

**THE
ARTIST'S
SECRET**

**BETTINA SMITH
- MEZZO-SOPRANO
JAN WILLEM NELLEKE
- PIANO**

Finnes det fellestrekk mellom komponistene på denne CD-en?

Alle er født i annen halvdel av 1800-tallet, innenfor et tidsspenn på bare 38 år: den eldste, franske Cécile Chaminade i 1857, og den yngste, nederlandske Henriëtte Bosmans i 1895. Det var samtidig med at noen universiteter begynte å gi kvinner alminnelig adgang. (I Tyskland skjedde det først på 1920-tallet.) Alle disse ni kvinnene levde og virket i land som omkranser Nordsjøen. Her blomstret internasjonal skipsfart. Kontakten frem og tilbake mellom den «gamle» og den «nye» verden åpnet for frigjørende idéer, nye liberale normer, og eksotiske kunstneriske impulser. Her nord stod også idealene fra den franske revolusjon sterkt. Individet seilte opp, og istedenfor medfødt rang og posisjon var det personlige egenskaper som la grunnlaget for karriere.

I Norge skrapet dramatikeren Henrik Ibsen dypt i borgerskapets mange lag med ferniss. Hans sterke kvinneskikkelser stilte spørsmål ved tidens vedtatte ideal om ekteskap og morsrolle som eneste mål. Det skapte opphetet debatt over hele Europa. Ibsen var inspirert av den første norske kvinneforkjemperen, Camilla Collett (f. 1813), og brukte henne som inspirasjon både for Nora i *Et dukkehjem* (1879) og Ellida Wangel i *Fruen fra havet* (1888). Akkurat som klaver-pioneren Clara Schumann (f. 1819) – de senere kvinnelige komponistenes og solistenes «mor» – stod Camilla Collett alene og uten rollemodeller i sin livsgjerning. Det er oppløftende hvor kort tid det gikk før deres innsats, i samspill med andre samfunnsfaktorer, gjorde det enklere for dem som fulgte etter å kombinere skaperevne og yrkesutfoldelse med samfunnets rammer og forventninger.

Kirken og hoffene var erstattet av et pro-fesjonelt musikkliv: salonger, agenturer, musikalske selskaper

og orkestre, og ikke minst: produktive forlag og trykkerier som sendte notene ut over de syv hav. Det sikret at verkene på denne platen faktisk kunne spilles inn nå i 2020. Flere av komponistene har periodevis vært glemt etter sin død, til tross for at hver av dem var bejublet i samtiden, som utøver, komponist og/eller dirigent. Mange av dem ble anerkjent som enere allerede som barn, og alle ble hjulpet frem av et kulturelt hjemmemiljø eller av fremstående frontfigurer i musikklivet.

Seks av komponistene på denne inn-spillingen oppnådde i løpet av sitt liv stemmerett ved politiske valg. Unntakene er den franske, altfor tidlig døde Lili Boulanger, belgiske Régine Wieniawski («Poldowski»), og Cécile Chaminade, som døde åtte dager før kvinners stemmerett den 21. april 1944 ble innført i hennes Frankrike. I dag tar vi kvinners stemmerett for gitt. Samtidig har vi langt på vei glemt de sterke personlighetene som gikk i bresjen, både kunstnerisk og politisk, i den innholdsrike perioden CD-en spiller. Engelske Rebecca Clarke levde lengst. Hun døde først i 1979, 93 år gammel.

Alle de ni erfarte én eller hele to verdens-kriger, som skulle prege dem dypt og gi store personlige omkostninger. Tyske Luise Greger (f. 1862) var ettertraktet som klaversolist, komponist og kammersanger. Hun ble som 9-åring håndplukket til å opptre for den russiske tsar og begynte å komponere som 11-åring. Hun omkom i 1944 av sult i en av nazi-Tysklands anstalter. Praktisk talt alle hennes verker gikk tapt, med unntak av noen sanger familien etter mange tiår fant bortgjemt. Som vi kan høre, har disse liedene fått sin velfortjente renesanse.

Begge de to krigene ga samtidig kvinnelige kunstnere muligheten til å slå gjennom mens mennene kjempet ved fronten. Behovet for musikk var stort, både for

sivilbefolkning og stridende. Musikklivet utvidet seg i nye retninger. Massemediene vokste frem. Avisene ble allemannseie og ga fyldige omtaler av konsertlivet. Etter hvert blomstret både radio og plateindustri. Senromantikken, modernismen, symbolismen og impresjonismen åpnet vide spektre av idéer og uttrykksformer, som spennet i denne innspillingen illustrerer.

For å ta den yngste først: Den genierklærte Lili Boulanger (f. 1893) var nærmest kanonisert allerede da hun døde kun 24 år gammel, etter å ha hatt svak helse hele livet. Hun visste at hun ville dø ung. Kanskje nettopp derfor viser hun bråmoden dybde og bredt uttrykksregister. Lili trakterte en rekke instrumenter, men komponeringen var selve livsgjerningen. Akkurat som Mozart dikterte hun sitt siste verk – med preg av et requiem – fra dødsleiet. Boulangers tonespråk er rotfestet i de gamle kirketoneartene, samtidig som hun kombinerer disse med krasse, trassige, radikale og flertydige harmonier. I 1913, samme år som Stravinskis ballettmusikk til *Vårofferet* endret musikkhistorien, ble hun den første kvinne som vant franske *Prix de Rome*, verdens mest kjente komponistpris.

Norske Borghild Holmsen var en ettertraktet konsertpianist, med omfattende turnéer både i hjemlandet, i Europa og i USA. Også nederlandske Henriëtte Bosmans opplevde en blomstrende karriere som klaversolist. Hun holdt 22 konserter med Concertgebouw-orkestret – dirigert av legendene Willem Mengelberg og Ernest Ansermet. Nederlandske Anna Cramer hadde stor suksess med sine verker, som ble hyppig fremført. Bratsjsten Rebecca Clarke var aktiv som solist og kammermusiker, og ble en av de aller første profesjonelle kvinnelige orkestermusikere i England. Også hennes komposisjoner ble anerkjent. Franske Cécile Chaminade dannet den rene «kult». Hennes musikalske begavelse ble gjenstand for uttalt beundring av

naboen, selveste Georges Bizet, allerede da hun var 8 år gammel. Siden hjalp Isidor Philipp, rektor ved Paris-konservatoriet, henne aktivt frem i musikklivet. Hennes populære stykker fant veien til USA, hvor hele 200 aktive fankubber – «Chaminade-foreninger» – så dagens lys. Repertoaret var skreddersydd for store deler av den nye, voksende middelklassen akkurat i denne perioden: La belle époque. Chaminade ble tildelt Æreslegionen, Frankrikes høyeste utmerkelse. Hun var også hedersgjest under en festforestilling med hennes egen musikk, hvor hun satt sammen med selveste Victoria i dronninglosjen. Marguerite Canal var i 1917 den første franske kvinne som fikk dirigere et symfoniorkester. Tre år senere vant også hun *Prix de Rome*, hvorpå Camille Saint-Saëns ga henne de aller beste skussmål. Régine Wieniawski, fiolinvirtuosen Henryks datter – kjent både under sitt gifte navn «Lady Dean Paul» og artistnavnet «Poldowski» – var 8 år gammel da hun ble engasjert til å holde egen klaveraften i det prestisjefylte Théâtre de la Monnaie, og 14 da hun fikk fremføre sine egne verker der.

Det er en gåte hvorfor disse bejublete komponistene ikke har inngått blant våre senere klassikere. De fikk utfolde seg i en tid som ønsket dem velkommen, etter at de første komponerende kvinner var møtt med forbud, fortielse og avvising. Ja, en tid stod kampen på liv og død. På suffragettes tid gikk kunstnere til sultestreik og ble behandlet med tvang. Men selv «våre ni» som altså tildels ble heiet frem: Var de mest interessante som kuriositeter, «fargeklatter» (som flere av dem ble kalt i pressen), unntak eller «lerkefugler» å la Ibsens Nora? Rebecca Clarke vant konkurranser og ble fremholdt som en sensasjon når hun sendte inn stykker under mannlig psevdonym. De verkene hun selv betraktet som sine beste, og leverte under eget navn, ble ikke engang nevnt. Clarke ble, i likhet med mange andre kvinnelige komponister,

beskyldt for «ikke å kunne ha skrevet musikken selv». De ble også kritisert som «for feminine» hvis de skrev iørefallende musikk, og «for maskuline» hvis de søkte skarper uttrykk.

Alma Mahler (f. 1879), selv en begavet komponist, måtte før bryllupet love sin mann Gustav å glemme sin egen skapertrang. Hun beskrev det slik, på vegne av flere århundres kvinner: «Jeg ble tatt fast i armen og ledet bort fra meg selv.» Ingen av komponistene på denne CD-en fikk et stabilt familieliv. Av de ni var det kun Poldowski og Luise Greger som satte barn til verden. Begge erfarte opprivende skilsmisser og erkjente kanskje som Ibsens Nora: «Hvis jeg noensinne vil nå noen forståelse av meg selv og ting rundt meg, må jeg lære å stå alene.» Begge to mistet også barn under tragiske omstendigheter og forble merket av det hele livet. Anna Cramer (f. 1873) utviklet alvorlig mental sykdom og levde i isolasjon fra 1930, men hun fortsatte å komponere.

Gjennom musikken kunne de ni bygge sin identitet og skape eget territorium. Men skapende kunst krever langsiktighet og betraktelig mer tankefrihet enn «ordinært arbeid». Da Rebecca Clarke i godt voksen alder inngikk et harmonisk ekteskap, sluttet hun å komponere. Hun klarte ikke «både å være kunstner og ha et liv».

Det er forunderlig at nettopp musikklivet, hvor nye klanger burde verdsettes og dyrkes frem, har vært så raske til å glemme egne stemmer. Det er en desto større glede å hente frem arvegodset som har ligget dypt nede i skattkisten. Når Henriëtte Bosmans med brask og bram, og lett ironi, siterer *Marseillaisen* i *La chanson du chiffonier*, kan vi istemme og takke både henne og alle andre som har gått foran. Først i vår tid kan originalteksten fra den revolusjonære franske nasjonalsangen synges uten bismak: «Gå fremad, barn av

fedrelandet – ærens dag er kommet!» Nesten 230 år etter at sangen ble skrevet, er vi iallfall ved Nordsjøkysten kommet nærmere den ønskede jevnbyrdighet mellom alle «barn av fedrelandet». Historien endrer seg stadig, i tråd med nye blikk. I skrivende stund rives historiske minnesmerker ned, kvinners rettigheter settes under fornyet press, og debatten om selve definisjonen av kjønn føres med blankpussede våpen. Mon tro hva tonekunstnere fra 1800-tallet ville mene om at selve kategoriene «mann» og «kvinne» betraktes som utdatert? Hvordan vil ettertiden bedømme vår tids steile fronter?

Som Nora Helmer sa til sin mann Thorvald: «Først og fremst er jeg en person, akkurat som du er.» Det viktigste fellestrekket mellom disse ni kunstnerne er heldigvis at de «først og fremst» skrev musikk.

– **Nora Taksdal**

Are there any commonalities between the composers on this CD?

All were born in the second half of the 19th century, within a span of only 38 years: the oldest, French Cécile Chaminade in 1857, and the youngest, Dutchwoman Henriette Bosmans in 1895. It was at that time some universities began to allow women general entry. (In Germany, this did not happen until the 1920s.) All nine women lived and worked in countries surrounding the North Sea. International shipping flourished there, and the reciprocal connection between the “old” and “new” world advanced enlightenment, fresh, liberal norms, and exotic artistic impulses. Here in the north, the ideals of the French Revolution also prevailed. The idea of the individual sailed upward – rather than innate rank and position, personal character laid the foundation for careers.

In Norway, playwright Henrik Ibsen scraped away at the bourgeoisie’s countless layers of varnish. His strong female characters questioned the currently adopted ideal of marriage and motherhood as life’s only goal, bringing heated debate across Europe. Ibsen was inspired by the first Norwegian women’s activist, Camilla Collett (b. 1813), and used her as inspiration for both Nora in *A Doll’s House* (1879) and Ellida Wangel in *The Lady from the Sea* (1888). Just like the piano pioneer Clara Schumann (b. 1819) – the ensuing female composers’ and soloists’ “mother” – Camilla Collett stood alone and without any role models in her life’s work. It is uplifting to see how little time went by before their efforts, in correlation with other societal factors, made it easier for those who followed to combine creativity and professional development within society’s frameworks and expectations.

The church and the courts were replaced by a professional music industry: salons, agencies, musical companies, orchestras, and not lastly: productive publishers and printers who sent printed music across the seven seas. That ensured that the works on this CD could actually be recorded now in 2020. Several of the composers have been forgotten periodically after their deaths, despite the fact that each of them was revered in their time – as a performer, composer, and/or conductor. Many of them were recognized as exceptional already as children, and all were supported by a cultured home environment or by prominent frontrunners within the music scene.

Six of the composers on this recording gained the right to vote in political elections during their lifetime. The exceptions were the French Lili Boulanger, who died too early, Belgian Régine Wieniawski (aka Poldowski), and Cécile Chaminade, who died eight days before women’s suffrage was implemented in France, 21 April 1944. Today, we take women’s active suffrage for granted, while forgetting the strong, pioneering personalities, both artistically and politically, from the content-rich period reflected in this CD. Englishwoman Rebecca Clarke lived the longest – she did not die until 1979, when she was 93 years old.

All nine experienced one or even two world wars, which affected them deeply and at great personal cost. German Luise Greger (b. 1862) was in high demand as a piano soloist, composer, and chamber singer. At 9 years old, she was handpicked to perform for the Russian Tsar and began composing at the age of 11. She died of starvation in 1944 in one of Nazi Germany’s institutions. Virtually all of her works were lost, with the exception of just a few songs the family found hidden away after sev-

eral decades. As we can hear on this recording, these lieder have had their well-deserved renaissance.

Both wars simultaneously gave female artists the opportunity to make a breakthrough while the men fought at the front. The need for music was great, both for civilians and combatants. Musical life branched off in new directions. Mass media emerged and newspapers became public property, offering comprehensive reviews of concert life. Eventually, both the radio and record industries flourished. Late Romanticism, Modernism, Symbolism, and Impressionism brought forth broad spectrums of ideas and forms of expression, as illustrated by the depth of this recording.

Let’s take the youngest first: the declared genius Lili Boulanger (b. 1893) was almost canonized already at the time of her death, when she was only 24 years old, having had poor health her entire life. She knew she would die young and perhaps that is why she shows a mature depth and wide range of expression. Lili played a number of instruments, but composition was her life’s calling. Just like Mozart and his requiem, she dictated her last work from her deathbed. Boulanger’s tonal language is rooted in the old church tonalities, while she simultaneously combined them with harsh, defiant, radical, and ambiguous harmonies. In 1913, the same year Stravinsky’s ballet music for *The Rite of Spring* changed music history, she became the first woman to win the French *Prix de Rome*, the world’s most distinguished award for composers.

Norwegian Borghild Holmsen was a sought-after concert pianist, having toured extensively in her homeland, Europe, and the US. Dutchwoman Henriette Bosmans also experienced a flourishing career as a piano solo-

ist: she gave 22 concerts with the Royal Concertgebouw Orchestra, conducted by legends Willem Mengelberg and Ernest Ansermet.

Dutchwoman Anna Cramer found great success with her works, which were frequently performed. Violist Rebecca Clarke was an active soloist and chamber musician and became one of the very first professional female orchestral musicians in England. Her compositions were also well received. Frenchwoman Cécile Chaminade basically brought on a “cult following.” Her musical talent was the subject of marked admiration from her neighbor, Georges Bizet himself, when she was just 8 years old. Later, Isidor Philipp, headmaster of the Paris Conservatory, actively helped her advance her career in music. Her popular pieces found their way to the United States, where as many as 200 active fan clubs – “Chaminade associations” – saw the light of day. The repertoire was tailored for large parts of the new, growing middle class during this period: *La Belle Époque*. Chaminade was given France’s highest award, the Legion of Honour. She was also a guest of honor during a party performance of her own music, where she sat with Victoria herself in the queen’s royal box. In 1917, Marguerite Canal was the first French woman to conduct a symphony orchestra. Three years later she also won the *Prix de Rome*, whereupon Camille Saint-Saëns showered her with top praise. Régine Wieniawski, the daughter of violin virtuoso Henri, known both by her married name, Lady Dean Paul, and the pseudonym Poldowski, was 8 years old when she was engaged to host her own piano recital at the prestigious Théâtre de la Monnaie, and 14 when she presented her own works there.

It’s a mystery why these acclaimed composers have not been included in the canon. They were allowed to ex-

press themselves in a time that welcomed them, after the first composing women were met with legal restrictions, rejection, and having to work in secrecy. For a period of time, the struggle they endured was about life and death. In the time of suffragettes, artists went on hunger strikes and were subjected to coercive measures. But “our nine” were somewhat cheered on, though they were most interesting as curiosities, “splashes of color” (as several of them were called in the press), exceptions, or perhaps “larks” à la Ibsen’s Nora? Rebecca Clarke won competitions and was lauded as a sensation when she submitted pieces under a male pseudonym. However, the works she considered to be her best, delivered in her own name, were not even mentioned. Clark, like many other female composers, was accused of being an impostor, because “she couldn’t have written the music herself.” The composers were also criticized for being “too feminine” if they wrote catchy music, and “too masculine” if they sought sharper expressions.

Alma Mahler (b. 1879), a gifted composer, had to promise husband-to-be, Gustav that she would put aside her own creative urges. She described it like this, on behalf of centuries of women: “I was taken by the arm and led away from myself.” None of the composers on this CD had a stable family life. Of the nine, only Poldowski and Luise Greger gave birth to children. Both experienced upsetting divorces and acknowledged, perhaps like Ibsen’s Nora: “If I ever want to gain any understanding of myself and the things around me, I must learn to stand alone.” They both lost children under tragic circumstances and were scarred for the rest of their lives. Anna Cramer (b. 1873) developed severe mental illness and lived in isolation from 1930, though she still continued composing.

Through *music*, the nine were able to build their own identities and create their own territories. But creative

art requires long-term thinking and considerably more freedom of thought than “ordinary work.” When Rebecca Clarke entered a harmonious marriage well into adulthood, she stopped composing. She failed to “both be an artist and have a life.”

It’s puzzling that the music scene, where new sounds should be valued and cultivated, has been so hasty to forget their own voices. However, it makes the pleasure of recovering these heirlooms – from deep within the treasure chest – even greater. When Henriëtte Bosmans quotes *La Marseillaise* in *La chanson du chiffonier* with fanfare, we can assemble and thank both her and everyone else who has come to the fore. Only in our time can the original text from the revolutionary French national anthem be sung without distaste: “Arise, children of the Fatherland – the day of glory has arrived!” Almost 230 years after the song was written, we have, at least on the North Sea’s shores, come closer to the desired equality between all “children of the Fatherland.” The story is constantly changing, alongside new perspectives. At the time of writing this, historical monuments are being demolished, women’s rights are under renewed pressure, and the debate on the very definition of gender is being waged with polished weapons. One must wonder what tone artists from the 19th century would think of the fact that the categories “man” and “woman” are now perceived as outdated by some? How will history judge the unyielding standoffs of our time?

Like Nora Helmer said to her husband Thorvald: “First and foremost I am a person, just as you are.” The most important common feature between these nine artists, is fortunately that they “first and foremost” wrote music.

– Nora Taksdal

THE ARTIST'S SECRET

HENRIËTTE BOSMANS (1895–1952)
TEXT: OLIVE SCHREINER (1855–1920)

There was an artist once, and he painted a picture. Other artists had colours richer and rarer, and painted more notable pictures. He painted with one colour, there was a wonderful red glow on it; and the people went up and down, saying, "We like the picture, we like the glow."

The other artists came and said, "Where does he get his colour from?" They asked him; and he smiled and said, "I cannot tell you"; and worked on with his head bent low.

And one went to the far East and bought costly pigments, and made a rare colour and painted, but after a time the picture faded. Another read in the old books, and made a colour rich and rare, but when he had put it on the picture it was dead.

But the artist painted on. Always the work got redder and redder, and the artist grew whiter and whiter. At last one day they found him dead before his picture, and they took him up to bury him. The other men looked about in all the pots and crucibles, but they found nothing they had not.

And when they undressed him to put his grave-clothes on him, they found above his left breast the mark of a wound--it was an old, old wound, that must have been there all his life, for the edges were old and hardened; but Death, who seals all things, had drawn the edges together, and closed it up.

And they buried him. And still the people went about saying, "Where did he find his colour from?"

And it came to pass that after a while the artist was forgotten--but the work lived.

DER FRÜHLING LOCKT, OP. 19 SPRING BECKONS

LUISE GREGER (1862–1944)
TEXT: H. GAMMIUS (1854–1916)

Der Frühling lockt! Die ersten Veilchen sprießen,
Da leidets mich nicht in der engen Kammer.
Hinaus, hinaus, hinaus, [die Seele frei zu baden]
Von all der Winterqual, von all dem Lebensjammer.

Und blüht dem Menschen auch kein Lebensfrühling,
An jedem Lenz berauscht er seinen Sinn,
Fühlt neue Kraft, des Lebens Last zu tragen!
So nimm denn, Holder, all' mein Denken hin.

Spring beckons! The first violets are sprouting,
I do not suffer in the narrow way.
Let's go, out, out, out, [and set our souls free]
From all the winter agony, of all the misery of life.

And no spring of life blooms for man,
With each spring his senses become intoxicated,
Feel new strength to carry the burden of life!
So then, beholder, take heed of all my thinking.

ÜBER DIE HEIDE ACROSS THE HEATH

LUISE GREGER (1862–1944)
TEXT: THEODOR STORM (1817–88)

Über die Heide hallet mein Schritt;
Dampf aus der Erde wandert es mit.

Herbst ist gekommen, Frühling ist weit,
Gab es denn einmal selige Zeit?

Brauende Nebel geisten umher,
Schwarz ist das Kraut und der Himmel so leer.

Wär ich nur (hier) nicht gegangen im Mai!
Leben und Liebe – wie flog es vorbei!

Across the heath my step resounds;
The dull echo from the earth wanders with me.

Autumn has arrived, Spring is far away –
Was there once, then, a time of bliss?

Brewing mists surround me like ghosts,
Dark is the vegetation, and the sky so empty.

Would that I had not come here in May!
Life and love – how they flew by!

English Translation © Emily Ezust,
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www.lieder.net/lieder/get_text.html?Textid=15399

SCHLIESSE MIR DIE AUGEN BEIDE CLOSE BOTH MY EYES

LUISE GREGER (1862–1944)
TEXT: THEODOR STORM (1817–88)

Schliesse mir die Augen beide
mit den lieben Händen zu!
Geht doch alles, was ich leide,
unter deiner Hand zur Ruh.

Und wie leise sich der Schmerz
Well' um Welle schlafen leget,
wie der letzte Schlag sich reget,
füllest du mein ganzes Herz.

Close both my eyes
with your dear hands;
So everything that I suffer
goes to rest under your hand.

And as silently the pain,
wave by wave, goes to sleep;
as the last blow falls,
you fill my whole heart.

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QUATRE CHANTS DANS L'IMMENSE TRISTESSE IN THE IMMENSE SADNESS

LILI BOULANGER (1893–1918)
TEXT: B. GALERON DE CALONE (1859–1936)

Dans l'immense tristesse et dans le lourd silence,
Un pas se fait entendre, une forme s'avance,
Et vers une humble tombe elle vient se pencher
O femme, en ce lieu saint, que viens-tu donc chercher.

Pourquoi viens-tu troubler la paix du cimetière?
As-tu donc un trésor caché sous quelque pierre,
Ou viens-tu mendier, à l'ombre des tombeaux,
Pauvre vivante, aux morts, un peu de leur repos?

Non, rien de tout cela jusqu'ici ne l'amène,
(La lune en cet instant éclairait cette scène,
Et ce que cette femme, (hélas! le coeur se fend,)
Ce que cette femme vient chercher,
c'est un frère et gracieux enfant,

Qui dort sur cette tombe, et qui, dans sa chimère,
Depuis qu'il a vu là disparaître sa mère,
Doux être! s'imagine en son naïf espoir
Qu'elle n'est que cachée et qu'il va la revoir.

Et l'on dirait, le soir, en vision secrète,
Lorsque le blond enfant sent s'alourdir sa tête,
Et que sa petite âme est lasse de gémir,
Que sa mère revient chanter pour l'endormir.

In the immense sadness and heavy silence
A footstep is heard, a form advances
And then leans over a humble tomb –
O woman, what do you seek in this holy place?

Why come to trouble the peace of the cemetery?
Have you some treasure hidden beneath a stone,
Or have you come to beg, poor living woman,
A little repose from the dead in the shade of their tombs?

No – none of that leads you to this place,
(The moon at this moment lights the scene,
And what this woman (alas, the heart breaks,)
What this woman seeks is
a frail and graceful child

Who sleeps on this tomb and who, in his imagination,
Since he saw his mother vanish there,
Sweet creature! supposes with naïve hope
That she is only concealed and that he will see her.

You would think – a nocturnal secret vision –
That when the blond child feels his head lolling
And when his little soul is tired of groaning,
His mother returns to sing him asleep.

Translation © Richard Stokes,
author of A French Song Companion (Oxford, 2000)
and The Book of Lieder, published by Faber,
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www.oxfordlieder.co.uk/song/4/169

ATTENTE EXPECTATION

LILI BOULANGER (1893–1918)
TEXT: MAURICE MAETERLINCK (1862–1949)

Mon âme a joint ses mains étranges
À l'horizon de mes regards ;
Exaucez mes rêves épars
Entre les lèvres de vos anges!

En attendant sous mes yeux las,
Et sa bouche ouverte aux prières
Éteintes entre mes paupières
Et dont les lys n'éclorent pas ;

Elle apaise au fond de mes songes,
Ses seins effeuillés sous mes cils,
Et ses yeux clignent aux périls
Éveillés au fil des mensonges.

My soul has folded its strange hands
On the horizon of my gaze;
Satisfy my scattered dreams
Between the lips of your angels!

Waiting beneath my weary eyes,
Mouth open in prayers
Extinguished behind my eyelids
Whose lilies never open;

My soul brings peace to the depths of my dreams,
Its breasts bared beneath my lashes
And its eyes blink at the perils
Awoken through the thread of lies.

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author of A French Song Companion (Oxford, 2000)
and The Book of Lieder, published by Faber,
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www.oxfordlieder.co.uk/song/3457

REFLETS REFLECTIONS

LILI BOULANGER (1893–1918)
TEXT: MAURICE MAETERLINCK (1862–1949)

Sous l'eau du songe qui s'élève
Mon âme a peur, mon âme a peur.
Et la lune luit dans mon coeur
Plongé dans les sources du rêve!

Sous l'ennui morne des roseaux.
Seul le reflets profonds des choses,
Des lys, des palmes et des roses
Pleurent encore au fond des eaux.

Les fleurs s'effeuillent une à une
Sur le reflet du firmament.
Pour descendre, éternellement
Sous l'eau du songe et dans la lune.

Beneath the water of the dream that rises,
My soul is afraid, my soul is afraid.
And the moon shines into my heart
That is bathed in the dream's source!

Beneath the sad tedium of the reeds,
Only the deep reflection of things,
Of lilies, palms and roses,
Still weep on the water's bed.

One by one the flowers shed their leaves
Upon the firmament's reflection
To descend, eternally,
Beneath the dream's water and into the moon.

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LE RETOUR

THE RETURN

LILI BOULANGER (1893–1918)

TEXT: GEORGES DELAQUYS (1880–1970)

Ulysse part la voile au vent,
Vers Ithaque aux ondes chéries,
Avec des bercements la vague roule et plie.
Au large de son coeur la mer aux vastes eaux
Où son oeil suit les blancs oiseaux
Egrène au loin des pierreries.

Ulysse part la voile au vent,
Vers Ithaque aux ondes chéries!

Penché oeil grave et coeur battant
Sur le bec d'or de sa galère
Il se rit, quand le flot est noir, de sa colère
Car là-bas son cher fils pieux et fier attend
Après les combats éclatants,
La victoire aux bras de son père.
Il songe, oeil grave et coeur battant
Sur le bec d'or de sa galère.

Ulysse part la voile au vent,
Vers Ithaque aux ondes chéries.

Ulysses sets out, sails to the wind,
Towards Ithaca on beloved waves,
Which rise and fall and sway.
Before the open sea of his heart, the vast ocean,
Where his eyes follow the white birds,
Scatters in the distance precious jewels.

Ulysses sets out, sails to the wind,
Towards Ithaca on beloved waves.

Leaning, with serious gaze and beating heart,
On the golden prow of his boat,
He laughs at his anger, when black waves threaten,
For yonder his dear, devout and proud son awaits,
After astounding victories, his triumphant father.
He dreams, with serious gaze and beating heart,
By the golden prow of his boat.

Ulysses sets out, sails to the wind,
Towards Ithaca on beloved waves.

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INFANT JOY

REBECCA CLARKE (1886–1979)

TEXT: WILLIAM BLAKE (1757–1827)

I have no name:
I am but two days old."
What shall I call thee?
"I happy am
Joy is my name."
Sweet joy befell thee!

Pretty Joy!
Sweet Joy, but two days old
Sweet Joy I call thee
Thou dost smile
I sing the while
Sweet joy befell thee!

JUNE TWILIGHT

REBECCA CLARKE (1886–1979)

TEXT: JOHN MASEFIELD (1878–1967)

The twilight comes;
the sun dips down and sets,
The boys have done
play at the nets.

In a warm golden glow
The woods are steeped.
The shadows grow;
The bat has cheeped.

Sweet smells the new-mown hay;
The mowers pass
Home, each his way,
through the grass.

The night-wind stirs the fern,
A night-jar spins;
The windows burn
In the inns.

Dusky it grows. The moon! The dews descend.
Love, can this beauty in our hearts end?

EIGHT O'CLOCK

REBECCA CLARKE (1886–1979)

TEXT: A. E. HOUSMAN (1859–1936)

He stood, and heard the steeple
Sprinkle the quarters on the morning town.
One, two, three, four, to market-place and people
It tossed them down.

Strapped, noosed, nighing his hour,
He stood and counted them and cursed his luck;
And then the clock collected in the tower
Its strength, and struck.

VIENS, MON BIEN-AIMÉ!

COME, MY SWEET LOVE!

CÉCILE CHAMINADE (1857–1944)

TEXT: ARMAND LAFRIQUE (1858–1911)

Les beaux jours vont enfin renaître,
Le voici, l'Avril embaumé!
Un frisson d'amour me pénètre,
Viens! mon bien-aimé!

Ils ont fui, les longs soirs moroses,
Déjà le jardin parfumé
Se remplit d'oiseaux et de roses:
Viens! mon bien-aimé!

Soleil, de ta brûlante ivresse,
J'ai senti mon cœur enflammé,
Plus enivrante est ta caresse,
Viens! mon bien-aimé!

Tout se tait, de millions d'étoiles
Le ciel profond est parsemé,
Quand sur nous la nuit met ses voiles:
Viens! mon bien-aimé!

The beautiful days will finally return
And finally April is with us!
A frisson of love passes through me,
Come my sweet love!

Gone are the long, sad evenings,
The garden is perfumed
It is filling up with birds and roses.
Come my sweet love!

The sun flames intensely.
It burns in my heart,
Your caress is passionate
Come my sweet love

All is silent, the millions of stars,
Are scattered in the distant sky
When the night casts her veil:
Come, my sweet love!

English Translation © Ann Marie Wilcox-Daehn, provided courtesy of The LiederNet Archive (www.lieder.net), www.lieder.net/lieder/get_text.html?Textid=94352

ZWEI NOTTURNOS

TWO NOCTURNES

ANNA CRAMER (1873–1968)

TEXT: WALTER SIMLINGER (1889–1976)

IM PAVILLON

Zu den großen, schwarzen Augen,
rötlich goldner Haarespracht!
Und dem Schein der blauen Ampel
plätschert fern der Springbrunn sacht.

Und er warnt Dir vor der Liebe,
die Du schwörst für's Leben lang,
stählern leuchtet uns die Ampel,
und ein Käuzchen seufzet bang,

Sinnbetörend, Wonnestürme,
tiefste Weil der Liebesstund,
und der Springbrunn schweigt zu allem ...
tausend Küsse will dein Mund!

Morgengrauen, Vogelstimmen,
fünf schlägt es vom Kirchturm her ...
Wieder plätschernd mahnt der Springbrunn:
daß es Zeit zum Abschied wär.

Grauer Morgen, Regenwolken,
Tränen, schwer vom bitterm Leid,
noch ein Blick des leisen Hoffens,
Abschied dann für alle Zeit!

AT THE PAVILION

I take in your huge black eyes,
and the splendour of your reddish, golden hair!
And the fountain gently splashes away
from the glow of the blue light.

And it's warning you about the love,
which you swore to give for a lifetime,
the light shines bright for us,
and somewhere a little owl sighs bang,

bewitching, storms of delight,
of the deepest kind For the hour of love has come,
and the fountain remains silent on everything ...
Your mouth demands a thousand kisses!

Dawn breaks, the sound of birdsong,
Five chimes ring out from the church tower ...
Again the fountain warns with a splashing sound:
that it's time now to say goodbye.

A grey morning, rain clouds,
Tears, heavy from bitter suffering,
still we share a look of quiet hope,
farewell then for all time!

AM MEER

In schweren Farbengluten,
Sinkt die Sonne nieder
Bald ist verfärbt das letzte Rot,
In violett und blau
Ein kurzes Sterben ...
Dann strahlt der Mond
Die grünen Fluten aus,
Und tausend Glitzerfäden
Perlen auf den Meeresspiegel.
Wir wandeln innig Hand in Hand,
Hinaus zum weiten Meer,
In eine Pergola von Rosen dicht umrankt,
Von roten, weissen Rosen
Treten wir ein.
Liebtrunken, Sinnverwirrt,
Sind unsre Augen, unsre Blicke,
Hingebend weich die Lippen!
Du sitzt auf meinen Schoss,
Ich streichle deine kleine, zarte Hand!
Ein zittern, Beben,
Wenn ich Worte fände,
Wir bleiben lange Wang an Wang gelehnt,
Wonnetrunken,
Der Erd' entrückt,
In unermessne Fernen!

I DE FORUNDERLIGE

BLONDE NÆTTER, OP. 14, NR. 1 IN THE STRANGE, LIGHT NIGHTS

BORGHILD HOLMSEN (1865–1938)
TEXT: VILHELM KRAG (1871–1933)

I de forunderlige blonde nætter
jeg gaar alene, men med dig jeg taler.
Rundt om mig vaaren blomstersnehvid blunder,
et springvand plasker lydt. En hane galer.
Jeg gaar alene, men med dig jeg taler,
som jeg har talt med dig saa mange gange.
Har du det ondt, min ven?
Var du bedrøvet i disse svundne aar, de lange lange!
Jeg stanser brat. Jeg fryser nedad ryggen
og stirrer ræd omkring de stille sletter.
Aa Gud! Det er, som jeg hører dig græde
i de forunderlige blonde nætter.

AT THE SEA

In a heavy glow of colour,
When the sun sinks
Soon the last shade of red is discoloured,
A quick death comes
In purple and blue ...
Then the moon shines
And we're flooded with green,
And a thousand glittering threads
Pearls on the reflection of the sea.
We walk intimately hand in hand,
Out towards the wide sea,
A pergola densely entwined with roses,
Of red, white roses
Let's walk through.
Our eyes, our looks
Are drunk with love, bewildered,
Giving in softly on the lips!
You sit on my lap
I caress your tender delicate hand!
A tremble, quake,
If I could find the words,
We stay leaning cheek to cheek for a long time,
Drunk with delight,
The earth raptured,
To immeasurable distances!

In the strange, light nights
I walk alone but speak with you.
Around me snow white spring flowers slumber,
a fountain splashes. A cockerel crows.
I walk alone but speak with you,
as I have spoken with you so many times.
Are you in pain, my friend?
Did you suffer through these bygone years —those long, long years!
Suddenly I stop. A shiver runs down my spine
and fretfully I survey the quiet landscape.
Oh, God! It is as if I hear you weeping
in the strange, light nights.

DER STAAR EN SORG, OP. 14, NR. 3

THERE IS A SORROW

BORGHILD HOLMSEN (1865–1938)
TEXT: VILHELM KRAG (1871–1933)

Der staar en sorg etsteds i mit liv,
den kaster saa lang en skygge.
Og hvor den falder, vil livet ei gro,
og sorgen kan ingen rygge.

Barmhjertige liv, jeg strækker mod dig
i længsel og bøn mine hænder.
– Men skyggen ligger henover min vei.
Jeg kan ikke se, at den ender.

There is a sorrow in my life,
it casts such a long shadow.
And where it falls, nothing lives,
for sorrow leaves room for naught else.

Merciful life, I reach for you
in longing and with prayer in my hands.
But the shadow lies across my path,
and I cannot see it ending.

FLIEDER, OP. 2, NR. 2

LILAC

ANNA CRAMER (1873–1968)
TEXT: O. J. BIERBAUM (1865–1910)

Stille, träumende Frühlingnacht ...
Die Sterne am Himmel blinzelten mild,
Breit stand der Mond wie ein silberner Schild,
Und in den Zweigen rauschte es sacht.

Arm in Arm
Und wie in Träumen
Unter duftenden Blütenbäumen gingen wir
durch die Frühlingnacht.
Der Flieder duftet berauschend weich;
Ich küsse den Mund dir liebeheiß,
Dicht überhäupten uns blau und weiß schim-
mern die Blüten reich.
Blüten brachst du uns zum Strauße,
Langsam gingen wir nach Hause,
Der Flieder duftete liebeweich ...

Silent, dreaming spring night,
The stars winking gently in the sky,
The moon stood wide like a silver shield,
There was a gentle rustling in the branches.

Arm in arm,
And as in dreams,
Under fragrant flowering trees we walked
through the spring night.
The smell of the lilac intoxicatingly soft,
I kiss your mouth and taste love,
The flowers shimmer richly in blue and white.
You brought us flowers for the bouquet,
Slowly we started for home,
The scent of lilac in our nostrils, soft as silk ...

WEISST DU NOCH?, OP. 2, NR. 5

DO YOU REMEMBER?

ANNA CRAMER (1873–1968)

TEXT: O. J. BIERBAUM (1865–1910)

Weisst du noch das kleine Haus
Zwischen Wald und See und Feld?
Eine alte Eiche hält wacht davor.
Weisst du noch: das Zimmerchen?
Wie ein Käfig war es klein.
Nur ein Tisch, ein Stuhl und ein Kanapee.
Weisst du noch die Dämmerung?
Glockenklang vom Kloster her ...
«Nun lass ich dich nimmer mehr!»
Weisst du noch?

Do you remember the little house
Between forest and lake and field?
An old oak keeps watch over it.
Do you remember the little room?
It was tiny, like a cage.
Just a table, a chair and a sofa.
Do you remember the twilight?
The sound of bells from the monastery ...
"I'll never let you go now!"
Remember that?

WALDHORNKLÄNGE, OP. 4, NR. 6

THE CALL OF THE HUNTING HORN

ANNA CRAMER (1873–1968)

TEXT: CARL BUSSE (1872–1918)

Es hat ein Jäger geblasen im Wald
auf einsamer Wacht,
Da kam es über den Rasen wohl durch die
rauschende Nacht.
Wohl durch die rauschende Nacht.

Lieb Jäger unter dem Baume,
Ich bin des Grafen sein Weib,
Ich höre dich nachts im Traume,
Du bläst mir das Herz aus dem Leib.

Mein Lieb und bist du des Grafen,
Dein Bett steht im Schlosse gemacht,
Ich darf nicht schlummern und schlafen,
Ich blase die ganze Nacht.

Ich blase mit meinem Klingen mich
selber um Glück und Ruh,
Und muss mein Horn einst zerspringen,
Ich lege mich auch dazu ...
Auch dazu

It was blown by a hunter on lonely
watch in the forest,
Then it came over the lawn probably through
the rushing night,
Probably through the rushing night,

Dear Hunter under the trees,
I'm the wife of the Count,
I hear you every night in my dreams,
The sound of your horn shakes my heart
out of my body.

My love, and do you belong to the Count
Your bed is forged in the lock,
I must not slumber or sleep,
I call out all night!

I make my own call for happiness and peace,
And my horn must break once,
I'll lie myself down for this too ...
For this too.

ICI-BAS TOUS LES LILAS MEURENT IN THIS WORLD

MARGUERITE CANAL (1890–1978)

TEXT: SULLY PRUDHOMME (1839–1907)

Ici-bas tous les lilas meurent,
Tous les chants des oiseaux sont courts,
Je rêve aux étés qui demeurent
Toujours ...

Ici-bas les lèvres effleurent
Sans rien laisser de leur velours,
Je rêve aux baisers qui demeurent
Toujours ...

Ici-bas, tous les hommes pleurent
Leurs amitiés ou leurs amours;
Je rêve aux couples qui demeurent
Toujours ...

In this world all the flow'rs wither,
The sweet songs of the birds are brief;
I dream of summers that will last
Always!

In this world the lips touch but lightly,
And no taste of sweetness remains;
I dream of a kiss that will last
Always.

In this world ev'ry man is mourning
His lost friendship or his lost love;
I dream of fond lovers abiding
Always!

English Translation: Samuel Byrne,
provided courtesy of The LiederNet Archive (www.lieder.net),
www.lieder.net/lieder/get_text.html?TextId=15483

SPLEEN

SPLEEN

POLDOWSKI / RÉGINE WIENIAWSKI (1879–1932)

TEXT: PAUL VERLAINE (1844–96)

Les roses étaient toutes rouges
Et les lierres étaient tout noirs.

Chère, pour peu que tu te bouges
Renaissent tous mes désespoirs.

Le ciel était trop bleu, trop tendre,
La mer trop verte et l'air trop doux.

Je crains toujours, – ce qu'est d'attendre
Quelque fuite atroce de vous.

Du houx à la feuille vernie
Et du luisant buis je suis las,

Et de la campagne infinie
Et de tout, fors de vous, hélas !

All the roses were red
And the ivy was all black.

Dear, at your slightest move,
All my despair revives.

The sky was too blue, too tender,
The sea too green, the air too mild.

I always fear—oh to wait and wonder!—
One of your agonizing departures.

I am weary of the glossy holly,
Of the gleaming box-tree too,

And the boundless countryside
And everything, alas, but you!

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SÉRÉNADE

SERENADE

POLDOWSKI / RÉGINE WIENIAWSKI (1879–1932)

TEXT: ADOLPHE RETTÉ (1863–1930)

Belle la lune est si calme:
Pris aux lèvres des Naïades,
Le soir dort dans les roseaux,
Et pas même un oiseau Ne se lève.
Vois languir au long des grèves
L'eau qui rêve.
Les noirs marronniers soupirent ou palpite
L'or des étoiles limpides.
Les cascades murmurantes,
Les vagues chuchoteuses,
Sous les yeuses Vers la lune se lamentent.
Entends cette voix charmante:
L'eau qui chante.
Viens, je suis le val des fraises,
Je te tresse un lien de marjolaine ...
Tu te détournes,
Tu muses Aux bouquets blancs des sureaux?
Je détache ta ceinture
Et je cueille ton sanglot.
L'eau lascive au loin s'argente,
L'eau qui rêve,
L'eau qui chante,
L'eau qui fut sous les roseaux.

My dearest, the moon is so tranquil:
Drawn from the lips of the Naiads,
It sleeps at night in the reeds
And not even one bird arises.
See as it languishes along the shorelines
The water that dreams.
The black chestnut trees sigh or probe
The gold of the limpid stars.
The murmuring water falls,
The whispering wavelets,
Under those eyes, cry out to the moon.
Listen to that charming voice:
Of the water singing.
Come, I am the vale of strawberries,
I shall braid you a wreath of marjoram ...
You change direction,
Are you musing over the white bouquets of the elder trees?
I unhook your belt
And gather up your sobs.
The lascivious water afar turns silver,
The water that dreams,
The water that sings,
The water that went under the reeds.

EN SOURDINE

MUTED

POLDOWSKI / RÉGINE WIENIAWSKI (1879–1932)

TEXT: PAUL VERLAINE (1844–96)

Calmes dans le demi-jour
Que les branches hautes font,
Pénétrons bien notre amour
De ce silence profond.
Fondons nos âmes, nos coeurs
Et nos sens extasiés,
Parmi les vagues langueurs
Des pins et des arbousiers.
Ferme tes yeux à demi,
Croise tes bras sur ton sein,
Et de ton coeur endormi
Chasse à jamais tout dessein.
Laissons-nous persuader
Au souffle berceur et doux
Qui vient, à tes pieds, rider
Les ondes des gazons roux.
Et quand, solennel, le soir
Des chênes noirs tombera
Voix de notre désespoir,
Le rossignol chantera.

Calm in the twilight
Cast by loft boughs,
Let us steep our love
In this deep quiet.
Let us mingle our souls, our hearts
And our enraptured senses
With the hazy languor
Of arbutus and pine.
Half-close your eyes,
Fold your arms across your breast,
And from your heart now lulled to rest
Banish forever all intent.
Let us both succumb
To the gentle and lulling breeze
That comes to ruffle at your feet
The waves of russet grass.
And when, solemnly, evening
Falls from the black oaks,
That voice of our despair,
The nightingale shall sing.

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SUR L'HERBE ON THE GRASS

POLDOWSKI / RÉGINE WIENIAWSKI (1879–1932)
TEXT: PAUL VERLAINE (1844–96)

L'abbé divague. – Et toi, marquis,
Tu mets de travers ta perruque.
– Ce vieux vin de Chypre est exquis Moins,
Camargo, que votre nuque.

– Ma flamme ... Do, mi, sol, la, si.
– L'abbé, ta noirceur se dévoile.
– Que je meure, Mesdames, si
Je ne vous décroche une étoile !

– Je voudrais être petit chien !
Embrassons nos bergères, l'une
Après l'autre. – Messieurs, eh bien ?
Do, mi, sol. – Hé ! bonsoir, la Lune !

The abbot rambles. – And you, Marquis,
You have put your wig on askew.
– This old wine from Cyprus is exquisite
Less, Camargo¹, than the nape of your neck.

– My love... Do, mi, sol, la, si.
– Abbot, your darkness reveals itself.
– May I die, Ladies, if
I fail to unhook a star for each of you!

– I would like to be a little dog!
[We] embrace our shepherdesses, the one
After the other. – Gentlemen, well then?
Do, mi, sol. – Hey! good evening, moon!

¹"Camargo" - Marie-Anne de Cupis de Camargo (1720-1770) was a leading ballet dancer at the Paris Opéra who appeared in a famous pastoral portrait by Lancret.

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www.lieder.net/lieder/get_text.html?TextId=113700

LA CHANSON DU CHIFFONIER THE RAG-PICKER'S SONG

HENRIËTTE BOSMANS (1895–1952)
TEXT: JULES JOUY (1855–97)

De notre naissance à la mort,
Sur toute chose, le temps mord,
Le torchon succède au paillon
Et la poussière au papillon.
L'or et l'argent: neige qui fond
Chiffon, chiffon, tout est chiffon.
Où sont les lettres des amants
Pleines de mots et de serments? ...
Où sont les billets pleins d'aveaux,
les gants oubliés, les cheveux? ...
Constance, amour: neige qui fond,
Chiffons, tout est chiffon.
Ou sont les jolis compliments
que les bébés font aux mamans? ...
Ou sont les langes des petiots
Les bavettes et les maillots? ...
L'innocence: neige qui fond,
Chiffon, chiffon, tout est chiffon.
Où sont les rouges pantalons?
Les capotes et les galons,
Des preux fauchés comme les blés? ...
Où sont les vieux drapeaux criblés? ...
Héroïsme: neige qui fond,
Chiffon, chiffon, tout est chiffon.
Gloire, amour, bonhoeur, tour a tour
Chaque chose est chiffon, un jour
tombe ou berceau, tout est butin
Pour la hotte du chiffortin.
L'existence: neige qui fond,
Chiffon, chiffon, tout est chiffon.

From birth to death,
Time eats away at everything we have,
The hand towel replaces the mat
And dust, the butterfly.
Gold and silver: snow that melts
Rags, rags, everything is rags.
Where are the lovers' letters
Filled with words and oaths? ...
Where are the notes filled with admissions,
the forgotten gloves, and the hair? ...
Constancy, love: snow that melts,
Rags, everything is rags.
Where are the cute compliments
that babies make to their mothers? ...
Where are the nappies of the wee ones
Their bibs and swaddling? ...
Innocence: snow that melts,
Rags, rags, everything is rags.
Where are the red trousers?
The bonnets and lace,
Are they gallant ones mown down as the wheat? ...
Where are the tattered old flags? ...
Heroism: snow that melts,
Rags, rags, everything is rags.
Glory, love and happiness, each in turn
Everything is a rag, one day
Tomb or cradle, it's all spoils
For the rag-picker's basket.
Existence: snow that melts,
Rags, rags, everything is rags.

(English translations by Verboo, unless otherwise noted.)

BETTINA SMITH — MEZZOSOPRAN

Mezzosopranen Bettina Smith er utøvende sanger og professor i klassisk sang ved Fakultet for Utøvende Kunstfag på Universitetet i Stavanger. Hun har også undervist i sang ved Schubert-instituttet i Baden bei Wien (som Artist in Residence), Griegakademiet Universitetet i Bergen (hovedinstrument), Konservatoriet i Amsterdam (Erasmus utvekslingsundervisning) og Norges musikkhøgskole (mesterklasse).

Bettina begynte studiene ved Bergen Musikkonservatorium hvor hun ble uteksaminert med høyeste karakter. Deretter fortsatte hun studiene med Wout Oosterkamp og Elly Ameling ved Koninklijk Conservatorium Den Haag, Nederland og mottok sin mastergrad med utmerkelse. Deretter fulgte to år ved Internationales Opernstudio des Opernhaus Zürich, Sveits. Det to år lange engasjementet inkluderte flere roller på Opernhaus Zürichs hovedscene.

I 2001 debuterte Bettina på Staatsoper Berlin i Rossini *Barberen i Sevilla*, og har siden den gang sunget på ledende operahus, festivaler og konserthus i Europa. I 2013 debuterte Bettina i USA i hovedrollen som Mrs. Schrödinger i John Bilottas opera *Quantum Mechanic* på Fresh Voices-festivalen i San Francisco.

Bettina har et bredt repertoar som spenner fra middelalder- til samtidsmusikk, og har lang erfaring som solist i oratorier og kantater, i tillegg til å være en aktiv kammermusiker.

Som konsertsanger har Bettina opptrådt på mange festivaler i Europa, blant annet Festspillene i Bergen, Zürcher Festspiele, Rhijnauwen Kamermusikfestival,

Oude Muziek Festival Utrecht, Mozart Tage Luzern, Brahms Festival Den Haag, Hindemith Festival Den Haag og Stravinskij-festival 2000 Het Muziekteater Amsterdam. Sammen med den nederlandske pianisten Jan Willem Nelleke har Bettina konsertert over hele Europa, inkludert Amsterdam (het Concertgebouw), Oslo, København, Helsingfors, Reykjavik og Baden bei Wien. De holder jevnlig konserter i Nederland for organisasjonen Vrienden van het Lied.

Bettina har vært Artist in Residence ved Laudinella-festivalen i St. Moritz, Sveits, og har fremført Hugo Wolfs *Spanisches Liederbuch* i den prestisjetunge Concertgebouw i Amsterdam. I april 2007 holdt Bettina og Nelleke en svært kritikerrost konsert i Concertgebouw De Vereniging Nijmegen, og i mai 2007 hadde Bettina en solo recital på Festspillene i Bergen sammen med den norske pianisten Einar Røttingen. Denne duoen har også samarbeidet på Fartein Valen-festivalen i Hauge-sund, Euterpe-serien, Oi-Oi-festivalen og AVGARDE-serien, som en del av Grieg-07-festivalen.

Bettina har gjort radioopptak for nederlandsk, tysk, sveitsisk og norsk kringkasting og har mottatt flere prestisjetunge stipend, blant annet Edwin Ruud-stipendet og Herbert von Karajan Music Legacy. Hun var prisvinner i Francesco Viñas-konkurransen i Barcelona 2001, og ble tildelt en spesiell pris gitt av Dalton Baldwin for enestående lieder-sang.

Bettina har gitt ut tre kritikerroste solo-CD-er med pianisten Einar Røttingen på LAWO Classics. Den første inneholder sanger av Gabriel Fauré, Ernest Chausson og Camille Saint-Saëns (LWC1008), den andre med verker

av de norske samtidsmusikk-komponistene Fartein Valen, Ketil Hvoslef og Jostein Stalheim (LWC1067), og den tredje bestående av sanger av Gabriel Fauré og Claude Debussy (LWC1116). Hennes fjerde kritikerroste solo-CD på LAWO Classics, denne gangen med pianisten Jan Willem Nelleke, inneholder sykluser for stemme og piano av Gabriel Fauré (LWC1146). Med disse fire CD-ene har Bettina spilt inn alle syklusene for stemme og piano av Gabriel Fauré.

Bettina Smith har jobbet med anerkjente dirigenter og regissører som Nello Santi, Franz Welser-Möst, Adam Fischer, Thierry Fischer, Petr Altrichter, Fabrizio Ventura, Phillippe Jordan, Kenneth Montgomery, Jos van Veldhoven, Erkki Korhonen, Philip Ledger, Robert Wilson, Grisca Asagarof, Claudia Blerch, Daniel Bohr, Ulrich Peter, Birgitte Fassbänder, Javier López Piñón og Hans Niewenhuis.

Bettina har deltatt på mesterklasser med blant annet Elly Ameling, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, Dalton Baldwin, Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Oren Brown, Nigel Rogers, Jill Feldman, Robert Holl, Rudolf Jansen, Helmuth Deutsch, Ernst Haefliger, Walter Berry, Jörg Demus, Hans-Peter Blochwitz, Susanna Eken, Hans Gertz og Lorraine Nubar.

Bettina har også vært aktiv som operapedagog i utdanningsinitiativet «Write a Science Opera (WASO)», og har ledet WASO workshops ved Scottish National Opera, Høgskolen på Vestlandet og Universitetet i Stavanger.

www.bettinasmith.com



BETTINA SMITH
— MEZZO-SOPRANO

Mezzo-soprano Bettina Smith is a performing artist and Professor of Classical Singing at the Faculty of Performing Arts University of Stavanger, Norway. She has also taught singing at the Schubert Institute in Baden bei Wien (as an Artist in Residence), the Grieg Academy at the University of Bergen (main instrument), the Amsterdam Conservatory of Music (Erasmus exchange teaching), and the Norwegian Academy of Music (masterclass).

Bettina began her studies at the Bergen Conservatory of Music where she graduated with the highest degree. She then pursued her studies with Wout Oosterkamp and Elly Ameling at the Royal Conservatory of Music in Den Haag, The Netherlands, receiving a Masters Degree with distinction. Bettina then specialized at the Internationales Opernstudio des Opernhaus Zürich, Switzerland. The two-year engagement included several roles on the Opernhaus Zürich's main stage.

In 2001, Bettina made her debut at the Staatsoper Berlin in Rossini's *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, and has since then been performing at leading festivals and concert halls throughout Europe. In 2013, Bettina made her operatic debut in the USA, singing the lead role of Mrs. Schrödinger, in John Bilotta's *Quantum Mechanic* at the Fresh Voices festival in San Francisco.

Bettina has a wide repertoire ranging from Medieval to contemporary music, and has extensive experience as an oratorio and cantata soloist, in addition to being an active chamber musician.

As a recitalist, Bettina has performed in many European festivals, such as the Bergen International Festival, Zürcher Festspiele, the Rhijnauwen Kamermuziekfestival, Oude Muziek Festival Utrecht, Mozart Tage Luzern, Bach Tage Luzern, Brahms Festival Den Haag, Hindemith Festival Den Haag, and the Stravinsky-Festival 2000 at Het Muziekteater Amsterdam, together with het Nationale Ballet. Together with the Dutch pianist Jan Willem Nelleke, Bettina has given recitals all over Europe, including Amsterdam (het Concertgebouw), Oslo, Copenhagen, Helsinki, Reykjavik, and Baden bei Wien. They regularly give recitals in The Netherlands for the organisation Vrienden van het Lied.

Bettina has been Artist in Residence at the Laudinella Festival in St. Moritz, Switzerland, and has performed Hugo Wolf's *Spanisches Liederbuch* in the prestigious Concertgebouw in Amsterdam. In April 2007, Bettina and Mr. Nelleke gave a highly acclaimed recital in the Concertgebouw De Vereniging Nijmegen, and in May 2007, Bettina gave a solo recital at the Bergen International Festival, together with the Norwegian pianist Einar Røttingen. This duo has also performed together at the Fartein Valen Festival in Haugesund, Euterpe-series, Oi-Oi Festival, and AVGARDE-series, as part of the Grieg -07 Festival.

Bettina has made radio recordings for Dutch, German, Swiss, and Norwegian broadcasting and has received several prestigious scholarships, including the Edwin Ruud Stipend and the Herbert von Karajan Music Legacy. She was a prizewinner at the Francesco Viñas competition in Barcelona 2001, and was awarded a special prize given by Dalton Baldwin for outstanding lieder singing.

Bettina has released three solo CDs with pianist Einar Røttingen, all to great acclaim, on the LAWO Classics label: the first contains songs by Gabriel Fauré, Ernest Chausson, and Camille Saint-Saëns (LWC1008), the second with works by Norwegian composers of contemporary music Fartein Valen, Ketil Hvoslef, and Jostein Stalheim (LWC1067), and the third is comprised of songs by Gabriel Fauré and Claude Debussy (LWC1116). Her fourth solo CD, this time with pianist Jan Willem Nelleke, containing cycles for voice and piano by Gabriel Fauré (LWC1146), was released to great acclaim in February 2018, also on the LAWO Classics label. With these four CDs, Bettina has recorded all the cycles for voice and piano by Gabriel Fauré.

Bettina Smith has worked with renowned conductors and stage directors such as Nello Santi, Franz Welser-Möst, Adam Fischer, Thierry Fischer, Petr Altrichter, Fabrizio Ventura, Phillippe Jordan, Kenneth Montgomery, Jos van Veldhoven, Erkki Korhonen, Philip Ledger, Robert Wilson, Grisca Asagarof, Claudia Blerch, Daniel Bohr, Ulrich Peter, Birgitte Fassbänder, Javier López Piñón, and Hans Niewenhuis.

Bettina has participated in masterclasses with, among others, Elly Ameling, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, Dalton Baldwin, Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Oren Brown, Nigel Rogers, Jill Feldman, Robert Holl, Rudolf Jansen, Helmuth Deutsch, Ernst Haefliger, Walter Berry, Jörg Demus, Hans-Peter Blochwitz, Susanna Eken, Hans Gertz, and Lorraine Nubar.

Bettina has also been active as a music educator with the educational initiative "Write a Science Opera (WASO)," and has taught workshops at the WASO ses-

sions at the Scottish National Opera, Stord Haugesund University College, and the University of Stavanger.

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JAN WILLEM NELLEKE
— PIANO

Den nederlandske pianisten Jan Willem Nellekes eksepsjonelle egenskaper som duopartner er kjent og anerkjent. Han har etablert duopartnerskap med mezzosopranen Bettina Smith, fløytisten Philippa Davies, cellisten Karine Georgian og barytonen Frans Huijts, og opptrer jevnlig med dem i hele Europa. Spillet er beskrevet som «glitrende regndråper, rike akkorder og vakre mellomspill» og «et alltid årvåkent samarbeid med solisten».

Han er selv en kjent komponist av sanger og kammermusikk og har dessuten laget et stort antall arrangementer som har funnet sin plass på repertoaret.

Jan Willem studerte med Else Krijgsman ved Koninklijk Conservatorium Den Haag og med Thom Bollen i Utrecht.

Innspillingene hans omfatter kammermusikk av Poulenc, verker for cello og klaver av Schumann, Schuberts *Winterreise* og ikke minst Gershwins klaverkonsert etter en kritikerrost framføring i Concertgebouw i Amsterdam.

I tillegg til virksomheten som utøver er Jan Willem Nelleke en svært ettertraktet lærer. Han underviser ved Koninklijk Conservatorium Den Haag og ved Franz-Schubert-Institut i Baden ved Wien i Østerrike.

JAN WILLEM NELLEKE
— PIANO

Dutch pianist Jan Willem Nelleke's exceptional qualities as a duo partner have been widely recognised; he has established duo partnerships with mezzo-soprano Bettina Smith, flautist Philippa Davies, cellist Karine Georgian, and baritone Frans Huijts and performs frequently with them throughout Europe. His playing has been described as 'sparkling raindrops, rich chords and beautiful interludes' and an 'ever alert co-operation with the soloist'.

Himself a noted composer of songs and chamber music, he has also produced a large number of arrangements that have regularly found their way into the repertoire.

Jan Willem studied with Else Krijgsman at the Royal Conservatoire in The Hague and with Thom Bollen in Utrecht.

Recordings include chamber music by Poulenc, works for cello and piano by Schumann, Schubert's *Winterreise*, as well as the Gershwin *Piano Concerto* following a critically lauded performance at the Concertgebouw, Amsterdam.

In addition to his performance schedule, Jan Willem Nelleke is in great demand as a coach. He teaches at the Royal Conservatoire in The Hague and at the Franz Schubert Institute in Baden bei Wien, Austria.

For Rebekka Kirsten
The sky's the limit ...

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HENRIËTTE BOSMANS

(1895–1952)

1 | The Artist's Secret 08:28

LUISE GREGER

(1862–1944)

2 | Der Frühling lockt, Op. 19 01:33

3 | Über die Heide 01:26

4 | Schliesse mir die Augen beide 03:14

LILI BOULANGER

(1893–1918)

Quatre chants

5 | Dans l'immense tristesse 05:05

6 | Attente 02:34

7 | Reflets 02:49

8 | Le retour 04:14

REBECCA CLARKE

(1886–1979)

9 | Infant Joy 01:17

10 | June Twilight 02:32

11 | Eight O'Clock 02:00

CÉCILE CHAMINADE

(1857–1944)

12 | Viens, mon bien-aimé! 01:52

ANNA CRAMER

(1873–1968)

Zwei Nottornos

13 | Im Pavillon 04:10

14 | Am Meer 04:58

BORGHILD HOLMSEN

(1865–1938)

15 | I de forunderlige, blonde nætter, op. 14, nr. 1 02:08

16 | Der staar en sorg, op. 14, nr. 3 01:26

ANNA CRAMER

(1873–1968)

17 | Flieder, Op. 2, Nr. 2 02:31

18 | Weisst du noch?, Op. 2, Nr. 5 01:58

19 | Waldhornklänge, Op. 4, Nr. 6 02:22

MARGUERITE CANAL

(1890–1978)

20 | Ici-bas tous les lilas meurent 02:44

POLDOWSKI / RÉGINE WIENIAWSKI (1879–1932)

21 | Spleen 02:43

22 | Sérénade 02:38

23 | En sourdine 02:50

24 | Sur l'herbe 02:02

HENRIËTTE BOSMANS

(1895–1952)

25 | La chanson du chiffonier 03:50