

L'Infinito

Songs from a Lost World of Italian Jewish Composers 1910-1945

Life for Jews in Italy was qualitatively different from that of Jews in the rest of Europe in the 19th and early 20th centuries. Italian Jewish intellectuals had played a major role in the political and social process of Italian unification in the mid 19th century, and they were more integrated into Italian society. Italian Jewish composers wrote music employing European compositional styles and forms, partaking of inspiration from French impressionism of Debussy to the chromaticism of Richard Strauss, rarely drawing on Jewish cultural heritage as a source of musical inspiration. However, with the enforcement of the racial laws after 1938 and even more in 1943-45 when Italy was occupied by Nazi Germany, prominent Jewish composers lost their jobs, were forced into hiding or forced to flee in order to escape from persecution and deportation to the death camps, and some perished in the *Shoah*. Only the resilience of Italian Jews and the support they received from significant portions of the Italian population mitigated the fate of the Italian Jews compared to that of other European Jews. Because of the chaos that followed World War II, much of the music of the composers on this recording was essentially lost, and this is the first time any of these songs, (except the last track, *L'Infinito*) has been recorded. Only through the efforts of the composers' family members and musicologists such as Aloma Bardi have these pieces been preserved and uncovered, and we performers owe them an enormous debt of gratitude.

The music of Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco, Vittorio Rieti, Leone Sinigaglia and Guido Alberto Fano represent a snapshot of the unique Jewish compositional voices in Italy during the first decades of the 20th century. The influence of Italian operatic composers is present in the prominence of melody in these works, but in works for voice and piano, composers were free to set poetry of the highest quality to music, and then allow that poetry to drive the compositional structure more organically than is possible in opera. These composers (some of whom, such as Castelnuovo-Tedesco and Fano, were virtuoso concert pianists of their generation) employed a great deal of character in their piano writing as a means toward dramatizing the text. The result is a program that ranges from straightforward transcriptions of folk songs in Piemontese dialect to chromatic and rhythmically complex settings of surrealist French poetry, demonstrating the cosmopolitan nature and intellectual breadth of Italian Jewish composers in the early 20th century.

The first songs on the recording are by one of the most significant and highly educated composers of his generation, Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco (1895-1968), and his *Vocalise-Étude (Chant Hébraïque —1928)* is the only work to be included that references Jewish themes, both in the title and in the style of singing. A student of Ildebrando Pizzetti, one can hear the influence of French Impressionism in his sumptuous harmonic writing as well as in his use of open fifths and fourths to evoke the archaic sound world of Dante's poetry. Castelnuovo-Tedesco emigrated to the United States in 1939, where, like many other prominent Jewish composers who escaped the Holocaust, he made his living as a professional composer of film music.

Vittorio Rieti (1898-1994) was internationally renowned as a composer, and emigrated from France to the United States in 1940, where he lived and composed until his death at the age of 96. He travelled widely, spending as much time in Paris as he did in Rome in the years before the war, where he befriended Stravinsky and the members of *Les Six*, whose influence can be heard in the songs on this program. His sense of humor is evident in his choice of texts as well as his musical settings of the earthy 13th- and 15th-century poems in *Quattro liriche italiane*, but he also displays a powerful gift for melody when sincerity is called for by the poetry. In the *Quatre poèmes de Max Jacob*, Rieti sets texts by French poet and painter Max Jacob (1876-1944), who was friends with many of the prominent artists and writers living in Paris in the early 20th century, such as Picasso, Braque and Guillaume Apollinaire. Because Jacob was Jewish, he spent much of the war in hiding, but was arrested by the Gestapo in 1944. During his imprisonment before he was to be transported to a concentration camp in Germany, Jacob died of bronchial pneumonia in the French internment camp of Drancy. Rieti's settings of these texts demonstrate how effortlessly he integrated his exposure to French music of the period into his own unique compositional voice.

Leone Sinigaglia (1868-1944) was a composer and a renowned expert of Italian mountains and mountain climbing. He died of a heart attack suffered during his arrest by Nazi police who were attempting to transport him to a labor camp despite the fact that he was 75 years old. In his compositions, Sinigaglia demonstrated a life-long passion for the culture and dialect of Turin and the entire region of Piemonte, even though he had travelled abroad and spent time in Vienna, where he met and was influenced by Johannes Brahms and the traditions of German Lied and folk song settings. The *Vecchie canzoni popolari del Piemonte* are in the dialect of the region and represent Sinigaglia's conservative yet charming approach to folk song setting.

Guido Alberto Fano (1875-1961) was a composer, pianist, conductor and piano teacher who lost his job in 1938 and was forced into hiding. His compositional style owes a debt to Puccini as well as Debussy in his vocal writing and harmonic vocabulary. While *Le Lis* was written for piano and voice, the piano accompaniment is evocative of orchestral colors and textures; *Lungi, lungi*, however, was in fact written for voice and orchestra (the first movement of a two-movement work), and the pianist is playing Fano's published piano transcription of the orchestra part, which takes the listener on an exotic aural journey to the banks of the Ganges.

The recording ends with Castelnuovo-Tedesco's setting of one of the most beloved poems of Giacomo Leopardi (1798-1837), arguably Italy's finest 19th-century poet. The text is a testament to the power of imagination, which all artists must harness in order to create. The following selection from Leopardi's diaries written around the same time illustrates the author's thought processes that led to the creation of "L'Infinito:"

Sometimes the soul desires not a panorama, but a field of vision bounded and confined in certain ways, as we do in affairs of romance. The reason is the desire for the infinite; because then, in place of sight, the imagination takes up its work, and the power of fancy occupies the realm of the real. The soul imagines that which it does not see; what that tree, that hedge, that tower hides from view. And the soul goes wandering into an imaginary space, and shapes to itself things which it could not if its sight extended everywhere, because the real would exclude the imaginary. From this comes the pleasure, which I always experienced as a child and still do, even now, in seeing the sky through a window, through a door. The imagination takes pleasure sometimes in the bounded, and in not seeing more than enough to be able to imagine.

(English translation from the original Italian by Ralph Williams, Arthur F. Thurnau Professor Emeritus in the Department of English Language and Literature at the University of Michigan)

1. Vocalise-Étude (Chant Hébraïque) (1928)

Quattro Sonetti da "La vita nova" by Dante Alighieri (1926)

2. Cavalcando l'altr'ier per un cammino
Pensoso de l'andar, che mi sgradia,
Trovai Amore in mezzo de la via,
In abito legger da peregrino.

Ne la sembianza me pareva meschino,
Come avesse perduta signoria;
E sospirando pensoso venia,
Per non veder la gente, a capo chino.

Come mi vide, mi chiamò per nome, e disse:
"Io vegno di lontana parte,
Ov'era lo tuo cor per mio volere,
E recolo a servir novo piacere."
Allora presi di lui sì gran parte,
ch'elli disparve, e non m'accorsi come.

3. Negli occhi porta la mia donna Amore,
Perché si fa gentil ciò ch'ella mira;
Ov'ella passa, ogn'uom vèr lei si gira,
E cui saluta fa tremar lo core,
Sì che, bassando il viso, tutto ismore,
E d'ogni su' difetto allor sospira:
Fugge dinanzi a lei superbia ed ira:
Aiutatemi, donne, farle onore.

Ogne dolcezza e ogni pensiero umile
Nasce nel core a chi parlar la sente;
Ond'è laudato chi primo la vide.

Quel ch'ella par quand'un poco sorride,
Non si può dire, né tenere a mente,
Sì è novo miracolo e gentile.

2. Riding the other day along a path
Thinking of the trip that I wasn't enjoying,
I found Cupid in the middle of the road
In the light outfit of a pilgrim.

In his appearance he seemed miserable
As if he had lost his majesty;
And sighing pensively he went along,
With his head bowed, in order to avoid
seeing people.

When he saw me he called me by name and said:
"I come from far away
Where your heart was by my wish,
And I bring it back to serve a new pleasure."
Then I became in such large part one with him,
That he disappeared, and he was gone before
I realized it.

3. My lady carries love in her eyes,
Because everything she looks at becomes infused
with grace.
Wherever she passes, everyone turns toward her,
And whoever she greets, she makes each heart
tremble so,

That, lowering his gaze, grows faint,
And sighs over each one of his imperfections;
Haughtiness and rage flee from her presence:
Help me to give her honor, ladies.

In the hearts of those who hear her speak,
Every kindness and humble thought is born;
Blessed are they who were the first to see her.

How she seems when she smiles a little
One cannot say, neither keep in mind,
For it is such a new and benevolent miracle.

4. Tanto gentile e tanto onesta pare
La donna mia, quand'ella altrui saluta,
Ch'ogne lingua deven tremando muta,
E gli occhi no l'ardiscon di guardare.

Ella si va, sentendosi laudare,
Benignamente e d'umiltà vestuta;
E par che sia una cosa venuta
Dal cielo in terra a miracol mostrare.

Mostrasi sì piacente a chi la mira,
Che dà per li occhi una dolcezza al core,
Che 'ntender nolla può chi nolla prova.

E par che de la sua labbia si mova
Un spirito soave pien d'amore,
Che va dicendo a l'anima, "Sospira."

5. Deh, peregrini che pensosi andate
Forse di cosa che non v'è presente,
Venite voi da sì lontana gente,
Com'alla vista voi ne dimostrate?

Che non piangete, quando voi passate
Per lo suo mezzo la città dolente,
Come quelle persone che neente
Par che 'ntendesser la sua gravitate.

Se voi restate per volerla udire,
Certo lo cor de' sospiri mi dice
Che lagrimando n'uscireste pui.

Ell'ha perduta la sua Beatrice,
E le parole ch'om di lei può dire
Hanno virtù di far piangere altrui.

4. My lady seems so kind and so honest
When she greets others
That every tongue becomes tremblingly silent,
And eyes do not dare to look at her.

She passes, feeling herself praised,
Benevolently dressed in her humility;
And it seems as if she were something come
From heaven to earth to demonstrate a miracle.

She appears so pleasing to whoever beholds her,
That she gives a sweetness to the heart through
her eyes,
That no one is able to understand it who has not
experienced it.

And it seems that from her lips moves
A sweet spirit full of love
That goes and says to the soul, "Sigh."

5. Alas, pilgrims who pensively wander
Perhaps in search of something that is
lost to you,
Do you come from such far away people
As it appears?

You, who do not cry when you pass through
The center of the sorrowful city,
Like those people who seem to understand
Nothing of its sorrow.

If you stop and want to listen to it,
Certainly the chorus of sighs tells me
That you would come out of the city crying.

This city has lost its Beatrice,
And the words that one can say of her
Have the power to make people weep.

Quattro liriche italiane (1945)

6. *E per un bel cantar* (Anon., 15th Century)

E per un bel cantar d'un merlo
La Bella non può dormire.

E quando dorme e quando vegghia
E quando trae di gran sospiri.

E la si leva nuda nudella
Fuor dal suo letto puli,

E poi ne già nel suo giardino
Sotto il suo bel mandorlo fiori.

E li si calza, e li si veste,
E li aspetta il suo dolce amor fi.

Venne l'uccello dello buon selvaggio.
E in sulla spalla se gli posò.

Messegli il becco dentro all'orecchio
Sotto a gli suoi biondi capegli.

Che gli parlava nel suo linguaggio,
E la Bella non lo 'ntendeva.

6. *Because of sweet singing*

Because of the sweet singing of a blackbird
The beautiful one can't sleep.

At times she sleeps, at times she wakes,
At times she heaves great sighs.

And she arises undressed
Out of her neat little bed,

And then she goes into her garden
Under her beautiful blooming almond tree.

And there she puts on her shoes,
and there she dresses herself,
And there she awaits her sweet, gallant love.

The bird came from the wild forest,
And it landed on her shoulder.

The bird put its beak inside her ear
Under her blonde hair.

The bird spoke to her in its language, And the
beautiful one pretended not to understand him.

7. *La non vuol esser più mia* (Angiolo Poliziano, 15th Century)

La non vuol esser più mia
La non vuol la traditora
L'è disposta al fin ch'io mora
Per amore e gelosia.

La non vuol esser più mia
La mi dice: "Va con Dio,
Ch'io t'ho posto omai in oblio
Né accettarti mai potria!"

La non vuol esser più mia
La mi vuol per uomo morto
Né già mai le feci torto.
Guarda mo' che scortesìa!

La non vuol esser più mia
La non vuol che più la segua,
La m'ha rotto pace e tregua
Con gran scorno e villania.

7. *She doesn't want to be mine any more*

She doesn't want to be mine any more
She doesn't want to, the traitor
She wants me to suffer until I die,
For love and jealousy.

She doesn't want to be mine any more
She tells me: "Farewell,
Because I've already forgotten all about you,
Nor could I ever want you!"

She doesn't want to be mine any more
She wishes I were a dead man,
But I never even wronged her.
Now look how unkind she is!

She doesn't want to be mine any more
She doesn't want me to pursue her any more,
She has ruined my peace and tranquility
With great scorn and villainy.

La non vuol esser più mia
Io mi trovo in tanto affanno
Che d'aver sempre il malanno
Io mi penso in vita mia.

La non vuol esser più mia
Ma un conforto sol m'è dato.
Che fedel sarò chiamato,
Lei crudel, spietata e ria.

8. *E lo mio cor s'inchina*
(Anon. 13th Century)

E lo mio cor s'inchina
O bella, vo dicendo
Così, così com'io mi sento
E di dolor penando,
E vi e vi e vivo in gran tormento.

Oimè ch'io moro amando
Oimè oimè oimè la donna mia!

Oimè la vita mia!
Pr'amor vo sospirando
Per ti per ti per ti, o vita mia,
E sempre lamentando
Aimè aimè aimè e mors querando.

Più ch'a donna che sia
A ti a ti a ti mi raccomandando,
Oimè lasso, pensando,
E di e di e dico, o perla mia
E lo mio cor s'inchina.

She doesn't want to be mine any more
I find myself in so much anguish
That I believe I will be sick
For the rest of my life.

She doesn't want to be mine any more
But one comfort alone is given to me.
That I will be known as loyal,
She cruel, pitiless and wicked.

8. *And my heart bows to you*

And my heart bows to you
O beautiful one, I never tire of saying
How I feel
And suffering great pain
And I live in great torment.

Alas, I am dying
Of love for my lady!

Alas, my life,
For love I go sighing
For you, o my life,
And always lamenting
Alas, and looking for death.

I put myself into your hands
More than with any other woman in the world,
Alas, I think of you,
And I speak to you, o my pearl,
And my heart bows to you.

9. *Canti ognun*
(Angiolo Poliziano, 15th Century)

Canti ognun, che canterò,
Dondol dondol dondolò.

Di promesse io son già stucco,
Fa' ch'omai la botte spilli.
Tu mi tieni a badalucco
Con le man piene di grilli.

Dopo tanti billi billi
Quest'anguilla pur poi sdruciola.
Per dir pur "lucciola, lucciola,
Vieni a me," a me che pro?

Pur sollecito, pur buchero
Per aver del vino un saggio.
Quando tutto mi solluchero,
Egli è sant'Anton di maggio.

Tu mi meni pel villaggio
Per lo naso come el bufolo;
Tu mi meni pure a zufolo
E tamburo; or non più no.

Tanto abbiám fatto a cucù,
Che qualcun già ci dilleggia:
E se il gioco dura più,
Vedrai bella cuccuveggia.

Tu sai pur che non campeggia
La viltà ben con l'amore:
Che l'è dentro e che l'è fore
Fa' da te, ch'i' non ci fo.

9. *Let us sing*

You sing what I will sing,
Tra la la la la.

I am sick and tired of promises
Let the wine out of the barrel at last.
You keep me like a stupid toy
Leaving me with empty hands.

After so much flirtation
You still slip out of my hands.
Although I tried to entice this fairy,
What did I gain?

In spite of my repeated attempts
To have a taste of the wine,
When my expectations are aroused,
She's all chaste and modest.

You lead me through the village
By the nose like a stupid clown;
You play me like a trumpet
And tambourine, but not any more.

We have been flirting so long
That people are making fun of us.
And if this game goes on any longer
You will see, my beautiful coquette,

You are supposed to know that
Deceit doesn't go well with love:
That whether it's inside or out
Do it by yourself, you can count me out.

Vecchie canzoni popolari del Piemonte (1914)

10. Verdolin, Verdolinetto

Na matina bin di bunura
(Oh Verdolin, Verdolineto!)
Na matina bin di bunura
Verdolin s'in va al mercà.

Quand l'è stàit a metà dla strada
(Oh Verdolin, Verdolineto!)
Quand l'è stàit a metà dla strada
So prim'amur l'a riscuntrà.

"O fermève na minütina,
(Oh Verdolin, Verdolineto!)
O fermève na minütina,
Che i pum vöi ricuntà."

Mentre i pum a na ricuntavo,
(Oh Verdolin, Verdolineto!)
mentre i pum a na ricuntavo,
basin d'amur s'a j'à dunà.

"Cos' diràlo la mia mama,
(Oh Verdolin, Verdolineto!)
Cos' diràlo la mia mama
Ch'i vad' pinen a cà!"

"E vui dije a la vostra mama
(Oh Verdolin, Verdolineto!)
E vui dije a la vostra mama
Che'l spus l'ève truvà."

11. Il grillo e la formica

Lu gril a canta sù la rama dël lin,
S'a i passa la fùrmia n'à dimandà ün tantin.

Lu gril a i ciàma: "Cosa t'na völe fè?"
"Vöi fè braje e camise e mi vöi maridè."

E'l gril a i ciàma: "Vuréisse pième mi?"
Fùrmia l'è stáita lesta, o s'a l'à die chë d'sì.

E'l gril a sáuta pë'r bütèje l'anel,
S'antrapa'nt üna pera e's rump èl so servel.

10. Verdolin, Verdolinetto

One morning, at the break of day
(Oh Verdolin, Verdolineto!)
One morning at the break of day
Verdolin went to the market.

When he reached half way
(Oh Verdolin, Verdolineto!)
When he reached half way
He ran into his first love.

"Oh stop a minute,
(Oh Verdolin, Verdolineto!)
Oh stop a minute,
Because I want to count the apples again."

While I was recounting the apples
(Oh Verdolin, Verdolineto!)
While I was recounting the apples
I got a kiss of love.

"What am I going to say to my mother,
(Oh Verdolin, Verdolineto!)
What am I going to say to my mother,
When I get back home!"

"You should say to your mother
(Oh Verdolin, Verdolineto!)
You should say to your mother
That you found a husband."

11. The cricket and the ant

The cricket sang on the branch of the linen bush,
The ant passed by and asked for a little bit of cotton.

The cricket asked her: "What do you want it for?"
"I want to make pants and shirts and I want to
get married."

And the cricket asked her: "Would you like to have
me for a husband?"
The ant was quick, and she said yes.

And the cricket jumped away to go buy her
a wedding ring,
But he bumped into a pear and broke his head.

"Mi povra dona! Cum' j'aine mai da fê?
Da cûsi, e fê lëssia e'l mari da sutrè."

E la fûrmia l'ëndáita a Pinereul,
Cumprësse na vestina pèr podei fê'l deul.

T'avëisse vistla, tûta vestia d'nèir,
Cun le cotëtte cûrte, fasia chër pè'l cör!

12. *Le Lis (Alphonse de Lamartine)*—1916

Des pêcheurs, un matin, virent un corps de femme
Que la vague nocturne au bord avait roulé;
Même à travers la mort sa beauté touchait l'âme.
Ces fleurs, depuis ce jour, naissent près de la lame
Du sable qu'elle avait foulé.

D'où venait cependant cette vierge inconnue
Demander une tombe aux pauvres matelots?
Nulle nef en péril sur ces mers n'était vue;
Nulle bague à ses doigts: elle était morte et nue,
Sans autre robe que les flots.

Ils allèrent chercher dans toutes les familles
Le plus beau des linceuls dont on pût la parer;
Pour lui faire un bouquet, des lis et des jonquilles;
Pour lui chanter l'adieu, des choeurs de jeunes filles;
Et des mères pour la pleurer.

Ils lui firent un lit de sable où rien ne pousse,
Symbole d'amertume et de stérilité;
Mais les fleurs de pitié rendirent la mer douce,
Le sable de ses bords se revêtit de mousse,
Et cette fleur s'ouvre l'été.

Vierges, venez cueillir ce beau lis solitaire,
Abeilles de nos coeurs dont l'amour est le miel!
Les anges ont semé sa graine sur la terre:
Son sol est le tombeau, son nom est un mystère;
Son parfum fait rêver du ciel.

"O poor woman! Whatever will I do?
From this point on I will quickly bury my husband."

And the ant went to Pinerolo
And bought herself an outfit for mourning.

You should have seen her all dressed in black,
In her little dress following the hearse cart at the
head of the funeral cortège.

12. *The Lily*

One morning, fishermen found the body of a woman
That the nocturnal wave had rolled to shore.
Even through death her beauty touched their souls.
These flowers, since that day, grow near the wave
Of sand that pressed her down.

Yet whence came this unknown virgin to ask for
A grave from these poor sailors?
No ship in peril was seen on the waters;
No ring on her fingers, she was dead and naked,
Without any other clothes than the waves.

Among all the families they went to look for
The most beautiful shroud with which one could
adorn her;

To make a bouquet for her, some lilies and jonquils;
To sing her a farewell, choirs of young girls;
And mothers to weep for her.

They made her a bed of sand where nothing
would grow,
Symbol of bitterness and barrenness.
But the flowers of pity rendered the water sweet,
The sand at the waters' edge was covered
with foam,
And this flower blooms in summer.

Virgins, come to pick this beautiful solitary lily,
Bees of our hearts for which love is the honey!
The angels have sown its seed on the earth;
Its soil is the tomb, its name is a mystery;
Its perfume makes one dream about the heavens.

13. *Lungi*, *lungi* (Giosue Carducci, from
Rime Nuove, after Heine's *Lyrisches Intermezzo*)—1936

Lungi, lungi, su l'ali del canto
Di qui lungi recare io ti vo':
Là, ne i campi fioriti del santo
Gange, un luogo bellissimo io so.

Ivi rosso un giardino risplende
De la luna nel cheto chiaror:
Ivi il fiore del loto ti attende,
O soave sorella de i fior.

Le viole bisbiglian vezzose,
Guardan gli astri su alto passar;
E tra loro si chinan le rose
Odorose novelle a contar.

Salta e vien la gazella, l'umano
Occhio volge, si ferma a sentir:
Cupa s'ode lontano lontano
L'onda sacra del Gange fluir.

Oh che sensi d'amore e di calma
Beveremo ne l'aure colà!
Sogneremo, seduti a una palma,
Lunghi sogni di felicità.

13. *Far, far away*

Far, far, on the wings of song
I want to take you far from here:
There, in the flowery fields of the blessed
Ganges, I know a beautiful place.

There, a red garden shines
In the silent moonlight:
There the lotus flower awaits you,
O sweet sister of the flowers.

The violets whisper gracefully,
They look at the stars passing on high;
And among them the roses bend
To tell fragrant stories.

The gazelle jumps and comes, its human
Eye turns, it stops to listen:
Darkly one hears far, far away
The sacred wave of the Ganges flowing.

Oh what feelings of love and peace
We will drink in the breezes there!
We will dream, seated under a palm tree,
Long dreams of happiness.

Quatre poèmes de Max Jacob

14. *La Crise*

Caravelle de mes rêves
Nous n'avons plus un carat.
Mais écoute la nouvelle:
On te joue a l'Opéra.

Un astre est en courroux
Il se paie nos têtes;
S'il veut nous rendre fous
Il faut qu'il soit bien bête.

Vous n'irez plus au bal,
Vous êtes la dernière,
Les conscrits le chantaient
Sur la charrette à bras.

Vous n'irez plus au bal,
Madame la fermière,
Si ce n'est le lundi.
Vous irez dans mon lit.

14. *The crisis*

Ship of my dreams
We don't have a carat any more.
But listen to the latest:
One is playing you at the Opéra.

A star is angry
It will pay for our heads;
If he wants to make us crazy
He would have to be very foolish.

You will go no more to the ball,
You are the last one,
The conscripts sang it
On the handcart.

You will go no more to the ball,
Madame farmer,
If it is not on Mondays,
You will come to my bed.

15. *Le noyer fatal*

Patience, dis-tu, patience,
Quand le soleil prolongeait
L'ombre bleue de la malechance
Sous les branches du noyer.

Patience, dis-tu, patience,
Enfant liseur et moqué;
Devant tes inadvertences,
Dieu te bat, pour t'éduquer.

Patience, encor patience,
Ombre noire de l'Anangké,
Voici morte l'innocence,
Ellénore a trépassé.

Patience, encor patience,
Tes examens sont manqués,
Il te reste l'insouciance
Sur la mer il faut t'embarquer.

Te reconnais-tu, dit l'ombre,
Vieil homme trop tendre et pervers,
Ta jeunesse est en décombre:
Voici les portes de l'Enfer.

16. *Soir d'été*

Vos yeux clos, votre main lasse,
Votre main qui passe sur le cadran solaire
d'ardoise;

Les plis d'un lourd manteau de soie,
L'anneau mystérieux à vos doigts,
Et les pigeons bleus sur le toit.

Les fronts des arbres qui se posent l'un sur
l'autre,

L'odeur des roses et le soir qui se repose;
Une fenêtre qui s'éclaire,
La silhouette au loin, de ma mère,
Qui range un outil près du lierre;

La poésie des astres morts,
La tristesse pour un peu d'or,
Et mon amour pour vous, Lénor.

15. *The fatal walnut tree*

Patience, you say, patience,
When the sun extends
Its blue shadow of bad luck
Under the branches of the walnut tree.

Patience, you say, patience,
Child who reads and is mocked;
In the face of your oversights,
God beats you in order to educate you.

Patience, still patience,
Black shadow of Fate,
Here innocence is dead,
Ellénore has passed away.

Patience, still patience,
You missed your exams,
Carelessness remains for you
To sea you must embark.

Do you remember, says the shadow,
Old man too tender and perverse,
Your youth is in ruins:
Here are the gates of hell.

16. *Summer evening*

Your eyes closed, your hand lax,
Your hand that passes over the sundial
of slate;

The folds of a heavy silk coat,
The mysterious ring on your hand
And the blue pigeons on the roof.

The fronts of trees that place themselves one
upon the other,

The scent of roses and the evening that reposes;
The light from a window falls upon
The far silhouette of my mother,
Who puts a tool away near the ivy;

The poetry of dead stars,
The sadness for a little gold
And my love for you, Lénor.

17. *Monsieur le Duc*

Monsieur le Duc vint à point nommé
Il vint tous les jours et heures ordinaires.

Monsieur le Duc vint à point nommé,
Il vint pour partager notre ordinaire.

Monsieur le Duc, vous manquez de nez;
Vous manquez de nez, vous manquez de flair,
Monsieur le Duc, vous êtes compact
Pour tout dire enfin, vous manquez de tact.

Le Duc dit: Veuillez m'excuser,
Je ne suis pas homme, je ne suis pas femme,
Le Duc dit: Veuillez m'excuser,
Je ne suis pas femme, je suis nouveauté.

Le roi dit: Pour vous excuser,
Vous manquez encor de sel de cuisine
Le roi dit: Pour vous excuser,
Il faudrait d'abord apprendre à nager.

17. *Monsieur le Duc*

The honorable Duke came at just the right
moment

He came every day and ordinary hours.
The honorable Duke came at just the right
moment

He came to share our usual fare.

Honorable Duke, you lack a nose;
You lack a nose, you lack flair,
Honorable Duke, you are dense
To say it all in short, you lack tact.

The Duke says: Will you excuse me,
I am not a man, I am not a woman,
The Duke says: Will you excuse me,
I am not a woman, I am a newborn.

The king says: In order to excuse you,
You still lack cooking salt
The king says: In order to excuse you,
It will first be necessary to learn to swim.

18. *L'Infinito* (Giacomo Leopardi)—1921

Sempre caro mi fu quest'ermo colle,
e questa siepe, cha da tanta parte
dell'ultimo orizzonte il guardo esclude.
Ma sedendo e mirando, interminati
Spazi di là da quella, e sovrumani
Silenzi, e profondissima quiete
Io nel pensier mi fingo; ove per poco
Il cor non si spaura. E come il vento
Odo stormir tra queste piante, io quello
Infinito silenzio a questa voce
Vo comparando: e mi sovvien l'eterno,
E le morte stagioni, e la presente
E viva, e il suon di lei. Così tra questa
Immensità s'annega il pensier mio:
E il naufragar m'è dolce in questo mare.

18. *The Infinite*

This solitary hill has always been dear to me,
And this hedge, which prevents me
From seeing the endlessly far horizon.
But sitting and looking, I imagine in my thoughts
Endless space beyond the hedge, and silences
That are beyond human comprehension, and the
Most profound stillness, where my heart is
Almost overwhelmed. And when I hear
The wind rustling through the trees
I compare the infinite silence to its voice:
And this reminds me of eternity
And all the ages past, and the present age still
Alive, and its sound. So my thought drowns
Within this immensity, and sinking
In this sea is sweet to me.

Produced by Christopher Lees with Dave Schall
All audio production by Dave Schall
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Soprano **Caroline Helton** joined the Voice faculty at the University of Michigan School of Music, Theatre & Dance in the fall of 2000. An artist who enjoys the entire gamut of classical singing, from opera and oratorio to recital and chamber music, she has been described as displaying “masterful” artistry and a “clear, bell-like soprano.”

Highlights from Ms. Helton’s performances include a recital of French song with colleagues Scott Piper, tenor and Martin Katz, piano in December of 2012 on the University of Michigan campus, and a program in May of 2011 entitled “Voices of the Holocaust” at New York’s Museum of Jewish Heritage, in which she and pianist Kathryn Goodson performed repertoire from their 2009 CD of the same name. Along with U-M faculty colleagues, including the composer at the piano, Helton performed the New York premiere of Paul Schoenfield’s *Ghetto Songs* on the second half of the program. Ms. Helton also sang Alberto Ginastera’s rarely performed *Cantata para América mágica* for soprano and percussion orchestra with the U-M Percussion Ensemble conducted by Jonathan Ovalle in December of 2011.

Ms. Helton holds BM and MM degrees in Vocal Performance from the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill and a DMA in Vocal Performance from the University of Michigan, where she studied with Freda Herseth. She is an Associate Professor of Music (Voice) in the School of Music, Theatre & Dance as well as an Associate of the Frankel Center for Judaic Studies at the University of Michigan. (Go to www.sitemaker.umich.edu/caroline.helton for more information.)

Pianist **Kathryn Goodson** is an international performer, teacher and coach, whose artistry has been described as a “generator of colors and of lights” (Journal de Genève); full of “authority and feeling” (International Herald Tribune) and she herself as an “exquisite specialist of German Romantic music” (Tübinger Stadtblatt). She has appeared in the United States, Europe and Japan as soloist and recital partner at venues including Cathédrale de Rheims, Züricher Tonhalle, Alice Tully Hall and Dunvegan Castle on the Isle of Skye. Recordings of Ms. Goodson’s collaborations are documented on Albany, Innova, U-Tube, American Public Radio and Swiss television.



Since 2002 she has served as pianist-coach for opera, art song and instrumental music at the University of Michigan School of Music, Theatre & Dance. Ms. Goodson’s Bachelor of Music in Piano Performance is from Oberlin Conservatory with Robert Shannon; twice a Fulbright Scholar to Germany, she received the Konzertexam and highest honors in Liedgestaltung from the Musikhochschule Karlsruhe with Hartmut Höll; her MM (1989) and DMA degrees in Collaborative Piano (2005) are from the University of Michigan, where she studied with Eckart Sellheim and her major professor, Martin Katz. (Go to <http://kathryngoodson.com> for more information.)

1.	<i>Vocalise-Étude (Chant Hébraïque)</i> , Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco	5:05
	<i>Quattro sonetti da "La Vita Nova,"</i> Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco	11:07
2.	Cavalcando l'altr'ier per un cammino	2:15
3.	Negli occhi porta la mia donna Amore	2:42
4.	Tanto gentile e tanto onesta pare	3:03
5.	Deh, peregrini che pensosi andate	3:07
	<i>Quattro liriche italiane</i> , Vittorio Rieti	9:23
6.	E per un bel cantar	2:49
7.	La non vuol esser più mia	2:20
8.	E lo mio cor s'inchina	2:21
9.	Canti ognun	1:53
	<i>Vecchie canzoni popolari del Piemonte</i> , raccolte e trascritte da Leone Sinigaglia	5:34
10.	Verdolin Verdolinetto	2:48
11.	Il grillo e la formica	2:46
12.	<i>Le Lis</i> , Guido Alberto Fano	5:10
13.	<i>Lungi, lungi</i> , from <i>Due poemi per canto e grande orchestra</i> , Guido Alberto Fano	10:04
	<i>Quatre poèmes de Max Jacob</i> , Vittorio Rieti	8:42
14.	La crise	1:20
15.	Le noyer fatal	2:54
16.	Soir d'été	2:59
17.	Monsieur le Duc	1:29
18.	<i>L'infinito</i> , Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco	4:36
	Total Time:	59:41



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