



SING ME
A
LOVE SONG

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A Valentine's Eve Serenade

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 2003, 7:30 PM

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 2003, 7:30 PM

THE MARGARET & TRAMMELL CROW

COLLECTION OF ASIAN ART

H. MICHIE AKIN, *Conductor*

LINDA IRWIN & CHRIS BRUNT, *Pianists*



GERSHWIN IN LOVE

GEORGE & IRA GERSHWIN

LOVE IS HERE TO STAY
BUT NOT FOR ME
SOMEBODY LOVES ME
OH, LADY BE GOOD!
SOMEONE TO WATCH OVER ME
EMBRACEABLE YOU
THE MAN I LOVE
I'VE GOT A CRUSH ON YOU

LES CHANSONS DES ROSES

MORTEN LAURIDSEN

CONTRE QUI, ROSE
LA ROSE COMPLÈTE
DIRAIT-ON

LIEBESLIEDER WALTZES, OP. 52

JOHANNES BRAHMS

CLASSIC COLE PORTER

COLE PORTER

LET'S DO IT (LET'S FALL IN LOVE)
I GET A KICK OUT OF YOU
EVERYTIME WE SAY GOODBYE

SPECIAL THANKS TO:

DELICIOUS CAKES

THE FLOWER MART

ATWELL DESIGN

HESSER COMMUNICATIONS

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PROGRAM NOTES

How could we “sing a love song” without including music by the classic American love song writers – Cole Porter and George and Ira Gershwin? The songs of **George and Ira Gershwin** are true American musical treasures. Tragically, George passed away at the young age of 38. He frequently spoke of the “artistic mission of popular music.” He said, “Music must reflect the thoughts and aspirations of the people and their time. My people are American. My time is today.” For a large part of their work, that prophetic statement remains true today.

Cole Porter’s music and lyrics stand as milestones in the history of American music. Witty, sophisticated, sassy and poignant, Porter’s songs are constructed with fine craftsmanship and beauty of expression that are marks of true genius.

Morten Lauridsen’s song cycle “Les Chansons des Roses” (1993), is based on poems by Rainer Maria Rilke. These musical settings contain beautifully crafted gems, intense without being overwrought, and most gratifying to sing. Lauridsen’s own comments about his inspiration in using Rilke’s poems clearly reflect his own compositional choices in these settings, “[Rilke’s] poems on roses struck me as especially charming, filled with gorgeous lyricism, deftly crafted and elegant in their imagery. These exquisite poems are primarily light, joyous and playful, and the musical settings are designed to enhance these characteristics and capture their delicate beauty and sensuousness.” Lauridsen, a native of the Pacific Northwest, is Chairman of the Composition Department at USC’s School of Music in Los Angeles, and is Composer-in-Residence of the Los Angeles Master Chorale.

II

Contre qui, rose,	Against whom, rose,
avez-vous adopté	have you assumed
Ces épines?	these thorns?
Votre joie trop fine	Is it your too fragile joy
vous a-t-elle forcée	that forced you
de devenir cette chose	to become
armée?	this armed thing?

Mais de qui vous protège	But from whom does it protect you,
cette arme exagérée?	this exaggerated defense?
Combien d’ennemis vous ai-je	How many enemies have I
enlevés	lifted from you
quine la craignaient point?	who did not fear it at all?
Au contraire, d’été en automne,	On the contrary, from summer to autumn
vous blessez les soins	you wound the affection
qu’on vous donne.	this is given you.

IV

J’ai une telle conscience de ton	I have such awareness of your
être, rose complète,	being, perfect rose,
que mon consentement te confond	that my will unites with you
avec mon coeur en fête.	With my heart in celebration.

Je te respire comme si tu étais,	I breathe you in, rose, as if you were
rose, toute la vie,	all of life,
et je me sens l’ami parfait	and I feel the perfect friend
d’une telle amie.	Of a perfect friend.

V

Abandon entouré d’abandon,	Abandon surrounds abandon,
tendresse touchant aux tendresses...	tenderness touches tenderness...
C’est ton intérieur qui sans cesse	Your oneness endlessly caresses
se caresse, dirait-on;	itself, so they say;
se caresse en soi-même,	self-caressing,
par son propre reflet éclairé.	through its own clear reflection.
Ainsi tu inventes le thème	Thus you invent the theme
du Narcisse exaucé.	of Narcissus fulfilled.

Almost half of the musical output of **Johannes Brahms** was designed for intimate performance, written at a time when recordings did not exist and “home music-making” meant personal performance by and for friends gathered together.

The love song cycle entitled **Liebeslieder Waltzes** (Love Song Waltzes) is definitely “salon” music – designed to be sung by a group enjoying making music around the piano. The waltz settings are grounded in German folk music, expressing the many moods of love, and are invigorated by breathtaking leaps of rhythmic freedom. Brahms matches them with settings that would do credit to the waltz king, Johann Strauss, for whom he had expressed great admiration.

Opus 52 was published in 1869, originally for piano duet (with voices ad libitum), indicating the possibility of performance without vocal parts. Although the piano parts can indeed stand alone, the vocal parts are not merely a superimposed obligato, but have an independence and integrity of their own, intimately bound to the rhythmic vitality and harmonic coloration of the piano. These eighteen pieces range from the rocking lyricism of “Nicht wandle” (No. 17 for solo tenor) to the vehement rage of secret love exposed in “Nein, es ist nicht auszukommen” (No. 11). The piano supports, illustrates, comments, and dances throughout.



1

Rede, Mädchen, allzu liebes, das mir in die Brust, die kühle, hat geschleudert mit dem Blicke diese wilden Glutgefühle! Willst du nicht dein Herz erweichen, willst du, eine Überfromme, rasten ohne traute Wonne, oder willst du, daß ich komme?	Speak, girl whom I love all too well, you who with your glance have hurled these wild feelings of ardor into my once-indifferent heart! Won't you soften your heart? Do you wish to remain overly pious without a sweet bliss of your own, or do you want me to come to you?
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Rasten ohne traute Wonne, nicht so bitter will ich büßen. Komme nur, du schwarzes Auge. Komme, wenn die Sterne grüßen.	To remain without a sweet bliss of my own I don't want such a bitter penance. So come, dark-eyed boy, come when the stars greet you.
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2

Am Gesteine rauscht die Flut, heftig angetrieben; wer da nicht zu seufzen weiß, lernt es unterm Lieben.	The stream dashes against the stones, violently propelled; anyone who doesn't learn to sigh at that will learn it when they fall in love.
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3

O die Frauen, o die Frauen, wie sie Wonne tauen! Wäre lang ein Mönch geworden, wären nicht die Frauen!	Oh, women, women, how they distill rapture! I'd have become a monk long ago except for women!
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Hoyt Neal, tenor & Robert Brooks, bass-baritone

4

Wie des Abends schöne Röte möcht' ich arme Dirne glühn, Einem, Einem zu gefallen, sonder Ende Wonne sprühn.	Like the beautiful red glow of evening I, a poor lass, would like to shine, to please one lad, one lad, to radiate bliss unendingly.
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Lisa Farr, soprano & Jole Luehrs, mezzo-soprano

5

Die grüne Hopfenranke, sie schlängelt auf der Erde hin.	The green hopvine, it trails along the ground.
Die junge, schöne Dirne, so traurig ist ihr Sinn!	The young, pretty girl, how sad are her thoughts!
Du höre, grüne Ranke!	Listen, green vine!
Was hebst du dich nicht himmelwärts?	Why don't you raise yourself skyward?
Du höre, schöne Dirne!	Listen, pretty girl!
Was ist so schwer dein Herz?	Why is your heart so heavy?
Wie höbe sich die Ranke, der keine Stütze Kraft verleiht?	How can the vine raise itself when no prop lends it strength?
Wie wäre die Dirne fröhlich, wenn ihr das Liebste weit?	How can the girl be happy when the boy she loves best is far away?

*Justina Silwood & Janelle Tinnell, sopranos; Susan Morgan & Linda Bachman, altos;
Tom Morgan & David Reinig, tenors; Carl Huddleston & Rome Guillermo, baritones*

6

Ein kleiner, hübscher Vogel nahm den Flug zum Garten hin, da gab es Obst genug.	A little pretty bird took flight to the garden, where there was fruit in plenty.
Wenn ich ein hübscher, kleiner Vogel wär, ich säumte nicht, ich täte so wie der.	If I were a pretty little bird, I wouldn't hesitate, I'd do the same thing he did.
Leimruten-Arglist lauert an dem Ort; der arme Vogel konnte nicht mehr fort.	Treacherous birdlime-smear'd twigs were lying in ambush there; the poor bird could no longer get away.
Wenn ich ein hübscher, kleiner Vogel wär, ich säumte doch, ich täte nicht wie der.	If I were a pretty little bird, I would have hesitated, I wouldn't do what he did.
Der Vogel kam in eine schöne Hand, da tat es ihm, dem Glücklichen, nicht and.	The bird fell into a beautiful girl's hand; there the lucky fellow had nothing to complain of.
Wenn ich ein hübscher, kleiner Vogel wär, ich säumte nicht, ich täte doch wie der.	If I were a pretty little bird, I wouldn't hesitate, I would do just what he did.

7

Wohl schön bewandt war es vorehe mit meinem Leben, durch eine Wand, ja, durch zehn Wände erkannte mich des Freundes Sehe; doch jetzo, wehe, wenn ich dem Kalten auch noch so dicht vorm Auge stehe, es merkt's sein Auge, sein Herz nicht.	Previously my life was a quite pleasant one, and so was my love; through a wall, yes, through ten walls my sweetheart's eyes recognized me; but now, alas, no matter how close I stand to the eyes of that cold boy, neither his eyes nor his heart will take notice.
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Janelle Tinnell, soprano

8

Wenn so lind dein Auge mir und so lieblich schauet jede letzte Trübe flieht, welche mich umgrauet.	When your eyes look at me so mildly and so lovingly, every last shadow that had darkened my life vanishes.
Dieser Liebe schöne Glut, laß sie nicht verstieben! Nimmer wird, wie ich, so treu dich ein Anderer lieben.	The beautiful flame of this love, don't let it go out in sparks! No one else will ever love you as faithfully as I do.

9

Am Donaustrande, da steht ein Haus, da schaut ein rosiges Mädchen aus.	On the banks of the Danube there stands a house, a pink-complexioned girl looks out from it.
Das Mädchen, es ist wohl gut gehegt, zehn eiserne Riegel sind vor die Türe gelegt. Zehn eiserne Riegel das ist ein Spaß; die spreng ich, als wären sie nur von Glas.	The girl is well protected, ten iron bolts are placed before the door. Ten iron bolts are just a joke; I'll snap them as if they were only made of glass.

10

O wie sanft die Quelle sich
durch die Wiese windet;
O wie schön, wenn Liebe sich
zu der Liebe findet!

Oh, how gently the stream
winds its way through the meadow!
Oh, how beautiful it is when a lover
finds his way to his beloved!

11

Nein, es ist nicht auszukommen
mit den Leuten;
Alles wissen sie so giftig
auszudeuten.

No, there's just no dealing
with people;
they manage to put such an evil
interpretation on everything.

Bin ich heiter, hegen soll ich
lose Triebe;
bin ich still, so heißt's, ich wäre
irr aus Liebe.

If I'm jolly, they say I harbor
wayward lusts;
if I'm calm, the story is I'm
out of my mind with love.

12

Schlosser auf, und mache Schlösser,
Schlösser ohne Zahl!
Denn die bösen Mäuler will ich
schließen allzumal.

Locksmith, come, and make locks,
locks without number!
For I want to lock up
all the spiteful mouths.

13

Vögelein durchrauscht die Luft,
sucht nach einem Aste;
und das Herz, ein Herz, ein Herz begehrt's,
wo es selig raste.

The little bird flutters through the air,
it looks for a branch;
and my heart desires a heart
on which it can rest blissfully.

14

Sich, wie ist die Welle klar,
blickt der Mond hernieder!
Die du meine Liebe bist,
liebe du mich wieder!

See how clear the waters are
when the moon shines down!
You who are my love,
love me in return!

15

Nachtigall, sie singt so schön,
wenn die Sterne funkeln.
Liebe mich, geliebtes Herz,
küsse mich im Dunkeln!

The nightingale sings so beautifully
when the stars twinkle.
Love me, my beloved sweetheart,
kiss me in the dark!

16

Ein dunkler Schacht ist Liebe,
ein gar zu gefährlicher Bronnen;
da fiel ich hinein, ich Armer,
kann weder hören noch sehn,
nur denken an meine Wonnen,
nur stöhnen in meinen Wehn.

Love is a dark shaft,
a highly dangerous well;
and I, poor fool, fell in;
I can't hear or see,
I can only think about my bliss,
I can only moan in my sorrow.

17

Nicht wandle, mein Licht, dort außen
im Flurbereich!
Die Füße würden dir, die zarten,
zu nab, zu weich.

All überströmt sind dort die Wege,
die Stege dir;
so überreichlich tränkte dorten
das Auge mir.

Light of my life, don't walk out there
in the meadows!
Your tender feet would get
too wet, too soaked.

The paths there are all flooded,
and so are the trails,
because my eyes wept
so copiously there.

Hoyt Neal, tenor

18

Es bebet das Gesträuche;
gestreift hat es im Fluge
ein Vögelein.
In gleicher Art erbebet
die Seele mir, erschüttert
von Liebe, Lust und Leide,
gedenkt sie dein.

The bushes are quivering;
a little bird
brushed them as it flew by.
In the same way my soul
trembles, overcome
by love, pleasure and pain,
whenever it thinks of you.

The ARTS DISTRICT CHORALE promotes choral excellence through artistic performance in the downtown Dallas Arts District. Performing a vast repertoire of both sacred and secular choral music, the Chorale presents a respected series of concerts each year. Since 1989, the ARTS DISTRICT CHORALE has performed such masterworks as Handel's *Messiah*; Mozart's *Requiem* and the Mass in C Major "*Coronation*"; Duruflé's *Requiem*; Fauré's *Requiem*, Poulenc's *Gloria*; Brahms' *Liebeslieder Waltzes*; and Bernstein's *Chichester Psalms*.

The Chorale has been featured during season subscription concerts of the Waxahachie Symphony Association for "*A Cathedral Christmas*" in 1996, and again in the spring of 1998 for a "*Mostly Mozart*" concert. The Chorale has recorded a compact disc, entitled *Alza la cruz!* The CD was recorded with the Festival Brass Quintet and organist Christopher Berry in the Morton H. Meyerson Symphony Center in 1997.

The ARTS DISTRICT CHORALE comprises both professional and amateur vocalists. Flexible levels of participation allow singers to commit for six to eight weeks at a time in preparation for each concert. Members benefit from the pleasure, personal challenge, and satisfaction of singing a broad range of quality music in venues throughout the Downtown Arts District.

For more information, visit www.artsdistrictchorale.org or call (214) 942-5085.



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