

Sunday, February 8, 2009, 3pm  
Hertz Hall

Danielle de Niese, *soprano*  
Ken Noda, *piano*

PROGRAM

- George Frideric Handel (1685–1759) Two Arias from *Semele* (1743)  
Endless Pleasure, Endless Love  
Myself I Shall Adore
- Edvard Grieg (1843–1907) Selections from *Haugtussa*, Op. 67 (1895)  
1. Det syng  
3. Blåbær-Li  
5. Elsk  
7. Vond Dag  
8. Ved Gjøtlet-Bekken
- Hugo Wolf (1860–1903) Five Songs  
Verborgtheit (*Mörrike Lieder*, No. 12) (1888)  
Gesegnet sei, durch den die Welt entstand  
(*Italienisches Liederbuch*, No. 4) (1890)  
Wie lange schon war immer mein Verlangen  
(*Italienisches Liederbuch*, No. 11) (1891)  
In dem Schatten meiner Locken  
(*Spanisches Liederbuch*, No. 2) (1889)  
Ich hab' in Penna einen Liebsten wohnen  
(*Italienisches Liederbuch*, No. 46) (1896)

INTERMISSION

- Francis Poulenc (1899–1963) Selections from *Fiançailles pour rire* (1939)  
3. Il vole  
5. Violon  
6. Fleurs
- Samuel Barber (1910–1981) Three Songs  
Solitary Hotel, Op. 41, No. 4 (1969)  
Sleep Now, Op. 10, No. 2 (1935–1936)  
Nuvoletta, Op. 25 (1952)
- Georges Bizet (1838–1875) Three Songs  
Chanson d'Avril (1873)  
La coccinelle (1868)  
Tarantelle (1872)

*Danielle de Niese appears by arrangement with IMG Artists, 152 West 57th Street,  
Fifth Floor, New York, New York 10019, tel. (212) 994-3500.*

*Ms. de Niese records exclusively for Decca/London.*

*Ms. de Niese is dressed by Thang de Hoo: [www.thangdehoo.com](http://www.thangdehoo.com).*

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**George Frideric Handel (1685–1759)**  
*Endless Pleasure and Myself I Shall Adore*  
 from *Semele*

Composed in 1743. Premiered on February 10, 1744, in London.

The god Jupiter, in human form, has taken Semele, a mortal, as his lover. The girl sings of her bliss in the aria *Endless Pleasure, Endless Love*. Juno, Jupiter's wife and the protectress of marriage, vows to destroy her rival, who longs to become a goddess herself. The raising of a mortal to a god, Juno knows, can only be achieved by seeing Jupiter in his immortal state, a sight which, ironically, dooms the human to immediate death. Juno, in the form of Semele's sister, Ino, gives the girl a mirror in which to admire herself before making her request of Jupiter, and Semele sings *Myself I Shall Adore*. Jupiter accedes, but the outcome is fated and Semele dies, though not before the god Bacchus is rescued from her womb and then nurtured in the thigh of Jupiter until the time of his birth.

**Edvard Grieg (1843–1907)**  
 Selections from *Haugtussa*  
 (“The Mountain Maid”), Op. 67

Composed in 1895.

It is hardly surprising that Edvard Grieg's ardent nationalism found expression in his vocal music, and he was inevitably drawn to poetry in *Landsmål*, the most distinctive Norwegian tongue, which he said contained “a world of unborn music.” Concerning *Landsmål*, Astra Desmond wrote in a 1948 study of Grieg's songs, “It should be noted that in Norway there are two languages, one of which, the ordinary *Riksmål*, is, except for slight differences in spelling, etc. and a great difference in pronunciation, almost identical with Danish. In 1842, the year before Grieg was born, the great lexicographer Ivar Aasen began to make a comparative study of the various country dialects of Norway. Finally he devoted himself to creating a literary language—*Landsmål*—based on dialect and Old Norse. The more violent nationalists took

up this language with great ardor, and many writers adopted it. It is still taught in the schools in Norway, but though it has modified the *Riksmål* it has never displaced it. The two chief champions of *Landsmål* were Garborg and the peasant poet Aasmund Olavsson Vinje. The passionate nationalism of these two made an appeal to all that was most profound in Grieg, and some of his best songs were inspired by them.”

In May 1895, the Norwegian teacher, journalist, linguist and writer Arne Garborg (1851–1924), a leading advocate of *Landsmål* whose original writings and translations of Homer, Shakespeare, Molière and Goethe helped to get the language admitted to the school curriculum in 1879, published *Haugtussa*, a book of 70 poems inspired by the ways, legends and countryside of his home region of Jæren, the rural district surrounding the southwestern coastal city of Stavanger. In *The Songs of Edvard Grieg* (1990), an excellent and thorough study of the subject, Beryl Foster wrote that Garborg's work appeared “during the period when Norwegian literature was changing from its preoccupation with social and political issues towards more concern with nature and lyricism—the *nyromantikk* or Neo-Romantic period. Garborg also shows great faith in the mystery of life itself and in the power of individuals to overcome temptations. *Haugtussa* is a poem-cycle which tells the story of Veslemøy (literally, ‘little maid’), the ‘haugtussa’ of the title, a story of strength versus temptation, of Christianity versus trolldom and superstition, of light versus darkness; in other words, of good versus evil. Veslemøy has second sight and is seen by others in her community as strange. Second sight has both advantages and disadvantages: she can see the spirits of the other world—trolls, the hill-folk and even on one occasion the devil himself—but, because she is able to see them, she understands what is involved in the temptation she feels and is therefore better able to withstand it.”

Grieg devoured *Haugtussa* as soon as it appeared. “It is a quite brilliant book,” he wrote to his friend and frequent walking-tour companion, the conductor, pianist and composer Julius Röntgen, “in which the music is already composed—one just needs to write it down.” And “write it down” Grieg did, completing a dozen songs in May and

June, and sketching out eight more before the end of the summer. His wife, Nina, a gifted vocalist, performed some of the songs when they and the Röntgens met in Leipzig at Christmas, but Grieg then withheld the music from publication, without explanation, until the autumn of 1898, when he selected the eight songs comprising the finished cycle. (“*Haugtussa* for the time being sleeps,” he told Röntgen. Beryl Foster makes the astonishing inference from some long-unknown letters that Grieg simply could not deal with the songs at that time because of a marriage-threatening infatuation he was then suffering for a Copenhagen piano teacher.) Grieg dedicated the published score of *Haugtussa* to the Norwegian singer Dagmar Møller, who had been championing his songs for two decades; Møller gave the first complete public performance of the cycle in October 1898 in Oslo.

In *Haugtussa*'s first song, *Det syng* (“The Singing” or “Enticement”), some spirit, a troll who fancies her perhaps, tries to lure Veslemøy to the Blue Mountain, where she could forget her earthly cares, but she resists. The girl tells of her summer life tending her herd in the high pastures in *Blåber-Li* (“Blueberry Slope”). She is infatuated with a local lad but worried that he will forget her (*Elsk*—“Love”). Her love, however, is lost (*Vond Dag*—“Sorrowful Day”), and she seeks solace in *Ved Gjøtøle-Bekken* (“At Gjøtøle Brook”). Grieg pronounced these “the best songs I have written,” and he received a letter from Garborg stating, “You have captured exactly the deep, soft, muted, underworld music which I, in my way, tried to sing into words and rhythm.... I am now happy and proud, quite disgracefully proud, that you were able to use these verses. Thank you!”

**Hugo Wolf (1860–1903)**  
 Five Songs

Hugo Wolf was the greatest German composer of songs after Schubert. A seething emotional turmoil dominated his life—from his inability to subject himself to the rigors of a traditional, formal training, through his vehemently zealous support of Wagner and his bouts of near-manic compositional frenzy, to his suicide attempts and death

in an insane asylum. His life and his music blaze with a white-hot inflammability that speaks of the deepest feelings of an age that was just beginning to sense the end of the artistic, social, political and ideological era that culminated in the catastrophe of World War I.

Wolf's career was marked by periods of intense creativity separated by bouts of despondency. His work as a music critic and his often debilitating depression limited his output for many years, but the publication of a few of his songs in early 1888 was the catalyst for the most fecund years of his life: between February and September 1888, he set 53 of the intensely emotional verses of Eduard Mörike; a book of 20 songs to Joseph Eichendorff's poems followed before the end of October; and Goethe's writings provided the texts for 50 more songs by February 1889. Wolf was then deserted by his creative muse (“Polyhymnia,” as he referred to his inspiration) for eight months, but in October 1889, he began setting 16th- and 17th-century Spanish poems which had been translated into German by Emmanuel Geibel and Paul Heyse; by April, he had completed the 44 songs of his *Spanisches Liederbuch* (“Spanish Songbook”). In September 1890, he took up Heyse's translations of Italian poems, and had wrapped 22 of them in music by early the next year. The remaining 24 numbers of the *Italienisches Liederbuch* date from 1896, after Wolf had completed his comic opera *Der Corregidor*, based on the 1874 novel by Pedro de Alarcon (which also served as the basis for Manuel de Falla's ballet *The Three-Cornered Hat*). Wolf managed a handful of songs the following year—three settings of poems by Michelangelo were the last music he wrote—but by autumn 1897, he had lost his reason, largely as a result of an untreated case of syphilis contracted 20 years before. He had periods of lucidity during the following year, but in October 1898, after he had tried to drown himself, he was permanently confined to an asylum in Vienna, where he died on February 22, 1903, three weeks before his 43rd birthday.

**Francis Poulenc (1899–1963)**  
**Selections from *Fiançailles pour rire***  
 (“Whimsical Betrothal”)

*Composed in 1939.*

Early in 1936, after a period of song composition using texts mostly by Apollinaire and Eluard which produced pieces he deemed best suited to the male voice, Poulenc cast about for some verses more appropriate for women singers. One day at the home of the Countess Marie-Blanche de Polignac—daughter of the celebrated couturier Jeanne Lanvin, talented singer (who participated in Nadia Boulanger’s first-ever recording of music by Monteverdi which helped to rekindle interest in that early Baroque master’s nearly forgotten genius), and hostess of one of Paris’ most elegant musical salons—Poulenc discovered a book of poems by Louise de Vilmorin. “What joy for me when I read *Aux Officiers de la Garde Blanche*,” Poulenc recalled. “The poems of Louise de Vilmorin provided material for truly feminine songs. I was enchanted by that. I found in her poetry a kind of sensitive audacity, of wantonness, of avidity which could be extended into song. Since I like to group several songs together, I begged Louise for more poems. During the summer of 1936, she wrote for me *Le garçon de Liège* and *Eau-de-vie! Au-delà!* on a visit to the country home of Marie-Blanche at Kerbastic.” Poulenc set these *Trois poèmes de Louise de Vilmorin* the following year, and then paid tribute to their author: “Few people move me as much as Louise de Vilmorin: because she is beautiful, because she is lame, because she writes innately immaculate French, because her name evokes flowers and vegetables [her family was one of the country’s most successful producers of plant-seed], because she loves her brothers like a lover and her lovers like a sister. Her beautiful face recalls the 17th century, as does the sound of her name.... Love, desire, illness, exile and money difficulties were at the root of her genuineness.” In 1938, Louise included Poulenc’s three poems in a new collection titled *Fiançailles pour rire* (“Whimsical Betrothal”). At the end of the following year, as the shroud of war was descending upon Europe, Poulenc chose six light-hearted verses from *Fiançailles pour rire* to set

in honor of Louise. “Had it not been for the war,” he explained, “I should doubtless never have written this song cycle. I hasten to explain this in order to excuse myself from an assertion that my work, at first glance, may seem paradoxical. I composed *Fiançailles pour rire* to be able to think more often of Louise de Vilmorin, who was then imprisoned [by the Nazis] in a castle in Hungary. (She had married Count Palffy, who had an estate in Slovakia.) This was the only connection between my work and this horrible tornado [of war]. It was obviously fortuitous.” Poulenc set three more of Vilmorin’s poems in 1943, when she was still far from Paris. She survived the war and lived until 1972, at which time she was the companion of the famed French author André Malraux.

Though *Fiançailles pour rire* possesses a kind of general universal mingling of whimsy and sadness, Poulenc wrote that the last two songs also carried a special association for him in regard to their author: “I composed *Violon* with a Hungarian restaurant, on the Champs-Élysées, in my mind, for which Louise’s husband, Count Palffy, had engaged a Gypsy orchestra from Budapest. I have tried to suggest the local color only distantly, because the hand that wrote the poem is French. The composer similarly transposes this rhythm of the Danube into our own atmosphere.” Of *Fleurs*, Poulenc said, “I believe that there is in this song a melancholy so irremediable that the listener will assign to it, after the first bars, its role of coda. It must be sung humbly, its lyricism coming from within.”

**Samuel Barber (1910–1981)**  
**Three Songs**

Two important loves were continually evident in the life and music of Samuel Barber: the love of great literature and the love of the singing voice. Barber was a sensitive, cultured and discriminating reader of the best literature throughout his life, and he translated a number of those works into music. The Overture to *The School for Scandal*, one of his most frequently performed works, was, he noted, “suggested by Sheridan’s comedy.” *Knoxville: Summer of 1915* was based on the words of James Agee. Shelley, Emily Dickinson, William Butler

**Georges Bizet (1838–1875)**  
**Three Songs**

Georges Bizet never lived to enjoy the success of *Carmen*, the work that made his name famous around the world—he died in Paris on June 3, 1875, exactly three months after the opera’s premiere. Bizet was involved with some 30 operatic projects before *Carmen*, 16 of which reached the stage without fully confirming his reputation or securing his livelihood, so he was required to make money by all manner of musical hackwork: private teacher, rehearsal accompanist, music critic, transcriber of popular pieces of the day. (“It is maddening to interrupt the work I love for two days in order to write cornet solos. Still, one must live!” he lamented.) Bizet nevertheless persevered through this state of what his biographer Winton Dean called “settled melancholy” to create such splendid works as *The Pearl Fishers*, *Jeux d’enfants*, the incidental music to *L’Arlésienne*, and, of course, *Carmen*, as well as numerous instrumental and choral pieces and songs. The songs, some three dozen in number, cluster in the years 1866 and 1868, and were apparently written on commission for various Parisian publishers. They are attractive in melody, often exotically colored, and particularly sensitive to the drama and emotion inherent in the texts, qualities that parallel in microcosm the finest of Bizet’s operatic writing.

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Yeats, Matthew Arnold, James Joyce and A. E. Housman inspired other pieces. Barber came by his love of the human voice almost as part of his birthright. His aunt was the great Metropolitan Opera contralto Louise Homer, and her frequent visits to the family home left a lasting impression on the young musician. When Barber enrolled at the Curtis Institute in Philadelphia to undertake his professional training, he studied not only composition and piano, but also voice. He was good enough to give a number of professional recitals during his early years, and he even recorded his own *Dover Beach* with the Curtis String Quartet for RCA Victor in 1936. Barber’s fellow composer Virgil Thomson summarized his expressive idiom: “Romantic music, predominantly emotional, embodying sophisticated workmanship and complete care. Barber’s aesthetic position may be reactionary, but his melodic line sings and the harmony supports it.”

Barber’s Three Songs, Op. 10 (*Rain Has Fallen*, *Sleep Now* and *I Hear an Army*), written in 1935–1936 to texts from James Joyce’s *Chamber Music* (1907, Joyce’s first published work), are exactly contemporary with his *Adagio for Strings*, and, though very different in mood and manner, share with that masterwork an uncanny ability to create both a carefully sculpted expressive world and a sure sense of musical line. The beatific calm of *Sleep Now* is set into expressive relief by the troubled implications of the middle stanza’s winter of the soul.

In *Solitary Hotel* (1969), Barber evoked the lonely world-weariness of a passage from Joyce’s *Ulysses* with music he described as “like a rather fast tango in two.”

In Joyce’s *Finnegans Wake*, *Nuvoletta* (“little cloud” in Italian) is an ethereal evocation of water and the continuity for life that it provides, associated in the book with the essence of femininity. In his 1952 song, Barber captured Nuvoletta’s mercurial moods, from impish playfulness to serious musing on Wagner’s *Tristan und Isolde*.

**George Frideric Handel****Endless Pleasure (*Semele*) (1743)**

*Text: William Congreve (1637–1708),  
after Ovid: Metamorphoses Act I*

Endless pleasure, endless love  
Semele enjoys above!

On her bosom Jove reclining,  
useless now his thunder lies;  
to her arms his bolts resigning,  
and his lightning to her eyes.

**Handel: Myself I Shall Adore (*Semele*)**

*Text: William Congreve (1637–1708),  
after Ovid: Metamorphoses Act I*

Myself I shall Adore,  
If I persist in gazing;

No Object sure before  
Was ever half so pleasing.

**Edvard Grieg*****Haugtussa, Op. 67 (1895)*****I. Det syng**

Å veit du den Draum, og veit du den Song,  
so vil du Tonarne gøyma;  
og gilja det for deg so mang ein Gong,  
rett aldri so kan du det gløyma.  
Å hildrande du!  
med meg skal du bu,  
i Blåhaugen skal du din Sylvrokk snu.

Du skal ikkje fæla den mjuke Nott,  
då Draumen slær ut sine Vengjer  
i linnare Ljos enn Dagen hev ått,  
og Tonar på mjukare Strengjer.  
Det voggar um Li,  
det svævest av Strid,  
og Dagen ei kjenner den Sæle-Tid.

Du skal ikkje ræddas dell Elskhug vill,  
som syndar og græt og gløymer;  
hans Famn er heit og hans Hug er mild,  
og Bjonnen arge han tøymer.  
Å hildrande du!  
med meg skal du bu,  
i Blåhaugen skal du din Sylvrokk snu.

***The Mountain Maid*****I. Enticement**

Oh, if you know the dream, and if you know the song,  
you will retain the notes;  
and though you often may go astray,  
you will never be able to forget it.  
O you enchantress!  
You will stay with me,  
on the Blue Mountain you will turn your silver  
spinning-wheel.

You shall not fear the gentle night,  
when dream spreads out its wings  
in softer light than day possessed,  
and with notes on more gentle strings.  
The slopes are a-slumber,  
all strife is suspended,  
and daytime does not know this bliss.

You shall not be frightened of wild desire,  
which sins and cries and forgets;  
its embrace is hot and its heart is gentle,  
and it tames the angry bear.  
O you enchantress!  
You will stay with me,  
on the Blue Mountain you will turn your silver  
spinning-wheel.

**3. Blåbær-Li**

Nei sjå, kor det blåner her!  
No må me roa oss, Kyra!  
Å nei, slike fine Bær,  
og dei, som det berre kryr a'!  
Nei Maken eg hev kje set!  
Sumt godt her er då til fjells.  
No vil eg eta meg mett;  
her vil eg vera til Kvelds!

Men kom no den Bjonnen stor!  
—Her fekk bli Rom åt oss bae.  
Eg torde kje seia eit Ord  
til slik ein røseleg Vae.  
Eg sa berre: ver so god!  
No må du kje vera bljung!  
Eg lét deg so væl i Ro;  
ta for deg etter din Hug.

Men var det den Reven rau,  
so skuld' han få smaka Staven;  
eg skulde banka han dau,  
um so han var Bror til Paven.  
Slight skarve, harmelegt Sleng!  
Han stel både Kje og Lam.  
Men endå so fin han gjeng  
hev korkje Agg hell Skam.

Men var det den stygge Skrubbb,  
so arg og so hól som Futen,  
eg tog meg ein Bjørkekubb  
og gav han ein god på Snuten.  
Han reiv sund Sauer og Lam  
for Mor mi so trådt og tidt;  
ja sant! um han berre kom,  
skuld' han so visst få sitt.

Men var det den snilde Gut  
der burte frå Skare-Brôte,  
han fekk vel ein på sin Trut,  
men helst på ein annan Måte.  
Å Tøv, kva tenkjer eg på!  
Det lid nok på Dagen alt...  
Eg må til Buskapen sjå;  
ho «Dokka» drøymer um Salt.

**3. Blueberry Hill**

Ah, see how blue it is here!  
Now we must rest awhile, my cows!  
Ah, now, what fine berries:  
my, it's teeming with them!  
Ah, I have never seen the like!  
How good it is here on the mountain.  
Now I will eat my fill;  
here we will stay until evening!

But what if the great bear should come!  
There is room for both of us here.  
I would not dare say a word  
to such a handsome devil.  
I would only say: help yourself!  
Now just don't be bashful.  
I will leave you completely in peace,  
take as much as you want.

But if it was the red fox,  
then he would get a smack from my stick;  
I would strike him dead,  
even if he were the Pope's brother.  
Such a worthless, annoying rogue!  
He steals both kids and lambs.  
No matter how fine his walk,  
he has neither regret nor shame.

But if it was the bad wolf,  
as angry and as false as the bailiff,  
I would take a birch branch  
and give him one right on the snout.  
Time and again he has torn to bits  
mother's sheep and lambs.  
Yes indeed! if he would only come,  
then he would certainly get his due.

But if it was that nice boy  
from over by Skare-Brôte,  
he would get something on his mouth,  
but preferably in a different way.  
Oh, rubbish, what am I thinking of!  
The day is wearing on...  
I must look after the herd;  
“Dolly” is dreaming of salt.

## 5. Elsk

Den galne Guten min Hug hev dâra,  
eg fangen sit som ein Fugl i Snâra;  
den galne Guten, han gjeng so baus;  
han veit, at Fuglen vil aldn laus.

Å gjev du batt meg med Bast og Bende,  
å gjev du batt meg, so Bandi brende!  
Å gjev du drog meg so fast til deg,  
at heile Verdi kom burt for meg!

Ja kund' eg trolla og kund' eg hekka,  
eg vilde inn i den Guten veksa,  
eg vilde veksa meg i deg inn  
og vera berre hos Guten min.

Å du, som bur meg i Hjarta inne,  
du Magti fekk yver alt mit Minne;  
kvart vesle Hugsviv som framum deg,  
det berre kviskrar um deg, um deg.

Um Soli lyser på Himlen blanke,  
no ser ho deg, det er all min Tanke;  
um Dagen dovnar og Skoming fell:  
skal tru han tenkjer på meg i Kveld?

## 7. Vond Dag

Ho reknar Dag og Stund og seine Kveld  
til Sundag kjem; han hev so trufast lova,  
at um det regnde Småstein yver Fjell,  
so skal dei finnast der i «Gjærtarstova».  
Men Sundag kjem og gjeng med Regn og Rusk;  
ho eismal sit ug græt attunder Busk.

Som Fuglen, sårad under varme Veng  
so Blode tippar lik den heite Tåre,  
ho dreg seg sjuk og skjelvande i Seng,  
ho vrid seg Notti lang i Gråten såre.  
Det slit i Hjarta og det brenn på Kinn.  
No må ho døy; ho miste Guten sin.

## 8. Ved Gjøttle-Bekken

Du surlande Bekk,  
du kurlande Bekk,  
her ligg du og kosar deg varm og klår.  
Og speglar deg rein  
og glid yver Stein,  
og sullar so godt  
og mullar so smått  
og glitrar i Soli med mjuke Bår'.  
—Å, her vil eg kvila, kvila.

## 5. Love

The crazy boy has captured my soul,  
I sit trapped like a bird in a snare;  
the crazy boy, he walks so proudly,  
he knows that this bird will never want its freedom.

Ah, if you would only bind me with flax and twine,  
ah, if you would only bind me so that the bonds burn!  
Ah, if you would only draw me so tightly to you,  
that the whole world would disappear for me!

Yes, if I could cast spells, and if I could bewitch,  
I would grow inside the boy,  
I would grow within you  
and just be with my boy.

Oh, you who dwell in my heart,  
you have gained power over all my mind;  
each little fancy which stirs  
merely whispers of you, of you.

When the sun's rays shine in the sky,  
now it sees you, that is all I think of.  
When the day wanes and dusk falls:  
will he truly think of me this evening?

## 7. Sorrowful Day

She counts the days, the hours, the late evenings  
until Sunday comes; he has promised so faithfully,  
that even should hailstones rain down over the mountain,  
they will meet there in the shepherd's hut.  
But Sunday comes and goes with rain and drizzle;  
she sits alone and grieves under a bush.

Like the bird, wounded under her warm wing,  
her blood dripping like hot tears,  
she drags herself sick and shaking to bed  
and twists and turns all night long in sore grief.  
Her heart is breaking, her chin is burning.  
Now she must die: she has lost her beloved.

## 8. At Gjøttle Brook

You babbling brook,  
you rippling brook,  
here you lie and enjoy yourself, warm and clear.  
And splash yourself clean  
and glide over stones,  
and murmur so nicely  
and whisper so low,  
and glitter in the sun with gentle waves.  
—Ah, here I will rest, rest.

Du tiklande Bekk,  
du siklande Bekk,  
her gjeng du so glad i den ljose Li.  
Med Klunk og med Klukk,  
med Song og med Sukk,  
med Sus og med Dus  
gjenom lauvbyggt Hus,  
med underlegt Svall og med Svæving blid.  
—Å, her vil eg drøyma, drøyma.

Du hullande Bekk,  
du sullande Bekk,  
her fekk du Seng under Mosen mjuk.  
Her drøymer du kurt  
og gløymer deg burt  
og kviskrar og kved  
i den store Fred  
med Svaling for Hugsott og Lengting sjuk.  
—Å, her vil eg minnast, minnast.

Du vildrande Bekk,  
du sildrande Bekk,  
kva tenkte du alt på din lange Veg?  
Gjennom aude Rom?  
millom Busk og Blom?  
Når i Jord du smatt,  
når du fann deg att?  
Tru nokon du såg so eismal som eg?  
—Å, her vil eg gløyma, gløyma.

Du tislande Bekk,  
du rislande Bekk,  
du leikar i Lund, du sullar i Ro.  
Og smiler mot Sol  
og lær i dit Skjol,  
og vandrar so langt  
og lærer so mangt,  
å syng kje um det, som eg tenkier no.  
—Å, lat meg få blunda, blunda!

## Hugo Wolf: Verborgenheit (1888)

*Text: Eduard Mörike*

Lass, o Welt, o lass mich sein!  
Locket nicht mit Liebesgaben,  
Lasst dies Herz alleine haben  
Seine Wonne, seine Pein!

Was ich traure, weiss ich nicht,  
Es ist unbekanntes Wehe;  
Immerdar durch Tränen sehe  
Ich der Sonne liebes Licht.  
Oft bin ich mir kaum bewusst,

You tickling brook,  
you trickling brook,  
here you run so happily down the bright slopes.  
With gurgle and chuckle,  
with song and with sigh,  
with hustle and bustle  
through a leaf-canopied house,  
with strange swelling and with soft flowing.  
—Ah, here I will dream, dream.

You humming brook,  
you murmuring brook,  
here you make your bed under the pliant moss.  
Here you dream awhile  
and slip into forgetfulness  
and whisper and sing  
in utter peacefulness  
with balm for melancholy and painful longing.  
—Ah, here I will remember, remember.

You wandering brook,  
you swirling brook,  
what have you been thinking about on your long journey?  
Through deserted spaces?  
Between bushes and flowers?  
When you squeeze into the earth,  
when you find yourself again?  
Truly have you ever seen anyone as lonely as I?  
—Ah, here I will forget, forget.

You swishing brook,  
you rippling brook,  
you play in the grove, you hum in peace.  
And smile at the sun  
and laugh in your shelter,  
and wander so far  
and learn so much...  
ah, do not sing of what I am thinking now.  
— Ah let me slumber, slumber!

## Seclusion

Oh, world, let me be!  
Entice me not with gifts of love.  
Let this heart in solitude have  
your bliss, your pain!

What I mourn, I know not.  
It is an unknown pain;  
forever through tears shall I see  
the sun's love-light.  
Often, I am scarcely conscious

Und die helle Freude zücket  
Durch die Schwere, die mich drückt,  
Wonniglich in meiner Brust.

Lass, o Welt, o lass mich sein!  
Locket nicht mit Liebesgaben,  
Lasst dies Herz alleine haben  
Seine Wonne, seine Pein!

**Wolf: Gesegnet sei, durch den die Welt entstand**  
(1890)

*Text: Anonymous*

Gesegnet sei, durch den die Welt entstand;  
Wie trefflich schuf er sie nach allen Seiten!  
Er schuf das Meer mit endlos tiefem Grund,  
Er schuf die Schiffe, die hinübergleiten,  
Er schuf das Paradies mit ew'gem Licht,  
Er schuf die Schönheit und dein Angesicht.

**Wolf: Wie lange schon war immer mein Verlangen**  
(1891)

*Text: Anonymous*

Wie lange schon war immer mein Verlangen:  
Ach wäre doch ein Musiker mir gut!  
Nun liess der Herr mich meinen Wunsch erlangen  
Und schickt mir einen, ganz wie Milch und Blut.  
Da kommt er eben her mit sanfter Miene,  
Und senkt den Kopf und spielt die Violine.

**Wolf: In dem Schatten meiner Locken (1889)**

*Text: Anonymous*

In dem Schatten meiner Locken  
schief mir mein Geliebter ein.  
Weck' ich ihn nun auf?—Ach nein!

Sorglich strählt' ich meine krausen  
Locken täglich in der Frühe,  
doch umsonst ist meine Mühe,  
weil die Winde sie zersausen.  
Lockenschatten, Windessausen  
schlieferten den Liebsten ein.  
Weck' ich ihn nun auf?—Ach nein!

Hören muss ich, wie ihn gräme,  
dass er schmachtet schon so lange,  
dass ihm Leben geb' und nehme  
diese meine braune Wange,  
und er nennt mich seine Schlange,

and the bright joys break  
through the pain, thus pressing  
delightfully into my breast.

Oh, world, let me be!  
Entice me not with gifts of love.  
Let this heart in solitude have  
your bliss, your pain!

*Translation: Paul Heyse*

Blessed be He through whom the world arose;  
How excellently he created it in every way!  
He created the sea with its infinite depths,  
He created the ships that glide over it,  
He created Paradise with eternal light,  
He created beauty and your face.

*Translation: Paul Heyse*

How long has my yearning always been:  
Ah, if only a musician loved me!  
Now the lord has granted me my wish  
And sends me one, all flesh and blood.  
Here he comes, with gentle mien,  
And lowers his head, and plays the violin.

*Translation: Paul Heyse*

In the shadow of my locks  
my beloved fell asleep.  
Shall I wake him up now?—Ah, no!

Carefully I comb my curly  
locks every morning,  
but in vain is my effort,  
for the winds dishevel them.  
The shadow of my locks, the rustle of the wind  
put my beloved to sleep.  
Shall I wake him up now?—Ah, no!

I must listen to how it grieves him  
that he has already pined so long,  
that this my brown cheek  
gives him life and takes it away,  
and he calls me a serpent,

und doch schlief er bei mir ein.  
Weck' ich ihn nun auf?—Ach, nein!

**Wolf: Ich hab' in Penna einen Liebsten wohnen**  
(1896)

*Text: Anonymous*

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

**Francis Poulenc**

**Fiançailles pour rire (1939)**

*Text: Louise de Vilmorin*

**3. Il vole**

En allant se coucher le soleil  
Se reflète au vernis de ma table:  
C'est le fromage rond de la fable  
Au bec de mes ciseaux devermeil.  
Mais où est le corbeau? Il vole.

Je voudrais coudre mais un aimant  
Attire à lui toutes mes aiguilles.  
Sur la place les joueurs de quills  
De belle en belle passent le temps.  
Mais où est mon amant? Il vole.

C'est un voleur que j'ai pour amant,  
Le corbeau vole et mon amant vole,  
Voleur de cœur manque à sa parole  
Et voleur de fromage est absent.  
Mais où est le bonheur? Il vole.

Je pleure sous le saule pleureur  
Je mêle mes larmes à ses feuilles  
Je pleure car je veux qu'on me veuille  
Et je ne plais pas à mon voleur.  
Mais où donc est l'amour? Il vole.

Trouvez la rime à ma déraison  
Et par les routes du paysage  
Ramenez-moi mon amant volage  
Qui prend les cœurs et perd ma raison.  
Je veux que mon voleur me vole.

and yet he fell asleep at my side.  
Shall I wake him up now?—Ah, no!

*Translation: Paul Heyse*

I have a lover who lives in Penna,  
on the plains of Maremma I have another,  
one in the beautiful harbor of Ancona,  
for the fourth I must travel to Viterbo;  
another lives there in Casentino,  
the next lives in the same place with me,  
and yet another I have in Magione,  
four in La Fratta, ten in Castiglione!

**Whimsical Betrothal**

**3. He Flies**

As the sun is setting  
It is reflected in the polished surface of my table:  
It is the round cheese of the fable  
In the beak of my silver scissors.  
But where is the crow? It flies.

I should like to sew but a magnet  
Attracts all my needles.  
On the square the skittle players  
Pass the time with game after game.  
But where is my lover? He flies.

I have a thief for a lover,  
The crow flies and my lover steals,  
The thief of my heart breaks his word  
And the thief of the cheese is not here.  
But where is happiness? It flies.

I weep under the weeping willow  
I mingle my tears with its leaves.  
I weep because I want to be desired  
And I am not pleasing to my thief.  
But where then is love? It flies.

Find the rhyme for my lack of reason  
And by the roads of the countryside  
Bring me back my flighty lover  
Who takes hearts and drives me mad.  
I wish that my thief would steal me.

## 5. Violon

Couple amoureux aux accents méconnus  
Le violon et son joueur me plaisent  
Ah! j'aime ces gémissements tendus  
Sur la corde de malaises.

Aux accords sur les cordes des pendus  
A l'heure où les Lois se taisent  
Le cœur, en forme de fraise,  
S'offre à l'amour comme un fruit inconnu.

## 6. Fleurs

Fleurs promises, fleurs tennes dans tes bras,  
Fleurs sorties des parenthèses d'un pas.  
Qui t'apportait ces fleurs d'hiver  
Saupoudrées du sable des mers?  
Sable de tes baisers, fleurs des amours fanées.  
Les beaux yeux sont de cendre et dans la cheminée.  
Un cœur enrubannée de plaintes  
Brûle avec ses images saintes.

**Samuel Barber: Solitary Hotel, Op. 41,  
No. 4 (1969)**

*Text: James Joyce*

Solitary hotel in mountain pass.  
Autumn. Twilight. Fire lit.  
In dark corner young man seated.  
Young woman enters.  
Restless. Solitary. She sits.  
She goes to window. She stands.  
She sits. Twilight. She thinks.  
On solitary hotel paper she writes.  
She thinks. She writes. She sighs.  
Wheels and hoofs. She hurries out.  
He comes from his dark corner.  
He seizes solitary paper.  
He holds it towards fire. Twilight.  
He reads. Solitary. What?  
In sloping, upright and backhands:  
Queen's hotel, Queen's hotel, Queen's ho...

**Barber: Sleep Now, Op. 10, No. 2 (1935–1936)**

*Text: James Joyce*

Sleep now, O sleep now,  
O you unquiet heart!  
A voice crying "Sleep now"  
Is heard in my heart.

## 5. Violin

Enamored couple with the misunderstood accents  
The violin and its player please me.  
Ah! I love these wailings long drawn out  
On the cord of uneasiness.

In chords on the cords of the hanged  
At the hour when the Laws are silent  
The heart, formed like a strawberry,  
Offers itself to love like an unknown fruit.

## 6. Flowers

Promised flowers, flowers held in your arms,  
Flowers sprung from the parenthesis of a step,  
Who brought you these flowers in winter  
Powdered with the sand of the seas?  
Sand of your kisses, flowers of faded loves.  
The beautiful eyes are ashes and in the fireplace.  
A heart beribboned with sighs  
burns with its treasured pictures.

The voice of the winter  
Is heard at the door.  
O sleep, for the winter  
Is crying "Sleep no more."

My kiss will give peace now  
And quiet to your heart —  
Sleep on in peace now,  
O you unquiet heart!

**Nuvoletta, Op. 25 (1952)**

*Text: James Joyce*

Nuvoletta in her lightdress,  
spun of sixteen shimmers,  
was looking down on them,  
leaning over the bannisters  
and listening all she childishly could...

She was alone.  
All her nubied companions  
were asleeping with the squirrels...  
She tried all the winsome wonsome ways  
her four winds had taught her.  
She tossed her sfumastelliacinous hair  
like *la princesse de la Petite Bretagne*  
and she rounded her mignons arms  
like Mrs. Cornwallis-West  
and she smiled over herself  
like the image of a pose of a daughter  
of the Emperour of Irelande  
and she sighed after herself  
as were she born to bride with Tristis  
Tristior Tristissimus.  
But, sweet madonine, she might fair as well  
have carried her daisy's worth to Florida...

Oh, how it was duusk!  
From Vallee Maraia to Grasyaplaina,  
dormimust echo!  
A dew! Ah dew! It was so duusk  
that the tears of night began to fall,  
first by ones and twos,  
then by threes and fours,  
at last by fives and sixes of sevens,  
for the tired ones were wecking,  
as we weep now with them.  
*O! O! O! Par la pluie!...*

Then Nuvoletta reflected for the last time  
in her little long life  
And she made up all her myriads  
of drifting minds in one.

She cancelled all her engagements.  
 She climbed over the bannisters;  
 she gave a childly cloudy cry:  
*Nuée! Nuée!*  
 A lightdress fluttered.  
 She was gone.

**Georges Bizet: Chanson d'Avril (1873)***Text: Louis Bouilhet*

Lève-toi! lève-toi!  
 Le printemps vient de naître!  
 Là-bas, sur les vallons,  
 Flotte un réseau vermeil!  
 Tout frissonne au jardin,  
 Tout chante et ta fenêtre,  
 Comme un regard joyeux,  
 Est pleine de soleil!

Du côté des lilas  
 Aux touffes violettes,  
 Mouches et papillons  
 Bruissent à la fois;  
 Et le muguet sauvage,  
 Ébranlant ses clochettes,  
 A réveillé l'amour, l'amour  
 Endormi dans le bois!

Puisqu'avril a semé  
 Ses marguerites blanches.  
 Laisse ta mante lourde  
 Et ton manchon frileux,  
 Déjà l'oiseau r'appelle,  
 Et tes sœurs les pervenches  
 Te souriront dans l'herbe  
 En voyanttes yeux bleus!

Viens, partons! au matin,  
 La source est plus limpide;  
 Lève-toi! viens, partons!  
 N'attendons pas du jour  
 Les brûlantes chaleurs;  
 Je veux mouiller mes pieds  
 Dans la rosée humide,  
 Et te parler d'amour  
 Sous les poiriers en fleurs.

**April Song**

Wake up! Wake up!  
 Spring is born!  
 There in the vale,  
 The reeds float vermilion!  
 The whole garden trembles  
 And sings,  
 And your window  
 Is full of sun;

Next to the lilacs grow  
 Tufts of violets.  
 The honeybees and butterflies  
 Chatter all together.  
 And the wild lily,  
 Newly blossomed,  
 Has awakened love  
 From woodland slumber.

Since April has strewn her  
 White daisies about  
 Put off your  
 Heavy cloak and muff.  
 Already the birds call you  
 And the periwinkles smile,  
 Envisioning your blue eyes  
 In the grass.

Come, let us go, in the morning  
 The spring is clearest.  
 Wake up! Let's go!  
 Before the day  
 Gets too hot;  
 I want to moisten  
 My feet with dew,  
 And speak to you  
 Under the flowering pear trees.

**Bizet: La coccinelle (1868)***Text: Victor Hugo*

Elle me dit: "Quelque chose  
 "Me tourmente." Et j'aperçus  
 Son cou de neige, et, dessus,  
 Un petit insecte rose.

J'aurais dû—mais, sage ou fou,  
 A seize ans, on est farouche—  
 Voir le baiser sur sa bouche  
 Plus que l'insecte à son cou.

On eût dit un coquillage;  
 Dos rose et taché de noir.  
 Les fauvettes pour nous voir

Se penchaient dans le feuillage.  
 Sa bouche fraîche était là;  
 Je me courbai sur la belle,  
 Et je pris la coccinelle;  
 Mais le baiser s'envola.

"Fils, apprends comme on me nomme,"  
 Dit l'insecte du ciel bleu,  
 "Les bêtes sont au bon Dieu;  
 "Mais la bête est à l'homme."

**Bizet: Tarentelle (1872)***Text: Edouard Jules Henri Pailleron*

Tra la la...  
 Le papillon s'est envolé,  
 La fleur se balance avec grâce  
 Ma belle où voyez-vous la trace,  
 La trace de l'amant ailé?  
 Oui! ah, ah, ah, la, la, la.

Le flot est rapide et changeant,  
 Toujours sillonnant l'eau profonde,  
 La barque passe, et toujours l'onde  
 Efface le sillon d'argent.  
 Le flot, oui le flot est rapide et changeant.  
 Le papillon, c'est votre amour  
 La fleur et l'onde, c'est votre âme  
 Que rien n'émeut, que rien n'entame,  
 Où rien ne reste plus d'un jour.

**The Ladybird**

She said to me: "Something's  
 Itching me." And I saw  
 Her snow-white neck, and on it  
 A small rose-colored insect.

I should—but right or wrong,  
 At sixteen one is shy—  
 Have seen the kiss on her lips  
 More than the insect on her neck.

Like a shell it shone;  
 Red back speckled with black.  
 The warblers, to catch a glimpse of us,

Craned their necks in the branches.  
 Her fresh mouth was there:  
 I leaned over the lovely girl,  
 And dislodged the ladybird,  
 But the kiss flew away!

"Son, learn my name,"  
 Said the insect from the blue sky,  
 Creatures belong to our good Lord,  
 But cretins belong to man."

Tra la la...  
 The butterfly has flown away,  
 the flower is poised with grace,  
 My sweet where do you see the trace,  
 The trace of the winged lover?  
 Yes! ah, ah, ah, la, la, la.

The billow is swift and changing,  
 forever ploughing the deep water,  
 the boat passes by, and the wave  
 always effaces the silvered furrow.  
 Oh yes, the billow is swift and changing.  
 The butterfly is your love,  
 the flower and the wave are your soul  
 which nothing can move or can penetrate,  
 where nothing remains for more than a day.



Decca / Lorenzo Aguis

**Danielle de Niese's** "sweet, gleaming soprano," "phenomenal musicality" and "sharply comic, yet utterly moving" acting, combined with youth and physical presence, have brought her to the edge of a spectacular career. At only 29 years of age, the Australian-born American singer regularly graces many of the world's most prestigious opera and concert stages, and has released her first solo album as part of her exclusive contract with Decca Records, *Handel Arias*.

Ms. de Niese's career got off to a prestigious start when, at age 18, she became the youngest singer ever to enter the Metropolitan Opera Young Artist Program. A year later, she made her house debut as Barbarina in a new Jonathan Miller production of *Le nozze di Figaro* in a cast featuring

Renée Fleming, Bryn Terfel and Cecilia Bartoli, and led by James Levine. Soon after came important operatic debuts with the Netherlands Opera, the Saito Kinen Festival, and the Paris Opera. But it was her portrayal of Cleopatra in a David McVicar production of Handel's *Giulio Cesare* for her 2005 Glyndebourne Festival debut that brought her to true international acclaim. *The New York Times* hailed Ms. de Niese's performance, writing, "Her singing is utterly delectable and completely assured...Sheer 'joie de vivre' and mastery come spilling across, to the eyes as well as the ears."

Since then, Ms. de Niese has enjoyed operatic successes on the stages of the Paris Opera, Zurich Opera, Netherlands Opera and Lyric Opera of Chicago, among many others. Orchestral engagements have included appearances with the New York Philharmonic, Cleveland Orchestra, National Symphony, San Francisco Symphony and the Academy of St. Martin in the Fields.

The 2008–2009 season finds Ms. de Niese making her house and role debut at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, as Galatea in *Acis and Galatea*, and she returns to Glyndebourne as Cleopatra in *Giulio Cesare*. In February, she will conduct a coast-to-coast recital tour, which begins at the Harriman-Jewell Series in Kansas City, Missouri, and includes Cal Performances and Carnegie Hall's Weill Recital Hall. Earlier in the season, the soprano made her Austrian debut at the Theater an der Wien as Ginevra in *Ariodante* and returned to the Metropolitan Opera in the acclaimed Mark Morris production of *Orefo ed Euridice* opposite Stephanie Blythe.

Australian-born to parents of Sri Lankan and Dutch heritage, Danielle de Niese grew up in Los Angeles. The soprano has been captivating audiences since childhood, when she was a fixture of Los Angeles local television hosting a weekly arts showcase for teenagers, for which she won an Emmy Award. Trained in dance and piano as well as music at the famed Colburn School in Los Angeles, she participated in the Tanglewood, Aspen and Marlboro summer programs before coming to New York in 1997 to attend the Mannes School of Music.

Recently, the Netherlands Opera awarded Ms. de Niese their Prix d'Amis, which is an honor

bestowed upon the artist who their audience votes as the past season's favorite performer. Ms. de Niese is also the recipient of the 2008 Echo Award's New Artist of the Year, as well as the 2008 Orphée d'Or given by the Academie du Disque Lyrique for her debut album, *Handel Arias*.

**Ken Noda** (*piano*) is Musical Assistant to James Levine on the Artistic Administration staff of the Metropolitan Opera. He began working there in 1991, after he retired from a full-time performing career as a concert pianist.

Born to Japanese parents in October 1962, he studied with Daniel Barenboim and performed as a soloist with such orchestras as the Berlin, Vienna, New York, Israel and Los Angeles philharmonics; the London, Boston, Chicago, San Francisco, Montreal and National symphonies; and the Cleveland Orchestra, Orchestre de Paris and

Philharmonia Orchestra of London, under such conductors as Claudio Abbado, Daniel Barenboim, Riccardo Chailly, Rafael Kubelik, James Levine, Zubin Mehta, Seiji Ozawa and Sir André Previn. He has also collaborated as a chamber musician with Maestro Levine (at two pianos), Itzhak Perlman, Pinchas Zukerman, Nigel Kennedy and the Emerson Quartet; and as an accompanist to Kathleen Battle, Hildegard Behrens, Maria Ewing, Aprile Mollo, Kurt Moll, Jessye Norman, Dawn Upshaw and Deborah Voigt.

Since 1999, Mr. Noda has been a participant every summer at the Marlboro Music Festival and also teaches at the Renata Scotto Opera Academy at the invitation of Ms. Scotto. At the Met, he devotes much of his time to the training of young singers in the Lindemann Young Artist Development Program and also gives master-classes at Juilliard, Yale and the Ravinia Festival/Steans Institute.