

The Color of the Word

Masterpieces of Text-Setting

Georgine Resick, soprano Warren Jones, piano

HUGO WOLF (1860-1903)

- 1 Nachtzauber (Eichendorff) (4:29)
- 2 Nimmersatte Liebe (Mörike) (2:26)
- 3 Zur Ruh, zur Ruh! (Kerner) (2:49)
- 4 Auf einer Wanderung (Mörike) (3:11)
- 5 Das verlassene Mägdlein (Mörike) (3:04)
- 6 Mein Liebster ist so klein (*Italienisches Liederbuch*; trans. Heyse) (1:28)

ANDRÉ CAPLET (1878-1925)

TROIS FABLES DE JEAN DE LA FONTAINE

- 7 Le Corbeau et le Renard (3:23)
- 8 La Cigale et la Fourmi (3:54)
- 9 Le Loup et l'Agneau (4:27)

MODEST MUSSORGSKI (1839-1881)

- 10 V chet'ryokh stenakh (*Bez solntsa* [Sunless]; Golenishchev-Kutuzov) (2:04)
- 11 Poyekhhal na palochke (*Detskaya* [The Nursery]; Mussorgski) (3:45)

- 12 Ozomik (Mussorgski) (2:21)
- 13 Kolibel'naya (*Pesni i plyaski smerti* [Songs and Dances of Death]; Golenishchev-Kutuzov) (5:24)
- 14 Kozyol: Svetskaya skazochka (Mussorgski) (2:18)
- 15 Gopak (Shevchenko) (3:08)

CLAUDE DEBUSSY (1862-1918)

CHANSONS DE BILITIS (Pierre Louÿs)

- 16 La flûte de Pan (3:07)
- 17 La chevelure (3:34)
- 18 Le tombeau des Naiades (2:50)

HENRY PURCELL (1659-1695)

- 19 From rosy bow'rs (*Don Quixote*; Thomas D'Urfey) (7:09)
- 20 Kind Fortune smiles (*The Tempest*; Davenant, Dryden and Shadwell, after Shakespeare) (1:13)
- 21 How I sigh when I think of the Charms (:37)
- 22 Nymphs and shepherds (*The Libertine*; Thomas Shadwell) (1:19)

The Color of the Word presents songs by some of the greatest masters of the art of setting poetry to music. The choice of works is not meant to be comprehensive (Schubert, Schumann, and Monteverdi and others also set text masterfully), nor even to suggest that it necessarily represents the “best” examples of a composer’s text-setting. Rather, the desire is to draw attention to the art of setting poetry to music in some of its most gloriously successful examples.

Barring Purcell’s works, the songs in *The Color of the Word* grew out of the nineteenth century German Romantic Lied tradition. Before Franz Schubert transformed the song genre in the early nineteenth century, song composition was considered to be a sidelight to writing larger instrumental, choral or dramatic works. Near the end of the eighteenth century, however, a new lyric style of poetry developed out of the German folksong, due largely to the efforts and works of Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. Much of this “Romantic” poetry, which emphasized the personal emotions and development of the self in fresh, exuberant language, was conceived with music in mind – giving rise to the development of the German *Lied*.

Musical contemporaries of Goethe were so respectful of his poetry that their settings took an extremely subservient (and musically uninteresting) role. Gradually, composers began to look more carefully at poetic structure and meaning and to attempt a personal interpretation of a poem via music; it wasn’t until Beethoven and Schubert turned to song composition, however, that the musical parameters for expressiveness of text were expanded. Throughout the nineteenth century, composers in Germany and France developed new compositional strategies – involving pitch, melody, harmony and structure, but especially the increased importance of the role of the accompaniment – to enhance his or her reading of a poem. These innovations, intended to serve the text, actually resulted a shift from predominance of the poetry to that of the musical setting.

Although each of the composers represented in *The Color of the Word* set text in highly original and creative ways, one can draw from their success some generalizations about the process of setting text to music. First and foremost is the need for a careful and thoughtful reading of the poem, arriving at an interpretation of the text that can be translated into pitch, tone, rhythm, inflection of the language, harmony, accompaniment texture, and form. Settings sensitive to the text will tend to be through-composed, avoiding strophic musical repetition that does not support variations in the text. The piano accompaniment can take so much responsibility for

creating both atmosphere and subtext – setting the scene, providing insight into the characters’ inner intentions, and setting up dramatic conflict and resolution – that the vocal line functions as counterpoint (often in a *parlando* or *arioso* style rather than fitting the words to a preconceived melody). Reliance on the above elements permits a composer to convey not only a wide range of dramatic action or dialogue, but also inner states of emotion, with great specificity.

It is interesting to note that inferior poetry can lead to excellent text-setting. (The careful listener will notice that the quality of the poetry presented in *The Color of the Word* is not uniformly high.) Controversy over why this should be the case has engaged musicologists for some time. Lawrence Kramer, in *Music and Poetry: The Nineteenth Century and After* (1984), suggests that it is easier for a composer to be inspired by a banal poem, or one which is not well known, than to “suggest an imaginative space that the text is unable to occupy” in setting a more substantial poem which readers have already “internalized.” Some composers (including Mussorgski, Debussy, and Messiaen) occasionally sidestep the tension inherent in interpreting another’s work in music by writing their own texts; in these cases the composer tends to most truly set the “color” of the word, since the music is presumably conceived as the text is being written.

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903), arguably the greatest song composer of the late nineteenth century, was passionate about illuminating the human experience through the word. While Wolf did not espouse realism *per se*, he echoed Mussorgski’s commitment to the “true to life” ideal. “For me the sovereign principle in art is rigorous, harsh, inexorable truth, truth to the point of cruelty,” he said. Though he did not radically depart from the song tradition of Schubert and Schumann, in order to audibly realize the layers of nuance he discerned in the text Wolf used every post-Wagnerian means open to him: tonal forms, melodic contour, declamation, pianistic texture, and the relationship of voice to piano accompaniment. Wolf was a master of the use of harmonic ambiguity for expressive purposes. He was not above word-painting, offering in his oeuvre a plethora of hiccups, buzzing bees and flies, rustling and gusting winds, panting desire, jaunty skipping, and cheerful striding; much of this and other scene-setting was delegated to the piano, making his accompaniments extremely difficult to play.

In June, 1883 Wolf set “Zur Ruh, zur Ruh!” (To rest, to rest) from Justinus Kerner’s last volume of poetry, *Winterblüten* (Winter Flowers), possibly as an elegy on the death of Wagner a few months earlier. This song, among the best of his pre-1888 works, shows Wagner’s influence in

the overlapping lines of voice and piano, and prolongation of a final cadence. Wolf's melody and harmony lead the speaker to rise toward the light and then sink again into a welcome death through the piano postlude. It is an extraordinary song for a 23-year-old to have written.

Wolf turned frequently to the poems of Joseph von Eichendorff and Johann Wolfgang von Goethe; however, his muse – and his advanced tonal language – was most stimulated by the enormous range of characters and situations presented in complex psychological depth by Eduard Mörike's poems. In his 1887 "Nachtzauber" (Night Magic), one of the several Eichendorff mystical night poems he set to music, Wolf's luminous atmosphere outweighs the nuances of text, becoming in effect a third character to abet the speaker's invitation to the beloved.

Wolf's vocal lines did not spring primarily from declamation of the text (as did Mussorgski's and to an extent Debussy's), but evolved in a fluid compromise between lyrical and declamatory elements. This is evident in his setting of Mörike's "Nimmersatte Liebe" (Insatiable love), which features panting desire extended harmonically and vocally to fever pitch, ending in an ironic coda with an abashed nod to the wisdom of Solomon. "Auf einer Wanderung," based on an incident in Mörike's novella *Mozart auf der Reise nach Prag* (Mozart's Journey to Prague), is modeled on the *Wanderlieder* of the early nineteenth century. Wolf's jaunty walking theme is interrupted by an aural vision of loveliness that momentarily transfixes, enraptures, and inspires the artist. The bleak emptiness of abandonment is perfectly captured in Wolf's spare treatment of another Mörike poem, "Das verlassene Mägdlein" (The abandoned maiden); the conflicting emotions of a desolate young woman, befuddled by sleep, are painted in ambiguous harmonies resolved only when she resigns herself to the long, lonely day ahead.

While never abandoning his commitment to plumb the depths of the text, Wolf in his later compositional years turned to some lower-quality poetry, such as the *Italienisches Liederbuch's* folk poems translated by Paul Heyse, that provided him greater scope for musical characterization. The narrator of "Mein Liebster ist so klein" (My beloved is so tiny) lovingly pokes fun at her lover from Maremma (a region known for short men), describing his unfortunate encounters with various insects and cursing both his tiny adversaries and her misfortune in having such a diminutive lover. Smallness is depicted here via the tempered piano's smallest interval – the minor second – which provides ample opportunity for dissonance in painting his misadventures.

André Caplet (1878-1925) was a close friend and one of the few disciples of Claude Debussy. His early works were Impressionistic in nature. A brilliant conductor, he turned wholly to composition after being wounded and gassed in World War I, writing mostly for the voice. His *Trois Fables de Jean de la Fontaine* and *Cinq ballades françaises*, both composed in 1919, mark his movement away from Impressionism into his own more exuberant and rhythmic style.

Friendshiply difficult for both singer and pianist, Caplet's settings of La Fontaine's fables characterize the poet's anthropomorphized animals most explicitly; composing with utmost regard for the French text – as French composers have traditionally done – Caplet revels in wide melodic leaps and extreme shifts of texture, rhythm and dynamics. The fox silkily persuades the fox by vocal sliding and liberal use of the augmented fourth, "diabolus in musica" – our aural clue to mistrust him! He dispenses with this devilish interval altogether once he gets his teeth around the cheese, whereupon it passes to the rueful crow as he belatedly sees through the harmonic ruse. Caplet presents the operatically inclined grasshopper in a flamboyant piano introduction and soaring vocal line; the ant's disjunct music scurries busily in a striking comparison, and Caplet's setting of her final off-hand suggestion is appropriately chilling. The wolf, on the other hand – who after all eats his conversational partner rather than a cheese or a bit of grain – growls and snarls convincingly, although the final moral is drawn in similarly cold fashion. The innocent-seeming lamb bleats his nervousness at being confronted by a dangerous beast of prey, yet manages to make a quasi-legal case of pitiable naiveté until the wolf becomes too hungry for further debate, resorting to brute force with music of deliciously unapologetic menace.

Far out of the nineteenth century musical mainstream stands **Modest Mussorgski** (1839-1881), one of the most original musical minds in history. He was largely self-taught and had few models for his "true to life" ideal. Weaned on the simple naturalness of Russian folk tales and songs as a child, Mussorgski created his own musical language based on the inflection of the Russian language. He wrote to a friend, "My music must be an artistic reproduction of human speech in all its most subtle windings." Mussorgski's musical realism was marked by a sharp divergence from the Russian music's stylistic conventions and was influenced more by literary models (Turgenev, Chernishevsky and others) than by any musical circles. The variety of subject matter and character in his songs is astonishingly wide, and even the early songs are notable for Mussorgski's instinctive and chameleon-like ability to project himself completely into highly differentiated personae.

Mussorgski composed his groundbreaking naturalistic cycle, *The Nursery*, to his own 'rhythmicized prose' between 1868 and 1872 (before and during the composition of *Boris Godunov*). Debussy wrote of it, "Never has a more refined sensibility been conveyed by such simple means." "Poyekhhal na palochke" (A ride on a hobby-horse) depicts in crystalline detail the story of a little boy's reckless ride, his predictable fall, comfort from his mother, and the resilient resumption of his game. In a song such as this one, Mussorgski's mimetic theory of word-tone relations can be compared in intention to the work of Henry Purcell.

Throughout the 1870s Mussorgski turned towards greater lyricism and formal symmetry, using more traditional sectional forms. He described his work of this period as 'the embodiment of recitative in melody ... I would like to call it intelligently justified melody'. Mussorgski set texts by Golenishchev-Kutuzov (with whom he sometimes shared lodgings) in two later cycles: *Sunless* and *Songs and Dances of Death*. In tandem with *Pictures at an Exhibition*, *Sunless* was composed during a period of depression in 1874; in its first song, "V chet'ryokh stenakh" (Between Four Walls) Mussorgski captures with masterful spareness many subtle shades of pessimism and loneliness, foreshadowing Wolf's "Das verlassene Mägdlein" by 14 years.

Each of the four songs in *Pesni i plyaski smerti* ("Songs and Dances of Death") from 1875-1877 is a miniature drama presented in musical detail. The first song of the cycle, "Kolibel'naya" (Lullaby), is a stark dialogue between Death and the mother of a very ill child; in chilling but lyrical repetitions of measured triplets Death lulls the suffering child to a final sleep, compassionately overriding the desperate and tonally unstable interjections of its mother.

"Ozomik" (The scallywag), another dramatic scene, presents a silent old crone being gleefully taunted by a young man who must repeatedly duck her retaliatory blows. Mussorgski chooses an angular 5/4 meter with forays into 3/2 and 6/2 for emphasis, to provide impeccable musical inflection of his own disjointed text. In his "Kozyol: Svetskaya skazochka" [The Billy-goat: A Society Tale] Mussorgski controverts the prevailing belief that verbatim repetition of music is antithetical to descriptive text-setting by modifying the strophic form as ironic commentary on the social opportunism implied by the young maiden's change of heart. "Hopak" presents a portrait rare in song literature: the dance of a hard-drinking, blunt-speaking young woman. Mussorgski uses several radical changes of tempo and key center to depict the lively commentary of a drunken woman vital in her youth, abusive of her ageing husband, and reminiscent of a

happier, younger self. Here Mussorgski remains within a three-part form, albeit stretching and varying the middle section substantially to accommodate his dramatic ideas.

Claude Debussy's (1862-1918) attempts to free his music from the pervading influence of Wagner coincided with his being exposed to the new harmonic and sonic palette of the music of East Asia at the 1889 Exposition. Gradually Debussy divested himself of the conventions – and even the musical scales – of Western music, using these "new" harmonies and colors (with an infusion of the colorfulness of Russian music) to propel his music into the forefront of modernism. Suspicious of systems and formulas, Debussy refused to conform to current expectations of structure and form, saying that he "would rather cultivate pineapples" than repeat what he or anyone else had achieved.

Debussy saw himself – much like Schumann – as a literary man, moving in literary circles much more easily than in musical ones and devoting himself to a faithful rendering of the inflection of French text. (Debussy, as did many other masters of the art of text-setting, eventually turned his hand to writing his own texts for his cycle *Proses Lyriques* and his final song, "Noël des enfants qui n'ont plus de maison.") Debussy respected many poets, including Baudelaire, Verlaine, Banville, and Mallarmé, but it was with Pierre Louÿs that he maintained a close friendship for over ten years. Despite several abortive attempts at collaboration, only one work resulted from their friendship. In 1897-98 Debussy set three poems from *Chansons de Bilitis*, a famous literary hoax. In 1895 Louÿs had published a "translation" of a book of poems purportedly written by an ancient Greek poetess: Bilitis. Autobiographical in nature, the poems detail the poetess' life, including her early sexual experiences at Pamphylia, her time on Lesbos, and her later career as a courtesan in Kypros.

"La Flûte de Pan" (The flute of Pan), the attempted seduction of the young Bilitis, reflects Debussy's continuing fascination with long, ornate flute melodies. As Arthur Wenk (*Claude Debussy and the Poets*, 1976) tells us, "Syrinx was a nymph pursued by Pan who, to escape, was changed by Diana into a reed from which Pan made a flute. In this text, Pan literally plays upon Syrinx...to transform sexual frustration into art." The sensuous contour of the melody belongs to Pan and his reed flute, with Bilitis in a more tentative, recitative-like narration of the encounter. Bilitis begins and ends "La Chevelure" (Tresses) in her narrator's *parlando*, while Pan's recounting of his sensual dream continually expands in passionate melody. Wenk proposes

that the very structure of this song is based on Louÿs's image of two trees growing from a single root; Debussy uses a series of intertwining, unpredictable harmonic and rhythmic figures to build towards the climax (*la bouche sur la bouche*: mouth upon mouth), which then recedes in a loose structural retrograde to the end of the song so that "the two halves of Debussy's song emerge from the center like branches." "Le Tombeau des Naiades" (The Naiads' tomb) is set in a frozen landscape. In continuous movement, slow sixteenth notes indicate the difficult progress of Pan and Bilitis through muddy, clumping snow. Images of death abound, but the focus of the poem is on apertures: the footprints in the snow, the tomb of the nymphs, the spring, and the hole Pan cuts in the ice serve as windows to the past. Introduced by an elusive whole-tone scale, a sense of understanding is suggested by Pan's peering at the sky through a piece of broken ice.

It is noteworthy that Wolf, and Debussy and Mussorgski were all to some extent autodidacts (Mussorgski's lack of musical schooling is well known; Debussy never attended a regular school and the young Wolf – only spottily educated – developed his skills without a teacher through mimicry of his predecessors), raising the question of whether formal training tends to inhibit one from fully inhabiting the life of a poetic text.

As musical structure and harmony expanded – one might even say exploded – in the nineteenth century, critics began to see individual word-painting in music as primitive or naïve. Henry Purcell (1659-1695), however, within the confines of the musical syntax and structure of the seventeenth century, joyfully made use of onomatopoeia (painting the sense or sound of the individual word or phrase in music) in his songs. Purcell's intense expressiveness sometimes extended to unpredictable harmonic changes, disjunct vocal lines, and moments of astonishing dissonance. Purcell often set light verse in strophic form to dance rhythms, matching poetic and musical accents. Adhering to tradition, he set more serious poetry in a declamatory manner, mirroring the inflections of speech. He chose a variety of structures and forms to provide unity for his flights of musico-poetic fancy, including the Italianate ground bass (derived from the *passacaglia*) and multi-sectional songs. In the preface to the first volume of *Orpheus Britannicus*, Henry Playford wrote that Purcell had 'a peculiar Genius to express the energy of English Words, whereby he mov'd the Passions of all his Auditors.'

In his long tenure as court composer, Purcell worked in a variety of genres: church music, odes,

anthems, instrumental music, masques, operas, and solo song. When the court ceased to be the center of musical life upon the accession of William and Mary in 1689, Purcell was forced to turn to the theater for his livelihood. The quality of much of Purcell's incidental music – to be inserted within, or between the acts of, a spoken play – is much higher than one might expect from a genre primarily intended to frame dramatic action.

"From Rosy Bow'rs" (composed for Thomas d'Urfey's *Don Quixote*), purportedly Purcell's last song, is a *tour de force* of feigned madness incited by love, as acted out by the character Altsidora. She hopes to tease Quixote away from Dulcinea with a scene of "whimsical Variety, as if I were possess'd with several degrees of Passion." Each of the several humours, from loving melancholy to frenzied madness, is portrayed in new musical material. Characterized by frequent and abrupt changes of tempo, meter, key center and articulation, the scene offers a kaleidoscope of word-painting devices: a bright melisma on the word "fly," a limpid descending figure on "falls," violent coloratura on "tempests blow" and "wild through the woods I'll fly," flattening the sixth of the scale for "death and despair," and alterations from the minor to the major third on the words "ice" and "soul."

"Kind Fortune Smiles" is a song by the character Ariel in *The Tempest* (Davenant, Dryden and Shadwell, after Shakespeare); Purcell's musical game of follow-the-leader is irresistible. Purcell makes his entry in the catalogue of abandoned maidens in his brief but piercingly lovely "How I sigh when I think of the Charms," one of the many Purcell songs unattached to a larger work. Pastoral visions abound in Purcell's work, notably in Shadwell's *Don Juan* (or *Don John*) play *The Libertine*, revived in 1692 with some new Purcell settings. In "Nymphs and Shepherds," country folk enthuse about rural pleasures and uncorrupted nature.

In the hands of the very gifted, composing in service of the text does not limit the composer to a servile rendition of poetry, but provides an opportunity to illuminate the original work in ways that surpass the limits of the spoken word. For centuries, controversy has raged over whether music or text should take precedence and whether it is even possible to create a true synthesis of poetry and music. Although the argument will doubtless continue for a long time to come, it need in no way impede one's enjoyment of a poem brilliantly illuminated through the musical treatment of a master.

Nachtzauber

Hörst du nicht die Quellen gehen
Zwischen Stein und Blumen weit
Nach den stillen Waldesseen,
Wo die Marmorbilder stehen
In der schönen Einsamkeit?
Von den Bergen sacht hernieder,
Weckend die uralten Lieder,
Steigt die wunderbare Nacht,
Und die Gründe glänzen wieder,
Wie du's oft im Traum gedacht.

Kennst die Blume du, entsprossen
In dem mondbeglänzten Grund?
Aus der Knospe, halb erschlossen,
Junge Glieder blühend sprossen,
Weisse Arme, roter Mund,
Und die Nachtigallen schlagen
Und rings hebt es an zu klagen,
Ach, vor Liebe todeswund,
Von versunkenen schönen Tagen —
Komm, o komm zum stillen Grund!

Nimmersatte Liebe

So ist die Lieb'! So ist die Lieb'!
Mit Küssen nicht zu stillen;
Wer ist der Tor und will ein Sieb
Mit eitel Wasser füllen?
Und schöpfst du an die tausend Jahr',
Und küssest ewig, ewig gar,
Du tust ihr nie zu Willen.

Die Lieb', die Lieb' hat alle Stund'
Neu wunderbar Gelüsten;
Wir bissen uns die Lippen wund,
Da wir uns heute küßten.

Night magic

Do you not hear the springs flowing
Far away among the stones and flowers
Toward the silent woodland lakes
Where marble statues stand
In beautiful solitude?
Gently descending from the mountains,
Awakening the age-old melodies,
Rises the wondrous night,
And the valleys glow again,
As so often in your dreams.

Do you know the flower born
In the moonlit valley?
From the half-open bud
Sprout young limbs,
White arms, red lips,
And the nightingales sing
And all around raise a lament
Ah, for love's mortal wounding,
For the beautiful, lost days —
Come, oh come to the silent valley!

Insatiable love

Such is love! Such is love!
Not to be calmed by kisses:
Who is the fool who would try
To fill a sieve with mere water?
And if you ladled water for a thousand years
And if you went on kissing for ever and ever,
Love would never be satisfied.

Love, love, every hour
Has wonderful strange new longings;
We bit each other's lips raw
When we kissed today.

Das Mädchen hielt in guter Ruh',
Wie's Lämmlein unterm Messer;
Ihr Auge bat: nur immer zu,
Je weher, desto besser!

So ist die Lieb', und war auch so,
Wie lang es Liebe gibt,
Und anders war Herr Salomo,
Der Weise, nicht verliebt.

Zur Ruh, zur Ruh!

Zur Ruh', zur Ruh', ihr müden Glieder!
Schließt fest euch zu, ihr Augenlider!
Ich bin allein, fort ist die Erde;
Nacht muß es sein, daß Licht mir werde,

O führt mich ganz, ihr innern Mächte!
Hin zu dem Glanz der tiefsten Nächte.
Fort aus dem Raum der Erdenschmerzen,
Durch Nacht und Traum zum Mutterherzen!

Auf einer Wanderung

In ein freundliches Städtchen tret' ich ein,
In den Straßen liegt roter Abendschein.
Aus einem offenen Fenster eben,
Über den reichsten Blumenflor
Hinweg, hört man Goldglockentöne schweben,
Und eine Stimme scheint ein Nachtigallenchor,
Daß die Blüten beben,
Daß die Lüfte leben
Daß in höherem Rot die Rosen leuchten vor.

Lang hielt ich staunend, lustbekommen.
Wie ich hinaus vors Tor gekommen,
Ich weiss es wahrlich selber nicht.
Ach hier, wie liegt die Welt so licht!

The maiden held herself quietly,
Like a lamb under the knife;
Her eye pleaded: "Forever thus,
The more painful, the better!"

Such is love and was always so
As long as love endures,
And not even Solomon the Wise
Loved any differently.

To rest, to rest

To rest, to rest, you weary limbs!
Close firmly, you eyelids!
I am alone, the world left behind;
It must be night for light to become mine.

Oh, lead me fully, you inner powers!
To the splendor of deepest night.
Out of the realm of earthly sorrows
Through night and dream to the mother-heart!

On a journey

I entered a friendly town —
On its streets lies the red glow of sunset.
From an open window,
Over a wealth of flowers,
One can hear the sound of golden chimes floating,
And a voice seems to be a chorus of nightingales,
So that the blossoms tremble,
And the breezes awaken,
So that the roses glow with a deeper red.

Long I paused in astonishment, captured by pleasure.
How I found my way out beyond the gate
I truly don't know myself.
Ah, here the world lies in such a light!

Der Himmel wogt in purpurnem Gewühle,
Rückwärts die Stadt in goldnem Rauch;
Wie rauscht der Erlenbach, wie rauscht im Grund
die Mühle!
Ich bin wie trunken, irreführt –
O Muse, du hast mein Herz berührt
Mit einem Liebeshauch!

Das verlassene Mägdlein

Früh, wann die Hähne krähen,
Eh' die Sternlein schwinden,
Muß ich am Herde stehn,
Muß Feuer zünden.

Schön ist der Flammen Schein,
Es springen die Funken;
Ich schaue so darcin,
In Leid versunken.

Plötzlich, da kommt es mir,
Treuloser Knabe,
Daß ich die Nacht von dir
Geträumet habe.

Träne auf Träne dann
Stürzt hernieder;
So kommt der Tag heran –
O ging' er wieder!

Mein Liebster ist so klein

Mein Liebster ist so klein, daß ohne Bücken
Er mir das Zimmer fegt mit seinen Locken.

Als er ins Gärtlein ging, Jasmin zu pflücken,
Ist er vor einer Schnecke sehr erschrocken.

The skies billow in a purple throng,
Back there, the town in a golden haze;
How the alder brook rushes, how the mill rushes
in the valley,
I am as if drunk, in confusion --
Oh Muse, you have stirred my heart
With a breath of love!

The forsaken maiden

Early, at cock-crow,
Before the stars vanish,
I must stand at the hearth,
Must light the fire.

Beautiful is the glow of the flames,
The sparks gleam;
I gaze into them,
Sunk in grief.

Suddenly it comes to me,
Faithless boy,
That last night
I dreamed of you.

Tear upon tear
Trips from my eye;
So the day begins –
Would it were over!

My beloved is so tiny

My beloved is so tiny that without stooping
He can sweep the floor with his locks.

When he went to the garden to pick jasmine
He was badly frightened by a snail.

Dann setzt' er sich ins Haus um zu verschlafen,
Da warf ihn eine Fliege übert Haufen;

Und als er hintrat an mein Fensterlein,
Stieß eine Bremse ihm den Schädel ein!

Verwünscht sei'n alle Fliegen, Schnaken, Bremsen –
Und wer ein Schätzchen hat aus den Maremmen!

Verwünscht sei'n alle Fliegen, Schnaken, Mücken –
Und wer sich, wenn er küsst, so tief muss bücken!

Le Corbeau et le Renard

Maître Corbeau, sur un arbre perché,
Tenait en son bec un fromage.
Maître Renard, par l'odeur alléché,
Lui tint à peu près ce langage:
"Hé! bonjour, monsieur du Corbeau.
Que vous êtes joli! que vous me semblez beau!
Sans mentir, si votre ramage
Se rapporte à votre plumage,
Vous êtes le phénix des hôtes de ces bois."
A ces mots le Corbeau ne se sent pas de joie;
Et, pour montrer sa belle voix,
Il ouvre un large bec, laisse tomber sa proie.
Le Renard s'en saisit, et dit: "Mon bon monsieur,
Apprenez que tout flatteur
Vit aux dépens de celui qui l'écoute:
Cette leçon vaut bien un fromage, sans doute."
Le Corbeau, honteux et confus,
Jura, mais un peu tard, qu'on ne l'y prendrait plus.

La Cigale et la Fourmi

La Cigale, ayant chanté
Tout l'été,
Se trouva fort dépourvue

Then he sat down in doorto catch his breath,
But a fly threw him in a heap;

And when he stepped up to my window,
A horsefly knocked him in the head!

A curse on all flies, gnats, and horseflies –
And on anyone with a sweetheart from Maremma!

A curse on all flies, gnats, and midges
And on anyone who must stoop so low for his kiss!

The Fox and the Crow

Master Crow, perched in a tree,
Held in his beak a cheese.
Master Fox, drawn by its scent,
Spoke to him more or less thus:
"Good day, Master Crow!
How beautiful you are! how handsome you look!
Truly, if your song
Is anything like your plumage,
You are the phoenix of the denizens of these woods."
At these words, the crow was beside himself with joy.
And to show off his beautiful voice,
He opens his large beak, and drops his prize.
The fox seizes it, and says: "My dear sir,
Understand that every flatterer
Lives by those who listen to him:
This lesson is doubtless well worth a cheese."
The crow, ashamed and confused,
Swore - but a bit late - that no - one would take him in again.

The Grasshopper and the Ant

The grasshopper, having sung
All summer long,
Found herself most destitute

Quand la bise fut venue:
Pas un seul petit morceau
De mouche ou de vermisseau.
Elle alla crier famine
Chez la Fourmi sa voisine,
La priant de lui prêter
Quelque grain pour subsister
Jusqu'à la saison nouvelle.
"Je vous paierai, lui dit-elle,
Avant l'ouït, foi d'animal,
Intérêt et principal."

La Fourmi n'est pas prêteuse:
C'est là son moindre défaut.
"Que faisiez-vous au temps chaud?"
Dit-elle à cette emprunteuse.
_ Nuit et jour à tout venant
Je chantais, ne vous déplaise.
_ Vous chantiez! j'en suis fort aise:
Eh bien! dansez maintenant."

The Loup et l'Agneau

La raison du plus fort... est toujours la meilleure:
Nous l'allons montrer tout à l'heure.

Un Agneau se désaltérait
Dans le courant d'une onde pure.
Un Loup survient à jeun, qui cherchait aventure,
Et que la faim en ces lieux attirait.
"Qui te rend si hardi de troubler mon breuvage?"
Dit cet animal plein de rage:
Tu seras châtié de ta témérité.
_ Sire, répond l'Agneau, que Votre Majesté
Ne se mette pas en colère;
Mais plutôt qu'elle considère
Que je me vas désaltérant
Dans le courant

When the north wind came.
Not a single little morsel
Of fly or worm had she.
She went to complain of hunger
To the ant, her neighbor,
Begging of her the loan
Of some grain on which to subsist
Until the spring.
"I shall pay you," she told her,
"Before autumn - animals' oath! -
Interest and principal."

Mistress Ant is no lender:
That is her least fault.
"What did you do in the warm season?"
She asked this borrower.
"Night and day, to all who came,
I sang, if it please you."
"You sang! I'm utterly delighted.
Well, you can dance now."

The Wolf and the Lamb

The argument of the strongest... is always the best:
We will demonstrate this now.

A lamb was quenching his thirst
In the current of a pure stream.
A wolf arrived with an empty stomach,
Hoping to find a tasty meal.
"What makes you so brave as to disturb my drinking place?"
Said this animal full of rage.
"You will be punished for your temerity."
"Sire," replied the lamb, "don't let Your Majesty
Be cast in anger;
But rather let him consider
That I am drinking
In the stream

Plus de vingt pas au dessus d'elle;
Et que, par conséquent, en aucune façon
Je ne puis troubler sa boisson.
_ Tu la troubles! reprit cette bête cruelle;
Et je sais que de moi tu médis l'an passé.
_ Comment l'aurais-je fait si je n'étais pas né?
_ Reprit l'Agneau; je tette encor ma mère.
_ Si ce n'est toi, c'est donc ton frère.
_ Je n'en ai point. _ C'est donc quelqu'un des tiens;
Car vous ne m'épargnez guère,
Vous, vos bergers, et vos chiens.
_ On me l'a dit: il faut que je me venge."
Là-dessus, au fond des forêts
Le Loup l'emporte, et puis le mange
Sans autre forme de procès.

V chetiryokh stenakh

Komnatka tesnaya, tikhaya, milaya;
Ten' ne proglyadnaya, ten'bez otvetnaya;
Duma glubokaya, pesnya unilaya;
V byushchemsya serdtse nadezhda zavetnaya,
Bistriy polyot za mgoven'yem mgoveniya;
Vzor nepodvishniy na shchast'ye dalyokoye;
Mnogo somneniye, mnogo terpeniya.
Vot ona noch' moya, noch' odinolaya.

Poyekhal na palochke

Gop! Gop! Gop, gop!
Gey, podi! Gey! Gey! Gey, podi!
Gop, gop! Gop, gop! Gey!
Gey, gey! Gey, gop!

T'pfi! Stoy! Vasya, a Vasya!
Slushay, prikhodi igrat' sevodnya, tol'ko ne pozdno!
Nu ti, gop!
Proshchay, Vasya!

More than twenty paces downstream from him;
And that, consequently, in no way
Can I be disturbing his drinking place."
"You are disturbing it!" responds this cruel beast,
"And I know that you slandered me last year."
"How could I have done that if I hadn't yet been born?"
_ Answers the lamb. "I am still nursing."
"If it wasn't you, then it was your brother."
"But I don't have one." "Then it was one of your relatives;
Because you won't spare me at all,
You, and your shepherds and your dogs.
I was told I must have vengeance."
Whereupon, the wolf carries him
Into the depths of the forest and eats him -
Without further ado.

Between four walls

A cramped little room, quiet, pleasant;
An opaque shadow, a silent shadow;
Profound thoughts, a despondent song;
In my beating heart a treasured hope,
The swift flight of moment after moment;
A motionless glance into distant happiness;
Many doubts, much patience.
This is my night, my solitary night.

A Ride on a Hobby-horse

Hop, hop, hop, hop!
Hey! Giddy-up! Hey!
Hop, hop! Hey!
Hey! Hey, hop!

Whoa! Vasya, hey, Vasya!
Listen, come to play today, but not too late!
So, you, giddy-up!
Goodbye, Vasya!

Ya v Yulki poyekhal...
Toľko k večeru...
Nepremcno budu...
Mŕi ved' rano,
Ochen' rano spat' lozhim'sya;
Prikhodizh uzho!

Ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta
Ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta! Gey!
Ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta! Podi! Gey!
Gey! Podi! Gey, gey, podi!
Razdavlyu! Oy!
Oy, bol'no! Oy, nogu!
Oy bol'no! Oy, nogu!

Serhin'ka! Chto s toboyu?
Nu polno plakat',
Prodyot družhok.
Postoyka, vstan' na nozhki pryamo,
Vot tak ditya!
Posmotri, kakaya prelest'
Vidish'? v kustakh nalevo?
Akh, chto za ptichka divnaya!
Chto za pŕiřhki! Vidish'?
Chto nozhka? Proshlo?

Proshlo! Ya v Yulki s'esdil, mama;
Teper' domoy... toropit'sya nado...
Gop, gop! Gosti budut...
Gop! Toropit'sya nado...

Ozomik

Okh, baushka, okh rodnaya,
raskrasavushka, obernis'!
Vostronosaya, serebryonaya,
pucheglazaya, potseluy!

I'm riding off to Iukka...
But by evening...
I will surely be...
But we very early,
Very early go to bed;
Come, do!

Ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta
Ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta Hey!
Ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta! Giddy-up, hey!
Hey, giddy-up! Hey, hey, giddy-up!
Make way! Oh!
Oh! Oh, that hurts! Oh, my foot!
Oh, that hurts! Oh, my foot!

Serzhinka! What's the matter?
Well, that's enough crying;
Try walking, my dear.
Stand right up on your legs,
That's it, child!
Look there, how charming!
Do you see? Over there in the bushes to the left?
What a marvelous little bird!
Such little feathers! Do you see?
So, how is the pain in your foot? It's gone?

It's gone! I went to Iukka, mama;
Now...to home...I must hurry...
Hop, hop! There will be guests...
Hop! I must hurry...

The scallywag

Oh, granny, oh dearie,
My beauty, turn around!
Pointy-nosed, silvery,
Google-eyed, kiss me!

Stan li tvoj dugoy, podpyortoy kluykoy,
nozłki kostochki, slovno trostochki,
khodish' selezncm, spotikayesh'sya.
na chestnoy naluyd natikayesh'sya.

Oy podzharaya, baba staraya,
Oy, s gorbom!

Okh, baushka, okh rodnaya,
krasavushka, ne serchay!
Po lesam bredyosh' _ zveri mechutsya;
po goram polzyosh' _ dol' tryasyotsya ves';
stanesh' pech' topit', an izba gorit; _
stanesh' khleb kusat'; an zub lomitsya;
po gribil' poydyosh', sginut pod zemlyu;
al' poyagodu, v travku spryachetsya.

Za toboy zhe vsled, moya rodnaya,
vse polnim polni, vse lukoshechki,
volokut, nesut krasni devushki,
di khikhikayut na tebya kargu,
szadi glyadyuchi, na porozhnyuyu.

Oy, baushka! Oy, rodnaya!
Oy, ne bey!
Vostronosaya, paskrasavushka, pucheglazaya!
Oy, ne bey!

Razzudis' plecho, razmakhnis' klyuka,
raskhodis' karga staraya.
Oy, doslushay ka moyu skazochku,
Ti povislushay do kontsa:

S podborodochkom nos tseluyetsya,
slovno golubi. Oy, oy, ne bey!
Na zatilochke tri volosika

Your body is twisted, propped up by walking sticks,
Your bony legs are like twigs,
You walk like a duck, you stumble,
You bump into honest people.

Oh, skinny old granny, oh, hunchback!
My dearie, my beauty, don't be angry!

Oh, granny, oh dearie,
My beauty, don't be angry!
When you go along in the forest, the wild animals run away;
When you creep over the hills, the entire valley shakes.
When you try to stoke your stove, your hut burns down;
When you bite into your bread, your tooth breaks;
When you go mushroom-gathering, they vanish under the earth.
When you go to pick berries, they hide in the grass.

After you go, my dearie,
Others find baskets full,
The beautiful maidens carry them,
Sniggering at you, old hag,
Looking sidelong into your empty basket.

Oh, granny!, oh, dearie,
Oh, don't beat me!
Pointy-nosed, my beauty, google-eyed!
Oh, don't beat me!

Move your shoulder, swing your walking stick,
Get going, old hag,
Oh, but listen to my tale,
Hear it to the end:

Your chin and your nose touch, like two doves.
Oh, don't beat me!
On the back of your head you have three and a half hairs!

s polovinochkoy! Oy, oy, baushka!

Oy, oy, rodnaya, oy, krasavushka!
Oy, oy, oy, ne bey, oy!

Kolibel'naya

Stonet rebyonok.
Svecha, nagaraya, tuskdo mertsayet krugom.
Tseluyu noch', kolibel'ku kachaya,
mat' ne za bilasya snom.

Ranim ranyokhon'ko v dver' ostorozhno
smert' serdobol'naya stuk!

Vsdrognula mat', og lya nulas' trevozhno...

"Polno pugat'sya, moy drug!
Blednoye utro uzhd smotrit v okoshko.
Placha, toskuya, lyubya, ti utomilas'.
Vzdremniko nemnozhko,
ya posizhu za tebya.
ugomonit' ti ditya ne sumela;
slashche tebya ya spoyu."

"Tishe! Rebyonok moy mechetsya, b'yotsya,
dushu terzayet moyu!"

"Nu, do so mnoyu on skoro uymyotsya.
Bayushki, bayu, bayu."

"Shchyochki bledneyut, slabeyet dikhan'ye...
Da zamolchi zhe, molyu!"

"Dobroye znamen'ye: stikhnet stradan'ye.
Bayushki, bayu, bayu."

Oh, oh, granny!

Oh, dearie, oh, my beauty,
Oh, oh, oh, don't beat me, oh!

Lullaby

The child is moaning.
The candle, burning out, glows dully all around.
The entire night, rocking the cradle,
The mother has had no sleep.

Very early in the morning, cautiously,
Compassionate Death knocks at the door!

Mother shudders, looking around anxiously...

"Don't be frightened, my dear,
The pale morning is already peeking through the little window.
Crying, wailing, loving, you tire yourself.
Have a bit of a nap,
I will watch a while for you.
You have been unable to quiet your child;
I can sing more sweetly than you."

"Hush! My child is tossing and turning,
He torments my soul!"

"Well, don't worry, he soon will calm down.
Hush-a-by, hush-a-by, hush."

"His little cheeks are pale, his breathing feeble,
So please be silent, I pray you!"

"It is a good omen: his suffering dies down.
Hush-a-by, hush-a-by, hush."

"Proch' ti, proklyataya! Laskoy svoeyeu
sgubish' ti radost' moyu."

"Net, mirmiy son ya mladentsu naveyu.
Bayushki, bayu, bayu."

"Szha'sya pozhdi dopevat', khot' mgnoven'ye,
strashnuyu pesnyu tvoyu!"

"Vidish', usnul on pod tikhoye pen'ye.
Bayushki, bayu, bayu."

Kozyol: Svetskaya skazochka

Shla devitsa progulyat'sya,
na luzhok pokrasovat'sya...
Vdrug na vstrechu yey kozyol!

Stariy, gryazniy, borodatiy,
strashniy, zloy i ves' mokhnatiy,
sushchiy chort!

I devitsa is pu galas',
ot kozla begom pomchalas'
pryamo v kust - i pritailas',
vele dishit, chut' zhiva.

Shla devitsa pod venets,
zmat' prishla pora yey zamuzh...
Nu i vishla!

Muzh i stariy, i gorbatiy,
lisiy, zloy i borodatiy,
sushchiy chort!

Chito zh? devitsa ispu galas'?
Gm! kak zhe!

"Away, accursed one!
Your caresses will ruin my joy."

"No, I will bring the infant a peaceful dream.
Hush-a-by, hush-a-by, hush."

"Have pity, at least for a moment,
Cease your terrible song!"

"You see, he fell asleep to the quiet singing.
Hush-a-by, hush-a-by, hush."

The Billy-Goat

A maiden went out for a stroll,
To parade herself in the meadow...
Suddenly she met a billy-goat!

Old, dirty, bearded,
Terrible, mean, shaggy,
An utter devil!

And the maiden was frightened of the billy-goat,
And ran away quickly
Into the bushes, and hid,
Scarcely breathing, barely alive.

The time came
For the maiden to marry...
Well, she did!

Her husband was old and hunchbacked,
Bald, mean, and bearded,
An utter devil!

What then? Was the maiden frightened?
Hmm! Of course not!

Ona k muzhu prilaskalas,
uveryala, chto verna,
Gm! chto v muzha vlyublena,
chto primernaya zhena.

Gopak

Goy! Gop, gop, gopaka!
Polyubila kazaka.
Tol'ko stariy da nedyzhiy,
tol'ko rizhiy, neuklyuzhiy.
Vot i dolya vsya poka! Goy!

Dolya sledom za toskoyu,
a ti, stariy, za vodoyu,
a samatoya v shinok
da khvachu sebe kryuchok.

A potom vsyo chok da chok
Vsyo chok da chok!
Charka pervaya kolom'
a vtoraya sokolom...

Baba v plyas poshlakonets!
a za neyu molodets...
Stariy, rizhiy babu klchet,
tol'ko baba kukish' tichet:

"Kol'zhenilsya, satana,
dobivay zhe mne pshena.
Vot kak!
Nado detok pozhalet',
nakormit' i prioder',
Vot chto!

Dobi vay, smotri bit khudu,
a ne to sama dobudu.

She caressed her husband,
Assured him she would be faithful,
Hmm! would be loving with her husband,
Would be an exemplary wife.

Hopak

Hey! Hop, hop, hopak!
I fell in love with a Cossack.
But an old, sickly one,
A red-headed, clumsy one.
That's all fate has brought me so far! Hey!

My fate, you follow my melancholy,
And you, old man, go and fetch water,
While I take myself to the bar
To have a drink.

Then it's bend the elbow again and again,
Clinking glass after glass.
The first cup goes down hard,
But the second swift as a falcon...

Now the woman starts to dance endlessly!
A young man follows her...
Old red-head calls for his woman,
But the woman only tells him to get lost:

"Since you married me, Satan,
Go get some millet for me.
That's the way it is!
The children need comforting,
Fed and dressed.
That's what!

Provide for us, or it will go badly for you,
Otherwise I will provide.

Slish ti!
I dobivay zhe, stariy, rizhiy,
dobivay skorey, besstizhiy.
Chto vsyal?

Tol'ko stariy, ne greshi,
kolibel'ki kolishi,
Vot tak!
Kolibel'ki, stariy, kolishi,
Vot tak!

Kak bila ya molodoyu,
da ugodnitseyu,
va povesila perednik
nad okonnitseyu
iv okoshechko kivayu,
v pyal'tsakh shyolkom vishivayu.

Goy, Semyoni, vi, Ivani,
nadevayteka kaftani
da so mnoy gulyat' poydyomte,
da prisядem, zapoyomte"...

Goy! Goy! Goy! Goy!
Goy, goy, goy, goy, goy!

Goy! Gop, gop, gopaka!
Polyubila kazaka!
Tol'ko stariy da nedyzhiy,
tol'ko rizhiy, neuklyuzhiy.
Vot i pravda vsya poka! Goy!

La Flûte de Pan

Pour le jour des Hyacinthies, il m'a donné une
srixix faite de roseaux bien taillés, unis avec la
blanche cire qui est douce à mes lèvres comme le miel.

Listen, you!
Go and get some, old red-head,
Get some soon, you worthless one.
Got that?

But don't sin, old man,
Come and rock the cradle,
That's what!
Rock the cradle, old man,
That's what!

When I was young
And pleasing,
I would hang an apron
Over the window frame
And through the window I would nod,
And embroider silk lace.

Hey, Simeon, you, Ivan,
Put on your kaftans
And go out with me,
We'll sit down and start singing"...

Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey!
Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey!

Hey! Hop, hop, hopak!
I fell in love with a Cossack!
But an old, sickly one,
A red-headed, clumsy one.
That's all fate has brought me so far! Hey!

The flute of Pan

For Hyacinthus' day he has given me a
flute made of well-cut reeds, bonded with the
white wax which is sweet as honey on my lips.

Il m'apprend à jouer, assise sur ses genoux;
mais je suis un peu tremblante. Il en joue après
moi; si doucement que je l'entends à peine.

Nous n'avons rien à nous dire, tant nous sommes
près l'un de l'autre; mais nos chansons veulent
se répondre, et tour à tour nos bouches s'unissent
sur la flûte.

Il est tard; voici le chant des grenouilles vertes
qui commence avec la nuit. Ma mère ne croira
jamais que je suis restée si longtemps à chercher
ma ceinture perdue.

La Chevelure

Il m'a dit: "Cette nuit, j'ai rêvé. J'avais ta
chevelure autour de mon cou. J'avais tes cheveux
comme un collier noir autour de ma nuque et sur
ma poitrine.

"Je les caressais, et c'étaient les miens; et nous
étions liés pour toujours ainsi, par la même chevelure,
la bouche sur la bouche, ainsi que deux lauriers
n'ont souvent qu'une racine.

"Et peu à peu, il m'a semblé, tant nos membres
étaient confondus, que je devenais toi-même ou
que tu entraais en moi comme mon songe."

Quand il eut achevé, il mit doucement ses mains
sur mes épaules, et il me regarda d'un regard si
tendre, que je baissai les yeux avec un frisson.

Le Tombeau des Naiades

Le long du bois couvert de givre, je marchais;

He teaches me to play, seated on his knees;
but I am a little tremulous. He plays on it after
me, so softly that I can scarcely hear it.

We have nothing to say, so close are we
to one another; but our songs wish
to answer each other, and gradually our lips join
on the flute.

It is late; hear the song of the green frogs,
which begins at nightfall. My mother will never
believe that I have stayed out so long in search of
my lost sash.

Tresses

He told me: "Last night I had a dream. I had
your tresses around my neck. I had your hair
like a dark necklace around the nape of my neck
and on my breast.

"I caressed them and they were my own; and we
were bound forever thus, by the same tresses,
mouth upon mouth, just as two laurel trees
often have but one root.

"And little by little, it seemed to me, so
entwined were our limbs, that I became you or
that you entered into me like my dream."

When he had finished, he gently laid his hands
on my shoulders, and he looked at me with a gaze
so tender that I cast down my eyes with a shiver.

The Naiads' Tomb

All along the frost-covered woods I walked;

mes cheveux devant ma bouche se fleurissaient
de petits glaçons, et mes sandales étaient lourdes
de neige fangeuse et tassée.

Il me dit: "Que cherches-tu? _ Je suis la trace
du satyre. Ses petits pas fourchus alternent
comme des trous dans un manteau blanc. Il me
dit: "Les satyres sont morts."

"Les satyres et les nymphes aussi. Depuis trente
ans, il n'a pas fait un hiver aussi terrible. La trace
que tu vois est celle d'un bouc. Mais restons ici,
où est leur tombeau."

Et avec le fer de sa houe il cassa la glace de la
source où jadis riaient les naïades. Il prenait de
grands morceaux froids, et les soulevant vers
le ciel pâle, il regardait au travers.

From rosy bow'rs

I. Movement:

Love

From Rosy Bow'rs, where sleeps the God of Love,
Hither ye little waiting Cupids fly,
Teach me in soft melodious Songs to move,
With tender Passion,
My heart's darling Joy.
Ah, let the Soul of Music tune my Voice,
To win dear Strephon, who my Soul enjoys.

II. Movement:

Gayly

Or if more influencing
Is to be brisk and airy,
With a Step and a Bound
And a Frisk from the Ground,

my hair before my mouth blossomed
with tiny icicles, and my sandals were heavy
with muddy, clumping snow.

He said to me: "What do you seek? _ I
follow the track of the satyr. His little cloven
hoofprints alternate like holes in a white mantle.
He told me: "The satyrs are dead."

"The satyrs and the nymphs as well. For thirty
years there hasn't been a winter so terrible. The
trail that you see is that of a billy-goat. But let us
stay here, where their tomb is."

And with the blade of the hoe he broke the ice
of the spring where the naiads once laughed. He
took some large frozen pieces, and lifting them
toward the pale sky, he peered through them.

I will trip like any Fairy,
As once on Ida dancing
Were three Celestial Bodies,
With an Air, and a Face,
And a Shape, and a Grace,
Let me charm like Beauty's Goddess.

III. Movement:
Melancholy

Ah! 'Tis in vain, 'tis all, 'tis all in vain:
Death and Despair must end the fatal pain;
Cold, cold Despair disguis'd like Snow and Rain,
Falls on my Breast; Bleak Winds in Tempests blow,
My Veins all shiver and my Fingers glow;
My Pulse beats a dead March for lost Repose,
And to a solid lump of Ice my poor fond Heart is froze.

IV. Movement:
Passion

Or say, ye Pow'rs, my Peace to crown,
Shall I thaw myself and drown
Amongst the foaming Billows,
Increasing all with Tears I shed?
On Beds of Ooze and Crystal Pillows
Lay down my Love-sick head?

V. Movement:
Frenzy

No, no, I'll straight run mad,
That soon my Heart will warm;
When once the Sense is fled,
Love has no pow'r to charm:
Wild thro' the Woods I'll fly,
Robes, Locks, shall thus be tore;
A thousand Deaths I'll die,
'Ere thus in vain adore.

Kind Fortune Smiles

Kind Fortune smiles and she
Hath yet in store for thee
Some strange felicity;
Follow me,
And you shall see.

How I sigh when I think of the charms

How I sigh when I think of the charms of my swain,
And remember how sweetly he kindness can feign;
Oh! I rather would love all his falsehoods than try,
There still is some pleasure, though 'twere but to die.

Nymphs and shepherds come away

Nymphs and Shepherds come away,
In the Groves let's sport and play,
For this is Flora's Holy-day,
Sacred to Ease and happy Love,
To Dancing, to Music, and to Poetry;
Your Flocks may now securely rove,
Whilst you express your Jollity.

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

Ms. Resick holds the post of Professor of Voice at the University of Notre Dame, where she founded *con tempo*, a contemporary chamber music ensemble. She has taught at the New England Conservatory in Boston and the American University in Washington, D.C. She holds a Bachelor of Music (*magna cum laude*) from American University in Washington, D.C., and the Artist's Diploma from Peabody Conservatory in Baltimore. Other awards she has received include: American University Performing Arts Hall of Fame, Howard Foundation Fellowship, Lilly Foundation Fellowship, the Outstanding Development Prize of the State of North Rhine/Westphalia, and the Martha Baird Rockefeller Young Artist Fellowship. Ms. Resick speaks German, French, Italian and Russian, and also sings in Spanish, Swedish, Polish, Portuguese, and Czech.

An adventurous recitalist, Ms. Resick has in recent years championed unknown and neglected song literature. She has eighteen recordings on such labels as Deutsche Grammophon, *L'Oiseau Lyre*, and Schwann, including the solo compact discs *Music of John Harbison*, *Songs of Leo Smit*, *Visions Intérieures: The Developing Song Cycle*, *Men's Songs*, *Women's Voices*, and *Songs of Alexander Grechaninov*, on Bridge Records.



Warren Jones frequently performs with many of today's best-known artists, including Stephanie Blythe, Denyce Graves, Håkan Hagegård, Dame Kiri Te Kanawa, Ruth Ann Swenson, Bo Skovhus, Samuel Ramey, James Morris, John Relyea, and Anthony Dean Griffey. In addition, he has collaborated with instrumentalists Joseph Alessi and Michael Parloff and the Juilliard, Borromeo, and Brentano Quartets. In the past he has partnered such great singers as Marilyn Horne, Kathleen Battle, Judith Blegen, Tatiana Troyanos, and Martti Talvela. The Boston Globe termed him "flawless"; The New York Times, "exquisite"; and The San Francisco Chronicle said simply, "He is the single finest accompanist now working."

Mr. Jones has often been a guest artist at Carnegie Hall and in Lincoln Center's Great Performers Series, as well as the festivals of Tanglewood, Ravinia, and Caramoor. His international travels have taken him to recitals at the Salzburg Festival, Milan's Teatro alla Scala, the Teatro Fenice in Venice, the Maggio Musicale in Florence, the Opéra Bastille in Paris, London's Wigmore Hall and Queen Elizabeth Hall, the Konzerthaus in Vienna, Suntory Hall in Tokyo, and the Teatro Colon in Buenos Aires. Mr. Jones' recordings on Sony, Decca, RCA Victor, EMI, and Deutsche Grammophon have garnered widespread critical acclaim.

Mr. Jones is a member of the faculty at the Manhattan School of Music in New York City and teaches and performs each summer at the Music Academy of the West in Santa Barbara, California. For ten years he was Assistant Conductor at the Metropolitan Opera and for three seasons served in the same capacity at San Francisco Opera. Mr. Jones was born in Washington, DC, grew up in North Carolina, and currently resides in New York City.

Producer: Judith Sherman
Engineer: Judith Sherman
Assistant Engineer: Jeanne Velonis
Mastering Engineer: Adam Abeshouse
Recorded: May 26-28, 2007, Recital Hall of the Performing Arts Center
at SUNY Purchase

Annotator: Georgine Resick
Executive Producers: Becky and David Starobin
Graphic Design: Brook Ellis
Cover Illustration (based on "La Cigale et la Fourmi" from *Fables de La Fontaine*
avec 320 illustrations de Gustave Doré): Brook Ellis

For Bridge Records:
Barbara Bersito, Brook Ellis, Douglas H. Holly, Charlie Post,
Doron Schächter, Brittane Smith, Robert Starobin, Sandra Woodruff

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in the Liberal Arts, Nanovic Institute, and Department of Music.

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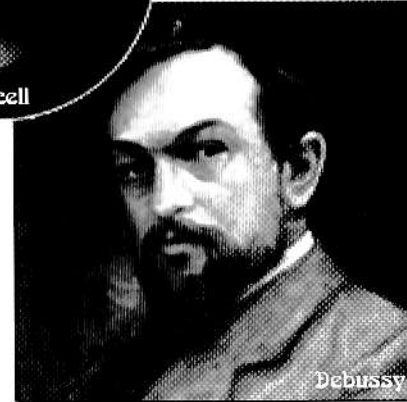
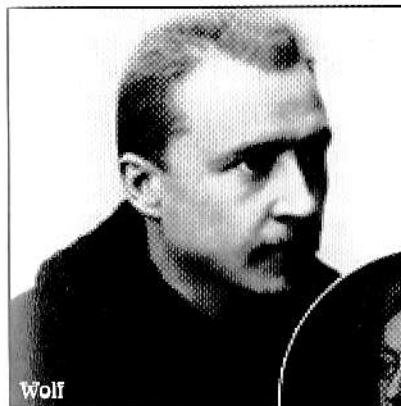
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