

Program Notes/Texts & Translation

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897) was a prominent musical figure during the second half of the 19th Century. He studied under Mozart, Haydn, Bach, and Palestrina. His repertoire synthesized the contemporary Romantic style with 17-18th century forms and counterpoint. Recognised primarily for his orchestral and chamber works, Brahms composed abundantly for voice; His prominent vocal works include the German *Requiem*, numerous choral works, and an array of Lieder. His Lieder typically features an idiomatic presentation of the text, fashioned into lyric vocal lines, supported by rich and varied piano figurations.

Von ewiger Liebe (Eternal Love)

Dunkel, wie dunkel in Wald und in Feld!	Dark, how dark in forest and field!
Abend schon ist es, nun schweiget die Welt.	Evening already, and the world is silent.
Nirgend noch Licht und nirgend noch Rauch,	Nowhere a light and nowhere smoke,
Ja, und die Lerche sie schweiget nun auch.	And even the lark is silent now too.
Kommt aus dem Dorfe der Bursche heraus,	Out of the village there comes a lad,
Gibt das Geleit der Geliebten nach Haus,	Escorting his sweetheart home,
Führt sie am Weidengebüsche vorbei,	He leads her past the willow-copse,
Redet so viel und so mancherlei:	Talking so much and of so many things:
“Leidest du Schmach und betrübest du dich,	“If you suffer sorrow and suffer shame,
Leidest du Schmach von andern um mich,	Shame for what others think of me,
Werde die Liebe getrennt so geschwind,	Then let our love be severed as swiftly,
Schnell wie wir früher vereinigt sind.	As swiftly as once we two were plighted.

Scheide mit Regen und scheide mit Wind,

Schnell wie wir früher vereinigt sind.”

Spricht das Mägdelein, Mägdelein spricht:

“Unsere Liebe sie trennet sich nicht!

Fest ist der Stahl und das Eisen gar sehr,

Unsere Liebe ist fester noch mehr.

Eisen und Stahl, man schmiedet sie um,

Unsere Liebe, wer wandelt sie um?

Eisen und Stahl, sie können zergehn,

Unsere Liebe muß ewig bestehn!”

Let us depart in rain and depart in wind,

As swiftly as once we two were plighted.”

The girl speaks, the girl says:

“Our love cannot be severed!

Steel is strong, and so is iron,

Our love is even stronger still:

Iron and steel can both be reforged,

But our love, who shall change it?

Iron and steel can be melted down,

Our love must endure for ever!”

Translation © Richard Stokes

Die Mainacht (May Night)

Wann der silberne Mond durch die Gesträuche
blinkt,

Und sein schlummerndes Licht über den Rasen
streut,

Und die Nachtigall flötet,

Wandl' ich traurig von Busch zu Busch.

Überhüllet vom Laub, girret ein Taubenpaar

Sein Entzücken mir vor; aber ich wende mich,

Suche dunklere Schatten,

Und die einsame Träne rinnt.

When the silvery moon gleams through the
bushes,

And sheds its slumbering light on the grass,

And the nightingale is fluting,

I wander sadly from bush to bush.

Covered by leaves, a pair of doves

Coo to me their ecstasy; but I turn away,

Seek darker shadows,

And the lonely tear flows down.

When, O smiling vision, that shines through my

Wann, o lächelndes Bild, welches wie Morgenrot	soul
Durch die Seele mir strahlt, find' ich auf Erden dich?	Like the red of dawn, shall I find you here on earth?
Und die einsame Träne	And the lonely tear
Bebt mir heißer die Wang' herab.	Quivers more ardently down my cheek.
Translation © Richard Stokes	

George Frederic Handel (1685-1759) was a composer in the Baroque Era. Handel showed virtuosity at an early age. He learned the principles of keyboard performance and composition from Friedrich W. Zachow. During his time in Halle, Handel became the organist of the Reformed Cathedral. He shortly departed and joined the violin section of the opera orchestra in Hamburg. In 1705, his first opera, *Almira*, debuted. Handel is most known for his operas, oratorios, and chamber works. The *Messiah* and *Gulio Cesare* are two of his most famous works.

Priva son d'ogni conforto (I am bereft of all comfort)

Priva son d'ogni conforto,	I am bereft of all comfort,
e pur speme di morire per me misera non v'è.	yet there is no hope of death for me.
Il mio cor, da pene assorto, è già stanco di soffrire,	My heart, consumed with sorrow,
e morir si nega a me.	is weary of suffering, Yet denied me.
Priva son d'ogni conforto,	I am bereft of all comfort,
e pur speme di morire per me misera non v'è.	yet there is no hope of death for me.

Tiberiu Brediceanu (1877-1968) was a Romanian composer and a member of the Romanian Academy. The academy's main goals are the cultivation of language, literature, music, the study of national history and research of major scientific domains. He was born in Lugoj, Transylvania, and studied in Blaj and Braşov. He worked at the Bucharest Opera house as their general director and helped establish the Cluj Napoca Opera house and conservatory. Brediceanu

composed symphonic dances, as well as songs and ballads for both voice and piano. He also published and cultivated a collection of 170 folk melodies of the Banat and Transylvania regions.

Vai bădiță dragi neavem (What a pity dear)

Vai bădiță dragi neavem

la la la la la la la

Ne-am lua nu ne putem

la la la la la la ne-am

lăsa nu ne'ndurăm

la la la la la

că prea bine sămănăm

la la la la la la la

și la ochi și la sprânce ne

la la la la la la la

Ca doi porumbei la pene

la la la la la la la

ne-am lăsa nu ne'ndurăm

la la la la la

și la dulce sărutat

la la la la la la la la

Oh! My sweet love we are so in love

la la la la la la la

But we can not be together

la la la la la la la

To let go of our love we can not endure

la la la la la

Because we look too much alike

la la la la la la la

And our eyes and eyebrows

la la la la la la la

we are like to pigeons of the same colored feather

la la la la la la la

to let go of our love we can not endure

la la la la la la la

land to this is our sweet last kiss

la la la lala lala

Bade, pentru ochii tăi (my love because of your eyes)

Bade pentru ochii tăi,

M'au certat vecinii mei;

Iară pentru gura ta,

M'a certat măicuța mea,

M'a certat măicuța mea,

Dacă-i vorba mândroașa,

Spune-i la măicuța ta,

Să'n grădească uliță

Tot cu lîn și cu pelin,

Ca la voi să nu mai vin.

My love because of your eyes

My neighbors fought with me;

Again because of your lips,

My mother fought with me,

My mother fought with me,

If they are speaking this way about us,

Tell your mother,

To put a fence up to separate the street

With linum and wormwood,

So that I will no longer come to be with

	you.
Bagă, Doame luna'n nor (God put the moon in the clouds)	
Bagă, Doame luna'n nor, Bagă, Doame luna'n nor, Să mă duc unde mi-i dor, Să mă duc unde mi-i dor.	God put the moon in the clouds God put the moon in the clouds So I can go where I long to go So I can go where I long to go
Bagă, Doamne, luna'n Ceață, Bagă, Doamne, luna'n Ceață, Să mă duc la mândra'n brațe, Să mă duc la mândra'n brațe,	God put the moon in the fog God put the moon in the fog So I can be in my lover's arms So I can be in my lover's arms
Tu nu vrei, tu nu vrei, Ce-ai iubit să iei tu nu vrei, tu nu vrei, ce-ai iubit să iei. Ba eu, ba eu, Ba eu vreau, ce-am iubit să iau Ba eu, ba eu, Ba eu vreau, ce-am iubit să iau	You do not want, you do not want What you love to have You do not want, you do not want What you love to have But I, but, but I want, What I love to have But I, but I, but I want What I love to have
Mândruliță din Banat Mândrulița mea Nu gândi că te-am lăsat, Mândrulița me tu ești floare de Bujor Mândrulița mea Nu te oui uita până mor! Mândrulița mea.	My love from Banat My love Do not think I am letting you go My love You are the blooming flower My love I will not forget you till I die My love

Jacques Offenbach (1819-1880) is a French composer of German origins who wrote some of the most melodious music for the stage during the nineteenth century. Offenbach mainly wrote Operettas, producing almost 100 works. His last opera, *The Tales of Hoffmann*, is one of the



most significant French operas of the nineteenth century. Many of his works are still performed regularly today.

**Belle nuit, ô nuit d'amour
(Lovely night, oh, night of love)**

NICKLAUSSE

Belle nuit, ô nuit d'amour,
Souris à nos ivresses,
Nuit plus douce que le jour,
Ô belle nuit d'amour!

NICKLAUSSE

Lovely night, oh, night of love
Smile upon our joys!
Night much sweeter than the day
Oh beautiful night of love!

GIULIETTA, NICKLAUSSE

Le temps fuit et sans retour
Emporte nos tendresses,
Loin de cet heureux séjour
Le temps fuit sans retour.

GIULIETTA, NICKLAUSSE

Time flies by, and carries away
Our tender caresses for ever!
Time flies far from this happy oasis
And does not return

Zéphyrs embrasés,
Versez-nous vos caresses,
Zéphyrs embrasés,
Donnez-nous vos baisers!
vos baisers! vos baisers! Ah!

Burning zephyrs
Embrace us with your caresses!
Burning zephyrs
Give us your kisses!
Your kisses! Your kisses! Ah!

Belle nuit, ô nuit d'amour,
Souris à nos ivresses,
Nuit plus douce que le jour,
Ô belle nuit d'amour!
Ah! Souris à nos ivresses!
Nuit d'amour, ô nuit d'amour!
Ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah!

Lovely night, oh, night of love
Smile upon our joys!
Night much sweeter than the day
Oh, beautiful night of love!
Ah! Smile upon our joys!
Night of love, oh, night of love!
Ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah!

H. Leslie Adams (b. 1932, Cleveland, Ohio) composer of the opera *Blake*, has worked in all media, including symphony, ballet, chamber, choral, instrumental and vocal solo keyboard. Adams' works have been performed by the Prague Radio Symphony, Iceland Symphony, Buffalo Philharmonic, Indianapolis Symphony and the New York City Opera. He has been commissioned by the Cleveland Orchestra, and Cleveland Chamber Symphony, among others.



Metropolitan Opera artists have performed his vocal works internationally. Mr. Adams holds degrees from Oberlin College (Conservatory of Music) and Long Beach State University.

Nightsongs

I. I ask you this: Which way to go?
I ask you this: Which sin to bear?
Which crown to put upon my hair?
I do not know, lord God, I do not know.

II. Beat the drums of tragedy for me.
Beat the drums of tragedy and death.
And let the choir sing a stormy song
To drown out the rattle of my dying breath.
Beat the drums of tragedy for me.
And let the white violins whirl thin and slow,
But blow one blaring trumpet note of sun
To go with me to the darkness where I go.

III. The heart of a woman goes forth with the dawn,
As a lone bird, soft winging, so restlessly on,
Afair o'er life's turrets and veiled does it roam
In the wake of those echoes the heart calls home.

And enters some alien cage in its plight,
And tries to forget it has dreamed of the stars
While it breaks, breaks, breaks on the sheltering bars.

IV. The night was made for rest and sleep,
For winds that softly sigh;
It was not made for grief and tears;
So then why do I cry?
The wind that blows through leafy trees
Is soft and warm and sweet;
For me the night is a gracious cloak
To hide my soul's defeat.
Just one dark hour of shaken depths,
Of bitter black despair-
Another day will find me brave,
And not afraid to dare.

V. Seems lak to me de stars don't shine so bright,
 Seems lak to me de sun done loss his light,
 Seems lak to me der's nothin' goin' right,
 Sence you went away.
 Seems lak to me de sky ain't half so blue,
 Seems lake to me dat ev'rything wants you,
 Seems lak to me I don't know what to do,
 Sence you went away.
 Oh ev'rything is wrong, De day's jes twice as long, De bird's forgot his song
 Sence you went away. Seems lak to me I jes can't he'p but sigh,
 Seems lak to me ma th'roat keeps gittin dry,
 Seems lak to me a tear stays in my eye
 Sence you went away.

Darius Milhaud (1892-1974) was a French composer, perhaps best known today for his association with the 1920s' avant-garde collective, "Les Six". He wrote music in every genre ranging from grand opera, film music, symphonies, string quartets, concertos, children's pieces, songs, etc. In his compositions, Milhaud pioneered the use of percussion, polymodality, jazz idioms, and aleatoric techniques. His works often meshed musical sources as diverse as Provençal tunes, Jewish liturgical music, Brazilian folk music, and older classical music, with a French style for contrapuntal textures and melodies.

Six chansons de theatre (Six songs of the theater)

I. La Bohémienne la main m'a pris:
 La vieille tzigane le sort m'a dit;
 Elle m'a prédit: Ah regarde,
 Enfant, prends garde!

C'est un méchant garçon,
 C'est un méchant, un très méchant,
 C'est un mauvais garçon,

I. The Bohémienne woman took me by the hand
 The old gypsy fortune teller;
 Predicted my fate: Ah look,
 Child, beware!

He's a bad boy
 He's a bad boy, a very bad boy,
 He's a bad boy

<p>C'est un mauvais, un très mauvais,</p> <p>Un très très très très très très Très très très très mauvais, Méchant garçon.</p>	<p>He's a bad, a very bad,</p> <p>A very very very very very very Very very very very bad, Bad boy.</p>
<p>II. Un petit pas, deux petits pas Le petit chien au trot s'en va Sur la route bien longue qui s'ouvre. Le petit chien s'en va-t-à Douvres.</p>	<p>One small step, two small steps The trotting little dog goes away On the very long road which opens. The little dog is going to Dover.</p>
<p>Un petit pas, deux petits pas Le petit chien au trot s'en va. Sur la route trouve un ruisseau; Fait oh, oh puis un grand saut Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh! Un petit pas, deux petits pas, Le petit chien au trot s'en va, Sur la route trouve la Nuit, Fait oh, oh, et puis Do Do</p>	<p>One small step, two small steps The trotting little dog goes away. On the road and finds a stream; Oh, oh then a big leap Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh! One small step, two small steps, The trotting little dog goes away, On the road he travels in the Night, Oh, oh, and then do, do....</p>
<p>III. Je suis dans le filet Sans aucune espérance, Le ciel devient immense Mais, c'est pour m'étouffer.</p> <p>Qu'ai-je fait à la nuit Qui de son poids m'opprime, N'es-tu plus rien, Jeunesse, Qu'on te bafoue ainsi?</p> <p>Étoiles, au secours De mon secret amour, Lune, ouvre-moi la porte, Ou je suis une morte.</p>	<p>I'm in the net Without any hope, The sky is getting bigger But, it's suffocating me.</p> <p>What did I do at night Whos weight oppresses me, Are you nothing, Youth, That you are scoffed at like this?</p> <p>Stars, help From my secret love, Moon, open the door for me, Or am I dead.</p>

IV. Chacun son tour, les animaux,
J'apporte remède à vos maux.
Et pendant que vous mangerez,
Vous crierez être délivrés!

Vache, c'est pour ton pis,
Cheval, pour mieux hennir,
Lion, pour ta crinière
Et serpent, pour ton bien,
Eléphant, pour ta trompe,
Pour tes ailes, oiseau,
Bête de fantasia, c'est pour ta poésie!

Et pendant que vous mangerez,
Vous croirez être délivrés.

V. Mes amis les cygnes
prisonniers de la glace délivrez vous.
Délivrez vous de l'enchantement

VI. Blancs sont les jours d'été oui ratil l'oiseau sans
ailes? Blanche est la nuit d'été que ferait l'oiseau
sans ailes? Apprendra oubliera parlera pleurera
cueillera les fleurs pas les sur le sol désolé blancs
sont les jours d'été ou irait l'oiseau sans ailes?
Blanches est la nuit d'été que ferait l'oiseau sans
ailes?

IV. Each in turn, the animals,
I bring remedy to your ills.
And while you eat,
You will cry out to be cured!

Cow, it's for your udder,
Horse, the better to neigh,
Lion, for your mane
And snake, for your good,
Elephant, for your trunk,
For your wings, bird,
Beast of fantasy, it's for your poetry!

And while you eat,
You will believe that you are cured.

V. My friends the swans
prisoners of the ice deliver yourselves.
Free yourself from the enchantment

VI. White are the days of summer yes ratil the b
without wings? White is the summer night what
wingless bird do? Will learn, will forget, will spea
cry, will pick the pale flowers on the desolate wh
ground, are the summer days when the wingless
will fly? White is the summer not what will the wi
bird do?

Eric Whitacre (b.1970) is a Grammy Award-winning composer and conductor. His works are programmed worldwide and his Virtual Choirs have united 100,000 singers from more than 145 countries. He is a graduate of the Juilliard School of Music (New York). He is currently a visiting Composer at Pembroke College at Cambridge University and recently completed his second term as Artist in Residence with the Los Angeles Master Chorale.

Goodnight Moon

In the great green room there was a telephone and a red balloon
And a picture of – The cow jumping over the moon

And there were three little bears sitting on chairs
And two little kittens and a pair of mittens
And a little toyhouse and a young mouse
And a comb and a brush and a bowl full of mush
And a quiet old lady who was whispering "hush"

Goodnight room Goodnight moon
Goodnight cow jumping over the moon
Goodnight light and the red balloon

Goodnight bears goodnight chairs
Goodnight kittens and goodnight mittens

Goodnight clocks and goodnight socks
Goodnight little house and goodnight mouse

Goodnight comb and goodnight brush
Goodnight nobody Goodnight mush
And goodnight to the old lady whispering "hush"

Goodnight stars Goodnight air
Goodnight noises everywhere