

BALCH AUDITORIUM

Wednesday Evening, June 25 at Seven-Thirty

LUCY SHELTON, SOPRANO

KARL KOHN, COMPOSER-PIANIST

Inspired by the Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heink Collection at Honnold Library

ON THE OCCASION OF THE 38TH ANNUAL RBMS PRECONFERENCE
CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA

1997

Program

I.

Two Songs from "Péchés de vieillesse" (1857-1868) Rossini

Comment, disaient-ils? (1842) } Liszt
Die drei Zigeuner (1860) }

II.

Pastorale (1907)
Four Russian Songs (1918-1919) } Stravinsky
The Owl and the Pussy-Cat (1966) }

III.

Acht Zigeunerlieder, Opus 103 (1887) Brahms

— *intermission* —

IV.

The Resplendent Air (1985)
(Five Songs of Four Catalan Poets) } Karl Kohn
(written for Lucy Shelton)

V.

Turn-of-the-Century Favorites of Mme. Schumann-Heink

To a Messenger } Frank La Forge
Where the West Begins }

Trees Oscar Rasbach

With Granny Mrs. H. H. A. Beach

Dawn in the Desert Gertrude Ross

The Danza George W. Chadwick

Carrie
Thank you for
so much for
all of this.

Lucy Shelton

I

Gioacchino Rossini
(1792-1868)

Two Songs from "Péchés de vieillesse" (1857-1868)
SONG: (1) Chanson de Zora (La Petite Bohémienne)

CHANSON DE ZORA (La Petite Bohémienne)

Gens de la plaine ou de l'âpre montagne.
Je ne sais pas d'où je viens. où je vais.
Je trouve, hélas, même en votre Bretagne.
Le temps, la route et le sort mauvais.

Mais il faut vous plaire.
Gagner mon salaire.
Et Zora sourira,
Dansera, chantera.

Chaque journée humble vie est la mienne:
J'entends crier: "allons, allons, tourne à
tous vents.
"Amuse-nous, chante et ris. Bohémienne".
Quand pleurer seule est si doux bien souvent.

Mais j'ai Dieu pour père.
Et Dieu me dit: "Espère".
Oui, Zora sourira,
Dansera, chantera.

—Emile Deschamps

ZORA'S SONG (The little gypsy girl)

People of the plains or of the harsh mountains.
I know not whence I come nor where I'm going.
I find, alas, even in your country of Brittany
That the weather, the roads and life's destiny are
bad.

But I have to entertain you.
I must earn my fee.
So Zora will smile.
She'll dance and she'll sing.

Every day, it's a humble life for me:
I hear people shout: "Come on. spin around.

Entertain us, sing and laugh, gypsy maid".
When to weep in quiet on my own is often better.

But I have God for my father.
and God says to me. "Hope".
Yes, Zora will smile,
She'll dance and she'll sing.

SONG: (2) Adieux à la Vie! (Elégie sur une seule note)

ADIEUX À LA VIE! (Elégie sur une seule note)

Salut! Dernière aurore
Qui vient pour moi éclore!
Lui que mon coeur adore
Il veut partir...je meurs.
Cruel! Vois mes douleurs!
Cède à mes pleurs!
Toi que j'implore,
Vois mon tourment mortel.

T'aimer, c'était la vie
Qui m'est par toi ravie.
Ton coeur ingrat m'oublie,
La mort est mon seul voeu.
Au jour je dis adieu,
Amis, ma mère, adieu!
Son coeur ingrat m'oublie;
La mort est mon seul voeu.

Amis, ma mère, adieu!
T'aimer, c'était ma vie,
Reprenez-la, mon Dieu!
Terre! adieu! Ma mère, adieu!!

FAREWELL TO LIFE! (Elegy on one note)

Hail to you, last dawn,
Who has this minute broke for me!
He whom my heart adores.
He wishes to leave...and I die.
Cruel one, see my pain!
Yield to my tears!
You whom I implore,
See my mortal torment.

Loving you was life itself.
And now you tear it from me.
Your ungrateful heart forgets me.
To die is my only desire.
I bid the day farewell,
Friends, my mother, farewell!
His ungrateful heart forgets me;
To die is my only desire.

Friends, my mother, farewell!
Loving you was life itself;
O Lord, take my life back to you!
O earth, farewell! My dear mother, farewell!



Franz Liszt
(1811-1886)

Comment, disaient-ils? (1842)
Die drei Zigeuner (1860)

COMMENT, DISAIENT-ILS

Comment, disaient-ils
avec nos nacelles
fuir les alguazils?
Ramez, ramez!
disaient-elles.

Comment, disaient-ils,
oublier querelles,
misère et périls?
Dormez, dormez!
disaient-elles.

Comment, disaient-ils
enchanter les belles
sans philtres subtils?
Aimez, aimez!
disaient-elles!

—Victor Hugo

DIE DREI ZIGEUNER

Drei Zigeuner fand ich einmal
Liegen an einer Weide,
Als mein Fuhrwerk mit müder Qual
Schlich durch sandige Heide.

Hielt der eine für sich allein
In den Händen die Fiedel,
Spielt', umglüht vom Abendschein,
Sich ein lustiges Liedel.

Hielt der zweite die Pfeif' im Mund,
Blickte nach seinem Rauche,
Froh, als ob er vom Erdenrund
Nichts zum Glücke mehr brauche.

Und der dritte behaglich schlief,
Und sein zimbal am Baum hing;
Über die Saiten der Windhauch lief,
Über sein Herz ein Traum ging.

An den Kleidern trugen die drei
Löcher und bunte Flecken;
Aber sie boten trotzig frei
Spott den Erdengeschicken.

Dreifach haben sie mir gezeigt,
Wenn das Leben uns nachtet,
Wie man's verschläft, verraucht, vergeigt,
Und es dreimal verachtet.

Nach den Zigeunern musst' ich schau'n
Noch lang' im Weiterfahren,
Nach den Gesichtern dunkel braun,
Den Schwarzlockigen Haaren.

HOW, THE MEN WOULD ASK

How, the men would ask,
can we, with our little boats,
escape the Law?
Row, row!
the women would reply.

How, the men would ask,
can we, forget strife,
suffering and danger?
Sleep, sleep!
the women would reply.

How, the men would ask,
can we charm the ladies
without magic potions?
Love, love!
the women would reply.

THE THREE GYPSIES

I once came on three gypsies
lying in a pasture,
as my carriage painfully
crawled through the sandy heath.

The one for his own pleasure held
a fiddle in his hands,
playing in the glow of evening
a happy little song.

The second held his pipe in his mouth,
and contemplated the smoke,
happy, he thus of all the world
required no more of destiny.

And the third slept comfortably
and his cimbalom hung on the tree;
the wind ran through the strings;
over his heart went a dream.

In their clothes the three wore
holes and colored patches,
yet defiantly free they
mocked the fate of the world.

Three ways they showed me,
when life darkens on us,
how to sleep, smoke, fiddle,
and so three times disdain it.

I've given much thought to the gypsies
as I travel far and wide;
to their dark brown faces
and their black curly hair.

II

Igor Stravinsky
(1882-1971)

Pastorale (Vocalise) (1907)
Four Russian Songs (1918-1919)

THE DRAKE (*Selyezen*)

Round Dance (*Khoravodnaya*)

Drake, dear grey crested drake!
Where's your mate with seven ducklings?
Go find your pretty lady. Be off drake!
Go home Lady to your seven ducklings,
Drake makes eight! Enough diving
Over fields and burrows, huts and bushes
Around someone else's drake!
You've got tea-time guests!

COUNTING SONG (*Zapyevnaya*)

On the common, on God's dew,
On the priest's bit of land
The deacon ploughs for black coal.
Goblet of firewater, honey-brew,
Goblet of firewater, short log out!
Goblet of firewater, into Nick's yard...
Fartha-Martha, Andrew's bound,
Alex-god!

TABLE MAT SONG (*Podbludnaya*)

A sparrow sits on another's hedge and
looks on the other side—Splendid!
A spotted hen on a pile of dirt was
digging and dug up a ring—Splendid!
I sit on a barrel and move my five
fingers—Splendid!
A huge wolf lying in the glade throws his
tail up to fifteen versts—SPLENDID!

SECTARIAN SONG (*Sectanskaya*)

Snowstorm and blizzards rage...
Closed are all the pathways
To my Father, Who art in heaven.
Loving sisters, loving brothers,
All are chosen by the Holy Spirit.
Praise God, Christ the Omnipotent,
To God glory for ever and ever, Amen,
Thanks be to Thee, O Lord.

—(folk tales)

THE OWL AND THE PUSSY-CAT

The Owl and the Pussy-Cat went to see
in a beautiful pea-green boat;
They took some honey, and plenty of money
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
The Owl looked up to the stars above,
And sang to a small guitar,
"O lovely Pussy, O Pussy, my love,
What a beautiful Pussy you are,
You are,
You are!
What a beautiful Pussy you are!"

Pussy said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl,
How charmingly sweet you sing!
Oh! let us be married; too long we have tarried;
But what shall we do for a ring?"
They sailed away, for a year and a day,
To the land where the bong-tree grows;
And there in a wood a Piggy-wig stood,
With a ring at the end of his nose,
His nose
His nose.
With a ring at the end of his nose.

"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
Your ring?" Said the Piggy, "I will."
So they took it away, and were married next day
By the Turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined on mince and slices of quinces,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon;
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,
They danced by the light of the moon.
The moon,
The moon.
They danced by the light of the moon.

—Edward Lear

III

Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

Acht Zigeunerlieder, Opus 103 (1887)

ACHT ZIGEUNERLIEDER

(1)
He, Zigeuner, greife in die Saiten ein!
Spiel' das Lied vom ungetreuen Mägdelein!
Laß die Saiten weinen, klagen, traurig bange
Bis die heiße Träne netzet diese Wange!

(2)
Hochgetürmte Rimaflut, wie bist du so trüb',
An dem Ufer klag' ich laut nach dir, mein Lieb!
Wellen fliehen, Wellen strömen,
Rauschen an dem Strand heran zu mir;
An dem Rimaufer lass mich ewig weinen nach ihr!

(3)
Wißt ihr, wann mein Kindchen
Am allerschönsten ist?
Wenn ihr süßes Mündchen
Scherzt und lacht und küßt.
Mägdelein, du bist mein,
Inniglich küß' ich dich,
Dich erschuf der liebe Himmel
Einzig nur für mich!

Wißt ihr, wann mein Liebster
Am besten mir gefällt?
Wenn in seinen Armen
Er mich umschlungen hält.
Schätzelein, du bist mein,
Inniglich küß' ich dich,
Dich erschuf der liebe Himmel
Einzig nur für mich!

(4)
Lieber Gott, du weißt, wie oft bereut ich hab'
Daß ich meinem Liebsten einst ein Küßchen gab.
Herz gebot, daß ich ihn küssen muß,
Denk, solange ich leb, an diesen ersten Kub.

Lieber Gott, du weißt, wie oft in stiller Nacht
Ich in Lust und Leid an meinen Schatz gedacht.
Lieb' ist süß, wenn bitter auch die Reu',
Armes Herze bleibt ihm ewig, ewig treu.

EIGHT GYPSY SONGS

(1)
Ho, gypsy, strike it up!
Play the song of the faithless girl!
Let your strings weep, wail—sad and anxious
till the hot tears wet these cheeks!

(2)
Bank of the surging Rima, how muddy you are;
On the shore I lament loudly for you, my love!
Waves ebbing, waves flowing,
swirling up the shore to me.
On Rima's bank let me ever weep for her!

(3)
Do you know when my little child
is most beautiful?
When her sweet little mouth
makes merry and laughs and kisses.
Maiden, you are mine,
fondly I kiss you;
the dear heaven created you
only for me.

Do you know when my beloved
pleases me most?
When in his arms
he holds me clasped.
Dearest, you are mine,
fondly I kiss you;
the dear heaven created you
only for me.

(4)
Dear God, you know how often I repented
that I once gave my dearest a little kiss.
My heart ordered me to kiss him,
to remember as long as I live this first kiss.

Dear God, you know how often in the silent night
in joy and sorrow I have thought of my love.
Love is sweet, even if repentance is bitter;
my poor heart remains forever true to him.

(5)
Brauner Bursche führt zum Tanze
Sein blauäugig schönes Kind;
Schlägt die Sporen keck zusammen,
Csardasmelodie beginnt.
Küßt und herzt sein süßes Täubchen,
Dreht sie, führt sie, jauchzt und springt;
Wirft drei blanke Silbergulden
Auf das zimbal, daß es klingt.

(6)
Röslein dreie in der Reihe blüh'n so rot,
Daß der Bursch zum Mäd'el geht, ist kein Verbot!
Lieber Gott, wenn das verboten wär',
Ständ' die schöne weite Welt schon längst
nicht mehr.
Ledig bleiben Sünde wär!
Schönstes Städtchen in Alföld ist Ketchkemet,
Dort gibt es gar viele Mädchen
schmuck und nett!
Freunde, sucht euch dort ein Bräutchen aus,
Freit um ihre Hand und gründet euer Haus,
Freudenbecher leeret aus.

(7)
Kommt dir manchmal in den Sinn, mein süßes Lieb,
Was du einst mit heil'gem Eide mir gelobt?
Täusch' mich nicht, verlaß mich nicht,
Du weißt nicht, wie lieb ich dich hab',
Lieb' du mich, wie ich dich,
Dann strömt Gottes Huld auf dich herab!

(8)
Rote Abendwolken zieh'n am Firmament,
Sehnsuchtsvoll nach dir, mein Lieb, das Herze brennt
Himmel strahlt in glüh'nder Pracht,
Und ich träum' bei Tag und Nacht
Nur allein von dem süßen Liebchen mein.
(Hungarian folk texts translated by H. Conrat)

(5)
The brown lad leads to the dance
his beautiful, blue-eyed child,
strikes his spurs audaciously together;
czardas melody begins.
He kisses and caresses his sweet little dove,
turns her, leads her, jubilates and jumps;
throws three shining silver gulden
on the cimbalom, so that it rings.

(6)
Three roses in a row bloom so red;
It is not forbidden that the boy goes to the girl!
Dear God, if that were forbidden
The beautiful wide world long since would
have ceased to exist.
To remain single were a sin!

The most beautiful town in Alföld is Ketchkemet
There are many beautiful girls there,
smart and nice!
Friends, look there for a little bride,
woo her and establish your house,
empty the cup of happiness.

(7)
Do you sometimes remember, my sweet love
what you once, with a sacred oath, promised me?
Don't deceive me, don't leave me,
you don't know how much I love you;
love me as I love you,
then God's grace will stream upon you!

(8)
Red clouds of evening drift across the sky
full of longing for you, my love, my heart burns.
The heavens shine in glowing splendor,
and I dream by day and night
only of my sweet love.
(Translation by Philip Lieson Miller)

IV

Karl Kohn
(b. 1926)

The Resplendent Air (1985)
(written for Lucy Shelton)
(Five Songs set to translations by David Rosenthal of Four Catalan Poets)

IT WAS GETTING DARK

Already vapors clothe the gardens;
the roots, in earth and walls, retire into mystery.
Both, discarded leather effigies
In the night's dark sandpit,
We yield, fraternal, to the fraudulent hour.
Excited, the mares in their herds,
Born in shadow and on shadow nourished,
Reach the hamlets.
Above the sky's elephant skin
Stars open their airy paths.

—*J. V. Foix*

I FEAR THE NIGHT

I fear the night, but night transports me,
rigid, down lanes past the sooty sea;
in the dying light the street band is heard,
discordant,
I'm alone with myself, and this comforts me.

Black coals ring the dead sea,
the low hill and the pine slope,
but in them I see a dense jungle
and imagine a door in the barren desert.

The dark night seems a blackboard
and like a child, I draw strange heads on it,
a brand-new world and the land that desire tells.

I marvel, and am afraid—Oh night which sharpens
stars and wisdom!—You fill the sea with clothes,
and a voice says: "It's raining blood in the
catch basins."

—*J. V. Foix*

PIG

I need a system for losing weight.
My skin's stretched taut, I get too winded.
I scarcely stir from home, I eat unspeakably:
obviously, I fatten like a hog
-such things happen-
But, from now on:
no seconds, nothing with pumpkin in it
and a hundred pushups every morning.

Already they're talking about St. Martin's
Day.*

—*Pere Quant*

*A religious holiday on which pigs are slaughtered.

LEISURE

She sleeps. The time when men
are already awake, and scant light
yet enters to wound them
With little indeed we have enough. Only
the feelings of two things:
the earth turns, and women sleep.
Reconciled, we make our way
to the end of the world. We don't have
to do anything to help it.

—*Gabriel Ferrater*

THE RESPLENDENT AIR

The resplendent air
took root in the lament.
Wings of blood
lift toward brightness.

From light to dark
from night to snow,
suffering, pathway,
words, fate,
by land, by water,
by fire and by wind.

I salvage my hateful
number in unity,
Beyond contraries
I see identity.

Alone, without a message,
freed from the weight
of time, of hopes
of deaths,
of memories,
I say in the silence
the name of the no-thing
—*Salvador Espriu*

V

Turn-of-the-Century Favorites of
Mme. Schumann-Heink

TO A MESSENGER

Frank La Forge

When you see my mistress dear
Say, I love her dearly;
If she asks you how I fare,
Say, I fare but fairly.

Should she ask if I am ill,
Say, I died of sorrow
If she then begin to cry,
Say, I'll come tomorrow!

(Translated from German by Princess
Gabriele Wreade)

WHERE THE WEST BEGINS

Frank La Forge

I'll mount my horse, then off I'll ride,
Out where the hand-clasp's a little stronger,
Out where the smile dwells a little longer.
That's where the West begins;
Out where the sun is a little righter,
Where the snows that fall are a trifle whiter,
Where the bonds of home are a wee bit tighter,
that's where the West begins.

Out where the skies are a trifle bluer,
Out where friendship's a little truer,
That's where the West begins;
Out where a fresher breeze is blowing,
Where there's laughter in ev'ry streamlet flowing,
Where there's more of reaping and less of sowing,
That's where the West begins.

Out where the world is in the making,
Where fewer hearts with despair are aching,
That's where the West begins;

Where there's more of singing, and less of sighing,
Where there's more of giving and less of buying
And a man makes friends without half trying,
That's where the West begins.

—*Arthur Chapman*

GRANNY

Mrs. H. H. A. Beach

Dear Granny in the garden sits
Where she is wont to be,
Safe sheltered from the noon-day heat
Beneath the lilac tree.

Two little children sport and play
Amid the flowers of spring,
To help her while the time away
They prattle, laugh and sing.

Her grandson says with boyish pride,
"Some day, by and by,
The King's Fieldmarshall I!"

Sister says, with lispng tongue,
Rising from Granny's side,
"When I'm grown up, I'll be a young
And handsome Prince's bride."

Said Granny then, with gentle voice,
"First learn Life's cruel way,
And bid your brave young hearts rejoice
In ev'ry summer day."

(Translated from German by Berhoff)

DAWN IN THE DESERT

Gertrude Ross

Greet spaces, and the breath of desert winds;
Silence and peace beyond our thoughts.
Gold clouds in an infinite stretch of blue,
Gold on the sands, in the air, and Dawn is here!
A faint glimmer of light in the East!
Then suddenly, up from the sand itself,
Golden and wonderful,
The Monarch of this world, the Sun!

—*Faith Boehncke*

TREES

Oscar Rossbach

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.
A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;
A tree that looks at God all day,
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;
A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;
Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain,
And her lips were like pomegranate blossoms
Poems are made by fools like me,

But only God can make a tree.

-Joyce Kilmer

THE DANZA

George W. Chadwick

If you never have danced The Danze
With its wondrous rhythmic twirl
While close to your bosom panted
Some dark-eyed Creole girl...
Of dancing you knew naught,
By Inez I was taught.

'Tis a dance with the strongest pauses
It moves as the breezes blow
And her lips were like pomegranate blossoms
And her teeth were white as snow...
Of beauty I knew naught,
By Inez I was taught

In the garden splashed the fountain
Where the palm trees hid the moon
Who well had The Danza trodden
A kiss might crave as boon...
Of loving I know naught,
By Inez I was taught.

-Arlo Bates



Lucy Shelton has established an international reputation as one of the preeminent American concert singers of our day. She has garnered special recognition as a leading exponent of the 20th century repertory. She has performed extensively in Europe and in the U.S., and most recently in London, Amsterdam, and New York. Ms. Shelton has been honored with several awards for chamber music and solo singing. She has recorded pieces by Schoenberg, Goehr, and Knussen; in current release on Deutsche Grammaphon is *Whitman Settings*. Ms. Shelton is a Claremont native and Pomona College alumna where she studied with Karl Kohn.

Karl Kohn, W. M. Keck Distinguished Service Professor Emeritus at Pomona College, was born in Vienna and educated in New York and at Harvard. He has been a Fulbright Scholar, held fellowships from the Guggenheim, Howard, and Mellon Foundations, as well as four grants from the NEA. With his wife, Margaret, he has given two-piano concerts throughout the U.S. and Europe; his repertoire includes the works of Bartok, Berio, Stravinsky, Messiaen, and Boulez. A well-renowned and prolific composer, his own works have been performed by several prominent orchestras including the Los Angeles Philharmonic.

Currently on exhibit at Honnold Library is a selection of items from the Ernestine Schumann-Heink Collection chosen by Lucy Shelton. On view are copies of the Liszt, Brahms and American songs performed on tonight's program, as well as photographs, letters, manuscripts, and other historical material which document Mme. Schumann-Heink's fascinating life and singing career. Researchers may study the entire collection in the Special Collections Department, Honnold Library.

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