



FREDERICA VON STADE, MEZZO-SOPRANO
JAKE HEGGIE, PIANO

Thursday, February 11, 2010, at 7:30pm
Foellinger Great Hall | Classical Mix Series

THE ACT OF GIVING

Krannert Center fondly recalls the friendship and generosity of **Endowed Sponsors Lois and Louis Kent**. By planning for our future, they guaranteed that glorious music, exuberant dance, and invigorating theatre will continue to thrive in our community.



Krannert Center is grateful to these donors for their funding. Because of their firm belief in the transformative power of the arts, all of us in this community can explore creativity, self-expression, and the human experience through exemplary and innovative performances.



DIXIE & EVANS DICKENS*
FIFTEEN PREVIOUS
SPONSORSHIPS
FOUR CURRENT
SPONSORSHIPS



HELEN & DANIEL RICHARDS*
TWENTY PREVIOUS
SPONSORSHIPS



ANONYMOUS
SIX PREVIOUS
SPONSORSHIPS

PROGRAM

Frederica von Stade, mezzo-soprano
Jake Heggie, piano

Ned Rorem
(b. 1923) *I Am Rose*

Louis Guglielmi
(1916-1991) *La Vie en Rose*

Jake Heggie
(b. 1961) *Paper Wings* (From *Paper Wings*)

Maurice Ravel
(1875-1937) *Tout gai!* (From *Cinq mélodies populaires grecques*)

Virgil Thomson
(1896-1989) *Prayer to St. Catherine* (From *Mostly about Love*)

Aaron Copland
(1900-1990) *Why Do They Shut Me out of Heaven?*
(From *Twelve Songs of Emily Dickinson*)

Lee Hoiby
(b. 1926) *The Serpent*

Francis Poulenc
(1899-1963) *Voyage à Paris* (Both from *Banalités*)
Hôtel

Ned Rorem
(b. 1923) *Early in the Morning*

Marc Berthomieu
(1906-1991) *Square Georges-Cain* (Both from *Les Jardins de Paris*)
Bois de Boulogne

20-minute intermission

George Mahler
(1860-1911) *Lob des hohen Verstands* (From *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*)

Jules Massenet
(1842-1912) *Va, laisse couler mes larmes* (From *Werther*)

Ambroise Thomas
(1811-1896) *Me voici dans son boudoir* (From *Mignon*)

Carol Hall
(b. 1936) *Jenny Rebecca*

Jake Heggie
(b. 1961) *A Route to the Sky* (From *Paper Wings*)

Maurice Ravel
(1875-1937) *Nicollette*

William Bolcom
(b. 1938) *Amor* (From *Cabaret Songs*)

Ambroise Thomas
(1811-1896) *Connais-tu le pays* (From *Mignon*)

Stephen Sondheim
(b. 1930) *Send in the Clowns* (From *A Little Night Music*)
Arr. Jake Heggie

Jake Heggie *Primary Colors* (From *The Deepest Desire*)

Frederica von Stade appears by arrangement with:
IMG Artists
Matthew A. Horner, vice president
Carnegie Hall Tower
152 West 57th Street, 5th Floor
New York, NY 10019
Phone: 212/994-3500
Fax: 212/994-3550
www.imgartists.com

Frederica von Stade's repertoire choice for this recital is not only a panoply of superb vocal music from the last 200 years but also a reflection of her brilliant career that has enriched us for three decades. If this recital is a farewell, no better good-bye could be made.

The program also represents a broad sweep of national identity. For the analytical among you, consider this: eight American composers (Ned Rorem, Jake Heggie, Virgil Thomson, Aaron Copland, Lee Hoiby, Carol Hall, William Bolcom, and Stephen Sondheim), five French composers (Maurice Ravel, Francis Poulenc, Marc Berthomieu, Jules Massenet, and Ambroise Thomas), one Italian (Louis Guglielmi), and one lonely but great Austrian (Gustav Mahler). Another interesting observation is that only one of the 15 composers represented on the program, Ambroise Thomas, wrote only in the 19th century. The rest of it is bravely and distinctly 20th and 21st century.

Let's take a brief look at the composers and works as they appear on the program.

For all his wonderful symphonies, instrumental pieces, and choral music, **Ned Rorem** is arguably best known for his some 500 art songs, including his full concert-length cycle *Evidence of Things Not Seen*. He lived in Paris from 1949 to 1958, and from those years came the humorous *I Am Rose* (1955) with text by Gertrude Stein and the jazzy *Early in the Morning* (1955) with text by Robert Hillyer. As Brian Ziegler of Minnesota Public Radio commented on the latter song, "The delicate, nuanced harmonies that Rorem drank in during his years in France create a haze around the melody, like a flattering filter on a camera lens, to transport the listener to a dreamy

recollection of youth." Both songs are an essential reminiscence for anyone who loves Paris.

La Vie en rose was first popularized in 1946 by Edith Piaf, who wrote the lyrics. Since then it has become a standard representation of things French. Its composer, **Louis Guglielmi** (pen name Louigy), has written dozens of film scores, yet *La Vie en rose* remains his signature piece with *Cherry Pink and Apple Blossom White* being a close second. The elaborate picture of life through rose-colored glasses offered in *La Vie en rose* is much in contrast to the "things as they are" approach taken by Ned Rorem and Gertrude Stein in *I Am Rose*. One can probably safely assume that Ned Rorem played on that contrast. *La Vie en rose* has been treated by singers as disparate as Aretha Franklin and Luciano Pavarotti. Frederica von Stade, of course, will lend her own singular interpretation.

The lyrics for *Paper Wings* and *A Route to the Sky* were written by Frederica von Stade and are the second and fourth songs of **Jake Heggie's** cycle *Paper Wings*, commissioned by Frederica von Stade in honor of her daughter Lisa Elkus. Jake Heggie adds *Paper Wings* to his impressive list of songs and song cycles that have been championed internationally by many distinguished singers. John Henken of the *Los Angeles Times* spoke of the "sly quotations, musical games and a genuine sense of wonder and affection" of *Paper Wings* and commented that the work "soared as art and autobiography." The cycle was first performed on September 30, 1997, at Zellerbach Auditorium at the University of California at Berkeley. With good humor, no more loving tribute could come from mother to daughter. The texts obviously trace a character trait common among Frederica von Stade, her own mother, and her daughter.

Maurice Ravel's *Tout gai* is the fifth and last song of his cycle *Cinq mélodies populaires grecques*, composed between 1904 and 1906 and later orchestrated, as was Ravel's habit. The text is by Michel Dimitri Calvocoressi, a composer and music critic of Greek descent. The song *Nicolette*, which we hear in the second half of this program, is the first of *Three Songs for Unaccompanied Mixed Choir*, which Ravel composed in 1914-15 and also transcribed for medium voice and piano. The ironic lyrics are his own.

Virgil Thomson's vast contributions to the music world include not only his significant book, *American Music since 1910*, but also three operas (two in collaboration with Gertrude Stein), some 70 songs, and two song cycles including *Mostly about Love*, a 1959 collaboration with New York poet and playwright Kenneth Koch that produced *Prayer to Saint Catherine*. In the spirit of the New York poetry group with which Koch was associated, the song is not an agonized plea but rather a work with spirit and clarity and even a hint of humor.

Aaron Copland's *Why Do They Shut Me out of Heaven?* comes from his cycle *Twelve Songs of Emily Dickinson* composed in 1949-50 and published in 1951. Both humor and a hint of pathos pervade this song, which laments Dickinson's womanly limitations in her society. Copland takes the logical liberty of changing the word "say" to "sing" in the line "But I can sing a little minor." He artfully repeats the line "Did I sing too loud" and makes it the final one in this wonderful song that challenges the soprano and delights the listener.

Among **Lee Hoiby's** some 80 songs, *The Serpent* is arguably the most famous, so much so that Jay Nordlinger, in his liner notes to Hoiby's *American*

Classics recording, notes that a voice coach once told Hoiby, "If you throw a brick out of a window on the upper West Side of Manhattan, you will probably hit a soprano who has learned 'The Serpent.'" Those sopranos include Leontyne Price, Renée Fleming, and, of course, Frederica von Stade. When you hear the song, you will understand why other composers such as Ned Rorem and William Bolcom have also treated Theodore Roethke's humorous text. You will enjoy the wonderful musicality of Lee Hoiby's 1979 treatment. Do listen for the "horrible note / That practically split the top of his throat."

Both *Voyage à Paris* and *Hôtel* come from **Francis Poulenc's** cycle of five songs, *Banalités*, with texts by Guillaume Apollinaire, originator of the term "Cubism." Though they are very different in nature, both songs epitomize Paris, as only Poulenc can. In this case, they come from 1940, the darkest period of World War II, and one wonders if the gaiety of *Voyage à Paris* and the indolence of *Hôtel* are merely Poulenc's ways of handling the tragedy. After all, Poulenc's works often reflect one foot in the salon and one in the grave. Apollinaire himself had died in World War I, and Poulenc held a long attachment to his poetry and used it also for his first song cycle, *Le Bestiaire*. It is tempting to picture the soprano with a cigarette in *Hôtel* and to feel ourselves encircled with its World War II smoke. The Parisian air is cleared, in this program, by Ned Rorem's *Early in the Morning*.

We are still in Paris in **Marc Berthomieu's** *Square Georges-Cain* and *Bois de Boulogne* from his 1979 song cycle *Les Jardins de Paris*. While composer, poet, and dramatist Marc Berthomieu is relatively unknown, Frederica von Stade's performances of his songs are not. Concerning her recital at the Cleveland Institute of Music in May 2009,

Dan Rosenberg of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* commented, “Who couldn’t respond to von Stade’s affectionate odes to Paris, especially her journey through two fragrant Marc Berthomieu garden songs and Ned Rorem’s lovely ‘Early in the Morning’?” The Square George-Cain is one of the beautiful and lesser-known spots in the Marais District of Paris. The Bois de Boulogne is one of the better-known and largest parks in Paris located at the edge of the 16th Arrondissement.

After the intermission, Frederica von Stade leaves French music briefly for *Lob des hohen Verstands* (*Praise from a Lofty Intellect*), a song from **Gustav Mahler’s** famous collection *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* (*The Youth’s Magic Horn*) based on German folk songs. The song concerns a vocal competition between a cuckoo and a nightingale. The “lofty intellect” who serves as their judge is, in this case, an ass who is confused by the nightingale’s complex approach to music and chooses the cuckoo, who keeps time beautifully, as the winner. Mahler treated German folk songs throughout his life, and *Lob des hohen Verstands* is the 10th in a set of 12 songs published in 1899.

French composer **Jules Massenet** is best known for his operas, specifically *Manon* and *Werther*. He is best remembered as a superb melodist, as indicated by such famous works as his *Meditation* from *Thais*. *Va, laisse couler mes larmes* comes from his opera *Werther*, a tragic lyric drama with libretto by Edouard Balu, Paul Miliet, and Henri Grémont Hartman based on Goethe’s 1774 novel, *The Sorrows of Young Werther*. *Va, laisse couler mes larmes* (*Please, Let My Tears Flow*) comes from Act III when Werther dies in the arms of his beloved Charlotte, who responds with the famous and heartbreaking *Song of Tears*.

Premiered at the Paris Opéra Comique in 1866, **Ambroise Thomas’** *Mignon* established his fame. With a libretto by Michel Carré and Jules Barbier, the opera is based on Goethe’s novel *Wilhelm Meisters Lerhjähre* and tells the tale of Mignon, a girl kidnapped by Gypsies and later bought by the student, Wilhelm Meister, as his servant. Two of the best-known arias from the opera are *Me voici dans son boudoir* and *Connais-tu pays*. In the former, Mignon finds herself in the boudoir of the actress Philine and, in jealousy, dons one of Philine’s gowns. Frédéric, a young nobleman (buffo tenor or contralto) and admirer of Philine, enters the boudoir and sings of his joy at being near his beloved. In *Connais-tu pay*, which occurs earlier in the opera, Mignon recalls an idealized country from which she was taken.

Texas-born **Carol Hall**, composer of *Jenny Rebecca*, is best known for her Broadway musical *The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas*, but her song *Jenny Rebecca* is a close second in popularity, having been recorded by such singers as Olivia Newton-John and Bobby Gosh. Barbra Streisand first recorded it in 1965, and it was that splendid recording that brought the touching song to the attention of Frederica von Stade.

William Bolcom’s humorous *Amor* is part of his vast collection of *Cabaret Songs* with lyricist Arnold Weinstein. Together with his wife, mezzo-soprano Joan Morris, William Bolcom has brought the cabaret song to a new level of artistic achievement. *Amor* joins a host of other songs such as the well-known *Love in the Thirties* and *Toothbrush Time* as part of the repertoire of distinguished singers better known for their strictly classical works. William Bolcom was named the 2007 Composer of the Year by *Musical America* and has won multiple Grammy Awards for his setting of William Blake’s *Songs of Innocence*.

This year marks **Stephen Sondheim’s** 80th birthday. No better tribute could be made to him than Frederica von Stade’s performance of arguably his best-known song, *Send in the Clowns*, arranged by Jake Heggie. Named Song of the Year in 1975, *Send in the Clowns* is so well known to us that we sometimes forget its context, which is Sondheim’s 1973 Grammy- and Drama Desk Award-winning musical, *A Little Night Music*. The play takes us back to turn-of-the-century Scandinavia where, as Larry Brown says in his thesis on the production, “love, laughter, and music float through the air on evening breezes where the sun never sets.” Although Sondheim and the director Harold Prince disagreed on the level of darkness the work should express, they did agree to use Ingmar Bergman’s 1956 film *Smiles of a Summer Night* as source material, immediately casting the production on the dark side. This, in turn, fed Sondheim’s admiration of Swedish dramatist August Strindberg and his love of writing in dark colors. In Act II, Desirée has suffered rejection from her former lover Fredrik, and, in a solitary moment, expresses her feelings about life’s ironies in *Send in the Clowns*.

Primary Colors, with which Frederica von Stade ends her farewell recital, is the fourth and final song of **Jake Heggie’s** 2002 song cycle for mezzo-soprano, flute, and piano, *The Deepest Desire*, commissioned by Bravo! Vail Valley Music Festival. The text is by Sister Helen Prejean, author of the prize-winning novel *Dead Man Walking*, which Jake Heggie turned into an opera with libretto by Terence McNally. The opera was premiered in 2000 by the San Francisco Opera. The song cycle offers new texts by Sister Prejean that underscore her heroic fight against the death penalty.

© 2010 by Lucy Miller Murray

Lucy Miller Murray is the founder of Market Square Concerts in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, and served as director of the chamber music series from 1982 to 2009. Her book, Adams to Zemlinsky: A Friendly Guide to Chamber Music, was published by Concert Artists Guild of New York and is available at concertartists.org and amazon.com.

I Am Rose
Ned Rorem
Text by Gertrude Stein

I am Rose my eyes are blue
I am Rose and who are you?
I am Rose and when I sing
I am Rose like anything.

La Vie en Rose
Louis Guglielmi
Text by Edith Piaf

Des yeux qui font baisser les miens
Un rir' qui se perd sur sa bouch'
Voilà le portrait sans retouche
De l'homme auquel j'appartiens.

Quand il me prend dans ses bras
Il me parle tout bas
Je vois la vie en rose.

Il me dit des mots d'amour
Des mots de tous le jours
Et ça m'fait quelque chose.

Il est entré dans mon coeur
Une part de bonheur
Dont je connais la cause.

C'est lui pour moi
Moi pour lui dans la vie
Il me l'a dit l'a juré pour la vie.

Et dès que je l'aperçois
Alors je sens en moi
Mon coeur qui bat.

Life in Rosy Hues

Eyes that gaze into mine,
A smile that is lost on his lips—
That is the unretouched portrait
Of the man to whom I belong.

When he takes me in his arms
And speaks softly to me,
I see life in rosy hues.

He tells me words of love,
Words of every day,
And in them I become something.

He has entered my heart,
A part of happiness
Whereof I understand the reason.

It's he for me
And I for him, throughout life,
He has told me, he has sworn to me, for life.

And from the things that I sense,
Now I can feel within me
My heart that beats.

Paper Wings
Jake Heggie
Text by Frederica von Stade

When I was young, I lived in Greece with my mother
That's right, Greece
We lived in a house, a house with a great big balcony
And Signorina was my nanny.
One day, Signorina made me wings out of paper
That's right, paper wings
And for days and days, I pretended to fly
Over the rooftops of Athens.

Tout Gai!
Maurice Ravel
Text by Michel Dimitri Calvocoressi

Tout gai! Gai, ha, tout gai!
Belle jambe, tireli, qui danse;
Belle jambe, la vaisselle danse,
Tra la la la . . .

All Gay!

All gay! Gay, ha, all gay!
Beautiful legs, tra la, dancing;
Beautiful legs; the dishes are dancing too,
Tra la la la . . .

Prayer to St. Catherine

Virgil Thomson

Text by Kenneth Koch

If I am to be preserved from heartache and shyness

By St. Catherine of Sienna,

I am praying to her, that she may hear my prayer

And treat me in ev'ry way with kindness.

I went to Sienna to St. Catherine's own church

(It is impossible to deny this)

To pray to her to cure me of my heartache and shyness

Which she can do, because she is a great saint.

Other saints would regard my pray'r as foolish.

Saint Nicholas, for example.

He would chuckle, "God helps those who help themselves.

Rouse yourself! Get out there and do something about it!"

Or Saint Joanna. She would say, "It is not shyness

That bothers you, it is sin.

Pray to Catherine of Sienna." But that is what I have done.

And that is why I have come here to cure my heartache.

Saint Catherine of Sienna,

If this songs pleases you, then be good enough to answer the prayer it contains.

Make the person who sings this song less shy than that person is,

And give that person some joy in that person's heart!

Why Do They Shut Me out of Heaven?

Aaron Copland

Text by Emily Dickinson

Why do they shut me out of Heaven?

Did I sing too loud?

But I can sing a little minor,

Timid as a bird.

Wouldn't the angels try me just once more,

Just see if I troubled them, but don't shut the door.

Oh if I were the gentlemen in the white robes,

And they were the little hand that knocked,

Could I forbid, could I forbid, could I forbid?

The Serpent

Lee Hoiby

There was a serpent who had to sing.

There was. There was.

He simply gave up serpentine.

Because. Because.

He didn't like his kind of life;

He couldn't find a proper wife;

He was a serpent with a soul;

He got no pleasure down his hole.

And so, of course, he had to sing,

And sing he did, like anything!

The birds, they were, they were astounded;

And various measures propounded

To stop the serpent's awful racket:

They bought a drum. He wouldn't whack it.

They sent—you always send—to Cuba

And got a most commodious tuba;

They got a horn, they got a flute,

But nothing would suit.

He said, "Look, birds, all this is futile:

I do not like to bang or tootle."

And then he cut loose with a horrible note

That practically split the top of his throat.

"You see," he said, with a serpent's leer,

"I'm serious about my singing career!"

And the woods resounded with many a shriek

As the birds flew off to the end of next week.

Voyage à Paris

Francis Poulenc

Text by Guillaume Apollinaire

Ah! la charmante chose

Quitter un pays morose

Pour Paris

Paris joli

Qu'un jour dût créer l'Amour!

Voyage to Paris

Ah, how delightful it is

To leave a dismal place

And head for Paris,

Beautiful Paris,

Which one day Love had to create!

Hôtel

Francis Poulenc
Text by Guillaume Apollinaire

Ma chambre a la forme d'une cage.
Le soleil passe son bras par la fenêtre.
Mais moi qui veux fumer pour faire des mirages
J'allume au feu du jour ma cigarette.
Je ne veux pas travailler—je veux fumer.

Early in the Morning

Ned Rorem
Text by Robert Hillyer

Early in the morning
Of a lovely summer day,
As they lowered the bright awning
At the outdoor café,
I was breakfasting on croissants
And café au lait
Under greenery like scenery,
Rue François Premier.
They were hosing the hot pavement
With a dash of flashing spray
And a smell of summer showers
When the dust is drenched away,
Under greenery like scenery,
Rue François Premier.
I was twenty and a lover
And in Paradise to stay,
Very early in the morning
Of a lovely summer day.

Hotel

My room has the form of a cage.
The sun reaches its arm in through the window.
But I want to smoke and make shapes in the air,
And so I light my cigarette on the sun's fire.
I don't want to work—I want to smoke.

Square Georges-Cain
Marc Berthomieu

Au Square Georges-Cain Beauté,
Parce que je t'avais trompé,
Tu m'as lancé très fort caillou, de colère!

J'allais te dire justement
Si tu n'as jamais eu d'amants
Lance-moi donc, amour, une première pierre.

Mais avant que j'ai pu parler
Ton projet de me lapider
Dans cet endroit charmant, un peu trop lapidaire
M'est apparu si évident
Que j'ai fui tout en emportant
Pour mon petit jardin
Ta Pierre meurtrière!

Bois de Boulogne
Marc Berthomieu

Bois de Boulogne dans les temps passés
Avant le temps des équipages bien ordonnancés
On célébrait des mariages.

Au bois de boulogne dans les temps passés
Avant le trotinement sages des beaux défiles
On se mariait sans tapage . . .

Au Bois de Boulogne dans les temps passés
quand il y avait mariage
Étaient invités les écureuils du voisinage.
Au Bois de Boulogne tous les fiancés
Y consommaient le mariage
Bien loin de cure
Bénis des oiseaux de passage!

Georges-Cain Square

In the Georges-Cain Square, beauty
Because I cheated on you,
You threw a pebble at me in anger!

I said to you justly
That if you never had a lover
Then, love, throw a first stone.

But before I could speak to you
And you began your project
Of stoning me in this charming place,
It seemed evident
That I should run away
Carrying with me your murderous stone
In order to put it in my garden!

Bois de Boulogne

In the Bois de Boulogne in olden times
Before the time of sports events
One celebrated marriage.

In the Bois de Boulogne in olden times
Before the parade of toddling prudency
One married without show . . .

At the Bois de Boulogne in a time past by,
when there was marriage
The squirrels of the neighborhood were invited.
In the Bois de Boulogne all of the fiancés
Consummated the marriage there
(Far from the view of the minister)
And they were blessed by the birds flying by!

Lob des hohen Verstands
Gustav Mahler

Einstmals in einem tiefen Tal
Kuckuck und Nachtigall
täten ein wett anschlagen:
Zu singen um das Meisterstück,
gewinn es Kunst, gewinn es Glück.
Dank soll er davon tragen.

Der Kuckuck sprach: «Si dir's gefällt,
hab' ich den Richter wählt,»
und tät gleich den Esel ernennen.
«Denn weil et hat zwei Ohren gross,
so kann er hören desto bos
und, was recht ist, kennen!»

Sie flogen vor den Richter bald.
Wie dem die Sache ward erzählt,
schuf er, sie sollten singen.
Die Nachtigall sang lieblich aus!
Der Esel sprach: «Du machst mir's kraus!

I-ja! I-ja! Ich kann's in Kopf nicht bringen!»

Der Kuckuck fing an geschwind
sein Sang durch Terz und Quart und Quint.
Dem Esel g'fiels, er sprach nur: «Wart!
Dein Urteil will ich sprechen, ja sprechen.
Wohl sungen hast du, Nachtigall!
Aber Kuckuck, singst gut Choral
und hältst den Takt fein innen!
Das sprech ich nach mein hoh'n Verstand!
Und kost es gleich ein ganzes Land,
so lass ich's dich gewinnen!»

Praise from a Lofty Intellect

Once, in a deep valley,
cuckoo and nightingale
struck a wager:
They should compete for the finest song,
whether art or luck would win.
Thanks should be the reward.

The cuckoo said: "If you agree,
I have chosen the judge,"
and at once named the ass.
"For, since he has two large ears,
he can hear all the better
and recognize what is right!"

They soon flew before the judge.
When the matter was explained to him
he proposed that they should sing.
The nightingale sang out sweetly!
The ass said: "You are making it
too complicated for me!
Hee-haw! Hee-haw! I can't get it into my head!"

The cuckoo swiftly began
his song of thirds and fourths and fifths.
It pleased the ass, he just said: "Wait!
I will pronounce, yes, pronounce judgment on you.
You sang well, nightingale!
But cuckoo, you sing a fine chorale
and keep time beautifully!
Thus I pronounce from the height of my wisdom!
And though it should cost a kingdom.
I make you the winner!"

Va, laisse couler mes larmes
Jules Massenet
Text by Edouard Balu, Paul Miliet,
and Henri Grémont Hartman

Va, laisse couler mes larmes—
elles font du bien, ma chérie.
Les larmes qu'on ne pleure pas,
dans notre âmes retombent toutes,
et de leurs patients gouttes
martèlent le coeur triste et las.
Sa résistance
enfin s'épuise;
le coeur se creuse
et s'affaiblit—
il est trop grand,
rien ne l'emplit;
et trop fragile
tout le brise.

Please, Let My Tears Flow

Please, let my tears flow—
they do me good, my darling.
The tears we don't shed
all fall back into our soul,
and with their patient drops
hammer on our sad and weary heart.
Its resistance
finally wears out;
the heart grows hollow
and weakens—
it is too big,
nothing fills it;
and, overly fragile,
anything will break it.

Me voici dans son boudoir

Ambroise Thomas

Text by Michel Carré and Jules Barbier

C'est moi, j'ai tout brisé!

N'importe! M'y Voici!

Quoi, mon oncle a logé Philine chez ma tante!

Me voici dans son boudoir et je sens mon Coeur,

Je sens mon Coeur battre d'espoir.

Ah, je guette l'instant de la revoir!

Oui je sens mon Coeur,

je sens mon Coeur battre d'espoir!

Coquette, je guette l'instant de te revoir!

Il faut enfin vaincre la cruelle

Il faut toucher, toucher le Coeur de l'infidèle!

Je suis dans son boudoir, et je sens mon Coeur,

je sens mon Coeur battre d'espoir.

Moi, je veux qu'on m'aime, et j'espère,

oui, j'espère a mon tour

Etre heureux; tant pis, ma foi!

Pour tous ses amoureux,

Tant pis pour tous ses amoureux!

Je suis dans son boudoir!

Here I Am in Her Boudoir

It's me! I've broken everything!

What of it, here I am!

What? My uncle has lodged Filina in my aunt's rooms!

Here I am in her boudoir, and I feel my heart,

I feel my heart beat high with hope.

Ah, I remember the moment we parted!

Yes I feel my heart beat,

I feel my heart beat with hope!

Charming! I see again the moment of our parting!

It must finally overcome even her cruelty

One must touch the heart of the infidel!

Oh, I'm in her boudoir and I feel my heart,

I feel my heart beat with hope.

Me, I just want everyone to like me and

I hope in my time to be happy!

For all those who love her,

How sad it is!

But I'm here in her boudoir!

Jenny Rebecca

Carol Hall

Jenny Rebecca, four days old

How do you like the world so far

Jenny Rebecca, four days old

What a lucky, lucky, lucky, lucky girl you are

For you have swings to be swung on

Trees to be climbed up

Days to be young on

Toys you can wind up

Grass to be lying on

Sun up above

Pillows for crying on

When you're in love

Ponies for riding on

Wind in your hair

Slides to be sliding on

Leaves in the air

Dolls to be caring for

Love to be giving

Dreams to be daring for

Long as you're living

Yes, you have dreams to be daring for

Long as you're living

Jenny Rebecca, four days old

What a lucky, lucky, lucky, lucky girl you are

A Route to the Sky

Jake Heggie

Text by Frederica von Stade

My mother taught me to fly

Not even knowing that she had done so.

I climbed on the roof

A complicated route to the sky

But the firemen got me down!

Lisa was eight

When she climbed through a window

out onto the roof.

When I saw how she'd done it,

I nearly fainted,

So I went out after her.

Then we were both stuck.

Two trucks, an ambulance,

Two station wagons of rescue teams

came to the house

And the firemen got us down!

Nicolette

Maurice Ravel

Nicolette, à la vesprée,
S'allait promener au pré,
Cueillir la pâquerette, la jonquille et la muguet,
Toute sautillante, toute guillerette,
Lorgnant ci, là de tous les côtés,
Rencontra vieux loup grognant,
Tout hérissé, l'oeil brillant;
«Hé là! ma Nicolette, viens tu pas chez
Mère Grand?»

A perte d'haleine, s'enfuit Nicolette,
Laissant là cornette et socques blancs.

Rencontra page joli,
Chausses bleues et pourpoint gris;
«Hé là! ma Nicolette, veux tu pas d'un doux ami?»
Sage, s'en retourna, très lentement,
le coeur bien marri.

Rencontra seigneur chenu,
Tors, laid, puant et ventru;
«Hé là! ma Nicolette veux tu pas tous ces écus?»

Vite fut en ses bras, bonne Nicolette
Jamais au pré n'est plus revenue.

Nicolette

Nicolette, at vespers,
Went walking through the fields
Picking daisies, jonquils, and lilies of the valley.
Skipping merrily, skipping gaily,
Glancing here, there, and everywhere.
She met an old, growling wolf,
All bristly with sparkling eyes;
"Hey there, my Nicolette, would you like to come to
Grandmother's house?"
Quite breathless, Nicolette ran away,
Leaving behind her cap and white socks.

She met a handsome page
With blue shoes and grey doublet;
"Hey there, my Nicolette, would you like a boyfriend?"
Wisely, she turned away, poor Nicolette, very slowly,
her heart quite sore.

She met a grey-haired lord,
Twisted, ugly, arrogant, and potbellied;
"Hey there, my Nicolette, would you like all
of these gold coins?"
Quickly she ran into his arms, good Nicolette
Never to return to the fields again.

Amor

William Bolcom

Text by Arnold Weinstein

It wasn't the policeman's fault
in all the traffic roar
instead of shouting halt
when he saw me he shouted Amor.

Even the ice-cream man
(free ice creams by the score)
instead of shouting Butter Pecan
one look at me
he shouted Amor.

All over town it went that way
everybody took off the day
even philosophers understood
how good was The Good because I looked so good.
The poor stopped taking less
the rich stopped needing more.
Instead of shouting no and yes
both looking at me shouted Amor Amor.

My stay in town was cut short
I was dragged to court.
The judge said I disturbed the peace
and the jury gave him what for!
The judge raised his hand
and instead of Desist and Cease
Judgie came to the stand
took my hand
and whispered Amor Amor Amor.

Night was turning into day
I walked alone away,
never to see that town again.
But as I passed the church-house door
instead of singing Amen
the choir was singing Amor
Amor Amor Amor Amor.

Connais-tu le pays

Ambroise Thomas

Text by Michel Carré and Jules Barbier

Connais-tu le pays où fleurit l'oranger?

Le pays des fruits d'or et des roses merveilles,
Où la brise est plus douce et l'oiseau plus léger,
Où dans toute saison butinent les abeilles,
Où rayonne et sourit, comme un bienfait de Dieu,
Un éternel printemps sous un ciel toujours bleu!
Hélas! Que ne puis-je te suivre
Vers ce rivage heureux d'où le sort m'exila!
C'est là! C'est là que je voudrais vivre,
Aimer, aimer et mourir!
C'est là que je voudrais vivre, c'est là, oui, c'est là!

Connais-tu la maison où l'on m'attend là-bas?

La salle aux lambris d'or, où des hommes de marbre
M'appellent dans la nuit en me tendant les bras?
Et la cour où l'on danse à l'ombre d'un grand arbre?

Et le lac transparent où glissent sur les eaux

Mille bateaux légers pareils à des oiseaux?

Hélas! Que ne puis-je te suivre

Vers ce pays lointain d'où le sort m'exila!

C'est là! C'est là que je voudrais vivre,

Aimer, aimer et mourir!

C'est là que je voudrais vivre, c'est là, oui, c'est là!

Do You Know the Land

Do you know the land where the orange
tree blossoms?

The country of golden fruits and marvelous roses,
Where the breeze is softer and birds lighter,
Where bees gather pollen in every season,
And where shines and smiles, like a gift from God,
An eternal springtime under an ever-blue sky!
Alas! but I cannot follow you
To that happy shore from which fate has exiled me!
There! It is there that I should like to live,
To love, to love, and to die!
It is there that I should like to live, it is there,
yes, there!

Do you know the house there where I am awaited?

The gold-paneled room where men made of marble
Call to me at night, reaching their arms out to me?
And the courtyard where people dance in the
shadow of a great tree?

And the lake upon whose limpid waters

A thousand light boats glide like birds?

Alas! but I cannot follow you

To that happy shore from which fate has exiled me!

There! It is there that I should like to live,

To love, to love, and to die!

It is there that I should like to live, it is there,
yes, there!

Send in the Clowns

Stephen Sondheim

Isn't it rich?

Are we a pair?

Me here at last on the ground,

You in midair.

Send in the clowns.

Isn't it bliss?

Don't you approve?

One who keeps tearing around,

One who can't move.

Where are the clowns?

Send in the clowns.

Just when I'd stopped opening doors,

Finally knowing the one that I wanted was yours,

Making my entrance again with my usual flair,

Sure of my lines,

No one is there.

Don't you love farce?

My fault I fear.

I thought that you'd want what I want.

Sorry, my dear.

But where are the clowns?

Quick, send in the clowns.

Don't bother, they're here.

Isn't it rich?

Isn't it queer,

Losing my timing this late

In my career?

And where are the clowns?

There ought to be clowns.

Well, maybe next year.

Primary Colors

Jake Heggie

Text by Sister Helen Prejean

I live my life in primary colors.

I let praise or blame fall where they may.

I hold my soul in equanimity

And leave the fruits of my labors to God.

At night, when I pray, I catch on fire;

And when I put my head on the pillow,

I fall instantly to sleep.

Described by *The New York Times* as “one of America’s finest artists and singers,” Frederica von Stade continues to be extolled as one of the music world’s most beloved figures. Known to family, friends, and fans by her nickname, “Flicka,” the mezzo-soprano has enriched the world of classical music for three decades.

Frederica von Stade’s career has taken her to the stages of the world’s great opera houses and concert halls. She began at the top, when she received a contract from Sir Rudolf Bing during the Metropolitan Opera auditions, and since her debut in 1970 she has sung nearly all of her great roles with that company. In January 2000, the company celebrated the 30th anniversary of her debut with a new production of *The Merry Widow* specifically for her, and in 1995, as a celebration of her 25th anniversary, the Metropolitan Opera created for her a new production of *Pelléas et Mélisande*. In addition, von Stade has appeared with every leading American opera company, including the San Francisco Opera, Lyric Opera of Chicago, and Los Angeles Opera. Her career in Europe has been no less spectacular, with new productions mounted for her at Teatro alla Scala, the Royal Opera Covent Garden, the Vienna State Opera, and the Paris Opera. She is invited regularly by the finest conductors, among them Claudio Abbado, Charles Dutoit, James Levine, Kurt Masur, Riccardo Muti, Seiji Ozawa, André Previn, Leonard Slatkin, and Michael Tilson Thomas, to appear in concert with the world’s leading orchestras, including the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, the Cleveland Orchestra, the New York Philharmonic, the Philadelphia Orchestra, the San Francisco Symphony,

the London Symphony Orchestra, Washington’s National Symphony, and the Orchestra of La Scala.

With impressive versatility, she has effortlessly traversed an ever-broadening spectrum of musical styles and dramatic characterizations. A noted bel canto specialist, she excelled as the heroines of Rossini’s *La Cenerentola* and *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* and Bellini’s *La Sonnambula*. She is an unmatched stylist in the French repertoire: a delectable Mignon or Périchole, a regal Marguerite in Berlioz’s *La Damnation de Faust*, and, in one critic’s words, “the Mélisande of one’s dreams.” Her elegant figure and keen imagination have made her the world’s favorite interpreter of the great trouser roles, from Strauss’ Octavian and Composer to Mozart’s Sesto, Idamante, and—magically, indelibly—Cherubino. Her artistry has inspired the revival of neglected works such as Massenet’s *Cherubin*, Thomas’ *Mignon*, Rameau’s *Dardanus*, and Monteverdi’s *Il Ritorno d’Ulisse in patria*. Her ability as a singing actress has allowed her to portray wonderful works in operetta and musical theatre, including the title role in *The Merry Widow* and Desirée Armfeldt in *A Little Night Music*. Her repertoire is continually expanding with the works of contemporary composers. She created the role of Tina in the Dallas Opera’s world premiere production of Dominick Argento’s *The Aspern Papers* (a work written for her) as well as the role of Madame de Merteuil in Conrad Susa’s *Dangerous Liaisons* and Mrs. Patrick De Rocher in Jake Heggie’s *Dead Man Walking*, both for the San Francisco Opera.

Frederica von Stade continues to create compelling new stage portrayals. In 2005, Los Angeles audiences saw her first-ever performances of the title role in *La*

Grand Duchesse de Gerolstein in a new production directed by famed movie director Garry Marshall for the Los Angeles Opera. Later that season, she gave her first performances as Ottavia in *L’Incoronazione di Poppea* with the Houston Grand Opera, a role she reprised for the Los Angeles Opera in the 2006-07 season.

Frederica von Stade’s orchestral repertoire is equally broad, embracing works from the Baroque to those of today’s composers. She has garnered critical and popular acclaim in her vast French repertoire as one of the world’s finest interpreters of Ravel’s *Shéhérazade*, Berlioz’s *Les Nuits d’été*, and Canteloube’s *Les Chants d’Auvergne* as well as the orchestrated songs of Debussy and Duparc. She is continually in demand for the symphonic works of the great Austrian and German composers, including Mozart and Mahler, as well as the new works of American composers.

It was the American composer Richard Danielpour who in 1998 helped Frederica von Stade to realize an artistic and personal dream when he wrote *Elegies*. The work, scored for orchestra, mezzo-soprano, and baritone, is a tribute to von Stade’s father, Charles von Stade, who was killed in the final days of World War II, and is based on the text of letters Mr. von Stade sent to his wife during the war. It is through these letters that Frederica von Stade came to know her father, who died two months before her birth. In January 1998, the Jacksonville Symphony, led by Roger Nierenberg, offered the world premiere of *Elegies* with performances in Florida and in New York’s Carnegie Hall. *Elegies* is available on SONY Classical and has been performed throughout North America and Europe.

Unparalleled in her artistry as a recitalist, von Stade combines her expressive vocalism and exceptional musicianship with a rare gift for communication, enriching audiences throughout the world. Here, too, her repertoire encompasses a rich variety, from the classical style of Mozart and Haydn to the popular songs of Broadway’s greatest musicals; from Italian “Arie antiche” to the songs of contemporary composers—who compose especially for her—such as Dominick Argento and Jake Heggie. She continues to explore new music and recently brought a program of the songs of Pauline Viardot to London’s Wigmore Hall and the Théâtre Musical de Paris.

She has made over 70 recordings with every major label, including complete operas, aria albums, symphonic works, solo recital programs, and popular crossover albums. Her recordings have garnered six Grammy nominations, two Grand Prix du Disc awards, the Deutsche Schallplattenpreis, Italy’s Premio della Critica Discografica, and “Best of the Year” citations by *Stereo Review* and *Opera News*. She has enjoyed the distinction of holding simultaneously the first and second places on national sales charts for Angel/EMI’s *Show Boat* and Telarc’s *The Sound of Music*.

Frederica von Stade appears regularly on television, through numerous PBS and other broadcasts. In 2002, she was seen on national television in a concert with the Mormon Tabernacle Choir as part of the opening ceremonies of the Salt Lake City Winter Olympic Games. In 2001, she participated in the opening of Philadelphia’s Kimmel Center for the Performing Arts in a concert together with Sir Elton John, Andre Watts, and the Philadelphia Orchestra.

Other highlights of recent television appearances include a gala concert with the San Francisco Symphony to open the 1998-99 season at New York's Carnegie Hall and a *Live from Lincoln Center* television event opening the 1999 season of the Mostly Mozart Festival, both broadcast throughout North America. She can be seen in *Live from the Met* performances as Cherubino, Hansel, and Idamante and through PBS broadcasts of her celebration of the art of American song with Thomas Hampson, Marilyn Horne, Dawn Upshaw, and Jerry Hadley in a program at New York's Town Hall titled *I Hear America Singing*, as well as a program with Tyne Daly that included arias, art songs, and popular crossover material. Also seen on PBS were a holiday special, *Christmas with Flicka*, shot on location in Salzburg, *A Carnegie Hall Christmas* with Kathleen Battle, and an evening of operatic and musical theatre selections with Samuel Ramey and Jerry Hadley titled *Flicka and Friends*. Her recent portrayals in *Dangerous Liaisons* and *The Aspern Papers* were broadcast throughout North America. She can also be seen in the Unitel film of the classic Jean-Pierre Ponnelle production of *La Cenerentola*.

Frederica von Stade is the holder of honorary doctorates from Yale University, Boston University, the San Francisco Conservatory of Music (which holds a Frederica von Stade Distinguished Chair in Voice), the Georgetown University School of Medicine, and her alma mater, the Mannes School of Music. In 1998, von Stade was awarded France's highest honor in the arts when she was appointed as an officer of L'Ordre des Arts et des Lettres, and in 1983 she was honored with an award given at the White House by President Reagan in recognition of her significant contribution to the arts.

Angel/EMI * BMG/RCA * CBS Masterworks * London/Decca * Deutsche Grammophon * Erato * Highbridge * Philips Classics * SONY Classical * Teldec Classics * Telarc

For more information about Frederica von Stade, please visit her web site:
www.fredericavonstade.com.

JAKE HEGGIE, composer and pianist

Jake Heggie is the composer of the operas *Dead Man Walking* (libretto by Terrence McNally), *Three Decembers* (libretto by Gene Scheer), *The End of the Affair* (libretto by Heather McDonald), *To Hell and Back* (libretto by Scheer), *At the Statue of Venus* (libretto by McNally), and more than 200 art songs plus orchestral and chamber music. He is currently at work on an opera based on Melville's *Moby-Dick* (libretto by Scheer) co-commissioned by the Dallas Opera, San Francisco Opera, San Diego Opera, Calgary Opera, and State Opera of South Australia. Scheduled to open in April 2010 as part of the inaugural season in the Dallas Opera's new Winspear Opera House, *Moby-Dick* will star tenor Ben Heppner as Ahab, tenor Stephen Costello as Greenhorn, baritone Morgan Smith as Starbuck, bass-baritone Jonathan Lemalu as Queequeg, and soprano Talise Trevigne as Pip. Conducted by Patrick Summers, the new opera will be directed by Leonard Foglia in a production designed by Robert Brill with lighting by Don Holder, costumes by Jane Greenwood, and projections by Elaine McCarthy.

Heggie's stage works have been performed by more than a dozen American companies, including the San Francisco Opera, New York City Opera, Houston Grand Opera, Seattle Opera, Cincinnati Opera, Pittsburgh Opera, Ft. Worth Opera, Austin Lyric Opera, and Madison Opera. They have also been featured in international productions in Australia, Canada, Denmark, Germany, Sweden, Ireland, and Austria, with future performances in South Africa and throughout the United States. *Dead Man Walking* has been performed more than 125 times since its San Francisco premiere in 2000, making it one of the most performed American operas. The composer's numerous songs and cycles, including *The Deepest*

Desire, *Statuesque*, *Here and Gone*, *Rise and Fall*, *Songs and Sonnets to Ophelia*, *Facing Forward/Looking Back*, *Friendly Persuasions*, and *Songs to the Moon*, are featured in recitals around the world.

Singers he has collaborated with include sopranos Emily Albrink, Isabel Bayrakdarian, Kristin Clayton, Renée Fleming, Nicolle Foland, Audra McDonald, Leah Partridge, Emil Pulley, and Kiri Te Kanawa; mezzo-sopranos Zheng Cao, Joyce DiDonato, Susan Graham, Kristine Jepson, and Frederica von Stade; Broadway soprano Patti LuPone; tenors Paul Groves, Ben Heppner, and Nicholas Phan; and baritones Philip Cutlip, Thomas Hampson, Daniel Okulitch, Keith Phares, Morgan Smith, and Bryn Terfel.

Future projects include compositions for flutist Carol Wincenc, the Alexander String Quartet, and the Seattle Gay Men's Chorus. Heggie is also one of the composers developing a new opera for New York's Metropolitan Opera in association with Lincoln Center Theater.

Recordings include *Dead Man Walking* (Erato), *Three Decembers* (Albany), *Flesh and Stone* (Americus), *To Hell and Back* (Magnatune), *The Faces of Love* (RCA Red Seal), *The Deepest Desire* (Eloquentia), and *For a Look or a Touch* (Naxos). Heggie was the recipient of a 2005-06 Guggenheim Foundation Fellowship and has been composer-in-residence for the San Francisco Opera, Eos Orchestra, and the Vail Valley Music Festival. As a coach and teacher, he has given classes at universities throughout the United States as well as at summer festivals. Jake Heggie lives in San Francisco. www.jakeheggie.com.