



POLDOWSKI

ART SONGS

Angelique Zuluaga, *soprano*
Gwendolyn Mok, *piano*
Alexander String Quartet
Ryan Zwahlen, *oboe d'amore*

DE 3538



POLDOWSKI | ART SONGS

Down by the Sally* Gardens ♦ O! Let the Solid Ground ♦ To Love ♦ Song ♦
Reeds of Innocence ♦ Narcisse ♦ Sérénade ♦ L'heure exquisite ♦ Dans une
musette ♦ Mandoline ♦ Effet de neige ♦ A Clymène ♦ Cythère ♦ Dimanche
d'Avril ♦ Spleen ♦ Cortège ♦ Bruxelles ♦ A Poor Young Shepherd ♦ Berceuse
d'armorique ♦ Dansons la gigue ♦ Pierrot ♦ Colombine ♦ En Sourdine ♦ Soir

CLAUDE DEBUSSY: Pierrot
REYNALDO HAHN: En sourdine**
LOUIS AUBERT: Soir **

Total Playing Time: 65:28

variant spelling of "Salley"*
alternate settings of the
Poldowski treatments**

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Tracks 1,2,4 and 5: world premiere recordings

POLDOWSKI

ART SONGS

1. Down by the Sally[†] Gardens (1:08)
2. O! Let the Solid Ground (2:53)
3. To Love (1:53)
4. Song (2:17)
5. Reeds of Innocence (1:45)
6. Narcisse (2:32) *
7. Sérénade (2:26)
8. L'heure exquise (2:41)
9. Dans une musette (3:50)
10. Mandoline (1:40)
11. Effet de neige (2:38)
12. A Clymène (2:14)
13. Cythère (1:06)
14. Dimanche d'Avril (2:48)
15. Spleen (2:29)
16. Cortège (1:31)
17. Bruxelles (2:48)
18. A Poor Young Shepherd (1:48)
19. Berceuse d'Armorique (3:55)
20. Dansons la gigue (1:35)
21. CLAUDE DEBUSSY: Pierrot (1:44)
22. POLDOWSKI: Colombine (2:00)
23. REYNALDO HAHN: En sourdine (3:23)
24. POLDOWSKI: En sourdine (2:53)
25. LOUIS AUBERT: Soir (4:50)
26. POLDOWSKI: Soir (4:39) **

Total Playing Time: 65:28

† (var. of Salley)

Tracks 1, 2, 4 and 5: world premiere recordings

Angelique Zuluaga, *soprano*

Gwendolyn Mok, *piano* (Tracks 1–5; 7–26)

Alexander String Quartet *

Ryan Zwahlen, *oboe d'amore* **

Like many other women composers of the past, Poldowski's name is not particularly well known today. Yet between 1900 and her death in 1932, she was a well-known figure in such leading musical meccas as London, Brussels, and New York and — despite her own misgivings — was considered a successful composer. Now the rediscovery of Poldowski's songs brings us closer to this fascinating woman.

Poldowski was the pseudonym of Lady Dean Paul, born Irène Régine Wieniawska, youngest daughter of the celebrated Polish violinist and composer Henryk Wieniawski. She was born in Brussels in 1879 but never knew her famous father due to his early death in 1880. She enjoyed a successful career as a pianist and was a largely self-taught composer. Some biographical sources suggest that she studied piano and composition at the Brussels Conservatoire, though there are no substantiating records. But she is known to have begun composing at an early age, with Schott publishing her first songs in Belgium in the 1890s. Around 1896, she moved to London, where she began to establish herself as a pianist and composer. In 1900, Chappell published Poldowski's first London works, two songs with piano accompaniment.

In 1901 Poldowski married an aristocrat, Sir Aubrey Dean Paul; the marriage lasted until the couple separated in 1921. In 1902, she gave birth to her first son, Aubrey Donald, who died in 1904 — the same year her second son, Brian, was born; her daughter Brenda followed in 1907. During this period, she traveled to Paris to study

with the composers André Gédalge and Vincent d'Indy, though no details of her studies there are known. From 1911 onwards, Roeder and Durand in Paris began publishing her French songs: mostly settings of the poetry of Paul Verlaine, for whose art she felt a great affinity.

In the 1920s, Chester in London published some of Poldowski's music, including more French songs, solo piano pieces, and works for violin and piano as well as clarinet and piano. It appears that most of these songs, despite their dates of publication, were written between 1900 and 1910. Their frequent appearance on concert programs in London and elsewhere earned Poldowski the privilege of becoming personally acquainted with some of the leading performers of the day, including the tenor Gervase Elwes, one of her music's most influential advocates.

Other close associates included Sir Malcolm Sargent, Sir Henry Wood (who twice invited her to perform her works at the Proms in the Queen's Hall), and Sir Thomas Beecham, who was allegedly interested in producing one of her short operas. Indeed, Poldowski enjoyed a hectic social life within London's musical scene, though she associated mostly with performers and artists rather than other composers. Still, she was friendly with some of her contemporaries, including Roger Quilter, Peter Warlock, and Maude Valerie White.

In 1924, in a letter to her publisher Chester, she expressed disappointment that more of her large-scale works had not been accepted for publication. Indeed, much of her oeuvre

remains unpublished, and many of the original scores are missing. In 2003, however, her *Sonata for Violin and Piano* — after gathering dust in the National Library of Poland for many years — was finally published in the United States.

Poldowski's earlier works, which appear to have been composed before the First World War, are French in style: one hears in them distinct echoes of Fauré and Debussy. Yet her own unique voice always prevails. Her later works — which began to be published in the 1920s — show a change in style, one that incorporates a more modernist approach to composition, with increasing use of dissonance and a tendency to explore greater degrees of instrumental virtuosity. For many years, these works remained unperformed.

During her lifetime, Poldowski's works enjoyed international attention and were often featured on concert programs in the United Kingdom, Belgium, France, Spain, and the United States before fading into relative obscurity. But since the dawning of the new millennium, performers — particularly singers — are rediscovering her wonderful miniatures, which are again gaining exposure in concerts and recordings.

The restoration of an article about Poldowski in the 2001 edition of the *New Grove Dictionary II* (which, like those about so many other female composers, had been omitted from the previous edition) has prompted renewed interest in this fascinating lady, who sought to combine family life with musical endeavors and endured extreme hardships for the sake of her art. The

death of her eldest son, the eventual breakup of her marriage, and her often disastrous financial situation, combined with poor health, meant that she had to be resourceful in order to survive. But despite her misfortunes, Poldowski's indomitable spirit and musical gifts gained her the satisfaction of having her music heard — and heralded — during her lifetime.

In 1932, upon her untimely death after a long illness, her more influential friends organized a series of concerts to promote her life's musical legacy and to honor her alleged final words: "Do look after my music!"

Poldowski's talents were not confined to music alone. Sources suggest that she wrote children's stories and designed clothes for her aristocratic friends in the late 1920s, when money was scarce. During that time, she also penned four short essays that express her views on modernism in music, her thoughts on the influence of jazz, her adoration of Verlaine, and her celebration of two settings of Laurent de Tailhade's poetry.

The earliest songs presented here are two settings in English from 1900. "**O! Let the Solid Ground**" (Tennyson) and "**Down by the Sally Gardens**" (Yeats) are essentially drawing room ballads that reveal a youthful composer still in search of her compositional voice. Poldowski's truest talent emerges later in her many settings of Verlaine's poetry, of which thirteen are recorded here.

These settings reveal the clear inspiration Poldowski derived from the verses of this great

symbolist. Verlaine's art never failed to draw highly sympathetic responses from her, replete with music of great beauty, intense feeling, vivid color, and palpable sensuality. In her 1921 essay on the poet, she declares, "...he is of the mob and of the Gods." Indeed, the uncanny "kindred spirit" parallels between their lives and personalities are noteworthy, and we may well interpret this feeling of shared experience as being at the core of their artistic affinity. Verlaine's traits as well as his artistic and human struggles are clearly mirrored in the course of Poldowski's own life: Both had strong artistic temperaments, the inability to learn from life's mistakes, failed marriages, experimentation with drugs, dalliances with same-sex relationships, conversion to Catholicism, severe financial problems, and long-term illness — all of which bind these two remarkable talents. It seems inevitable that Poldowski would create so many Verlaine settings.

Poldowski felt a particularly strong attraction to the poems of Verlaine's *Fêtes galantes*. These eighteenth-century pastiches celebrate bucolic scenes peopled with characters from the Italian commedia dell'arte tradition. "**A Clymène**" is a languid love song cloaked in a barcarolle, and "**En sourdine**" recalls the poet's love as it is reflected quietly in his natural surroundings. "**Colombine**," "**Cythère**," "**Mandoline**" and "**Cortège**" deliver highly charged and playful character sketches.

Similarly, the inclusion here of Claude Debussy's early song, "**Pierrot**," captures an equally playful, but vocally challenging treatment. Reynaldo Hahn's

setting of "**En sourdine**," from his *Chansons grises*, shares many similar traits with the Poldowski setting in terms of ambiance and restraint.

Verlaine's *Aquarelles* collection is represented here by three settings. The darkly brooding "**Spleen**" contrasts with the vibrant and dramatic "**Dansons la gigue**," while "**A Poor Young Shepherd**" (Verlaine's only poem with an English title), recalls the pastoral elegance of *Fêtes galantes* and many other Verlaine poems.

"**L'heure exquise**" is one of Poldowski's best-loved songs. Taken from the collection *La bonne chanson*, written for Verlaine's wife, Mathilde, it typifies the excesses of youthful love that hover between the peaceful evocation of moonlit landscapes and the lovers' passionate outcries — all of which finally melt into ecstasy in "The exquisite hour." The remaining Verlaine settings — "**Bruxelles**," "**Dimanche d'Avril**" and "**Effet de neige**" — are thoughtful reflections on Nature. Coincidentally, they share musical allusions to bells: a preoccupation shared by many symbolist poets — and their composers.

The other French settings heard here treat the verses of Adolphe Retté in "**Sérénade**," Albert Samain in "**Soir**" — partnered here with a setting of the same poem by Louis Aubert — and Anatole Le Braz in "**Berceuse d'Armorique**." The latter setting discloses an especially poignant personal note, as it is a lullaby for a dead baby: no doubt sorrowfully inspired by the loss of Poldowski's own firstborn. One of her most lyrical songs, Poldowski's own setting of

“**Soir**” benefits from the interesting addition of an oboe d’amore part that tenderly reinforces the piece’s plaintive quality. Based on a French folk dance, “**Dans une musette**” is the only published setting by a female poet, “Jean Dominique,” the pseudonym of Marie Closette.

Three later English settings, published in 1924, include two contrasting treatments of poems by William Blake. These settings are characterized by simpler musical textures and increasingly dissonant harmonies. Parallels can be drawn with the work of the French composers known as *Les Six*, whose neoclassical approach served as a reaction to the excesses of the so-called Impressionists. “**Reeds of Innocence**” captures the innocent childlike glee of Blake’s poem while “**Song**” recalls the lute songs of early English composers. The composer also adheres to this style for her setting of “**To Love**,” a short and slightly modernist account of an anonymous medieval-style text.

“**Narcisse**” is Poldowski’s last published song and is certainly the most openly modern work on this album. Here she unveils a stylistic departure from her other songs, most notably in her use of bitonality. The accompanying string quartet enhances the ghostly representation of Narcissus with its muted string *tremolandi* and trills. One has to wonder if such an altered compositional style hints at the direction in which Poldowski — had she lived longer — would have evolved.

— David Mooney

1. Down by the Sally* Gardens

Down by the Sally Gardens
My love and I did meet,
She pass’d the Sally Gardens
With little snow-white feet.
She bid me take life easy,
As the leaves grow on the tree,
But I, being young and foolish,
With her would not agree.
In a field by the river,
My love and I did stand,
And on my leaning shoulder
She laid her snow-white hand,
She bid me take love easy,
As the grass grows on the weirs,
But I was young and foolish,
And now am full of tears.

(W.B. Yeats)

* As it is spelled in printed score;
a variant of “Salley.”



2. O! Let the Solid Ground

O! Let the solid ground
Not fail beneath my feet,
Before my life has found
What some have found so sweet.
Then, let come what may;
No matter if I go mad,
I shall have had my day!
Let the sweet heavens endure,
Not close and darken above me,

Before I am quite, quite sure
That there is one to love me.
Then, let come what come may;
To a life that has been so sad,
I shall have had my day!

(Alfred, Lord Tennyson, from *Maud*)



3. To Love

Love, the beauty of the eyes
of my beloved,
has made me her slave,
and yours.
The glory of her eyes,
and your fire possesses my heart.
Therefore I pray you
sweet god of love
that you make her realize
and feel your holy fire
on my behalf,
so that she see,
I die of love for her,
that die I slowly,
as a martyr,
little by little.
And when the time comes,
speak with her of me,
so willing would I breathe
your name to her.

(Anonymous)



4. Song

My silks and fine array,
My smiles and languish'd air
By love are driven away
And mournful lean despair
Sends me Yew to deck my grave
Such end true lovers have
His face is fair as heaven
When springing buds unfold
O why to him wast given
Whose heart was wintry cold
His breast is Love's all-worshipped tomb
Where all Love's pilgrims come
Bring me an axe and spade,
Bring me my winding sheet
When I my grave have made
Let winds and tempests beat,
Then down I'll lie as cold as clay
True love doth pass away.

(William Blake)



5. Reeds of Innocence

Piping songs of pleasant glee
On a cloud I saw a child
And he laughing said to me
Pipe a song about a lamb!
So I piped with merry cheer.
Piper pipe that song again
So I piped, he wept to hear
Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe,
Sing thy songs of happy cheer!

So I sung the same again
While he wept with joy to hear.
Piper sit thee down and write
In a book that all may read!
So he vanished from my sight;
And I plucked a hollow reed,
And I made a rural pen,
And I stain'd the water clear
And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear.

(William Blake)



6. Narcisse

Oh! Quelle est cette ombre qui me regarde
L'eau que vire l'entoure d'une auréole
de lumière
Son corps blanc comme le Lys se penche
vers moi
Et dans mes yeux des paroles que sa bouche
n'ose me dire.
Je tremble, j'expire, ouvre tes bras,
enlace moi
Ombre divine que nos deux êtres
se confondent
en une étreinte éternelle.
Amour! Couronne nos fronts de fleurs
blêmes et glacées.
Narcisse, O mon amant!

(Poldowski)

Narcissus

Oh! What is this ghost that is watching me,
The swirling water surrounds it
with a halo of light,
Its white body like a lily bends towards me
and in my eyes puts words which its mouth
dares not speak to me.
I quiver, I exhale, open your arms,
embrace me divine specter so that our
two foreheads will melt in an eternal
coupling.
Love! Crown our heads with pale
and frozen flowers.
Narcissus, O my lover!



7. Sérénade

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
où palpite
L'or des étoiles limpides,
Les cascades murmurantes,
Les vagules chuchoteuses,
sous les yeuses
Vers la lune se lamentent.

Entends cette voix charmante:
L'eau qui chante. Viens, je sais
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 fuit sous les roseaux.

(Adolphe Retté, *La forêt bruissante*)

Serenade

Beautiful one, the moon is
so calm:
Taken from the lips of the
water-nymphs,
The evening sleeps amongst
the reeds,
And even a bird
Does not arise.
Watch languishing along
the shores,
the dreaming water
The black chestnut trees
sigh where
The gold of the limpid stars
twinkles,
The murmuring waterfalls,
The whispering currents,
under the holly-oaks,
Lament to the moon.

Hear this charming voice:
The singing water.
Come, I know a vale of
strawberries,
I plait your tresses
A wreath of marjoram...
You turn away, you muse
Of the white bouquets of
elderberry tree?
I undo your sash,
And I catch your tear.
The lascivious water, further
away, turns silver
The dreaming water, the singing
water,
The water that recedes beneath
the reeds.



8. L'heure exquise

La lune blanche
Luit dans les bois;
De chaque branche
Part une voix
Sous la ramée...
Ô bien-aimée.
L'étang reflète,
Profond miroir,
La silhouette
Du saule noir
Où le vent pleure...
Rêvons, c'est l'heure.
Un vaste et tendre
Apaisement

Semble descendre
Du firmament
Que l'astre irise...
C'est l'heure exquise.

(Paul Verlaine, *La bonne chanson*, No. 6)

The Exquisite Hour

The white moon
Shines in the woods;
From every branch
A voice is heard
Beneath the branches,
O my beloved.
The pond reflects,
Like a deep mirror,
The silhouette
Of the black willow
Where the wind weeps...
Let us dream, for it is the hour.
A vast and tender
Calm
Seems to descend
From the heavens
Made iridescent by the moon...
It is the exquisite hour.



9. Dans une musette

Quand j'aurai jeté mon âme
comme un caillou dans la mer
Je promènerai longtemps,
tout le long des pays verts,

Ma musette diligente et pleine
de nouveaux airs. Ils seront
d'allure folle,
sitôt oubliés que dits,
Sitôt perdus que joués,
vagues, vagues... et, tant pis!
N'ayant d'âme plus assez
pour aller en Paradis.

Avec des mots blanc sur blanc,
de silence évanouis,
Avec des rires, des cris,
des larmes parfois aussi,
J'y hasarderai mon cœur,
l'amour en étant sorti.
Tout le long des pays verts,
d'une démarche légère,
Je promènerai ma vie
dans cette musette claire
Qu'écouteront les agneaux,
les enfants et les grand-mères.
J'irai, j'irai, je te dis!
quand j'aurai jeté mon âme,
Quand j'aurai jeté ceci que
personne ne réclame,
Et que le porte en souci
depuis mes premières larmes.

(Marie Clossette, dite [aka] Jean
Dominique, *La gaule blanche*)

In a musette

When I have thrown my soul
like a pebble into the sea,
I shall walk for a long time,

all along the green country,
My diligent musette, is full of new airs.
They will have a manic character,
no sooner told than forgotten,
No sooner lost than played,
vague, vague... and too bad!
Not possessing enough soul
to enter paradise.

With words white on white,
of disappearing silence,
With laughter, with cries,
and with tears sometimes,
I would risk my heart as well,
since love has left it.
All through the green country,
with light step,
I will walk my life with this
clear-sounding musette
Heard by lambs, children
and grandmothers.
I'll go, I'll go, I tell you! when I have
thrown away my soul,
When I have cast away
that which no one will claim,
And which I have carried anxiously
ever since my first tears.



10. Mandoline

Les donneurs de sérénades
Et les belles écouteuses
Échangent des propos fades
Sous les ramures chanteuses.

C'est Tircis et c'est Aminte,
Et c'est l'éternel Clitandre,
Et c'est Damis qui pour mainte
Cruelle fait maint vers tendre.

Leurs courtes vestes de soie,
Leurs longues robes à queues,
Leur élégance, leur joie
Et leurs molles ombres bleues
Tourbillonnent dans l'extase
D'une lune rose et grise,
Et la mandoline jase
Parmi les frissons de brise.

(Paul Verlaine, *Fêtes galantes*, No. 15)

Mandolin

The singers of serenades
And the beautiful listeners
Exchange idle words
Beneath the singing branches.
There's Tircis and there's Aminte,
And the eternal Clitandre,
And Damis, who, for many
Cruel, writes many a tender verse.

Their short silk coats,
Their long gowns with trains,
Their elegance, their joy
And their soft blue shadows
Twirl in the ecstasy
Of a moon pink and gray,
And the mandolin chatters
Amidst the quivering breezes.

11. Effet de neige

Dans l'interminable
Ennui de la plaine
La neige incertaine
Luit comme du sable.

Le ciel est de cuivre
Sans lueur aucune.
On croirait voir vivre
Et mourir la lune.

Comme des nuées
Flottent gris les chênes
Des forêts prochaines
Parmi les buées.
Le ciel est de cuivre
Sans lueur aucune.
On croirait voir vivre
Et mourir la lune.

Corneille poussive
Et vous, les loups maigres,
Par ces bises aigres
Quoi donc vous arrive?
Dans l'interminable
Ennui de la plaine
La neige incertaine
Luit comme du sable.

(Paul Verlaine, *Romances sans paroles, Ariettes oubliées*, No. 8)

The effect of the snow

In the endless
Tedium of the plain
The uncertain snow
Gleams like sand.

The sky is copper
With no glow at all.
One could imagine
The moon is living and dying.

Like clouds,
Seem to drift, grey
The oaks in the nearby forests
Amongst the mists.
The sky is copper
With no glow at all.
One could imagine
The moon living and dying.

Wheezy crow
And you, skinny wolves
What is happening to you
In these bitter winds?
In the endless
Tedium of the plain
The uncertain snow
Gleams like sand.



12. À clymène

Mystiques barcarolles,
Romances sans paroles,

Chère, puisque tes yeux,
Couleur des cieux,
Puisque ta voix, étrange
Vision qui dérange
Et trouble l'horizon
De ma raison,
Puisque l'arôme insigne
De ta pâleur de cygne.
Et puisque la candeur
De ton odeur,
Ah! puisque tout ton être,
Musique qui pénètre,
Nimbés d'anges défunts,
Tons et parfums,
A, sur d'âmes cadences,
En ses correspondances
Induit mon cœur subtil,
Ainsi soit-il!

(Paul Verlaine, *Fêtes galantes*, No. 16)

To Clymène

Mystical barcarolles,
Songs without words,
My darling, because your eyes,
The color of the skies,
Because your voice, strange
Vision which upsets
And troubles the horizon
Of my reason,
Because the distinctive aroma
Of your swan-like pallor
And because the candor
Of your scent,
Ah! Because all your being,

A penetrating music,
Nimbuses of deceased angels,
Tones and perfumes
Has, by its fair cadences,
In its harmonious music:
Ensnared my subtle heart.
So be it!



13. Cythère

Un pavillon à claires-voies
Abrite doucement nos joies
Qu'éventent des rosiers amis;
L'odeur des roses, faible,
Grâce borne Au vent léger d'été
qui passe,
Se mêle aux parfums qu'elle a mis;
Comme ses yeux l'avaient promis
Son courage est grand et sa lèvre
Communique une exquise fièvre;
Et l'Amour comblant tout, hormis
La faim, sorbets et confitures
Nous préservent des courbatures.

(Paul Verlaine, *Fêtes galantes*, No. 12)

Cythera

A latticed pavilion
Barely shelters our joys
Fanned by friendly rosebushes
The faint fragrance of roses,
On the passing light summer breeze,
Mingles with her perfume;

As her eyes had promised,
Her courage is great and her lips
Reveal an exquisite excitement;
And with Love satisfying all
Except for hunger,
With sorbets and sweet preserves
Save us from its pangs.



14. Dimanche d'Avril

L'échelonnement des haies
Moutonne à l'infini, mer
Claire dans le brouillard clair
Qui sent bon les jeunes baies.
Des arbres et des moulins
Sont légers sous le vert tendre
Où vient s'ébattre et s'étendre
L'agilité des poulains.
Dans ce vague d'un Dimanche
Voici se jouer aussi
De grandes brebis aussi
Douce que leur laine blanche.
Tout à l'heure déferlait L'onde,
roulée en volutes,
De cloches comme des flûtes Bells,
Dans le ciel comme du lait.

(Paul Verlaine, *Sagesse*, III, 13)

Sunday in April

The spreading hedgerows
Foam infinitely,
A clear sea in the light mist

Which smells sweetly of young berries.
Trees and windmills
Are light above the tender green
Where the frisky foals
Come to frolic and stretch.
On this hazy Sunday,
See also the large sheep playing together
Soft as their white wool.
Just now there unfurled a wave,
Rolling in spirals,
Of bells like flutes
In a milky-white sky.



15. Spleen

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!

(Paul Verlaine, *Romances sans paroles, Aquarelles*)

The roses were all red,
And the ivy all black.

My dear, for you the slightest
movement,
Rekindles all my despair.
The sky was too blue, too gentle,
The sea too green and the air
too sweet.
Always I am afraid – for this
is expected!
For that treacherous flight of yours.
Of the holly with its glossy leaves
And of the shiny boxwood
I am weary,
And of the infinite countryside
And, of everything except you,
Alas !



16. Cortège

Un singe en veste de brocart
Trotte et gambade devant elle
Qui froisse un mouchoir de dentelle
Dans sa main gantée avec art,
Tandis qu'un négrillon tout rouge
Maintient à tour de bras les pans
De sa lourde robe en suspens,
Attentif à tout pli qui bouge;
Le singe ne perd pas des yeux
La gorge blanche de la dame,
Opulent trésor que réclame
Le torse nu de l'un des dieux;
Le négrillon parfois soulève
Plus haut qu'il ne faut, l'aigrefin,

Son fardeau somptueux, afin
De voir ce dont la nuit il rêve;
Elle va par les escaliers,
Et ne paraît pas davantage
Sensible à l'insolent suffrage
De ses animaux familiers.

(Paul Verlaine, *Fêtes galantes*, No. 8)

A monkey in a brocade vest
Trots and gambols before her
As she twists a lace handkerchief
In her artfully gloved hand,
While a little black boy
dressed in red
Keeps at arm's length and holds up
The train of her heavy gown,
Attentive watching every
moving fold;
The monkey's eyes never leave
The lady's pale neck,
An opulent treasure worthy
Of the bare torso of one of the gods;
The black boy sometimes lifts up
Higher than is needed – the little
rascal –

His sumptuous burden, to reveal
A glimpse of what he dreams of
at night;
She takes the stairs
And seems indifferent
To the insolent appeals
Of her two pets.



17. Bruxelles

La fuite est verdâtre et rose
Des collines et des rampes,
Dans un demi-jour de lampes
Qui vient brouiller toute chose.
L'or, sur les humbles abîmes,
Tout doucement s'ensanglante,
Des petits arbres sans cimes,
Où quelque oiseau faible chante.
Triste à peine tant s'effacent
Ces apparences d'automne,
Toutes mes langueurs rêvassent,
Que berce l'air monotone.

(Paul Verlaine, *Romances sans paroles*,
Paysages belges)

Brussels

Greenish and pink are the
Fleeting hills and slopes
Amidst the half-light of the street lamps
Which makes everything obscure.
The golden light on the humble depths
Slowly blood-stains everything,
Little topless trees,
Where a bird sings faintly.
I am scarcely sad,
To these evanescent signs of Autumn,
All my languor daydreams,
Cradled by the monotonous air.



18. A Poor Young Shepherd

J'ai peur d'un baiser
Comme d'une abeille.
Je souffre et je veille
Sans me reposer.
J'ai peur d'un baiser!
Pourtant j'aime Kate
Et ses yeux jolis.
Elle est délicate
Aux longs traits pâlis.
Oh! que j'aime Kate!
C'est Saint-Valentin!
Je dois et je n'ose Lui
dire au matin...
La terrible chose
Que Saint-Valentin!
Elle m'est promise,
Fort heureusement!
Mais quelle entreprise
Que d'être un amant
Près d'une promise!
J'ai peur d'un baiser
Comme d'une abeille.
Je souffre et je veille
Sans me reposer:
J'ai peur d'un baiser!

(Paul Verlaine, *Romances sans paroles*, *Aquarelles*)

I'm afraid of a kiss
As I fear a bee.
I suffer and lie awake
Without rest.
I'm afraid of a kiss!
How much I love Kate

And her pretty eyes.
She is delicate
With long pale features.
Oh, how I love Kate!
It's St Valentine's Day!
I must, yet dare not,
Tell her In the morning...
The terrible thing
St Valentine's Day is!
She was promised to me,
Very fortunately!
But what an enterprise
To be a lover
Close to a promise!
I'm afraid of a kiss
As I fear a bee,
I suffer and lie awake
Without rest;
I'm afraid of a kiss!



19. Berceuse d'armorique

Dors, petit enfant,
dans ton lit bien clos:
Dieu prenne en pitié
les bons matelots!
Chante ta chanson,
chante, bonne vieille!
La lune se lève et
la mer s'éveille.
Au pays du froid, la houle
des fjords
Chante sa berceuse en
berçant les morts. –

Chante ta chanson,
chante, bonne vieille!
La lune se lève et
la mer s'éveille.
Dors, petit enfant,
dans ton lit bien doux,
Car tu t'en iras comme
ils s'en vont tous.
Chante ta chanson, chante,
bonne vieille! La lune se lève
et la mer s'éveille.
Tes yeux ont déjà la couleur
des flots.
Dieu prenne en pitié
les bons matelots! –
Chante ta chanson,
chante, bonne vieille!
La lune se lève et
la mer s'éveille.

(Anatole Le Braz, *La chanson de la Bretagne*)

Armorican lullaby

Sleep, little child,
in your snug little bed:
May God have mercy
on the good sailors!
Sing your song, sing,
good old woman!
The moon is rising
and the sea is awakening.
In that cold country,
the swell of the fiords
Sings her lullaby
while rocking the dead.

Sing your song, sing,
good old woman!
The moon is rising
and the sea is awakening.
Sleep, little child,
in your very soft bed,
For you will go away
like they all do. –
Sing your song, sing,
good old woman!
The moon is rising
and the sea is awakening.
Your eyes already have
the color of the waves.
May God have mercy
on the good sailors!
Sing your song, sing,
good old woman!
The moon is rising
and the sea is awakening.

[Note: Armorica was a region
of ancient Gaul now known
as Brittany.]



20. Dansons la gigue

Dansons la gigue!
J'aimais surtout ses jolis yeux,
Plus clairs que l'étoile des cieux,
J'aimais ses yeux malicieux.
Dansons la gigue!
Elle avait des façons vraiment
De désoler un pauvre amant,

Que c'en était vraiment charmant!
Dansons la gigue!
Mais je trouve encore meilleur
Le baiser de sa bouche en fleur,
Depuis qu'elle est morte
à mon cœur.
Dansons la gigue!
Je me souviens, je me souviens
Des heures et des entretiens,
Et c'est le meilleur de mes biens.
Dansons la gigue!

(Paul Verlaine, *Romances sans
paroles, Aquarelles*)

Let's Dance the Jig

Let's dance the Jig!
I loved her pretty eyes most of all,
Clearer than the stars in the skies,
I loved her mischievous eyes.
Let's dance the Jig!
She really had a knack
Of saddening a poor lover;
Who was truly charming!
Let's dance the Jig!
But I find even lovelier
The kiss of her blossoming mouth
Since she died in my heart.
Let's dance the Jig!
I remember, I remember
Times and our meetings,
And those were my best times.
Let's dance the Jig!



21. (Claude Debussy) Pierrot

Le bon Pierrot, que la foule
contemple,
Ayant fini les noces d'Arlequin,
Suit en songeant le boulevard
du Temple.
Une fillette au souple casaquin
En vain l'agace de son oeil coquin ;
Et cependant mystérieuse et lisse
Faisant de lui sa plus chère délice,
La blanche lune aux cornes
de taureau
Jette un regard de son oeil
en coulisse
À son ami Jean Gaspard Deburau.

(Théodore Faullin de Banville
Les cariatides-Les Caprices
en dizains à la manière
de Clément Marot, No. 6)

Good old Pierrot, whom the
crowd admires,
Having concluded Harlequin's wedding,
Daydreaming walks along the
Boulevard du Temple,
A girl with a supple blouse
Vainly sends him a flirtatious look;
And however mysterious and smooth,
Taking her sweetest delight in him,
The white moon, bull-horned,
Throws a furtive glance
At her friend Jean Gaspard Deburau.



22. Colombine

Léandre le sot,
Pierrot qui d'un saut De puce
Franchit le buisson,
Cassandre sous sa Capuce,
Arlequin aussi, Cet aigrefin
si Fantastique
Aux costumes fous,
Ses yeux luisant sous
Son masque,
– Do, mi, sol, mi, fa, –
Tout ce monde va,
Rit, chante
Et danse devant
Une belle enfant, Méchante.
Dont les yeux pervers
Dont les yeux verts des chattes,
Gardent ses appas Et disent:
"À bas Les pattes!"
– Eux ils vont toujours! –
Fatidique cours Des astres,
Oh! dis-moi vers quels
Mornes ou cruels Désastres
L'implacable enfant,
Preste et relevant sa jupes,
La rose au chapeau,
Conduit son troupeau De dupes?

(Paul Verlaine, *Fêtes galantes*, No. 19)

Leander the fool,
Pierrot who in a flea's leap
Clears the bush,
Cassandra hidden by her hood,
Harlequin too,

That temperamental swindler,
Fantastical
In his mad disguises,
His eyes gleaming beneath
his mask,
– Do, mi, sol, mi, fa, –
They all go,
Laughing, singing
And dancing behind
The beautiful but naughty
little girl
Whose perverse eyes,
Like green cat eyes,
Disguise her charms. And say,
“Paws off!”
As for them, they’re still
carrying on! –
Fateful path of the stars,
Oh tell me towards which
Dismal and cruel disasters
Is this relentless child,
Lifting up Her skirts,
A rose in her hat,
Leading her troupe of idiots?



23, 24. En sourdine (Two settings:
Reynaldo Hahn and Poldowski)

Calmes dans le demi-jour
Que les branches hautes font,
Pénétrons bien notre amour
De ce silence profond.
Fondons nos âmes, nos cœurs
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 cœur endormi
Chasse à jamais tout dessein.
Laissons-nous persuader
Au souffle berceur et doux,
Qui vient à tes pieds rider
Les ondes de gazon roux.
Et quand, solennel, le soir
Des chênes noirs tombera,
Voix de notre désespoir,
Le rossignol chantera.

(Paul Verlaine, *Fêtes galantes*, No. 21)

Muted

Calm in the half-day
Made by the high branches,
Let our love be penetrated
By this profound silence.
Let us merge our souls, our hearts,
And our ecstatic sense,
Amidst the vague languors
Of pines and the arbutus.
Half-close your eyes,
Fold your arms over your breast,
And from your sleeping heart
Chase away forever all design.
Let us be persuaded
By the soft, lulling breeze
That comes at your feet
To ripple the waves of russet grass.
And when, solemnly, the evening

Descends over the black oaks,
The voice of our despair,
The nightingale will sing.



25, 26. Soir

(Two settings: Louis Aubert and
Poldowski)

Le Séraphin des soirs passe le long
des fleurs...
La Dame-aux-Songes chante à l'orgue
de l'église;
Et le ciel, où la fin du jour se subtilise,
Prolonge une agonie exquise
de couleurs.

Le Séraphin des soirs passe
le long des cœurs...
Les vierges au balcon boivent
l'amour des brises;

Et sur les fleurs et sur les
vierges indécises
Il neige lentement d'adorables
pâleurs.
Toute rose au jardin s'incline,
lente et lasse,
Et l'âme de Schumann errante
par l'espace
Semble dire une peine impossible
à guérir...
Quelque part une enfant très douce
doit mourir...
Ô mon âme,

mets un signet au livre d'heures,
L'Ange va recueillir le rêve
que tu pleures.

(Albert Samain, *Au jardin de l'infante, Soirs II*)

Evening

The evening seraphim passes
by the rows of flowers...
Our Lady of Dreams sings
to the church organ;
And the sky, where the end of
the day becomes subtle,
Prolongs an exquisite agony of colors.

The evening seraphim passes
the row of hearts...
The virgins on the balcony
drink the love carried on the breezes;

And on the flowers and
indecisive virgins
It snows slowly with adorable pallor.
Each rose in the garden bows down,
slow and weary,
And Schumann's soul wandering
in space
Seems to tell of an incurable pain...
Somewhere a very sweet child
soon will die...
O my soul,
place a bookmark in the book
of hours,
The angel will come to collect
the dream for which you weep.



Soprano **Angelique Zuluaga** has performed operas, oratorios, and chamber music throughout the United States and South America and can be found frequently collaborating with composers in new works. Her voice has been described as “free-floating and unfettered” (*Bloomington Herald-Times*), “dark and delicate” (*Indianapolis Star*), and as an “exquisite and expressive voice, capable of a wide dynamic range from the most delicate sotto voce pianissimos to full-voiced fortissimo coloratura passages” (*Monterey Herald*). Past engagements include soprano soloist with the San Francisco Symphony for the inaugural concert of Soundbox under the direction of Michael Tilson Thomas, the role of the Mother in Menotti’s *Amahl and the Night Visitors* with the Monterey Symphony Orchestra, as well as soloist in the Brahms *Requiem* with the Indianapolis Symphonic Choir and Handel’s *Ode to St. Cecilia* with the orchestra of St. Luke’s at Zankel Hall under the direction of Ton Koopman.

She created the role of Chirinos in the world premiere of *Las Cuerdas del titiritero* by Gerardo Dirié, and she has collaborated with Aguavá New Music Studio on several occasions, including the world premiere of Aurelio De La Vega’s *Variacion del Recuerdo* at the Coolidge auditorium of the Library of Congress. An avid performer of chamber and choral music, she has been with the professional chorale of the Carmel Bach Festival and the Philharmonia Baroque Orchestra and Chorale for numerous seasons.

Winner of Indiana University's 2006 Latin American Fellowship, she also holds awards, grants, and scholarships for her performance, research, and concert programming from the Early Music Institute of Indiana University, The Latin American Music Center of Indiana University, Metropolitan Opera Council, Universidad Del Valle National Art Prizes, and the Embassy of Spain. Ms. Zuluaga began her singing career in Cali, Colombia, South America where she received her Licenciatura en Música with Emperatriz Figueroa as her major professor in voice at the Universidad del Valle. Further studies in music led her to the Jacobs School of Music and Early Music Institute at Indiana University, where she completed two master's degrees in voice performance and early music.

Born in New York City, pianist **Gwendolyn Mok** has appeared in many of the world's leading concert halls, including the Barbican, Carnegie Hall, the Kennedy Center, Avery Fisher Hall, Alice Tully Hall, Davies Symphony Hall, and the Hong Kong Performing Arts Center. She is frequently invited to play and record with major international orchestras, such as the London Symphony, the Philharmonia, the Hong Kong Philharmonic Orchestra, the Beijing Philharmonic Orchestra, and the Residency Orchestra of The Hague.

Ms. Mok is a recording artist for Nonesuch/Elektra, Musical Heritage Society, Musician Showcase Recordings, Cala Records, and EMI. Her highly acclaimed debut CD with



the Philharmonia of Ravel's *Piano Concerto in G Major* on the Cala label was nominated for an Alternative Edison award. A second Cala recording of Saint-Saëns' *Africa — Fantasy for Piano and Orchestra* with the London Philharmonic has been equally applauded. Two solo CDs, *Ravel Revealed* (Ravel's piano works) and *Brahms: Late Piano Works*, were recorded on historic pianos for the Musicians Showcase Recording (MSR) label. Her most recent CD, *Legacy: the Spirit of Beethoven*, also recorded on historic pianos, has received universal acclaim. All three CDs received outstanding reviews and are broadcast frequently around the world.

As a chamber musician, Ms. Mok appears regularly in the San Francisco Symphony Chamber Music Series, as well as in the San Jose Chamber Society and the Sacramento Chamber Society series. She collaborates often with members of the New York Philharmonic and the Philadelphia Orchestra. A popular soloist with the Symphony Silicon Valley, Ms. Mok co-produced and appeared in four sold-out performances of *The Gershwin Radio Hour*. Ms. Mok was named 2015-2016 President's Scholar by San Jose State University in recognition of her outstanding research and scholarly contribution in her field – and in 2008 she was presented the Outstanding Artistic Achievement Award by the College of Humanities and the Arts. Dr. Mok is Coordinator of Keyboard Studies and the Director of the Historic Keyboard Collection in the music department at San Jose State University. Ms. Mok began her studies at the Juilliard

School of Music, completed her undergraduate work at Yale University, and earned her master's and doctorate degrees at the State University of New York at Stony Brook.

Celebrating its 35th Anniversary in 2016, the **Alexander String Quartet** has performed in the major music capitals of five continents, securing its standing among the world's premier ensembles. Widely admired for its interpretations of Beethoven, Mozart, Shostakovich, and Brahms, the quartet's recordings of the Beethoven cycle (twice), Bartók, and Shostakovich cycles have won international critical acclaim. The quartet has also established itself as an important advocate of new music through over thirty commissions from such composers as Jake Heggie, Cindy Cox, Tarik O'Regan, Samuel Carl Adams, Augusta Read Thomas, Robert Greenberg, Martin Bresnick, Richard Festinger, Cesar Cano, and Pulitzer Prize-winner Wayne Peterson.

The Alexander String Quartet is a major artistic presence in its home base of San Francisco, serving since 1989 as Ensemble in Residence of San Francisco Performances, and Directors of the Morrison Chamber Music Center in the College of Liberal and Creative Arts at San Francisco State University. Among the fine musicians with whom the Alexander String Quartet has collaborated are pianists Joyce Yang, Roger Woodward, Anne-Marie McDermott, Menachem Pressler, Marc-André Hamelin, and Jeremy Menuhin; clarinetists Joan Enric Lluna,



David Shifrin, Richard Stoltzman, and Eli Eban; soprano Elly Ameling; mezzo-soprano Joyce DiDonato; violinist Midori; cellists Lynn Harrell, Sadao Harada, and David Requiro; and jazz greats Branford Marsalis, David Sanchez, and Andrew Speight.

The quartet has worked with many composers including Aaron Copland, George Crumb, and Elliott Carter, and has long enjoyed a close relationship with composer-lecturer Robert Greenberg, performing numerous lecture-concerts with him annually.

The Alexander String Quartet was formed in New York City in 1981 and captured international attention as the first American quartet to win the London International String Quartet Competition in 1985. The quartet has received honorary degrees from Allegheny College and Saint Lawrence University, and Presidential medals from Baruch College (CUNY).

Oboist **Ryan Zwahlen** has lived in California since 2000 and has performed with groups including the Los Angeles Philharmonic and the San Diego Symphony. Since relocating to the San Francisco Bay Area in 2014, Ryan has performed with the Santa Rosa Symphony, Opera San Jose, Santa Cruz Symphony and Ballet, Merced Symphony, Pacific Chamber Orchestra, Fremont Symphony, and the conductorless chamber orchestra One Found Sound.

From 2010-2014 Ryan was Music Department Chair and faculty member at the Idyllwild Arts Academy, and he taught during the Idyllwild Arts Summer Program from 2012-2016. In 2017, he joined the faculty of Young Musicians and Artists, Oregon's premiere residential arts camp.

Also an avid chamber musician, he has been a member of the Vientos Trio (winner of the 2011 Beverly Hills Auditions), West Coast Wind Quintet (finalist in the 2013 San Diego Chamber Music Competition), and Definiens, and performed with the Bay Area's Frequency 49 during their 2015-16 season. He's also been a featured per-



former at the Fresno New Music Festival and Hot Air Music Festival in San Francisco.

Ryan holds degrees from the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign and Arizona State University and pursued doctoral studies at UCLA. His principal teachers include Nancy Ambrose King, Martin Shuring, and Marion Kuszyk.

I am deeply grateful to all the voice teachers, coaches, early music specialists, mentors and conductors who have helped me to find my own voice — especially Emperatriz Figueroa, Dale Moore, and Mary Ann Hart. I also extend my sincerest thanks to the professors at the Historical Music Institute at Indiana University, Bloomington, for their inspiration and guidance. I am further indebted to Gwendolyn Mok, David v.R. Bowles, Patricia Kristof Moy and David Mooney for their advice, research, encouragement and patience. I thank the British Library of London and the Petrucci Music Library for giving me access to music that I would otherwise not be able to share with audiences — and the people at Delos for their support and faith in this endeavor. Thanks as well to Leslie Jones at Skywalker Sound for her incredible patience. I am especially thankful for my ever-supportive husband — and for my two sons, Martin and Santiago, who are the crux and kindle of my artistic inspiration. — Angelique Zuluaga

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