

Songs of Aleksandr Grechaninov (1864-1956)

Georgine Resick, soprano
Warren Jones, piano

Snezhiniki [Snowflakes] (Songs from a Child's World), Opus 47

- 1 *Snezhiniki* [Snowflakes], #1 (Briusov) (2:10)
- 2 *Verbochki* [Pussy Willows], #2 (A. Blok) (1:03)
- 3 *Pro telënochka* [About the Little Calf], #3 (I. Novikov) (1:04)
- 4 *V lesu* [In the Forest], #4 (Gorodetsky) (1:03)
- 5 *Mal'chik s pal'chik* [Tom Thumb], #5 (Zhukovsky) (:50)
- 6 *Gnomy* [Gnomes], #6 (Bal'mont) (1:49)
- 7 *Noch'* [Night], #7 (Allegro) (1:07)
- 8 *Morozko* [Frost], #8 (Nekrasov) (1:13)
- 9 *Podsnezhnik* [Snowdrops], #9 (Allegro) (1:45)
- 10 *Pesenka fei* [The Song of the Fairy], #10 (Bal'mont) (2:10)

Russian National School, Lyricism

- 11 *Ostroiu sekiroi* [With a Sharp Pole-Ax], Op. 1, #2 (A. Tolstoi) (1:48)
- 12 *Kolybel'naia pesnia* [Lullaby], Op. 7, #4 (M. Ia.) (2:48)
- 13 *Noch'* [Night], Op. 5, #2 (Kursky) (3:31)

- 14 *Ona byla tvoia* [She Was Yours], Op. 7, #1 (Apukhtin) (3:31)
- 15 *Kolybel'naia* [Lullaby], Op. 1, #5 (Lermontov) (1:58)
- 16 *Sborshchik na kolokol* [The Collector of the Bell], Op. 35, #2 (Briusov) (1:21)

Impressionist/Symbolist Influence

- 17 *Vecher'* [Evening], Op. 20, #1 (Merezhkovsky) (2:28)
- 18 *Noch'* [Night], Op. 20, #3 (Pushkin) (2:48)
- 19 *Je t'adore* [I Love You], Op. 48, #3 (Baudelaire) (2:04)
- 20 *I snilas' mne dalëkaia strana* [And I Dreamed of a Faraway Land], Op. 63, #5 (Heine, trans. Weinberg) (3:00)
- 21 *Po večeram v chasy pechal'nykh grëz* [In the Evenings, in the Hours of Sad Dreams], Op. 51, #5 (Heine, trans. Weinberg) (1:52)

Children's Songs

- 22 *Kot* [Cat], Op. 89, #4 (Gorodetsky) (2:43)
- 23 *Pervyi sneg* [The First Snow], Op. 89, #2 (Gorodetsky) (1:25)
- 24 *Tëtka Agashka* [Auntie Agashka], Op. 96, #3 (folk text) (:35)

From Opus 93, Seven Melodies to Texts of Aleksandr Pushkin

- 25 *Molitva* [Prayer], #1 (3:31)
- 26 *Tsvetok* [Flower], #3 (2:12)
- 27 *Iunoshu, gor'ko rydaia* [Youth, Bitterly Weeping], #5 (1:44)

28 *Mal'chiku* [To a Cupbearer], #7 (:55)

Return to Russian Lyricism on the Eve of Emigration

29 *Vecher'* [Evening], Op. 97, #6 (Maikov) (2:52)

30 *Rozovyi otblesk zakata* [The Rosy Reflection of Sunset] (Ratgauz) (2:41)

Songs on Folk Texts

31 *Kurochka riabka* [The Speckled Hen], Op. 85, #1 (folk text) (1:26)

32 *Kolybel'naia* [Lullaby], Op. 84, #3 (folk text) (2:25)

33 *Tari-tari*, Op. 85, #4 (folk text) (:33)

Notes by Leslie Kearney

Aleksandr Tikhonovich Grechaninov (1864-1956) attended both the Moscow and St. Petersburg Conservatories, studying form with Taneyev, fugue with Arensky, and composition and instrumentation with Rimsky-Korsakov. Yet perhaps the most important influence on his music lies elsewhere, in his extraordinary sensitivity to the word. From early in his career, Grechaninov showed great involvement with language associated with music, writing his first opera, *Dobrinia Nikitch* (1896-1901), to a self-composed libretto. Subsequent dramatic works show a consistency of ambition, creativity, and elegant taste in Grechaninov's choice of literature: Gogol's *Marriage*, Aleksei Tolstoi's *Death of Ivan the Terrible*, Ostrovsky's *Snegurochka*, Maeterlinck's *Soeur Beatrice*, and Krylov's *Fables*. His song texts present a survey of several generations of Russia's most impressive poets, from Pushkin and Lermontov to symbolists like Blok and political writers like Bal'mont. This sensitivity to literature led Grechaninov to employ compositional styles that developed not so much chronologically, but rather in response to types of poetry- a stylistic coherence captured in the grouping of songs on this album. Thus we can find dreamy, impressionist settings as early as 1898 in Merezhkovsky's *Vecher'* [Evening] (Op. 20/1), as well as more predictably in the Baudelaire poem, *Je t'adore* [I Love You] (Op. 48, No. 3, 1909), and Heine's *I snilas' mne dal'ekaia strana...* [I dreamed of a faraway land] [*Es träumte mir* in the original] (Op. 63/5), composed in 1913. Similarly, nationalist and declamatory settings recur throughout his career, exemplified here by Briusov's *Sborshchik na kolokol* [Collector of the Bell] (Op. 35/2, 1905), and the folk text *Tëtka Agashka* [Auntie Agashka] (Op. 96/3, 1923), while another specifically Russian sound, liturgical harmony, is called forth by Pushkin's use of liturgical language in *Molitva* [Prayer] (Op. 93/1, 1923).

Like Tchaikovsky, whose influence is evident, Grechaninov employs a musical language that is not as straightforward as it seems, moving rapidly to remote keys, sometimes supporting a clear vocal line with a chromatically adventurous accompaniment (*Blok, Verbochki [Pussy Willows]*, Op. 47/2, 1908; *Kurochka riabka [The Speckled Hen]* Op. 85/1, 1919), and saturating the listener with swarming nonfunctional chords à la Debussy. His debt to Mussorgsky-another great craftsman of the Russian word in music-is greater than usually acknowledged. Besides the gift for text-painting they share, both composers create a time-line that pushes the songs beyond their limits, blurring endpoints by seeming to begin in the middle of things, compromising closure with altered final chords, and shaping each poem into a compelling dramatic scena. This is clearly seen in Pushkin's *Noch' [Night]* a text Mussorgsky also set, and Apukhtin's *Ona byla tvoia [She was yours]* (Op. 7/1, 1894). In the children's songs represented here, Grechaninov uses the piano to create imaginary dialogues between the child and a range of characters; he does so with special wit in Gorodetsky's *Kot [Cat]* (Op. 89/4, 1920). Equally effective dramatically is the folk text *Tari tari* (Op. 85/4, 1919), a tale of the dissolute suitor whose gifts to his beloved become less and less lavish as he drinks away more and more of the money he might have spent on them.

Grechaninov achieves his most stunning effect in Pushkin's *Tsvetok [Flower]* (Op. 93/3, 1922) and Maikov's *Vecher' [Evening]* (Op. 97/6, 1923) - an ideal balance between the use of an idiosyncratic harmonic language, temporal innovation, and a gift for lyricism, rendering poetry that ventures into the uncertain world of memory. In spite of the fact that Grechaninov spent a substantial part of his life in America, his music has never been fully taken up by his adopted country, a situation we hope to begin to remedy with this album. His songs reward the listener with a breadth and depth of emotion, attesting to the creative need that Grechaninov himself called "a vital duty."

1 *Snezhiniki [Snowflakes]* (Brusov)

You, snowflakes, swirl and swirl again,
Only have mercy on us!
You are myriad
And you fly to us from God.

How can we compare with you,
Who sing the joy of freedom?
You have only to wish and you cover us
And wrap the city in a shroud.

You, snowflakes, swirl and swirl again,
Only have mercy on us.
You are myriad
And you fly to us from God.

2 *Verbochki [Pussy Willows]* (A. Blok)

Little boys and little girls
Are carrying home pussy willows and little candles.
Little flames are flickering,
The passers-by are crossing themselves,
And everything smells of spring.

Little daring wind, and you, little drizzle,
Please don't steal the flame.
On this Willow Sunday (Palm Sunday)
I will be the first to arise
For the holy day.



Aleksandr Grechaninov

3 *Pro telēnochka* [About the Little Calf] (I. Novikov)

I caressed my little calf, he was so tiny...
I would feed him fresh grass at the embankment.
And I loved my calf, he was so sweet,
And I would water him with the freshest water.

How I sang to my tiny baby! forever I told him:
"Let all the rest of the cows grow,
You will remain a baby,
And I will give you fresh grass at the embankment."

4 *V lesu* [In the Forest] (Gorodetsky)

There are blueberries in the forest.
I will take them to my mama.
Here is another tussock.
I am not afraid!

Are there any mushrooms here?
Let me bend down to look.
And there sits a woodpecker in a spruce,
Pecking the chips with such importance.

It appears that for his supper
He needs a beetle
With a mustache.

5 *Mal'chik s pal'chik* [Tom Thumb] (Zhukovsky)

There was a little boy
The size of a finger,
His hair like down,
His eyes like sparks.

He got up at dawn
And washed with the dew.
To his little carriage he would harness a shaggy bee,
And play incessantly.

6 *Gnomy* [Gnomes] (Bal'mont)

In the meadow are huge piles of freshly dug soil.
Summer. It's hot, burning noontide.
Smoke is hanging in the distance.

Who has dug here?
Maybe the gnomes? With all their funny crowd
Are they building the lower chambers
For their czars?

Are they building cities in darkness
And castles underground,
And walking, so ugly,
Under my foot?

Are they lighting lanterns
In the kingdom of darkness?
So, are they gnomes?
Not at all. They are funny black moles.

7 *Noch' [Night] (Allegro)*

The night and stillness.
The full moon alone
Does not yet sleep,
Alone does not yet sleep.

She walks and watches
How in this deep forest
Under the crooked stump
The moss moved, a mushroom was born.

8 *Morozko [The Frost] (Nekrasov)*

Don't be angry, little frost.
Run away from this village
To beyond countless lands,
To beyond countless seas.

There your household awaits you,
Neglected and covered with powdery snow.

9 *Podsnezhnik [Snowdrops] (Allegro)*

In the forest where the birches are crowded
The blue-eyed snowdrop looked out.
First, little by little,
He pushed out a little green foot.

Then he stretched
With all his little might
And quietly inquired:

"I see that the weather is clear and warm.
Please tell me, please tell me,
Isn't it true that this is spring?"

10 *Pesenka fei [The Song of the Fairy] (Bal'mont)*

From a silken yarn
I spin my thread.
Along this silk thread
I will lead you.

A piece of mother-of-pearl
Is my lantern;
Into my pearly chambers
We will walk, you and I.

There I will open for you
My satin bed,
And butterflies daintily
Will dance for us.

With a tone like crystal
Tinkling like a brook,
The funny clock will sing for us:
"Sweet dreams, sleep, sleep."

11 *Ostroiu sekiroi [With a Sharp Pole-Ax] (A. Tolstoy), Op. 1, #2*

With a sharp pole-ax the birch is wounded,
Tears are rolling down its silver bark.
Don't cry, don't cry, poor birch tree!

Do not complain, your wound is not fatal,

You will heal by summertime.

You will show off your beauty,

Dressed up in leaves.

Only the sore heart won't heal its wounds.

12 *Kolybel'naiia pesnia* [Lullaby] (M. Ia.), Op. 7, #4

My little one, my dear,

My heart and my gaze are bound to your cradle.

You are nodding, my angel, my dear child,

So fall asleep peacefully and close your little eyes.

Let the moon and the stars, admiring you,

Send you lavish dreams,

And I will pray for heaven to safeguard you

From the cradle to the grave.

And here beside you without sleep I will sit,

With my holy prayer, from dusk 'til dawn.

13 *Noch'* [Night] (Kursky), Op. 5, #2

It is quiet. Everything sleeps,

Enchanted by midnight shadow;

Only my heart knows no peace,

Only in my heart life seethes.

It's a wonder! The night itself is like bliss....

Even the warbling of the nightingale

Breathes the air of dispassion,

Breathes calm, engulfed in peace.

Even the dead stones

That are overgrown with grass

Seem to know pleasure

In this dream of a remote land.

It's a wonder! Into sweet dreams

Sinks the life of nature...sometimes whispering,

Sometimes moaning, as in my heart:

Light of morning! Pray, come soon!

14 *Ona byla tvoia* [She Was Yours] (Apukhtin), Op. 7, #1

"She was yours!" whispered the May evening;

And the nightingale's song teased me long.

It finally stopped, but this silent night

Repeatedly whispers to me: "She was yours!"

And my distant past flickers

Like the leaves of poplar in silver gleam;

And the stars in this clear sky,

And the scent of saxifrage

Bursting through my wide window

Speak of it ceaselessly.

And I no longer know where to turn

And the silent night tortures me,

Drawing to me her familiar features.

O eternally beloved, answer my call,

Tell me: where are you;

O, where are you?

15 *Kolybel'naia* [Lullaby] (Lermontov), Op. 1, #5

Sleep, my little baby, my handsome one!
Sleep tight! Sleep tight!
And quietly the bright moon
Will peer into your cradle,

And I will tell you tales,
And I will sing you a song,
And you will drowse, closing your eyes.
Sleep tight! Sleep tight!

16 *Sborshchik na kolokol* [The Collector of the Bell] (Briusov), Op. 35, #2

Please benefactors, donate for a new church bell,
The voice of our Lord.
The tolling of the bell resembles the songs of angels
Wondrously so.

The holy hermits heard in their visions
The voice of heaven,
The holy hermits properly remembered
The unearthly songs.

The tolling of our orthodoxy sings and trumpets
The songs of angels.
Donate, Orthodox Christians, for a new church bell
That would be charity.

Our Lord will not forget you.

17 *Vecher'* [Evening] (Merezhkovsky), Op. 20, #1

The tender evening bade farewell to the Earth,
Not a leaf dared move in anticipation.
The noise of a carriage was heard in the distance,
The stars stood trembling silently by.

The blue sky is deep and mysterious,
But do not look at it so inquisitively.
Do not seek to unravel the mystery:
The blue sky is mute as the grave.

18 *Noch'* [Night] (Pushkin), Op. 20, #3

Your voice, for me both tender and sensuous,
Unsettles the late silence of this dark night.
My sad candle burns next to my bed;
My verses, merging and murmuring,
Are flowing, a stream of love, filled with you.

In the darkness your eyes glitter before me,
They smile to me and I hear sounds:
"My friend, my sweet friend,
I love you...I am yours...yours!"

19 *Je t'adore* [I Love You] (Baudelaire), Op. 48, #3

I love you as I do the canopy of night,
Oh vessel of sadness, oh great silent one

And I love you all the more that you flee from me,
And that you seem, adornment of my nights,
More ironically to hoard the places
That part my arms from the blue immensity.

I advance to the attack, soar to the assault,
As a chorus of worms to a corpse,
And I cherish, oh night relentless and cruel,
This coldness, because you are to me the most beautiful!

20 *I snilas' mne dalëkaia strana* [And I Dreamed of a Faraway Land]
(Heine), Op. 63, #5

And I dreamed of a faraway land
Covered with white snow.
Under that snow I lay buried in bleak sleep
Immersed in a dream of death.

But from dark skies glittering above me
Starry eyes were watching over my cold grave;
Those beautiful eyes shone from the heights,
Calm and bright, filled with love.

21 *Po večeram v chasy pechal'nykh grëz* [In the Evenings, in the Hours
of Sad Dreams] (Heine), Op. 51, #5

In the evenings, in the hours of sadness
The sounds of forgotten songs sail to me.
I try to comprehend, my gaze blurs with tears,
And old pains torment my heart.

22 *Kot [Cat]* (Gorodetsky), Op. 89, #4

In a tiny hut, in a hut
There lives a fat white cat;
There lives my friend the cat.

He trots to school, carries a very heavy bundle:
Books, pencils and a slate,
For breakfast tasty liver,
For dinner - a pair of mice.

At school there is noise and shouting,
The woodpecker drills the ABC.
There is homework for everyone:
For the rooster his cock-a-doodle-doo,
For the cuckoo one hundred cuckoos.

The squirrel: "Tsok-tsok! where can I find a nut?"
My white cat is the most industrious:
Meow! meow! two times two.
Meow! meow! here is my sausage.

Oh dear, my head is aching,
And dinner is a long time off.
It's not easy to be learned!

I wish I could walk out on the roof,
Climb up high upon the chimney
To stretch my soft paws, arch my strong back
And have a snooze."

23 *Pervyi sneg* [The First Snow] (Gorodetsky), Op. 89, #2

The moon wagered with the sun
Who would be first to get up at dawn.
One, two, three and four and five,
But the wind came flying out.

He brought many birds with wings,
He brought in clouds, both gray and ruffled.
The whole sky is touched with feathers,
Day and night the snow is falling.

And between the clouds, under the window
The moon and sun so bitterly cry:
"One, two, three, four and five,
Who will now disperse the clouds?"

24 *Tětka Agashka* [Auntie Agashka] (folk text), Op. 96, #3

Auntie Agashka, sew shirts for us!
We want to dress up to go riding,
On Sivka, on Burka,
On the prophetic horse Kavrurka.

Sivka! you are such a lazy bum!
Let us ride, and you yourself
Go by foot, topsy-turvy, topsy-turvy!

25 *Molitva* [Prayer] (Pushkin), Op. 93, #1

Holy hermits and chaste women,

For their hearts to leap into the spiritual realm,
To strengthen themselves amidst trials and tribulations,
Compiled many prayers.

But not a single one touches my heart
Like that which the holy priest recites
In the sad days of Great Lent,
The one that most often comes to my lips
And revives the fallen with unknown force:

"Lord of my days! From a despondent life of idleness,
From pride and sloth, protect my soul.
But let me see my sins, oh Lord,
And let my brother suffer not my scorn;
Yet let the spirit of humility, patience, love and virginal innocence
Revitalize my heart, Lord of my days."

26 *Tsvetok* [Flower] (Pushkin), Op. 93, #3

A withered flower, scentless,
Forgotten in a book before me I see;
And suddenly my soul is filled
With an obscure dream.

Where had it blossomed? And when? In what sort of spring?
Did it blossom long? And by whom was it picked?
By a strange or familiar hand,
And for what reason placed here?

As a memory of a tender meeting,
Or a fateful parting,

Or possibly a solitary stroll
Amidst the quiet fields, in the shade of the forest?

I wonder if he lives, if she's alive,
And where is their refuge now?
Or perhaps they have also perished
Like this forgotten flower.

27 *Iunoshu, gor'ko rydaia* [Youth, Bitterly Weeping] (Pushkin), Op. 93, #5

Bitterly weeping, the jealous maiden
Scolded the youth.
Leaning on her shoulder,
Suddenly he fell asleep.

The maiden at once grew silent,
And protecting his shallow dream,
Smiled at him,
Shedding quiet tears.

28 *Mal'chiku* [To a Cupbearer] (Pushkin), Op. 93, #7

With the intoxicating bitterness of Falernian
Fill my cup, young boy!
Thus willed Postumia,
She who rules the feasts.

Please supply the abstainers.
As for us, we will toast Bacchus.

29 *Vecher'* [Evening] (Maikov), Op. 97, #6

In my far North
I will never forget that evening,
The two of us silently watching

And you, river water, go away
And with your gush alien to wine
The branches of willows bent to the pond.
And faraway the laurel forest was blue
And the oleander was shining with blossoms;
An impenetrable canopy of thick myrtle
Hung above us.

And the mountain peaks were turning blue
In the fog of golden dust,
As if the aqueduct and the ruins
Were swimming in the distance.

Under this fiery sun
In the noise of the waterfall,
You told me in sheer ecstasy,
"Here we might simply perish together."

And in my far North
I will never forget that evening.

30 *Rozovyi otblesk zakata* [The Rosy Reflection of Sunset] (Ratgauz)

The rosy reflection of sunset
Fell on the silent forest.

A rosy haze permeated
The luminous skies.

In the clear air
Are countless light shadows.
Bright ghosts are circling
Above my head.

And winged by my dreams,
I drift far away.
Oh, my beloved, my dear friend,
How easy it is for me to be with you.

31 *Kurochka riabka* [The Speckled Hen] (folk text), Op. 85, #1

There lived an old man and his wife,
They had a speckled hen.
And she laid an egg,
Not a plain egg, but one of gold.

The old man banged, banged, couldn't break it;
The wife too banged, but failed to break it.
A gray mouse ran by, pushed it with his tail,
The egg fell down and broke.

The old man started weeping,
His wife started sobbing.
The hen cackled cheerfully:
"Do not weep, grandpa, do not weep, grandma.

I will lay you another egg tomorrow,
But not a golden egg,

Just a plain one."

32 *Kolybel'naia* [Lullaby] (folk text), Op. 84, #3

It's not all woe for the cat,
You, Ivan, quietly fall asleep,
You, Ivan, quietly fall asleep.

You, cat, do not walk on the stove
Else I will beat you,
I will beat you.

You, cat, do not walk along the bridge
Else I will smack your tail,
I will smack your tail.

33 *Tari-tari* [Tari-tari] (folk text), Op. 85, #4

Hey, gifts - give her gifts!
I will buy my Mary amber.

If enough is left,
I will buy my Mary earrings.

If enough nickels are left,
I will buy my Mary shoes.

If enough change is left,
I will buy my Mary spoons.

If I am left with pennies,
I will buy my Mary pillows.

Georgine Resick, a native of Pennsylvania, is an internationally recognized soprano in both the operatic and concert fields. She made her operatic debut as Sophie in the Washington Opera production of Massenet's *Werther* with Nicolai Gedda in the title role. A protégée of the late George London, she received two National Opera Institute Young Artist Awards before being invited to join the Cologne Opera as principal lyric soprano. Remaining there for six years, she then moved on to the same position at the Deutsche Oper am Rhine in Duesseldorf. She has sung a wide variety of leading roles with the Vienna State Opera, the Chicago Lyric Opera, the Paris Opera, the Houston Grand Opera, and opera companies in Rome, Nice, and Berlin, among others. Renowned for her Mozart and Strauss interpretations, Ms. Resick has appeared at the festivals of Salzburg, Edinburgh, Lucerne, and Schwetzingen, where she made a film of Cimarosa's *Il Matrimonio Segreto*. A favorite at the Drottningholm Court Theater in Stockholm, Resick sang the role of Despina in their recording of Mozart's *Così fan Tutte*, which won the Grand Prix du Disque. Ms. Resick appears frequently as a recitalist and soloist with orchestra, and her recordings of concert music with Deutsche Grammophone, Schwann, and Vergo have been highly praised. Ms. Resick has been Soprano in Residence at the Marlboro Music Festival, the Fontana Festival, and the Strings in the Mountains Festival. Recent appearances include Zerlina in gala performances of Mozart's *Don Giovanni* for the Israel Philharmonic's 50th Anniversary Season, conducted by Daniel Barenboim, and performances of Richard Strauss's *Four Last Songs* with the San Diego Symphony.

Recipient of the Epsilon Scholarship (1971-73), Ms. Resick speaks German, French, Italian and Russian, and also sings in Spanish, Swedish, Polish, Portuguese, and Czech.

An adventurous recitalist, Ms. Resick has in recent years championed

unknown and neglected song literature. She has fourteen recordings to her credit, including solo compact discs of the songs of Charles Koechlin, and a program of women's poetry set to music by men. Ms. Resick has recently completed a compact disc recording of the history of the song cycle in Europe.

Warren Jones frequently performs with many of today's best-known artists, including Barbara Bonney, Ruth Ann Swenson, Dame Kiri Te Kanawa, Denyce Graves, Stephanie Blythe, Håkan Hagegård, Olaf Baer, Bo Skovhus, Samuel Ramey, James Morris, and John Relyea. In the past he has partnered such great singers as Marilyn Horne, Kathleen Battle, Carol Vaness, Judith Blegen, Tatiana Troyanos and Martti Talvela. His collaborations have earned consistently high praise from many publications: the Boston Globe termed him "flawless" and "utterly ravishing"; the New York Times, "exquisite"; and the San Francisco Chronicle said simply, "His playing was a marvel, as always."

Mr. Jones has been featured in an interview with Eugenia Zuckerman on "CBS Sunday Morning" in which his work as a performer and teacher was explored, and he has appeared on television across the United States with Luciano Pavarotti. He has often been a guest artist at Carnegie Hall and in Lincoln Center's Great Performers Series, as well as the Tanglewood, Ravinia, and Caramoor festivals. His international travels have taken him to recitals at the Salzburg Festival, Milan's Teatro alla Scala, the Maggio Musicale Festival in Florence, the Teatro Fenice in Venice, Paris' Théâtre des Champs-Élysées and Opéra Bastille, Wigmore Hall and Queen Elizabeth Hall in London, the Konzerthaus in Vienna, Suntory Hall in Tokyo, the Cultural Centre in Hong Kong and theatres throughout Scandinavia and Korea. Mr. Jones has been invited three times to the White House by American presidents to perform at concerts honoring the President of Russia, and Prime Ministers of Italy and

Canada-and three times he has appeared at the U.S. Supreme Court as a specially invited performer for the Justices and their guests. As a guest at the Library of Congress, Mr. Jones has appeared with the Juilliard Quartet in performances of the Schumann Piano Quintet. He was featured in the United Nations memorial concert and tribute to Miss Audrey Hepburn, an event which was telecast worldwide following Miss Hepburn's death. Recent seasons have included his debut with the New York Philharmonic at Avery Fisher Hall (performing the Sextet of Ernst von Dohnanyi), performances with the Brentano Quartet (Schubert Trout Quintet), and an invitation to teach a master class at The Juilliard School under the auspices of the Marilyn Horne Foundation.

Several recordings with Mr. Jones have caught the public's ear: on BMG/RCA Red Seal, he is featured with Håkan Hagegård in songs of Brahms, Sibelius and Stenhammar in a recording which was nominated for a Grammy Award in 1999; on the Samsung Classics label, he performs with Korean soprano Youngok Shin in *A Dream*, her first recital disc with piano; and for NPR Classics, he is heard in a recital of spirituals with Denyce Graves, entitled *Angels Watching Over Me*. Other compact discs featuring Mr. Jones include: *i carry your heart*, with Ruth Ann Swenson on EMI, *Every Time We Say Goodbye*, with Samuel Ramey on SONY Classics, and a recording of Fauré songs with Barbara Bonney and Håkan Hagegård on RCA Red Seal. A critically-acclaimed survey of the songs of Edward Grieg with Mr. Hagegård has also been issued by BMG/RCA Victor. Mr. Jones' recording of Copland and Ives songs with Mr. Ramey for Decca/Argo was also nominated for a Grammy Award, and he can be seen on the best-selling Deutsche Grammophon video/laser disc of his memorable Metropolitan Museum of Art concert with Kathleen Battle.

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