

Liedteksten

AVROTROS Klassiek presenteert Laetitia Gerards



Laetitia Gerards - sopraan
Thomas Beijer - piano

➤➤➤ Track 1

Métamorphoses
II. C'est ainsi que tu es

Componist - Francis Poulenc
Tekstdichter - Louise de Vilmorin

Ta chair d'âme mêlée
Chevelure emmêlée,
Ton pied courant le temps,
Ton ombre qui s'étend
Et murmure à ma tempe.
Voilà, c'est ton portrait,
C'est ainsi que tu es
Et je veux te l'écrire
Pour que la nuit venue
Tu puisses croire et dire
Que je t'ai bien connue.

➤➤➤ Track 2

Banalités
IV. Voyage à Paris

Componist - Francis Poulenc
Tekstdichter - Guillaume Apollinaire

Ah! la charmante chose
Quitter un pays morose
Pour Paris
Paris joli
Qu'un jour
Dut créer l'Amour



➤➤➤ Track 3

L'invitation au voyage

Componist - Henri Duparc

Tekstdichter - Charles Baudelaire

Mon enfant, ma sœur,
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.
-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!

➤➤➤ Track 5-7

Sieben Frühe Lieder

Alban Berg - komponist

I. Nacht

Carl Hauptmann - tekstdichter

Dämmern Wolken über Nacht und Tal.
Nebel schweben. Wasser rauschen sacht.
Nun entschleiert sich's mit einem Mal.
O gib acht! gib acht!
Weites Wunderland ist aufgetan,
Silbern ragen Berge traumhaft groß,
Stille Pfade silberlicht talan
Aus verborg'nem Schoß.
Und die hehre Welt so traumhaft rein.
Stummer Buchenbaum am Wege steht
Schattenschwarz – ein Hauch vom fernen Hain
Einsam leise weht.
Und aus tiefen Grundes Dürsterheit
Blinken Lichter auf in stummer Nacht.
Trinke Seele! trinke Einsamkeit!
O gib acht! gib acht!

III. Die Nachtigall

Theodor Storm - tekstdichter

Das macht, es hat die Nachtigall
Die ganze Nacht gesungen;
Da sind von ihrem süßen Schall,
Da sind in Hall und Widerhall
Die Rosen aufgesprungen.
Sie war doch sonst ein wildes Blut,
Nun geht sie tief in Sinnen;
Trägt in der Hand den Sommerhut
Und duldet still der Sonne Glut
Und weiß nicht, was beginnen.

Das macht, es hat die Nachtigall
Die ganze Nacht gesungen;
Da sind von ihrem süßen Schall,
Da sind in Hall und Widerhall
Die Rosen aufgesprungen.

VI. Liebesode

Otto Erich Hartleben - tekstdichter

Im Arm der Liebe schliefen wir selig ein.
Am offenen Fenster lauschte der Sommerwind,
und unsrer Atemzüge Frieden
trug er hinaus in die helle Mondnacht. –
Und aus dem Garten tastete zagend sich
Ein Rosenduft an unserer Liebe Bett
Und gab uns wundervolle Träume,
Träume des Rausches – so reich an Sehnsucht!

➤➤➤ Track 8

Sechs Lieder, op. 48

V. Zur Rosenzeit

Edvard Grieg - componist

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe - tekstdichter

Ihr verblühet, süße Rosen,
Meine Liebe trug euch nicht;
Blühet, ach! dem Hoffnungslosen,
Dem der Gram die Seele bricht!
Jener Tage denk' ich trauernd,
Als ich, Engel, an dir hing,
Auf das erste Knöspchen lauernd
Früh zu meinem Garten ging;
Alle Blüten, alle Früchte
Noch zu deinen Füßen trug
Und vor deinem Angesichte
Hoffnung in dem Herzen schlug.
Ihr verblühet, süße Rosen,
Meine Liebe trug euch nicht;
Blühet, ach! dem Hoffnungslosen,
Dem der Gram die Seele bricht.

➤➤➤ Track 9-13

A Lock Without A Key, a cycle of five songs for soprano and piano

Thomas Beijer - componist en tekstdichter

I. Dedigitise now

I hear you
I see you
so you're here
theoretically
your heart beats
(I suppose)

my heart beats
(quite sure of that)
they beat both
but seperated
by glass and bytes
and fiber-optic cables
I say to you
what I always say
but words now are numbers
ones and zero's
thousands of miles
above lonely heads
they reach you
clearly
but frozen in space
you say to me
what you always say
but your words are just numbers
without your breath on my skin
be here be real
be warm be skin
be blood be real
dedigitise
be here be here
and kiss me

II. Plenty of parsley

cheer up, humanity
what's the big fuss?
the parsley still grows
springs still flowers
birds still nest
bees still buzz
fish still jump back and forth
whales still hump back and forth
pardon my language
and there's plenty of parsley

and a growing amount
so cheer up, humanity
oh cheer up, humanity
what's the big fuss?
the earth still goes round and round
despite us
back and forth
happily spinning
without us

III. Two sides of it

it will never go away, he said
it will, she said
some things just never fade away, he said
it will wear out, she said,
everything wears out, in the end
not everything, he said
but she was right, in the end
and so, in the end,
it wasn't there anymore
everything was said
they agreed on that
and departed

IV. A little red list

the dodo and the dinosaur
and the woolly mammoth
and the sabre-toothed cat
and a really massive ape
called gigantopithecus
tiny rocky mountain locust
giant sloth and megalodon
and the tasmanian tiger too
also sixteen species of the sea cucumber
painters pianists singers
etcetera

etcetera

V. Last night

night at the shore
no star in sight
whispering beachgrass on shadowy dunes
murmuring waves caressing the sand
distant lighthouse
lit nevermore
universe shrouded in clouds and in secrecy
no beacons
no havens
just a lock without a key
stars don't shine forever
but scars stay forever
as you stride on
along with the tide
longing for dawn

➤➤➤ Track 15

Violon

Francis Poulenc - componist

Louise de Vilmorin - tekstdichter

Couple amoureux aux accents méconnus
Le violon et son joueur me plaisent.
Ah! j'aime ces gémissements tendus
Sur la corde des malaises.
Aux accords sur les cordes des pendus
À l'heure où les Lois se taisent
Le cœur, en forme de fraise,
S'offre à l'amour comme un fruit inconnu.

➤➤➤ Track 16

Pourquoi?

Olivier Messiaen - componist en tekstdichter

Pourquoi les oiseaux de l'air,
Pourquoi les reflets de l'eau,
Pourquoi les nuages du ciel,
Pourquoi?
Pourquoi les feuilles de l'Automne,
Pourquoi les roses de l'Été,
Pourquoi les chansons du Printemps,
Pourquoi?
Pourquoi n'ont-ils pour moi de charmes,
Pourquoi?
Pourquoi, Ah! Pourquoi?

➤➤➤ Track 17

Four songs, op. 13

III. Sure on this shining night

Samuel Barber - componist
James Agee - tekstdichter

Sure on this shining night
Of starmade shadows round,
Kindness must watch for me
This side the ground.
The late year lies down the north.
All is healed, all is health.
High summer holds the earth.
Hearts all whole.
Sure on this shining night
I weep for wonder
Wandering far alone
Of shadows on the stars.

➤➤➤ Track 18-21

Cabaret Songs

William Bolcom - componist

Tekstdichter: Arnold Weinstein

George

My friend George, used to say:
"Oh call me Georgia, 'hon, get yourself a drink."
And sang the best soprano
in our part of town.
In beads, brocade and pins,
he sang if you happened in
through the door he never locked
and said "get yourself a drink."
And sang out loud
till tears fell in the cognac
And the chocolate milk and gin
and all the beads and brocade and pins
When strangers happened through his open door
George said, "Stay, but yuh gotta keep quiet!
While I sing and then a minute after.
And call me Georgia."
One fine day a stranger in a suit of navy blue
Took George's life with a knife
George had placed beside an apple pie he'd baked.
And stabbed him in the middle of "Un bel di vedremo".
As he sang for this particular stranger
who was in the United States Navy.
The funeral was at the cocktail hour.
We knew George would like it like that.
Tears fell on the beads, brocade and pins
in the coffin which was white.
Cause George was a virgin.
Oh call him Georgia, 'hon. Get yourself a drink.
You can call me Georgia, 'hon. Get yourself a drink!

Toothbrush Time

It's toothbrush time,
Ten a.m. again and toothbrush time.
Last night at half past nine it seemed O.K.
But in the light of day not so fine at toothbrush time.
Now he's crashing round my bathroom,
Now he's reading my degree,
Perusing all my pills,
Reviewing all my ills,
And he comes out smelling like me.
Now he advances on my kitchen,
Now he raids every shelf
Till from the pots and pans and puddles and debris
Emerges three eggs all for himself.
Oh, how I'd be ahead if I'd stood out of bed;
I wouldn't sit here grieving
Waiting for the wonderful moment of his leaving.
At toothbrush time, toothbrush time,
Ten a.m. again and toothbrush time.
I know it's sad to be alone,
It's so bad to be alone,
Still I should've known
That I'd be glad to be alone.
I should've known, I should've known!
Never should have picked up the phone and called him.
"Hey, uh, listen, uhm ...
Uh, I've got to, uh ...
Oh, you gotta go too?
So glad you understand.
And ..."
By the way, did you say
Nine tonight again?
See you then.
Toothbrush time!

Song of Black Max

He was always dressed in black,
long black jacket, broad black hat,
sometimes a cape,
and as thin, and as thin as rubber tape:
Black Max.

He would raise that big black hat
to the big-shots of the town
who raised their hats right back,
never knew they were bowing to
Black Max.

I'm talking about night in Rotterdam
when the right night people of all the town
would find what they could
in the night neighborhood of
Black Max.

There were women in the windows
with bodies for sale
dressed in curls like little girls
in little dollhouse jails.

When the women walked the street
with the beds upon their backs,
who was lifting up his brim to them?
Black Max!

And there were looks for sale,
the art of the smile --
(only certain people walked that mystery mile:
artists, charlatans, vaudevillians,
men of mathematics, acrobatics and civilians).

There was knitting-needle music
from a lady organ-grinder
with all her sons behind her,
Marco, Vito, Benno
(Was he strong! Though he walked like a woman)
and Carlo, who was five.
He must be still alive!
Ah, poor Marco had the syph, and if
you didn't take the terrible cure those days

you went crazy and died and he did.
And at the coffin
before they closed the lid,
who raised his lid?
Black Max!
I was climbing on the train
one day going far away
to the good old U.S.A.
when I heard some music
underneath the tracks.
Standing there beneath the bridge,
long black jacket, broad black hat,
playing the harmonica, one hand free
to lift that hat to me:
Black Max, Black Max, Black Max.

Amor

It wasn't the policeman's fault
in all the traffic roar
Instead of shouting "Halt!"
when he saw me he shouted, Amor.

Even the icecream man
(free icecreams by the score)
Instead of shouting butter pecan
one look at me,
He shouted, Amor.

All over town it went that way.
Everybody took off the day.
Even philosophers understood
how good was the good 'cuz I looked so good!
The poor stoped taking less.
The rich stopped needing more.
Instead of saying "no" and "yes",
Both looking at me shouted "Amor!"

My stay in town was cut short.
I as dragged to court.
The judge said I disturbed the peace
and the jury gave him what for!
The judge raised his hand
and instead of desist and cease,
Judgie came to the stand,
took my hand and whispered, Amor.

Night was turning into day,
I walked alone away.
(Never see that town again.)
But as I passed the churchhouse door
Instead of singing "Amen"
The choir was singing, Amor.

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