

WELCOME...

Welcome to the 2016-17 season – a season with the most ambitious lineup than ever before in Princeton University Concerts' 123-year-history. As always, you can expect to hear the most revered artists in the field today, 15 of whom are making their Princeton University Concerts debut! Joining them are several "PUC" veterans, including the **Takács String Quartet** who have selected Richardson Auditorium as one of three American venues in which to bid farewell to Beethoven's extraordinary String Quartet cycle. And the groundbreaking **PUC125: Performances Up Close** series, launched last year, is already off to a rousing start. Its hour-long, interactive concerts, which bring the audience onto the stage alongside the musicians, aim to strip away the formality of our traditional concerts in place of an accessible, fresh and casual setting.

There's even more...the season stretches beyond concerts to include the **Performers as Teachers** series, when several artists (including tonight's Jamie Barton) will offer a chance to peek behind the curtain as they coach talented Princeton students. The free **Mindfulness with Music** series, started last year, allows you to experience world-class music more viscerally than ever before. During these half-hour meditations to music performed by some of our artists, your relationship with the music is simplified to its most personal and sincere when taken outside of concert hall etiquette. Many special events - classes, talks and open rehearsals - will be offered in conjunction with the Beethoven Quartet cycle, a once-in-a-lifetime chance to deepen engagement with this incredible cycle of music.

I invite you to learn more about all of our season plans at princetonuniversityconcerts.org, and hope to see you at many of our concerts.



Marna Seltzer
Director of Princeton University Concerts

October 6, 2016 at 8:00pm

Richardson Auditorium in Alexander Hall

Pre-concert talk by Professor Lindsey Christiansen at 7:00pm

1ST PERFORMANCE OF THE 123RD SEASON / HISTORY IN THE MUSIC-MAKING

JAMIE BARTON, Mezzo-soprano

JAMES BAILLIEU, Piano

JOAQUÍN TURINA (1882 – 1949)

Homenaje a Lope de Vega (“Homage to Lope Vega”), Op. 90

Cuando tan hermosa os miro
Si con mis deseos
Al val de Fuente Ovejuna

JOHANNES BRAHMS (1833 – 1897)

Ständchen, Op. 106, No. 1
Meine Liebe ist grün, Op. 63, No. 5
Unbewegte laue Luft, Op. 57, No. 8
Von ewiger Liebe, Op. 43, No. 1

ANTONÍN DVOŘÁK (1841 – 1904)

Cigánské melodie (“Gypsy Songs”), Op. 55

Má píseň zas mi láskou zní
Aj! Kterak trojhranec můj přerokozkošně zvoní
A les je tichý kolem kol
Když mne stará matka zpívat, zpívat učivala
Struna naladěna, hochu, toč se v kole
Široké rukávy a široké gatě
Dejte klec jestřábu ze zlata ryzého

—INTERMISSION—

CHARLES IVES (1874 – 1954)

The Things Our Fathers Loved
Grantchester
Immortality
The Housatonic at Stockbridge
The Cage
Old Home Day

JEAN SIBELIUS (1865 – 1957)

Svarta rosor, Op. 36, No. 1
Säv, säv, susa, Op. 36, No. 4
Flickan kom ifrån sin älsklings mote, Op. 37, No. 5
KysSENS hopp, Op. 13, No. 2
Marssnön, Op. 36, No. 5
Var det en dröm?, Op. 37, No. 4

Please join the artists to celebrate the opening of our season at a post-concert reception downstairs in the Richardson Lounge.

PERFORMERS AS TEACHERS

Jamie Barton coaches Princeton students
Friday, October 7, 2016 at 12:30PM

Taplin Auditorium in Fine Hall

FREE AND OPEN TO THE PUBLIC
princetonuniversityconcerts.org

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY
CONCERTS 

ABOUT THE PROGRAM

TONIGHT'S PROGRAM...

It is not every day that we hear a vocal recital with songs in five different languages, criss-crossing Europe and the United States with an ease that very few performers can muster. Written over a period of about seventy years, the program as a whole emphasizes the enormous stylistic diversity of the art-song repertoire.

By Professor Peter Laki ©2016

Homenaje a Lope de Vega ("Homage to Lope Vega") (1935) **JOAQUÍN TURINA** (1882 – 1949)

In 1935, Spain commemorated the 300th anniversary of the death of Lope de Vega (1562-1635), the great classic playwright who is often called "the Spanish Shakespeare." Joaquín Turina, one of the most eminent Spanish composers of the time, wrote a set of three songs on Vega's lyrics. In different ways, all three songs are about love as an invincible force; desire knows no limits and overcomes all obstacles. The songs have an unusually high *tessitura*, as if to emphasize the transcendent power of love. The lyrics are from the following Vega plays: *La Discreta Enamorada*, *La Estrella de Sevilla*, and *Fuenteovejuna*.

Four Songs

JOHANNES BRAHMS (1874 – 1954)

These four Brahms songs make a convincing set by virtue of their complementary moods and characters. *Ständchen* ("Serenade") (1888) is not a real serenade but rather a description of one by an outside observer, which makes it even more charming. The magical modulations in the middle section show how the observer becomes emotionally involved in the scene she is watching. Poet Franz Kugler (1808-58) was a composer, artist and historian who included artwork and music in the book of poetry that contained the present poem.

The lyrics of *Meine Liebe ist grün* ("My love is green") (1873) are by Felix Schumann (1854-79), the youngest child of Robert and Clara Schumann

who was Brahms' godson. Named in memory of Mendelssohn, Felix Schumann was a highly gifted musician and poet who died of tuberculosis at the age of 25. An exuberant celebration of young love, the song exudes the excitement and enthusiasm of one who is drunk with love.

Unbewegte laue Luft ("Mild, unagitated air") (1871) sets a poem by Georg Friedrich Daumer (1800-75), who also provided the texts for Brahms' popular *Liebeslieder-Walzer*. The contrast between the tranquillity of nature and the lover's agitated state of mind is rendered by the two-part structure of the song, with an idyllic slow section and a tempestuous second half.

Von ewiger Liebe ("Of eternal love") (1864) moves in an opposite direction: here the first section is in moderate tempo and the second slower. First the narrator sets the stage for the exchange between two lovers: the boy would sacrifice the relationship to social conventions, but the girl, first in a more intimate tone and then with total abandon, proclaims her faith in eternal love. The author of the poem is August Heinrich Hoffmann von Fallersleben

(1798-1874), a leading Romantic best known for the lines that were later used in the German national anthem.

Cigánské melodie

("Gypsy Songs") (1880)

ANTONÍN DVOŘÁK (1841 – 1904)

Like his friend Brahms, Dvořák was drawn to the Romantic myth of Gypsies, seen as an "exotic" group living in the middle of "civilized" Europe, colorful in their dress as in their music, and expressing their feelings in a direct and straightforward way. Czech poet Adolf Heyduk (1835-1923) was inspired by these somewhat idealized people during his travels in Slovakia, where many Gypsies lived, and, in setting these "Gypsy" songs to music, Dvořák, too, found an opportunity to indulge in a bit of musical exoticism. The musical traditions of Slovakia were less Westernized than the Bohemia where both Heyduk and Dvořák were from, and—without adopting a full-fledged folkloristic style—the composer strove to give the songs a special flavor by certain accompaniment figures evoking the cimbal (hammered dulcimer) or simple, repetitive figures

ABOUT THE PROGRAM

in the vocal lines that are reminiscent of folk music. With the exception of the last song, each of the seven pieces mentions song or dance in some way. The final song celebrates the freedom of the Gypsy who refuses to be reined in, ending the cycle on a fiery note.

Six Songs

CHARLES IVES (1873– 1943)

In 1922, Charles Ives published his seminal collection of 114 Songs, a volume that encompasses his entire evolution as a composer from his modest beginnings as a student at Yale to his later and most bold experiments in modernism. Ives' songs, many of which were written on his own texts, reveal the dual nature of his musical personality in a concentrated form: a harmonic style with no historical precedents exists side by side with

nostalgic evocations of melodies from the past. Ives witnessed the total transformation (not to say disappearance) of the small-town New England in which he had grown up; he lived in a new world but he was constantly thinking of the old one.

The first song in the set, *The Things Our Fathers Loved* (1917, on words by Ives), explores the central Ivesian topic of the old way of life that is gone forever. Fleeting melodic fragments (including snippets of old church hymns and march tunes) are presented, here and elsewhere, with unexpected tonal shifts and harmonies. The memories of small-town life produce great excitement before nostalgia returns to have the last word. Similarly, *Grantchester* (1920) expresses an unquenchable longing for a place; Ives had found a kindred spirit in Rupert Brooke (1887-1915), the English poet

PRINCETON STUDENTS: YOU'RE INVITED

The Student Ambassadors of Princeton University Concerts want to get to know YOU!

Come to our STUDENT MEET UP

Tonight at intermission. Join other students downstairs in the Richardson Lounge for free cookies and drinks. Meet other like-minded students who love music and share your thoughts about the concert! **FOR STUDENTS ONLY.**

who died in World War I and who had been dreaming of the village of Grantchester in Cambridgeshire, with Fauns “a-peeping through the green.” Here Ives couldn’t resist quoting the opening flute solo from Debussy’s *Prelude to the Afternoon of a Faun* (1894). In ***Immortality*** (1921), a peaceful poetic idea suddenly takes a tragic turn and, as the terrible conflict finds its solution in religious faith, a quiet phrase from a church hymn drives the point home.

The Housatonic at Stockbridge (1921), also known in its orchestral version as the last movement of *Three Places in New England*, has words by Robert Underwood Johnson (1853-1937); Ives could thoroughly identify with the poet’s sentiments since he had spent his honeymoon with his wife Harmony in the Berkshires in 1908. Once again, nostalgia erupts in an outburst of passion, which here forms the conclusion of the song.

The Cage (1906), one of Ives’s most enigmatic songs, is a musical experiment in which the vocal line is based on the whole-tone scale while the piano part consists entirely of

chords made of perfect fourths. These two musical formations move up and down, back and forth much like the leopard in his cage; the motion only stops when the little boy asks his surprising (and, of course, unanswered) question.

Finally, ***Old Home Day*** (1920) piles several layers of symbolic meaning on top of what at first seems just a simple march tune. The march is prefaced by a solemn invocation whose words come from Virgil’s Eighth *Eclogue*; the complex piano part seems to represent the city from which “Daphnis” has to be removed. And he is removed alright! In the original version there was even a descant voice for piccolo, Sousa-style, as we find ourselves back on the “Main Street” of the first song.

Six Songs

JEAN SIBELIUS (1865 – 1957)

The mother tongue of Finland’s national composer was Swedish, which is also the language of the vast majority of his solo vocal works. For many years, Sibelius worked on an opera he never completed; instead,

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he poured some of his most dramatic thoughts into his art songs, which are often tragic or balladesque in their tone.

Svarta rosor (“Black roses”) (1899) was written on a poem by Ernst Josephson (1851-1906), who was mainly known as a painter and whose life was marked by serious illness. The title says it all: despite any cheerful appearances, the reality is dark, and the bright C major is repeatedly negated by other, darker tonalities.

Säv, säv, susa (“Rushes, rushes, murmur”) (1899) is a dark ballad about a young girl killed by drowning, but Gustaf Fröding (1860-1911), the most important Swedish poet of his time, framed this tragedy with an image of murmuring reeds and crashing waves. Sibelius followed suit with an idyllic melody over magical arpeggios, to make the tragedy in the central section come across all the more powerfully.

Flickan kom ifrån sin älsklings möte (“The Girl Returned from Meeting Her Lover”) (1902), perhaps Sibelius’s best-known song, is another ballad, this time about a girl whose lover has been unfaithful. Once again, the tragedy

happens suddenly, with no escape. Johan Ludvig Runeberg (1804-77) is the national poet of Finland but he wrote in Swedish.

In ***Kyssens hopp*** (“The Kiss’ Hope”) (1892), another Runeberg poem, the kiss is personified and speaks of the girl whose lips it hopes to inhabit—a highly erotic yet at the same time delicate image treated very subtly in the music. The last two songs have texts by Swedo-Finnish poet Josef Julius Wecksell (1838-1907). ***Marssnön*** (“March Snow”) (1900), an image of noble simplicity, followed by ***Var det en dröm?*** (“Did I just dream?”) (1902), where a past love, for once, is not perceived as a tragedy but rather as a source of happy memories—ending the recital on an optimistic note.



JAMIE BARTON, Mezzo-soprano

The winner of the 2015 Richard Tucker Award, the winner of both the Main and the Song Prizes at the 2013 BBC Cardiff Singer of the World Competition, a winner of the 2007 Metropolitan Opera National Council Auditions and a Grammy Award nominee, American Mezzo-soprano Jamie Barton has been described by *The Guardian* as “a great artist, no question, with an imperturbable steadiness of tone, and a nobility of utterance that invites comparison not so much with her contemporaries as with mid-20th century greats such as Kirsten Flagstad.”

Ms. Barton opens the 2016-17 season in Mahler’s 3rd Symphony with the Toronto

Symphony Orchestra, followed by a U.S./U.K. recital tour with pianist James Baillieu, culminating in her Wigmore Hall (London) recital debut. She makes another much-anticipated debut with her hometown Atlanta Symphony Orchestra in Elgar’s *Sea Pictures*, a work she also performs with the Florida Orchestra. This winter, Ms. Barton returns to the Metropolitan Opera in New York City for her role debut as Jezibaba opposite soprano Kristine Opolais in Dvořák’s *Rusalka*. The new production will be simulcast in cinemas around the globe via the Met’s Live in HD series, as will Ms. Barton’s house role debut as Fenena in Verdi’s *Nabucco*. She sings her first Princess Eboli in Verdi’s *Don Carlo* at the Deutsche Oper Berlin, and makes her New York Philharmonic debut as Fricka in Wagner’s *Das Rheingold*.

On November 11, 2016, Delos Music releases Ms. Barton’s first solo album, *All Who Wander*, featuring songs by Mahler, Dvořák and Sibelius, accompanied by pianist Brian Zeger.

Last season opened with a house debut at Seattle Opera as Fenena in Verdi’s *Nabucco*, a role that will also serve as her Royal Opera House Covent

ABOUT THE ARTISTS

Garden debut. She also returned to the Metropolitan Opera in New York City, bringing her celebrated Giovanna Seymour in Donizetti's *Anna Bolena* to the Met stage. Other major house debuts included the Los Angeles Opera as Adalgisa in Bellini's *Norma* and Washington National Opera as Waltraute/2nd Norn in *Götterdämmerung*.

Her concert season included her BBC Proms debut with conductor Marin Alsop and the Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment at Royal Albert Hall, before appearing as the 2015 Richard Tucker Award Winner at the Richard Tucker Music Foundation Gala at Lincoln Center.

An avid recitalist, Ms. Barton has appeared with the Marilyn Home Foundation with tenor Russell Thomas as well as a solo recital. She made her Spivey Hall

(Morrow, GA) debut singing Brahms' "Alto Rhapsody," which was also broadcast on NPR. She has appeared as part of the 80th birthday celebrations for both Mezzo-soprano Marilyn Home and baritone Sherrill Milnes, and has given solo recitals at Carnegie Hall and the Kennedy Center, the latter as the 2014 recipient of the Marian Anderson Award.

Ms. Barton has received extensive training as a recitalist at the Tanglewood Music Center, where she was a Fellow in Vocal Studies for the summers of 2006 and 2007. As a member of the Houston Grand Opera Studio, she participated in several recital series including the popular "Recital at Rienzi." A graduate of the Houston Grand Opera Studio, Ms. Barton attended Indiana University in Bloomington. This concert marks Ms. Barton's Princeton University Concerts debut.



ANNOUNCING THE 2016-17

CREATIVE REACTIONS CONTEST

a contest designed to capture the impact of classical music, as perceived by Princeton University students. The contest has two categories this year:

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JAMES BAILLIEU, Piano

James Baillieu has been the prize-winner of the Wigmore Hall Song Competition, Das Lied International Song Competition, Kathleen Ferrier and Richard Tauber Competitions. He was selected for representation by Young Classical Artists Trust (YCAT) in 2010 and in 2012 received a Borletti-Buitoni Trust Fellowship and a Geoffrey Parsons Memorial Trust Award.

He collaborates with a wide range of singers and instrumentalists from violist Lawrence Power and violinist Jack Liebeck, the Elias and Heath Quartets to singers Sir Thomas Allen, Dame Kiri te Kanawa and Mark Padmore. Festivals and venues have included London's Wigmore Hall, Berlin's Konzerthaus, Vienna's Musikverein, and the National Concert Hall in Dublin.

An experienced coach, Mr. Baillieu has worked regularly at the George Solti Accademia di Bel Canto in Italy (with

singers Mirella Freni and Leo Nucci), was a repertory professor for the Encuentro de Música y Academia de Santander in Spain, has worked with Gerhard Schulz at the International Musicians Seminar in Prussia Cove and continues to coach for the Jette Parker Young Artists Program at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden (London). He is an alumnus of the Britten-Pears Young Artist Programme, a scholar for the Sam Ling Foundation, participated in the European Liedforum in Berlin and worked with bass Thomas Quastoff at the Verbier Festival Academy.

Born in South Africa, he studied at the University of Cape Town and the Royal Academy of Music in London with Michael Dussek, Malcolm Martineau and Kathryn Stott. In 2007 he graduated and received the Christian Carpenter Award in recognition of his outstanding achievements. This concert marks Mr. Baillieu's Princeton University Concerts debut.

TEXT AND TRANSLATIONS

Homenaje a Lope de Vega, Op. 90

JOAQUÍN TURINA

Texts by Félix Lope de Vega y Carpio

CUANDO TAN HERMOSA OS MIRO

Cuando tan hermosa os miro,
De amor suspiro,
Y cuando no os veo,
Suspira por mí el deseo.
Cuando mis ojos os ven
Van á gozar tanto bien,
Mas como por su desdén
De los vuestros me retiro,
De amor suspiro;
Y cuando no os veo,
Suspiro por mí el deseo.

SI CON MIS DESEOS

Si con mis deseos
los tiempos caminaran,
al sol aventajaran
los pasos gigantes,
y mis dulces empleos
celebrara Sevilla,
sin envidiar celosa,
amante venturosa,
la regalada y tierna tortolilla,
que con arrullos roncros
tálamos hace de los huecos troncos
Ah! Ah!

AL VAL DE FUENTE OVEJUNA

Al val de Fuente Ovejuna
la niña en cabellos baja;
el caballero la sigue
de la Cruz de Calatrava.

Entre las ramas se esconde,
de vergonzosa y turbada;
fingiendo que no le ha visto,
pone delante las ramas.

WHEN I ADMIRE YOUR BEAUTY

When I admire your beauty
Love makes me sigh,
And if I do not look,
Desire sighs for me.
If my eyes turn to yours,
They enjoy themselves greatly,
But then, comes your disdain
And my eyes avoid yours,
Love makes me sigh,
And if I do not see you,
Desire sighs for me.

IF WITH MY DESIRE

If I could make time
go faster with my desire,
come closer to the sun
with giant steps,
and Seville would celebrate
my sweet occupation,
without envying
the lucky lover,
the sweet turtledove,
whose cooing
makes every hollow tree trunk a love nest.
Ah! Ah!

TO THE FUENTE OVEJUNA VALLEY

The young girl with the long hair goes
down to the Fuente Ovejuna valley;
the knight of Calatrava
follows her there.

She hides among the branches,
shameful and troubled,
feigning not to have seen him,
she hides behind branches.

“¿Para qué te escondes,
niña gallarda?
Que mis linceos deseos
paredes pasan.”

Acercóse el caballero,
y ella, confusa y turbada,
hacer quiso celosías
de las intrincadas ramas;
mas como quien tiene amor
los mares ya las montañas
atraviesa fácilmente,
le dice tales palabras:

“¿Para qué te escondes,
niña gallarda?
Que mis linceos deseos
paredes pasan.”

“Why are you hiding,
lovely girl?
My desire can find a way
through walls.”

The knight approaches her,
and troubled and confused,
she tries to make a screen
from the entangled branches,
But since those who love
can easily cross
seas and mountains,
he says these words to her:

“Why are you hiding,
lovely girl?
My desire can find a way
through walls.”

JOHANNES BRAHMS SONGS

STÄNDCHEN

Text by Franz Theodor Kugler

Der Mond steht über dem Berge,
so recht für verliebte Leut;
Im Garten rieselt ein Brunnen,
Sonst Stille weit und breit.

Neben der Mauer im Schatten,
Da stehn der Studenten drei,
Mit Flöt und Geig und Zither,
Und singen und spielen dabei.

Die Klänge schleichen der Schönsten
Sacht in den Traum hinein,
Sie schaut den blonden Geliebten
Und lispelt: Vergiß nicht mein!

SERENADE

The moon is over the mountain,
so right for people in love;
in the garden trickles a fountain;
otherwise silence far and wide.

By the wall, in shadow,
there three students stand,
with flute and fiddle and zither,
and sing and play.

The music steals softly into
the loveliest lady's dreams;
at her blond lover she gazes,
and whispers, "Remember me!

(please turn the page quietly)

TEXT AND TRANSLATIONS

MEINE LIEBE IST GRÜN

Text by Felix Schumann

Meine Liebe ist grün wie der Fliederbusch,
Und mein Lieb ist schön wie die Sonne,
Die glänzt wohl herab auf den Fliederbusch
Und füllt ihn mit Duft und mit Wonne,
Meine Seele hat Schwingen der Nachtigall
Und wiegt sich in blühendem Flieder,
Und jauchzet und singet vom
Duft berauscht
Viel lieberstrunkene Lieder.

UNBEWEGTE LAUE LUFT

Text by Georg Friedrich Daumer

Unbewegte, laue Luft,
tiefe Ruhe der Natur;
durch die stille Gartennacht
plätschert die Fontäne nur.
Aber im Gemüte schwillt
heißere Begierde mir,
aber in den Adern quillt
leben und verlangt nach Leben.
Sollten nicht auch deine Brust
sehnlichere Wünsche heben?
Sollte meiner Seele Ruf
nicht die deine tief durchbeben?
Leise mit dem Ätherfuß
säume nicht, daherzuschweben!
Komm, o komm, damit wir uns
himmlisches Genüge geben!

MY LOVE IS GREEN

My love is green like the lilac bush,
And my beloved is fair like the sun!
It shines upon the lilac bush
And fills it with fragrance and delight.
My soul has wings of the nightingale
And floats in the blossoming lilac,
And shouts and sings, overcome
by the fragrance,
Many songs that are drunk with love.

MILD, UNAGITATED AIR

Mild, unagitated air,
nature in deep repose;
in the still garden night
only the fountain splashes.
But in my soul swell
more ardent desires,
but in my veins surges
life and craves life.
Should not more ardent
wishes exalt your breast too?
Should my soul's call
not deeply thrill your soul?
Softly, on ethereal feet,
float to me, do not tarry!
Come, oh come, that we may give
each other heavenly satisfaction!

VON EWIGER LIEBE

Text by August Heinrich

Hoffmann von Fallersleben

Dunkel, wie dunkel in Wald und in Feld!
Abend schön ist es, nun schweiget die Welt.
Nirgend noch Licht und nirgend
noch Rauch,
Ja, und die Lerche, sie schweiget nun auch.

Kommt aus dem Dorfe der Bursche heraus,
Gibt das Geleit der Geliebten nach Haus,
Führt sie am Weidengebüsche vorbei,
Redet so viel und so mandcherlei:

"Leidest du Schmach und betrübest du dich,
Leidest du Schmach von andern um mich,
Werde die Liebe getrennt so geschwind,
Schnell wie wir früher vereinigt sind.
Scheide mit Regen und scheide mit Wind,
Schnell wie wir früher vereinigt sind."

Spricht das Mägdelein, Mägdelein spricht:
"Unsere Leibe, sie trennet sich nicht!
Fest is 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!"

OF ETERNAL LOVE

Dark, how dark it is in the forest and field!
Night has fallen, the world is now silent.
Nowhere a light and
nowhere smoke.
Yes, and the lark is now silent, too.

From the village yonder there comes
the young lad, taking his beloved home.
He leads her past the willow bushes,
talking much, and of many things:

"If you suffer shame and if you grieve, if you
suffer disgrace before others because of me,
then our love shall be ended ever so fast,
as fast as we once came together;
it shall go with the rain and go with the
wind, as fast as we once came together."

Then says the maiden, the maiden says:
"Our love can never end!
Strong is steel and iron,
yet our love is stronger still.

Iron and steel, they can be forged over,
but our love, who can change this?
Iron and steel can disintegrate,
but our love must remain forever!"

(please turn the page quietly)

TEXT AND TRANSLATIONS

Cigánské melodie (Gypsy Songs)

ANTONÍN DVORÁK

Texts by Adolf Heyduk

1

Má píseň zas mi láskou zní,
když starý den umírá;
a chudý mech kdy na šat svůj
si tajně perle sbírá.

Má píseň v kraj tak toužně zní,
když svetem noha bloudí;
jen rodné pusty dálnou
zpěv volně z ňader proudí.

Má píseň hlučně láskou zní,
když bouře běží plání;
když těším se, že bídy prost,
dlí bratr v umírání.

2

Aj! Kterak trojhranec můj
přerozkošně zvoní,
Jak cigána píseň, když se k
smrti kloní!

Když se k smrti kloní,
trojhran mu vyzvání.

Konec písní, tanci,
lásce, bědování.

Konec písní, tanci,
lásce, bědován

3

A les je tichý kolem kol,
jen srdce mír ten ruší,
a černý kouř, jenž spěchá v dol,
mé slze v lících,
mé slze suší.

1

My song of love rings out again,
When the old day is dying;
And lowly moss for its garment
Is secretly gathering dew-pearls.

My song rings out so wistfully,
When through the world I'm roaming;
Only through the vastness of my native plains
Does my song flow freely from my breast.

My song rings out so loud with love,
When storms race over the plains;
Rejoicing when, from misery,
A brother's dying saves him!

2

Ah! How most delightfully my
triangle rings,
Like the song of a Gypsy, when he bends
toward death!

When he bends toward death,
his triangle rings for him.

No more songs and dances, no more
love or lamenting!

No more songs and dances, no more
love or lamenting!

3

All around me the forest is quiet,
Only my heart disturbs the peace.
And the black smoke coming quickly down
Dries the tears on my cheeks,
the tears on my cheeks.

Však nemusí jich usušit,
necht' v jiné tváře bije.
Kdo v smutku může zazpívat,
ten nezhylnul, ten žije, ten žije!

4

Když mne stará matka zpívat, zpívat učivala,
podivno, že často, často slzivala.
A teď také pláčem snědé líce mučím,
když cigánské děti hrát
a zpívat učím!

5

Struna naladěna,
hochu, toč se v kole,
dnes, snad dnes převysoko,
zejtra, zejtra, zejtra zase dole!

Pozejtří u Nilu
za posvátným stolem;
struna již, struna naladěna,
hochu, toč, hochu, toč se kolem!

6

Široké rukávy a široké gatě
volnější cigánu nežli dolman v zlatě.
Dolman a to zlato bujná prsa svírá;
pod ním volná píseň násilně umírá.
A kdo raduješ se, tvá kdy píseň v kvěť,
přej si, aby zašlo zlato v celém světě!

However, there is no need to dry my tears
Let it blow on other cheeks.
He who can sing amid sorrow
Has not died; he lives, he lives!

4

When my old mother taught me singing,
Strange, that she often, often cried.
And now tears too torment my dark cheeks,
As I teach Gypsy children to play
music and sing!

5

The strings are tuned –
Young man, join the dance;
Today perhaps we soar up high,
Tomorrow, tomorrow down again!

The day after tomorrow
At the sacred table by the Nile;
The strings are already tuned,
Young man, join the dance!

6

Wide sleeves and wide trousers
Give the Gypsy more freedom than a
golden robe.
A golden robe constricts the powerful chest;
Beneath it our free song dies a
violent death.
And you who rejoice, when your song
blooms free,
Wish that all gold in the world cease to be.

(please turn the page quietly)

TEXT AND TRANSLATIONS

7

Dejte klec jestřábu ze zlata ryzého;
nezmění on za ni hnízda trněného.
Komoní bujnému, jenž se pustou žene,
zřídka kdy připnete uzdy a třemene.
A tak i cigánu příroda cos dala:
k volnosti ho věčným poutem,
k volnosti ho upoutala.

7

Give a hawk a golden cage;
It will not choose it over a thorny nest.
Just as a wild colt
charging through the plains
Can hardly be put into reins and stirrups.
And so also to the Gypsy did nature
give something:
To freedom with an eternal bond,
to freedom did it bind him.

CHARLES IVES SONGS

THE THINGS OUR FATHERS LOVED

Text by Charles Ives

I think there must be a place in the soul all made of tunes, of tunes long ago;
I hear the organ on the Main Street corner, Aunt Sarah humming Gospels;
Summer evenings, The village cornet band, playing in the square.
The town's Red, White and Blue, all Red, White and Blue—Now!
Hear the songs! I know not what are the words but they sing in my soul
of the things our Fathers loved.

GRANTCHESTER

Text by Rupert Brooke

Would I were in Grantchester, in Grantchester!
Some, it may-be, can get in touch
With Nature there or Earth or such.
And clever modern men have seen
A Faun a-peeping through the green,
And felt the Classics were not dead,
To glimpse a Naiad's reedy head
Or hear the Goat foot piping low....
But these are things I do not know
I only know that you may lie
Day long and watch the Cambridge sky,
And, flower lulled in sleepy grass,
Hear the cool lapse of hours pass,
Until the centuries blend and blur
In Grantchester, in Grantchester.

IMMORTALITY

Text by Charles Ives

Who dares to say the spring is dead,
In Autumn's radiant glow!
Who dares to say the rose is dead
In winter's sunset snow!
Who dares to say our child is dead!
Who dares to say our child is dead!
If God had meant she were to die,
She would not have been.

THE HOUSATONIC AT STOCKBRIDGE

Text by Robert Underwood Johnson

Contented river! in thy dreamy realm
The cloudy willow and the plummy elm:
Thou beautiful! from every hill
What eye but wanders with thee at thy will.

Contented river! and yet overshy
To mask thy beauty from the eager eye;
Hast thou a thought to hide from field
 and town?
In some deep current of sunlit brown.

Ah! there's a restive ripple,
And the swift red leaves,
September's firstlings faster drift;
Wouldst thou away, dar stream?

Come, whisper, near!
I also of much resting have a fear:
Let me tomorrow thy companion be,
By fall and shallow to the adventurous sea!

THE CAGE

Text by Charles Ives

A leopard went around his cage
From one side back to the other side;
He stopped only when the keeper came
around with meat;
A boy who had been there three hours
began to wonder,
"Is life anything like that?"

(please turn the page quietly)

TEXT AND TRANSLATIONS

OLD HOME DAY

Text by Charles Ives

Go my songs! Draw Daphnis from the city.

A minor tune from Todd's opera house,
Comes to me as I cross the square, there,
We boys used to shout the songs that rouse
The hearts of the brave and fair.

As we march along down Main street, behind the village band,
The dear old trees, with their arch of leaves
Seem to grasp us by the hand.

While we step along to the tune of an Irish song,
Glad but wistful sounds the old church bell,
For underneath's a note of sadness,
"Old home town" farewell.

A corner lot, a white picket fence,
Daisies almost everywhere, there,
We boys used to play "One old cat,"
And base hits filled the summer air.

As we march along on Main street,
Of that "Down East" Yankee town,
Comes a sign of life,

From the "3rd Corps" fife,
- strains of an old breakdown;

While we step along to the tune of [it's] Irish song,
Comes another sound we all know well.

It takes us way back forty years,
That little red schoolhouse bell.

As we march along down Main street, behind the village band,
The dear old trees, with their arch of leaves
Seem to grasp us by the hand.

While we step along to the tune of an Irish song,
Glad but wistful sounds the old church bell,
For underneath's a note of sadness,
"Old home town" farewell.

JEAN SIBELIUS SONGS

SVARTA ROSOR

Text by Ernst Josephson

Säg, varför är du så ledsen i dag,
du, som alltid är så lustig och glad?
Och inte är jag mera ledsen i dag
när jag tyckes dig lustig och glad;
ty sorgen har nattsvarta rosor.

I mit hjärta där växer ett resendeträd,
som aldrig nånsin vill lämna mig fred,
och på stjälkarna sitter det tagg vid tagg,
och det vållar mig ständigt sveda och agg;
ty sorgen har nattsvarta rosor.

Men av rosor blir det en hel klenod,
än vita som döden, än röda som blod.
Det växer och växer. Jag tror jag förgår,
i hjärträdets rötter det rycker och slår;
ty sorgen har nattsvarta rosor.

BLACK ROSES

Tell me, why are you so sad today
When you are always so cheerful and gay?
But I am no more sad today
Than when you think me cheerful and gay;
For grief has night black roses.

In my heart there grows a rose-tree
Which will never allow me peace:
On its stems grow thorn upon thorn
And it causes unceasing rancor and pain
For grief has night black roses.

But of the roses it becomes quite a treasure,
White as death, red as blood.
It grows and grows. I think I will perish:
In my heart-tree's roots there is a
 wrenching and throbbing
For grief has night black roses.

(please turn the page quietly)

TEXT AND TRANSLATIONS

SÄV, SÄV, SUSÄ

Text by Gustaf Fröding

Säv, säv, susä
våg, våg, slå,
I sägen mig var Ingalill
den unga mände gå?
Hon shrek som en vingskjuten and,
nar hon sjönk i sjön,
det var när sista var stod grön.

De voro henne gramse vid Ostanålid,
det tog hon så illa vid.
De voro henne gramse för gods och gull
och for hennes unga kärleks skull.

De stucko en ögonsten med tagg,
de kastade smuts i en liljas dagg.
Sa sjungen, sjungen sorgsång,
I sorgsna vågor små,
säv, säv, susä,
våg, våg, slå!

FLICKAN KOM IFRÅN SIN ÄLSKLINGS MÖTE

Text by Johan Ludvig Runeberg

Flickan kom ifrån sin älsklings möte,
Kom med röda händer --
Modern sade:
Varav rodna dina händer, flicka?
Flickan sade: jag har plockat rosor,
Och på törnen stungit mina händer.
Åter kom hon från sin älsklings möte,
Kom med röda läppar --

Modern sade:
Varav rodna dina läppar, flicka?
Flickan sade:
jag har ätit hallon,
Och med saften målat mina läppar.
Åter kom hon från sin älsklings möte,

RUSHES, RUSHES, MURMUR

Rushes, rushes, murmur,
Wave, wave, crash,
Are you trying to reveal
The fate of young Ingalil?
She cried like a winged duck
As she sank in the lake
(Last spring was then at its greenest).

They were envious of her in Östanålid
And she took it to heart.
They begrudged her her riches
And her young love.

They pierced a jewel with a thorn,
They cast dirt in a lily's dew.
So sing your dirge,
Sad wavelets,
Rushes, rushes, murmur,
Waves, waves, crash!

THE GIRL RETURNED FROM MEETING HER LOVER.

The girl returned from meeting her lover,
Came back with red hands --
Her mother asked:
Why are your hands so red, my child?
The girl replied: I have been plucking roses
And pricked my hands on the thorns.
Again she returned from meeting her lover,
Came back with red lips --

Her mother asked:
Why are your lips so red, my child?
The girl replied:
I have been eating raspberries
And stained my lips with the juice.
Again she returned from meeting her lover,

Kom med bleka kinder --
Modern sade:
Varav blekna dina kinder, flicka?
Flickan sade: red en grav, o Moder!
Göm mig där, och ställ et kors däröver,
Och på korset rista, som jag säger:
En gång kom hon hem med röda händer;
Ty de rodnat mellan
älskarns händer.
En gång kom hon hem
med röda läppar;
Ty de rodnat under
älskarns läppar.
Senast kom hon hem
med bleka kinder;
Ty de bleknat genom älskarns otro.

KYSSENS HOPP

Text by Johan Ludvig Runeberg

Der jag satt i drömmar vid en källa,
Hörde jag en kyss på mina läppar
Sakta tala till en annan detta:
Se, hon kommer, se, se,
den blyga flickan kommer redan;
Inom några stunder sitter jag På hennes
rosen läppar,

Och hon bär mig troget hela dagen,
Näns ej smaku på ett enda smultron,
Att ej blanda mig med smultron saften,
Näns ej dricka ur den klara källan,
Att ej krossa mig mot glasets bräddar,
Näns ej hviska ens ett ord om kärlek,
Att ej fläkta mig från rosen läppen

Came back with pale cheeks --
Her mother asked:
Why are your cheeks so pale, my child?
The girl replied: Prepare a grave, mother!
Hide me there and set up a cross,
And on the cross carve these words:
Once she came home with red hands
For they had turned red between
her lover's hands.
Once she came home with red lips
For they had turned red beneath
her lover's lips.
The last time she came home
with pale cheeks
For they had turned pale at her
lover's unfaithfulness.

THE KISS'S HOPE

There where I sat dreaming by a spring,
I heard a kiss on my lips
Slowly speaking to another thus:
See, she comes, see, see,
The shy girl is coming already;
In a few moments I sit on her
rosy lips,

And she carries me faithfully the
whole day,
Not even tasting a single wild strawberry,
To not mix me with the wild
strawberry juice,
Not even drinking from the clear spring,
To not crush me against the
overflowing glass,
Not whispering even a single word
about love,
To not blow me away from her rosy lips.

(please turn the page quietly)

TEXT AND TRANSLATIONS

MARSSNÖN

Text by Josef Julius Wecksell

Den svala snön därute faller
och täcker marken mer och mer,
de lägga sig de vita stjärnor
i varv på varv längs jorden ner.

Håll slutet än, o vår! ditt öga,
sov gott i blid och vänlig snö -
dess mäktigare skall du blomma,
dess rikare skall sen du dö.

VAR DET EN DRÖM?

Text by J.J. Wecksell

Var det en dröm att ljuvt engång
jag var ditt hjärtas vän?

Jag minns det som en tystnad sång,
då strängen darrar än.

Jag minns en törnros av dig skänkt,
en blick så blyg och öm;

jag minns en avskedstår, som blänkt,
var allt, var allt en dröm?

En dröm lik sippans liv så kort
uti en vårgrön ängd,

vars fägring hastigt vissnar bort
för nya blommors mängd.

Men mången natt jag hör en röst
vid bittra tårars ström:

göm djupt dess minne i ditt bröst,
det var din bästa dröm!

MARCH SNOW

Cool snow falls outside,
And covers the earth ever more
Thickly
With layer upon layer of white stars.

Keep your eyes shut, O spring;
Go on sleeping in the gentle, friendly snow.
You will blossom all the more strongly,
And die the richer.

DID I JUST DREAM?

Did I just dream that long ago
I was your soulmate?

I remember it like a song that is over
Though the string still vibrates.

I remember a rose you gave me,
A glance so shy and tender,

A tear that glistened at parting
Was all this just a dream?

A dream as brief as an anemone's life
In a green spring meadow,

Whose beauty quickly fades
Before the wealth of new flowers.

But many a night I hear a voice
Over a flood of bitter tears:

Hide this memory deep in your breast
It was the best dream you ever had!