

THE ART OF  
Elaine Bonazzi, *mezzo-soprano*

**From Scherzi Musicali (6:05)**

**Claudio Monteverdi**  
(1567-1643)

- 1 Io ch'armato sin hor (2:01)
- 2 Eri già tutta mia (3:16)
- 3 Maledetto sia l'aspetto (:48)

**4 Messenger's scene from L'Orfeo (4:48)**

Elaine Bonazzi, mezzo-soprano  
Ellen Mack, piano

**A Charm of Lullabies, Op. 41 (13:50) Benjamin Britten**

(1913-1976)

- 5 I Sleep, sleep, beauty bright (2:20)
- 6 II The Highland Balou (2:09)
- 7 III Sephestia's Lullaby (2:24)
- 8 IV A Charm (1:53)
- 9 V The Nurse's Song (5:04)

Elaine Bonazzi, mezzo-soprano  
Ellen Mack, piano

**Two Songs, Op. 91 (12:03)**

**Johannes Brahms**  
(1833-1897)

- 10 I Gestillte Sehnsucht (6:17)
- 11 II Geistliches Wiegenlied (5:46)

Elaine Bonazzi, mezzo-soprano  
Karen Tuttle, viola  
Ellen Mack, piano

**Chansons Madécasses (1926) (15:18)**

**Maurice Ravel**  
(1875-1937)

- 12 I Nahandove (5:58)
- 13 II Aoua! (4:25)
- 14 III Il est doux (4:55)

Elaine Bonazzi, mezzo-soprano  
Timothy Day, flute  
Stephen Kates, violoncello  
Ellen Mack, piano

## THE ART OF ELAINE BONAZZI

The career of mezzo-soprano Elaine Bonazzi has been an extraordinary one—not only for its impressive achievements, but also for its amazing variety and longevity. Called “a fantastically gifted actress and singer” by *The Washington Post*, Bonazzi earned a singular reputation for her vivid and memorable portrayals on the opera stage and she is, to date, credited with having participated in more operatic premieres than any other living American singer. As an oratorio and orchestral soloist, she was one of the leading mezzos of her generation and she was equally at home on the recital and concert stage.

Elaine Bonazzi was born in Endicott, New York, to a family of sculptors and granite carvers. She began to sing at an early age and was known as the “baby contralto from Endicott.” She went to the Eastman School of Music, where her vocal and dramatic gifts were already in evidence; she sang the title role in Menotti’s *The Medium* while still in her teens. After earning her degree, Bonazzi immediately headed to New York; in her words, she “started singing and never stopped.” Unlike most singers of her generation, who felt it necessary to go to Europe to start their careers, she found her early opportunities at home. She won several awards, including the Concert Artists Guild and a Sullivan Foundation Career Grant, and was soon working as a professional singer. Her teachers have included Elisabeth Schumann (with whom Bonazzi studied while she was in her teens, in the last months of the great soprano’s life), the famed mezzo Jennie Tourel, and, for many years, Aldo di Tullio.

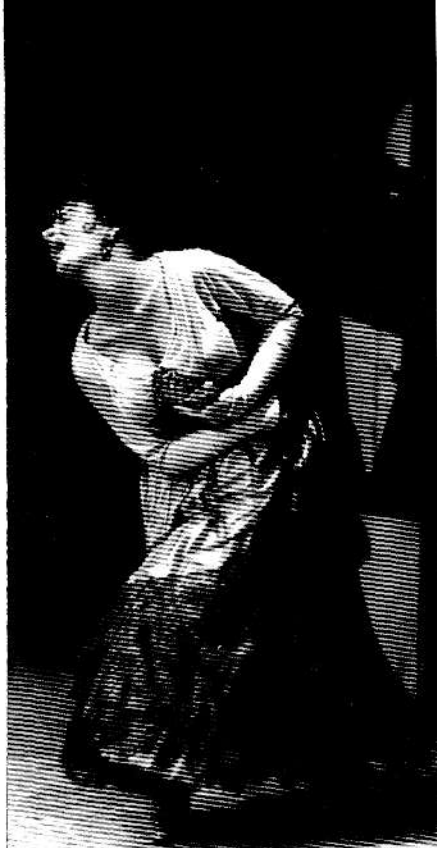
Bonazzi’s operatic career was characterized by longtime affiliations with a number of important companies. These included the Santa Fe Opera, the New York City Opera, the Washington Opera, and the Opera Theatre of Saint Louis. John

Crosby, who had just founded the Santa Fe Opera when Bonazzi began her career, was one of the first to engage her. She made her debut there in 1958 in the role of Meg Page in *Falstaff*. In Santa Fe, over the next 35 years, she sang everything from the title roles in *Carmen*, *Regina*, and *The Grand Duchess of Gerolstein*, to important roles in the American premieres of Berg’s *Lulu* (as Countess Geschwitz), Hindemith’s *News of the Day* (with Hindemith conducting), and *Yerma*, by Villa-Lobos. It was at Santa Fe that she began a long association with Igor Stravinsky, when she played Baba the Turk in *The Rake’s Progress* in a production supervised by the composer. She was subsequently chosen by Stravinsky for a number of premieres and first American performances, including the *Requiem Canticles*, which she recorded, and *Le Rossignol* at The Washington Opera, which she also recorded. Her farewell role at Santa Fe was as Mrs. Peachum in *The Beggar’s Opera*, a highly successful performance.

At New York City Opera, where Bonazzi made her debut in 1965 in the premiere of Ned Rorem’s three-character opera, *Miss Julie*, she sang many roles over the next three decades. Other important premieres included Argento’s *Havisham’s Fire* and the first American production of Weill’s *Silverlake*. She was in new productions of *Capriccio* and *The Mikado* and she was cast by Stephen Sondheim as Mrs. Lovett in his *Sweeney Todd*, directed by Hal Prince, and Madame Armfeldt



As Christine in *Miss Julie* with Donald Gramm - New York City Opera



As Carmen in *Carmen* - Santa Fe Opera

in *A Little Night Music*, directed by Scott Ellis. The *New York Times* described her portrayal of Mrs. Lovett as “a combination of Lucy Ricardo, The Madwoman of Chailot and Baby Jane Hudson—all of whom Miss Bonazzi managed to reconcile. She utilized her deep contralto voice with consummate skill.” *New York Magazine* called her Madame Armfeldt “a marvel.”

At the Kennedy Center, where Bonazzi was also a longtime favorite with the Washington Opera, she won critical acclaim for her hilarious Queen Isabella in Offenbach’s *Christopher Columbus* and in the dual role of the Foreign Singer and the Lady With a Hat Box in Argento’s *Postcard From Morocco*. *Opera* magazine said “this was great art, and the audience recognized it as such with a long ovation.” Curiously enough, her last role in Washington was one of the first that she had sung there thirty years earlier, the Countess in *Pique Dame*. The *Washington Post* called it “one of the highlights of the season...her singing was powerful musically and dramatically.” Similarly, at the Opera Theatre of Saint Louis, Bonazzi



In the Title Role in *La Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein* - Santa Fe Opera

performed a wide variety of roles, including the 30<sup>th</sup> anniversary production of Barber's *Vanessa* as the Baroness and Dame Quickly in *Falstaff*. And it was in St. Louis that she sang one of her last roles, Lady Neville in David Carlson's *Midnight Angel*, a part which was written for her and which she repeated at the Glimmerglass Opera and at Sacramento Opera with great success. The *San Francisco Examiner* said, "She comported herself with admirable hauteur, her manner aristocratic and her voice still capable of doing her bidding. These may have been her two finest hours."

Other American companies with which Bonazzi appeared included the Metropolitan Opera at the Forum, in its only season of chamber opera; here she played the Sorceress in Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas* and the title role in Maurice Ohana's *Syllabaire pour Phèdre*. She also sang with the companies of Boston, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Baltimore, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Houston, Minnesota, Cincinnati, Wolf Trap, Seattle, Dallas, Houston, and many others. She has been seen, as well, on every major television network in America, in performances that included the premiere of Menotti's *The Labyrinth*, David Amram's holocaust opera, *The Final Ingredient*, and a memorable performance as Mary Todd Lincoln in Thomas Pasatieri's Emmy-award-winning *The Trial of Mary Lincoln* for PBS. *Opera News* called it "a real star performance" and a "magnificent tour de force."



As The Spy in *Labyrinth* by Menotti, with John Reardon & Judith Raskin NBC TV premiere

Bonazzi's performances have also taken her to Canada, Mexico, Central and South America,

and Europe. She sang Augusta Tabor in the European premiere of *The Ballad of Baby Doe* at the Berlin Festival; of her debut there, *Der Tagespiegel* said "her powerful contralto voice is equal to the demands of the great operatic stages." She also repeated her performance of Countess Geschwitz in Spoleto, with Roman Polanski directing, and she sang that role again with the Netherlands Opera with Teresa Stratas as Lulu. At the Bellas Artes in Mexico City she premiered the opera *Panfilo and Lauretta* by Carlos Chavez and later returned there to sing Dorabella in *Così fan Tutte* and Nicklausse in *Tales of Hoffman*, the latter with Plácido Domingo and Beverly Sills. In several seasons at the Festival d'Opera Barocca in Venice and Vicenza she sang, among others, leading roles in Steffani's *Tassilone* and *Niobe*. In Amsterdam, where she sang the Countess in the Netherland Opera's production of *Pique Dame*, *Handelsblad* called her performance "a towering portrayal" and *Financieel Dagblad* reported that she "gave this role a breathtaking and brilliant performance." In Edmonton and Winnipeg, her portrayal of Madame de Croissy in *Dialogues of the Carmelites* was described by *Opera Digest* as "a performance to cherish." Elaine Bonazzi made her farewell to the opera stage in 1996 at the Glimmerglass Opera as Linfea in Cavalli's *La Calisto*, which was recorded by the BBC. The *London Times* wrote, "the show was nearly stolen by Elaine Bonazzi. She was hilarious and oddly touching."

As successful as was her opera career,



As Dorabella in *Così Fan Tutte* with Phyllis Curtin - Cincinnati Opera

Bonazzi was in no less demand as an oratorio and concert soloist. She earned a niche for herself as a superb Bach singer, appearing at the Bethlehem (Pennsylvania) Bach Festival for many seasons. She also performed at the Bach festivals in Winter Park, Baldwin-Wallace College, Basically Bach (Lincoln Center), Kalamazoo, Leipzig, and Berlin. In much demand as a Baroque singer, she participated in the first modern performances of rediscovered masterworks by Vivaldi, Scarlatti, Handel, Steffani, Cavalli, Sammartini, and Pergolesi. When she sang in Scarlatti's *Il Primo Omicidio*, *The New York Times* said, "Elaine Bonazzi sang brilliantly as the voice of God." She also sang Juno to Beverly Sills's *Semele* with the Cleveland Orchestra at the Waterloo and Caramoor festivals. *The New York Times* called her performance "marvelous" and said that she was "the dramatic star of the evening."

Early in Elaine Bonazzi's career, when Leopold Stokowski was finishing his final seasons in the United States, the maestro invited her to be the soloist in Prokofiev's *Alexander Nevsky* with his American Symphony and also with the Philadelphia Orchestra at the Mann Center. Subsequently, she appeared with



As Prince Orlofsky in *Die Fledermaus* - Santa Fe Opera



Backstage with concertmaster Anshel Brusilow before the Philadelphia Orchestra's performance of *Alexander Nevsky*, Leopold Stokowski conducting.



nearly every important American orchestra, including the New York Philharmonic, the National Symphony Orchestra, and the orchestras of Baltimore, Boston, Detroit, Cincinnati, Cleveland, and Minnesota, to name a few, as well as with the symphony orchestras of Venezuela and Colombia, under the batons of Bernstein, Maazel, Boulez, Rudolf, de Waart, Ehrling, Commissiona, Skrowacewski, Tilson Thomas, Shaw, Foss, Vonk and Gerard Schwarz.

Unlike many opera singers, Elaine Bonazzi was able to make a successful transition to the intimate recital stage. Of her Chicago recital debut, Claudia Cassidy wrote in the *Chicago Tribune* that her voice was both "subtle and beautiful." When she sang her first Washington recital, *Musical America* said "it was so very special as to belong to the city's annals of great concerts." The *Baltimore Sun* reported, "she demonstrated that she is one of the great interpreters of vocal music" and The *New York Times* remarked, "the way she faded out the end of the Britten cycle, drifting with absolute control into inaudibility, was itself worth the price of admission." (That same cycle is included in this recording.) At The Library of Congress, Bonazzi performed many recitals, including performances of the songs of Erich Korngold, Aaron Copland, and David Diamond, as well as the first performance of the Andrew Porter English translation of *Pierrot Lunaire*. The *Washington Post* called it "one of the genuinely formidable programs of the concert year" and said that Bonazzi was "superb" in this "awesomely difficult" part. So successful was she



As Queen Isabela in *Christopher Columbus*  
with Neil Rosenshein  
Washington Opera, Kennedy Center

in this genre, that such composers as Leonard Bernstein, Virgil Thomson, Aaron Copland, Lukas Foss, Robert Starer, Michael Colgrass, Ned Rorem, and Elie Siegmeister, personally chose her to premiere their songs and chamber works. In Europe, she was heard in radio recitals and opera broadcasts in Venice, Rome, Paris, Frankfurt, and Amsterdam.

In 1985, when this recording was made, Byron Belt, writing for *Newhouse Newspapers*, summed up what composers, audiences, and critics alike had felt about this unique singer for many years: "Elaine Bonazzi is the rarest of artists—a superb performer who is admired deeply... as a singer and woman who is sensitive, gifted and able to communicate music and the meaning of words as few stars of the stage can achieve so consistently."

Now retired from singing, Elaine Bonazzi has added a new star to her crown as one of the leading vocal pedagogues in America. She is an Artist in Residence at SUNY/Stony Brook and maintains a private voice studio in New York City. She is a frequent judge at international competitions, including the Metropolitan Opera National Council Auditions, and she gives master classes throughout the United States and Europe. Her students are singing at the Metropolitan Opera, New York City Opera, Paris Opera, Covent Garden, and elsewhere. It was while



As Baba the Turk in  
*The Rake's Progress*  
by Stravinsky - Santa Fe Opera

Bonazzi was teaching at The Peabody Conservatory of Music in Baltimore that this recording was made. Originally intended as one of a series of commercial recordings featuring outstanding Peabody faculty, it was never released due to contractual complications.

The recital program on this disc is an admirable showcase for the wide range of Elaine Bonazzi's interpretive skills. The three Monteverdi songs are from the *Scherzi Musicali* of 1632. Here, Monteverdi's remarkable word painting is always in evidence. The Messenger's scene from *l'Orfeo* is filled with the drama and passion of his first operatic masterpiece, composed in 1607. Britten's *A Charm of Lullabies* was written in 1947 for the British mezzo, Nancy Evans, who created the role of Nancy in *Albert Herring*. Such poets as William Blake and Robert Burns inspired Britten to create lullabies that are, in turn, haunting, ironic, and touching. The *Two Songs*, Op.91 are the only solo vocal chamber music by Brahms and are among the best in his extensive song catalog. *Geistliches Wiegenlied* was written first, in 1864, as a gift to Joseph and Amalie Joachim, on the birth of their son, and *Gestillte Sehnsucht* was written twenty years later as a companion piece. The viola is treated as an equal partner to the alto voice and its rich timbre is deftly woven into the fabric of the songs. The *Chansons Madécasses* were written by Ravel in 1926, on a commission from Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge. Ravel chose the poetry of Evariset Parry, a Créole who had based his exotic poems on original Madagascan sources. Written as a quartet, in which the voice is the principal instrument, Ravel called them "dramatic and even erotic." According to Ravel biographer Rollo Myers, they are his only works in which "flesh and blood emotions are depicted."

~ Notes by Noel Lester

## MONTEVERDI from *Scherzi Musicali*

### "Io ch'armato sin hor"

Io ch'armato sin hor d'un duro gelo  
degli assalti d'amor potei di fendermi  
ne l'infocato suo pungente telo puote  
l'alma passar o'l petto offendermi  
Hor che il tutto si cangia al novo cielo  
A due begli occhi ancor non dovea a rendermi  
si si disarmo il solito rigore arda  
dunque d'amor arda il mio core.

### "Eri già tutta mia"

Eri già tutta mia, mia quel'alma a quel core,  
chi da me ti desvia: novo laccio d'amore?  
Sol per me gl'occhi belli rivolgevi ridenti,  
per me d'oro i capelli si spiegavan a i venti.  
Il gioir nel mio viso: Ah che più non rimiri.  
Il mio canto, il mio riso è converso in martiri.  
O bellezz'o valore, o mirabil constanza,  
ove sei tu? Eri già tutta mia;  
Hor non sie più. Ah, che mia non sei più.

### "Maledetto sia l'aspetto"

Maledetto sia l'aspetto che m'arde tristo me!  
Poich'io sento rio tormento poich'io moro ne  
ristoro ha mia fè sol per te. Maledetto sia  
l'aspetto che m'arde tristo me!  
Maledetta la saetta ch'impiego ne morro;  
così vuole il mio sole così brama chi disama  
quanto può—che farò? Maledetta la saetta  
ch'impiego ne morro.  
Donna rìa morte mia vuol così chi ferì.  
Prende gioco del mio foco; vuol ch'io peni,  
che mi sveni; morrò qui, fiero di; donna  
rìa morte mia vuol così chi ferì.

### "I Was, Until Now, Armed"

I was, until now, armed with the  
hardest ice against the warmth of  
love. Now all is changing—two  
beautiful eyes are disarming my  
usual strictness. Now let my heart  
be fire!

### "Once You Were Mine"

Once you were mine; you gave me  
your soul and your heart; we were  
ensnared by love. Only to me did  
you turn your laughing eyes. Only  
for me did your golden hair enfold  
in the wind. Oh valorous beauty, oh  
admirable constancy—where are  
you? You were mine, but no longer.

### "Cursed Is Your Countenance"

Cursed is your countenance,  
burning into my unhappiness--  
I feel wickedly tormented then I die  
without my faith being restored.  
Cursed is the arrow that wounded but  
did not kill. It wishes for the sun and  
desires it to examine how much more  
it can do. The lady jeers at my  
dying, wishing to make me swoon  
and die. The lady jeers at my dying,  
wishing thus to wound me.

## MONTEVERDI MESSENGER'S SCENE FROM L'ORFEO

In un fiorito prato con l'altre sue compagne giva cogliendo fiori per farne una ghirlanda a le sue chiome, quand'angue insidioso ch'era fra l'erbe ascoso, le punse un piè con velenoso dente. Ed ecco immantinente scolorirsi il bel viso e ne suoi lumi sparir que' lampi ond'ella al sol fea scorno all'hor noi tutti sbigottite e meste le fummo intorno richiamar tentando li spirti in lei smarriti con l'onda fresca e con possenti carmi, ma nulla valse, ah! lassa ch'ella I languidi lumi alquanto aprendo e ti chiamando Orfeo, Orfeo. Dopo un grave sospiro, spirò fra queste braccia ed io rimasi piena il cor di pietade e di spavento. Ma io ch'in questa lingua ho portato il coltello c'ha svenata ad Orfeo l'anima amante. Odiosa ai Pastorie a le Ninfe, odiosa a me stessa ove m'ascondo notola infausta il sole fuggirò sempre e in solitario speco Menero vita al mio dolor conforme.

*(The Messenger relates to Orpheus the circumstances of the death of Euridice):*

In a flowering field she and her companions gathered blossoms to make a garland for her hair. Suddenly a serpent that had been hiding in the grasses punctured her foot with his venomous fangs. Instantly her lovely face paled, and in those eyes whose luster had shamed even the sun, the light was extinguished. Dismayed, we bathed her forehead with cool water, trying to recall her ebbing spirit. And we called for heaven's help, but in vain. Her languid eyes opened a bit and she cried out for you, "Orpheus, Orpheus!" After a deep sigh she died in these arms, and I was filled with pity and terror. And now I, with my words, have brought a knife that has wounded Orpheus. Odious are the shepherds and nymphs, and odious am I. Now I shall be an outcast; I will ever hide from the sunlight. In a lonely cave I shall live life conforming to my pain.

## BRITTEN A CHARM OF LULLABIES, OP. 41

### "Sleep, sleep, beauty bright"

*(poem by William Blake)*

Sleep, sleep, beauty bright,  
Dreaming o'er the joys of night;  
Sleep, sleep, in thy sleep  
Little sorrows sit and weep.

Sweet babe, in thy face  
Soft desires I can trace,  
Secret joys and secret smiles,  
Little pretty infant wiles.

O! the cunning wiles that creep  
In thy little heart asleep.  
When thy little heart does wake  
Then the dreadful lightnings break,

From thy cheek and from thy eye,  
O'er the youthful harvests nigh.  
Infant wiles and infant smiles  
Heaven and Earth of peace beguiles.

### "The Highland Balou"

*(poem by Robert Burns)*

Hee Balou, my sweet wee Donald,  
Picture o' the great Clanronald!  
Brawlic kens our wanton Chief  
What gat my young Highland thief.  
(Hee Balou!)

Leeze me on they bonnie craigie!  
And thou live, thou'll steal a naigie,  
Travel the county thro' and thro',  
And bring hame a Carlisle cow!

Thro' the Lawlands, o'er the Border, Weel, my  
babie, may thou furder!  
Herry the louns o' the laigh Countrie,  
Synce to the Highlands hame to me!  
(Hee Balou!)

### "Sephestia's Lullaby"

*(poem by Robert Greene)*

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee;  
When thou art old there's grief enough for  
thee.

Mother's wag, pretty boy,  
Father's sorrow, father's joy;  
When thy father first did see  
Such a boy by him and me,

He was glad, I was woe;  
Fortune changed made him so,  
When he left his pretty boy,  
Last his sorrow, first his joy

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee;  
When thou art old there's grief enough for  
thee

The wanton smiled, father wept,  
Mother cried, baby leapt;  
More he crow'ed, more we cried,  
Nature could not sorrow hide:

He must go, he must kiss  
Child and mother, baby bliss,  
For he left his pretty boy,  
Father's sorrow, father's joy.



Weep not my wanton, smile upon my knee  
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.

**"A charm"**

(poem by Thomas Randolph)

Quiet!  
Sleep! Or I will make  
Erinnys whip thee with a snake,  
And cruel Rhadamanthus take  
Thy body to the boiling lake,  
Where fire and brimstone never slake;  
Thy heart shall burn, thy head shall ache,  
And ev'ry joint about thee quake;  
And therefore dare not yet to wake!  
Quiet, sleep!  
Quiet, sleep!  
Quiet!

Quiet!  
Sleep! Or thou shalt see  
The horrid hags of Tartary,  
Whose tresses ugly serpents be,  
And Cerberus shall bark at thee,  
And all the Furies that are three  
The worst is called Tisiphone,  
Shall lash thee to eternity;  
And therefore sleep thou peacefully  
Quiet, sleep!  
Quiet, sleep!  
Quiet!

**"The Nurse's Song"**

(poem by John Phillip)

Lullaby baby, Lullabybaby baby,  
Thy nurse will tend thee as duly as may be.  
Lullaby baby!

Be still, my sweet sweetening, no longer do cry;  
Sing lullaby baby, lullaby baby.  
Let dolours be fleeting, I fancy thee, I ...  
To rock and to lull thee I will not delay me.

Lullaby baby,  
Lullabybabybaby baby,  
Thy nurse will tend thee as duly as may be  
Lullabybabybaby baby

The gods be thy shield and comfort in need!  
The gods be thy shield and comfort in need!  
Sing Lullaby baby,  
Lullabybaby baby

They give thee good fortune and well for to speed,  
And this to desire...I will not delay me.  
This to desire...I will not delay me.

Lullaby baby, lullabybaby baby,  
Thy nurse will tend thee as duly as may be.  
Lullabybabybabybaby baby.

**BRAHMS TWO SONGS FOR ALTO, VIOLA, AND PIANO, OP. 91**

**"Gestillte Sehnsucht"**

(poetry by Friedrich Rückert)

In gold'nen Abendschein getaucht,  
Wie feierlich die Wälder steh'n!  
In leise Stimmen der Vög'lein hauchet  
Des Abendwindes leises Weh'n.  
Was lispeln die Winde, die Vögelein?  
Sie lispeln die Welt in Schlummer ein.

Ihr Wünsche, die ihr stets euch reget  
Im Herzen sonder Rast und Ruh'!  
Du Sehnen, das die Brust beweget,  
Wann ruhest du, wann schlummerst du?  
Beim Lispeln der Winde, der Vögelein,  
Ihr Sehrenden Wünsche, wann schlaft  
ihr ein?

Ach, wenn nicht mehr in gold'ne Fernen  
Mein Geist auf Traumgefieder eilt,  
Nicht mehr an ewig fernen Sternen  
Mit sehndem Blick mein Auge weilt;  
Dann lispeln die Winde, die Vögelein  
Mit meinem Sehnen mein Leben ein.

**"Geistliches Wiegenlied"**

(Poetry by Giebel, from the Spanish of Lope de Vega)

Die ihr schwebet um diese Palmen  
In Nacht und Wind.  
Ihr heil'gen Engel, stillt die Wipfel!  
Es schlummert mein Kind.  
Ihr Palmen von Bethlehem in Windesbrausen,  
Wie mögt ihr heute so zornig sausen!

**"Silent Longing"**

Steeped in a golden evening glow,  
how solemnly the forests stand!  
In gentle voices the little birds breathe  
into the soft fluttering of evening breezes.  
What does the wind whisper, and the little  
birds? They whisper the world into sleep.

You, my desires, that stir in my heart  
without rest or calm! You longings  
that move my heart, when will you rest.  
When will you sleep? By the whispering of  
the wind, and of the little birds? You  
desires, when will you fall asleep?

Alas, when no longer into the golden  
distance does my spirit hurry on dream-  
wings, when no more on the infinitely  
distant stars does my gaze longingly rest;  
Then the wind and the little birds will  
whisper my longing away, with my life.

**"Sacred Lullaby"**

Ye who float around these palms in  
night and wind, you sacred angels,  
Silence the treetops, my child is sleeping.

You palms of Bethlehem in the raging  
wind, how can you today bluster so furiously!

O rauscht nicht also! Schweiget, neiget  
Euch leis' und lind,  
Stillet die Wipfel, stilltet die Wipfel!  
Es schlummert mein Kind.  
Der himmelsknabe duldet Beschwerde;  
Ach, wie so müd'er ward vom Leid  
Der Erde.

Ach, nun im Schlaf ihm leise gesänftigt,  
Die Qual zerrinnt,  
Stillet die Wipfel, stilltet die Wipfel,  
Es schlummert mein Kind.  
Grimmige Kälte sauset hernieder,  
Womit nur deck' ich des Kindleins Glieder!

O all ihr Engel, die ihr geflügelt  
Wandelt im Wind,  
Stillet die Wipfel, stilltet die Wipfel,  
Es schlummert mein Kind.

O rage not so! Be calm, bow softly and  
gently; silence the treetops!  
My child is sleeping.

The child of heaven endures the discomfort,  
oh, how exhausted he has become of earthly  
grief.

Oh, now in slumber, softened gently,  
his pain fades, silence the treetops!  
My child is sleeping.

Fierce cold comes raging,  
how shall I cover the little child's limbs?

O all you angels, you flying ones  
wandering in the wind.  
Silence the treetops!  
My child is sleeping.

RAVEL CHANSONS MADÉCASSES (POETRY BY ÉVARISTE DÉSIRE DE FORGES PARNEY)

"Nahandove"

Nahandove, ô belle Nahandove! L'oiseau nocturne a  
commencé ses cris, la pleine lune brille sur ma tête, et  
la rosée naissante humecte mes cheveux. Voici  
l'heure: qui peut t'arrêter. Nahandove, ô belle  
Nahandove!

Le lit de feuilles est préparé; je l'ai parsemé de fleurs  
et d'herbes odoriférantes; il est digne de tes charmes.  
Nahandove, ô belle Nahandove!

Elle vient. J'ai reconnu la respiration précipitée que  
donne une marche rapide; j'entends le froissement de  
la pagne qui l'enveloppe; c'est elle c'est Nahandove,  
la belle Nahandove!

Reprends haleine, ma jeune amie; repose-toi sur mes  
genoux. Que tons regard est enchanteur! Que le mou-  
vement de ton sein est vif et délicieux sous la main  
qui le presse! Tu souris, Nahandove, ô belle  
Nahandove!

Tes baisers pénètrent jusqu'à l'âme; tes caresses brû-  
lent tous mes sens; arête, ou je vais mourir. Meurt-  
on de volupté, Nahandove, ô belle Nahandove?

Le plaisir passé comme un éclair. Ta douce haleine  
s'affaiblit, tes yeux humides se referment, ta tête se  
penche mollement, et tes transports s'éteignent dans  
la langueur. Jamais tu ne fus si belle, Nahandove, ô  
belle Nahandove!

Tu pars, et je vais languir dans les regrets et les désirs.  
Je languirai jusqu'au soir. Tu reviendras ce soir,  
Nahandove, ô belle Nahandove!

"Nahandove"

Nahandove, oh beautiful Nahandove! The noctur-  
nal bird has begun its cries, the full moon shines  
over my head, and the first dew is moistening my  
hair. Now is the time: who can be delaying you?  
Oh beautiful Nahandove!

The bed of leaves is ready; I have strewn flowers  
and aromatic herbs; it is worthy of your charms,  
oh beautiful Nahandove!

She comes. I recognize the rapid breathing of  
someone walking quickly; I hear the rustle of her  
skirt. It is she, it is the beautiful Nahandove!

Catch your breath, my young love; rest on my lap.  
How enchanting your gaze is, how lively and  
delightful the motion of your breast as my hand  
presses it! You smile, oh beautiful Nahandove!

Your kisses penetrate into my soul; your caresses  
burn all my senses. Stop or I will die! Can one die  
of ecstasy? Oh beautiful Nahandove!

Pleasure passes like a flash; your sweet breathing  
becomes calmer, your moist eyes close again, your  
head droops, and your raptures fade into weariness.  
Never were you so beautiful, oh beautiful  
Nahandove!

Now you are leaving, and I will languish in sad-  
ness and desires. I will languish until sunset. You  
will return this evening, oh beautiful Nahandove!

**"Aoua!"**

Aoua! Aoua! Méfiez-vous des Blancs, habitants du rivage. Du temps de nos pères, des Blancs descendirent dans cette île. On leur dit: Voilà des terres, que vos femmes les cultivent; soyez justes, soyez bons, et devenez nos frères.

Les Blancs promirent, et cependant ils faisaient des retranchements. Un fort menaçant s'éleva; le tonnerre fut renfermé dans des bouches d'airain; leurs prêtres voulurent nous donner un Dieu que nous ne connaissons pas, ils parlèrent enfin d'obéissance et d'esclavage.

Plutôt la mort. Le carnage fut long et terrible; mais malgré la foudre qu'ils vomissaient, et qui érasait des armées entières, ils furent tous exterminés.

Aoua! Aoua! Méfiez-vous des Blancs!

Nous avons vu de nouveaux tyrans, plus forts et plus nombreux, planter leur pavillon sur le rivage: le ciel a combattu pour nous; il a fait tomber sur eux les pluies, les tempêtes et les vents empoisonnés. Ils ne sont plus, et nous vivons, et nous vivons libres.

Aoua! Aoua! Méfiez-vous des Blancs, habitants du rivage.

**"Awa!"**

Awa! Awa! Do not trust the white men, you shore-dwellers! In our fathers' day, white men came to this island. "Here is some land," they were told, "your women may cultivate it. Be just, be kind, and become our brothers."

The whites promised, and all the while they were making entrenchments. They built a menacing fort, and they held thunder captive in brass cannon; their priests tried to give us a God we did not know; and later they spoke of obedience and slavery.

Death would be preferable! The carnage was long and terrible; but despite their vomiting thunder which crushed whole armies, they were all wiped out.

Awa! Awa! Do not trust the white man!

We saw new tyrants, stronger and more numerous, pitching tents on the shore. Heaven fought for us. It caused rain, tempests and poison winds to fall on them. They are dead, and we live, we live free!

Awa! Awa! Do not trust the white men, you shore-dwellers!

**"Il est doux"**

Il est doux de se coucher, durant la chaleur, sous un arbre touffu, et d'attendre que le vent du soir amène la fraîcheur.

Femmes, approchez. Tandis que je me repose ici sous un arbre touffu, occupez mon oreille par vos accents prolongés. Répétez la chanson de la jeune fille, lorsque ses doigts tressent la natte ou lorsqu'assise auprès du riz, elle chasse les oiseaux avides.

Le chant plaît à mon âme. La danse est pour moi presque aussi douce qu'un baiser. Que vos pas soient lents; qu'ils imitent les attitudes du plaisir et l'abandon de la volupté.

Le vent du soir se lève; la lune commence à briller au travers des arbres de la montagne. Allez, et préparez le repas.

**"It is sweet"**

It is sweet in the hot afternoon to lie under a leafy tree and wait for the evening breeze to bring coolness.

Come, women! While I rest here under a leafy tree, fill my ears with your sustained tones. Sing again the song of the girl plaiting her hair or the girl sitting near the ricefield chasing away the greedy birds.

Singing pleases my soul; and dancing is nearly as sweet as a kiss. Tread slowly, and make your steps suggest the postures of pleasure and ecstatic abandonment.

The breeze is starting to blow; the moon glitters through the mountain trees. Go and prepare the evening meal.

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Violist **Karen Tuttle** began her career as a violin virtuoso but later studied viola at the Curtis Institute with William Primrose, where she succeeded him as teacher of viola and chamber music. She also performed and studied with Pablo Casals at the Prades Festival and was a member of the Schneider, Galimir and Gotham String Quartets. A violist of legendary stature, Karen Tuttle has taught at Juilliard, Peabody, and Banff, in addition to her duties at Curtis. She was selected as the American String Teachers Association's 1994 Artist Teacher. Karen Tuttle has given master classes throughout Europe, Canada, and the United States.

Flutist **Timothy Day** is Professor of flute at the San Francisco Conservatory. He is a former principal flutist of the Baltimore Symphony, and faculty member of the Peabody Conservatory. In addition, he has been an acting member of the Minnesota Orchestra, Boston Symphony, and the San Francisco Symphony. Day has participated in music festivals in San Diego, St. Barts, Moab, and Montreal, and is a faculty member at the Music Academy of the West in Santa Barbara.

Cellist **Stephen Kates** was a silver medalist at the 1966 Tchaikovsky Competition after studies with Leonard Rose, Claus Adam, and Gregor Piatigorsky. A highly respected soloist and chamber musician, he appeared with most of America's major symphony orchestras, including those of Boston, Chicago, Los Angeles, New York, Philadelphia, and San Francisco, and in such chamber music festivals as Spoleto, Aspen, Gstaad, and Sitka. Kates performed at the White House for several presidents, as well as for a number of foreign dignitaries. He was in his 28<sup>th</sup> year as a professor of cello at the Peabody Conservatory of Music when he died at the age of 59 in 2003.

Pianist **Ellen Mack** is a graduate of the University of Southern California, where she studied with John Crown and Gwendolyn Koldovsky. She also studied at the Vienna State Academy on a Fullbright Scholarship. Mack was the official pianist for the Heifetz/Piatigorsky/Primrose Institute at USC and she has performed widely as a collaborative pianist with many distinguished soloists. Her recitals have taken her to major capitals of the world in Europe, Russia, and North America and she has given seminars and master classes in Asia and Canada. As a recording artist, Mack can be heard on Albany, CRI, and Educo Records. Ellen Mack is a member of the piano faculty of the Peabody Conservatory of Music in Baltimore, where she chairs the department.

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