

Dorothy Maynor, soprano
Arpad Sandor, piano

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- 20 Ride on, Jesus (1:38) *arr. R. Nathaniel Dett*
- 21 Ev'ry time I feel the spirit (1:54) *arr. R. Nathaniel Dett*
- 22 Were you there (3:38) **Traditional**



DOROTHY MAYNOR
soprano

Arpad Sandor
piano

Recorded in recital at
the Library of Congress
Coolidge Auditorium
December 18, 1940



“**T**hrough music,” Dorothy Maynor once said, “we can raise ourselves above the cares of the world. Music provides the wings upon which we soar! It exerts a lasting effect upon our lives, and we become better human beings because of it.”

In the history of American singers, Dorothy Maynor stands out as an artist endowed with the power to exalt, to transport the hearer above the realm of the ordinary and beyond the limits of normal expectation. As with all great artists, such a capacity has less to do with the usual components of competent music-making—technique, tone, trueness of pitch—than with that rarer quality Maynor and a few others possessed—the ability to captivate the listener’s innermost soul. Serge Koussevitzky once prefaced her singing at a Boston Symphony rehearsal by calling it “a lesson in what music should be—pure joy.” Indeed, what Maynor brought to song may have been more profound than that, as she belonged to that small group of singers, including Marian Anderson and Roland Hayes, who could extend a phrase to its most sublime possibility, as if in it lay the essence of some deep personal truth.

For Maynor, and many African-American vocalists influenced by the strong tradition of the black church, music involves communion between the artistic and spiritual selves. That spirituality, incorporated through faith in God and humanity, informed every aspect of Maynor’s art, whether one speaks of her soul-stirring renderings of the spirituals, lieder, or other secular works. Yet Maynor also managed to combine with her work a keen observation of the human condition. Her perch at the top of the music world during the peak of her career in the 1940s allowed her a broad view of the

world around her. By the mid-1960s, Harlem, where she had spent many years while studying, had become an emotional pressure cooker edged by oppression and poverty to the bursting point. But Maynor knew that even energy born of frustration could be put to creative use, and if properly harnessed, could be a salve to the most troubled community. With that vision in mind, Maynor founded the Harlem School of the Arts, an institution that stands today as a fortress against what she termed "the dark rubble of our streets."

It may seem inappropriate to speak of Dorothy Maynor's impact as an artist alongside her contributions as an advocate for social change, but, in fact, they are indivisible, as the essence of both the artist and the activist stem from the same source. Dorothy Maynor was born in 1910 into a family where religion and charity formed a cornerstone. Her grandfather had been a Baptist minister, her father a Methodist clergyman. Music, both at church and at home, played a fundamental role in Maynor's upbringing. At fourteen, she was sent to study at the Hampton Institute in Hampton, Virginia, where she joined the school's choir. At that time she was interested primarily in home economics and fashion design, and singing was a secondary pursuit. It was not until Hampton's chorusmaster, R. Nathaniel Dett, pulled her from the ranks to fill in as soloist that Maynor's talent began to bloom. The ensemble toured Europe, and Dett was so impressed with Maynor's performance that he cabled her father and informed him that he was changing his daughter's major to music.

Even then, Maynor's aspirations did not reflect her potential as a singing artist. She had plans to become a teacher, and after Hampton, entered the Westminister Choir College in Princeton, New Jersey on scholarship. There she met Harriet S. Curtis, Dean of Women, who convinced Maynor that she should pursue singing professionally, and even raised funds for her future study. Maynor moved to New York and became a student of

lieder with Wilfred Klamroth and opera repertory with Alan Haughton. By 1939, Maynor's talent and conscientious study had elevated her confidence, and she was fast becoming known in New York's musical circles. Friends who were also music patrons invited her to the Berkshires, the summer home of the Boston Symphony, and arranged for her to sing for Serge Koussevitzky during a break in one of the orchestra rehearsals. The impromptu audition for the Boston Symphony conductor was the pivotal point in Maynor's career.

Halfway through her presentation, Koussevitzky called her "a musical revelation," and announced "the world must hear her." The next day, as Koussevitzky's guest, Maynor sang for the symphony musicians and the New York press at the conductor's annual picnic. Noel Straus, reporter for the New York Times, was present. "Miss Maynor sang with a poise worthy of a veteran of the concert stage," he wrote. "She had only to sing the opening cadenza of her first offering, 'O Sleep, Why Dost Thou Leave Me,' from Handel's *Semele*, to assure all those conversant with the vocal art that a new songstress of startling powers had been discovered."

That impressive debut set the stage for an even greater one—her first Town Hall appearance the following November. There Maynor established herself as one of the great talents of the day. The dean of American critics, Olin Downes, called her singing "superb." Concert commitments and recording contracts followed, and through the popular radio broadcasts of *The Firestone Hour* and *The Ford Sunday Evening Hour*, Maynor's artistry reached thousands of American households. For the next several years Maynor concertized around the globe, and earned the distinction of becoming one of America's favorite sopranos.

Yet with all her fame, Maynor was aware of the problems facing the black artist and

the black community as well. On her own level, blacks were barred from opera companies; on yet another level poverty stunted the growth of talented black youths. After marrying a minister, the Reverend Shelby Rooks, she determined to help provide a creative outlet for Harlem's talented young people. With twenty piano students and a few square feet in the basement of her husband's church, the Harlem School began. Since its humble beginning in 1963 the school has grown from those modest conditions to a 37,000 square foot modern structure in the heart of Harlem, with more than 1,000 students. Maynor retired from singing in 1963 and from her post at the Harlem School in 1979. But her two-fold legacy, as a great artist and as a leader in the fight for opportunities for the young and underprivileged, is unique in the history of American performers. Dorothy Maynor died in 1996, at the age of 85.

In December 1940, Dorothy Maynor performed this recital at the Library of Congress as part of an historic series of concerts, symposia, and exhibits commemorating the 75th anniversary of the 13th Amendment to the Constitution, which ended slavery in the United States. This compact disc presents the complete program from that recital—arias, lieder, art songs, and spirituals—demonstrating Maynor's varied repertory and range of style and mood during her finest years. The former Washington Post critic Paul Hume once called Dorothy Maynor's voice "a star-spangled glory;" "its effortless beauty," Hume wrote, "haunted audiences that came to love the singer as much as the song." Such declarations are reserved for a small fraternity of artists for whom singing is the most personal form of self-revealing communication. It was that kind of communication that endeared Maynor to audiences, and made her one of her country's greatest singers.

Rosalyn M. Story

1 Oh Sleep, Why Dost Thou Leave Me?
(from *Semele*, (1743) by George Frideric Handel; text by William Congreve)

It was this aria that brought Maynor the admiration and patronage of Serge Koussevitzky, when she first sang for him at age 28. Her performance at the Library of Congress, recorded two years later, is a perfect example of her uncommon ability to imbue the most secular work with a spiritual grace. Irving Kolodin included Maynor's recording of this aria with the Boston Symphony Orchestra in his "Critics' Choice" anthology, as "a reminder of the sumptuous power, clarity and soaring freedom of Maynor's voice at the moment she burst on the world."

*Oh sleep, oh sleep, why dost thou leave me?
why thy visionary joys remove?*

*Oh sleep, oh sleep, again deceive me,
to my arms restore my wand' ring love!*

2 Der Kuss

(Ludwig van Beethoven, Op. 128; text by Christian Felix Weisse)

In this song Maynor treats the text simply, but with a smile in the voice which implies the poet's rapturous enthusiasm.

*Ich war bei Chloen ganz allein,
Und küssen wollt' ich sie:
Jedoch sie sprach,
Sie würde schreien,
Es sei vergebne Müh.
Ich wagt' es doch und küsste sie,
Trotz ihrer Gegenwehr,
Und schrie sie nicht?
Jawohl, sie schrie,
Doch lange hinterher.*

translation:

*I was alone with Chloe,
and wanted to kiss her.
But she said it would be in vain,
for she would scream.
But I dared to kiss her
in spite of her protesting.
And did she scream? Yes, indeed
she did - but a long time afterwards!*

3 Adelaide

(Ludwig van Beethoven, Op. 46; text by Friedrich von Matthison)

Maynor is acutely aware of the quicksilver mood changes in Beethoven's song, from simple naïveté to unabashed ardor, and rises to the challenge both musically and technically.

*Einsam Wandelt dein Freund im
Frühlingsgarten,
Mild vom lieblichen Zauberlicht umflossen,
Das durch wankende Blütenzweige zittert,
Adelaide!*

*In der, spiegelnden Flut, im Schnee der Alpen,
In des sinkenden Tages Goldgewölken,
Im Gefild der Sterne strahlt dein Bildnis
Adelaide!*

*Abendlüftchen im zarten Laube flüster,
Silberglöckchen des Mais im Grase säuseln,
Wellen rauschen und Nachtigallen flöten:
Adelaide!*

*Einst, o Wunder! entblüht, auf meinem Grabe,
Eine Blume der Ashe meines Herzens;
Deutlich schimmert auf jedem Purpurblättchen
Adelaide!*

translation:

*Lonely your friend wanders in the garden of
spring blossoms,
surrounded by the magical soft light
that trembles through the moving blooming
branches,
Adelaide!*

*In the shimmering waves, in the snow of the
Alps,
in the golden clouds of sinking day,
in the field of stars shines your image,
Adelaide!*

*The evening breezes whisper through the soft
leaves,
silver May bells murmur in the grass,
waves roar it, and nightingales warble it:
Adelaide!*

*Some day, o miracle, upon my grave shall spring
a flower from the ashes of my heart;
clearly it shall shine on every purple leaf:
Adelaide!*

4 Du bist wie eine Blume

(Robert Schumann, Op. 25, No. 24; text by
Heinrich Heine)

Dorothy Maynor was widely admired for her extraordinary musicality—profoundly expressive phrasing, imaginative use of technical and dynamic effects, and an impressive palette of vocal colors. In these lieder performances with Arpad Sandor, both artists beautifully reveal the musical architecture of each song; they create in *Du bist wie eine Blume* a mood of absolute quietness, out of which Sandor's closing piano line blooms like a flower.

*Du bist at wie eine Blume
So hold und schön und rein;
Ich schau' dich an, und Wehmut
Schleicht mir ins Herz hinein.*

*Mir ist, als ob ich die Hände
Aufs Haupt dir legen sollt',
Betend, dass Gott dich erhalte
So rein und schön und hold.*

translation:

*You are like a flower,
so sweet and fair and chaste;
I look upon you, and melancholy
creeps into my heart.*

*It seems to me as if I must
lay my hands upon your head,
praying that God will keep you
so chaste and fair and sweet.*

5 Meine Liebe ist grün

(Johannes Brahms, Op. 63, No. 5; text by
Felix Schumann)

Maynor's high notes are firmly in place in this impetuous Brahms song, a setting of a text by the composer's eighteen-year-old godchild, Felix Schumann, the son of Brahms' great friends Robert and Clara Schumann. Felix wrote three poems Brahms used as song texts; none were ever published.

*Meine Liebe ist grün wie der Fliederbusch,
Und mein Lieb ist schön wie die Sonne;
Die glänzt wohl herab auf den Fliederbusch
Und füllt ihn mit Duft und mit Wonne.*

*Meine Seele hat Schwingen der Nachtigall
Und wiegt sich in blühendem Flieder,
Und jauchzet und singet vom Duft berauscht
Viel leibestrunkene Lieder.*

translation:

*My love is green like the elderbush,
and my love is beautiful as the sun
that shines down upon the bush
and fills it with fragrance and rapture,*

*My soul has wings like the nightingale
and moves about among the elder-blossoms;
and drunk with the fragrance, it rejoices and
sings many love-happy songs*

6 Wiegenlied

(Richard Strauss, Op. 41, No. 1; text by
Richard Dehmel)

“Dream, dream, my sweet life, (dream) of heaven, which brings the flowers.” Strauss's cradle song is not a straightforward lullaby such as Brahms and Schubert wrote, but partly an erotic reflection on motherhood. The poet was Richard Dehmel, whose *Verklaerte Nacht* was the inspiration for Arnold Schoenberg's famous

string sextet of the same name. The speaker in Dehmel's poem is identified as the "Venus Mother," rejoicing in the flowering of her child's life. Maynor's seamless legato and impeccable breath control are imminently appropriate here, and powerfully convey the emotional intensity of the poem.

*Träume, träume, du mein süßes Leben,
von dem Himmel, der die Blumen bringt;
Blüten schimmern da, die beben
von dem Lied, das deine Mutter singt.*

*Träume, träume, Knospe meiner Sorgen,
von dem Tage, da die Blume spross;
von dem hellen Blütenmorgen,
da dein Seelchen sich der Welt erschloss.*

*Träume, träume, Blüte meiner Liebe,
von der stillen, von der heiligen Nacht,
da die Blume Seiner Liebe
diese Welt zum Himmel mir gemacht.*

translation:

*Dream, dream, my sweet life,
of heaven, which brings the flowers;
Blossoms glisten there; they quiver
to the song your mother sings.*

*Dream, dream, bud of my care,
of the day when the flowers sprouted,
of the bright blossoming morning
when your little soul came into the world.*

*Dream, dream, bloom of my love,
of the silent holy night
when the flowering of his love
made this world a heaven for me.*

7 Wie sollten wir geheim sie halten

(Richard Strauss, Op. 19, No. 4; text by Adolf Friedrich von Schack)

"Secret Rapture" is the English title sometimes given to this song—"How should we keep secret this happiness which fills us? Nature itself seems to respond with jubilation, when two people find themselves in love." The listener is caught up by the urgency in Maynor's performance, which shows off a full battery of strong top notes and unleashes a soaring vocal power that never sounds forced.

*Wie sollten wir geheim sie halten,
Die Seligkeit, die uns erfüllt?
Nein, bis in seine tiefsten Falten
Sei allen unser Herz enthüllt!*

*Wenn zwei in Liebe sich gefunden,
Geht Jubel hin durch die Natur,
In längern wonnevollen Stunden
Legt sich der Tag auf Wald und Flur.*

*Selbst aus der Eiche morschem Stamme,
Die ein Jahrtausend überlebt,
Steigt neu des Wipfels grüne Flamme
Und rauscht von Jugendlust durchbebt.*

*Zu höherm Glanz und Düfte brechen
Die Knospen auf beim Glück der Zwei.
Und süßer rauscht es in den Bächen
Und reicher blüht und reicher glänzt der
Mai.*

translation:

*How can we keep secret
this rapture that fills us?
No, the deepest corners of
our hearts are
revealed to the world!*

*The whole of nature rejoices,
when two beings find themselves in love.
The day in ever lengthening hours of
bliss settles over wood and meadow.*

*Even from the trunk of the rotting oak,
that has endured a thousand years,
a new green shoot flames high in its branches,
rustles and trembles
with youthful joy.*

*The buds burst open with a heightened fragrance
and splendour at the joy of the two lovers;
even sweeter murmur the streams,
even richer blossoms the
radiant month of May.*

8 Ave Maria

(Franz Schubert; text by Sir Walter Scott, from *The Lady of the Lake*)

In talking with people about Dorothy Maynor's singing one frequently encounters a one-word description: radiance. It is this quality that is so striking in Schubert's *Ave Maria*, which she announced from the stage as an unexpected addition to the program. One feels a sense of suspension, of utter repose. Throughout the song her dynamic control is remarkable, especially in the triple pianissimo of the final verse.

*Ave Maria! Jungfrau mild,
Erhore einer Jungfrau Flehen,
Aus diesem Felsen starr und wild
Soll mein Gebet zu dir hin wehen.
Wir schlafen sicher bis zum Morgen,
Ob Menschen noch so grausam sind.
O Jungfrau, sieh der Jungfrau Sorgen,
O Mutter, hör ein bittend Kind!
Ave Maria!*

*Ave Maria! umbefleckt!
Wenn wir auf diesen Fels hinsinken
Zum Schlaf, und uns dein Schutz bedeckt,
Wird weich der harte Fels uns dünken.*

Du lächelst, Rosendufte wehen
In dieser dumpfen Felsenkluft.
A Mutter, höre Kindes Flehen,
A Jungfrau, eine Jungfrau ruft!
Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! Reine Magd!
Der Erde und der Luft Dämonen,
Von deines Auges Huld verjagt,
Sie können hier nicht bei uns wohnen.

Wir wollen uns still dem Schicksal beugen,
Da uns dein heilger Trost anweht;
Der Jungfrau wolle hold dich neigen,
Dem Kind, das für den Vater fleht'
Ave Maria!

translation:

*Ave Maria! maiden mild!
Listen to a maiden's prayer!
Thou canst hear though from the wild;
Thou canst save amid despair.*

*Safe may we sleep beneath thy care,
Though banished, outcast, and reviled;—
Maiden! Hear a maiden's prayer
Mother, hear a suppliant child!*

*Ave Maria! Undeiled!
The flinty couch we now must share
Shall seem with down of eider piled,
If thy protection hover there.*

*The murky cavern's heavy air
Shall breathe of balm if thou has smiled.
Then, Maiden! Hear a maiden's prayer,
Mother, list a suppliant child!*

*Ave Maria' Stainless styled!
Foul demons of the earth and air,
From this their wonted haunt exiled,
Shall flee before thy presence fair.*

*We bow us to our lot of care,
Beneath thy guidance reconciled.
Hear for a maid a maiden's prayer
And for a father hear a child'*

9 Beau Soir

(Claude Debussy; text by Paul-Charles Joseph Bourget)

Maynor's voice is particularly suited to the French art song repertoire presented in this recital; her subtle vocal colors seem to match the delicate sensibilities of the poems. In this serene performance of *Beau Soir*, Maynor's tone is poised and floating, mirroring the calm surface of a river flowing to the sea.

*Lorsque au soleil couchant les rivières sont roses,
Et qu' un tiède frisson court sur les champs de blé,
Un conseil d'être heureux semble sortir des choses,
Et monter vers le coeur troublé.*

*Un conseil de goûter le charme d'être au monde
Cependant qu'on est jeune et que le soir est beau,
Car nous nous en allons, comme s'en va cette onde:
Elle à la mer.—nous au tombeau!*

translation:

*When at sunset the rivers are rosy,
and a warm ripple crosses the fields of wheat,
a suggestion to be happy seems to arise from
these things,
and enter into the troubled heart.*

*A suggestion to savor the charm of being in the world
while one is young and the evening is beautiful;
for we are moving on, even as that wave moves:
it to the sea, we to the tomb.*

10 Farewell of the Arab Mistress

(Georges Bizet; text by Victor Hugo)

Often performed a generation ago, but not so frequently heard today, *Adieux de l'hôtesse arabe* is Bizet's best-known song, a setting of a poem from Victor Hugo's *Les Orientales* of 1829. A delicious sensuousness permeates Maynor's performance—she shows us a different side of her musical personality with several seductive pauses and portamenti, a skillful use of the chest voice on the recurring phrase, "handsome traveller," a flirtatious cadenza—and ends the song with a perfect trill.

*Puisque rien ne t'arrête en cet heureux pays,
Ni l'ombre du palmier, ni le jaune maïs,
Ni le repos, ni l'ubondance,
Ni de voir, à ta voix, battre le jeune sein
De nos sœurs, dont, les soirs, le tournoyant essaim
Couronne un coteau de sa danse,
Adieu, beau voyageur'
Hélas adieu'!*

*Oh! que n'es tu de ceux
Qui donnent pour limite à leurs pied paresseux
Leur toit de branches ou de toiles!
Qui rêveurs, sans en faire, écoutent les récits,
Et souhaitent le soir, devant leur porte assis,
De s'en aller dans les étoiles!
Hélas! Adieu!
Adieu! beau voyageur!*

*Si tu l'avais voulu, peut-être une de nous,
O jeune homme, eut aimé te servir à genoux
Dans nos huttes toujours ouvertes.*

*Elle eut fait, en bercant ton sommeil de ses chants,
Pour chasser ton front les moucherons méchants
Un éventail de feuilles vertes.*

Si tu ne reviens pas,
Songe un peu quelquefois
Aux filles du désert, soeurs à la douce voix,
Qui dansent piend nus sur la dune;
O beau jeune homme blanc, bel oiseau passager,
Souviens toi, car peut-être ô rapide étranger,
Ton souvenir reste à plus d'une!
Hélas! Adieu!
Adieu! bel étranger!
Hélas! adieu! Souviens toi.

translation:

Since nothing can keep you in this blessed land,
Neither the shade of the palm tree, nor the
yellow corn,
nor the calm, nor the abundance,
Nor seeing the young breasts of our sisters
throb at the sound of your voice,
Our sisters, in whose whirling dance at evening,
a saber is crowned with flowers.
Farewell, handsome traveler!
Alas, farewell!

Oh! but you are not one of those
who keep their lazy feet
Within the limits of their roofs of branches
and cloth!
Not one of the dreamers, rather than doers, who
listen to stories
And, seated before their doors in the evening,
wish to escape into the stars!

Alas! Farewell!
Farewell! handsome traveler!

O young man, perhaps one of us,
If you had wanted, would have served you on her
knees,
In our huts always open.

She would have made, while lulling you to sleep
with her songs,
To chase from your forehead bothersome flies,
A fan of green leaves.

If you do not return, think back sometimes of
The girls of the desert, sisters with sweet voices,
who dance barefooted on the dune;
O beautiful young, white man, beautiful bird of
passage,
Think back, for perhaps, oh swiftly moving
stranger!
Your memory remains with more than one of us!
Alas, farewell!
Farewell! handsome stranger!
Remember.

translation by Carol Armbruster

11 Depuis le jour

(from the opera *Louise*, (1900) by Gustave
Charpentier; libretto by the composer)

This aria became known, from the evening
of Maynor's Town Hall debut to her final
recitals in the 1960's, as Maynor's signature
work. In it she could employ the floating
mezza voce and finely spun pianimissi for
which she was well known. Maynor had so
much confidence in the appeal of this piece
that she routinely scheduled it at the end of
her group of encores, making her audience
wait for it. *Stereo Review*, which reviewed
her recording of the aria in 1969, said, "her
recording of *Depuis le jour*...remains an ex-
quisite accomplishment with which all other
recordings of that aria must still be compared."

*Depuis le jour où je me suis donnée,
toute fleurie semble m'a destinée.*

*Je crois rêver sous un ciel de féerie,
l'âme encore grisée de ton premier baiser!
Louise! Quelle belle vie!
Mon rêve n'était pas un rêve!*

*Ah! je suis heureuse!
L'amour étend sur moi ses ailes!*

*Au jardin de mon coeur chante une joie
nouvelle!
Tout vibre, tout se réjouit de mon triomphe!
Autour de moi tout est sourire, lumière et joie!
et je tremble délicieusement au souvenir
charmant du premier jour d'amour!*

*Quelle belle vie!
ah je suis heureuse!
trop heureuse, et je tremble délicieusement,
au souvenir charmant du premier jour d'amour!*

translation:

*E'er since the day when unto thee I gave me,
radiant with flowers seems my pathway before me.*

*I seem to dream 'neath a fairyland heaven,
while my soul still is drunk with the joy of thy
first kiss.
Louise! Ah, how sweet is life!
My dream has not been merely dreaming!*

*Ah! I am so happy!
For love o'er me his wings is spreading!*

*In the realm of my heart new is the joy that's
singing!
All nature doth rejoice with me,
and with me triumph!
And all around I see but laughter and light and
joy!
and I tremble with exquisite delight when I recall
the charm of our first day of love!
Oh, how sweet is life!
All I am so happy!
all too happy, and I tremble with exquisite delight
when I recall the charm of our first day of love!*

12 Guitares et mandolines

(Gabriel Grovlez; text by Camille Saint-Saëns, from *Rimes familières*)

Maynor and Sandor conjure an atmosphere of Spanish sultriness in Gabriel Grovlez's *Guitares et mandolines*. In Saint-Saëns' poem, guitars and mandolins "make sounds which awaken love;" we hear both instruments in the piano's final flourish, which allows Arpad Sandor a chance to shine. The Hungarian pianist studied with Bartók and Kodaly at Budapest's Royal Academy, and worked for a few years in Berlin as both a musician and a critic before emigrating to the United States in 1933. Sandor collaborated with some of the finest artists of his day, including Fritz Kreisler, Gregor Piatigorsky, Lily Pons, and Jascha Heifetz.

Guitares et mandolines
Ont des sons qui font aimer.
Tout en croquant des pralines.
Pépe se laisse charmer
Quand, jetant dièses, bécares,
Mandolines et guitares
Vibrent pour ta désarmer.
Mandoline avec guitare
Accompagnent de leur bruit
Les amants suivant le phare
De la beauté dans la nuit;
Et Juana montre, féline,

(*Guitare avec mandoline*)

Sa bouche et son oeil qui luit.

translation:

Guitars and mandolins
make sounds which awaken love.
While she crunches almonds
Pépe lets herself be charmed,
when, sounding their sharps and flats,
mandolins and guitars
resound and disarm her.

Mandolins and guitars
accompany with their sounds
lovers who follow the torch
of beauty in the night;
and Juana, like a cat,
(guitars and mandolins)
flashes her shining lips and eyes.

translated by Richard Jackson

13 My Day

(R. Nathaniel Dett; text by Daniel S. Twohig)

An important African-American composer, arranger, and choral conductor of the 1930s, Robert Nathaniel Dett first met Dorothy Maynor when she joined his choir at the Hampton Institute. It was Dett who persuaded Maynor to pursue a career in music, arranging for a curriculum change from home economics to music.

Dett was born in 1882 in Drummondville, Quebec, where fugitive slaves had established a settlement. He was the first African American to earn a bachelor of music degree, at Oberlin in 1908. He also studied composition at the American Conservatory of Music in Chicago, the University of Pennsylvania, Harvard University, at Eastman, and in Paris with Nadia Boulanger. His more than 100 compositions include oratorios, piano suites, and art songs such as *My Day*. Dett also composed and arranged many Spirituals—a number of them for Dorothy Maynor.

The twilight falls, our day of love is past;
Our day of dreams, would it might ever last,
Yet this one day will always be my own
Because you shared it, dear, with me, alone!

The twilight wanes and leaves a world of night,
The pale stars beam, and shed a holy light;
Now in a dream, I see you still, my own,
In fancy at love's shrine, with me, alone!

The twilight falls, our day of love is passed;
Our day of dreams, would it might ever last.
Yet this one day will always be my own,
Yet this one day will always be my own,
Because you shared it, dear, with me alone.

14 She rested by the Broken Brook

(Samuel Coleridge-Taylor; text by Robert Louis Stevenson, from *Poems and Ballads*

("The Unforgotten")

Samuel Coleridge-Taylor, a black composer born in England in 1875, was especially known for his choral works. In his honor, the Coleridge-Taylor Choral Society was founded in Washington, D.C. in 1901; the society brought the composer to America in 1904 for the first of three American tours. While in the United States, Coleridge-Taylor took part in a three-day festival in Washington and Baltimore that featured a two hundred-voice choir performing his choral compositions. In addition to choral works, Coleridge-Taylor also wrote a grand opera, a symphony, a number of instrumental pieces, and several song-cycles.

She rested by the Broken Brook,
She drank of Weary Well,
She moved beyond my ling'ring look,
Ah! whither none can tell!

She came, she went, in other lands,
Perchance in fairer skies,
Her hands shall cling with other hands,
Her eyes to other eyes.

She vanished.
In the sounding town,
Will she remember too?
Will she recall the eyes of brown.
As I recall the blue?

15 Thou art risen, my Beloved

(from *Songs of Sun and Shade*, by Samuel Coleridge-Taylor; text by Marguerite Radclyffe-Hall)

Thou art risen, my Belovéd is one of five poems by Marguerite Radclyffe-Hall that Coleridge-Taylor set in his cycle, *Songs of Sun and Shade*. In addition to the two Coleridge-Taylor songs on Dorothy Maynor's program, the composer's music was also represented during the Library's week-long 1940 festival by his Quintet in F-sharp minor, Op. 10, performed by clarinetist Gustave Langenus and the Budapest Quartet.

*Thou art risen, my beloved,
And thou callest me to follow,
Follow thro' the chilly twilight
Of this silent virgin morning,*

*Whither, whither wouldst thou lead me,
To what place of new enchantment?
Can the day that thou art seeking
Give such rapture as the darkness?*

*Thou art warm with many kisses,
With the handclasps of thy lover,
Turn again unto my bosom,
I would have it night for ever!*

16 Epitaph for a poet

(Cecil Cohen; text by Countee Cullen)

Cecil Cohen's deceptively simple song is set to a text from Countee Cullen's *Color*, published in 1925. Cohen was a Chicago born pianist and composer, educated at Fisk University and the Oberlin Conservatory. For many years he was chairman of the piano faculty at Howard University.

*I have wrapped my dreams in a silken cloth,
And laid them away in a box of gold;
Where long will cling the lips of the moth,
I have wrapped my dreams in a silken cloth.*

*I hide no hate;
I am not even wroth
Who found earth's breath so keen and cold;
I have wrapped my dreams in a silken cloth,
And laid them away in a box of gold.*

17 Lead me to the water

(arranged by William Lawrence; title is sometimes given as *Take me to the water*)

Maynor, with Marian Anderson and Roland Hayes, took great pride in the spirituals which grew out of American slavery to become the foremost American art song, and typically ended her programs

with a group of them. Maynor's deep spirituality added a special pathos to these moving songs. "Her spirituals were just that—spiritual," said opera critic Fred Calland. "She perceived what any great singer perceives, that what they are doing with their voice is touching on the subconscious mind...to enable the listener to have a mystic experience...to give them some insight into what human life is all about."

*Lead me to the water,
Yes, lead me to the water,
Lead me to the water,
To be-a baptized.*

*Oh, lead me to the water,
Yes, lead me to the water,
Lead me to the water
To be-a baptized.*

*Jordan river am chilly and cold,
Yes, my Lord,
Jordan river am chilly and cold,
But I'm gwine-a be-a baptized.*

*It'll chill the body but not the soul,
Yes, my Lord,
It'll chill the body but not the soul,
And I'm gwine-a be-a baptized.*

Oh, lead me to the water, etc.

18 I'm seekin' for a city

(arranged by Ernest Hayes; Hall Johnson's arrangement gives the title as *Lord, I Don't Feel Noways Tired*)

*I am seekin' for a city, Hallelujah;
Oh, seekin' for a city, Hallelujah.*

*For a city into the heavens, Hallelujah;
For a city into the heavens, Halleluiah,*

*O brethren, travel with me, Hallelujah;
O brethren, travel with me, Hallelujah.*

*Say, will you go along with me, Hallelujah?
Say, will you go along with me, Hallelujah?*

*O, Lord, I don't feel no-ways tired, children,
O Glory Hallelujah,
For I hope to shout Glory when this world is on fire, children,
O Glory Hallelujah!*

*O, Lord, I don't feel no-ways tired, children,
O Glory Hallelujah,
For I hope to shout Glory when this world is on fire, children,
O Glory Hallelujah!*

19 I'm goin' to tell God all my troubles
(arranged by R. Nathaniel Dett; another well-known version of this spiritual gives the text as "I'm goin' to thank God for his keepin' when I get home.")

Robert Nathaniel Dett preceded Dorothy Maynor as a performer at the Library of Congress by fourteen years; in December, 1926, Dell conducted his eighty-voice Hampton Institute Choir on the stage of the Library's Coolidge Auditorium. The *a capella* concert included works by Bach, Campion, and Tchaikovsky, as well as a group of spirituals—several arranged by Dett himself.

I'm goin to tell God all my troubles is one of a number of spirituals Dr. Dett arranged especially for Dorothy Maynor. Others include *In That Morning*; *Go On, Brother*; and *I'm Trav'ling to the Grave*.

I'm goin' to tell God all my troubles when I get home,
I'm goin' to tell God all my troubles when I get home,
I'm goin' to tell God all my troubles,
tell God all my troubles,
I'm goin' to tell God all my troubles when I get home,

I'm goin' to lay down all my burdens when I get home,
I'm goin' to lay down all my burdens when I get home,
I'm goin' to lay down all my burdens when I get home,

20 Ride on, Jesus
(arranged by R. Nathaniel Dett)

A note on the J. Fischer edition of this arrangement reads, "Setting requested and made especially for Miss Dorothy Maynor." With this group of spirituals Maynor's voice takes on a powerful depth and richness, an immediacy that reaches across fifty years to draw the listener in.

O ride on, Jesus, ride on, Jesus,
Ride on, conquerin' King!
I want t' go t' hebben in de mo'nin.
O ride on, Jesus, ride on, Jesus
Ride on, conquerin' King!

If you see my mother, O yes,
Jes' tell her for me, O yes,
for to meet me tomorrow in Galilee;
Want to go to hebben in the mo'nin .

If you see my father, O yes,
Jes' tell her for me, O yes,
for to meet me tomorrow in Galilee;

Want t' go t' hebben in de mo'nin.
If you see John de Baptis',
Jes' tell him for me,
For to meet me tomorrow in Galilee,
I want to go to hebben in de mo'nin.

21 Ev'ry time I feel the spirit

Dorothy Maynor was the first African American artist to give a solo recital at the Library of Congress; two evenings later, Roland Hayes would become the second. Both Maynor and Hayes championed works by black composers, and both were known for their moving performances of spirituals. Their concerts marked the first time that spirituals had been performed at the Library of Congress since the Hampton Institute Choir's appearance in the Coolidge Auditorium in 1926—a concert conducted by Maynor's mentor, R. Nathaniel Dett.

Ev'ry time I feel the spirit,
Moving in my heart,
I will pray, yes I will pray.

Upon the mountain my Lord spoke,
Out His mouth came fire and smoke. Yes!

In the valley on my knees,
Ask my Lord, have mercy, please.

Every time I feel the spirit,
Moving in my heart,
I will pray.

Jordan river, chilly and cold,
Chills the body, but not the soul. Yes!

All around me looked so shine,
Asked my Lord if all was mine.

Every time I feel the spirit,
Moving in my heart,
I will pray.

22 Were you there

For a final encore, Maynor offered *Were You There*, singing it without accompaniment. On the original acetate discs recorded by the Library's engineers, there is more than a minute of silence at the conclusion of her performance before the audience explodes in a thunderous ovation; it is the ultimate audience tribute.

Were you there when they crucified my Lord?
Were you there when they crucified my Lord?
Oh! sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble,
tremble!
Were you there when they crucified my Lord?

*Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?
Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?
Oh! sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble,
tremble!*

Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?

*Were you there when they rolled the stone
away?*

*Were you there when they rolled the stone
away?*

*Oh! sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble,
tremble!*

Were you there when they crucified my Lord?

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