

Jan DeGaetani in Concert

Volume 3

Dmitri Shostakovich

Songs from Jewish Folk Poetry, Op. 79 (25:27)

- | | | |
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| 1 | 1. Klage über den Tod eines kleinen Kindes | (2:38) |
| 2 | 2. Die fürsorgliche Mutter zur Tante | (1:37) |
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Benita Valente, soprano; Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano; Jon Humphrey, tenor;
Samuel Lipman, piano

Recorded in concert at the Aspen Music Festival, summer, 1980

Dan Welcher

- 12 *Abeja Blanca* (13:55)

Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano; Philip West, English horn; Robert Spillman, piano

György Kurtág

Scenes from a Novel, Op. 19 (18:46)

- | | | |
|----|-----------------------------------|--------|
| 13 | 1. Come | (1:45) |
| 14 | 2. From Meeting to Parting | (0:38) |
| 15 | 3. Petition | (1:08) |
| 16 | 4. Let Me | (0:55) |
| 17 | 5. Counting Rhyme | (0:58) |
| 18 | 6. Dream | (1:22) |
| 19 | 7. Rondo | (1:38) |
| 20 | 8. Nakedness | (0:14) |
| 21 | 9. Waltz for Barrel Organ | (0:56) |
| 22 | 10. Tale | (1:16) |
| 23 | 11. Again | (1:09) |
| 24 | 12. Endless Succession of Sundays | (1:10) |
| 25 | 13. Visit | (1:05) |
| 26 | 14. How It Goes | (1:24) |
| 27 | 15. Epilogue | (1:36) |

Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano; Speculum Musicae: James Earl Barnes, cimbalom;
Benjamin Hudson, violin; Donald Palma, double bass

Recorded in concert, New York City, 1987

Total Time 58:27

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Notes by Perry Goldstein

In the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, Russia reluctantly acquired large numbers of Jews as a result of the three partitions of Poland and the redefinition of borders in Lithuania, Latvia, Byelorussia and the Ukraine. The new Jewish inhabitants entered a No Man's Land of shadowy laws, erratically enforced, that barred them from certain territories and cities, subjected them to humiliating taxes, sent them in disproportionate numbers to fight Russia's wars (conscripting them for up to thirty-two years of military service), forbade them from entering lucrative professions, compelled them to attend Russianizing schools and then shut them out of such schools, and ultimately forced the vast majority into grinding poverty and social insecurity. In the late nineteenth century, when anti-Semitism became an explicit tool of political demagoguery throughout Europe, mob violence against Jews as the supposed cause of Russia's ills was encouraged by the Tsarist regime. Nor did the various forms of persecution end with the Bolshevik Revolution or the establishment of a succession of totalitarian twentieth-century governments.

Parallel with the persecution of the Jews was the oppression imposed on Soviet artists of the twentieth-century. Dmitri Shostakovich (born 1906 in St. Petersburg, died 1975 in Moscow) was a phenomenal success at nineteen with the premiere of his *Symphony No. 1*. Ten years later in 1936, his *Lady Macbeth of Mtensk* was condemned in *Pravda* as "fidgety, screaming, neurotic, coarse, primitive and vulgar." Shostakovich saw in the diatribe the editorial hand of Stalin himself and feared for his life, knowing that "uncooperative" artists were disappearing in the night. The official state policy toward artists in the following years until Stalin's death in 1953 smacked of the carrot and the stick, mostly the stick. Shostakovich exonerated himself as an "enemy of the people" with his *Symphony No. 5* a few years after *Pravda's* first censure, but was condemned again with other leading Soviet composers in 1948 for representing "most strikingly the formalistic perversions and anti-democratic tendencies in [contemporary] music." Shostakovich's empathy with the plight of the Jews is made explicit in *Testimony*, the composer's memoirs as related to Solomon Volkov. In it, the composer asserts that "any persons with pretensions of decency cannot be anti-Semitic." He saw in the Jews, as Europe's "most persecuted...people," a symbol of "all of man's defenselessness." His sympathy might have remained merely social rather than musical had he not been so attracted to Jewish melodies. Jewish themes recur in his *Preludes and Fugues*, and the *Four Monologues on Pushkin*. In 1946, he was exposed to an in-depth examination of

Jewish folk music when he served as an examiner of a dissertation by Beregovsky at the Moscow Conservatory. In 1948, he purchased a collection of Jewish folk song texts without music, edited by Y.M. Sokolov, and wrote the *Songs from Jewish Poetry*, Opus 79, later that year. His musical inspirations were reinforced by a political intention. By writing the piece, he hoped to "tell about the fate of the Jewish people," a task made especially urgent as he witnessed "anti-Semitism growing all around me."

There is no room for indulgent existential musings in the Jewish poetry that Shostakovich sets in the eleven songs composed for the Opus 79 set. At their most basic level, the poems are about survival, both spiritual and physical, and reflect the harsh realities of Jewish life in Europe. Fully five of the eleven songs (including the first three) are preoccupied with children. In the first song, a child starves to death, in the eighth, a feverish child lies in bed with his freezing mother in an ice-cold hut. In the third song, a lullaby, the gentleness of the music is belied by the poetry. A mother bids her "most beautiful son" to sleep as she weeps "in sorrow much blacker than the night" over her husband "in the Tsar's chains." In the seventh offering, *Lullaby of Distress*, the playful hopping of the goat eating the straw of the hut's roof and the dance music that recurs throughout take on grotesque meanings as the image emerges of a naked, unblanketed child, threatened by a spider spinning a "web of bitter distress" in his cradle. At a time when the child mortality rate was staggering, these poems represent not so much stereotypical Jewish parental doting as they do the more brutal horror of every parent's nightmare, and the songs, even where they contain jollier music, are laced with sinister undercurrents. Two songs implicitly treat the subject of spiritual survival. The warning to Chasja not to stay out until morning in the fifth song may suggest a veiled worry about intermarriage, especially when followed by the sixth song, *The Abandoned Father*, a Shylockian tale in which a father pleads with his vindictive daughter not to marry a presumably gentile officer. Even lovers sing to each other in an atmosphere of oppressive uncertainty, as in the fourth song, *Before a Long Separation*. The last three of the eleven works appear to be set in a country where the inhabitants are free to work, study, select professions of their choice, enjoy nature and the various pleasures of life, unharmed by oppressive conditions. Yet even in these last three songs - despite moments of pastoral peace and loveliness, and, in the final song, *Happiness*, life-brimming lustiness - the taint of remembered woes find expression in the poetry and in the composer's musical setting.

Shostakovich was attracted to the complexity of simultaneous contradictory emotions found in Jewish music. "There should always be two layers in music," he said. "Jews were tormented for so long that they learned to hide their despair. The distinguishing feature of Jewish music is the ability to build a jolly melody on sad intonations.

Why does a man strike up a jolly song? Because he feels sad at heart. [Jewish music] can appear to be happy while it is tragic. It's almost all laughter through tears."

The musical means through which Shostakovich principally manifests the "jolly" and the "sad" is through the unsettling alternation of major and minor triads built on the same root (most often, even more schizophrenically, on the tonic chord of the key). This device figures prominently in the first four songs, and then recurs in various ways frequently thereafter, reinforced by unexpected chord choices on the local level and surprising key relationships on the larger, formal level. Various kinds of music - dances, lullabies, pastorals, folk-songs, even emulations of Jewish liturgical chant - vivify the life represented in the cycle. Jewish musical inflections, most characteristically the dark, Phrygian semitone between the lowered second scale degree and tonic of the scale, and the exotic strains of the harmonic minor, with its characteristically augmented seconds, appear throughout the work. There are numerous examples of textual tone-painting, as in *Winter*, where the steady chromatic figuration in the piano suggests the inexorable rattling of the wind against the windows of the fireless hut and the "groaning" of the soprano sends chills up the listener's back. Subtler forms of tone-painting abound as well, as in the suggestion of the waltz that accompanies the daughter's taunting of her father when she conjures for him the gaiety of the wedding party she intends to have with her officer.

While several songs, like *Winter*, concentrate on a single basic mood, Shostakovich at times uses more complex means within songs to find just the right emotional tenor. Thus, the pain of *Before a Long Separation* is intensified by musical and textual recollections of sweeter times that make the laments of the protagonists even more poignant. The first song, *Lament on the Death of a Little Child*, is reminiscent of Mahler's *Das irdische Leben* from the *Wunderhorn* songs in its subject, the starvation of a child. In this initial song, which sets the tone for the entire cycle, sweet music, recalling the birth of little Moischele, intensifies the darker music that frames it. The climax is reached when the singer is brought out of her reverie on the joyous birth of, and life with, her child. "Where was he put to bed," she asks, wailing her highest note of the song with the answer: "in the grave, oh, the child in the grave, in the grave, Moischele, in the grave! Oh!"

Dan Welcher (born 1948 in Rochester, New York) is a remarkably versatile musician: a professional performer, conductor, and composer of over seventy works for a variety of media. Trained as a pianist and bassoonist at the Eastman School and

Manhattan School of Music, he served for seven years as principal bassoonist with the Louisville Orchestra. In 1978, he joined the faculty of the University of Texas, creating the New Music Ensemble and becoming the assistant conductor of the Austin Symphony Orchestra. As a conductor, he led the premiere of over one hundred works during a fourteen year period. In 1990, Welcher was named Composer in Residence with the Honolulu Symphony Orchestra. During his two years in Hawaii, he developed a radio series for children, conducted thirty concerts with the Honolulu Symphony and composed two ambitious orchestral works. A three-time Pulitzer Prize nominee, the composer has won prizes from the National Endowment for the Arts, the American Music Center, and ASCAP, and has enjoyed residencies at the prestigious MacDowell Colony in Peterborough, New Hampshire.

Dan Welcher composed *Abeja Blanca* (White Bee) for the 1979 Aldeburgh Festival in England. The commission, by Jan DeGaetani, stipulated that the work be scored for soprano, English horn (so that it might be performed by her husband, Philip West), and piano. The composer began to cast around for a text that would, in his words, "allow the English horn's particularly winsome color and exotic flavor to fit in without being intrusive." He continues, "the Chilean poet Pablo Neruda's *Twenty Love Songs and a Song of Despair* contains a number of rather exotic poems, but the poem 'Abeja Blanca' also contains (as the title suggests) a bee. Here was my *raison d'être* for the English horn!" Throughout the work, the bee is represented by the pervasive "buzzing" trill played by the English horn.

The poem is in three stanzas, all of which conclude with the line, "Ah, silenciosa!" (Ah, silent one!). The narrator laments the absence of the white bee, a symbol for the beloved, in the first and third stanzas describing desolated landscapes (a "barren land" in which the absent one is the "final rose," "wet streets" with a tree on which "leaves complain as though they were sick"). The second stanza personifies the white bee as a woman and describes her in loving detail.

Unlike the other two works on this recording - both collections of short songs - *Abeja Blanca* is a sustained work in one movement, comprised of three sections corresponding to the three stanzas of the poem. Each stanza is set off by an instrumental introduction or interlude. In the work Welcher demonstrates a penchant for rigorous development. From the outset motives are pieced together to create larger phrases, each larger phrase then further developed, signalling a work that is consistently going to expand and develop, integrally unified throughout. The motivic and melodic language, with frequent, incrementally ascending, serpentine figures repeated at higher and higher

pitch levels, contributes to the piece's hothouse expressiveness. Both on the local and architectural levels, *Abeja Blanca* is tightly constructed. In the microcosmic details, similar motivic patterns recur throughout the piece in various guises, all recognizable from the carefully presented source material of predominately fifths and seconds that occur in the first few measures of the piece. For example, the one-beat syncopated figure that occurs in the piano in the second measure of the piece forms the basis of the expansive dance-like interlude that precedes the setting of the third stanza. On the formal level, large-scale structural landmarks give direction and shape to the piece. For instance, the music of "ah, silenciosa" that concludes the three larger sections of the work (all developed in slightly different ways) contains long, descending melismata of seconds and thirds, bringing the soprano into her sensuous lower tessitura. To further delineate and unify the structure, the "ah, silenciosa" theme, firmly identified with the absent beloved, is also presented by the English horn in the instrumental interlude before and at the beginning of section three, further creating identifiable landmarks at critical structural moments in the piece.

The composer is also careful to go "with the grain" of his performing ensemble. The English horn has long, lyrical lines, pervaded by the ubiquitous "bee" leitmotif, a sustained pitch colored by semitone trills. The soprano takes her cue from the English horn, also developing long lines, frequently of repeated notes, a melodic approach that not only shows off the voice but also allows for many sympathetic contrapuntal dialogues with the English horn. The piano is called upon to frame the longer lines of the voice and English horn with a greater variety of gestures, of which perhaps the most notable are quick, fleeting figures, often used to disrupt the consanguinity of the harmonic or melodic texture and often glintingly realized in the instrument's upper registers.

Composed during a time when compositional orthodoxies and stylistic "purity" were still highly regarded, *Abeja Blanca* is remarkable for the flexibility and eclecticism of its harmonic and melodic palette. From the opening concentration on intervals of the fifth and second, the composer creates a musical world of great variety and richness. Consonance is provided by the extensive presence, in melody and harmony, of the perfect fifth and its inversion, the perfect fourth, and the triadic harmonies found throughout the score. Dissonance intrudes at various points in the texture, often as a result of minor seconds (also drawn from the opening) around more open, consonant intervals. Like a painter carefully mixing colors to create just the right emotional modalities to represent his subject, Welcher shows keen sensitivity to the sense of the text. Nowhere is this more amply illustrated than in the second stanza, when, in loving

personification of the absent love, the music takes on the gorgeous hues of a yearning, post-Romantic tonal language.

Hungarian composer György Kurtág (born 1926 in Lugo, Hungary, now in Rumania) received degrees in piano, chamber music, and composition from the Budapest Academy of Music in 1955, and subsequently studied with Darius Milhaud and Olivier Messiaen at the Paris Conservatory. His experiences in Paris drastically altered his compositional thinking. He repudiated his earlier works in 1959, the same year that he "started over," composing a string quartet that he numbered Opus 1.

Over half of Kurtág's relatively small output is written for voice, including his three most substantial works, *The Sayings of Peter Bornemisza*, Opus 7 (1968), *Messages of the Late Miss R.B. Trousova*, Opus 17 (1980), and *Scenes from a Novel*, Opus 19 (1982). He has also composed incidental music for Goldini's *The Servant of Two Masters*, Machiavelli's *Mandragola*, as well as *Hamlet* and *The Tempest* by Shakespeare.

Scenes from a Novel, like his *Messages of the Late Miss R.V. Trousova*, sets the poetry of Rimma Dalos, a Russian poet living in Hungary. The poems are written in Russian, (which Kurtág regards as a "sacred language"). From a large selection of the poet's work, Kurtág selected fifteen poems on the basis of their thematic similarities and shared sensibilities.

The poems, in the voice of a female persona, are short, straightforward, and, for the most part, convey a sense of fragility and despair. The tragedy of the protagonist lies not so much in external circumstances as it does in her own incapacity--she yearns for a love that she is incapable of accepting. The sixth poem reads:

Always the same dream:
I ask you to come near
and you do
and I push you away.

As in the *Kindertotenlieder* of Gustav Mahler (whom Kurtág admires), even comforting sentiments expressed in the poetry are contradicted and denied by the composer's musical treatment. The warmth of the opening poem, with its invitation of intimacy:

Come,
I'm reaching out my hand:
with my warmth
I'll drive away your cold.

is rendered by a chillingly icy and distant music that sets the tone for the entire cycle. Throughout the work, the music intensifies the yearning ache that runs through the poetry.

As each poem tersely concentrates on a direct single image, so too the accompanying instrumental music of each song (with the exception of number 7) is confined to a single motive, gesture, or character. All three of the instruments-- cimbalom (a hammer-struck instrument), violin, and double bass--play similar music. The concentration on these basic musical ideas, from which the instruments are not permitted to depart, evokes a distinct and circumscribed atmosphere in each song. Kurtág prefers motivic homogeneity in each song to the richness of contrapuntal diversity, a choice dictated, perhaps, by the tautness of the poetry. The instruments rarely double the voice but always seem distinct from it, reinforcing the isolation of the poetry's persona.

Despite the varied atmospheres created in the work, a decided chill emanates from the cycle. This chill is reinforced by the strains of familiar music that are presented from time to time but in uncanny ways. The gypsy-flavored music, the sounds of the hurdy-gurdy and the waltz are not presented as warm, cozy old friends. They appear, rather, as ghostly shadows of their original selves, icy reminders of a healthier, less self-conscious form of human expression. In the use of familiar music distorted, or familiar music found in distorting contexts, Kurtág again establishes a link with Mahler. We are made to feel not merely the pain of an alien landscape, but, rather, the intensified, special pain associated with finding oneself in a familiar landscape which has become irrevocably foreign.

Composer Perry Goldstein has written extensively on contemporary music for a variety of organisations and media. He is currently a member of the Music Department faculty at the State University of New York at Stony Brook.

Shostakovich: *Songs from Jewish Folk Poetry*

1. Klage über den Tod eines kleinen Kindes

Sonne und Regen!
O Licht! Dunkle Nacht!
Es fiel dichter Nebel,
der Mond bleich erwacht.

"Wem schenkte das Leben sie?"
"Diesem Kind, diesem Kind."
"Wie war sein Name?"
"Moischele, Moischele."
"Wie wiegte man das Moischele?"
"Schum, Schei!"
"Was aß der Knabe?"
"Schwartzbrot und Zwiebel."
"Wo ward er gebettet?"
"Im Grabe!"

Weh, das Kind im Grabe,
im Grabe, Moischele,
im Grabe!
Weh!

2. Die fürsorgliche Mutter zur Tante

Bi, ba, bu, ins Dorf fahr,
Tantchen, jetzt im Nu,
bringe uns ein Äpflein,
denn das ist zum Ansehn fein,
du!

Lament for a Child's Death

Sun and rain!
Oh light! Dark night!
Thick fog fell,
pale awakened the moon.

"To whom did she give life?"
"To this child, to this child."
"What was its name?"
"Moischele, Moischele."
"How did one rock Moischele?"
"Hush, shh!"
"What did the boy eat?"
"Brown bread and onion."
"Where was he put to sleep?"
"In the grave!"

Oh, the child in the grave,
in the grave, Moischele,
in the grave!
Oh!

The Concerned Mother to the Aunt

Bi, ba, bu, the little aunt
now drives swiftly into the village,
bring us a little apple,
because it is fine to look at,
you!

Bi, ba, bu, ins Dorf fahr,
Tantchen, jetzt im Nu,
bringe uns ein Hühnelein,
denn das ist zum Knabbern fein,
du!

Bi, ba, bu, ins Dorf fahr,
Tantchen, jetzt im Nu,
bringe uns ein Entelein,
denn das ist zum Schlucken fein,
du!

Bi, ba, bu, ins Dorf fahr,
Tantchen, jetzt im Nu,
bringe uns ein Gänselein,
denn das ist zum Essen fein,
du!

Bi, ba, bu, ins Dorf fahr,
Tantchen, jetzt im Nu,
bringe uns viel Kernelein,
denn die sind zum Knacken fein,
du!

Bi, ba, bu, ins Dorf fahr,
Tantchen, jetzt im Nu,
bringe uns ein Häselein,
denn das ist zum Streicheln fein,
du! Du!

3. Wiegenlied

Söhnchen, meine schönste Freude,
Licht in dunkler Nacht!
Nach Sibirien hat den Vater

Bi, ba, bu, the little aunt
now drives swiftly into the village,
bring us a little chicken,
because it is fine to nibble on,
you!

Bi, ba, bu, the little aunt
now drives swiftly into the village,
bring us a little duck,
because it is easy to swallow,
you!

Bi, ba, bu, the little aunt
now drives swiftly into the village,
bring us a little goose,
because it is delicious to eat,
you!

Bi, ba, bu, the little aunt
now drives swiftly into the village,
bring us many little seeds,
because they are good to crack,
you!

Bi, ba, bu, the little aunt
now drives swiftly into the village,
bring us a little bunny,
because it is nice to pet,
you! You!

Lullaby

Son, my sweetest joy,
light in the dark night!
To Siberia has your father

man in Ketten fortgebracht.
Schlafe, schlafe ein.

Wenn ich schaukle deine Wiege,
rinnen Tränen mir,
Später wirst du erst verstehen,
was ich leide hier.
Vater in des Zaren Banden,
ich in Not und Pein.
Schlafe, Söhnchen, ohne Sorgen,
schlafe, schlafe, schlafe ruhig,
schlafe ruhig ein.

Ach, mein Leid,
viel schwärzer als die Nacht,
läßt mich nicht ruhn!
Schlafe, Schönster,
schlafe, Söhnchen,
schlafe, nun, ja, schlafe,
Söhnchen, schlafe, schlafe nun.

4. Vor einer langen Trennung

"Abraham, kann ohne dich nicht sein!
Ich ohne dich, du ohne mich,
jeder für sich allein!"
"Ach, weißt du,
wie du einst am Tore standest,
und heimlich Worte, zärtliche,
fandest?"
Ach, ach, Rivotschka,
gib dein Mündchen, sei mir nah!"

"Abraham, wie wirs tragen bloß!
Ich ohne dich, du ohne mich,

been taken in chains.
Sleep, go to sleep.

When I rock your cradle,
my tears are running,
Later you will understand,
What I suffer here.
Father in the Czar's chains,
I in need and sorrow.
Sleep, son, without worry,
sleep, sleep, quietly sleep,
quietly go to sleep.

Oh, my sorrow,
much darker than night,
does not let me rest!
Sleep, most beautiful one,
sleep, son,
sleep now, yes, sleep,
Son, sleep, sleep now.

Before a Long Separation

"Abraham, I cannot be without you!
I without you, you without me,
each on our own!"
"Oh, do you remember,
how you were once standing at the gate,
and secretly finding tender words?"
Oh, oh, Rivochka,
give me your lips, be close to me!"

"Abraham, how will we bear it!
I without you, you without me,

ohne Schlüssel ein Schloß!"
"Und weißt du,
wie wie zwei spazierengingen
was du da sprachest,
von welchen Dingen?
Ach, ach, Riwotschka,
gib dein Mündchen, sei mir nah!"

"Abraham, kann ohne dich nicht
sein!"
"Ach, Riwotschka, kann ohne dich
nicht sein!"
"Ich ohne dich, du ohne mich,
ach, ohne Glück allein!"
"Und weißt du,
den roten Rock, den ich getragen?
Ach, wie war ich schön in jenen
Tagen!
Abraham, Abraham!"
"Ach, ach, Riwotschka,
gib dein Mündchen, sei mir nah!"

5. Warnung

Hör zu, Chasja!
Du darfst nicht gehn,
du darfst nicht gehn,
mit irgendeinem nicht ausgehn,
sei vernünftig, sei vernünftig!
Denn gehst du aus,
bis zum Morgen aus,
ja, dann wird das Leid kommen,
Chasja! Hör zu! Chasja!

a lock without a key!"
"And do you remember,
how we both went strolling,
what you talked about then,
of what things?
Oh, oh, Rivochka,
give me your lips, be close to me!"

"Abraham, I cannot be without you!"

"Oh, Rivochka, I cannot be without you!"

"I without you, you without me,
oh, alone without happiness!"
"And do you remember,
the red skirt, which I was wearing then?
Oh, how beautiful I was in those days!

Abraham, Abraham!"
"Oh, oh, Rivochka,
give me your lips, be close to me!"

Warning

Listen, Chasja!
You cannot go
you cannot go,
you cannot go out with just anyone,
be reasonable, be reasonable!
If you go out,
out until morning,
then sorrow will come, yes,
Chasja! Listen! Chasja!

6. Der verlassene Vater

Zog Trödler Eli den Kaftan an.
Zum Polizeioffizier ging er dann.
"Hier bist du, Tochter!
Kehr heim zu mir,
prächtige Kleider verschaffe ich dir.
Töchterchen, hör mich!
Kettchen und Ohrringe bring ich dir
an,
Töchterchen, hör mich!
Und für die Hochzeit den schönsten
Mann, den würdigsten Mann,
Töchterchen, hör mich!"

"Ich brauch nicht Schmuck noch
Kleider,
ich komm auch nicht zu dir,
und wenn ich Hochzeit machen will,
nur mit dem Offizier!"

"Töchterchen, hör mich,
kehr heim zu mir!"
"Offizier, Bester, ach, jagen Sie bitte,
den alten Juden endlich zum Teufel!"
"Töchterchen, hör mich,
kehr heim zu mir, kehr heim zu mir,
kehr heim zu mir.....
Töchterchen, hör mich!"

7. Wiegenlied von der Not

Auf dem Hause träumt da dach
unterm Stroh in guter Ruh.
In der Wiege schläft das Kind nackt,

The Deserted Father

Slowpoke Eli put on his caftan.
To the police officer he then went.
"Here you are daughter!
Come home to me,
I will get you magnificent dresses,
daughter, listen to me!
Bracelets and earrings I will bring
you,
daughter, listen to me!
And for the wedding of the most beautiful
husband, the worthiest husband,
Daughter, listen to me!"

"I need neither jewelery nor clothes

I will not follow you,
and I will have a wedding
only with the officer!"

"Daughter, listen to me,
come home to me!"
"Officer, my dear, oh, please send
this old Jew packing!"
"Daughter, listen to me,
come home to me, come home to me,
come home to me.....
daughter, listen to me!"

Lullaby of Desperation

Upon the house the roof dreams
underneath the straw in quiet rest.
In the cradle the child sleeps naked,

In der Wiege schläft das Kind nackt,
kein Tüchlein deckt es zu.
Hopp, hopp, höher, höher!
Ziege rupft sich Stroh vom Dache.
Hopp, hopp, höher, höher!
Ziege rupft sich Stroh vom Dache, ol

Spinne webt mir bitter Not
in der Wiege unterm Dach,
nimmt mir alle Freude fort,
läßt mir nur das Unglück, ach!
Hopp, hopp,....

Hähnchen auf des Hauses Dach
hat ein Kämmchen leuchtend Rot.
Frau, borg' dir für unsre Kinder
nur ein Stückchen trocknes Brot!
Hopp, hopp,....

8. Winter

Die Mutter liegt fröstelnd im Bette,
sie teilt mit dem fiebernden Kind.
Kein Holz in der eiskalten Kate,
die Mauern, die rüttelt der Wind.
A...
Winter ist wieder gekommen,
die Kraft, ihn zu tragen, blieb aus.
Ach, jammert und weint, meine
Kinder,
der Winter herrscht grausam im Haus!
A...

In the cradle the child sleeps naked,
not covered by any cloth.
Hop, hop, higher, higher!
The goat pulls straw from the roof.
Hop, hop, higher, higher!
The goat pulls straw from the roof, oh!

The spider weaving bitter desperation
in the cradle under the roof,
takes all joy away from me,
leaves only suffering, oh!
Hop, hop,....

The cockerel on the roof
has a shining red comb.
Wife, borrow for our children,
if only a little piece of dry bread!
Hop, hop,....

Winter

The mother lies shivering in the bed,
which she shares with the feverish child.
There is no wood in the ice-cold hut,
the wind is shaking the walls.
Ah...
Winter has come back,
but the strength to endure it failed to arrive.
Oh, groan and cry, my children,

winter cruelly rules in the house!
Ah...

9. Schönes Leben

Ihr Freunde,
das Loblied der Felder zu singen,
das wollte früher mir nie gelingen.
Denn nicht für mich durft je eines
blühen,
und nicht für mich der Tau funkelnd
sprühen.

Tief in den Keller hinab verbannt,
habe ich damals nur Leiden gekannt,
von Schwermut und Schmerzen nur
konnte ich singen,
mein Lied ließ nur Unglück und
Kummer erklingen.

Heut steh ich am Fließchen, schau
nach seinen Wellen,
es soll meinen Freunden viel
Grüße bestellen,
sag ihnen, im Kolchois steht mein
Haus,
auf blühende Bäume sieht mein
Fenster hinaus.

Die lachenden Felder dürfen mich
nähren,
und Honig und Milch die Fluren
gewähren.
O Leben! Die Botschaft sollst,
Fließchen, du bringen:
vom Kolkchosfeld werde ich Lieder
jetzt singen.

Beautiful Life

Friends,
to the praise of the fields,
this I could never do before.
Because, for me, nothing was allowed
to blossom,
and for me the drizzling dew never
sparkled.

Banished deep down in the cellar,
I knew only sorrow,
I could only sing of melancholy and pain,

my song let only disaster and grief resound.

Today I stand at the river and gaze
at the waves,
it shall send best wishes to my friends,

and tell them that my house stands in
the kolkhoz,
my window looks towards blooming
trees.

The laughing fields can nourish me,

and the farmland grants me milk and
honey.
Oh Life! you, river, shall carry this
message:
of the kolkhoz field will I now sing my
songs.

10. Lied eines Mädchens

Auf der Wiese dicht am Walde,
der dort träumt in stiller Pracht,
hüten wir die Kolchosherden
vom Morgen bis zur Nacht.

Mit der kleinen Hirtenflöte,
ruh ich auf des Hügels Sand,
schau und schau und werd nicht
müde,
ach, wie herrlich ist mein Land!

Bäume, schlank und hoch
gewachsen,
leuchten hell im grünen Kleid,
Ähren auf den Feldern blühen
voller Lieblichkeit.
La, la, la, tirilili, tirilil!
La, la, la, la, tirilili, tirilil!

Diese Zweiglein scheint zu lächeln,
jene Ähre nickt und lacht,
heiße Freude füllt die Seele,
füllt mein Herz mit starker Macht.
Kleine Hirtenflöte,
singe, sing dein Jubellied mit mir!

Berg und Täler sollen hören,
wie voll Glück wir singen hier.
eins vergiß nicht: niemals klagen!
Denk nicht an vergangnes Leid.
Laß nur heitre Weisen fliegen
durch die lichten Lüfte weit.
La, la,....

Song of a Maiden

On the meadow near the forest,
which dreams in silent splendor,
we tend the herds of the kolkhoz
from morning to night.

With the little shepherd's flute,
I rest on the sandy hill,
look, and look without tiring,

oh, how beautiful is my country!

Trees, grown slender and tall,
shine brightly in their green garb,
the wheat in the fields is blooming
with sweetness.
La, la, la, tirilili, tirilil!
La, la, la, la, tirilili, tirilil!

This little twig seems to smile,
that sprig nods and laughs,
warm joy fills my soul,
fills my heart with strength.
Little shepherd's flute,
sing, sing with me your song of praise!

Mountains and valleys shall hear,
how full of happiness we sing here.
Do not forget: never complain!
Think not of past sorrow.
Let only cheerful tunes fly
far through the light winds.
La, la,....

Ja, der Kolchos ist mir Heimstätte,
glücklich bin ich hier und froh!
Darum darfst du fröhlich singen,
immer, Flöte, singe so!

11. Das Glück

Ich hakte mich bei meinen Manne
ein,
wenn ich auch alt bin, wie mein
Kavalier.
So gingen ins Theater wir hinein,
und nahmen Plätze fürs Parkett uns
hier.
Dort saßen wir den Abend lang zu
zweit,
genossen alles voller Fröhlichkeit.
Wie herrlich gehts uns doch!
Bin wirklich ich die Frau des armen
Judenschusters noch?
Ja, ja, wie herrlich gehts uns doch,
bin wirklich ich die Frau des armen
Judenschusters noch?
(Ist wirklich das die Frau des armen
Judenschusters noch?)

Ja! Dem ganzen Land sei unser
Glück erzählt:
die Söhne wollten Ärzte werden
gern,
sie durften studieren, was sie selbst
ausgewählt!
Wie leuchtet strahlend uns ein heller
Stern!
Ja, ja, wie leuchtet strahlend uns ein

Yes, the kolkhoz is my home,
I am happy and cheerful here!
So you may sing cheerfully,
always, flute, sing like this!

Happiness

I took my husband's arm,
Even though I'm as old as my
cavalier.
Arm in arm we went into the theater
and took our seats on the parquet.
There we sat the whole evening together,
and enjoyed everything, filled with joy.
How marvelous we are!
Am I really the wife of a poor Jewish
shoemaker?
Yes, yes, how marvelous we are,
Am I really the wife of a poor Jewish
shoemaker?
(Is she really the wife of a poor Jewish
shoemaker?)

Yes! Let the whole country be told of
our happiness:
our sons wanted to be doctors,
they were allowed to study what they
themselves chose!
How brightly shines this star for us!
Yes, yes, how brightly shines this star

heller Stern,
wie leuchtet strahlend uns ein heller
Stern!
Sie durften studieren, allen sei dies
Glück erzählt!
Wie leuchtet stahlend uns ein heller
Stern! Ja!

for us,
how brightly shines this star for us!

They were allowed to study, let this
happiness be told to all!
How brightly shines this star for us!
Yes!

trans. Stefan Eckert

Abeja Blanca

Pablo Neruda

Abeja blanca zumbas, ebria de miel, en mi alma
y te tuerces en lentas espirales de humo.

Soy el desesperado, la palabra si ecos,
el que lo perdió, y el que todo lo tuvo.

Última amarra, cruje en ti mi ansiedad última
en mi tierra desierta eres la última rosa.

Ah silenciosa!

Cierra tus ojos profundos. Allí aletea la noche.
Ah desnuda tu cuerpo de estatua temerosa.

Tienes ojos profundos donde la noche alea.
Frescos brazos de flor y regazo de rosa.

Se parecen tus senos a los caracoles blancos
Ha venido a dormirse en tu vientre una mariposa de sombra.

Ah silenciosa!

He aquí la soledad de donde estás ausente.
Llueve. El viento del mar caza errantes gaviotas.

Al Agua anda descalza por las mojadas.
De aquel árbol se quejan, como enfermos, las hojas.

Abeja blanca, ausente, aún zumbas en mi alma.
Revives en el tiempo, delgada y silenciosa.

Ah silenciosa!

White Bee

White bee, you buzz, drunk with honey, in my soul
and circle in slow spirals of smoke.

I'm the desperate one, the word without resonance,
the one who lost everything, who had everything.

Ultimate cable, my last anxiety crackles in you,
in my barren land you are the last rose.

Ah, silent one!

Close your deep eyes. The night flutters there.
Ah, undress your body of a timid statue.

You have deep eyes in which there night flutters,
cool flower arms and lap of roses.

Your breasts look like white snails.
There is a dark butterfly come to sleep on your belly.

Ah, silent one!

There is solitude here from which you are absent.
It is raining. The sea wind chases wayward gulls.

Water walks barefoot through the damp streets.
Like invalids the leaves groan in that tree.

White bee, though absent, you still buzz in my soul.
You revive in time, slim and silent.

Ah, silent one!

trans. Diego Chancerez

Scenes from a Novel

15 poems by *Rimma Dalos*

1. Come

Come,
I'm reaching out my hand.
With my warmth
I'll drive away your cold.
O, how long I've carried
in the deep corners of my soul
these useless pennies.

from farewell
to waiting,
that's been my lot as a woman.

3. Petition

Have mercy, merciful ones,
on a woman's weakness,
that I chose this fool.

2. From Meeting to Parting

(a desperate lament)

From first meeting
to parting,

4. Let Me

Let me
touch you, melt,
dissolve in you.

5. Counting Rhyme

I was always too choosy
and I lost all my chances,
so now I'm left here
with this raggedy love.

6. Dream

Always the same dream:
I ask you to come near
and you do
and I push you away.

7. Rondo

I said: it's impossible,
I repeated: it will soon be gone,
I repeated, I repeated....
The blush of dawn is no longer seen
in the mists of the day,
beyond the moment's excitement
neither is the pain of separation....
I said: it's impossible,
I repeated: it will soon be gone,
I repeated, I repeated.....

8. Nakedness

I dress my soul
in a fig leaf
and run from paradise.

9. Waltz for Barrel Organ

Even in peak-hour traffic
my soul's streetcar
rolls on unconcerned.

10. Tale

I wanted to seem to you
as a goddess in glory
in the starry firmament;
then I opened the door,
slovenly, with a broom
in my grimy hand.

11. Again

Again I'm waiting for you,
Such a long time
until tomorrow.

12. Endless Succession of Sundays

Another Sunday passes,
which is to say
the next will follow.

13. Visit

A cold covering of snow -
a visitor came
named Grief.

14. How It Goes

The love
born
in the rush of spring
is ailing,
But in your garden
there is growing
the grass
of forgetting.

15. Epilogue

(a wimpering lament)

From first meeting
to parting,
from farewell
to waiting,
that's been my lot as a woman.

trans. Boris Zhutnikov

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.

Benita Valente is well known for her performance of lieder, chamber music, opera, and oratorio, in styles ranging from Baroque to present day. Instrumental collaborators have included pianists Rudolf Serkin, Emmanuel Ax, Leon Fleisher, Richard Goode, and Peter Serkin; the Guarneri and Juilliard String Quartets; cellist Yo-Yo Ma; and clarinetist Richard Stolzman. In addition to performances with many of the major orchestras in the US and Europe, Ms. Valenti has appeared with the Metropolitan Opera in New York, and with opera companies in Florence, Parma, Santa Fe, Washington, Vancouver and Buenos Aires.

Jon Humphrey, lyric tenor, made his debut with the Cleveland Orchestra while an undergraduate at the Baldwin-Wallace Conservatory. Since then he has performed with major orchestras throughout the United States, and with such ensembles as the Robert Shaw Chorale and the Bach Aria Group. Festival appearances include Marlboro, Mostly Mozart, Casals and Aspen. In addition to his performance schedule, Mr. Humphrey teaches at the University of Massachusetts.

Pianist **Robert Spillman** has performed extensively in the United States and Europe, where he lived for ten years. Since his return to the US in 1973, he has been on the faculty of the Eastman School, the Aspen Music Festival and the University of Colorado at Boulder, where he has been Chair of the Piano Faculty since 1987. Mr. Spillman is also the author of *The Art of Accompanying* and *Sight Reading at the Keyboard*. He has recorded for Arabesque, Mercury, Musical Heritage Society, Pro Arte and Vox.

The late **Samuel Lipman** performed throughout the United States and Canada, appearing in recital and with orchestra. A member of the faculty of the Aspen Music Festival and School from 1972 to 1985, he appeared there both as soloist and as a duo pianist with his wife, Jeanette Dowis. Mr. Lipman was the recipient of three ASCAP-Deems Taylor Awards for his writings on music.

English hornist **Philip West** is currently a member of the faculty of the Eastman School of Music. Mr. West has recorded for RCA Victor, Columbia, Nonesuch, Vanguard, CRI and the BBC. Mr. West's chamber arrangements of song cycles by Mahler and Berlioz can be heard on Bridge BCD 9017, featuring his wife, Jan DeGaetani. He has been a member of the faculty at the Aspen Music School since 1972.

Formed in 1974, **Speculum Musicae** is a democratically propelled instrumental ensemble, dedicated to the performance and recording of twentieth-century repertoire. Based in New York City, the musicians of Speculum Musicae present an annual series of concerts in New York and Philadelphia, and tour regularly in the United States and Europe. Other Speculum Musicae discs available on Bridge include Elliott Carter BCD 9014, George Crumb BCD 9028, Poul Ruders BCD 9037, Stefan Wolpe BCD 9043, Stephen Jaffe BCD 9047, and New Danes BCD 9054.

The recorded legacy of Jan DeGaetani has been greatly enriched by the *In Concert* series produced by Bridge Records. Music by Brahms, Fauré, Copland and many others has been preserved and published from tapes of live performances and a few unreleased studio sessions, such as Welcher's *Abeja Blanca* on this disc.

These CD's not only fill out Jan's discography with thrilling concert performances of works not recorded in the studio, but also show how the insightful, subtle characteristics of her artistry were consistent under all circumstances.

I am deeply grateful to David and Becky Starobin for their continuing passion to present the work of Jan DeGaetani, and I am proud to be a part of the process of identification and selection of these concert performances.

Jan's human legacy to her family, her friends and colleagues, and to her students remains present and powerful. Jan's nature, open, smiling, inquiring, loving--living every moment of every day--was a gift as great as her singing, and was a central part of it. This beautiful nature will cause her to be ever missed and ever remembered.

Philip West, 1995

Executive Producer: Becky Starobin
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Abeja Blanca
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Back cover photograph: Philip West and Jan DeGaetani
Tray card photograph: courtesy of Philip West

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These other Jan DeGaetani discs are available on Bridge:

BCD 9006 Ives: *9 Songs*; Crumb: *Apparition*; with Gilbert Kalish
BCD 9017 Berlioz: *Les Nuits d'été*; Mahler: *Songs*
BCD 9023 Fauré: *La Chanson d'Éve*; Druckman; *Dark Upon the Harp*
BCD 9025 Schumann: *Frauenliebe und -leben*; Brahms: *Zigeunerlieder*
BCD 9046 Copland: *81st Birthday Concert at the Library of Congress*

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