Liebsten einst ein  
Küßchen gab.  
Herz gebot, daß ich ihn küssen muß.  
Denk, solange ich leb, an diesen ersten Kuß.*
- Lieber Gott, du weißt, wie oft in  
stiller Nacht  
Ich in Lust und Leid an meinen Schatz  
gedacht.  
Lieb ist süß, wenn bitter auch die Reu,  
Armes Herze bleibt ihm ewig,  
ewig treu.

- 16** *Brauner Bursche führt zum Tanze  
Sein blauäugig schönes Kind;  
Schlägt die Sporen keck zusammen,  
Csardasmelodie beginnt.*

*Küßt und herzt sein süßes Täubchen,  
Dreht sie, führt sie, jauchzt und springt;  
Wirft drei blanke Silbergulden  
Auf das Zimbal, daß es klingt.*

Do you know when I like my  
sweetheart best?  
When he holds me tightly in  
his arms.  
Darling, you are mine, I kiss you  
with all my heart,  
dear Heaven created you for  
me alone!

Dear God, you know how often  
I've repented  
that once I gave my beloved a  
little kiss.  
My heart decreed that I kiss him,  
then all my life think of that first kiss.  
Dear God, you know how often in  
the still of night  
I've thought of my love with  
pleasure and pain.  
Love is sweet as remorse is bitter;  
my poor heart remains ever true  
to him.

Swarthy lad leads into the dance  
his lovely, blue-eyed miss;  
kicks his spurs smartly;  
Czardas music strikes up.

Kisses and hugs his sweet little dove,  
twirls her, leads her, shouts and leaps,  
tosses three shiny silver florins  
to make the cymbalom ring.



**17** *Röslein dreie in der Reihe blühn  
so rot,  
Daß der Bursch zum Mäd'el geht, ist  
kein Verbot!  
Lieber Gott, wenn das verboten wär,  
Ständ die schöne, weite Welt schon  
längst nicht mehr;  
Ledig bleiben Sünde wär!*

*Schönstes Städtchen in Alföld ist  
Kecschemet,  
Dort gibt es gar viele Mädchen  
schmuck und nett!  
Freunde, sucht euch dort ein  
Bräutchen aus,  
Freit um ihre Hand und gründet  
euer Haus,  
Freudenbecher leeret aus.*

**18** *Kommt dir manchmal in den Sinn,  
mein süßes Lieb,  
Was du einst mit heil'gem Eide mir  
gelobt?  
Täusch mich nicht, verlaß mich nicht,  
Du weißt nicht, wie lieb ich dich hab,  
Lieb du mich, wie ich dich,  
Dann strömt Gottes Huld auf dich herab!*

Three little red roses bloom side  
by side;  
Lad going to lass  
isn't a sin!  
Dear God, if that were so,  
this fair, wide world would long  
ago have ceased to be;  
staying single—that would be the sin!

The prettiest town in Alföld is  
Kecschemet,  
there you'll find many a girl,  
trim and tidy!  
Friends, that's where to find  
your bride.  
Woo her and build your  
house,  
then drink deep your cup of joy!

Do you sometimes recall, sweet  
love of mine,  
what once you vowed to me, with  
sacred oath?  
Deceive me not, forsake me not,  
you know not how much I love you;  
love me as I love you,  
then God's grace will shine upon you!

**19** *Rote Abendwolken ziehn  
Am Firmament,  
Sehnsuchtsvoll nach dir, mein Lieb,  
Das Herz brennt,  
Himmel strahlt in glühnder Pracht,  
Und ich träum bei Tag und Nacht,  
Nur allein von dem süßen Liebchen mein.*

Rosy evening clouds drift  
across the sky,  
yearning for you, my love;  
my heart's on fire,  
Heaven shines in glowing splendor,  
and I dream by day and night  
of none but my sweet love.

### Geistliches Wiegenlied Sacred Lullaby

Text by Emmanuel Geibel, after Lope de Vega

**20** *Die ihr schwebet um diese  
Palmen in Nacht und Wind,  
Ihr heil'gen Engel, stillet die Wipfel!  
Es schlummert mein Kind.*

You who glide  
round these palms  
in night and wind,  
you holy angels,  
let the trees stand still!  
He's slumb'ring, my child.

*Ihr Palmen von Bethlehem im  
Windesbrausen,  
Wie mögt ihr heute so zornig sausen!  
O rauscht nicht also!*

You, palms of Bethlehem  
how can you so furiously  
swish in the wind?  
Oh, do not rustle so,  
be quiet and bend  
softly and gently.  
Let the trees stand still!

*Schweiget, neiget euch leis' und lind;  
Stillet die Wipfel!  
Es schlummert mein Kind.*

*Der Himmelsknabe duldet Beschwerde;  
Ach, wie so müd er ward vom Leid  
der Erde.*

*Ach, nun im Schlaf ihm, leise gesänftigt,  
die Qual zerrinnt.  
Stillet die Wipfel!  
Es schlummert mein Kind.*

*Grimmige Kälte sauset hernieder;  
Womit nur deck' ich des Kindleins  
Glieder!*

*O all' ihr Engel, die ihr geflügelt  
wandelt im Wind,  
Stillet die Wipfel!  
Es schlummert mein Kind.*

This heavenly child  
is troubled:  
oh, how tired he became  
of the sorrows of the earth!  
Oh, now as he is asleep  
and soothed gently,  
his troubles fade away from him.  
Let the trees stand still!  
He's slumb'ring, my child.

A grim cold wind  
blows down on us.  
How can I cover  
the little child's limbs?  
Oh, all you angels  
who glide in the wind,  
let the trees stand still!  
He's slumb'ring, my child.



DOROTHEA V. HAETTEN

Lee Luvisi

### The Performers

The distinguished American mezzo-soprano **Jan DeGaetani** in her 30-year career performed a broad range of repertoire and was recognized internationally for her dedication to the expansion of the vocal literature. Major works were composed for her by Elliott Carter, George Crumb, Jacob Druckman, and Peter Maxwell Davies, to name only a few. In addition to her extensive performing and recording activities, Ms. DeGaetani exerted a profound influence on a new generation of singers and instrumentalists, teaching for many years at the Eastman School of Music, and the Aspen Music Festival. Her long association with the Aspen Music Festival will be documented in Bridge's series of Jan DeGaetani concert recordings.

**Lee Luvisi** has developed over the past three decades a highly regarded career as both soloist and chamber musician. Mr. Luvisi has performed with nearly every important orchestra in North America and under such distinguished conductors as Bernstein, Ormandy, Steinberg, Marriner, and Shaw. As a chamber pianist he has collaborated with the Juilliard, Guarneri, Cleveland and Emerson Quartets, Itzhak Perlman, Alexander Schneider, Richard Stoltzman, and Benita Valente, to name but a few. An Artist-Member of the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Mr. Luvisi has been a participant for many years in the Marlboro, Aspen, and Casals Festivals. Since 1963 he has been Artist in Residence at the University of Louisville School of Music.

**Lawrence Dutton** is violist of the Emerson String Quartet which performs over 100 concerts a season in virtually every important series and festival in the world. In 1990, the Quartet made history as the first chamber ensemble ever to win two of the recording industry's highest honors: the Grammy Award for Best Classical Album, and Gramophone Magazine's "Record of the Year" Award. In addition to his Quartet performances, Mr. Dutton has appeared as soloist with the Aspen Festival Orchestra, Anchorage and Westchester Symphonies and has collaborated with the Guarneri and Juilliard Quartets, as well as the Beaux Arts Trio. Violin and viola studies began with Margaret Pardee and Francis Tursi. He earned a Bachelor and Master of Music degree from the Juilliard School where he studied with Lillian Fuchs.

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These other Jan DeGaetani discs are available on Bridge:

**BCD 9006 Ives: Songs; Crumb: Apparition; with Gilbert Kalish**

**BCD 9017 Berlioz: Les Nuits d'été; Mahler: Songs**

**BCD 9023 Fauré: La Chanson d'Ève; Druckman: Dark Upon the Harp**

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