

## **BENITA VALENTE, soprano**

### **Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756–1791)**

1) *Un moto di gioia*, K. 579 [1:36]

Richard Goode, piano

2) *Deh Vieni, non tardar* from *Le Nozze di Figaro* [4:45]

Eastman Orchestra, David Effron, conductor

3) *Vorrei Spiegarvi o Dio!*, K. 418 [7:16]

Mozart Festival Orchestra, Alexander Schneider, conductor

### **George Frideric Handel (1685–1759)**

4) *Lascia ch'io pianga*, from *Rinaldo* [4:29]

Eastman Orchestra, David Effron, conductor

### **Franz Peter Schubert (1797–1828)**

5) *Heidenröslein*, D. 257 [1:45]

6) *Nacht und Träume*, D. 827 [3:07]

7) *Rastlose Liebe*, D. 138 [1:16]

Richard Goode, piano

8) *Der Hirt auf dem Felsen* [11:26]

Rudolf Serkin, piano, Harold Wright, clarinet, Marlboro Music Festival

### **Johannes Brahms (1833–1897)**

9) *Meine Liebe is Grün*, Op. 63, No. 5 [1:16]

10) *Vergebliches Ständchen*, Op. 84, No. 4 [1:33]

Richard Goode, piano

### **Hugo Wolf (1860–1903)**

from the *Italienisches Liederbuch*:

11) *Auch kleine Dinge*, No. 1 [2:13]

12) *Mir ward gesagt*, No. 2 [1:51]

13) *Wer rief dich denn?*, No. 6 [1:05]

14) *Du denkst mit einem Fädchen*, No. 10 [1:00]

15) *Wie lange schon*, No. 11 [2:09]

16) *Ihr jungen Leute*, No. 16 [1:10]

17) *Mein Liebster singt*, No. 20, No. 43 [1:28]

18) *Ich hab' in Penna einem Liebsten wohnen*, No. 46 [00:56]

Richard Goode, piano

**Claude Debussy (1862–1918)**

*Ariettes Oublies*, Poem by Paul Verlaine

19) *Il pleur dans mon coeur* [2:09]

20) *Chevaux de bois* [3:10]

21) *Aquarelles I Green* [2:05]

22) *Aquarelles II Spleen Poem* [2:19]

Lydia Artymiw, piano

**Fernando Obradors (1897–1945)**

23) *Al Amor* [1:10]

24) *Con amores la mi madre* [1:30]

25) *Del Cabello mas sutil* [2:00]

26) *Chiquitita la novia*, 1986 [2:23]

David Efron, piano

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Total Time: 69:01



Harold Wright, Benita Valente, and Rudolf Serkin

## Benita Valente—An Appreciation

Quietly and with infinite grace, Benita Valente fashioned a major musical career. Her exquisite lyric soprano voice and uncompromising musicianship have left a distinctive mark on a breathtaking range of repertory. How many sopranos have matched the versatility—or reached the standard of excellence—Benita Valente achieved during four decades of singing? Sopranos who excel in opera sometimes venture into the song repertory. A few master the oratorio and symphonic literature. Only a handful have also championed countless scores by contemporary composers.

Benita Valente's vocal talent was identified long before she enrolled at the Curtis Institute of Music. As a 15-year-old, she caught the attention of Chester Hayden, a high school music teacher who arranged an audition with Lotte Lehmann. After five summers at the Music Academy of the West in Santa Barbara, Hayden encouraged his protégée to study with Martial Singher at Curtis. Even before she graduated and won the Metropolitan Opera Auditions, Valente followed Singher to the Marlboro Festival. In that chamber music Mecca, the soprano honed her artistry with great musicians who inspired her musical imagination. Rudolf Serkin, she says, taught her to serve the composer and his music. Observing Pablo Casals in master classes, she discovered another musical world. At Marlboro, she also learned the importance of close collaboration with other singers and instrumentalists like violinists Alexander Schneider and Felix Galimir. With infinite patience and care, Valente distilled the art of these legendary musicians to form her own distinctive musical personality.

Benita Valente first caught the attention of vocal connoisseurs in 1961 when Columbia Masterworks released an LP entitled Chamber Music from Marlboro.

With a quartet of singers that included Singher, she was featured in a performance of Brahms' *Liebeslieder Wälzer*, accompanied by Serkin and Leon Fleisher. Rounding out the disc was Schubert's "Der Hirt auf dem Felsen" with Serkin and clarinetist Harold Wright. In the poignant *Andantino*, Valente's limpid, pure-toned soprano floats on the wings of tender sorrow before breaking, rapturously—and with rippling ease—into the concluding *Allegretto*. Has the arrival of spring ever been greeted more joyously? A decade later, Valente's second recording of Schubert's vocal scena reveals a deeper array of colors and expressive tints.

Claiming the lyric operatic repertory—from Monteverdi to Britten—Valente fashioned a gallery of vivid portraits. The heroines of Mozart and Handel stood at the creative center of this gallery. Pamina, a role she sang almost 100 times, provided Valente's 1962 debut in Germany and also introduced her to the Metropolitan Opera a decade later. Has any soprano surpassed her gently molded and tenderly accented "Ach ich fühl's"? Valente's Mozart gallery also included a radiant Ilia, a vivacious Susanna and an aristocratic Countess. Leading roles in Handel's *Rinaldo*, *Ariodante*, *Deidamia* and *Alcina* also inspired Valente's musical imagination. A turning point in Valente's career came at the Metropolitan Opera in 1984 when she joined a stellar cast in the company's premiere production of Handel's *Rinaldo*. While her colleagues dazzled audiences with their virtuoso singing, Valente left her artistic stamp on performances as she gently traced "Lascia ch'io pianga" in an aching flow of delicately shaded sound. At every performance, the hushed audience sat forward in their seats to savor every nuance in Valente's masterful singing.

Valente gave noteworthy interpretations of American and Spanish songs as well as French chansons and German *Lieder*. Bach passions, Handel oratorios and masses by Haydn and Mozart formed another part of an all-embracing repertory which extended to vocal and symphonic music by Liszt, Mahler, Mendelssohn, Brahms and Beethoven. She appeared with outstanding conductors in the major

concert halls and opera houses and also sang recitals and appeared in chamber music programs throughout the world. Valente graced the opening of Lincoln Center's Mostly Mozart Festival in 1966. Her voice christened the opening of Heinz Hall in Pittsburgh and also celebrated the reopening of Carnegie Hall.

Throughout her career, Valente championed contemporary composers. Inspired by her artistry, Alberto Ginastera, John Harbison, Richard Wernick, Libby Larsen, Earl Kim, William Bolcom and Stephen Albert wrote scores that exploited her unerring musicianship. To this extraordinary, wide-ranging repertory, she brought keen technical control as well as a commitment to collaborate closely with leading instrumentalists and chamber ensembles. Valente was always a team player. For her contributions, Chamber Music America bestowed its National Service Award on Benita Valente, the first singer to earn this honor.

Benita Valente never sought fame or indulged in prima donna pyrotechnics. She spoke serenely but eloquently through the music she sang. Now she is rounding out her career as a master teacher. She has taught at the Metropolitan Opera Lindemann Program and continues to give master classes at leading conservatories and festivals. As she passes on her artistry to a new generation of singers, Valente can look back with quiet pride on a distinguished career that covered the musical spectrum.

—Robert Baxter

Robert Baxter has contributed reviews and feature stories to *Opera*, *Opera News* and *The Opera Quarterly*. He serves as Lecturer in Opera and Vocal History at the Academy of Vocal Arts in Philadelphia.

### 1. *Un moto di gioia*

Un moto di gioia  
Mi sento nel petto,  
Che annunzia diletto  
In mezzo il timor!

Speriam che in contento  
Finisca l'affanno  
Non sempre è tiranno  
Il fato ed amor.

Di pianti di pene  
Ognor non si pasce,  
Talvota poi nasce  
Il ben dal dolor:

E quando si crede  
Più grave il periglio,  
Brillare si vede  
La calma maggior.

### *A Sensation of Joy*

I feel in my heart  
A sensation of joy  
That foretells happiness  
In the midst of dread.

Let us hope that trouble  
Will end in contentment.  
Fate and love  
Are not always cruel.

One cannot always nurse  
tears and sorrows;  
At times happiness  
is born from grief:

And just when one thinks  
The peril most grave,  
One sees shine forth  
The greatest tranquility

Translation by Susan Gould ©2009

## 2. *Deh vieni, non tardar, Susanna's aria from "Le nozze di Figaro"*

Giunse alfin il momento  
Che godrò senz'affanno  
In braccio all'idol mio

Timide cure uscite dal mio petto!  
A turbar non venite il mio diletto.  
O come par che all'amoroso foco  
L'amenità del loco,  
La terra e il ciel risponda.

Come la notte i furti miei seconda

Deh vieni, non tardar, o gioja bella  
Vieni ove amore per goder t'appella  
Finchè non splende in ciel notturna face

Finchè l'aria è ancor bruna,  
E il mondo tace.  
Qui mormora il ruscel, qui scherza l'aura  
Che col dolce sussurro il cor ristauro  
Qui ridono i fioretti e l'erba è fresca  
Ai piaceri d'amor qui tutto adescò.  
Vieni, ben mio, tra queste piante ascose.  
Vieni, vieni!  
Ti vo' la fronte incoronar di rose.

At last, the moment has come that I will enjoy,  
free of care, in the arms of my beloved.  
Anxious fears, leave my heart!

Do not come to disturb my joy.  
Oh, how it seems that  
the beauty of this place  
and of earth and heaven  
responds to my amorous passion,

How the night favors my ruses.

Oh, come, do not delay, my darling.  
Come where love calls you to pleasure  
Until night's torch no longer shines in the sky,

As long as darkness reigns  
And the world is quiet.  
Here, the brook murmurs and the breeze plays,  
Refreshing the heart with its gentle whispering.  
Here, little flowers laugh and the grass is cool.  
Here, everything entices one to love's pleasures.  
Come, my love, among these hidden trees, come!  
I want to crown your brow with roses.

Translation by Susan Gould ©2009

## 3. *Vorrei spiegarvi, o Dio!*

Vorrei spiegarvi, o Dio!  
Qual è l'affanno mio;  
Ma mi condanna il fato  
A piangere e tacer.  
Arder non può il mio core  
Per chi vorrebbe amore  
E fa che cruda io sembri,  
Un barbaro dover.  
Ah conte, partite,  
Correte, fuggite  
Lontano da me;  
La vostra diletta  
Emilia v'aspetta,  
Languir non la fate,  
È degna d'amor.  
Ah stelle spietate!  
Nemiche mi siete.  
Mi perdo s'ei resta.  
Partite, correte,  
D'amor non parlate,  
È vostro il suo cor.

## 4. *Lascia ch'io pianga la cruda sorte*

Lascia ch'io pianga la cruda sorte,  
E che sospiri la libertà!  
Il duol infranga queste ritorte  
de' miei martiri sol per pietà

## *I would like to reveal to you, oh God*

I would like to reveal to you—oh God!—  
what my anguish is!  
But fate condemns me  
to weep and keep silent.  
My heart may not yearn  
for the one who seeks my love,  
making me seem cruel,  
a devastating duty.  
Ah, Count, depart,  
run, flee  
far away from me.  
Your beloved  
Emilia awaits you,  
Do not make her languish;  
she is worthy of love.  
Ah, pitiless stars!  
You are against me.  
I am lost if he stays.  
Depart, run,  
do not speak about love;  
her heart is yours.

Translation by Susan Gould ©2009

Let me bemoan my bitter fate,  
And let me pine for liberty!  
Let my grief break these bonds  
Solely out of pity for my torments.

Translation by Susan Gould ©2009

## 5. Schubert *Heidenröslein*, D. 257, (Goethe).

Sah ein Knab ein Röslein stehn  
Röslein auf der Heiden,  
War so jung und morgenschön,  
Lief er schnell, es nah zu sehn,  
Sah's mit vielen Freuden.  
Röslein, Röslein, Röslein rot,  
Röslein auf der Heiden.

Knabe sprach: Ich breche dich,  
Röslein auf der Heiden!  
Röslein sprach: Ich steche dich,  
Dass du ewig denkst an mich,  
Und ich will's nicht leiden.  
Röslein, Röslein, Röslein rot,  
Röslein auf der Heiden.

Und der wilde Knabe brach  
's Röslein auf der Heiden;  
Röslein wehrte sich und stach,  
Half ihm doch kein Weh und Ach,  
Musst es eben leiden.  
Röslein, Röslein, Röslein rot,  
Röslein auf der Heiden.

A young lad saw a little rose, standing  
in the heath; it was young and beautiful  
as the morning, so he ran to look at it  
from nearby, and he saw it with great joy (refrain).  
The lad said: I will break you: the rose answered:  
then I will sting you so that you will think of me  
forever, and I won't suffer it! (refrain).  
And the wild lad broke the little rose; the rose  
fought back and stung, and no crying-out helped  
him, he had to suffer it (refrain).



Pamina in *The Magic Flute*



Suzanna in *Marriage of Figaro* (center)

## 6. *Nacht und Träume*, D. 827, (Matthaus von Collin).

Heil'ge Nacht, du sinkest nieder;  
Nieder wallen auch di Träume,  
Wie dien Mondlicht durch die Räume,  
Durch der Menschen stille Brust.  
Die belauschen sie mit Lust;  
Rufen, wenn der Tag erwacht:  
Kehre wieder, heil'ge Nacht!  
Holde Träume, kehret wieder!

Holy night, you are descending,  
and the dreams with you, gleaming  
through man's quiet breast like the  
moonlight through the trees.  
And man listens to them with joy,  
exclaiming after day has returned:  
Oh come back, holy night,  
with your beautiful dreams!

7. *Rastlose Liebe*, D. 138, (Goethe)

Dem Schnee, dem Regen,  
Dem Wind entgegen,  
In Dampf der Klüfte,  
Durch Nebeldüfte,  
Immer zu! Immer zu!  
Ohne Rast und Ruh!

Lieber durch Leiden  
Wollt ich mich schlagen,  
Als so viel Freuden  
Des Lebens ertragen.

Alle das Neigen  
Von Herzen zu Herzen,  
Ach, wie so eigen  
Schaffet es Schmerzen!

Wie soll ich fliehen?  
Wälderwärts ziehen?  
Alles vergebens!  
Krone des Lebens,  
Glück ohne Ruh,  
Liebe, bist du!

I want to defy the snow, the rain and the wind;  
onward, in to the vapors of the ravines,  
the fragrance of the fog—without pause or rest!  
I would rather hew my path through pain than  
tolerate so many joys.  
All those hearts inclining towards each  
other—what peculiar sorrows that brings!  
What, should I run?  
Escape towards the wild forests? All this is futile!  
The crowning glory of life, happiness, without  
peace—Love, that is what you are!

8. *Der Hirt auf dem Felsen*

Wenn auf dem höchsten Fels ich steh',  
In's tiefe Tal hernieder seh',  
Und singe.  
Fern aus dem tiefen dunkeln Tal  
Schwingt sich empor der Widerhall  
Der Klüfte.

Je weiter meine Stämme dringt,  
Je heller sie mir wieder klingt  
Von unten.

Mein Liebchen wohnt so weit von mir,  
Drum sehn' ich mich so heiß nach ihr  
Hinüber.

In tiefem Gram verzehr ich mich,  
Mir ist die Freude hin,  
Auf Erden mir die Hoffnung wich,  
Ich hier so einsam bin.

So sehnend klang im Wald das Lied,  
So sehnend klang es durch die Nacht,  
Die Herzen es zum Himmel zieht  
Mit wunderbarer Macht.

Der Frühling will kommen,  
Der Frühling, meine Freud',  
Nun mach' ich mich fertig  
Zum Wandern bereit.

*The Shepherd on the Rock*

When, from the highest rock up here,  
Down to the valley deep I peer,  
And sing,  
Far from the valley so dark and deep  
Echoes rush through, in upward sweep,  
The chasm.

The farther that my voice resounds,  
So much the brighter it rebounds  
From under.

My sweetheart dwells so far from me,  
I hotly long with her to be  
O'er yonder.

Consumed in deepest misery,  
I have no cause for cheer,  
Hope has on earth eluded me,  
I am so lonesome here.

So longingly did sound the song,  
So longingly through wood and night,  
Towards heav'n it draws all hearts along  
With unsuspected might.

The Springtime is coming,  
The Springtime, my cheer,  
Now must I make ready  
On wanderings to fare.

9. *Meine Liebe is grün*, Op. 63, No.5, (Felix Schumann)

Mein Liebe is grün wie der Fliederbusch,  
Und mein Lieb is schön wie di 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 liebestrunkene Lieder.

My love is green like the lilac bush,  
my love is beautiful like the sun,  
which lights up the lilac bush,  
filling it with fragrance and delight.  
My soul has the wings of the nightingale and  
swings in the blooming lilac;  
rapt with the fragrance, it rejoices and  
sings many songs, drunk with love.

10. *Vergebliches Ständchen*, Op. 84, No.4, (folksong).

Guten Abend, mein Schatz,  
Guten Abend, mein Kind,  
Ich komm' aus Lieb' zu dir,  
Ach, mach' mir auf die Tür!

Mein' Tür ist verschlossen,  
Ich lass' dich nicht ein,  
Mutter, die rät mir klug,  
Wärst du herein mit Fug,  
Wär's mit mir vorbei.

So kalt ist die Nacht,  
So eisig der Wind,  
Dass mir das Herz erfriert,  
Mein Lieb' erlöschen wird,  
Öffne mir, mein Kind.

Löschet dein' Lieb';  
Lass sie löschen nur,  
Löschet sie immerzu,  
Geh' heim zu Bett, zur Ruh',  
Gute Nacht, mein Knab!

Good evening, my treasure, good evening,  
my child! I come to you because I love you—  
alas, open your door for me!—My door is locked,  
I won't let you in; my mother is wise and said,  
if you let him in, you're done for. —But the night  
is so cold, the wind like ice, so that my heart might  
freeze; my love will be smothered; open the door,  
my child!—If your love goes out, let it go out;  
douse it, if you feel like it, go to bed, go to rest,  
good night, my boy.

Translations © Kurt Oppens



Marilyn Horne & Benita Valente as 'Rinaldi' & 'Almirena'



### 11. *Wolf*

Italienisches Liederbuch, after Paul Heyse.

*Auch kleine Dinge können uns entzücken* (No.1)

Auch kleine Dinge können uns entzücken,  
Auch kleine Dinge können teuer sein.  
Bedenkt, wie gern wir uns mit Perlen schmücken;  
Sie werden schwer bezahlt und sind nur klein.  
Bedenkt, wie klein ist die Olivenfrucht.

Even small things can engross us, can be precious.  
Think how joyfully we wear pearls,  
how much they cost, yet how small they are.  
Consider the smallness of the olive-fruit.

and how much it is in demand because of its  
goodness. How small is the rose, and yet it smells  
so sweetly—as you know.

Und wird um ihre Güte doch gesucht.  
Denkt an die Rose nur, wie klein sie ist,  
Und duftet doch so lieblich, wie ihr wisst.

### 12. *Mir ward gesagi, du reisest in die Ferne* (No.2)

Mir werd gesagt, du reisest in die Ferne. Ach,  
wonnig gehst du, mein geliebtes Leben?  
Den Tag, an dem du scheidest, wusst; ich gerne;  
Mit Tranene will ich das Geleit dir geben.  
Mit Tranen will ich dinen Web befeuchten;  
Gedenk' an mich, und Hoofnung wird mir  
leuchten! Mit tranen bin ich bei dir allerwärts—  
Gedenk' an mich, vergiss es nicht, mein Herz!

I was told that you were leaving to go on a far-  
away journey. Alas, where are you going, love of  
my life? I want to know the day of your departure,  
so that my tears can go along with you.  
My tears shall water your path—think of me, and  
then hope will light up for me! With my tears I  
shall be with you everywhere—think of me,  
don't forget, my heart!

### 13. *Wer rief dich denn?* (No. 6)

Wer reif dich denn? Wer hat dich herbestellt?  
Wer hiess dich kommen, wenn es dir zur Last?  
Geh zu dem Liebchen, das dir mehr gefallt,  
Geh dahin, wo du die Gedanken hast.  
Geh nur, wohin dein Sinnen steht und Denken!  
Duss du zu mir kommst, will ich gurn dir schen-  
ken. Geh'zu dem Liebchen, das dir mehr gefallt!  
Wen rief dich denn? Wer hat dich herbestellt?

Who called you? Who sent for you? Who asked  
you to come if it's a mere nuisance to you?  
Go to the sweetheart that pleases you more—go  
there where your thoughts are—  
I can very well dispose of your visit.  
Who called you? Who sent for you?

### 14. *Du denkst mit einem Fädchen mich zu fangen* (No. 10)

Du denkst mit einem Fädchen mich zu fangen,  
Mi einem Blick schon mich verliebt zu machen?  
Ich fing schon andre, die sich hoher schwangen,  
Du darfst mir ja nicht trau'n, siehst du mich  
lachen. Schon andre fing ich, glaub' es sicherlich.  
Ich bin verliebt, doch eben nicht in dich;  
Ich bin verliebt, doch eben nicht in dich.

You hope to catch me with a little thread, to count  
on one of your glances to make me love you?  
I have caught others who tried harder—don't trust  
in your good fortune if you see my laugh.  
I have caught others, believe me for sure.  
I am in love, but as it happens, not with you.

### 15. *Wie lange schon war immer mein Verlangen* (No. 11)

Wie lange schon war immer mein Verlangen  
Ach, ware doch ein Muikus mir guti Nunliess der  
Herr mich meinen Wunsche erlangen Und schickl  
mir einen, ganz wie Mich und Blut.  
Da kommt er dlen her mit snfter Miene Under  
senkt den Kopf und spielt die Violine.

How long have I pined for a musician's love!  
Now the good Lord has granted my wish and  
he's sent me one, young and fresh, hardly out of  
the nursery. Here he comes with gentle mien,  
looking down and playing the fiddle!

### 16. *Ihr jungen Leute* (No. 16)

Ihr jungen Leute, die ihr zieht ins Feld,  
Auf meinen Liebsten solit ihr Achtung geben.  
Sorgt, dass er tapfer sich im Feuer hold,  
Er war noch nie im Kriege all sien Leben,  
Lasst nie ihn unter freiem Himmel schlafen;  
Er ist so zart, es mochte sich bestrafen.  
Lasst mir ihn ja nicht schlafen unterm Mond;  
Er ginge drauf, er ist's ja nicht gewohnt.

### 17. *Mein Liebster singt* (No. 20)

Mein Liebster singt em Haus in Mondenscheine,  
Und ich muss lauschend hier in Bette liegen.  
Weg von der Mutter wend' ich mich und weine  
Blut sind die Tränen, die mir nicht versiegn.  
Den breiten Strom un Bett hab' ich geweint;  
Weiss nicht vor Tränen ob der Morgen scheint.  
Den breiten Strom am  
Beit weint' ich vor Schnen; Blind haben mich  
gemacht die blut'gen Tränen.

### 18. *Ich hab' in Penna einen Liebsten wohnen* (No. 46)

Ich hab' in Penna einen Liebsten wohnen,  
In der Maremmendeb'ne einen andern, Einen im  
schönen Hafen von Ancona, Zura vierten muss  
ich nach Viterbo wandern; Ein andrer wohnt in  
Casetino dort, Der nächste lebt mit mir am selben  
Ori, Und wieder einen hav' ich in Magione,  
Vier in La Fratta, shen in Castiglione.

You young people ready to into battle, take good  
care of my sweetheart!  
See to it that he stands up bravely under fire—  
after all, he has never been to war before  
Don't let him sleep under the sky—he is too  
delicate and might suffer cruelly from it.  
Don't let him sleep under the moon—he would  
perish from it, because he is not used to it!

My sweetheart sings before the house in the  
moonlight, while I have to lie in bed, listening to  
him. I turn away from my mother and weep—my  
tears, which never will stop, are like blood.  
The large river at my bedside has been made  
by my weeping, and beset by tears  
I do not know if morning has arrived.  
My weeping made the large river at my bedside,  
and my tears of blood have made me blind.

One of my lovers lives in Penna, another in the  
Maremma plains, a other in the beautiful harbor  
city of Ancona, to see the fourth I have to go to  
Viterbo; another one lives in Casentino,  
the one closest to me lives in my village,  
another one I have in Magione,  
four in La Fratta, ten in Castiglione.

### 19. *Il pleur dans mon coeur* Poem by Paul Verlaine

Il pleure dans mon coeur  
Comme il pleut sur la ville.  
Quelle est cette langueur  
Qui pénètre mon coeur?  
O bruit doux de la pluie,  
Par terre et sur les toits!  
Pour un coeur qui s'ennuie,  
O le bruit de la pluie!  
Il pleure sans raison  
Dans ce coeur qui s'écœure.  
Quoi! nulle trahison?  
Ce deuil est sans raison.  
C'est bien la pire peine,  
De ne savoir pourquoi,  
Sans amour et sans haine,  
Mon coeur a tant de peine.

It weeps in my heart  
As it rains in the city.  
What is this languor  
That pervades my heart?  
Oh soft sound of the rain  
On the ground and on the roofs!  
For a heart that grows weary  
Oh the sound of the rain!  
It cries without reason  
In this disheartened heart.  
What No treachery?  
This mourning is without cause?  
It is by far the worst pain  
Not to know why,  
Without love and without hate  
My heart has so much pain.

## 20. *Chevaux de bois* Poem by Paul Verlaine

Tournez, tournez. bons chevaux de bois,  
Tournez cent tours, tournez mille tours.  
Tournez souvent e tournez toujours.  
Tournez, tournez au son des hautbois.

L'enfant tout rouge et la mère blanche,  
Le gars en noir et la fille en rose,  
L'une à la chose et l'autre à la pose,  
Chacun se paie un sou de dimanche.

Tournez, tournez, chevaux de leur coeur,  
Tandis qu'autour de tous vos tournois  
Clignote l'oeil du filou sournois.  
Tournez au son du piston vainqueur!

C'est étonnant comme ca vous soèle,  
D'aller ainsi dans ce cirque bête:  
Rien dans le ventre et mal dans la tête,  
Du mal en masse et du bien en foule;

Tournez dadas, sans qu'il soit besoin  
D'user j'aimais de nuls éperons  
Pour commander à vos galops ronds.  
Tournez, tournez sans espoir de foin.

Et dépêchez, chevaux de leur âme,  
Déjà voici que sonne à la soupe  
La nuit qui tombe et chasse la troupe  
De gais buveurs, que leur soif affame.

Tournez, tourez! Le ciel en velours  
D'astres en or se vet lentement,  
L'Anglaise tinte un glas tristement.  
Tournez an son joyeux des tambours, tournez.

Turn, turn good wooden horses  
Turn one hundred turns, turn one thousand turns  
Turn often and turn always  
Turn, turn to the sound of the oboes.

The child all red and the white mother  
The boy in black and the girl in rose  
One at one thing, one at another,  
Each one playing his Sunday penny

Turn, turn, horses of their hearts,  
While around your turnings  
Winks the eye of the sly pickpocket.  
Turn to the sound of the triumphant trumpet.

It is astonishing how it intoxicates one  
To go thus in this stupid circus;  
Empty stomach and aching head,  
Feeling bad in general and good in the crowd.

Turn hobby horses with no need  
Ever to use any spurs  
To command your gallop  
Turn, turn, with no hope of hay.

And hurry, horses of their soul  
Already the dinner bell is ringing.  
The night which falls and chases the crowd  
Of gay drinkers whose thirst makes them hungry.

Turn, Turn! The velvet sky  
Slowly clothes itself with golden stars.  
The church sadly tolls the knell.  
Turn to the joyous sound of the drums, turn.

## 21. *Aquarelles I Green* Poem by Paul Verlaine

Voici des fruits, des fleurs, des feuilles  
et des branches,  
Et puis voici mon coeur qui ne bat que pour vous.  
Ne le déchirez pas avec vos deux mains blanches  
Et qu'à vos yeux si beaux l'humble  
présent soit doux.  
J'arrive tout couvert encore de rosée  
Que le vent du matin vient glacer à mon front.  
Souffrez que ma fatigue à vos pieds reposée  
Rêve des chers instants qui la délasseront.  
Sur votre jeune sein laissez rouler ma tête  
Toute sonore encor de vos derniers baisers;  
Laissez—la s'apaiser de la bonne tempête,  
Et que je dorme un peu puisque vous reposez.

Here are fruits, flowers, leaves, and branches,  
And then here is my heart, which beats only for  
you. Don't tear it to bits with your two white  
hands. And in your eyes so beautiful may the  
humble present be sweet.  
I arrive still all covered with dew  
Which the morning wind has just  
frozen on my brow.  
Allow my fatigue, placed at your feet,  
To dream of the dear moments which  
will refresh it. On your young breast,  
let my head rock  
All ringing still from your last kisses.  
Let it be appeased after the good storm,  
And let me sleep a little while you rest.

## 22. *Aquarelles II Spleen* Poem by Paul Verlaine

Les roses étaient toutes rouges,  
Et les lierres étaient tout noirs.  
Chère, pour peu que tu te bouges,  
Renaissent tous mes desespoirs.  
Le ciel était trop bleu, trop tendre,  
La mer trop verte et l'air trop doux;  
Je crains toujours, ce qu'est d'attendres,  
Quelque fuite atroce de vous!  
Du houx à la feuille vernie,  
Et du luisant buis je suis las,  
Et de la capagne infinie

The roses were all red,  
And the ivy was all black.  
Dear one, when you become a little restless  
All my despair is reborn.  
The sky was too blue, too tender,  
The sea was too green and the air too soft.  
I always fear what may happen!  
Some atrocious flight of yours.  
Of the green-leaved holly  
And the shining boxwood I am weary,  
And of the endless countryside

23. *Al Amor*

Dame, Amor, besos sin cuento  
Asido de mis cabellos  
Y mil y ciento tras ellos  
Y tras ellos mil y ciento  
Y despues...  
De muchos millares, tres!  
Y porque nadie lo sienta  
Desbaratemos la cuenta  
Y... contemos al revers.

24. *Con amores, la mi madre...*

Con amores, la mi madres  
Con amores me dormi;  
Asi dormida sonaba  
Lo que el corazon velaba,  
Que el amor me consolaba  
Con mas bien que mereci.  
Adormeciome el favor  
Que amor me dio con amor;  
Dio descanso a mi dolor  
La fe con que le servi  
Con amores, la mi madre,  
Con amores me dormi!

*To Love*

Give me, Love, kisses without number,  
Grasping my hair,  
And a thousand and a hundred after then,  
And after them a thousand and a hundred  
And then...  
Thousands more, three!  
And so that no one may know,  
Let's interrupt the count  
And... let's count in reverse.

*With Love, My mother*

With Love my Mother,  
With love I fall asleep;  
Thus asleep I dreamed  
Of that which my heart conceals;  
That love consoled me  
With better than I deserved.  
I was lulled to sleep by the comfort  
That love gave me lovingly;  
What relieved my sorrow  
Was the faith it offered.  
With love, my mother,  
With love I fall asleep

25. *Del cabello mas sutil*

Del cabello mas sutil  
Que tienes en tu trenzado  
He de hacer una cadena  
Para traerte a mi lado.  
Una alcarraza en tu casa,  
Chiquilla, quisiera ser,  
Para besarte en la boca,  
Cuando fueras a beber.

26. *Chiquitita la novia*

Chiquitita la novia  
Chiquitita el novio  
Chiquitita la sala  
Y er dormitorio,  
Por eso yo quiero  
Chiquitita la cama  
Y er mosquitero

*Of the Softest Hair*

Of the softest hair  
Which you have braided  
I will make a chain  
To bind you to my side.  
A pitcher in your house,  
Child, I would like to be,  
To kiss you on the mouth,  
When you take a drink.

*Teeny-Tiny the Bride*

Teeny-Tiny the bride  
Teeny-Tiny the groom  
Teeny-Tiny the parlor  
And the bedroom;  
For this reason I want  
A teeny-tiny bed  
And a mosquito net.

Translations: Cori Ellison  
All text and translations provided  
by Columbia Artists.

## Benita Valente

As she celebrates a landmark birthday, Benita Valente can look back on a notable career. She began musical training after her voice impressed a high school music teacher in rural California. After coaching with Lotte Lehmann for five summers at the Music Academy of the West, Valente enrolled at the Curtis Institute of Music where she studied with Martial Singher. She later completed her vocal studies with Margaret Harshaw. Within months of graduating in 1960, Valente won the Metropolitan Auditions and made her New York debut. At the 1960 Marlboro Festival, she caught attention in a performance of Schubert's "Der Hirt auf dem Felsen" with clarinetist Harold Wright and pianist Rudolf Serkin. A recording documents Valente's gleaming lyric soprano and sensitive musicianship.

Like many American singers, Valente honed her talent at an opera house in Germany. In 1962, she debuted as Pamina at Freiburg's Stadttheater and quickly added Gilda, Zdenka and Anna in *Die Lustige Weiber von Windsor*. After returning to the U.S., Valente was summoned back to Germany by the Nuremberg Opera where she sang her first Susanna. In 1967, Valente returned to the U.S. for an engagement as Anne Trulove in Sarah Caldwell's production of *The Rake's Progress* for the American National Opera Company. For the Opera Company of Boston, she also appeared as Gilda and Nannetta. Pamina proved her calling card at the Metropolitan Opera in 1973. During the next two decades, Valente sang leading roles in the Met's productions of Mozart and Handel as well as in *Falstaff* and *Rigoletto*. In addition to Pamina, she performed *Ilia* and *Susanna* before graduating to the *Countess*. In 1984, Valente sang *Almirena* in *Rinaldo*, the first Handel opera performed at the Metropolitan Opera.

Valente's lyric soprano retained its pristine beauty through a canny choice of



Rudolf Serkin and Benita Valente

operatic roles. She sang Gluck's *Euridice* with Marilyn Horne in Santa Fe and Shirley Verrett in Boston. With Tatiana Troyanos, Valente appeared as *Ginevra* in Handel's *Ariodante* in Santa Fe and Philadelphia. Her carefully chosen repertory ranged from *Violetta*, *Mimi* and *Liu* to the *Governess* in *The Turn of the Screw*. Following up her success as *Almirena* at the Met, Valente achieved international acclaim in operas by Handel and Mozart. She made her London debut as *Cleopatra* in *Giulio Cesare* and sang *Alcina* in Vancouver. For her debut at the Teatro Colón in Buenos Aires, Valente sang the *Countess* in *Le Nozze di Figaro*. In Italy, she performed *Almirena* in Parma and *Dalila* in Handel's *Samson* at the Teatro Comunale in Florence. She sang her first *Mélisande* in concert performances with the Philadelphia Orchestra. At the end of her operatic career, Valente sang the *Countess* in productions of *Le Nozze di Figaro* with the Metropolitan Opera, Washington Opera, Opera Pacific and the Santa Fe Opera.

In addition to her operatic career, Valente was acclaimed for her recital and concert appearances. As soprano in residence at the Marlboro Festival, Valente collaborated with Serkin and other legendary musicians in a series of memorable programs. In recitals performed across the U.S., she explored the song literature with pianists Richard Goode, Cynthia Raim, Lydia Artymiw, Peter Serkin and David Efron. Valente blended her voice seamlessly with the Guarneri, Juilliard, Orion, LaSalle and other string quartets. Throughout her career, Valente engaged in an intimate musical dialogue with chamber ensembles. John Harbison, Alberto Ginastera and Richard Wernick composed chamber scores for Valente and the Juilliard String Quartet. She won a Grammy Award for a definitive recording of Arnold Schoenberg's *Quartet No. 2* with the Juilliard String Quartet.

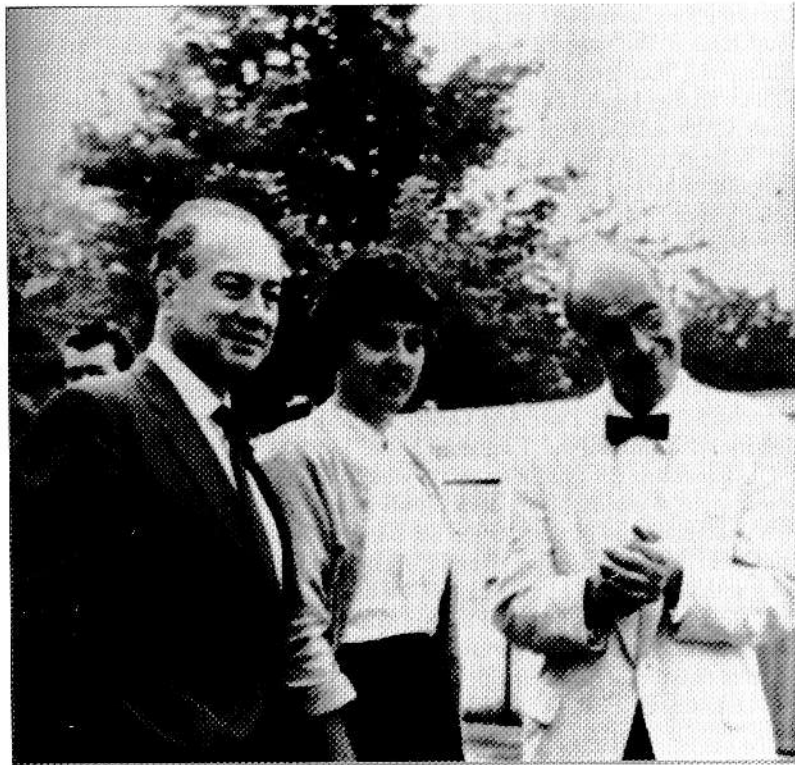
Valente ranged widely through the German song literature, from Mozart and Schubert to Brahms, Strauss and Wolf. She also mastered the Spanish song repertory and exploited her elegant musicianship in the chansons of Debussy and Ravel.

Contemporary composers prized Valente's beautiful voice and uncompromising musicianship. She sang the premieres of William Bolcom's song cycles "Briefly It Enters" and "Let Evening Come" as well as Libby Larsen's "Songs From Letters From Calamity Jane to Her Daughter Janey" and "Songs of Light and Love." Stephen Albert and Earl Kim also wrote scores for Valente.

Valente sang often with important conductors and major orchestras. From Leopold Stokowski, and Leonard Bernstein to Claudio Abbado, Daniel Barenboim, James Levine, Seiji Ozawa, Riccardo Muti, Zubin Mehta, Rafael Kubelik and William Steinberg, great conductors invited Benita Valente to perform a wide range of vocal music. She sang Bach cantatas and passions, the oratorios of Handel and the masses of Haydn and Mozart as well as works by Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Liszt, Brahms and Mahler. She performed with all the major American symphonic ensembles as well as the Munich Philharmonic, the Orchestre de Paris, the London Symphony and the Concertgebouw Orchestra. Highlights of her career were appearances with the Bach Aria Group and Mozart concerts with concert arias, operatic selections and the "Esultate, jubilate."

After taking her final bows on the concert and recital stages, Valente has devoted herself to passing on her deep knowledge of the repertory and her vocal skills to a new generation of singers. She has been a master teacher in the Metropolitan Opera Lindemann Young Artists Development Program. Valente continues to work with young artists at the Marlboro Festival, the Ravinia Festival, the National Arts Centre in Ottawa and the Florence Voice Seminar in Italy. She gives master classes at universities and conservatories across the United States. She serves on the board of directors of Joy in Singing, the Marilyn Horne Foundation and the Walter W. Naumberg Foundation.

—Robert Baxter



Martial Singher, Benita Valente, and Rudolf Serkin at Marlboro Music Festival

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