

*Men's Songs,
Women's Voices*

JOHN HARBISON (b. 1938) (18:18)

Mirabai Songs (trans. Robert Bly)

- 1** It's True, I Went to the Market (2:58)
- 2** All I Was Doing Was Breathing (2:46)
- 3** Why Mira Can't Go Back to Her Old House (1:56)
- 4** Where Did You Go? (2:33)
- 5** The Clouds (3:16)
- 6** Don't Go, Don't Go (4:30)

FRANZ SCHUBERT (1797-1828) (23:44)

- 7** Suleika I, Op. 14, Nr. 1 (Marianne von Willemer) (5:33)
- 8** Suleika II, Op. 31 (Marianne von Willemer) (4:51)
- 9** Heimliches Lieben (Karoline Louise von Klenke) (4:55)
- 10** Der Unglückliche (Karoline Pichler) (8:07)

CAMILLE SAINT-SÄENS (1835-1922) (1:45)

- 11** La feuille de peuplier (Mme. Amable Tastu) (1:45)

GABRIEL FAURÉ (1845-1924) (3:37)

- 12** Cygne sur l'eau (Baronne A. de Brimont) (3:37)

JULES MASSENET (1842-1912) (5:27)

- 13** Plus vite (Hélène Vacaresco) (2:29)
- 14** Les nuages (Comtesse Maurice Roch de Louvencourt) (2:59)

ERICH KORNGOLD (1897-1957) (11:57)

Unvergänglichlichkeit (Eleonore van der Straten)

- 15** Unvergänglichlichkeit I (2:28)
- 16** Das eilende Bächlein (1:47)
- 17** Das schlafende Kind (2:35)
- 18** Stärker als der Tod (1:59)
- 19** Unvergänglichlichkeit II (2:52)

RICHARD WILSON (b. 1941) (4:38)

Three Painters (Phyllis McGinley)

- 20** Marc Chagall (1:25)
- 21** Grandma Moses (2:11)
- 22** Jackson Pollock (0:55)

MEN'S SONGS, WOMEN'S VOICES

Although lieder, mélodie, and art-song have been, for much of their history, dominated by the words and music of men, there have always been women who wrote poetry and composers who found in their words the inspiration for music. Until our own century, however, it was difficult for female writers to garner lasting reputations for their works; many of the poets represented on this recording were granted a brief moment of recognition in their day, but seldom durable fame. It is one purpose of this recording to enable gifted and largely unknown women to step from the shadows of near-oblivion into the light.

The poets of this recording range from the India of four hundred years ago to twentieth-century Europe and America. The poet of John Harbison's *Mirabai Songs* was a sixteenth-century Indian woman whose husband was killed in war. The twenty-seven year-old Mirabai refused to commit suttee, to die on her husband's funeral pyre, as custom mandated; instead, she left the security of her family compound and became a street poet, singing and dancing her mystic love-poems to Krishna, the Dark One. "My eyes have their own life," she sang, proudly claiming an existence devoted to the erotically-rapturous spirituality from which she spun these poems.

Marianne von Willemer (1784-1860) had a somewhat Mignon-like start in life: she came to Frankfurt in 1798 as a child named Marianne Jung with a theatrical troupe. A banker named Johann Jakob Willemer took her into his house in 1800 and had her educated with his own children, then married her in 1814. A few weeks before the wedding, she and her fiancé visited the sixty-five year-old Johann Ludwig von Goethe (1749-1832), by then well-enthroned as one of Germany's literary gods, at Wiesbaden. Goethe was strongly attracted to her, and she, conditioned

to prefer older men, returned his affection; although they were in personal contact with one another only occasionally during a fourteen-month span in 1814-1815, they corresponded until his death in 1832. His last letter to her, dated 10 February 1832, includes this moving tribute: "Vor die Augen meiner Lieber, / Zu den Fingern die's geschrieben,—/ Einst mit heißesten Verlangen / So erwartet, wie empfangen—/ Zu der Brust der sie entquollen / Diese Blätter wandern sollen; / Immer liebevoll bereit, / Zeugen allerschönster Zeit" (Before my love's eyes, to the fingers that wrote it—/Once with hottest longing, / so anticipated, as received— / to the breast from which it flowed / these leaves should go; / ever lovingly ready, / witness of the most beautiful time)—the omissions, the interstices between the lines say volumes about the intensity of his feeling for her. Marianne von Willemer was both Muse and collaborator (if only of a few poems) for Goethe's anthology, *Der Westöstlicher Divan*, published in 1819. The *Divan* was modelled upon poetry by the fourteenth-century Persian poet Hafiz, whose verse Goethe read in German translations ("divan" means "anthology"); the eighth "book," or section, entitled the "Buch Suleika," consists of poems alternating back and forth between the fictive lovers Hatem (Goethe) and Suleika (Marianne). At least four poems were written by Marianne, including two on the antique fancy that messages from a lover are borne on the east wind, while the reciprocating message is carried back by the west wind. Johannes Brahms called Schubert's setting "Suleika I," composed in March 1821, "the loveliest song ever written"—although Schubert wrote many songs that could contend for that honor; anyone who hears the mysterious arrival of the east wind in the piano introduction might well agree with him.

Karoline Louise von Klenke (1754-1812) was the daughter of the well-known poet Anna Luise Karschin (1722-1791), who was dubbed "the German Sappho" and was a friend of Moses Mendelssohn, Lessing, and many other distin-

guished figures of the Enlightenment. Her daughter was also a well-known literary figure in Berlin, and she in turn bore a daughter who became a writer and Schubert poet, Wilhelmina Christiane von Chézy (1783-1856). Ironically, Schubert did not know who the poet was when he set the poem "Heimliches Lieben" to music in September 1827 while on a visit to Graz, where his hostess Marie Pachler gave him the text in manuscript; the erotic verses were attributed for many years to the Styrian poet Karl Gottfried von Leitner (1800-1890)—male pseudonyms and false attributions to men abound in the publication histories of women writers. In the 1870s, Marie Pachler's son Faust revealed that the poem was written by Karoline von Klenke and had originally been entitled "An Myrtill," beginning with the line "Myrtill, wenn deine Lippen mich berühren;" it was the Pachlers' friend Julius Schneller, a professor of philosophy, who had altered the first line before sending a copy of the poem to Marie. Schubert's setting (D. 922, first published in early 1828 by the Lithographic Institutes of Vienna and later republished as Op. 106) is an exquisite example of this composer's lifelong genius for the expression of female passion—one could draw a direct line from Schubert's early setting of Goethe's "Gretchen am Spinnrade" to this late masterpiece.

Caroline Pichler (1769-1843), born von Greiner, was among the most influential writers and literary hostesses in Vienna in the early years of the nineteenth century. She was a prominent spokeswoman for Austrian nationalism during the years of struggle against Napoleon's imperium and had her greatest successes in the genre of the Austrian historical novel and historical ballads, both genres meant to inculcate national pride in their readers. Her memoirs, *Denkwürdigkeiten aus meinem Leben* of 1844, are among the liveliest accounts of intellectual life in Vienna at a time of great ferment; Schubert was among those who attended her famous salons in the early 1820s. The text of "Der Unglückliche,"

D. 713 (composed in January 1821 and published in August 1827 as Op. 84, later changed to Op. 87, by Pennauer) comes from Pichler's novel *Olivier*, first written in 1803 as a Zauberroman (novel of the supernatural) and then revised in two stages thereafter in order to purge it gradually of its original reliance on sorcery. In one of the many climactic scenes of a work crowded with incident, the Princess Adeline sings this song to the noble but smallpox-scarred Swiss knight Olivier von Hauteville, thereby declaring her love for him and her understanding of his travails. Adeline, we are told, had learned the song from her mother, the queen Mathilde, whose youthful love for a knight named Siegebert was thwarted for dynastic reasons, and it epitomizes the various misfortunes, especially trials in love, suffered by the major characters. Schubert's setting has on occasion a slight melodramatic tinge, hinting that the composer might have known the novel, with its melodramatic improbabilities, but much of the song is Schubert at his finest, with echoes of the Andante of the A major *Piano Sonata* D. 664 at the beginning and premonitions of the "Unfinished" Symphony as well.

Sometimes the shadows of oblivion are thickly-clustered indeed: the poets of the five French songs are virtually unknown even now. "La feuille de peuplier" to words by Mme. Amable Tastu was composed in 1853 when Camille Saint-Saëns (1835-1922) was still a teen-ager, and one influenced strongly by German lieder—the scholar Frits Noske has pointed to the resemblance between the beginning of this song and Franz Schubert's "Die Krähe," the fifteenth song in the cycle *Winterreise*, D. 911. "Cygne sur l'eau" is the first song in the late cycle *Les Mirages*, Op. 113, by Gabriel Fauré to words by the Baronne René de Brimont (born de Beaumont), a grand-niece of the French Romantic writer Alphonse de Lamartine; described as a "living torch" by the mystic religious poet Oscar Milosz whose confidante she became, she published some of her works under the male

pseudonym René de Part. Jules Massenet (1842-1912) composed some 260 songs and was a wildly popular song composer in his day; influenced by Schumann, he was in turn an influence on the young Debussy. He too turned to women poets for several of his best songs, including "Plus vite," in which Hélène Vacaresco tells the reader that nothing in Nature is as swift as, first, Love and then Death. "Les Nuages," a setting of a poem by the Comtesse Maurice Roch de Louvencourt, is the second song in his cycle *Expressions lyriques* of 1913, an experimental composition in which sections and phrases rhythmically declaimed alternate with sung passages—this, by coincidence, in the same year in which Arnold Schoenberg employed *Sprechstimme* for his cycle *Pierrot lunaire*.

Eleonore van der Straten (b. 1845) was a Belgian poet whose brief lyric meditations on giant themes—love, time, the child's dream that is happiness, and death—elicited latter-day lieder from Erich Korngold. Finally, in Richard Wilson's witty cycle of *Three Painters*, the Pulitzer Prize-winning American poet Phyllis McGinley reserves a woman's right to deflate even the greatest artists, male *and* female.

~ Susan Youens

Susan Youens is a professor of musicology at Notre Dame University. Her many books include: *Schubert's Poets & the Making of Lieder* (Cambridge University Press); *Schubert: Die Schöne Müllerin* (Cambridge University Press); *Schubert, Müller, & Die Schöne Müllerin* (Cambridge University Press); *Hugo Wolf & His Mörike Songs* (Cambridge University Press); *Schubert's Late Lieder: Beyond the Song-Cycles* (Cambridge University Press) *Retracing a Winter's Journey: Schubert's Winterreise* (Cornell University Press); *Hugo Wolf* (Princeton University Press).

Mirabai Songs

It's True, I Went to the Market

My friend, I went to the market and bought the Dark One,
You claim by night, I claim by day.
Actually I was beating a drum all the time I was buying him.
You say I gave too much; I say too little.
Actually I put him on the scale before I bought him.
What I paid was my social body, my town body, my family body,
And all my inherited jewels.
Mirabai says: The Dark One is my husband now.
Be with me when I lie down;
You promised me this in an earlier life.

All I Was Doing Was Breathing

Something has reached out
And taken in the beams of my eyes.
There is a longing;
It is for his body,
For every hair of that dark body.
All I was doing was being,
And the Dancing Energy came by my house.
His face looks curiously like the moon,
I saw it from the side, smiling.
My family says: "Don't ever see him again!"
And imply things in a low voice.
But my eyes have their own life:
And they know whose they are.
I believe I can bear on my shoulders
Whatever you want to say of me.
Mira says: Without the energy that lifts mountains,
How am I to live?

Why Mira Can't Go Back to Her Old House

The colors of the Dark One have penetrated Mira's body,
All the other colors washed out.
Making love with the Dark One and eating little,
Those are my pearls and my carnelians.
Meditation beads and the forehead streak,
Those are my scarves and my rings.
That's enough feminine wiles for me.
My teacher taught me this.
Approve me or disapprove me:
I praise the Mountain Energy night and day.
I take the old ecstatic path.
I don't steal money, I don't hit anyone.
What will you charge me with?
I have felt the swaying of the elephant's shoulders;
And now you want me to climb on a jackass?
Try to be serious.

Where Did You Go?

Where did you go, Holy One, after you left my body?
Your flame jumped to the wick,
And then you disappeared and left the lamp alone.

You put the boat into the surf,
And then walked inland, leaving the boat in an ocean of parting.
Mira says: Tell me when you will come to meet me.

The Clouds

When I saw the dark clouds, I wept, O Dark One,
I wept at the dark clouds.
Black clouds soared up, and took some yellow along.

Rain did fall, some rain fell long.
There was water east of the house,
West of the house;
Fields all green.
The one I love lives past those fields;
Rain has fallen on my body,
On my hair,
As I wait for him.
The Energy that holds up mountains
Is the energy Mirabai bows down to.
He lives century, after century,
And the test I set for him he has passed.

Don't Go, Don't Go

Don't go, don't go.
I touch your soles,
I'm sold to you.
Show me where to find the bhakti path,
Show me where to go.

I would like my body to turn into
A heap of incense and sandalwood,
And you set a torch to it.
When I've fallen down to grey ashes,
Smear me on your shoulders and chest.
Mira says: You who lift the mountains,
I have some light,
I want to mingle it with yours.

Marianne von Willemer

Suleika I

What does this stirring portend?
Brings the east wind joyful tidings to me?
The refreshing motion of its wings
Cools the heart's deep wound.

It plays caressingly with the dust,
Chasing it upwards in light clouds,
And drives the happy swarm of insects
To the safety of the vine-leaves.

Gently it tempers the blazing sun,
And cools my hot cheeks;
Even as it passes it kisses the vines
That adorn the fields and hillsides.

And its soft whispers bring me
A thousand greetings from my beloved;
Before these hills grow dark
I shall be greeted by a thousand kisses.

Now you may pass further,
And serve the happy and the sad;
For there, where high walls glow,
I shall soon find my dearly beloved.

Ah, the true message of the heart,
The breath of love, renewed life,
Will come to me only from his lips,
Can be given to me only by his breath.

Suleika II

Ah, west wind, how I envy you
Your damp wings;
For you can bring him tidings
Of what I suffer in our parting.

The motion of your wings
Wakens a silent longing within my breast.
Flowers, meadows, woods and hills
Grow tearful as you pass.

Yet your mild, gentle breeze
Cools my bruised eyelids;
Ah, I should die of grief
Had I no hope of seeing him again.

Hasten then to my beloved,
Speak softly to his heart;
But take care not to distress him,
And conceal from him my suffering.

Tell him, but discreetly,
That his love is my life,
And that his presence will bring me
A joyousness in both.

Karoline Louise von Klenke
Heimliches Lieben (Secret Love)

O you, when your lips touch me
Desire ravishes my very soul,
I feel a nameless trembling
Deep within my breast.

My eyes blaze, a glow tinges my cheeks,
My heart beats with a strange longing;
My spirit, astray in the stammering of my drunken lips,
Can scarcely compose itself.

In such an hour, my very life hangs
On your sweet mouth, soft as roses,
And in your beloved embrace
Life almost deserts me.

O, that I cannot escape from life,
With my soul aflame in yours!
That lips burning with longing
Must part!

O, that my being may not dissolve in a kiss,
My lips pressed so firmly to yours,
And to your heart, which may never dare
To beat aloud for me!

Karoline Pichler

Der Unglückliche (To the Unhappy One)

Night approaches, descending with soft breath
Upon weary mortals;
Gentle sleep, death's brother, beckons,
And lays them fondly in their daily graves.

Now perchance only malice and pain
Watch over the earth robbed of light;
And now that I will be undisturbed,
Let your wounds bleed, poor heart.

Plunge to the depths of your grief,
And if, perhaps, half-forgotten sorrows

Have slept in your anguished breast,
Awaken them with cruelly sweet desire.

Reckon your lost happinesses,
Count every flower in the paradise
From which, in the golden days of your youth,
The harsh hand of Fate banished you.

You have loved, you have known a happiness
Which eclipses all earthly bliss.
You have found a heart that understood you,
Attained the fairest goal of your wildest hopes.

Then a cruel decree dashed you down,
Down from your heaven, and your tranquil happiness,
Your all-too-beautiful vision returned
Once more to the better world whence it came.

Now all sweet bonds are torn asunder;
There is no longer a heart that beats for me
In all the world.

Mme. Amable Tastu

La feuille de peuplier (The Poplar Leaf)

Quivering leaf, moving
On your vacillating branch,
Are you never at rest?

One would think that a mighty wind
Shakes you, when the gentlest breeze
Slips through the boughs.

As from the Aeolian harp,
Each zephyr that flies away
Ravishes from you mournful sounds;

Even when nature slumbers,
I still hear your murmur
In the silence of the night.

When will your pliant branch
See you tranquil at last?
When will your voice fall silent?

When, torn from my bough,
On the dried grass I will go
To join my sisters in the woods!

Baronne A. de Brimont
Cygne sur l'eau (Swan on the Water)

My thought is a wise and harmonious swan
slowly gliding along the shores of ennui
over the bottomless waters of dream, of mirage,
of echo, of mist, of darkness, of the night.

Haughty lord carving a free space, he glides,
pursuing a vain, precious, mutable reflection,
and countless reeds bow as he passes,
dark and silent, on the threshold of a silver moon;

And each waterlily's white corolla
blossoms in turn with desire and hope...
but farther still, over mists and waters,
toward a fleeing unknown, glides the black swan.

Then I said: "Renounce, splendid swan of fancy,
this endless journey toward an uncertain fate;
no Shangri-la, no exotic America
will welcome you in a secure haven;

The fragrant coves, the immortal isles
hold perilous reefs for you, black Swan;
remain on the lakes which mirror these faithful
clouds, these flowers, these stars, and these eyes."

Hélène Vacaresco
Plus Vite (Swifter)

Stirred by the evening air,
How swiftly runs the brook!
But swifter still
Is a bird.

Joyfully to its inviting nest
It darts at the end of day;
But swifter still
Is love!

For the anxious heart trembles
Over the churning waters of fate;
But swifter still,
Ah! is death!

Sheltered by innocence, the days
See its branches fall upon them,
And swifter still
Come flowers upon the graves!

Comtesse Maurice Roch de Louvencourt
Les nuages (The Clouds)

See them drifting under monotonous skies,
These white clouds dappled in blue and grey?
Relentlessly the harsh autumn wind chases
And pushes them onward to destruction.

They seem terrified and distraught;
As soon as I admire them, they melt away;
And suddenly my heart fills with sorrow:
I want to gaze upon them, but they die too soon!

As I see them rush by, Youth, I think of you,
Fleeing under the wind of disillusion,
Your wings, breaking against the reef of deception,
Scatter in shreds like a flight of doves.

We call you back in vain; inexorably you depart;
For you we long, we wait, forever we mourn,
And we remain with intolerable emptiness,
For as you left, you took our hopes, our loves.

With too cruel a hand you tore away from us
So many hearts lit by the rays of your Faith!
This is why, images of lace, in following you
Often my eyes grow sad despite myself.

Eleonore van der Straten *Unvergänglichkeit (Eternity)*

Your noble white hands set my soul to rest.
When you bless the crown of my head,
I close my eyes and whisper softly only: "You!"
And worlds sink into nothingness, the seas roar muffled and vast;
Your noble white hands are immutable eternity to me.

Das eilende Bächlein (The Rushing Brook)

Little brook, how you can hurry,
Busily rushing without rest or peace!
How you carry pebbles with you;
I watch you so gladly!

But the brook speaks to me:
"Do you see, dear child,
How the wave ebbs and flows
And hastens away?"

"Every drop is a day,
Every wave is a year,
And you, you simply stand on the bank,
Saying to yourself quietly: 'It was.'"

Das schlafende Kind (The Sleeping Child)

When you sleep, I bless you, child,
Bless you on your pillows.
When you smile brightly in your dreams,
I want to ask: may I know what angel just sang to you?

But I want to let you dream,
For nothing is lovelier than a dream.
And you should never know
That happiness also is only a dream.

Stärker als der Tod (Stronger than Death)

Take the heavy thornwreath from my white hair,
The wreath of dark, painful thoughts.
Let creep around my weary head vine-leaves of joy.

The grape leaf should teach me through his ruddy splendor
That love is a mighty power
And even stronger than death.

Unvergänglichheit (Eternity)

Your noble white hands set my soul to rest.
When you bless the crown of my head,
I close my eyes and whisper softly only: "You!"
And worlds sink into nothingness, the seas roar muffled and vast;
Your noble white hands are immutable eternity to me.

Phyllis McGinley

Three Painters

Marc Chagall

On the Farther Wall, Marc Chagall.
One eye without a head to wear it
Sits on the pathway and a chicken
Pursued perhaps by astral ferret, flees
While the plot begins to thicken
Two lovers kiss
Their hair is kelp
Nor are the titles any help.

Grandma Moses

In pictures by Grandma Moses
The people have no noses.

Jackson Pollock

Jackson Pollock had a quaint way of saying to his Sibyl
Shall I dribble should I paint
And with never an instant's quibble
Sibyl always answered dribble

Translations: Georgine Resick (German), Catherine Perry (French)

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 disc of songs by Grechaninov (BRIDGE 9142). 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.

Producer: Judith Sherman
Engineer: Judith Sherman
Engineering and editing assistant: Jeanne Velonis
Graphic Design: Alexis Napoliello
Photograph: Alexis Napoliello
Recorded January 12, 13, 15, 16, 1997 at the Purchase College Conservatory of Music,
Purchase, New York.

Publishers: Harbison, *Mirabai Songs*: Associated Music Publishers (BMI) (G. Schirmer), 1983, Translations Robert Bly; Red Ozier Press (1980); Schubert Songs: Peters and Breitkopf & Härtel; Camille St. Saëns, *La feuille de peuplier*: Durand, (composed in 1854); Gabriel Fauré, *Cygne sur l'eau* (from "Mirages"): Durand, (1919); Jules Massenet, *Plus vite*: United Music Publishers Ltd. (composed in 1892); Jules Massenet, *Les nuages* (from "Expressions Lyriques"): Recital Publications Reprint (composed in 1913); Erich Korngold, *Unvergänglichkeit*: B. Schott's Söhne (composed in 1935); Richard Wilson, *Three Painters*: Peermusic Classical (ASCAP). Poems set in *Three Painters* are from *Times Three* © 1955 by Phyllis McGinley; Renewed © 1983 by Phyllis Hayden Blake. Originally published in *The New Yorker*. Used by permission of Viking Penguin, Inc. The songs are dedicated to Barbara Haskell. They were premiered by Paul Sperry and Irma Vallecillo on May 8, 1985 at Bard College.

This recording is made possible in part by support from the Institute for Scholarship in the Liberal Arts and the Music Department of the University of Notre Dame, along with the Bohnen Fund for Excellence in the Arts.

Executive Producers: David and Becky Starobin
For Bridge Records: Ashley Arrington, Kelly Ferriter, Alexis Napoliello, Daniel Singer and Robert Starobin

Bridge Records, Inc

200 Clinton Avenue · New Rochelle, NY · 10801

For information about Bridge releases and to join our mailing list:

Email: Bridge@bridgerecords.com

www.BridgeRecords.com · Robert Starobin, webmaster

