



The Voice *of the* Clarinet

A RECITAL OF ART-SONG

CRISTO BARRIOS *clarinet*

CLINTON CORMANY *piano*

The Voice of the Clarinet

A recital of art-song in transcription

- | | | |
|------|---|--------|
| | <i>Edvard Grieg (1843-1907)</i> | |
| [1] | Ein Traum op.48 no.6 | [2'29] |
| | <i>Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)</i> | |
| [2] | The roadside fire (from <i>Songs of Travel</i>) | [2'18] |
| | <i>Giulio Caccini (1546-1618)</i> | |
| [3] | Amarilli, mia bella* | [3'05] |
| | <i>Jean Sibelius (1865-1957)</i> | |
| [4] | Var det en dröm? op.37 no.4 | [2'02] |
| | <i>Nicolai Rimsky-Korsakov (1844-1908)</i> | |
| [5] | The nightingale sings to the rose op.2 no.2 | [3'10] |
| | <i>Henri Duparc (1848-1933)</i> | |
| [6] | L'invitation au voyage | [3'59] |
| | <i>Franz Josef Haydn (1732-1809)</i> | |
| [7] | Piercing eyes | [1'43] |
| | <i>Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)</i> | |
| [8] | Kommt dir manchmal in den Sinn op.103 no.7 | [2'08] |
| | <i>Manuel de Falla (1876-1946)</i> | |
| [9] | Asturiana (from <i>Siete canciones populares españolas</i>) | [2'16] |
| | <i>Gioacchino Rossini (1792-1868)</i> | |
| [10] | La fioraia fiorentina | [3'47] |
| | <i>Robert Schumann (1810-1856)</i> | |
| [11] | Requiem op.90 no.7 | [3'56] |
| | <i>Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)</i> | |
| [12] | Pièce (Vocalise) en forme d'habanera | [3'05] |

	<i>Franz Schubert (1797-1828)</i>	
[13]	Gretchen am Spinnrade D.118 (op.2)	[3'40]
	<i>Claude Debussy (1862-1918)</i>	
[14]	Beau soir	[2'36]
	<i>Cole Porter (1891-1964)</i>	
[15]	Just one of those things*	[3'29]
	<i>Sergei Rachmaninoff (1873-1943)</i>	
[16]	Daisies op.38 no.3	[2'41]
	<i>Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)</i>	
[17]	Les chemins de l'amour	[3'22]
	<i>Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)</i>	
[18]	Auch kleine Dinge (from <i>Italienisches Liederbuch</i>)	[2'29]
	<i>Richard Strauss (1864-1949)</i>	
[19]	Cécilie op.27 no.1	[2'25]
	<i>Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)</i>	
[20]	Les berceaux op.23 no.1	[2'49]
	<i>Fernando Obradors (1897-1945)</i>	
[21]	Coplas de Curro Dulce (from <i>Canciones clásicas españolas</i>)	[3'10]
Total CD duration		[61'02]

Cristo Barrios clarinet

Clinton Cormany piano

*Arrangement/realisation by Clinton Cormany

The art-song transcription

'Arrangement' and 'transcription' have for several decades been rather dirty words in the world of classical music, though these (possibly disreputable) practices have behind them the weight of all history. The musical lexicographer Maurice Hinson has observed, 'A prehistoric tune played on a primitive pipe was a transcription from the human voice,' which is surely apropos through the ages right up to the present album. All professional musicians today, however, find they must confront and assume a stance on the issue of performing non-original versions of great music. Disapproval from historians and purists is less keenly felt nowadays than some thirty or forty years ago, but the topic remains rather flammable. The nebulous distinction between arranging and transcribing, compounded by their apparently reverse meaning a century ago, doesn't help matters. Both words imply a transfer, a relocation of pre-existing material to new environs, be that musical tissue or a different ensemble.

Arrangement is currently understood to be the placing of new clothing on a skeleton: a tune and a bassline, say, are adopted and subjected to new characterisations,

harmonies, decorative ideas and the like. It is the original result of an additive and elaborative process. Anyone who's ridden a lift has heard lush 1960s versions of classic numbers like *Stella by Starlight* played by a string orchestra; anyone lucky enough to visit the Blue Note in New York City knows he will hear a gem like *Lover Man* 'done' by a jazz legend. If that listener has a piano or guitar at home he might also be aware that the published sheet music for these songs scarcely resembles these performances; *arrangements* happen because no jazz or pop musician is expected to adhere to the bare bricks and mortar on the page. *Transcription* takes place perhaps more often in the classical-music realm. The word can mean the commitment to paper of a piece of music which has hitherto existed only aurally (for instance a folk dance), or its meaning can closely parallel that of arrangement in the sense of a reassignment, usually to new instruments.

By contrast however, transcribing in modern parlance usually denotes a straight re-deposit of all the musical dots without any adornment by the transcriber; Brahms's Quintet in F minor op.34 for piano and strings may fit this definition, as it actually existed in versions for both string quintet and piano four-hands

before taking its final and most celebrated incarnation. Transcriptions (or 'arrangements', depending on the dictionary of the day) have come into being for a variety of reasons. Marketability is an all too obvious one, with even the first printers of music in the Renaissance wishing to make their wares adaptable to anyone with an instrument and a purse. Dissemination is perhaps a more noble incentive, however closely related to profit, which was behind the appearance during the nineteenth century of such curios as the piano reduction of the *Symphonie fantastique* of Berlioz. Soon Beethoven symphonies for piano duet were a drawing-room commonplace, gratefully received by a public full of amateur pianists who might only hear these works in original form if an orchestra happened into town.

Compositional interest is another strong motive for all manner of musical larceny and tinkering. The history of appropriated material begins c.1200 with motets built on snippets of plainchant, then proceeds through J.S. Bach's magnificent embroidery on Lutheran chorale tunes, and takes in Mozart's re-orchestrations of Bach and Handel, all apparently done for the sheer joy of it. Joy is perhaps the best reason of all: witness the figure of Franz Liszt at the centre of an

exuberant nineteenth-century tradition of lifting other composers' music (and sometimes his own) and refurbishing it for the bedazzlement of audiences. In his versions of Bach organ fugues, Schubert lieder, Bellini opera themes and much else, Liszt celebrated not only the invincibility of the piano but the universality of music itself. 'Why shouldn't a Bach aria be put across by any means possible?' this activity seemed to ask, and the impulse for hands-on engagement with great music outside one's own fence sparked on through generations of pianist- and violinist-composers well into the twentieth century.

Later in that century would come a day when even clavichord works of Bach were forbidden on the piano by an increasingly imperative movement for authenticity within the music establishment. Interestingly, Bach-Busoni or Bach-Godowsky continued to appear on the recital programmes of Myra Hess and Michelangeli, but rarely original Bach (which would be restored with the splash of the young Glenn Gould onto the scene). At roughly the same time performer-composers like Fritz Kreisler and Sergei Rachmaninoff, considered impeccable purists in their own day, were turning out to be the last of a breed of musician with uninhibited

notions about stealing from other instruments. High modernism saw the work of art as sealed, the artist as autocrat, his language or idiom as constitutional. Paul Hindemith writing in 1951 reveals a great deal about the values of that age when he declares that arrangements are "justified only when the arranger's artistic effort is greater than the original composer's."

The last three decades have witnessed an undreamt-of proliferation of the art-image (including the 'aural image'). Electronic media daily blur both borders and horizons, and inclusiveness and eclecticism bring us nearer than ever before to Wagner's high romantic ideal of a *Gesamtkunstwerk* (the all-encompassing work of art). Canon-plundering and quotations and reinterpretations have been effortlessly enfolded into a general it's-all-good ideology. Having vanished for a time, transcriptions and arrangements now crop up liberally on recitals, and discs such as this one scarcely raise an eyebrow. Or do they? What persists from the nineteenth century right through modernism and postmodernism is the self-consciousness of the artist.

Since Beethoven the musician has needed to know where his efforts fit into the

continuum. To the knowledge of this disc's creators, no recording of song transcriptions for clarinet has ever appeared before. Possible reasons for this have already been suggested above, and yet by comparison the flute may boast a small library of transcriptions. Fauré's eloquent *Après un rêve* is a favourite encore of cellists and even double-bassists, but why not clarinetists?

The present album seeks to redress this situation, with all the risks in tow: yes, 'It's all good' in the current epoch, but the plain fact is, singing instruments though they are, clarinets and cellos and flutes don't sing words. Clearly, pipes and viols don't improve on the human voice in an art-song, as Hindemith would have required. But might they instead offer a point of view? With one sharp eye on all that has gone before as guide (and guard), the programme for *The Voice of the Clarinet* has been scrutinised and selected through various magnifying-glasses.

Songs which already bear a history of reworking seemed fair play: Caccini's famous *Amarilli mia bella* has been the subject of many a Baroque instrumental fantasia; likewise Schubert's *Gretchen am Spinnrade*

yielded one of Liszt's most effective piano treatments. Rachmaninoff's marvellous song *Daisies* refashioned with ease into an equally marvellous piano piece for the maestro's own concerts. Just to the left of the concert-hall's front steps, Poulenc's café-song *Les chemins de l'amour* and Cole Porter's cool number *Just one of these things* are vouched for our purposes by stacks of 78s by various twentieth-century lights. In the neighbourhood of pop song is the folksong, which might lend itself well to a lone fiddle (or clarinet) on the village square; by this criterion both the Spanish items on this disc were chosen, as well as (with a little stretching of the point) the ersatz exotic pieces by Brahms and Rimsky-Korsakov.

Another sub-genre one might perceive on our list is the well-worn recital gem so legendary that it may stand up to experiment; Schubert's *Gretchen* already mentioned is a prime example, Debussy's *Beau soir* is another, and maybe also *The roadside fire* with Vaughan Williams's infectious tune seemingly there to be taken up by anybody. Perhaps the only legendary lied of Hugo Wolf that isn't utterly destroyed by a wordless treatment is the (deservedly) familiar *Auch kleine Dinge*. The Debussy doubles in another category discernible here: the song whose

text is in some way actually illumined by the clarinet. The timbre and behaviour of the instrument reveal unusual power in certain songs to capture an essence, which, although not the same as the words, might be thought in a way as good as the words. Curiously, given the general penchant of the French for woodwind, this song-soul is often clearest in the *mélodies* on this programme.

Both the clarinet and the piano may claim to be the darlings of Romantic composers, and much of this recital is centred on the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Both instruments are supremely suited to the ardour and nature-painting so dear to the hearts of the poets of that era and the composers who set their words. Listeners are strongly invited to be driven back to the literature behind this marvellous music, included in this booklet for anyone who may find that the words are oddly highlighted by their absence.

Notes © 2006 Clinton Cormany

Cristo Barrios was born on the island of Tenerife. He studied in Barcelona and the Royal Academy of Music in London. His principal teachers have been Joan Enric Lluna and Richard Stoltzman. His numerous competition successes in Spain and Europe have included the Yamaha Music Foundation of Europe Scholarships, the “Pedro Bote” International Young Musicians Competition in Badajoz, the Primer Palau Competition in Barcelona, the “CHAIN Concours Moderne” in Riga, the Haverhill Sinfonia Soloist Competition, the Anglo-Czechoslovak Trust London Music Competition and the “Guadamora” International Chamber Music Competition in Córdoba.

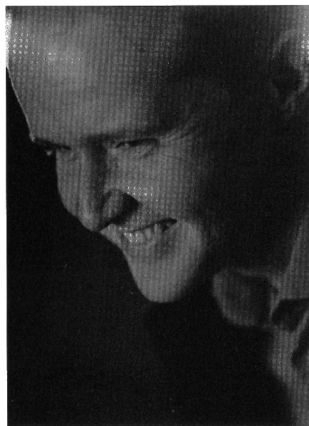
These awards have led to concerts in many important venues throughout Spain and Britain; among these the new Tenerife Auditorium, Teatro Lopez de Ayala in Badajoz, Gran Teatro de Cáceres, the Torroella International Music Festival, Palau de la Música Catalana, Langvad International Chamber Music Festival in Denmark, Llangollen International Music Festival in Wales, St Martin-in-the-Fields, St John’s, Smith Square and Wigmore Hall. Cristo has also performed recitals in Poland, Czech Republic, Switzerland, Holland, France and Latvia.

As an active chamber musician Cristo has performed with many ensembles including the Brodsky String Quartet, the Granollers Chamber Orchestra, Cambra XX and the Blyth Ensemble, and with percussionist Claire Edwardes and the pianists Gordon Back, Llyr Williams, Nigel Clayton and Clinton Cormany. His performances have been broadcast on Spanish National Radio (RNE), Radio Catalunya, the TV channel S4C and BBC Radio 3.

Cristo has appeared as concerto soloist with many orchestras, including the Tenerife Symphony Orchestra, Barcelona Filharmonia Orchestra, Gonçal Comellas Chamber Orchestra, Andorra National Orchestra under the direction of Miquel Ortega, and the CSMC Youth Orchestra under the baton of Jordi Mora.



Cristo Barrios



Clinton Cormany

Clinton Cormany was born in the USA. He has distinguished himself as an accompanist to many singers and instrumentalists in recitals all over the United States and Europe. His principal teachers were the late Leonard Hokanson at the Indiana University School of Music and Malcolm Martineau at the Royal Academy of Music in London.

Among the accolades for his accompaniment have been the unanimous First Prize for Pianists at the 1999 Wigmore Hall International Song Competition and the 2002 Vivian Langrish Prize for Accompanists. In past years he has been sponsored by the Geoffrey Parsons Memorial Trust, and has participated in the Young Songmakers' Programme with Graham Johnson. Whilst at the Royal Academy of Music he won many of its accompaniment and chamber-music prizes, and graduated with its prestigious *DipRAM* and the award of a fellowship.

Clinton's concert work has included several large-scale projects involving his peers: in recent years he has organised presentations of the complete song-cycles of Schumann, the entire *Spanisches Liederbuch* and *Mörrike-Lieder* of Hugo Wolf, the complete mélodies of Ravel and a series exploring the vast

corpus of American song. With recital partners he has performed in Britain at the Oxford Lieder Festival, at St Martin-in-the-Fields, St John's Smith Square, Fairfield Halls and Wigmore Hall. His performances have been broadcast by Spanish National Radio, BBC Radio 3, and American PBS. Recital work has taken him to Sweden and Austria, and he has made several extended tours of Spain with the clarinetist Cristo Barrios.



The Voice of the Clarinet

was recorded 7-9 August 2006 at The Duke's Hall, Royal Academy of Music, London.

Recording engineer: Tom Leader

Producers: Clinton Cormany and Cristo Barrios

Original sound recording made by Cristo Barrios and Clinton Cormany and issued under licence.

© © 2006 Divine Art Limited.

Cover art: Claire Cormany

Cover photo: Marc Soler

Page 9 photos: Poldo Cebrián

[1] Ein Traum (A Dream)

Friedrich Martin von Bodenstedt (1819-1892)

Mir träumte einst ein schöner Traum:
Mich liebte eine blonde Maid;
Es war am grünen Waldesraum,
Es war zur warmen Frühlingszeit:

Die Knospe sprang, der Waldbach schwoll,
Fern aus dem Dorfe scholl Geläut -
Wir waren ganzer Wonne voll,
Versunken ganz in Seligkeit.

Und schöner noch als einst der Traum
Begab es sich in Wirklichkeit -
Es war am grünen Waldesraum,
Es war zur warmen Frühlingszeit:

Der Waldbach schwoll, die Knospe sprang,
Geläut erscholl vom Dorfe her -
Ich hielt dich fest, ich hielt dich lang
Und lasse dich nun nimmermehr!

O frühlingsgrüner Waldesraum!
Du lebst in mir durch alle Zeit -
Dort ward die Wirklichkeit zum Traum,
Dort ward der Traum zur Wirklichkeit!

*Once I dreamt a beautiful dream:
I was loved by a blonde maiden;
It was in the green forest glade,
It was in the warm springtime:*

*The buds sprouted, the forest brook swelled,
In the distance from the village sounded chimes,
We were utterly full of bliss,
Fully immersed in happiness.*

*And lovelier still than its being a mere dream,
Was that it was realised.
It was in the green forest glade,
It was in the warm springtime:*

*The forest brook swelled, the buds sprouted,
Chimes sounded from the village there -
I held you fast, I held you long,
And I shall never again let you go!*

*O spring-green forest glade!
You live in me for all time -
There did the reality become the dream,
There did the dream become the reality!*

[2] The Roadside Fire

Robert Louis Stevenson (1850-1894)

I will make you brooches and toys for your delight
Of bird-song at morning and star-shine at night,
I will make a palace fit for you and me
Of green days in forests, and blue days at sea.

I will make my kitchen, and you shall keep your room,
Where white flows the river and bright blows the broom;
And you shall wash your linen and keep your body white
In rainfall at morning and dewfall at night.

And this shall be for music when no one else is near,
The fine song for singing, the rare song to hear!
That only I remember, that only you admire,
Of the broad road that stretches and the roadside fire.

[3] **Amarilli, mia bella (Amaryllis, my beauty)**

Giulio Caccini (1546-1618)

Amarilli, mia bella,
Non credi, o del mio cor dolce desio,
D'esser tu l'amor mio?
Credilo pur: e se timor t'assale,
Prendi questo mio strale,

Apri il petto e vedrai scritto in core:
Amarilli, Amarilli, Amarilli
è il mio amore.

*Amaryllis, my beauty,
Believe you not, O sweet desire of my heart,
That you are my love?
Believe it purely: and if fear assails you,
Have this, my arrow,*

*Open my breast and see it written on my heart:
Amaryllis, Amaryllis, Amaryllis
Is my love.*

[4] **Var det en dröm (Was it a dream?)**

Josef Julius Wecksell (1838-1907)

Var det en dröm, att ljuvt en gång
jag var ditt hjärtas vän?
Jag minns det som en tystnad sång,
då strängen darrar än.

Jag minns en törnros av dig skänkt,
en blick så blyg och öm;
jag minns en avskedstår, som blänkt.
Var allt, var allt en dröm?

En dröm lik sippans liv så kort
uti en vårgrün ängd,
vars fågring hastigt vissnar bort
för nya blommors mängd.

Men mången natt jag hör en röst
vid bittra tårars ström:
göm djupt dess minne i ditt bröst,
det var din bästa dröm!

*Was it a dream, that once in a delightful time,
I was your heart's friend?
I remember it like a silenced song,
the strains of which still quiver.*

*I remember a plucked rose which you presented,
a gaze so timid and tender;
I remember a parting tear, which sparkled.
Was it all, was it all a dream?*

*A dream like an anemone, with a life so short
Out in a newly green meadow,
whose bloom hastily withers away
before a multitude of new flowers.*

*But many nights I hear a voice
through the bitter stream of my tears:
hide this memory deep in your breast,
it was your best dream!*

[5] The nightingale sings to the rose

Aleksey Vasil'yevich Koltsov (1808-1842)

Пленившись розой, соловей
И день, и ночь поёт над ней,
Но роза молча песням внимлет...

На лире так певец иной
Поёт для деви молодой;
А дева милая не знает,

Печальны песни так его?

*The captivated rose, a nightingale:
Day and night he sings over her,
And silently she heeds his song...*

*On a lyre, another singer
Sings to a maiden young
And the sweet maiden does not know:*

This mournful song, is it his?

[6] L'invitation au voyage (Invitation to a voyage)

Charles Baudelaire (1821-1867)

Mon enfant, ma soeur,
Songe à la douceur
D'aller là-bas vivre ensemble,
Aimer à loisir,
Aimer et mourir
Au pays qui te ressemble.

Les soleils mouillés
De ces ciels brouillés
Pour mon esprit ont les charmes
Si mystérieux
De tes traîtres yeux,
Brillant à travers leurs larmes.

Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,
Luxe, calme et volupté.

Vois sur ces canaux
Dormir ces vaisseaux
Dont l'humeur est vagabonde;
C'est pour assouvir
Ton moindre désir
Qu'ils viennent du bout du monde.

*My child, my sister,
Think of the sweetness
Of going over there to live together,
To love at leisure,
To love and die
In the land which you resemble.*

*The moist suns
Of the misty skies
For my spirit hold the charm
So mysterious
Of your traitor's eyes,
Brilliant through their tears.*

*There, all is of order and beauty,
Luxury, calm, and voluptuousness.*

*See on those canals
Asleep, those ships
who pleasure in being vagabonds:
It is to gratify
Your tiniest desire
That they have come from the ends of the earth.*

Les soleils couchants
Revêtent les champs,
Les canaux, la ville entière,
D'hyacinthe et d'or;
Le monde s'endort
Dans une chaude lumière!

Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,
Luxe, calme et volupté.

[7] Piercing eyes

Anonymous

Why asks my fair one if I love?
Those eyes so piercing bright
Can ev'ry doubt of that remove,
And need no other light.

Those eyes full well do known my heart,
And all its working see,
E'er since they play'd the conq'rors part,
And I no more was free.

*The setting suns
Clothe the countryside,
The canals, the entire village,
In hyacinth and in gold;
The world sinks into sleep
In a warm light!*

*There, all is of order and beauty,
Luxury, calm, and voluptuousness.*

[8] Kommt dir manchmal in den Sinn (Do you remember sometimes)

Hugo Conrad (dates unknown), after the Hungarian

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

*Does it come to you sometimes in your mind,
my sweet love,
What you once with a sacred oath vowed to
me?
Deceive me not, forsake me not,
You do not know how I love you.
Love me as I love you,
Then down shall stream God's grace upon you.*

[9] Asturiana (Asturian)

Spanish folk poem

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

*To see if it would bring consolation,
I drew near to a green pine,
To see if it would bring consolation.*

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

*Upon seeing me cry, it cried.
And the pine, green as it could be,
Upon seeing me cry, it cried.*

[10] La fioraia fiorentina (The Florentine Flower-girl)

Anonymous

I più bei fior comprate,
fanciulli, amanti e spose:
son fresche le mie rose,
non spiran che l'amor.

*The most beautiful flowers you may buy,
lads, lovers, and brides:
my roses are fresh,
like love, and not withered.*

Ahime! Soccorso implora
mia madre, poveretta
e da me sola aspetta
del pan e non dell'or.

*Ah me! Help, implores
my mother, poor thing
and for me alone she waits
for bread and not for gold.*

[11] Requiem

Old Catholic Poem

Ruh' von schmerzensreichen Mühlen
Aus und heißem Liebesglühen!
Der nach seligem Verein
Trug Verlangen,
Ist gegangen
Zu des Heilands Wohnung ein.

*Rest from pain-laden labours
And the ardent glow of love.
He who for blessed union
Bore yearning,
Has now entered
Into the Saviour's dwelling.*

Dem Gerechten leuchten helle
Sterne in des Grabes Zelle,
Ihm, der selbst als Stern der Nacht
Wird erscheinen,
Wenn er seinen
Herrn erschaut im Himmelspracht.

*On the righteous shine bright
Stars, even in the grave's cell,
On him, who himself as a star in the night
Shall appear
When he beholds his
Lord in heaven's glory.*

Seid Fürsprecher, heil'ge Seelen!
Heil'ger Geist, laß Trost nicht fehlen.
Hörst du? Jubelsang erklingt,
Feiertöne,
Darein die schöne
Engelsharfe singt:

*Be intercessors, you holy souls!
Holy Ghost, let comfort not be lacking.
Can you hear? Jubilation resounds,
Ceremonious tones,
There the beautiful
Angel's harp sings:*

Ruh' von schmerzenreichen Mühen
Aus und heißem Liebesglühen!
Der nach seligem Verein
Trug Verlangen
Ist gegangen
Zu des Heilands Wohnung ein.

*Rest from pain-laden labours
And the ardent glow of love.
He who for blessed union
Bore yearning,
Has now entered
Into the Saviour's dwelling.*

[13] Gretchen am Spinnrade (Gretchen at the spinning-wheel)

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832)

Meine Ruh' ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer,
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.

*My peace is gone,
My heart is heavy,
I shall find it never,
Never again.*

Wo ich ihn nicht hab
Ist mir das Grab,
Die ganze Welt
Ist mir vergällt.

*Wherever I do not have him,
Is for me like a grave,
The entire world
Is for me become bitter.*

Mein armer Kopf
Ist mir verrückt,
Mein armer Sinn
Ist mir zerstückt.

*My poor head
has become crazed,
My poor mind
has gone to pieces.*

Nach ihm nur schau ich
Zum Fenster hinaus,
Nach ihm nur geh ich
Aus dem Haus.

*Only for him do I look
Out of the window,
Only for him do I go
Out of the house.*

Sein hoher Gang,
Sein' edle Gestalt,
Seine Mundes Lächeln,
Seiner Augen Gewalt,

*His proud carriage,
His noble form,
His mouth's smile,
His eyes' power.*

Und seiner Rede
Zauberfluß,
Sein Händedruck,
Und ach, sein Kuß!

*And his words:
A magic stream.
His hand's clasp,
And ah! his kiss.*

Meine Ruh' ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer,
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.

Mein Busen drängt sich
Nach ihm hin.
Ach dürft ich fassen
Und halten ihn,

Und küssen ihn,
So wie ich wollt,
An seinen Küssen
Vergehen sollt!

[14] Beau soir (Beautiful evening)

Paul Bourget (1852-1935)

Lorsque au soleil couchant les rivières
sont roses,
Et qu'un tiède frisson court sur les
champs de blé,
Un conseil d'être heureux semble sortir
des choses
Et monter vers le cœur troublé.
Un conseil de goûter le charme d'être
au monde,
Cependant qu'on est jeune et que le
soir est beau,
Car nous nous en allons comme s'en va cette onde,
Elle à la mer, nous au tombeau.

[15] Just one of those things

Cole Porter (1891-1964)

As Dorothy Parker once said
To her boyfriend, 'Fare thee well.'
As Columbus announced when he knew he was bounced,

*My peace is gone,
My heart is heavy,
I shall find it never,
Never again.*

*My bosom presses itself
Towards him.
Ah if I could but catch him
And hold him,*

*And kiss him
The way I would want,
In his kisses,
I should perish!*

*When in the setting sun the rivers become
rosy,
And a mild brief shiver crosses the fields of
wheat,
A counsel to be happy seems to emerge from
these
And rise up toward the troubled heart.
A counsel to taste the charm of being in the
world,
While one is young and the evening is
beautiful,
Because we leave it just as this wave does,
She to the sea, we to the tomb.*

'It was swell, Isabelle, swell.'

As Abelard said to Heloise,
'Don't forget to drop a line to me, please.'
As Juliet cried in her Romeo's ear,
'Romeo, why not face the facts, my dear?'

It was just one of those things,
Just one of those crazy flings.
One of those bells that now and then rings,
Just one of those things.

It was just one of those nights
Just one of those fancy flights
A trip to the moon on gossamer wings
Just one of those things.

If we'd thought a bit of the end of it
When we started painting the town
We'd have been aware that our love affair
Was too hot not to cool down.

So goodbye, dear, and amen,
Here's hoping we meet now and then
It was great fun, but it was
Just one of those things.

[16] Daisies

Igor Severyanin (1887-1941)

О, посмотри, как много маргариток
И там, и тут,
Они цветут, их много, их избыток.
Они цветут.
Их лепестки трехгранные,
как крылья,
Как белый шелк.
В них лета мощ!
В них радость изобилья
В них слетлый полк.

*Oh look how many daisies there are,
Far and near,
They bloom, they abound, they are prodigal.
They bloom.
Their triangular petals,
Like wings,
Like white silk.
Therein is the summer's vigour!
Therein is the delight of extravagance,
Therein is a brilliant multitude.*

Готовь, земля, цветом из рос напиток,
Дай сок стеблю...
О, девушки,
О, звезды маргариток,
Я вас люблю!

*Prepare, earth, a dew-drink for the blossoms,
Bring liquid to their stalks...
Oh girls,
Oh stellar daisies,
I love you!*

[17] Les chemins de l'amour (The paths of love)

Jean Anouilh (1910-1987)

Les chemins qui vont à la mer
Ont gardé de notre passage
Des fleurs effeuillées et l'écho
sous leurs arbres
de nos deux rires clairs

*The paths that go to the sea
Kept watch over our passage
Of flowers plucked of petals and the echo
beneath
the trees of our two peals of laughter.*

Hélas des jours de bonheur
Radiieuses joies envolées
Je vais sans retrouver traces dans
mon Cœur.

*Alas, the days of happiness,
The radiant joys have flown,
I go, having not found again the trails in my
heart.*

Chemins de mon amour
Je vous cherche toujours
Chemins perdus vous n'êtes plus
Et vos échos sont sourds
Chemins du désespoir
Chemins du souvenir
Chemins du premier jour
Divins chemins d'amour.

*Paths of my love,
I look for you always.
Lost paths, you are no more
And your echoes are muted.
Paths of despair,
Paths of remembrance,
Paths of that first day,
Divine paths of love.*

Je dois l'oublier un jour
La vie effaçant toute chose
Je veux dans mon cœur qu'un
souvenir repose
plus fort que l'autre amour.

*I must forget it one day,
As life erases all things.
I am wishing in my heart for a memory to
remain
more strongly than another love.*

Le souvenir du chemin
Ou tremblante et toute éperdue
Un jour j'ai senti sur moi brûler tes mains.

*The memory of the path
Where trembling and all bewildered
One day I felt upon me the burn of your hands.*

Chemins de mon amour...

Paths of my love...

[18] Auch kleine Dinge (Even little things)

Paul Heyse (1830-1914), after an Italian folk poem

Auch kleine Dinge können uns entzücken,
Auch kleine Dinge können teuer sein.
Bedenkt, wie gern wir uns mit Perlen
schmücken;
Sie werden schwer bezahlt und sind nur klein.
Bedenkt, wie klein ist die Olivenfrucht,
Und wird um ihre Güte doch gesucht.
Denkt an die Rose nur, wie klein sie ist,
Und duftet doch so lieblich, wie ihr wißt.

*Even little things can give us delight,
Even little things can be precious.
Consider how we like to adorn ourselves with
pearls,
They are of great cost, and are but small.
Consider how small is the olive-fruit,
And yet for its goodness is sought after.
Think on the rose, just how little it is,
And yet smells so lovely, as you know.*

[19] Cäcilie (Cecilia)

Heinrich Hart (1855-1906)

Wenn du es wüßtest,
Was träumen heißt von brennenden Küssen,
Von Wandern und Ruhen mit der Geliebten,
Aug in Auge,
Und kosend und plaudernd,
Wenn du es wüßtest,
Du neigtest dein Herz!

*If you but knew it,
What it is like to dream of burning kisses,
Of wandering and reposing with the beloved,
Eye into eye,
And caressing and chatting,
If you but knew it,
You would bend your heart!*

Wenn du es wüßtest,
Was bangen heißt in einsamen Nächten,
Umschauert vom Sturm, da niemand tröstet
Milden Mundes die kampfmüde Seele,
Wenn du es wüßtest,
Du kämest zu mir.

*If you but knew it,
What it is like to fear on lonely nights,
Engulfed by the storm, where nobody comforts
With gentle murmurs the struggle-weary soul,
If you but knew it,
You would come to me.*

Wenn du es wüßtest,
Was leben heißt, umhaucht von der Gottheit
Weltschaffendem Atem,
Zu schweben empor, lichtgetragen,
Zu seligen Höhen,
Wenn du es wüßtest,
Du lebstest mit mir!

*If you but knew it,
What it is to live in the breath of the Divinity,
a world-creating breath,
To float upwards, carried so lightly,
To blessed heights,
If you but knew it,
You would live with me.*

[20] Les berceaux (The cradles)

Rène-François Sully-Prudhomme (1839-1907)

Le long du Quai, les grands vaisseaux,
Que la houle incline en silence,
Ne prennent pas garde aux berceaux,
Que la main des femmes balance.

Mais viendra le jour des adieux,
Car il faut que les femmes pleurent,
Et que les hommes curieux
Tentent les horizons qui leurrent!

Et ce jour-là les grands vaisseaux,
Fuyant le port qui diminue,
Sentent leur masse retenue
Par l'âme des lointains berceaux.

*Along the quay, the great ships,
Which the waves rock in silence,
Are ignorant of the cradles,
Which the hands of women rock.*

*But it will come, the day of farewells,
For it is fated that women shall weep,
And that men, curious,
Shall venture into horizons which lure them.*

*And on that day the great ships,
leaving the port which grows ever smaller,
Will feel their bulk being held back
By the soul of the faraway cradles.*

[21] Coplas de Curro Dulce (Verses of Curro Dulce)

Curro Dulce (pseudonym), 19th century

Chiquitita la novia,
Chiquitita el novio,
Chiquitita la sala,
Y er dormitorio,
Por eso yo quiero
Chiquitita la cama
Y er mosquitero.

*Tiny the bride,
Tiny the groom,
Tiny the parlour,
and the bedroom.
Because of this I want
a tiny bed
and a mosquito net.*

Music publishers:

Track 2: Boosey & Hawkes Music Publishers Ltd

Track 4: NCB/GEMA

Track 9: SGAE/G. Ricordi & Co (Ldn) Ltd

Track 12: Copyright Control

Track 15: Chappell Music Ltd

Track 16: Boosey & Hawkes Music Publishers Ltd

Track 17: SACEM/G. Ricordi & Co. (Ldn) Ltd

Track 19: GEMA/Universal Edition AB (Wien)/Universal Edition (Ldn) Ltd

Track 21: SGAE/Chester Music

(other tracks all public domain)

Cristo Barrios website: www.cristo-barrios.com

e-mail : cristo@barriosreyes.com



DIVINE ART RECORDINGS GROUP

INNOVATIVE | ECLECTIC | FASCINATING | INSPIRATIONAL

Over 500 titles, with full track details, reviews, artist profiles and audio samples, can be browsed on our website. All our recordings are available at any good record store or download provider or direct from our secure online shopping website:

www.divineartrecords.com
(CD, 24-bit HD, FLAC and MP3)

Diversions LLC (Divine Art USA) email: sales@divineartrecords.com

Divine Art Ltd. (UK) email: uksales@divineartrecords.com

Printed catalogue sent on request

Also available in digital download through Primephonic, Qobuz, iTunes, Amazon, Spotify and many other platforms

follow us on facebook, youtube and twitter



WARNING: Copyright subsists in all recordings issued under this label. Any unauthorised broadcasting, public performance, copying or re-recording thereof in any manner whatsoever will constitute an infringement of such copyright. In the United Kingdom, licences for the use of recordings for public performance may be obtained from Phonographic Performance Ltd, 1, Upper James Street, London W1R 3HG.

The Voice *of the* Clarinet

CLINTON CORMANY &
CRISTO BARRIOS

