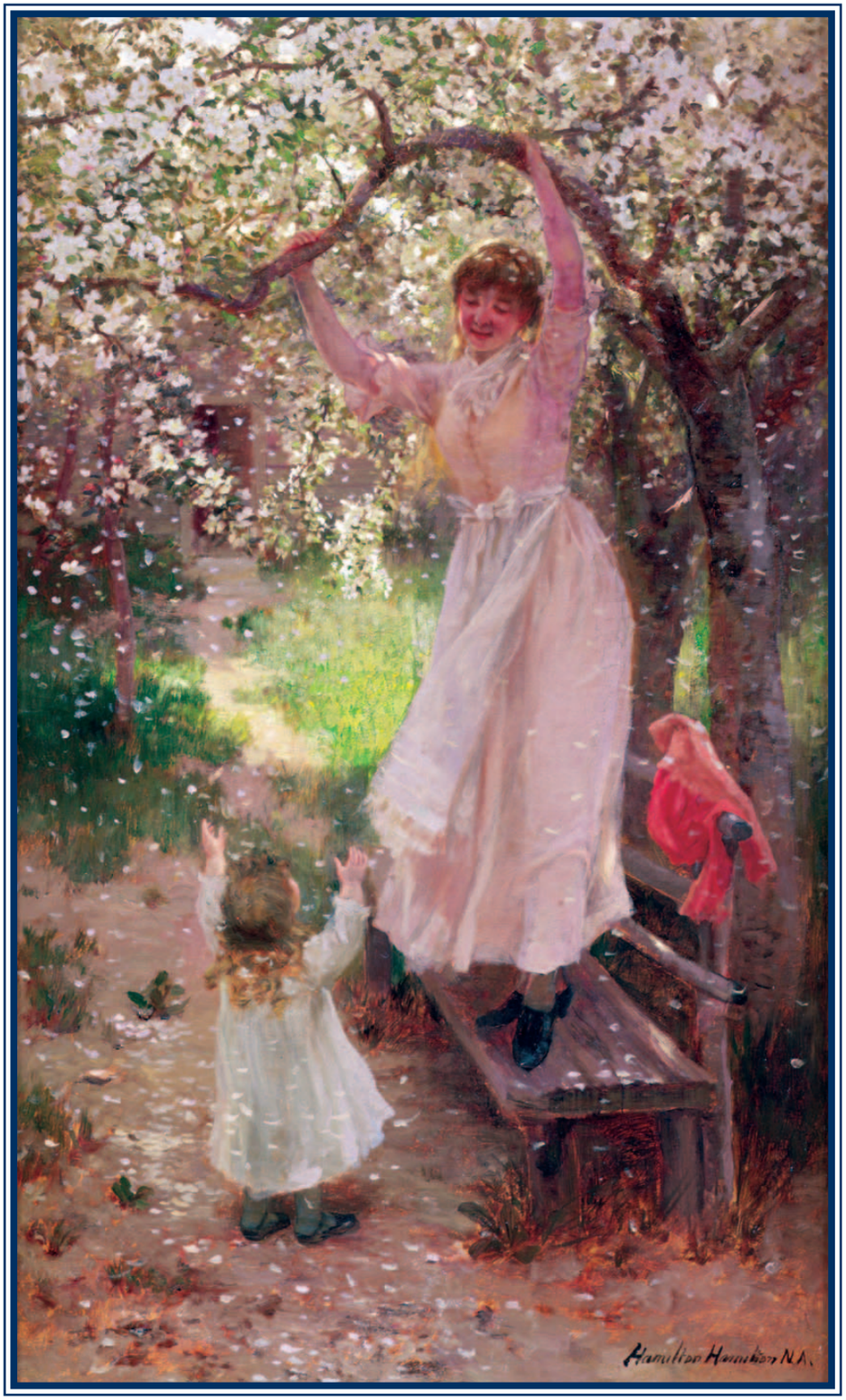
NAXOS

AMERICAN CLASSICS




# AMY BEACH

## Songs

The Year's at the Spring
I Sought the Lord
Hush, Baby Dear
In the Twilight
The Candy Lion
Ariette
Juni

Katherine Kelton,
Mezzo-Soprano
Catherine Bringerud,
Piano

Born Amy Marcy Cheney in Henniker, New Hampshire, Beach was one of America's most prolific and successful composers. She was also one of the first women whose musical compositions were as highly regarded as those produced by men. While she composed works in almost every genre, she was best known during her lifetime for her well-crafted songs and short piano pieces, many of which were an important part of the standard recital repertoire of the time. After beginning a concert career as a pianist at the age of sixteen, she temporarily ended her performing aspirations at eighteen when she married the Boston surgeon Dr Henry Harris Aubrey Beach (1843-1910). Her married years were her most prolific period of compositional activity.

Following the deaths of her husband and mother in 1910 and 1911, Beach sailed to Europe, where she expanded her reputation as a performer and composer. She gave concerts throughout Germany, performing many of her instrumental works and introducing some of her songs to German audiences.

Beach returned to the United States in 1914, making New York City her home. She spent each concert season performing and promoting her works throughout North America. Beginning in 1921, she did most of her composing in the summer as a Fellow at the MacDowell Colony, an artists' retreat in Peterborough, New Hampshire. Her active membership at Saint Bartholomew's Episcopal Church in New York City inspired her to compose sacred music.

Highly intelligent, Beach incorporated her varied interests and experiences into her compositions. Largely self-taught in composition, she was the first American woman musician to receive all of her training in the United States and to write in the larger forms. Her work has always been evaluated by critics on the basis of its merit and her intellect, while her talent for composition has consistently been acknowledged. She is a transitional figure between the composers of the Second New England School, which includes Horatio Parker and Edward MacDowell, and later American song composers such as Charles Ives. In contrast to other American composers of the time, Beach achieved recognition in both the United States and abroad.

Beach's 117 art songs show skillful craftsmanship and profound understanding of text. She composed in a late-Romantic idiom throughout her life, often patterning her songs after works by European composers. She also experimented with musical styles as diverse as Scottish folk-songs and African-American spirituals. Her songs are of a very high technical and musical merit, intended to be sung by trained musicians. Many of them were dedicated to prominent singers, who performed them and used them in teaching. She believed that a good song is an inspired, creative, musical response to a text, which incorporates both intellect and emotion. The poetry that she set to music reflected the dominant artistic current of the time, in which art was seen as an expression of the highest idealism. Her eclectic taste in poetry can be seen in the wide range of authors whose texts she set. The pianist's rôle in Beach's songs is as important as that of the singer. The accompaniments are technically demanding. Beach had absolute pitch and experienced synaesthesia (seeing colours when hearing musical pitches), factors which contributed to her selection of keys for her songs.

Even at the age of twelve Beach borrowed ideas from established composers and used them as models for her own works. The first theme of the third movement of Beethoven's *Pathétique Piano Sonata* appears in *The Rainy Day*.

*Ariette*, dedicated to Dr Beach, was one her first songs to achieve popularity. The texts for *When far from Her* and *Empress of Night* come from a collection of poems published by Dr Beach. Amy Beach later used the melody of *Empress of Night*, in her piano concerto. She incorporated *Le Secret* into another piano work, *Les rêves de Colombine*.

*Ecstasy* proved so popular that the poem was included in *The Poetry Digest: Annual Anthology of Verse for 1939*. Beach earned enough from the royalties of *Ecstasy* to buy a lot on Cape Cod for a summer home.

The poem for *Within thy Heart* is also by Beach. The poem, *Sleep, Little Darling*, originally appeared in *Harper's Bazaar* magazine.

*Nacht* is representative of Beach's songs in French and German, which show her mastery of text setting in these languages and her understanding of trends in contemporary European music.

The young poet of *Forgotten*, Cora Randall Fabbri, was considered one of the most remarkable literary talents of her day. She suffered an untimely death at the age of twenty.

The Scottish texts of *Dearie* and *Far Awa'*, are set with musical devices commonly found in folk-music, dotted rhythms, simple chordal accompaniments, and frequent changes from major to minor mode.

The *Three Browning Songs, Op.44*, commissioned by the Browning Society of Boston, have proven to be Beach's most popular and enduring songs. *The Year's at the Spring* was a staple of vocal recital repertoire in the early twentieth century. Often, the audiences' enthusiastic response caused it to be repeated several times.

*Come, ah Come* is part of *Four Songs for Mezzo-Soprano or Baritone*, the first group of songs that Beach composed for lower voices.

*Canzonetta*, *Ich sagte nicht*, *Wir drei*, *Juni*, and *Je demande à l'oiseau* were modelled after songs by Richard Strauss and Jules Massenet. Beach found the poems for several of these songs in magazines, as she did with *Go not too far*, which originally appeared in *The Atlantic Monthly*.

*Shena Van* resembles a Scottish folk-song. The accompaniment mimics the sound of a bagpipe. The text comes from William Black's novel, *Yolande*.

As her friends became mothers, Beach was inspired to compose lullabies. The song *Baby* was composed for *Woman's Home Companion* magazine. *Hush, Baby Dear* was dedicated to its poet and her husband, in honour of their child, Beach's godson.

*A Prelude* shares similarities with her other settings of Dr Beach's poems. The refrain of *O Sweet Content*, is Beach's vocal writing at its most melismatic.

*Ein altes Gebet* is patterned after a song by Hugo Wolf. The piano accompaniment introduces a motive that foreshadows figures of an impressionistic character that Beach used in her piano accompaniments in later years.

The Opus 73 songs, including *Der Totenkranz*, are settings of texts dealing with aspects of motherhood, dedicated to the contralto Ernestine Schumann-Heink.

Beach's most uncharacteristic and humorous compositions, *The Candy Lion* and *A Thanksgiving Fable*, were composed for the American singer and actress Kitty Cheatham, known for her concerts of folk-music and children's songs.

*In the Twilight* was composed for the mezzo-soprano Emma Roberts to sing at the Buffalo Festival in 1921. The poem's descriptive text allowed Beach to include colourful word-painting. This song's dramatic ending is unique among Beach's *œuvre*.

*The Host* shows Beach's tendency in later years toward shorter, more compact compositions. The Mississippi author Muna Lee was a Fellow at the MacDowell Colony with Beach in 1924.

*May Flowers* was composed at the request of the mezzo-soprano, Lillian Buxbaum. *I Sought the Lord* and *Though I Take the Wings of Morning*, were dedicated to the soprano Ruth Shaffner. The text of *I Sought the Lord* came from the 1916 Episcopal hymnal. With its alternating major and minor chords, the paraphrase of Psalm 139, *Though I Take the Wings of Morning*, shows the influence of jazz. It is an interesting and poignant coincidence that the final words of this, considered to be Beach's last musical composition are, "bid me then, be still."

**Katherine Kelton**

## Katherine Kelton

The mezzo-soprano Katherine Kelton maintains an active and varied singing career, appearing frequently as a soloist and recitalist in an eclectic range of music, from chant to contemporary literature. Her solo work with the Santa Fe Desert Chorale has received critical acclaim. She has appeared as soloist with the Indianapolis Chamber Orchestra, the Dayton Philharmonic Orchestra, the Indianapolis Baroque Orchestra, the Nashville (Tennessee) Symphony, the Santa Fe Symphony, the Springfield (Missouri) Symphony, the Evansville Philharmonic, the Southeast Kansas Symphony, the Durango Symphony, and the Tuscaloosa Symphony, among others. Her solo appearances at festivals include the Santa Fe Chamber Music Festival, the Aspen Music Festival, the Banff Festival of the Arts, the Victoria Bach Festival, and the Lake Placid International Vocal Seminar. Early Music groups with whom she has appeared include the Dayton Bach Society, Ensemble Ouabache, the Kansas Early Music Consort, and the Texas Early Music Project. Katherine Kelton received the degrees of Doctor of Musical Arts and of Master of Music in Applied Voice from the University of Texas at Austin, where her doctoral dissertation was on the songs of Amy Beach. She also holds further degrees and honours from the University of Alabama, and has been the recipient of grants for study and research from the German Academic Exchange Service (DAAD) and Butler University. Among her many awards for singing, she was named a national semi-finalist in the 1995 National Federation of Music Clubs Young Artist Award Competition, and in 1998, was the alternate for the voice finalist in the Mu Phi Epsilon International Artist Competition. She was the 1999 winner of the Bel Canto Chorus (Milwaukee) Regional Artist Competition and the 1985 winner of the Young Artist Competition at the Salado (Texas) Festival. A noted expert on the songs of the American composer, Amy Beach, she has presented many recitals of Beach's music throughout the United States and has had several articles published about Beach's contribution to American song literature. She serves as Associate Professor of Music at Butler University in Indianapolis, and prior to her appointment at Butler University in 1996, held teaching positions at Pittsburg (Kansas) State University and in the McAllen (Texas) Independent School District. She has also taught at the Hochschule für Musik und Theater in Hanover, Germany, and served on the faculty of the Berkshire Choral Festival, Santa Fe.

## Catherine Bringerud

Catherine Bringerud has established herself as a collaborative pianist in high demand, who is equally at home with singers and instrumentalists. Performing an average of fifty different recital programmes a year, she particularly enjoys intimate art song and chamber music settings. She has appeared with the Scott Chamber Players, the Linden String Quartet, the Ronen Ensemble, Fourte, and serves as accompanist for the Meridian Song Project. In 1994, through a programme sponsored by the United States State Department, she was part of a trio that toured the Middle East as Cultural Ambassadors. She has also collaborated in performances at the Kennedy Center, Washington, D. C., and at St Martin-in-the-Fields in London. In a series of three concerts in 2001-2002, she contributed to performances of Beethoven's entire cycle of ten violin sonatas. She has appeared on compact discs with the bass-player David Murray, mezzo-soprano Katherine Kelton, and clarinetist Howard Klug. Catherine Bringerud completed degrees in piano at Indiana University, and has, since 1982, been a member of the music faculty at Butler University in Indianapolis, where she supervises the staff and student accompanying programme.

## Amy Beach (1867-1944): Lieder

Amy Beach, 1867 in Henniker im US-Bundesstaat New Hampshire als Amy Marcy Cheney geboren, war eine der produktivsten und vielseitigsten Komponistinnen Amerikas. Sie schuf Werke in fast allen musikalischen Gattungen, zu Lebzeiten machte sie sich jedoch in erster Linie als herausragende Liedkomponistin einen Namen, und viele ihrer Lieder gehörten zum Standardrepertoire der Zeit. Mit sechzehn Jahren begann sie eine Karriere als Konzertpianistin, als Achtzehnjährige heiratete sie den Bostoner Chirurgen Dr. Henry Harris Aubrey Beach. Ihre Ehejahre waren die produktivste Periode ihrer kompositorischen Laufbahn.

Nachdem ihr Mann 1910 und ihre Mutter 1911 gestorben waren, ging Amy Beach nach Europa, wo sie ihren Ruf als Interpretin und Komponistin festigte. In vielen deutschen Städten gab sie Konzerte, bei denen sie ihre eigenen Instrumentalwerke vorstellte und das Publikum mit ihren Liedern bekannt machte.

1914 in die Vereinigten Staaten zurückgekehrt, ließ sie sich in New York City nieder, von wo aus sie ihre Auftritte durch den gesamten nordamerikanischen Kontinent führten. Ab 1921 komponierte sie den überwiegenden Teil ihrer Werke als Fellow der MacDowell Colony, einem Künstlerzentrum in Peterborough (New Hampshire). Ihre aktive Mitgliedschaft in der Episkopalkirche St. Bartholomew in New York City inspirierte sie zur Komposition von geistlichen Werken.

Ihre weitgestreuten Interessen und Erfahrungen wusste Amy Beach auf äußerst intelligente Weise in ihre Werke einzubringen. Als Komponistin weitgehend Autodidakt, war sie die erste amerikanische Musikerin, die ihre Ausbildung ausschließlich in den Vereinigten Staaten erhalten hatte und auch die erste, die sich mit musikalischen Großformen beschäftigte. Als Komponistin gehört sie der Übergangsperiode zwischen der Zweiten Neuengland-Schule, zu deren Vertretern Horatio Parker und Edward MacDowell zählten, und den späteren amerikanischen Liedkomponisten wie Charles Ives an. Im Gegensatz zu anderen amerikanischen Komponisten ihrer Zeit machte sie sich über die Grenzen der Vereinigten Staaten hinaus einen Namen.

Beachs 117 Kunstlieder zeugen von reifer kompositionstechnischer Meisterschaft und einem tiefen Textverständnis. Während ihrer gesamten Karriere blieb sie dem spätromantischen Idiom treu, wobei sich ihre Lieder an Vorbildern europäischer Komponisten orientierten. Darüber hinaus experimentierte sie mit musikalisch so diversen Stilrichtungen wie dem schottischen Volkslied und afro-amerikanischen Spirituals. Ihre Lieder sind technisch und musikalisch höchst anspruchsvoll und verlangen erfahrene Interpreten. Beach betrachtete das Lied als eine schöpferisch inspirierte, sowohl vom Intellekt als auch von der Emotion gesteuerte Antwort auf einen vorgegebenen Text. Die von ihr vertonte Lyrik spiegelte die vorherrschende Strömung der Zeit wider, in der die Kunst als Ausdruck des höchsten Idealismus galt. Ihr eklektischer literarischer Geschmack äußerte sich in dem weiten Spektrum der Autoren, deren Texte sie vertonte. Solist und Klavierbegleiter werden in ihren Liedern zu gleichberechtigten Partnern. Beach verfügte über absolutes Gehör und nutzte ihre synästhetische Begabung bei der Auswahl der Tonarten ihrer Lieder.

Bereits im Alter von zwölf Jahren verwendete sie Ideen namhafter Komponisten als Modell für ihre eigenen Stücke. So begegnet etwa das erste Thema des dritten Satzes von Beethovens *Pathétique-Klaviersonate* in *The Rainy Day*.

*Ariette* war eines der ersten Lieder, die Beach zu Popularität verhalfen; es ist ihrem Ehemann gewidmet. Die Texte zu *When far from Her* und *Empress of Night* stammen aus einer von Dr. Beach herausgegebenen Gedichtsammlung. Amy Beach verwendete die Melodie von *Empress of Night* später in ihrem Klavierkonzert. In einem anderen Klavierwerk, *Les rêves de Colombine*, griff sie auf das Lied *Le Secret* zurück.

*Ecstasy* erlangte so große Popularität, dass das Gedicht in die Sammlung *The Poetry Digest: Annual Anthology of Verse for 1939* aufgenommen wurde. Die Tantiemen reichten zum Erwerb eines Grundstücks für

ein Ferienhaus auf Cape Cod. Das Gedicht *Within thy Heart* stammt ebenfalls von Dr. Beach. *Sleep, Little Darling* erschien zuerst in der Zeitschrift *Harper's Bazaar*.

*Nacht* ist ein Beispiel für Beachs Vertonungen von französischen und deutschen Texten: es demonstriert ihre Meisterschaft der Wortausdeutung und ihr Verständnis für die Strömungen der zeitgenössischen europäischen Musik.

Die Verfasserin von *Forgotten*, Cora Randall Fabbri, galt als eines der bemerkenswertesten literarischen Talente ihrer Zeit. Sie starb im frühen Alter von zwanzig Jahren.

Die schottischen Texte von *Dearie* und *Far Awa'* sind mit volksmusikalischen Mitteln vertont: punktierten Rhythmen, einfachen Akkordbegleitungen und häufigen Dur-Moll-Wechseln.

Die *Three Browning Songs op. 44*, Auftragskompositionen für die Browning Society of Boston, wurden zu Beachs beliebtesten Liedern und dauerhaftesten Erfolgen. *The Year's at the Spring* gehörte zum eisernen Recital-Repertoire des frühen zwanzigsten Jahrhunderts; nicht selten musste es auf Wunsch des begeisterten Publikums mehrmals wiederholt werden.

*Come, ah Come* gehört zu den *Four Songs for Mezzo-Soprano or Baritone*, der ersten Liedgruppe, die Beach für tiefere Stimmlagen komponierte.

*Canzonetta*, *Ich sagte nicht*, *Wir drei*, *Juni* und *Je demande à l'oiseau* sind den Liedmodellen eines Richard Strauss und Jules Massenet verpflichtet. Die Textvorlagen für verschiedene dieser Lieder fand Beach in Zeitschriften; so war z.B. *Go not too far* ursprünglich in *The Atlantic Monthly* erschienen.

*Shena Van* ähnelt einem schottischen Volkslied. Die Begleitung imitiert den Klang eines Dudelsacks. Der Text stammt aus William Blakes Roman *Yolande*.

Als ihre Freundinnen Mütter wurden, ließ sich Beach zur Komposition von Wiegenliedern inspirieren. Das Lied *Baby* komponierte sie für die Zeitschrift *Woman's Home Companion*. *Hush, Baby Dear* widmete sie der Verfasserin anlässlich der Geburt ihres Sohns, Beachs Patenkind.

*Prelude* ähnelt anderen Vertonungen von Texten ihres Ehemanns. Der Refrain von *O Sweet Content* besticht durch sein herrliches Melisma.

Ein Lied von Hugo Wolf diente als Modell für *Ein altes Gebet*. Die Klavierbegleitung führt ein Motiv ein, das impressionistisch anmutende Klänge vorwegnimmt, wie Beach sie in den Klavierbegleitungen ihrer späteren Lieder verwenden sollte.

Die Lieder op. 73, zu denen auch *Der Totentanz* gehört, sind Vertonungen von Texten, die vom Thema der Mutterschaft handeln. Beach widmete die Lieder der berühmten Altistin Ernestine Schumann-Heink.

Beachs uncharakteristischste und humorvollste Kompositionen, *The Candy Lion* und *A Thanksgiving Fable* entstanden für die amerikanische Sängerin und Schauspielerin Kitty Cheatham, die sich mit Volks- und Kinderliedern einen Namen gemacht hatte.

*In the Twilight* komponierte Beach für die Mezzosopranistin Emma Roberts anlässlich des Buffalo-Festivals 1921. Der anschauliche Text gestattete ihr die Verwendung lautmalerischer Effekte. Der dramatische Schluss des Lieds ist einzigartig in ihrem Oeuvre.

*The Host* zeigt Beachs Tendenz zu den kürzen, kompakteren Kompositionen ihrer späteren Jahre. Die aus Mississippi stammende Autorin Muna Lee war wie Beach 1924 Fellow an der MacDowell Colony.

*May Flowers* entstand auf Wunsch der Mezzosopranistin Lillian Buxbaum, während die Sopranistin Ruth Shaffner Widmungsträgerin von *I Sought the Lord* und *Though I Take the Wings of Morning* ist. Der Text von *I Sought the Lord* ist dem 1912 erschienenen Gesangbuch der Episkopalkirche entnommen. Mit den alternierenden Dur- und Mollakkorden verrät *Though I Take the Wings of Morning*, eine Paraphrase des 139. Psalms, den Einfluss des Jazz. Die Schlussworte dieses Lieds, der vermutlich letzten Komposition von Amy Beach, lauten bezeichnenderweise „bid me then, be still".

**Katherine Kelton**

*Deutsche Fassung: Bernd Delfs*

**1 The Rainy Day** (composed 1880, published 1883)
The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary,
The vine still clings to the mould'ring wall,
But at ev'ry gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary,
It rains and the wind is never weary.
My thoughts still cling to the mould'ring past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart, and cease repining,
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining,
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.
*(Henry Wadsworth Longfellow)*

**2 Ariette, Op. 1, No. 4** (1886)
As the moon's soft splendour
O'er the faint, cold starlight of heaven
Is thrown,
So thy voice most tender
To the strings without soul has given
Its own.

The stars will awaken,
Though the moon sleep a full hour later
Tonight:
No leaf will be shaken
Whilst the dews of thy melody scatter
Delight.

Though the sound overpowers,
Sing again,
With thy sweet voice revealing
A tone of some world far from ours,
Where music and moonlight and feeling
Are one.
*(Percy Bysshe Shelley)*

**3 When far from her, Op. 2, No. 2** (1889)
Shine out, shine out, good moon tonight,
And light my loved-one's home,
And cast my shadow in her light,
When far from her I roam.

Her lovely eyes with slumber seal,
And dreams of mem'ries dear,
Let happiness her sorrows hear,
O would that I were near!
*(H. H. A. Beach)*

**4 Empress of Night, Op. 2, No. 3** (1891)
Out of the darkness,
Radiant with light,
Shineth her Brightness,
Empress of Night.
As granules of gold,
From her lofty height,
Or cataract bold
(Amazing sight!)
Falleth her jewels
On ev'ry side,
Lighting the joy-bells
Of Christmastide.

Piercing the tree boughs
That wave in the breeze,
Painting their shadows
Among dead leaves;
Kissing the sea foam
That flies in the air,
When tossed from its home
In waves so fair;
Silv'ring all clouds
That darken her way,
As she lifts the shrouds
Of breaking day.
*(H. H. A. Beach)*

**5 Le Secret, Op. 14, No. 2** (1891)
Dis-moi de quel secret ta harpe solitaire
T'entretient au déclin du jour?
Dis-moi si de ton cœur révélant le mystère
Il exhale un soupir d'amour?
Si ta pensée intime en ton âme éveillée
Te dit de craindre où d'espérer;
Si tu sens, sous tes doigts, une corde mouillée,
Et si tu chantes pour pleurer?

Dis-moi si d'un accord, d'une note plus tendre
Ton cœur se trouble quelquefois;
Si la voix d'un absent soudain se fait entendre,
Si tu réponds à cette voix?

Mais non, ne dis rien, chante, soupire, pleure,
Cache le secret de ton cœur;
Si tu le dis jamais il faudra que je meure
De désespoir, ou de bonheur.
*(Le Comte Bernard-Marie-Jules de Resseguier)*

**The Secret** *English Translation:*
*Tell me about the secret your solitary harp*
*Shares with you at the end of the day?*
*Tell me, if from your heart, revealing the mystery,*
*It exhales a sigh of love?*
*If your intimate thought revealed in your soul*
*Tells you about fear or about hope;*
*If you feel beneath your fingers a moist chord,*
*And if you sing in order to cry.*

*Tell me, if by tuning a more tender note,*
*Your heart is sometimes troubled;*
*If the voice of an absent one suddenly is heard,*
*If you respond to this voice?*

*But no, say nothing, sing, sigh, cry,*
*Hide the secret of your heart;*
*If you ever say it, it will make me die*
*Of despair or of hope.*

**6 Ecstasy, Op. 19, No. 2** (1892)
Only to dream among the fading flowers,
Only to glide, along the tranquil sea;
Ah, dearest, dearest, have we not together
One long, bright day of love, so glad and free?
Only to rest with through life, in storm in sunshine,
Safe in thy breast, where sorrow dare not fly;
Ah dearest, dearest, thus in sweetest rapture
With thee to live, with thee at last to die!
*(Mrs H. H. A. Beach)*

**7 Within thy Heart, Op. 29, No. 1** (1895)
My love to thee I give,
For thou my love has won,
Deep in my heart to live,
Thy glance a sunbeam shone.
My life to thee I give,
For thou art life to me,
Within thy heart to live
Forever, heaven would be!
*(Mrs H. H. A. Beach)*

**8 Sleep, Little Darling, Op. 29, No. 3** (1894)
Soft sleeps the earth in moonlight blest,
Soft sleeps the bough above the nest,
O'er lonely depths the whippoorwill
Breathes one faint note, and all is still.
Sleep little darling, night is long.
Sleep while I sing thy cradle song.

About thy dream the drooping flower
Blows her sweet breath from hour to hour
And white the great moon spreads her wings,
While low, while far the dear earth swings.
Sleep little darling, all night long
The winds shall sing thy slumber song.
Powers of the earth and of the air
Shall have thee in thy mother care,
And hosts of heaven, together pressed,
Bend over thee, their last, their best.
Hush, little darling, from the deep
Some mighty wing shall fan thy sleep.
*(Harriet Elizabeth Prescott Spofford)*

**9 Nacht, Op. 35, No. 1** (1895)
Nacht ist's; die Erde träumet;
In ernstem Schweigen zieh'n
Hoch über ihr, am Himmel
Sternbilder hin.

Nacht ist's; vor meine Seele
In tiefster Einsamkeit
Zieh'n stille Sternenbilder
Aus alter Zeit!
*(Christian Friedrich Scherenberg)*

**Night** *English Translation:*
*It is night; the earth dreams;*
*In pure silence,*
*High over her, in the heavens,*
*Constellations cross the sky.*

*It is night; before my soul*
*In deepest isolation*
*Cross wordless constellations*
*Out of olden times!*

**10 Forgotten, Op. 41, No. 3** (1894)
A snowflake out of the gray,
And a leaf from a wild, white flower,
A Love that lasted an hour,
A Joy that lasted a day.

One love hath faded away
While the other Love lives yet;
Oh grief, that one can forget,
And one remember for aye!
*(Cora Randall Fabbri)*

**11 Dearie, Op. 43, No. 1** (1899)
How long and dreary is the night,
When I am frae my dearie!
I restless lie frae e'en tae morn,
Tho' I were ne'er sae weary!

When I think on the lightsome days
I spent wi' thee, my dearie,
And now what lands between us lie,
How can I be but eerie?

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours,
As ye were wae and weary.
It wasna sae ye glinted by
When I was wi' my dearie!
*(Robert Burns)*

**12 Far Awa', Op. 43, No. 4** (1899)
Ye whom sorrow never wounded,
Ye who never shed a tear,
Care untroubled, joy surrounded,
Gaudy day to you is dear.

Gentle night, do thou befriend me;
Downy sleep, the curtain draw;
Spirits kind, again attend me,
Talk of him that's far awa'!
*(Robert Burns)*

**13 The Year's at the Spring, Op. 44, No. 1** (1900)
The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled;

The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in his heaven,
All's right with the world.
*(Robert Browning)*

**14 Ah, Love, but a day!, Op. 44, No. 2** (1900)
Ah, Love, but a day,
And the world has changed!
The sun's away,
And the bird estranged,
The wind has dropped,
And the sky's deranged;

Summer has stopped.
Look in my eyes!
Wilt thou change too?
Should I fear surprise?
Shall I find aught new
In the old and dear,
In the good and true,
With the changing year?
*(Robert Browning)*

**15 I Send my heart up to thee!, Op. 44, No. 3** (1900)
I send my heart up to thee, all my heart
In this my singing,
For the stars help me, and the sea bears part;

The very night is clinging
Closer to Venice's streets to leave one space
Above me, whence thy face
May light my joyous heart to thee its dwelling place.
*(Robert Browning)*

**16 Come, ah Come, Op. 48, No. 1** (1902)
When the summertime has flown,
Bright with happy dreams,
And the fading leaves alone
Are left of all its gleams,
Come, ah come, my own true love!
Come, ah come, my own true love,
To me thy promise keep,
And bring the bliss of heav'n above,
When I alone shall weep!
Come, ah come, my own true love!
*(H. H. A. Beach)*

**17 Canzonetta, Op. 48, No. 4** (1902)
Avec l'oubli des jours moroses,
Sous le ciel devenu plus clair
Respirons l'haleine des roses
Mêlée aux caresses de l'air!

L'hiver s'est enfui d'un coup d'aile
Semant de neige le chemin
Par où vient le printemps fidèle
Avec des lilas dans la main.
La neige fondra tout à l'heure,
Les lilas mourront à leur tour
Car seule éternelle demeure
La fleur divine de l'amour.
*(Paul Armand Silvestre)*

**Little Song** *English Translation:*
*Forgetting gloomy days,*
*Under the clearing sky,*
*We breathe the breath of the roses,*
*Mixed with the caresses of the air!*

*Winter ran away with a beat of a wing,*
*Strewing the road with snow,*
*By which way the faithful springs comes*
*With lilacs in her hand.*

*The snow will melt in a little while,*
*The lilacs will die in their turn,*
*Because only the divine flower of love*
*Lives eternally.*

**18 Ich sagte nicht, Op. 51, No. 1** (1903)
Ich sagte nicht: „Ich liebe Dich,"
Doch eine Rose brach ich scheu,
Und bot sie Dir
Zur Busenzier
Und sah Dir in die Augen treu.

Du sagtest nicht: „Ich liebe Dich,"
Doch lächelnd gabst
Du mir die Hand;
Und einen Kuss
Zum Überfluss
Als selig machendes Unterpfand.

Wir sagten nicht: „Ich liebe Dich,"
Doch uns're Herzen riefen's laut,
Als lenzumlauscht
Und duftberauscht
Wir still und träumend uns angeschaut.
*(Eduard Wissman)*

**I did not say** *English Translation:*
*I did not say, "I love you,"*
*Yet I shyly picked a rose*
*And offered it to you*
*As a corsage*
*And looked sincerely into your eyes.*

*You did not say, "I love you,"*
*Yet smiling, you gave*
*Your hand to me;*
*And a kiss*
*On top of it all*
*As if making a sacred pledge.*

*We did not say, "I love you,"*
*Yet our hearts cried it out loudly,*
*As if, surrounded by the sounds of Spring*
*And intoxicated by its fragrance,*
*We silently and dreamingly gazed at each other.*

19 **Wir drei, Op. 51, No. 2** (1903)
Wo tief versteckt im Grunde
Der Bach vorüber rauscht,
Hat uns in stiller Stunde
Der junge Lenz belauscht.
Er fragte, was wir machten,
Und nickte hold uns zu;
Wir sah'n uns an und lachten;
Der Lenz und ich und du.

An seiner Seite gingen
Wir durch die weite Welt.
Das gab ein Blüh'n und Singen,
In Wiese, Wald und Feld.
Auf alle unser'n Wegen
Rief ich dir jauchzend zu:
„Wir zieh'n dem Glück entgegen,
Der Lenz und ich und du!"

Die höchste Höhe leuchtet,
Es glänzt das tiefste Thal,
Dein Auge glückgefeuchtet,
Ist wie der Sonne Strahl.
Die Lerche hebt die Schwingen
Und strebt dem Himmel zu,
Und Liebeslieder singen
Der Lenz und ich und du.
*(Hans Eschelbach)*

**We Three** *English Translation:*
*Where deeply hidden in its bed,*
*The brook rushes by,*
*In quiet hours,*
*Spring listened to us.*
*He asked us what we were doing,*
*And nodded gracefully to us,*
*We looked at each other and laughed,*
*Spring and I and you.*

*By his side we went*
*Through the wide world.*
*There was blooming and singing,*
*In the meadow, woods, and fields.*
*On all our paths,*
*I called to you joyfully,*
*"We are moving toward happiness,*
*Spring and I and you!"*

*The highest heights are glowing,*
*The deepest valley glistens,*
*Your eye, moist with happiness*
*Is like the sun's rays.*
*The lark lifts his wings*
*And flies up toward heaven,*
*And we sing love songs,*
*Spring, and I and you.*

20 **Juni, Op. 51, No. 3** (1903)
O Junitage im Sonnenschein
Im flutenden, wolkenlosen!
Buntblumige Wiesen und blühender Wein!
Und in den Gärten, landaus, landein,
Herzkirschen und Rosen!

Herzkirschen und Rosen, und blühend am Hang,
Resedaduftende Reben!

Die Nächte so weich und die Tage so lang!
So heiter die Stirnen, so hell der Gesang!
So wonnig das Leben!

Die Geissblattlauben voll heimlichem Schall,
Voll leisem flüsterndem Kosen,
Und jeder Lufthauch ein Duftesschwall,
Und überall Segen und überall
Herzkirschen und Rosen!
*(Erich Jansen)*

**June** *English Translation:*
*Oh June days, in the sunshine,*
*Flooded, cloudless!*
*Colorful, blooming fields and thriving vineyards!*
*And in the gardens throughout the land,*
*Heartsease and roses!*

*Heartsease and roses, and blooming hillsides,*
*Mignonette-scented vines!*
*The nights so soft, and the days so long!*
*The heads held so high, the song so clear!*
*Life so joyful!*

*The honeysuckle arbor full of secret sounds,*
*Full of gentle, whispered, tender words,*
*And every breath of air a flood of scent,*
*And everywhere blessing, and everywhere,*
*Heartsease and roses!*

21 **Je demande à l'oiseau, Op. 51, No. 4** (1903)
Je demande à l'oiseau qui passe
Sur les arbres sans s'y poser,
Qu'il t'apporte, à travers l'espace
La caresse de mon baiser.
Je demande à la brise pleine
De l'âme mourante des fleurs,
De prendre un peu de ton haleine,
Pour en venir sécher mes pleurs.

Ah! Je demande au soleil de flamme
Qui boit la sève et fait les vins
Qu'il aspire toute mon âme,
Et la verse à tes pieds divins!
*(Paul Armand Silvestre)*

**I ask the bird** *English Translation:*
*I ask the bird that passes*
*Over the trees without landing*
*That he carry across the expanse*
*The caress of my kiss.*
*I ask the full breeze*
*About the dying soul of the flowers,*
*To take a little of your breath,*
*In order to dry my tears.*

*Ah! I ask the sun of flame,*
*That drinks the sap and makes wine,*
*That he inhale all of my soul*
*And pour it at your divine feet!*

22 **Go not too Far, Op. 56, No. 2** (1904)
Go not too far, too far beyond my gaze,
Thou who canst never pass beyond the yearning
Which, even as the dark for dawning stays,
Awaits thy loved returning!

Go not too far! Howe'er thy fancies roam,
Let them come back, wide-circling, like the swallow,
Lest, I for very need, should try to come,
Yet find I could not follow.
*(Florence Earle Coates)*

23 **Shena Van, Op. 56, No. 4** (1904)
Her eyes are soft and dark and blue,
She's light-stepped as the roe;
O, Shena Van, my heart is true
To you where'er you go!

I wish that I were by the rills
Above the Alltcambân,
And wand'ring with me o'er the hills,
My own dear Shena Van!
Far other sights and scenes I view;

The year goes out in snow,
O, Shena Van, my heart is true
To you where'er you go.
*(William Black)*

24 **Baby, Op. 69, No. 1** (1908)
Where did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the ev'rywhere into here.
Where did you get those eyes so blue?
Out of the sky as I came thro'.
Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here.
What makes your cheek like a warm, white rose?
I saw something better than anyone knows.

Where did you get this pearly ear?
God spoke, and it came out to hear.
Where did you get those arms and hands?
Love made itself into bonds and bands.
How did they all just come to be you?
God thought about me, and so I grew.
But how did you come to us, you dear?
God thought about you, and so I am here.
*(George MacDonald)*

25 **Hush, Baby Dear, Op. 69, No. 2** (1908)
Hush, little darling, o hush, baby dear,
Though night closes round thee, thy mother is near.
The winds in the trees rock the birds to repose,
Ah! Sleep little dearie, with mouth like a rose.

Hush, little darling, the silv'ry stars peep,
And flowers are nodding their wee heads in sleep;
Come, cradle thy head on my breast without fear,
And close thy blue eyes like gentians, dear.

Hush, little darling, to sleepy-land float,
With a star for thy anchor, the moon for thy boat,
May bright angels guide thee o'er night's darksome sea,
And bring thee back safe from thy dreams, love, to me.
*(Agnes Helen Lockhart)*

26 **A Prelude, Op. 71, No. 1** (1910)
Now flush with amber, pearl, and gold,
Ye lang'rous clouds of night
That float away o'er the shadowy wold,
While darkness melts in light.

The light of the magic sun is here,
To crown th'enchanting day,
And spring with flow'rs of wood and mere,
For we're on the way to May!
*(H. H. A. Beach)*

27 **O Sweet Content, Op. 71, No. 2** (1910)
Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers,
O sweet content!
Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexed,
O punishment!
Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vexed
To add to golden numbers?
O sweet content!

Then work apace, apace, apace;
Honest labor bears a lovely face;
Then hey nonny, nonny!

Canst drink the waters of the crisped spring,
O sweet content!
Swim'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own tears,
O punishment!
Then he who patiently Want's burdens bears,
No burden bears, but is a King.
O sweet content!
*(Thomas Dekker)*

28 **Ein altes Gebet, Op. 72, No. 1** (1914)
Wenn ich immer Dein gedächte,
all mein Sinnen zu Dir brächte,
Dich, o Herr, um Alles fragte,
und Dir kindlich Alles sagte;
o, dann könnte' ich ohne Grauen
fröhlich vor- und rückwärts schauen.
Und flög' ich schneller als das Licht,

weit über alle Meere,
mich fände doch Dein Angesicht,
so fern ich immer wäre;
und stieg' ich in den tiefsten Ort,
den nie ein Mass ergründet:
Du bist es, der mich hier und dort
und allenthalben findet.
*(anonymous)*

**An Old Prayer** *English Translation:*
*If I always thought of You,*
*brought all my thoughts to You,*
*asked of You, O Lord, all things,*
*and like a child, told You everything,*
*oh, then I could, without dread,*
*look happily ahead and behind.*
*And if I were to fly faster than light,*
*far over all the seas,*
*Your face would still find me,*
*as far away as I might be;*
*and if I were to climb into the deepest place,*
*whose depth had never been measured,*
*You are the one who finds me,*
*here and there and everywhere.*

29 **Der Totenkranz, Op. 73, No. 2** (1914)
Ich lege einen Totenkranz
dir, Mutter, auf das Grab,
den ich aus Rosen ohne Dorn
für dich gewunden hab'.

Die zarten Rosen, Fürsten selbst,
oft nicht erblühet sind;
doch legt auf seiner Mutter Sarg
sie still manch' Bettlerkind.

Wohl überall am Wege steh'n
sie als ein wild Gerank,
doch nicht sie jedes Aug' erschaut;
man nennt sie: "Kindesdank."

Dich aber, Mutter, schmücken sie
als schönste Totenzier,
für jeden Segen, den du gabst,
pflückt' eine Ros' ich dir.

Und dass der Kranz nicht welken mag,
den auf dein Grab ich setzt',
hab' ich mit meines Herzensblut
die Rosen leis' benetzt.
*(Louis Zacharias)*

**The Funeral Wreath** *English Translation:*
*I lay a funeral wreath,*
*for you, mother, on your grave,*
*which I wound for you*
*out of roses without thorns.*

*Such tender roses have not often bloomed,*
*even for princes themselves,*
*yet, many a beggar child lays them*
*quietly on his mother's casket.*

*All along the path they stand*
*like a wild growth,*
*however, the eye does not notice each one,*
*one calls them, "Child's Thanks."*

*But they adorn you, mother,*
*as the most beautiful funeral decoration.*
*For every blessing that you gave,*
*I picked a rose for you.*

*And so that the wreath might not wilt,*
*that I placed on your grave,*
*with my heart's blood*
*I gently bathed the roses.*

30 **The Candy Lion, Op. 75, No. 1** (1914)
A Candy Lion's very good,
Because he cannot bite,
Nor wander roaring for his food,
Nor eat up folks at night.

But though it's very nice for me,
It's not so nice for him;

For ev'ry day he seems to be
More shapeless and more slim.

And first, there's no tail any more,
And next, he has no head,
And then he's just a candy Roar—
And might as well be dead.
*(Abbie Farwell Brown)*

31 **A Thanksgiving Fable, Op. 75, No. 2** (1914)
It was a hungry pussy-cat
Upon Thanksgiving morn,
And she watched a thankful little mouse
That ate an ear of corn.

"If I ate that thankful little mouse,
How thankful he should be,
When he has made a meal himself
To make a meal for me."

"Then, with his thanks for having fed,
And his thanks for feeding me,
With all his thankfulness inside,
How thank-full I shall be!"

Thus mused the hungry pussy-cat
Upon Thanksgiving Day:
But the little mouse had overheard,
And declined (with thanks) to stay.
*(Oliver Herford)*

32 **In the Twilight, Op. 85** (1921)
The twilight is sad and cloudy,
The wind blows wild and free,
And like the wings of seagulls
Flash the white caps of the sea.
But in the fisherman's cottage
There shines a ruddier light,
And a little face at the window
Peers out into the night.

Close, close it is pressed to the window,
As if those childish eyes
Were looking into the darkness,
To see some form arise.

And a woman's waving shadow
Is passing to and fro,
Now rising to the ceiling,
Now bowing and bending low.

What tale do the roaring ocean,
And the night wind bleak and wild,
As they beat at the crazy casement,
Tell to that little child?

And why do the roaring ocean
And the night wind wild and bleak,
As they beat at the heart of the mother,
Drive the color from her cheek?
*(Henry Wadsworth Longfellow)*

33 **The Host, Op. 117, No. 2** (1925)
Any is free to happiness
Who has the pence to pay,
And many are feasted by happiness,
Whom Grief would turn away.

Oh! I walk as one apart this night,
And proud in my heart am I,
For it's Grief who ran and clung to me
And would not let me by.
*(Muna Lee)*

34 **May Flowers (A Song for Mother's Day), Op. 137** (1932)
To our sweet mothers, well-beloved,
We bring the flowers of May,
For love's bright wings fly o'er us all
And glorify today.

A mother's love naught can destroy,
Strong to endure and save;
When friendship fails and life grows hard,
Her tender touch we crave.

To her whose voice and loving hands
Can soothe our heart's unrest,
We bring these flowers, fragrant, fair,
Our life her love hath blest!
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**35 I sought the Lord, Op. 142** (1937)
I sought the Lord, and afterward I knew
He moved my soul to seek Him, seeking me;
It was not I that found, O Saviour true;
No, I was found of Thee.

Thou didst reach forth Thy hand and mine enfold;
I walked and sank not on the stormy sea;
'Twas not so much that I on Thee took hold,
As Thou, dear Lord, on me.
I find, I walk, I love, but o, the whole
Of love is but my answer, Lord, to Thee,
For Thou wert long in union with my soul,
Always, Thou lovedst me.
*(anonymous)*

**36 Though I take the wings of morning, Op. 152** (1941)
Though I take the wings of morning
To the utmost sea,
Yet my soul hath no sojourning
To outdistance Thee.

Though I climb to highest heaven,
'Tis Thy dwelling high;
Though to death's dark chamber given,
Thou art standing by.

If I say, the darkness hides me,
Turns my night to day;
For with Thee no dark can find me,
Shadows must away!

Even so, Thy hand shall lead me,
Flee Thee as I will;
And Thy strong right arm shall hold me:
Bid me, then, be still!
*(Robert Nelson Spenser)*

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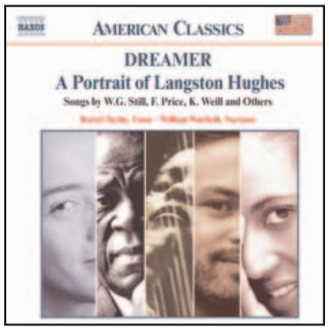


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BEACH: Songs

NAXOS

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COMPACT disc DIGITAL AUDIO

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NAXOS

# Amy BEACH (1867-1944)

## Songs

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1 | The Rainy Day | 1:57 |
| 2 | Ariette | 1:56 |
| 3 | When far from her | 1:39 |
| 4 | Empress of Night | 2:03 |
| 5 | Le Secret *(The Secret)* | 2:45 |
| 6 | Ecstasy | 2:04 |
| 7 | Within thy Heart | 2:06 |
| 8 | Sleep, Little Darling | 3:42 |
| 9 | Nacht *(Night)* | 2:22 |
| 10 | Forgotten | 2:06 |
| 11 | Dearie | 2:01 |
| 12 | Far Awa' | 1:29 |
| 13 | The Year's at the Spring | 0:50 |
| 14 | Ah, Love, but a day! | 2:57 |
| 15 | I Send my heart up to thee! | 2:48 |
| 16 | Come, ah Come | 1:53 |
| 17 | Canzonetta | 2:13 |
| 18 | Ich sagte nicht *(I did not say)* | 2:41 |
| 19 | Wir drei *(We Three)* | 2:49 |
| 20 | Juni *(June)* | 1:59 |
| 21 | Je demande à l'oiseau *(I ask the bird)* | 1:52 |
| 22 | Go not too Far | 1:19 |
| 23 | Shena Van | 2:26 |
| 24 | Baby | 2:15 |
| 25 | Hush, Baby Dear | 2:13 |
| 26 | A Prelude | 1:20 |
| 27 | O Sweet Content | 2:45 |
| 28 | Ein altes Gebet *(An Old Prayer)* | 2:09 |
| 29 | Der Totenkranz *(The Funeral Wreath)* | 2:19 |
| 30 | The Candy Lion | 1:37 |
| 31 | A Thanksgiving Fable | 1:21 |
| 32 | In the Twilight | 3:05 |
| 33 | The Host | 1:25 |
| 34 | May Flowers | 1:40 |
| 35 | I sought the Lord | 2:22 |
| 36 | Though I take the wings of morning | 2:51 |

**Katherine Kelton, Mezzo-Soprano**
**Catherine Bringerud, Piano**

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