

Open Your Heart



Laura Claycomb
soprano

Marc Teicholz
guitar



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Open Your Heart

Laura Claycomb, soprano ♦ Marc Teicholz, guitar

BLITZSTEIN: open your heart ♦ until and I heard

DEBUSSY: Mandoline ♦ En sourdine

FALLA: *Siete canciones populares españolas*

El paño moruno ♦ Seguidilla murciana ♦ Asturiana ♦ Jota ♦ Nana ♦ Canción ♦ Polo

SEIBER: *Four French Folk Songs*

Réveillez-vous ♦ J'ai descendu ♦ Rossignol ♦ Marguerite, elle est malade

VILLA-LOBOS: Modinha ♦ Ária (Cantilena), from *Bachianas Brasileiras No. 5*

WALTON: *Anon in Love*

Fain would I change that note ♦ O stay, sweet love ♦ Lady, when I behold the roses
My love in her attire ♦ I gave her cakes and I gave her ale ♦ To couple is a custom

BIZET: Ouvre ton cœur

Open Your Heart

Laura Claycomb, soprano ♦ Marc Teicholz, guitar

Marc Blitzstein:

1. open your heart (2:30)
2. until and I heard (1:17)

Claude Debussy:

3. Mandoline (1:55)
4. En sourdine (3:35)

Manuel de Falla: Siete canciones populares españolas

5. El paño moruno (1:26)
6. Seguidilla murciana (1:26)
7. Asturiana (2:08)
8. Jota (3:19)
9. Nana (1:31)
10. Canción (1:16)
11. Polo (1:31)

Mátyás Seiber: Four French Folk Songs

12. Réveillez-vous (2:29)
13. J'ai descendu (2:13)
14. Rossignol (3:03)
15. Marguerite, elle est malade (1:02)

Heitor Villa-Lobos:

16. Modinha (2:06)
17. Ária (Cantilena) (5:01)
(from Bachianas Brasileiras No. 5)

William Walton: Anon in Love

18. Fain would I change that note (3:24)
19. O stay, sweet love (1:44)
20. Lady, when I behold the roses (2:08)
21. My love in her attire (0:43)
22. I gave her cakes and I gave her ale (1:53)
23. To couple is a custom (1:41)

Georges Bizet:

24. Ouvre ton cœur (2:58)

Total playing time: 52:20

Artists' Prefaces

This project is the result of my electric artistic friendship and long standing musical partnership with Marc. The choice of pieces happened over time and was guided by our quest for a truly authentic and idiomatic sound for soprano and guitar. We met in the early 90's when I was an Adler Fellow at San Francisco Opera, and Marc had returned to make music in his native Bay Area after law school. A fortuitous encounter on a chamber music program led to a profound friendship that has deepened over the years through concerts, recitals and mutual admiration. The result of our long-held desire to capture the fruits of our collaboration on CD, this disc offers some of our favorite songs, compiled under the theme of opening your heart – not just to love, but to the possibilities the world has to offer in life and friendships.

The Blitzstein songs were arranged by Marc and Dusan Bogdanovic; the Falla, Bizet and Debussy's "En sourdine" are Marc's transcriptions; the "Mandoline" transcription is by Tilman Hoppstock. The Villa-Lobos, Seiber and Walton

songs were originally composed for guitar and voice.

Voice with single-stringed instrument is, of course, one of the most common and successful combinations in the history of music, with the guitar (in its varied guises) being vibrantly present in every century and culture because of its easy portability. We see this phenomenon more in popular music today, but its roots reach far into musical history, encompassing many great compositions as well. We hope that magnifying this combination via two performers of wide stylistic sympathies will make for an immensely satisfying listening experience.

– Laura Claycomb

For me, this CD documents the long friendship that I have enjoyed with Laura. I first met her when she was in the Merola program in San Francisco. She sported a striking mass of red hair, a penetrating gaze and laugh, a precise ear, and of course a golden voice. I was immediately struck by how this Dallas girl balanced a hardheaded, earthy practicality

with a searching, idealistic passion. For a Berkeley boy whose measure of seriousness matched the shabbiness of his attire, meeting this strong, charismatic, be-sequined artist (I remember that she used to change gowns at intermission) was a revelation. We began an enduring friendship fueled by many frank conversations and several satisfying musical projects, including this CD. We recorded it at George Lucas's staggeringly beautiful Skywalker ranch (I imagined I was Harrison Ford) with the help of the extraordinarily gifted Peter Grunberg. I was particularly excited because I had borrowed an especially dulcet-sounding 1965 Jose Rubio instrument from the Harris Guitar collection for the recording (Thank you, John)! This guitar was built for the great British guitarist Julian Bream, for whom the William Walton songs on this CD were originally written. While it may well have been me, sitting next to Laura, who had the best seat in the house during this recording, I hope our listeners will share my boundless pleasure in complementing her radiant voice and spirit.

– Marc Teicholz

American composer **Marc Blitzstein** (1905-1964) came to national attention with the huge success of his pro-union musical theater piece, *The Cradle Will Rock*, in 1937 in a production directed by Orson Welles. But his gifts were of an extraordinarily rarified sort and found their keenest, though sadly incomplete, expression in other areas: two one-act operas, *Idiots First* and *The Magic Barrel*, both adaptations of short stories by Bernard Malamud, and *Sacco and Vanzetti*, a commission from the Metropolitan Opera.

“open your heart,” and “until and I heard,” are from a cycle of seven songs called *From Marion's Book*, premiered at Martha's Vineyard in 1960; all are settings of poems by E. E. Cummings, another American trailblazer. “Marion” refers to the poet's last (though common-law) wife, Marion Morehouse. These settings call to mind the finest work in the art song genre: clear, vivid, expressive and quietly monumental in a framework of stirring simplicity.

Marcus Samuel Blitzstein was born in Philadelphia on March 2nd, 1905, the son of wealthy parents. His musical gifts were apparent at an early age, and he

had performed a Mozart piano concerto by the time he was seven. He went on to study piano with Alexander Siloti (a pupil of Liszt and Tchaikovsky) and made his professional debut with the Philadelphia Orchestra in Liszt's E-flat Piano Concerto when he was 21. After studying composition at the Curtis Institute of Music, he continued his studies in Europe with Arnold Schoenberg in Berlin and Nadia Boulanger in Paris.

Despite his later socialist and even communist political beliefs, he was, in the early years of his career, a thoroughgoing artistic snob who firmly believed that true art was only for the intellectual elite.

Claude Debussy (1862-1918), the great French impressionist, surely had strumming on his mind in these two songs: both from the body of work he composed in dedication to his red headed, high-voiced mistress and patron, Blanche Vasnier.

In the symbolist words of Paul Verlaine (1844-1896), muted, possibly off-color perfume takes the place of precision: "Mandoline" is a colorful depiction of an extremely relaxed outdoor party where

guests are free to be themselves; "En sourdine," a splendid close-up of breathless intimacy and a certain drowsy sexiness.

Debussy, the oldest of five children of a china shopkeeper in Saint-Germain-en-Laye became, along with Maurice Ravel, one of the artists most closely associated with the pioneering "impressionist movement" – initially a term of derision applied to the music's rule-breaking vagueness. But the style's broad appeal and subsequent acceptance made him one of the trailblazers of the uniquely colorful 20th-century French style in which music was written and heard.

Although these seven songs by Spanish composer **Manuel de Falla** (1876-1946) are presented in a transcription of the original piano accompaniment, the piano writing is such a deliberate mimic of the pluck and strum of a guitar that they sound – as presented here – somehow even more "authentic" than the original. The texts, folksongs all, are indeed "folksy" in nature: colorful, emotional, sincere, everyday ... and often tinged with a certain melancholy.

Falla wrote these songs in 1914, during the last months of a stay in Paris. They were premiered at the Ateneo de Madrid the following year, during a tribute to Falla and Turina. Luisa Vela sang, with the composer at the piano. Though they had an initially cool reception, the songs very soon became widely popular, establishing themselves among the best known of his works.

Mátyás György Seiber (1905-1960) was born in Budapest and became a student of Zoltán Kodály, although most of his working life was spent in the United Kingdom. His music demonstrates true eclecticism – ranging from folk songs to jazz. In fact, in 1928 he became the Director of the Jazz Department of the Hoch Conservatory [named after its founder, the Frankfurt philanthropist Joseph Hoch]; this was the first such academic formalization of jazz study anywhere. His program was closed down by the Nazis as “degenerate,” and being a secular Jew, Seiber fled to the U.K.

These four well-known French folk songs get the royal treatment in Seiber’s version

for guitar and voice, leading us on a tour of the French *paysage*. The dreamy desire of “Réveillez-vous” reveals the inherently beautiful colors of the guitar, married with verses of intense longing for a woman whose eyes are more charming than the sun and stars. The catchy nonsense refrain of “gentil coquelicot, mesdames” (“nice poppies, my ladies”) of “J’ai descendu” breaks up a story of a talking nightingale and his judgements on men and women. The next song, again about the nightingale, utilizes the low tessitura of the voice and the different registrations of the guitar to bring forth a somber, muted mood of love and longing. The last song introduces us to Marguerite and her love of the bottle, bringing this quartet set in the bucolic French countryside to an abrupt and defiant end.

Heitor Villa-Lobos (1887-1959) was born in Rio de Janeiro into a family of Spanish extraction; his father was a highly educated civil servant. During his early years, Brazil underwent a massive sociopolitical transformation from a European-dominated colonial empire into the federal republic it is today, with the people very

much interested in establishing lost links to their indigenous history – something directly reflected in the music of the country ever since. In 1912, Villa-Lobos married the pianist Lucília Guimarães and began his career in classical music.

Both of these works by the finest Brazilian voice of the 20th century speak a universal song: “Modinha” is a statement of eternal devotion, requited or not; “Aria,” perhaps the best-known music on this CD, is an emotionally ecstatic paean: longing set against a backdrop big as all outdoors.

Manduca Pia was a pen name of the Rio de Janeiro poet, literary critic and translator Manuel Bandeira (1886-1968), whose poetry has a unique delicacy and beauty. Recurrent themes that can be found in his works are the love of women, his childhood in the Northeast city of Recife, friends, and health problems.

Villa-Lobos took European techniques and wedded them seamlessly – and to great commercial success – with native Brazilian folk materials. Even the title *Bachianas Brasileiras*, from which the “Aria”

is taken, reflects a conscious melding of J. S. Bach-style textures with Brazilian tunes and harmonic patterns. The text is by Brazilian writer and singer Ruth Valadares Corrêa, who also performed the piece’s world premiere in 1939.

Written on commission from tenor Peter Pears and guitarist Julian Bream, British musical giant **Sir William Walton** (1902-1983) – whose sixty-year career spanned numerous genres, large and small – explored fresh territory with his song-cycle, *Anon in love*. The librettist for his opera *Troilus and Cressida*, Christopher Hassall, chose six anonymous 16th and 17th century lyrics from the same anthology: *The English Galaxy of Shorter Poems*.

Wide-ranging in scope, these songs weave together bits and pieces of tart Elizabethan flavor with modern compositional touches (broad vocal range; use of guitar as a percussion instrument) to impressive effect. Sir William himself came up with the cheeky title.

We end this program where we began: with yet another “open your heart” setting. The Great French opera composer

Georges Bizet (1838-1875) wrote this aria for his ode-symphony *Vasco de Gama*. Setting a libretto by Delâtre, the work was written during his time in Rome after winning the Prix de Rome. The aria soon became a hit on its own as a concert piece, as the parent work itself drifted into oblivion. Bizet here sets the poetry as a rollicking bolero, with the words begging a lady to open her heart so that he can reclaim his own heart that has been stolen!

– Notes by Keith Weber and
Laura Claycomb ©2015



(All English translations by Laura Claycomb)

1. **open your heart**

Marc Blitzstein; words by E.E. Cummings

open your heart:
i'll give you a treasure
of tiniest world
a piece of forever with

summitless younger than
angels are mountains
rivery forests
towerful towns(queen

poet king float
sprout heroes of moonstar
flutter to and
swim blossoms of person)through

musical shadows while hunted
by daemons
seethe luminous
leopards(on wingfeet of thingfear)

come ships go
snowily sailing
perfect silence.
Absolute ocean

2. until and i heard

Marc Blitzstein; words by E. E. Cummings

until and i heard
a certain a bird
i dreamed i could sing
But like nothing
 are the joys
of his voice

until and who came
with a song like a dream
of a bird with a song
like not anything
 under skies
over grass

until and until
into flame i can feel
how the earth must fly
if a truth is a cry
 of a whole
of a soul

until i awoke
for the beautiful sake
of a grave gay brave
bright cry of alive
 with a trill
like until

3. Mandoline

Claude Debussy; words by Paul Verlaine

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

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

Leurs courtes vestes de soie,
Leurs longues robes à queue,
Leur élégance, leur joie,
Et leurs molles ombres bleues,

Tourbillonnent dans l'extase
D'une lune rose et grise,
Et la mandoline jase
Parmi les frissons de brise.

Mandolin

The serenade-givers
And the beautiful listeners
Exchange bland words
Under the singing branches.

There is Tyrsis and there's Amyntas
And there is the eternal Clitander,
And there is Damis who, for many a
Cruel woman, handmade many a tender
verse.

Their short silk coats,
Their long dresses with trains,
Their elegance, their joy
And their soft blue shadows,

Whirl around in the ecstasy
Of a moon, pink and grey,
And the mandolin jabbars
Among the tremblings of the breeze.

4. En sourdine

Debussy; words by Paul Verlaine

Calmes dans le demi-jour
Que les branches hautes font,
Pénétrons bien notre amour
De ce silence profond.

Fondons nos âmes, nos cœurs
Et nos sens extasiés,
Parmi les vagues langueurs
Des pins et des arbousiers.

Ferme tes yeux à demi,
Croise tes bras sur ton sein,
Et de ton cœur endormi
Chasse à jamais tout dessein.

Laissons-nous persuader
Au souffle berceur et doux
Qui vient, à tes pieds, rider
Les ondes des gazons roux.

Et quand, solennel, le soir
Des chênes [noirs] tombera,
Voix de notre désespoir,
Le rossignol chantera.

Muted

Calm in the half-light
That the high branches make,
Let us penetrate our love
With this profound silence.

Let us melt our souls together,
Our hearts and our ecstatic senses,
Among the vague languors
Of the pine and strawberry trees.

Close your eyes half-way;
Fold your arms across your breast,
And from your sleepy heart

Drive away all cares forever.

Let us be persuaded
By the gentle, rocking wind,
That comes to your feet to ripple
The waves of russet grass.

And when solemnly the evening
Shall fall from the [dark] oaks,
Voice of our despair,
The nightingale will sing.

Siete canciones populares españolas
Manuel de Falla; traditional folk texts

5. El paño moruno

Al paño fino en la tienda
una mancha le cayó;
Por menos precio se vende,
porque perdió su valor.
¿Porqué perdió su valor?
¡Ay!

The Moorish Cloth

On the fine cloth in the store
a stain has fallen;
It sells at a lesser price,

because it has lost its value.
Why has it lost its value?
Alas!

6. Seguidilla murciana

Qualquiera que el tejado
Tenga de vidrio,
No debe tirar piedras
Al del vecino.

Arrieros semos;
¡Puede que en el camino
nos encontremos!

Por tu mucha inconstancia
Yo te comparo
Con peseta que corre
De mano en mano;

Que al fin se borra,
y creyéndola falsa
¡Nadie la toma!

Murcian Seguidilla

He who has
a house of glass
should not throw stones

at the neighbors.
We are like muleteers;
It could be that
on the road we will meet!

For your great inconstancy
I compare you
to a peseta that runs
from hand to hand;
which finally blurs,
and, believing it false,
no one will take it!

7. Asturiana

Por ver si me consolaba,
Arrime a un pino verde
Por ver si me consolaba.

Por verme llorar, lloraba.
Y el pino como era verde,
Por verme llorar, lloraba.

Asturian

To see whether it would console me,
I drew near a green pine,
To see whether it would console me.

Seeing me weep, it wept;
And the pine, being green,
Seeing me weep, it wept.

8. Jota

Dicen que no nos queremos
Porque no nos ven hablar;
A tu corazón y al mío
Se lo pueden preguntar.
Dicen que no nos queremos
porque no nos ven hablar.

Ya me despido de tí,
De tu casa y tu ventana,
Y aunque no quiera tu madre,
Adiós, niña, hasta mañana.
Ya me despido de tí.
Aunque no quiera tu madre...

Jota

They say we don't love each other
because they never see us talking.
But they only have to ask
both your heart and mine.
They say we don't love each other
because they never see us talking.

Now I bid you farewell,
to your house and your window,
And even though your mother may not
want it,
Farewell, my sweetheart, until tomorrow.
Even though your mother may not
want it.

9. Nana

Duérmete niño, duerme
Duerme mi alma
Duérmete, lucerito
De la mañana.
Nanita, nana, (bis)
Duérmete, lucerito
De la mañana.

Lullaby

Fall asleep, child, sleep,
Fall asleep, my soul;
Fall asleep, little light
Of the morning.
Lullaby, little lullaby, (repeat)
Fall asleep, little light
Of the morning.

10. Canción

Por traidores, tus ojos,
voy a enterrarlos;(bis)
No sabes lo que cuesta,
«Del aire»
Niña, el mirarlos.
«Madre a la orilla»
Niña, el mirarlos.
«Madre.»

Dicen que no me quieres,
Ya me has querido... (bis)
Váyase lo ganado,
«Del aire»
Por lo perdido,
«Madre a la orilla»
Por lo perdido,
«Madre.»

Song

Because your eyes are traitors
I will bury them away; (repeat)
You don't know what it costs me,
"Go away!"
Little girl, to look at them.
"Mother, on the brink!"
Little girl, to look at them.
"Mother!"

They say that you don't love me any more
But you've already loved me. (repeat)
Go away, all that was gained,
"Go away!"
In exchange for all that which is lost,
"Mother, on the brink!"
In exchange for all that which is lost,
"Mother!"

11. Polo

¡Ay!
Guardo una, ¡Ay!
Guardo una, ¡Ay!
¡Guardo una pena in mi pecho!
¡Guardo una pena in mi pecho!
¡Ay!

¡Que a nadie se la diré!

¡Malhaya el amor, malhaya!
¡Malhaya el amor, malhaya!

¡Ay!
¡Y quién me lo dió a entender!
¡Ay!

Polo

Ay!
I keep an "Ay!"
I keep an "Ay!"
I keep a pain in my breast,
I keep a pain in my breast,
Ay!

Which I will not tell anyone!

Cursed be love, cursed;
Cursed be love, cursed;

Ay!
And the one that brought me to know it!
Ay!

Four French Folk Songs

Mátyás Seiber; traditional texts

12. Réveillez-vous

Réveillez-vous, belle endormie
Réveillez-vous, car il est jour
Mettez la tête à la fenêtre,
Vous entendrez parler de vous.

La belle a mis le pied à terre
Tout doucement s'en est allée
D'une main elle ouvrit la porte:
Entrez, gallant, si vous m'aimez.

Mais la belle s'est endormie
entre les bras de son amant.
Et celui-ci qui la regarde
En lui voyant ces yeux mourants.

Que les étoiles sont brillantes,
et le soleil est éclatant,
mais les beaux yeux de ma maîtresse
en sont encore les plus charmants.

Wake Up

Wake up, my beautiful sleeper,
Wake up, because it's daytime
Put your head out the window
You'll hear talk about you.

The beauty put her foot on the floor,
slowly made her way;
with one hand she opened the door:
Come in, Gallant one, if you love me.

But the beauty fell asleep
between the arms of her lover
and he, who watched her
saw his dying eyes reflected in hers,

Oh, that the stars are brilliant
and the sun is blazing;
but the beautiful eyes of my mistress
are even more charming.

13. J'ai descendu

J'ai descendu dans mon jardin (bis)
Pour y cueillir du romarin
[Refrain] Gentil coquelicot, Mesdames,
Gentil coquelicot nouveau (bis)

Je n'en avais pas cueilli trois brins, (bis)
Qu'un rossignol vint sur ma main
[Refrain]

Il me dit trois mots en latin, (bis)
Que les hommes ne valent rien.
[Refrain]

Que les hommes ne valent rien, (bis)
Et les garçons encore moins.
[Refrain]

Des dames, il ne me dit rien, (bis)
Mais des d'moiselles, beaucoup d bien.
[Refrain]

I Went Down

I went down to my garden (repeat)
To pick rosemary
[Refrain] Nice poppy, my ladies,
Nice new poppy (repeat)

I hadn't even picked three sprigs (repeat)
When a nightingale alighted onto my hand
[Refrain]

He said three words in Latin: (repeat)
That men aren't worth anything.
[Refrain]

That men aren't worth anything, (repeat)
And young men are worth even less.
[Refrain]

Of the ladies he didn't tell me anything,
(repeat)
But of damsels he spoke very highly.
[Refrain]

14. Rossignol

Rossignolet des bois,
Rossignolet sauvage
apprends-moi ton langage,
apprends-moi à parler.
Apprends-moi la manière
comment il faut aimer, comment il faut
aimer.

La belle, ont dit partout
que vous avez des pommes

des pommes, des reinettes
qui sont dans vot' jardin.
Permettez-moi, la belle,
que j'y porte la main, que j'y porte la
main.

Non, je ne permets pas
que l'on touche à mes pommes
Apportez-moi la lune,
le soleil à la main,
Vous toucherez les pommes
qui sont dans mon jardin, qui sont dans
mon jardin.

Nightingale

Nightingale of the woods,
Wild nightingale,
teach me your language,
teach me to speak.
Teach me the way
to love, how to love.

They told me, beautiful one,
that you had some apples
some reinette apples that are in your
garden.
Let me, beautiful one,
lay my hand on them, lay my hand on them.

No, I won't let you
touch my apples.
Take first the moon
and the sun in your hand,
Then you will touch the apples
that are in my garden, that are in
my garden.

15. Marguerite, elle est malade

Marguerite, elle est malade
Il lui faut le médecin,
Marguerite, elle est malade
Il lui faut -aut-aut-
Il lui faut -aut-aut-
Il lui faut le médecin.

Médecin, par sa visite,
Lui a défendu le vin,
Médecin, par sa visite,
Lui a dé-hé-hé,
Lui a dé-hé-hé,
Lui a défendu le vin.

Médecin, va-t'en au diable,
Puisque tu défends le vin,
Médecin, va-t'en au diable,
Puisque tu-hu-hu
Puisque tu-hu-hu
Puisque tu défends le vin.

J'en ai bu toute ma vie,
J'en boirai jusqu'à la fin,
J'en ai bu toute ma vie,
J'en boirai-he-he
J'en boirai-he-he
J'en boirai jusqu'à la fin!

Marguerite Is Ill

Marguerite is ill,
She needs a doctor,
Marguerite is ill,
She nee-ee-eeds a doctor!

The doctor says in his visit
That wine is off limits!
The doctor says in his visit
That wine is off-off-off limits!

Doctor, go to the devil
As long as you keep wine from me!
Doctor, go to the devil
As long as you-ou-ou keep wine from me!

I've drunk all my life,
I will drink until the very end,
I've drunk all my life,
I will drink-ink-ink until the very end!

16. Modinha

Heitor Villa-Lobos; words by Manduca Pia

Na solidão da minha vida
Morrerei, querida,
Do te desamor
Muito embora me desprezes
Te amarei constante
Sem que a ti distante
Chegue a longe e triste voz
Do trovador

Feliz te quero,
Mas se um dia
Toda essa alegria
Se mudasse em dor,
Ouvirias do passado
A voz do meu carinho
Repetir baixinho
A meiga e triste confissão
Do meu amor.

Love Song

In the solitude of my life,
I will die, darling,
From your disaffection,
Although you may despise me,
I will love you faithfully,
Unless to you distant

Arrives the far-away and sad voice
of the troubadour.

I want you happy!
But if one day
All this joy
Were to change into pain,
You would hear from the past,
The voice of my affection
Repeating softly,
The sweet and sad confession
Of my love.

17. Ária (Cantilena), from Bachianas Brasileiras No. 5

Villa-Lobos; Words by Ruth Vallardes
Corrêa

Tarde uma nuvem rósea lenta e transparente.
Sobre o espaço, sonhadora e bela!
Surge no infinito a lua docemente,
Enfeitando a tarde, qual meiga donzela
Que se apresta e a linda sonhadoramente,
Em anseios d'alma para ficar bela
Grita ao céu e a terra toda a Natureza!
Cala a passarada aos seus tristes queixumes
E reflete o mar toda a Sua riqueza...
Suave a luz da lua desperta agora

A cruel saudade que ri e chora!
Tarde uma nuvem rósea lenta e transparente
Sobre o espaço, sonhadora e bela!

Aria

Afternoon, a rosy, slow and transparent
cloud
In the air, dreamy and beautiful!
The Moon sweetly emerges into infinity,
Decorating the afternoon like a gentle
maiden
Who dreamily prepares herself to be
gorgeous
With an anxious soul to keep herself
beautiful.
All of nature shouts to the Sky and to the
Earth!
Flocks of birds hush to its complaints
And the Sea reflects its great splendor...
Softly in the light of the moon now
awakes
Cruel longing that laughs and cries.
Afternoon, a rosy, slow and transparent
cloud
In the air, dreamy and beautiful!

William Walton: Anon in Love
Anonymous poetry of the 17th and
18th centuries

18. Fain would I change that note

Fain would I change that note
To which fond Love hath charm'd me
Long, long to sing by rote,
Fancying that that harm'd me:
Yet when this thought doth come
"Love is the perfect sum
Of all delight!"
I have no other choice
Either for pen or voice
To sing or write.

O Love! they wrong thee much
That say thy [fruit] is bitter,
When thy [rich] fruit is such
As nothing can be sweeter.
Fair house of joy and bliss,
Where truest pleasure is,
I do adore thee:
I know thee what thou art,
I serve thee with my heart,
And fall before thee.

19. O stay, sweet love

O stay, sweet love; see here the place of
sporting;

These gentle flowers smile sweetly to
invite us,
And chirping birds are hitherward
resorting,

Warbling sweet notes only to delight us:
Then stay, dear love, for, tho' thou run
from me,
Run ne'er so fast, yet I will follow thee.

I thought, my love, that I should
overtake you;

Sweet heart, sit down under this
shadow'd tree,
And I will promise never to forsake you,
So you will grant to me a lover's fee.
Whereat she smiled, and kindly
to me said –
I never meant to live and die a maid.

20. Lady, when I behold the roses

Lady, when I behold the roses sprouting,
Which clad in damask mantles deck the
arbours,

And then behold your lips where sweet
love harbours,
My eyes present me with a double
doubting;
For, viewing both alike, hardly my mind
supposes
Whether the roses be your lips or your
lips the roses.

21. My love in her attire

My Love in her attire doth show her wit,
It doth so well become her:
For every season she hath dressings fit,
For winter, spring, and summer.

No beauty she doth miss
When all her robes are on:
But Beauty's self, Beauty's self she is
When all her robes are gone.

22. I gave her cakes and I gave her ale

I gave her Cakes and I gave her Ale,
I gave her Sack and Sherry;
I kist her once and I kist her twice,
And we were wondrous merry.

I gave her Beads and Bracelets fine,
I gave her Gold down derry.
I thought she was afraid till she stroaked
my Beard
And we were wondrous merry.

Merry my Hearts, merry my Cocks,
Merry merry merry my Sprights.
Merry merry merry my hey down derry.
I kist her once and I kist her twice,
And we were wondrous merry.

23. To couple is a custom

To couple is a custom:
All things thereto agree.
Why should not I then love,
Since love to all is free?

But I'll have one that's pretty,
Her cheeks of scarlet dye,
For to breed my delight
When that I lig her by.

Tho' virtue be a dowry,
Yet I'll chuse money store:
If my love prove untrue,
With that I can get more.

The fair is oft unconstant,
The black is often proud,
I'll chuse a lovely brown:
Come fiddler scrape thy crowd.

Come fiddler scrape thy crowd,
For Peggy the brown is she;
She must be my bride;
God guide that Peggy and I agree.

24. Ouvre ton cœur

Georges Bizet; words by Louis Delâtre

La marguerite a fermé sa corolle,
L'ombre a fermé les yeux du jour.

Belle, me tendras-tu parole?
La marguerite a fermé sa corolle.

Ouvre ton coeur à mon amour.

Ouvre ton coeur, o jeune ange, à ma
flame.
Qu'un rêve charme ton sommeil, ouvre
ton coeur.

Je veux reprendre mon âme,
Ouvre ton coeur, o jeune ange, à ma
flame.

Comme une fleur s'ouvre au soleil,
Ouvre ton coeur comme une fleur
s'ouvre au soleil!
La la la la la la la la la la!

Open Your Heart

The daisy has closed its corolla,
The shadow has closed its eyes to the
day.

Beauty, will you keep your word to me?
The daisy has closed its corolla.

Open your heart to my love.

Open your heart, O young angel, to my
flame.
So that a dream may charm your sleep,
open your heart!

I want to reclaim my soul,
Open your heart, O young angel, to my
flame!

Like a flower opens itself to the sun,
Open your heart like a flower opens
itself to the sun!
La la la la la la la la la la!

Laura Claycomb is a musician who took her grounded Texas roots, a carefully wrought and solid vocal technique, a fun and refined sense of style, a deep interest in languages and a love of the theater and spun them all into a unique presence in the very first rank of the world's classical performers, a musical personality loved and known by professionals and amateurs alike all over the world.

Ms. Claycomb has sung more than 75 roles on the operatic stage and has traversed an extremely wide range of concert and recital repertory. Her detailed and committed approach to singing works equally well in baroque, classical, bel canto, and late Romantic music as well as in all styles of contemporary music. A favorite of living composers, Laura regularly gives first performances of music written with her particular sound and musicianship in mind.

She has sung in collaboration with a long list of important conductors and stage directors and has long-standing musical relationships, notably with Patrick Summers, Michael Tilson Thomas, Emmanuelle Haïm, Esa-Pekka Salonen, the late



Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos, and the late Richard Hickox.

She first captured international attention at the age of 24, when she assumed the role of Giulietta in Bellini's *I Capuleti e i Montecchi* at the Grand Théâtre de Genève. Debuts followed quickly at the Salzburg Festival, Paris Opera, and Teatro alla Scala (in the title role of Linda di Chamounix), launching an international career.

She is a Grammy winner for her recording of the Mahler Symphony No. 8 with the San Francisco Symphony and Michael Tilson Thomas, and her discography of over 15 titles is notable for its variety and substance.

A native of Dallas, Texas, with two bachelor's degrees, in Music and Foreign Languages, from Southern Methodist University, Laura has strong ties to the San Francisco Bay Area through her time as an Adler Fellow with San Francisco Opera. She currently resides with her husband in Turin, Italy.

Marc Teicholz, classical guitarist, is the first-prize winner of the 1989 International Guitar Foundation of America competition. Marc Teicholz has toured extensively throughout the United States, Canada, and Europe, receiving critical acclaim for his recitals and master classes. He has also performed in such major concert halls as Los Angeles' Ambassador Auditorium, Atlanta's Spivey Hall, and Columbia's Koger Center.

Mr. Teicholz has toured Russia, Poland, and Switzerland as well as Southeast Asia, Fiji, and New Zealand under the auspices of the U.S.I.A. Artistic Ambassador program. He has appeared as a soloist with the Pacific Symphony, Far Eastern Orchestra in Russia, the Metropolitan Orchestra in Lisbon, Portugal, the Cordoba Orchestra in Spain, the Santa Cruz Symphony, the Houston Chamber Orchestra, the California Symphony, New Millennium Strings, the Santa Rosa Symphony, the Oakland Symphony, the Palo Alto Chamber Orchestra, OneFoundSound and the Maui Symphony. Mr. Teicholz has also toured extensively with the popular quartet "A Festival of Four." He has recorded several solo CDs



for Naxos, Sugo, and Menus and Music, as well as the pilot soundtrack for George Lucas's "Young Indiana Jones." He enjoys working with composers, including Andrew Imbrie, Dusan Bogdanovic and Lee Actor, to produce new guitar literature and has premiered several new works written for him. His recordings include a solo CD of waltzes ("Valseana") recorded on vintage instruments with GSI, which was named by Acoustic Magazine as one of the 10 best CDs of 2011 and a debut CD with the Pacific Guitar Ensemble. A new recording of the music of Ernesto Nazareth, arranged and produced by Sergio Assad, was released in 2015. He also premiered a new concerto by Clarice Assad in 2015.

He is on the faculty of the San Francisco Conservatory of Music and at California State University East Bay. Recently he has participated at the Moab Music Festival, the National Guitar Summer Workshop, the California Summer Arts Festival and the Weathersfield Music Festival in Vermont. He has been invited to give master classes all over the world. Marc Teicholz graduated *magna cum laude* from Yale University, 1985, received a master's de-

gree from the Yale School of Music, 1986, and a J.D. from the University of California, Berkeley at the Boalt School of Law, 1990.



Keith Weber and Laura Claycomb



Marc Teicholz and Peter Grunberg

Special thanks go to: Keith Weber, most of all, for pushing me to finally finish this album and get it out to the world; Ryan Edwards, who worked miracles and went above and beyond the call of duty; Carol Rosenberger, who believed in us enough to finally birth this project; the village of people who helped put together the album – not the least of whom is Marc, who put so much time and effort into making this happen – and scrambled to get new transcriptions into his fingers. Hearty thanks to the Harris Guitar Foundation for permission to use the instrument heard in this recording. Additional information may be found at www.harrisguitarfoundation.org/david-jose-rubio-1965/

I'd like to dedicate this album to my husband, Tullio, who has indeed opened my heart in ways I did not know were possible.

– Laura Claycomb

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