

## Spanish Love Songs

### New York Festival of Song

*Lorraine Hunt Lieberson, mezzo-soprano*

*Joseph Kaiser, tenor*

*Steven Blier, piano*

*Michael Barrett, piano*

1 • *El mirar de la naja* (3:33) LHL, SB

Enrique Granados

2 • *Descubrase el pensamiento* (3:39) LHL, SB

Enrique Granados

3 • *Lavirà-Abril* (2:49) JK, SB

Juan Lamote de Grignon

4 • *Farruca* (3:56) LHL, MB

Joaquín Turina

From *Cuatro canciones sefardíes* (5-6)

Joaquín Rodrigo

5 • *Nani, nani* (3:56) LHL, MB

6 • *Una pastora yo ami* (2:03) JK, MB

7 • *El lagarto está llorando* (2:25) JK, SB

Xavier Montsalvatge

8 • *Damunt de tu només les flors* (4:05) JK, MB

Frederic Mompou

9 • *Le bachelier de Salamanque* (1:50) JK, SB

Albert Roussel

10 • *Vocalise-Habanera* (3:14) LHL, MB

Maurice Ravel

11 • *España* (4:05) LHL, JK, MB(1) SB(2)

Emmanuel Chabrier

12 • *Romanze* from the *Spanische Liebeslieder* (3:21) JK, SB(1), MB(2)

Robert Schumann

From the *Spanisches Liederbuch* (13-16)

Hugo Wolf

13 • *Liebe mir im Busen* (1:14) LHL, MB

14 • *Alle gingen, Herz, zur Ruh* (2:03) JK, MB

15 • *Auf dem grünen Balkon* (2:33) JK, SB

16 • *Komm, O Tod, von Nacht umgeben* (3:53) LHL, SB

17 • *De este apacible rincón* (from *Luisa Fernanda*) (3:08) JK, SB

Federico Moreno Torroba

18 • *De España vengo* (from *El niño judío*) (5:26) LHL, SB

Pablo Luna

19 • *La paloma* (5:35) LHL, JK, SB(1), MB(2)

Sebastián Yradier

20 • *Barcelona* (from *Company*) (3:08) LHL, JK, MB(1), SB(2)

Stephen Sondheim

Recorded in concert at the Caramoor Festival for the Performing Arts, July 9, 2004

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## NOTES ON THE PROGRAM

At once flirtatious, haunted, joyful, austere, and romantic, the music of Spain reflects its rich history and the staunch independence of its regions and languages. *Spanish Love Songs* takes a whirlwind tour of Iberian culture, from the mystically introspective to the opulently romantic—and makes a detour to explore its appeal to Northern European composers.

Decades before Spain had her own repertoire of *canción clásica*, French and German musicians mined Spanish themes for their newly burgeoning canon of art songs. In the mid-nineteenth century, the German poets Paul Heyse and his protégé Emanuel von Geibel published an enormously popular volume of Spanish poems translated into rhyming verse. Their readers loved the poems' playful charm but also identified with the darker elements of Iberian culture: its somber piousness and its soulful, death-haunted love lyrics.

**Robert Schumann** (1810-1856) was the first important German composer to write a Spanish pastiche Lied—"Der Hidalgo" in 1840, followed soon by an even wilder song, "Der Kontrabandiste." Pleased with the success of these ventures, he wrote a cycle for four voices and piano based on Heyse and Geibel's poems, the *Spanisches Liederspiel* (1848). He created the *Spanische Liebestlieder* a year later, this time adding a second pianist to the mix. In "Romanze," Schumann's delicate four-hand writing evokes the sounds of a guitar orchestra, punctuated by graceful obbligato lines.

Forty-three years later, **Hugo Wolf** (1860-1903) also created a song cycle from Geibel and Heyse's *Spanisches Liederspiel*. Some of these songs, like "Auf dem grünen Balkon," are imbued with the lightness and charm of Schumann's "Romanze." But many of them are daringly erotic and intense. Wolf emulated Wagner and was able to use his mentor's compositional methods within the confines of a three-minute song—brief leitmotifs and dense chromatic harmony that plunge us quickly into secret parts of the soul. In "Alle gingen, Herz, zur Ruh," a throbbing, uneven heartbeat in the piano shadows the singer as the vocal melody soars. Another syncopated rhythm underpins "Komm, O Tod," in which Wolf takes the listener to the outer limits of tonality. The tarantella-motif in "Liebe mir im Busen" evokes the consuming fire of love, teetering between exuberance and torment.

While Wolf latched onto the haunted anguish latent in Iberian culture, French composers loved its brio and wrote songs that are like suave, sparkling travelogues.

**Albert Roussel** (1869-1937), who spent his early years traveling the world with the navy, permeated much of the music he wrote with sounds he heard in the Far East. His *melodies* are imbued with unique, jangly, acerbic dissonances and prickly chord clusters. He lends René Chalupe's sarcastic "Le bachelier de Salamanque" the acid twang of a steel-string guitar.

Like Roussel, **Maurice Ravel** (1875-1937) also looked beyond his native France for musical inspiration. His set-

tings of Greek and Jewish folk songs, including a plush setting of the "Kaddish," have become recital classics. Spain was a magnet for this composer in works like *L'heure espagnole*, *Rapsodie espagnole*, and the 1926 *Pièce en forme de habanera*. He scored this piece simply for piano and "instrument," and its ravishing melody has been played by violinists and flautists and cellists. But I think Ravel's indolent, virtuosic line is most effective—as well as most difficult—when rendered as a vocalise.

**Emmanuel Chabrier** (1841-1894) is the Charles Trenet of French art song: an artist of great charm and skill, easy to underrate but impossible to replace. During a visit to Spain, Chabrier became fascinated with Andalusian music, and on his return home he wrote the orchestral piece *España* to capture the sounds he heard during his trip. It rapidly became his best known and most played work. Emile Louis adapted its themes into a brilliant, rather strenuous song, and we forged it into a four-hand vocal duet to maximize the song's energetic contrasts and bravura climax.

Spanish classical music lagged behind the French and German traditions. But at the end of the nineteenth century it finally found a champion: Felipe Pedrell (1841-1922), a Barcelona-born composer and musicologist. He taught and encouraged many of the Spanish composers on this disc, and laid the groundwork to bring together Spain's many musical cultures—and her many languages: Castilian, Galician, Basque and Catalan.

**Enrique Granados** (1867-1916) straddled two of those cultures: born and educated in Catalonia (where he spoke Catalan and his given name was "Enric"), he transformed himself into the Castilian (the language non-Spaniards call "Spanish") "Enrique." Granados became the musical portraitist of eighteenth-century Madrid. His classic piano suite *Goyescas* was inspired by the paintings of Goya, and their spirit is also at the heart of Granados' *Tonadillas*, the source for "El mirar de la maja." The *Canciones amatorias* (from which we have programmed "Descríbase el pensamiento") reach even farther back, drawing on a collection of Castilian love lyrics from the sixteenth century called *Romancero general*. Granados' sensitivity to the nuances of poetry lends his songs a unique power—simultaneously passionate and brooding, poised in a delicate balance of the antique and the romantic.

**Joaquín Turina** (1882-1949) studied in Paris, but his music maintains the sound of his native Andalusia where the Moorish influence remained strongest. The wailing coloratura and the fierce piano chords of "Farruca" bring the gypsy, gypsy-style *canto jondo* into the concert hall—accompanied by soft, jazzy chords that blend a touch of Turina's French schooling with his characteristic Arabic cadences.

Catalan is not "a dialect of Spanish," as any Barcelonan will icily remind you. Its distinctive combination of soft, neutral vowels and crunchy consonant clusters bears more relation to France's Provençal dialects than to Castilian. The composers from this region also speak their own musical language—gentle, lyrical, redolent of Provence. **Fredric Mompou** (1893-1987) was the most Gallic of all the Catalan composers. Like many Spanish musicians, he went to

Paris to study composition; unlike most, he stayed there for over two decades. Mompou was a miniaturist, creating an oeuvre of songs and piano pieces imbued with a mystical introspection and refinement. His most famous song, "Damunt de tu només les flors" from the song cycle *Combat del somni* ("The Combat of Dreams," 1948), typifies his gentle fervor.

**Juan Lamote de Grignon** (1872-1949) became one of Catalonia's quiet heroes by developing orchestras in Barcelona and Valencia when Spanish music had little financial support. He also wrote about 150 songs, many of which display a heartbreaking gift for melody and harmony, if not a tremendous variety of expression. Lamote de Grignon's "Abri!" is a beautiful example of this composer's elegant, flowing line, set to a romance by the famous Catalan poet Apel·les Mestres (1854-1936).

Catalan music tends to be gentle, but it's a mistake to make generalizations about it. Barcelonans are notable for their independence and their individuality. **Xavier Montsalvatge** (1912-2002) was as committed to his native Catalan culture as he was to exploring the larger musical world around him. Bucking Franco's dictatorial musical policies, Montsalvatge boldly mixed French, Catalan, Castilian, and Cuban elements, and throughout a career that lasted sixty-five years he continued to develop and experiment. Drawing both on sweet lyricism and the avant-garde, Montsalvatge's voice has a vigorous, muscular energy unlike the self-effacing sweetness of Mompou and Lamote de Grignon. "El lagarto está llorando," set to a poem by García Lorca, gives a taste of his distinctive spice.

When Spain's large population of Sephardic Jews was expelled by King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella in 1492, they took with them their rich folk-song tradition. As they dispersed, their music gradually took on the cadences of their new surroundings. It was first anthologized in the sixteenth century; a number of twentieth century composers have revisited those songs and created modern arrangements. Those by **Joaquín Rodrigo** (1901-1999) are among the finest. This composer came to prominence during the turbulent years after the Spanish Civil War. His comforting music, especially the guitar classic *Concierto de Aranjuez*, made him a hero to his embattled, isolated nation. Rodrigo's simple, down-to-earth style is ideal for folk music; and for *Cuatro canciones sefardíes* he received expert guidance from his wife, Victoria Kamhi, who was Jewish.

One of the reasons that Spain's classical music took so long to develop was that her audiences were obsessed with zarzuelas, a light-opera tradition that began in the seventeenth century. The public was mad for them, and for many years any Spaniard who wanted to earn a living as a composer had to join the zarzuela industry. Like movies, zarzuelas come in all sizes and shapes: one-acters that play like vaudeville sketches, comedies, farces, swashbuckling romances, and gritty verismo dramas.

While other countries produced operettas with better librettos, funnier comic scenes, and more universal theatri-

cal appeal, no one matches the melodic verve of zarzuela. For dialogue, look elsewhere; for arias, zarzuela goes to the head of the class. "De España vengo," from **Pablo Luna's** *El niño judío*, and "De este apacible rincón," from **Federico Moreno Torroba's** *Luisa Fernanda*, are two shining examples. Luna (1879-1942) was a one-man operetta factory, producing over 170 scores, including several written for the movies. His flamboyantly picaresque 1918 *El niño judío* whisks us from Spain to Syria to India and back, stretched on a riotous plotline that is farfetched even by operetta standards. Moreno Torroba (1891-1982) had one of the longest and most distinguished careers in Spanish music, not only as a composer but also as a producer, conductor, and mentor to a generation of musicians. Luisa Fernanda, one of the finest zarzuelas in the repertoire, received over a thousand performances between its 1932 premiere and the outbreak of the Spanish Civil War four years later.

**Sebastián Yradier** (1809-1865) was a popular and successful songwriter of the nineteenth century—so popular, in fact, that Bizet mistook one of his tunes, "El arreglito," for a folk song and lifted its melody for *Carmen's* famous first-act "Habanera." When Bizet learned of his mistake, he inserted a tiny footnote acknowledging Yradier in the score of the opera. "La paloma" has suffered a similar fate: most people assume Yradier's classic melody is a folk song, which is a backhanded compliment to this gifted tunesmith.

We end *Spanish Love Songs* with an American composition on a Spanish theme: "Barcelona," from Stephen Sondheim's 1970 musical *Company*. The duet takes place at dawn in the apartment of Bobby, a swinging bachelor. He's spent the night with a stewardess whose name he cannot quite remember. Professing more affection than he actually feels, he unwittingly persuades her to call in sick and cancel her trip to Barcelona. It ends our tour of Spain in my hometown, where Spain's enticements remain an alluring mirage. —**Steven Blier, New York City, August 2007**

### Remembering Lorraine Hunt Lieberson

Not long after I met Lorraine Hunt Lieberson, she and Michael Barrett had dinner at my place. It was in the winter of 1991, and we were reading through some songs looking for a program idea for the next season at NYFOS. I remember that she pulled my volume of Granados' *Tomadilla* off the shelf and put "El mirar de la maja" on the piano in front of me. After she sang it, the room was silent. Her artistic power—an amalgam of the beauty of her voice and her musical imagination—left Michael and me speechless. I finally looked at her and said, "A lifetime is not long enough to make music with you."

My words were sadly prophetic. Lorraine left us far too soon. Even though we eventually realized how ill she was, her death was still a devastating shock—and remains so.

I was lucky enough to concertize with Lorraine for a few precious years, in NYFOS concerts and solo recitals. She

was both *maja* and *maga*: the embodiment of grace, and a powerful magician. Partnering her was the most intense encounter of my artistic life. Every note I played, every rubato I entertained, every choice of dynamic or color or musical spacing felt like the most urgent decision.

When we met in 2004 to perform *Spanish Love Songs*, I hadn't collaborated with Lorraine in some years. She had moved away from the east coast, and I had contented myself with worshipping her from Row H of Carnegie Hall or the Met, waiting for her to see me and smile during the curtain calls. I'd heard rumors that she'd been sick, but the reports were vague. Working that summer with tenor Joe Kaiser, Michael, and myself, she seemed to have the indomitable strength I remembered. Riding the wave of her musical ideas was as challenging and stimulating as it was that night thirteen years earlier. I spent the rehearsal period supplicating my Steinway for a sound to match Lorraine's unique plangency.

One of my dreams had always been to make a recording with this great artist. On the night of the Caramoor recital, we discussed going into the studio and taping *Spanish Love Songs*—"while I still can do it," Lorraine muttered cryptically to herself. Alas, in the months that followed we could never find a time when all of us were available. As it became clear the sessions would never happen, I reviled myself for not having found a way to get Spanish Love Songs on disc. Then, one day when I was having my daily swim—that's when I usually have my clearest thoughts—I realized that we did have a recording of this program: the live performance from Caramoor. No retakes, no edits, no second thoughts, no cosmetic touchups, just the spontaneous collaboration of four musicians on a night whose unique importance we then dimly recognized.

That night—July 9, 2004—was the last time I was able to make music with Lorraine, and the second-to-last time I would see this woman who I so deeply loved and admired. And also feared. When Lorraine sang she entered into communion with her muse. She took us on a dizzying ride to the heights, and all we could do was hold onto the reins. Playing Wolf and Granados for her made my heart race.

Lorraine was deep and serious, but I am also very happy to remember her wonderfully chaotic sense of humor. When she channels the ditsy, man-hungry stewardess April in her performance of Sondheim's "Barcelona," you hear both her devastating talent for mimicry and her joy for life. She remains a daily source of inspiration to me: a colleague who has become an icon, a beacon lighting the pathway of musical art. —Steven Blier, August, 2007

In the late summer of 1990 I paid a visit to Santa Fe to work with the baritone Kurt Ollmann. Kurt and I were preparing for an upcoming NYFOS concert in New York and a recording of Schumann Lieder following the concert. I also brought with me the news that we had lost our mezzo due to scheduling problems. Kurt enthusiastically urged me to

engage a young singer named Lorraine Hunt. She had had a big success in Peter Sellars' production of *Don Giovanni*, and Kurt insisted she was the real deal. Being in a jam, I called Lorraine from Kurt's house. She was available, interested, and immediately offered specific programming ideas. I was buoyed by her enthusiasm for the Schumann project, found her laugh infectious, and learned that we shared many friends from our upbringing in California; we agreed to work together. Several weeks later, back in New York, we started to rehearse. My sessions with Lorraine were intense and specific. She knew precisely how these songs ought to go for her own voice and her interpretations of the poems, including how they should be accompanied. Working with Lorraine in this way was like having the best possible kind of music lesson. I embraced her ideas and was captivated by the depth and magical quality she could summon in the *Mignon Lieder*—late Schumann full of tricky musical syntax, a very powerful and mysterious cycle.

The concert followed by one week the death of my mentor and friend Leonard Bernstein. I was crushed, but Lorraine and Kurt helped me rally, and we gave a beautiful concert followed by several days in the recording studio. It was the first of many intense and rewarding experiences with Lorraine that eventually included Steve Blier and other colleagues. Each season we searched for a project that would suit her, and she would reward us with another collaboration. As Lorraine became more in demand we saw less and less of her, but we kept trying to create opportunities for us to work together. Every few years she would join us for several concerts, and these always were a highlight of my musical year. Though she wasn't Jewish, she somehow managed to expand my knowledge of Jewish humor and mysticism in *Songs of the Diaspora*, found the core of French sensuality in *Romance in the Belle Epoque*, and was unsurpassed in her interpretations of Bach and Mahler.

Lorraine had what I have always loved and valued most in singers, and very rarely encounter—a visceral embodiment of music and text that came from someplace so personal and so deep, so in the moment, that I could never help but follow her every nuance. In 2003, when I was given the responsibility of the Caramoor Festival, one of my first scouting missions was to go and hear her at Tanglewood. I came armed with a letter suggesting a variety of projects involving her at Caramoor. Lorraine responded some days later saying she wanted to reprise NYFOS's *Spanish Love Songs* the following season. Again the intense, inspiring rehearsals, with her voice pulling my fingers to match her vocal otherworldliness.

It was the last time we shared the stage with her, and she is gone. The world has been cheated by her early departure. It was only in the last few years of her life that Lorraine earned her rightful place in the collective opinion of the music world. As a musician and friend I miss her terribly, but remain ever grateful for the music lessons, the unswerving commitment, and the spiritual beauty she continues to bring to my life.

—Michael Barrett, August, 2007

## Texts and Translations

### 1 El mirar de la maja ("The gaze of the maja") (from *Tonadillas*) Music by Enrique Granados; poem by Fernando Periquet

¿Por qué es en mis ojos  
tan hondo el mirar?  
Que a fin de cortar  
desdenes y enojos  
los suelo entornar.  
Que fuego dentro llevarán  
que si acaso con calor  
los clavo en mi amor  
sonrojo me dan.  
Por eso el chispero  
a quien mi alma di,  
al versante mi  
me tira el sombrero  
y dícame así:  
¡Mi maja! No me mires más,  
que tus ojos rayos son,  
y ardiendo en pasión,  
la muerte me dan.

Why do my eyes  
Look so deep and dark?  
To mask  
Scorn and hatred  
I must lower my lids.  
Such fire they emit  
That if by chance I gaze on my lover  
With all my passion  
I blush with shame.  
For that reason, the handsome lad  
To whom I have given my soul,  
Upon meeting me,  
tips his hat  
And says this to me:  
My maja! Don't look at me,  
For your eyes are like lightning  
And with their burning passion  
They destroy me.

### 2 Descúbrase el pensamiento de mi secreto cuidado (from *Canciones amatorias*) Music by Enrique Granados; anonymous poet

Descúbrase el pensamiento  
de mi secreto cuidado,  
pues descubrir mis dolores,  
mi vivir apasionado;  
no es de agora mi pasión,

Let the reason  
For my secret anxiety be revealed,  
And unveil my sorrows,  
My passionate life;  
My pain is not new,

días ha que soy penado.  
Una señora a quien sirvo  
mi servir tiene olvidado.  
Su beldad me hizo suyo,  
el su gesto tan pulido  
en mi alma está esmaltado.  
¡Ay de mí! que la miré  
para vivir lastimado,  
para llorar y plañir  
glorias del tiempo pasado.

Many days now I have suffered.  
She whom I humbly serve  
Has forgotten my servitude.  
Her beauty enslaved me,  
And her shining face  
Is engraved upon my soul.  
Ah! Pity me that I ever saw her,  
So that I would live in pain,  
To weep and to lament  
The glory of days forever gone.

### 3 Llarà-Abril (An "April Song") Music by Juan Lamote de Grignon; poem by Apelles Mestres

Era per l'Abril per un caminet  
(larirà lindaina)  
per un caminet dolçament estret  
on cantava el grill i el llacsó floria  
vam pujar al bosc de bon matinet  
quan el sol eixia  
vora d'una font sota un roure vell,  
(larirà lindaina)  
sota un roure vell on el passarell  
refilant son cant el seu niu teixia,  
varen descansar sobre un escambell  
d'eures i falzia.  
Dúiem per company un poeta amic  
(larirà lindaina)  
un poeta amic, un autor antic  
docte en lleis d'amor,  
mestre en poesia;  
en ses rimes d'or jo aprendré bon xic

It was in the month of April, on a path  
(larirà...)  
on a little path charmingly narrow,  
where the cricket was singing and the flower bloomed,  
we went up to the forest early in the morning  
when the sun appeared,  
beside a fountain under an old oak tree,  
(larirà...)  
under an old oak tree on the path where a bird  
was working on his song and weaving his nest,  
we rested on an a stool  
made of ivy and ferns.  
We had as company a poet friend  
(larirà)  
a poet friend, a classic author  
a doctor in the laws of love,  
in his golden verses  
I would learn a great deal

i a tu no et doldria  
i en la dolça pau d'aquell lloc desert,  
(larirà lindaina)  
d'aquell lloc desert, olorós i vert  
mentres reia el sol i la font corria  
el libre als teus peus esperava obert,  
mes ningú no el llegia.  
Vam estar molt temps?  
Mai no ho podré dir  
(larirà lindaina)  
jo només puc dir que no el vaig llegir  
que en tos ulls només vaig llegir  
aquell dia i que mai no he après,  
guard'm de mentir, tanta poesia.

4 **Farruca (from *Triptico*)**

**Music by Joaquín Turina; poem by R. de Campoamor**

Está tu imagen, que admiro,  
tan pegada a mi deseo,  
que si al espejo me miro,  
en vez de verme te veo.  
No vengas, falso contento,  
llamando a mi corazón,  
pues traes en la illusion  
envuelto el remordimiento.  
Marcho a la luz de la luna  
de su sombra tan en pos,  
que no hacen más sombra que una  
siendo nuestros cuerpos dos.

and it will cause you no harm,  
and in the sweet peace of that deserted place  
(larira)  
of that deserted place, fragrant and green,  
while the sun laughed and the fountain flowed  
the book by your feet was waiting, open,  
but no one was reading it.  
Were we here for long?  
I could never say  
(larira)  
I can only say that I did not read the book,  
That I read only your eyes  
That day, and that I have never learned—  
And this is no lie—so much poetry.

Your beloved image  
Is so enmeshed with my desire,  
That when I gaze into the mirror  
Instead of seeing myself, I see you!  
Do not buoy up my hopes  
With falsehoods that cry out to my heart,  
For remorse lurks  
In the illusions you awaken.  
Ah, I wander alone in the moonlight,  
So closely pursued by your shadow  
That we make but one shadow  
Though there are two of us.

5 **Nani, nani (Canción de cuna) (from *Cuatro canciones sefardíes*)**

**Music by Joaquín Rodrigo; anonymous Sephardic text, adapted by Victoria Kamhi**

Nani, nani, quiere el hijo,  
el hijo de la madre,  
de chico se haga grande.  
Ay, durmite mi alma,  
durmite, mi vida,  
que tu padre viene  
con mucha alegría.  
Ay, avrímex la puerta,  
avrímex mi dama, avrímex!  
Que vengo muy cansado  
de arar las huertas.  
Ay, la puerta yo vos avro,  
que venix cansado,  
y verex durmido  
al hijo en la cuna.

Nani, nani, asks the son,  
His mother's son  
A child who is getting bigger every day.  
Ah, sleep my love,  
Sleep, my life,  
For your father is coming home  
With great joy.  
Ah, open the door to me,  
Open, my lady, open the door!  
For I come home very tired  
From the fields.  
Ah, I shall open the door to you,  
Since you are tired,  
And you will see  
Your child sleeping in his cradle.

6 **Una pastora yo ami (from *Cuatro canciones sefardíes*)**

**Music by Joaquín Rodrigo; anonymous Sephardic text, adapted by Victoria Kamhi**

Una pastora yo ami,  
una hija hermoza,  
de mi chiques que l'adorí,  
más qu'ella no ami.  
Un día que estavamos  
en la huerta asentados,  
le dixé yo: "Por ti mi flor,  
me muero de amor."

I have loved a shepherdess,  
A lovely girl,  
And have adored her since my childhood days—  
More than she has loved me in return.  
One day when we were sitting  
In the orchard together,  
I said to her: "For you, my flower,  
I am dying of love."



7 **El lagarto está llorando** ("The Lizard is Crying") (from *Canciones para niños*)  
Music of Xavier Montsalvatge; poem by Federico García Lorca

El lagarto está llorando.  
La lagarta está llorando.

The lizard is crying.  
The lizard's wife is crying.

El lagarto y la lagarta  
con delantalitos blancos.

Mr. and Mrs. Lizard  
With little white aprons.

Han perdido sin querer  
su anillo de desposados.

By accident they have lost  
Their wedding rings.

¡Ay, su anillito de plomo,  
ay, su anillito plomado!

Ah, their little rings of lead,  
Ah, their little leaden rings!

Un cielo grande y sin gente  
montaba en globo a los pájaros.

A broad and uninhabited sky  
Lifted the birds high up in its balloon.

El sol, capitán redondo,  
lleva un chaleco de raso.

The sun, like a rotund captain,  
Is wearing a satin waistcoat.

¡Miradlos qué viejos son!  
¡Qué viejos son los lagartos!

See how old they are!  
How old the lizards are!

¡Ay cómo lloran y lloran,  
¡ay!, ¡ay! cómo están llorando!

Ah, how they weep and weep,  
Ah, how they are weeping!

8 **Damunt de tu només les flors**, from *Combat del somni* ("The Battle of Dreams")  
Music by Frederic Mompou; poem by Josep Janés

Damunt de tu només les flors.  
Eren com una ofrena blanca :  
la llum que daven al teu cos  
mai més seria de la branca;  
l'ota una vida de perfum  
amb el seu bes t'era donada.  
Tu resplendies de la llum  
per l'esguard clos atresorada.  
¡Si hagués pogut ésser sospir  
de flor! Donar-me, com un llir,  
a tu, perquè la meua vida  
s'anés marcint sobre el teu pit.  
I no saber mai més la nit,  
que al teu costat fóra esvaïda.

Above you, only flowers.  
They were like a white offering:  
The light they shed on your body  
Will never again emanate from their branch.  
An entire life of sweet scents  
Was imparted to you with their kiss.  
You were radiant in their light  
Treasured in their shuttered glance.  
If only I could have been the sigh  
Of a flower—offered myself to you, like a lily,  
So that my life  
Might wither upon your breast,  
And never again know of the night  
Which is gone forever from your presence.

9 **Le bachelier de Salamanque** ("The Salamanca Student")  
Music by Albert Roussel; poem by René Chalupe

Où vas-tu, toi qui passes si tard  
Dans les rues désertes de Salamanque,  
Avec ta toque noire et ta guitare,  
Que tu dissimules sous ta mante?  
Le couvre-feu est déjà sonné  
Et depuis longtemps, dans leurs paisibles maisons,  
Les bourgeois dorment à poings fermés.  
Ne sais-tu pas qu'un édit de l'alcade  
Ordonne de jeter en prison  
Tous les donneurs de sérénade,  
Que les malandrins couperont ta chaîne d'or.

Where are you going, you who slink through  
The deserted streets of Salamanca so late  
With your black cap and your guitar  
Which you attempt to hide under your cape?  
They've already sounded the curfew  
And for a long while, in their peaceful homes,  
The townspeople have been asleep like babies.  
Don't you know that the Alcade has issued an edict  
To throw into prison  
Every serenader,  
That bandits will cut your golden chain,

Et que la fille de l'Amirante,  
Pour qui vainement tu te tourmentes,  
Se moque de toi, derrière son mirador?

And that the daughter of the Admiral,  
For whom you uselessly torture yourself,  
Laughs at you, behind her shutters?

## 11 España

Music by Emanuel Chabrier; poem by Eugène Adenis

A Séville, séjour  
Où les roses,  
Sous le ciel chaque jour  
Sont écloses,  
Ah! viens! là, sur nos pas,  
Tout s'éclaire;  
Le plaisir ne craint pas  
La lumière!

Follow us to Seville, a lovely spot  
Where the roses  
Bask in the sun  
Every day,  
Ah! Come with us, where at our feet  
Everything grows bright,  
For pleasure doesn't fear  
The light!

O soleil, ta clarté  
Qui nous éveille  
Fait éclore, ô gâteré,  
Ta fleur vermeille!  
C'est toi seul qui remplis  
D'ardeur les âmes,  
Et ces yeux, tu les fis  
Avec tes flammes!

Oh sun, your rays  
Which awaken us  
Cause your vermilion flower  
To burst into bloom with joy!  
You alone can fill  
Our souls with ardor,  
And you created those eyes  
From your flames.

Brûlantes, comme elles,  
Que les nuits sont belles!  
L'étoile qui scintille  
Au ciel noir  
Rit sous la mantille  
Du soir:

Burning with a flame as bright as the sun,  
The nights are so beautiful!  
The star that twinkles  
In the black sky  
Laughs under the mantilla  
Of the evening:

Pas d'ombre qui voile  
Une seule étoile.

There is no shadow to veil  
A single star.

Des parfums dans l'air, des chansons,  
Des filles, des garçons,  
A peine effleurant l'espace,  
S'enlaçant,  
Se berçant,  
Dans un songe heureux qui passe,  
Douce fleur  
Dont le coeur  
Garde longtemps la fraîcheur.

There are lovely scents in the air, and songs,  
And girls and boys,  
'Their feet barely touching the ground,  
Intertwined,  
Cradling one another,  
In a blissful, passing dream,  
A sweet flower  
Whose heart  
Long remains sparkling.

Entendez-vous ce bruit joyeux et clair?  
La ville entière est en fête!  
La banderille étincelle dans l'air  
L'espada brille et s'apprête,  
Et le taureau bondit comme un éclair!

Do you hear that joyous, clear sound!  
The entire city is on holiday!  
The banderilla is shining in the air,  
The dazzling toreador prepares for the bullfight,  
And the bull bounds up like a lightning bolt.

Olé! Alza! Anda!  
Viens! les hirondelles,  
Ont ouvert leurs ailes,  
La riante ville, au ciel pur,  
A mis sa mantille d'azur...  
Ah! sous ce ciel éclatant  
Allons vivre!  
Tout enivre!

Olé! Alza! Anda!  
Come! The swallows  
Have taken wing,  
The laughing city with its clear sky  
Has donned its deep blue mantilla...  
Ah! under this brilliant sky  
Let us go live!  
Everything is intoxicatingly beautiful!

Ah! C'est là! Olé!

Ah! Let's go there! Olé!



## 12 Romanze ("Romance") (from *Spanische Liebeslieder*)

Music by Robert Schumann; poem by Emmanuel von Geibel

Flutenreicher Ebro,  
Blühendes Ufer,  
All' ihr grünen Matten,  
Schatten des Waldes,  
Fraget die Geliebte,  
Die unter euch ruhet,  
Ob in ihrem Glücke  
Sie meiner gedenket.  
Und ihr tauigen Perlen,  
Die ihr im Frührot  
Den grünenden Rasen  
Bunt mit Farben schmückt,  
Fraget die Geliebte,  
Wenn sie Kühlung atmet,  
Ob in ihrem Glücke  
Sie meiner gedenket.  
Ihr laubigen Pappeln,  
Schimmernde Pfade,  
Wo leichten Fußes  
Mein Mädchen wandelt,  
Wenn sie euch begegnet,  
Fragt sie, fragt sie,  
Ob in ihrem Glücke  
Sie meiner gedenket.  
Ihr schwärmenden Vögel,  
Die den Sonnenaufgang  
Singend ihr begrüßet  
Mit Flötenstimmen,  
Fraget die Geliebte,

Full-flowing Ebro,  
Flowering shore,  
And all you green hills,  
Woodland shadows,  
Ask my beloved,  
Resting in your midst,  
If in her bliss  
She is thinking of me.  
And you, the dewy pearls  
That at daybreak  
Spangle the green-growing lawns  
With color,  
Ask my beloved,  
When she breathes in your freshness,  
If in her bliss  
She is thinking of me.  
You leafy poplars,  
On shimmering paths,  
Where light of foot  
My sweetheart treads,  
When she meets you,  
Ask her, ask her,  
If in her bliss  
She is thinking of me.  
You fluttering birds  
Who greet her at sunrise  
With songs  
Like the sound of flutes,  
Ask my beloved—

Dieses Ufers Blume,  
Ob in ihrem Glücke  
Sie meiner gedenket.

The flower of this shore—  
If in her bliss  
She is thinking of me.

## Four songs from *Spanisches Liederbuch* ("The Spanish Songbook")

Music by Hugo Wolf; poems by Paul Heyse and Emanuel von Geibel  
based on anonymous Spanish texts (13-16)

### 13 Liebe mir im Busen

Liebe mir im Busen zündet einen Brand.  
Wasser, liebe Mutter, eh das Herz verbrannt!  
Nicht das blinde Kind straft für meine Fehle;  
Hat zuerst die Seele mir gekühlt so lind.  
Dann entflammt's geschwind ach, mein Unverstand;  
Wasser, liebe Mutter, eh das Herz verbrannt!  
Ach! Wo ist die Flut, die dem Feuer wehret?  
Für so große Glut sind zu arm die Meere.  
Weil es wohl mir tut wein' ich unverwandt;  
Wasser, liebe Mutter, eh das Herz verbrannt!

Within my bosom love is kindling a torch.  
Mother, bring me water before my heart is consumed!  
Do not punish the blind boy for my faults:  
At first he cooled my soul so gently.  
Then, alas, he swiftly inflamed my folly:  
Mother, bring me water before my heart is consumed!  
Ah, what flood could quench this fire?  
For so great a flame the oceans are not enough.  
Since it does me good I weep without restraint;  
Mother, bring me water before my heart is consumed!

### 14 Alle gingen, Herz, zur Ruh

Alle gingen, Herz, zur Ruh,  
alle schlafen, nur nicht du  
Denn der hoffnungslose Kummer  
scheucht von deinem Bett den Schlummer,  
und dein Sinnen schweift in stummer  
Sorge seiner Liebe zu.

All have gone to rest, heart,  
All are asleep, except you.  
For hopeless sorrow  
Banishes slumber from your bed,  
And your thoughts roam in silent dejection  
Towards their love.

### 15 Auf dem grünen Balkon

Auf dem grünen Balkon mein Mädchen  
Schaut nach mir durch's Gitterlein.  
Mit den Augen blinzelt sie freundlich,  
Mit dem Finger sagt sie mir: Nein!  
Glück, das nimmer ohne Wanken  
Junger Liebe folgt hienieden,  
Hat mir eine Lust beschieden,  
Und auch da noch muß ich schwanken.  
Schmeicheln hör ich oder Zanken,  
Komm ich an ihr Fensterlädchen.  
Immer nach dem Brauch der Mädchen  
Träuft ins Glück ein bißchen Pein:  
Mit den Augen blinzelt sie freundlich,  
Mit dem Finger sagt sie mir: Nein!  
Wie sich nur in ihr vertragen  
Ihre Kälte, meine Glut?  
Weil in ihr mein Himmel ruht,  
Seh ich Trüb und Hell sich jagen.  
In den Wind gehn meine Klagen,  
Daß noch nie die süße Kleine  
Ihre Arme schlang um meine;  
Doch sie hält mich hin so fein -  
Mit den Augen blinzelt sie freundlich,  
Mit dem Finger sagt sie mir: Nein!

From her green balcony my lass  
Looks down at me through the lattice.  
Her eyes wink invitingly,  
But with her finger she signals to me: No!  
Fortune, that never lets the course of young love  
Run smoothly here on earth,  
Has granted me one pleasure,  
But even that fills me with doubt.  
I hear compliments or reproaches  
When I come to her shuttered window.  
It's always the way with women:  
In every happiness there is a little bit of pain.  
Her eyes wink invitingly,  
But with her finger she signals to me: No!  
How can she reconcile  
Her coldness and my fire?  
Since my heaven lies in her,  
I see darkness and light persuing one another.  
My laments rise up into the wind,  
Because my sweet little darling  
Has never yet put her arms around me;  
Yet she holds me away so gently—  
Her eyes wink invitingly,  
But with her finger she signals to me: No!

### 16 Komm, o Tod, von Nacht umgeben

Komm, o Tod, von Nacht umgeben  
leise komm zu mir gegangen,  
daß die Lust, dich zu umfängen,  
nicht zurück mich ruf' ins Leben.  
Komm, so wie der Blitz uns rühret,  
den der Donner nicht verkündet,  
bis er plötzlich sich entzündet  
und den Schlag gedoppelt führet.  
Also seist du mir gegeben,  
plötzlich stillend mein Verlangen,  
daß die Lust, dich zu umfängen,  
nicht zurück mich ruf' ins Leben.

Come, O Death, shrouded in night,  
Come towards me gently,  
Lest my desire to embrace you  
Should call me back to life.  
Come as a bolt of lightning might strike us,  
Unannounced by a roar of thunder  
Before it suddenly explodes into flames,  
Dealing a blow doubly strong,  
Thus may you be granted to me,  
Suddenly silencing my longing,  
Lest my desire to embrace you  
Should call me back to life.

### 17 De este apacible rincón de Madrid (from *Luisa Fernanda*)

Music by Federico Moreno Torroba, words by Federico Romero and Guillermo Shaw

De este apacible rincón de Madrid  
donde mis años de mozo pasé  
una mañana radiante partí  
sin más caudal que mi fé.  
Por un amor imposible  
días de triunfo soñé  
y la fortuna fue tan propicia  
que lo alcancé.  
¿Cómo olvidar el querido rincón,  
donde el cariño primero sentí?  
Mágica aurora de mi corazón  
donde aprendí a soñar.  
Y el camino de la vida  
yo emprendí sin más caudal  
que la audacia por bandera

From this peaceful corner of Madrid  
where I passed my early days,  
one radiant morning I left  
with not much more than my faith.  
To win an impossible love,  
I dreamt of days of triumph,  
and fortune was so beneficent  
that it sent me my dream.  
How could I forget the dear corner  
where I first felt the stirrings of love?  
A magical dawn within my heart  
where I first learned to dream.  
And through the paths of life  
I set out with nothing more than  
bravery as my banner

y un amor por ideal.

Con la fortuna me he desposado  
buena compañía para ser soldado;  
con la fortuna por compañera  
en sus alas vuelo donde ella quiera  
como un remanso de paz y de amor  
en mi agitado vivir este paraje tan evocador.  
¡Qué cosas me hace sentir!  
Es la vida que vuelve de mi humilde niñez  
siento ganas de vivirla otra vez,  
pero entonces yo volaba como un mísero pardal;  
y hoy mis alas ambicionan vuelos de águila caudal.

## 18 De España vengo (from *El niño judío*)

Music by Pablo Luna; libretto by Antonio Paso and Enrique García Álvarez

De España vengo, soy española,  
en mis ojos me traigo luz de su cielo  
y en mi cuerpo la gracia de la manola!  
De España vengo, de España soy  
y mi cara serrana lo va diciendo.  
He nacido en España por donde voy.  
A mi lo madrileño, me vuelve loca  
y cuando yo me arranco con una copla  
el acento gitano de mi canción  
toman vida las flores de mi mantón.  
De España vengo, de España soy  
y mi cara serrana lo va diciendo.  
Yo he nacido en España por donde voy.  
Campana de la Torre de Maravillas  
si es que tocas a fuego toca de prisa:  
mira que ardo por culpa de unos ojos

and a love for the ideal.  
I betrothed myself to fortune,  
good company for a soldier;  
and with fortune for my companion,  
borne on her wings I fly wherever she goes,  
like an oasis of peace and joy  
in the bustle of my life.  
What things I feel!  
It is the echo of life from my humble childhood  
which I desire to live once more,  
but then I flew like a poor sparrow,  
and now my wings aim for the flight of the eagle!

I come from Spain, I am a Spanish woman,  
In my eyes I reflect the light of her sky,  
And in my body the grace of her people.  
I come from Spain, I am from Spain,  
And my highlander's face proclaims to everyone,  
That I was born in Spain, where I'm bound.  
Everything from Madrid drives me wild,  
And when I burst into song  
The gypsy style of my singing  
Makes the flowers of my shawl come to life.  
I come from Spain, I am from Spain,  
And my highlander's face proclaims to everyone,  
That I was born in Spain, where I'm bound.  
Bell of the Tower of Wonders,  
If you must chime the fire alarm, ring quickly:  
Look, I am burning because of a pair of eyes

que estoy mirando. Madre, me muero,  
por culpa de unos ojos negros, muy negros,  
que los tengo "mértíos" dentro del alma,  
y que son los ojazos de mi gitano.  
Muriendo estoy, mi vida, por tu desvío:  
te quiero y no me quieres, gitano mío.  
Mira que pena verse así, despreciada,  
siendo morena!  
De España vengo, de España soy  
y mi cara serrana lo va diciendo.  
Que he nacido en España, por donde voy!

## 19 La paloma ("The Dove")

Music and lyrics by Sebastián Yradier

Cuando salí de la Habana,  
¡Válgame Dios!  
Nadie me ha visto salir  
Sino fui yo.  
Y una linda Guachinanga  
Allá voy yo.  
Que se vino tras de mí  
Que sí señor.

Si a tu ventana llega una paloma,  
Trátala con cariño, que es mi persona.  
Cuéntale tus amores, bien de mi vida,  
Corónala de flores, que es cosa mía.  
¡Ay! chinita que sí,  
¡ay! que dame tu amor,  
¡Ay! que vente conmigo  
chinita a dónde vivo yo.

That I constantly see before me. Mother, I am dying,  
Because of two dark eyes, eyes so black  
They have gone deep into my soul,  
And they are the glances of my gypsy boy.  
I am dying, my love, from your indifference,  
I love you and you don't love me, my gypsy lad.  
See how painful it is to be cast aside  
For my swarthy coloring!  
I come from Spain, I am from Spain,  
And my highlander's face proclaims to everyone,  
That I was born in Spain, where I'm bound!

When I left Havana,  
God help me!  
No one saw me leave  
But I left,  
And a pretty girl from Guachinanga  
(there I go)  
Came along behind me  
(yes indeed).

If a dove comes to your window,  
Treat it with love, for it carries my spirit.  
Tell it of your loves, light of my life,  
Crown it with flowers, for it is a part of me.  
Ah, you little darling,  
Ah, give me your love,  
Ah, come with me  
Darling, to the place where I live.

El día que nos casemos  
¡Válgame Dios!  
En la semana que hay ir  
Me hace reír.  
Desde la iglesia juntitos  
Que sí señor,  
Nos iremos a dormir  
Allá voy yo.

Si a tu ventana llega una paloma...

The day we should marry,  
God willing,  
I shall be laughing with joy  
For the entire week before.  
And after we are joined at the church,  
(yes indeed)  
We shall go off to bed  
(there I go).

If a dove comes to your window...

—*Translations by Steven Blier*

## The Artists



**Steven Blier**, artistic director of New York Festival of Song, is also a pre-eminent accompanist and vocal coach. He has accompanied Renée Fleming throughout North America and Europe, including recitals at Carnegie Hall and La Scala. His collaboration with Cecilia Bartoli began with her first New York recital at Tully Hall in 1994, and has continued with tours throughout the Americas. Other recital partners have included Samuel Ramey, Susan Graham, Frederica von Stade, Jessie Norman, Wolfgang Holzmair, Sylvia McNair and Arlene Augér. Since Mr. Blier co-founded NYFOS in 1988 with Michael Barrett, he has programmed, performed, translated and annotated over one hundred vocal recitals spanning five centuries of vocal music, embracing art song, popular song, and vocal chamber music from cultures throughout the world. An enthusiastic advocate of American song, Mr. Blier has premiered works of John Corigliano, Ned Rorem, William Bolcom, John Musto, Paul Moravec, Richard Danielpour, Tobias Picker, Robert Beaser, and Lee Hoiby, many of them commissioned by NYFOS. Mr. Blier is on the faculty of The Juilliard School, and mentors young recitalists at the Wolf Trap Opera Company, Glimmerglass Opera, and the San Francisco Opera Center. He has served both as essayist and quizmaster on the Metropolitan Opera broadcast intermissions. His writings on opera have been featured in *Opera News* and the *Yale Review*. A native New Yorker, he received an Honors Degree in English Literature at Yale, where he studied piano under Alexander Farkas. He completed his musical studies with Martin Isepp and Paul Jacobs.



**Michael Barrett** is co-founder and associate artistic director of the critically acclaimed New York Festival of Song (NYFOS). He is also the CEO of Caramoor Center for Music and the Arts, and General Director of the Caramoor International Music Festival. In 1992 Mr. Barrett and his wife Leslie Tomkins founded The Moab Music Festival in Utah, for which he serves as music director. He has distinguished himself as a conductor with major orchestras here and abroad in the symphonic, operatic, and dance repertoire. A protégé of Leonard Bernstein, he began his long association with the renowned conductor and composer as a student in 1982, and served as Maestro Bernstein's assistant conductor from 1985–1990. Mr. Barrett has recorded for Koch, TER, CRI, and Deutsche Grammophon. The DG recording of *The Jays of Bernstein* features Mr. Barrett playing solo piano with Maestro

Bernstein conducting. Other discs include recordings of lieder and duets by Robert Schumann (with Lorraine Hunt and Kurt Ollmann); *Casino Paradise* by William Bolcom; *Aaron Kernis: 100 Greatest Dance Hits*; and Ned Rorem's *Evidence of Things Not Seen*. Born in Guam and raised in California, Mr. Barrett attended the University of California at Berkeley and is a graduate of the San Francisco Conservatory of Music, where he studied piano with Paul Hersb. He earned master's degrees in conducting and piano performance.



The late **Lorraine Hunt Lieberson** was a consummate recitalist, concert singer, and riveting operatic performer. Her repertoire ranged from the Baroque to the contemporary. Recognized by *Musical America* as the "2001 Vocalist of the Year", and as "Outstanding Artist of the Year 2003" by the London *Guardian*, Lorraine Hunt Lieberson appeared regularly in opera and concert with the world's major opera companies, orchestras, and conductors. Highlights on the opera stage included Myrtle in Harbison's *The Great Gatsby*, and Didon in *Les Troyens* at the Metropolitan Opera; Irene in *Theodora* at Glyndebourne; Sesto in *Clemenza di Tito* and the title role in *Xerxes* at the New York City Opera; Ottavia in *L'incoronazione di Poppea* at the Aix Festival; and the premiere of John Adams's *El Niño*. Her many concert appearances included work with conductors including James Levine, Esa-Pekka Salonen, Bernard Haitink, Michael Tilson Thomas, Christoph Eschenbach and Kent Nagano. Lorraine Hunt Lieberson's extensive discography includes Bach Cantatas (Nonesuch), the Grammy-nominated *Handel Arias* (Avie), Mahler's Symphony No. 2 with the San Francisco Symphony and Michael Tilson Thomas (SFS Recordings), and her husband Peter Lieberson's *Neruda Songs*, recorded with the Boston Symphony Orchestra and James Levine (Nonesuch). Ms. Hunt Lieberson's recording with pianist Peter Serkin of Peter Lieberson's *Rilke Songs* (Bridge) posthumously won the 2007 Grammy Award for "Best Vocal Performance" as well as the 2006 Gramophone/WQXR "American Award."

**Joseph Kaiser** is a rapidly rising star, having now achieved major recognition on the world's opera stages, in film, and on recordings. Starring as Tamino in the Kenneth Branagh film adaptation of *The Magic Flute*, released internationally in 2007, Joseph Kaiser has been widely praised for the beauty of his voice and for his innate sense of style. Mr. Kaiser will make his Metropolitan Opera debut in October of 2007, singing Roméo in the Met's new production of Gounod's *Roméo et Juliette*, conducted by Plácido Domingo, and the following month will sing Tamino in Julie Taymor's Metropolitan Opera production of *The Magic Flute*. Other notable upcoming performances include



Steva in *Jenifa* under James Conlon at the Los Angeles Opera, Narraboth in *Salome* with Philippe Jordan at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, Mao-Tse' T'ing in *Nixon in China* under Marin Alsop for Opera Colorado, and Jonas in Kaija Saariaho's *Adriana Mater* at the Santa Fe Opera, all company debuts. His busy concert schedule includes Schumann's *Das Paradies und die Peri* with Sir Simon Rattle and the Philadelphia Orchestra (at the Kimmel Center and at Carnegie Hall), Berlioz's *Requiem* under Donald Runnicles both with the Atlanta Symphony Orchestra and the Berlin Philharmonic, and a North American recital tour, with pianist Craig Rutenberg. A prize winner in the 2005 Plácido Domingo Operalia Competition,

Kaiser was also recognized with the Robert Jacobson Memorial Grant by the George London Foundation, and first prizes at the Elardo Opera Competition and the Orlando Opera Heinz Rehfuss Singing Actor Award.

**New York Festival of Song** (NYFOS) is dedicated to creating intimate song concerts of great beauty and originality, weaving music, poetry, history and humor into unforgettable evenings of compelling theater, entertaining, educating and creating community among performers and audiences, in a spirit of shared adventure.

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Pianists Michael Barrett and Steven Blier founded New York Festival of Song (NYFOS) in 1988 to produce this series of unique song programs, each unified by a theme, drawing together rarely-heard songs of all kinds, overriding traditional distinctions between "high" and "low" performance genres, exploring the character and language of other cultures, and the personal voices of song composers and lyricists.

Since its founding, NYFOS has particularly celebrated American song, featuring premieres and commissions of new American works, and has produced five recordings on the Koch label, including a Grammy Award-winning disc of Bernstein's *Arius and Barcarolles*, and the Grammy-nominated recording of Ned Rorem's *Evidence of Things Not Seen* on New World Records. NYFOS' concert series, touring programs, radio broadcasts, recordings, and educational activities have inspired a new interest in the creative possibilities of the song program, and have inspired the creation of thematic vocal series around the world.

**Producers:** Karen Chester and David Starobin

**Engineer:** David Smith, Triton Sound

**Mastering Engineer:** Adam Abeshouse

Recorded in concert at the Caramoor Festival, July 9, 2004

**Design:** Sharon Lee Ryder

**Photo Credits:** Cover: Steven Blier, Michael Barrett and Joseph Kaiser; Dario Acosta; Lorraine Lieberson; Anne-Marie Le Blé; Inside: Steven Blier; Tess Steinkolk; Michael Barrett and Joseph Kaiser; Dario Acosta; Lorraine Lieberson; Michael Wilson

**Annotator:** Steven Blier

**Acknowledgements:** Mr. Blier offers the following acknowledgements: I would like to thank Malcolm Blier who generously edited the texts and translations; Álvaro Rodríguez who assisted me with the Catalan poems; and James Russell, who provided invaluable services as editor and sounding board. All three have *ojos de águila*—eagle eyes—and I am deeply grateful for their expertise. Bridge Records wishes to thank Peter Lieberson, Karen Chester and Tom Lazarus.

**For Bridge Records:** Barbara Bersito, Natalie Bersito, Douglas H. Holly, Alexis Napoliello, Brad Napoliello, Charlie Post, Doron Schächter, and Robert Starobin

**Executive Producers:** Elizabeth Hurwitz, New York Festival of Song, Inc.; Becky Starobin, Bridge Records, Inc.

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