

A portrait of Mark Steven Doss, a Black man with short, graying hair, wearing a black tuxedo jacket, a white dress shirt, and a light-colored bow tie. He is looking slightly to the left with a gentle smile. The background is a solid, dark blue-grey color.

Mark Steven Doss

Welcome
TO MY *World*

Ken
Smith
Piano

CEDILLE
⌵

Welcome ^{TO} MY World

HECTOR BERLIOZ

(1803–1869)

- 1 “Une puce gentille” from
La damnation de Faust
(1:38)

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN

(1770–1827)

- 2 “Flohlied” from *Faust*,
Op. 75, No. 3 (2:02)

MODEST MUSSORGSKY

(1839–1881)

- 3 Pesnja a Blaxe (Song of
the flea) (3:00)

ARRIGO BOITO (1842–1918)

- 4 “Ecco il mondo”
from *Mefistofele* (2:28)

CHARLES GOUNOD

(1818–1893)

- 5 “Le veau d’or” from *Faust*
(2:26)

GEORGES BIZET (1838–1875)

- 6 “Votre toast, je peux vous
le rendre” (Toreador Song)
from *Carmen* (3:55)

GEORGE FRIEDRIC HANDEL

(1685–1759)

- 7 “Sibillar gli angui d’Aletto”
from *Rinaldo* (5:03)

WOLFGANG AMADEUS

MOZART (1756–1791)

- 8 “Non più andrai” from
Le Nozze di Figaro (3:27)

GIOACCHINO ROSSINI

(1792–1868)

- 9 “Là del ciel” from
La Cenerentola (6:55)

UMBERTO GIORDANO

(1867–1948)

- 10 “Nemico della patria?”
from *Andrea Chénier* (4:36)

EDUARDO DI CAPUA

(1865–1917)

- 11 ‘O sole mio* (2:33)

ERNESTO DE CURTIS

(1875–1937)

- 12 Torna a Surriento* (2:45)
- 13 Non ti scordar di me* (2:41)

Mark Steven Doss

Ken Smith *Piano*

KURT WEILL (1900–1950)

- 14 “Lost in the Stars” from
Lost in the Stars (3:10)
- 15 “O Tixo, Tixo Help Me!”
from *Lost in the Stars* (5:17)
- 16 “Thousands of Miles” from
Lost in the Stars (3:52)

LOUIS GRUENBERG

(1884–1964)

- 17 “Oh, Lawd Jesus, heah my
Prayer” from *The Emperor
Jones* (3:44)

THOMAS A. DORSEY

(1899–1993)

- 18 Peace in the Valley (4:01)
- 19 Take my Hand, Precious
Lord (4:50)

NICHOLAS BRODSZKY

(1905–1958)

- 20 I’ll Walk with God (3:03)

BRENDAN GRAHAM (b. 1945)

& ROLF LOVLAND (b. 1955)

- 21 You Raise Me Up (5:00)

TT: (77:43)

*Stas Venglevski, accordion

A Note from the Bel Canto Foundation

It was an immense privilege for our family to have worked with the Board of Directors and patrons of the Bel Canto Foundation to further the careers of young operatic singers for 43 years.

The annual Bel Canto Operatic Contest Evenings held at Monastero's Ristorante promoted Italian Operatic Repertoire and generations of Chicago performers. We are proud that so many of our contestants are enjoying successful careers throughout the opera world. As we say "arrivederci" to the Bel Canto Foundation, a bittersweet decision after closing Monastero's in 2017, we wanted to leave you with a memory of the times enjoyed together and a work that embodies all that was Bel Canto.

Thanks to Jim Ginsburg of Cedille Records, whose wife, Patrice Michaels, not only competed in the Bel Canto Contest Evenings but went on to send many of her students to participate in the contest, this final album has become a reality, and the work of Cedille continues the Bel Canto tradition of supporting Chicago's young talent. May you

continue to support your love of music and performers through Cedille's incredible work.

This album embodies the Bel Canto spirit through the talents of two of its icons: Mark S. Doss (1985 Bel Canto Foundation Grand Prize Winner) and Maestro Kenneth Smith. Throughout his incredible career, Mark would regularly surprise us by returning "home" to entertain guests during competition evenings. For decades, Maestro Kenneth Smith was the "symphony orchestra" for Bel Canto, his artistic piano collaboration calming the nerves and supporting the voices of the young contestants. Mark and Ken's partnership on this album is a true work of musical art.

May all enjoy each note of this glorious album and those of you who were with us think fondly of your time with Bel Canto!

Mille Grazie!

Joseph Monastero, President
Joseph S. Monastero, Treasurer
Elizabeth Monastero, Artistic Director
Martha Monastero, Contest Coordinator

Personal Note from Mark Steven Doss

It is with the greatest feelings of love, respect, and admiration that I add to this recording my profound thanks to the Monasteros and the Bel Canto Foundation for all they have done for me and for so many young, aspiring singers over a span of five decades. Without the help of the Foundation and the Monasteros, I can easily envision my career being half, if even that, as successful as it has been with their generous help. When my Metropolitan Opera contract took away more than half of the time I was scheduled to spend in Busseto, Italy (as the Foundation's Grand Prize Winner) studying with the great Carlo Bergonzi, the Monasteros offered to send me there for whatever time I had available and then, with the remainder of the funds, they sent me back to Busseto to compete in the International Verdi Competition, where I was able to win First Prize.

To Martha, Joe, Salvy, Eliabeth, and Gina I owe more than my life. There have been so many triumphs and celebrations I have shared with them, as well as some low moments in my life; but in those dark times, they always found ways to Raise Me Up from my despair. From *Elijah's* "Cast thy burdens" to *Messiah's* "Surely, He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows," I add the most precious gift I received from Martha and Joe: a framed picture of the poem/verse, "Footprints." I have passed it on to many others, but I truly came to know the Good News of being *carried through one's trials and tribulations* from them.

Without the help of the Foundation and the Monasteros, I can easily envision my career being half, if even that, as successful as it has been with their generous help.

Notes on the Program by Henry Fogel

This recital serves to encapsulate the remarkably broad career of Mark S. Doss, a bass-baritone born in Cleveland, Ohio to Earl and Dorothy Doss. With a career that spans over 30 years, he has refused to be pigeon-holed. Having started his career on the roster of the Metropolitan Opera, he has subsequently performed with La Scala, Lyric Opera of Chicago, the Vienna State Opera, and many others throughout the world. His roles have ranged from Wagner through Verdi, Boito and Mascagni, and Mozart and Beethoven. He has also sung a great deal of new music and has always had a special relationship with Spirituals and songs of faith. His versatility, and the strong theatrical presence he brings to everything he sings, is on full display here.

The recording begins with a wonderful combination of “Devil” songs, including three classic settings of the sardonic song about a king and his flea. We begin as Berlioz’s Mephistopheles responds to a student’s song ironically paying tribute to a rat with his own song about a flea loved by a king but which brings its entire family to infest the court. The text is based on a scene from Goethe’s *Faust*, and that same scene inspired Beethoven and Mussorgsky. Doss manages to characterize these three songs differently through the specificity of his inflection and vocal coloring. He also sings them in their original languages, French, German, and Russian. After that, we hear from two of grand opera’s most well-known devils, those created for very different takes on the Faust

legend by Arrigo Boito and Charles Gounod. In both operas the character of Mephistopheles is given music of great power and authority, music that requires a large dramatic presence from the singer.

From that opening group of devilish songs and arias, we slide into a broader range of operatic characters, again designed to demonstrate the singer’s versatility and comfort with a wide range of musical idioms. Most impressive in this group are the two extensive runs in “Sibillar gli angui d’Aletto,” Argante’s aria from Handel’s *Rinaldo*. The run in the first verse lasts 19 seconds and the one in the second 20 seconds, both sung without a breath. It is the rare singer who can comfortably encompass the stylistic and dramatic range called upon by Bizet, Handel, Mozart, Rossini, and Giordano with the naturalness displayed by Doss. After the swagger of Bizet’s bullfighter and the power of Handel’s Argante, Alidoro’s aria from Rossini’s *Cenerentola* must convey the character’s nobility and warmth of spirit. Also, after the flexibility (including a real trill) displayed in the Handel and Rossini arias, one might be surprised at the intensity and raw power heard in Carlo Gérard’s big aria from *Andrea Chénier*. In the middle of this group of arias, Doss sings “Non più andrai,” Figaro’s teasing of Cherubino as to what might await him in the army.

The next group consists of three of the most popular Neapolitan songs ever written, here

appropriately accompanied with simplicity by accordion, rather than the often-heard souped up orchestration with lush strings.

Following that, Doss pays tribute to one of the first African-American baritones to build a career at a time when racial prejudice was still the norm, Todd Duncan (1903–1998). Duncan, Gershwin's choice as the first Porgy, also created the role of Stephen Kumalo in the Kurt Weill and Maxwell Anderson music drama, *Lost in the Stars*. Doss brings his vocal and dramatic skills to bear on searing versions of three songs from that classic, a deeply moving setting of Alan Paton's *Cry the Beloved Country*.

Following Weill is an aria from the opera *The Emperor Jones*, by Louis Gruenberg. The opera, based on a play by Eugene O'Neill, premiered in 1933 at the Metropolitan, with Lawrence Tibbett performing in blackface. (Ironically Paul Robeson played the title role in the play, but this was more than two decades before the Met would hire an African-American singer.) Tibbett and George London have both left recordings of this aria, but it is sadly under-represented on disc. As with the Weill songs, this calls on the singer's dramatic skills and specificity of articulation to make its effect.

The four songs that conclude the disc are songs of faith. Thomas A. Dorsey (1899–1993) was a major figure in Chicago, as a pianist and composer of jazz, blues, and gospel, as well as a Christian evangelist. Two of his most popular gospel songs are *Peace in the Valley* and *Take My Hand, Precious Lord. I'll Walk with God* was composed for the movie version of *The Student Prince*. It was not written for the 1924 operetta by Sigmund Romberg, but 30 years later by Nicholas Brodsky, specifically for Mario Lanza to sing. *You Raise Me Up* was written in 2001 by Brendan Graham and Rolf Lovland as a statement of the profound spiritual connection between one soul and another. In all four of these, it is this spiritual fervor that must be communicated in performance.

Henry Fogel is Dean Emeritus of the Chicago College of Performing Arts at Roosevelt University, and former President of the League of American Orchestras and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra.

Mark Steven Doss



Celebrated bass-baritone, opera star, and concert singer, Mark S. Doss has performed with the major orchestras of San Francisco, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Chicago, and Toronto, while also performing 100+ roles with more than 60 major opera companies, including Teatro alla Scala, Royal Opera

House Covent Garden, the Vienna State Opera, San Francisco Opera, Lyric Opera of Chicago, and The Canadian Opera Company, to name a few. In his 30+ year career, Mr. Doss has become renowned for his signature roles, notably, the Dutchman in Wagner's *The Flying Dutchman*, Amonasro in *Aida*, Jochanaan in *Salome*, Scarpia in *Tosca*, The Four Villains in *The Tales of Hoffmann*, Méphistophélès in *Faust* and Escamillo in *Carmen*, performing these roles numerous times before large audiences and to critical acclaim.

His foray into the opera world saw Mr. Doss debut as Khan Konchak in Borodin's *Prince Igor* at Indiana University, where he discovered his love, talent, and natural affinity for opera and earned his Master of Music degree. He performed five other major roles at the University, went on to serve as an apprentice with Santa Fe Opera, and then as

an ensemble member of Lyric Opera of Chicago's Center for American Artists (nka the Ryan Opera Center). From Chicago, he launched a successful career beginning with a cover assignment at the Metropolitan Opera. Included among his many professional accomplishments is a Grammy Award (Best Opera Recording) for his performance on the Deutsche Grammophon recording of Handel's *Semele*; winning First Prize in the Verdi Competition in Busseto, Italy; and receiving the National Institute for Music Theatre's George London Opera Prize, which was presented to him by Leontyne Price.

In addition to his over-100 opera roles, Mr. Doss has sung some 35 oratorios on five different continents and in ten different languages: English, French, Italian, German, Spanish, Latin, Russian, Czech, Hebrew, and Hungarian. Improvisation and straight acting have also been notable parts of Mr. Doss's career.

Career highlights include his Carnegie Hall debut with Riccardo Muti conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra in Bruckner's *Te Deum*, Verdi's *Messa da Requiem* with elite members of the Cleveland Orchestra conducted by Robert Shaw, his Italian debut alongside Carlo Bergonzi in Busseto Opera Theater's *La Forza del Destino*, Escamillo in *Carmen* for his La Scala debut and as his debut role at the Arena di Verona, and his Geffen Hall (Lincoln Center) debut in a program commemorating the 125th anniversary of Paul Robeson's birth.

Ken Smith

Mr. Doss enjoys mentoring and teaching young artists to help them reach their full potential, presenting Master Classes in Role Preparation at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor and at the Dorset Opera Festival, while drawing from his past experiences as an Associate Professor of Voice at Michigan State University in East Lansing. These activities were part of the focus for his receiving the prestigious Entertainment Award from Planet Africa, recognizing his achievements as an artist and his reputation as a positive role model for youths, both in Canada and the United States.

In his spare time, Mr. Doss enjoys playing table tennis, tennis, and chess; working out; and donating his time and talents to help with fundraising through his participation in concerts for churches, orchestras, and opera companies. When he is not touring, Mr. Doss divides his time between his home in Toronto, Ontario and residences in Tampa, Florida and Erie, Pennsylvania.

marksdoss.com



Pianist Ken Smith has enjoyed a 50-year performing career. His credits include solo and ensemble appearances throughout the United States, Europe, Japan, and Central America. Widely celebrated as a vocal accompanist, he has collaborated with hundreds of singers through the years.

Career highlights include his association with the Ashiya Chamber Society in Japan, which has occasioned appearances at the Asian Museum of Seattle, Matsukata Hall in Kobe, Izumi Hall and the Gansenji Shrine in Osaka, Lichtentall Church in Vienna, the residence of the Japanese Ambassador to the Holy See in Rome, St. Jakob's Church in Rotenberg, Germany, and at the City Concert Hall in Quetzaltenango, Guatemala.

As an accompanist, Ken enjoyed a long association with the Bel Canto Foundation of Chicago, playing for its annual competition. He also served as principal coach at the Foundation's seminars in Busseto and Siena, Italy, collaborating with numerous luminaries of the operatic world.

He served on the faculty of the Bienen School of Music at Northwestern University as a coach in the Department of Voice and Opera from 1992 to 2014 and has been a frequent guest lecturer and recitalist featuring the songs of Hugo Wolf.

Ken continues a long association with Am Shalom Congregation in Glencoe, Illinois, where he has been keyboardist since 1982 and participated in three recent recordings of traditional and contemporary Jewish music.

A native of Louisiana, Ken studied with the American pianist Sidney Foster at Indiana University, where he received Bachelor and Master of Music degrees, *cum laude*.

Stas Venglevski

His artistry, dazzling technical command, and sensitivity have brought Republic of Moldovian Stanislav ("Stas") Venglevski increasing acclaim as a virtuoso of the bayan (Russian accordion). Stas is a two-time first-prize winner of the Republic of Moldova's national bayan competition and a graduate of the Russian Academy of Music in Moscow where he received his Masters Degree in Music. In 1992, Stas immigrated to the United States.



An accordionist, composer, conductor, arranger, entertainer, and teacher, Stas's wide repertoire includes his original compositions and a broad range of classical, contemporary, and ethnic music. He has toured extensively as a soloist throughout

the former Soviet Union, Canada, Europe, and the United States, including numerous performances with Doc Severinsen and Steve Allen, and with Garrison Keillor on *Prairie Home Companion*. He has performed with symphony orchestras in Europe and throughout the United States including the Anchorage, Grand Florida, and Detroit orchestras.

For the past five years he has been the Artistic Director of the Houston Accordion Orchestra Retreat and, in 2021, he was named Artistic Director of A World of Accordions (AWAM) in Superior, Wisconsin. He is a past President of the Accordionists and Teachers Guild and currently serves on its board. Most recently, he has joined the faculty of the Music Department of the University of Wisconsin, Superior.

1. “Une puce gentille” from *La damnation de Faust*
Hector Berlioz (1803-1869)

Une puce gentille
Chez un prince logeait.
Comme sa propre fille,
Le brave homme l'aimait,
Et, l'histoire assure,
À son tailleur un jour
Lui fit prendre mesure
Pour un habit de cour.

L'insecte, plein de joie
Dès qu'il se vit paré
D'or, de velours, de soie,
Et de crois décoré.
Fit venir de province
Ses frères et ses surs
Qui, par ordre du prince,
Devinrent grands seigneurs.

Mais ce qui fut bien pire,
C'est que les gens de cour,
Sans en oser rien dire,
Se grattaient tout le jour.
Cruelle politique!
Ah! plaignons leur destin,
Et, dès qu'une nous pique,
Ecrasons-la soudain!

A gentle flea
Lodged with a prince.
Like his own daughter
The good man loved it,
And, the story goes,
One day had his tailor
Make a court dress
For him.

The insect, full of joy
When he saw himself decked out
In gold, velvet, silk,
And decorated with a cross,
Invited from the country
His brothers and sisters,
Who, on the prince's orders,
Were made great nobles.

But what was worse
Was that the courtiers
Without daring to say anything
Were scratching all day.
Cruel politics!
Ah, let us lament their fate,
And when one bites us,
Squash it immediately!

2. "Flohlied" from *Faust*, Op. 75, No. 3 Ludwig van Beethoven (1770-1827)

Es war einmal ein König,
Der hatt' einen großen Floh,
Den liebt er gar nicht wenig,
Als wie seinen eig'nen Sohn.
Da rief er seinen Schneider,
Der Schneider kam heran;
"Da, miß dem Junker Kleider
Und miß ihm Hosen an!"

In Sammet und in Seide
War er nun angetan,
Hatte Bänder auf dem Kleide,
Hatt' auch ein Kreuz daran,
Und war sogleich Minister,
Und hatt einen großen Stern.
Da wurden seine Geschwister
Bei Hof auch große Herrn.

Und Herrn und Frau'n am Hofe,
Die waren sehr geplagt,
Die Königin und die Zofe
Gestochen und genagt,
Und durften sie nicht knicken,
Und weg sie jucken nicht.
Wir knicken und ersticken
Doch gleich, wenn einer sticht!

There once was a king
who had a large flea
whom he loved not a bit less
than his very own son.
He called his tailor
and the tailor came directly;
"Here - make clothing for this knight,
and cut him trousers too!"

In silk and satin
was the flea now made up;
he had ribbons on his clothing,
and he had also a cross there,
and had soon become a minister
and had a large star.
Then his siblings became
great lords and ladies of the court as well.

And the lords and ladies of the court
were greatly plagued;
the queen and her ladies-in-waiting
were pricked and bitten,
and they dared not flick
or scratch them away.
But we flick and crush them
as soon as one bites!

3. Pesnja a Blaxe (Song of the flea) Modest Mussorgsky (1839–1881)

Zhil-był korol' kogda-to,
Pri nyom blokha zhila,
Blokha...blokha!
Miley rodnogo brata ona yemu byla;
Blokha ...ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Blokha?
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! ...Blokha!

Zovyot korol' portnogo:
"Poslushay ty, churban!
Dlya druga dorogogo ...Shey!
Barkhatny kaftan!"
Blokhe kaftan? Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
Blokhe? Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Kaftan?
Ha, ha, ha, ha!
Blokhe kaftan?

Vot v zoloto i barkhat blokha naryazhena,
I polnaya svoboda yey pri dvore dana, Ha, ha!
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Blokhe! Ha, ha, ha, ha!
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Blokhe!

Korol' yey san ministra
I s nim zvezdu dayot,
Za neyu i drugie poshli vse blokhi v khod. Ha, ha!
I samoy koroleve, i freylinam yeyo,
Ot blokhe ne stalo mochi
Ne stalo i zhit'ya, Ha, ha!
I tronut-to boyatsa, ne to shtoby ikh bit'.
A my, kto stal kusat'sa, totchas davay dushit'.
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Once upon a time there lived a king.
The king he kept a flea.
A flea! A flea!
This flea was dearer to him than his own brother.
A flea! Hee-hee, hee-hee. A flea?
Hee-hee, hee-hee. A flea!

The king did summon his tailor.
'Listen here, you blockhead,
Sew a velvet kaftan
For my dear friend!
A kaftan for a flea? Hee-hee, hee-hee.
For a flea? Hee-hee, hee-hee. A kaftan?
Hee-hee, hee-hee. Hee-hee, hee-hee.
A kaftan for a flea?

I want my flea to be cosy and warm,
And to enjoy total freedom at court.
At court? Hee-hee. A flea? Hee-hee.
Hee-hee, hee-hee. A flea!

The king made it a minister and gave it a medal,
And all the other fleas joined in too.
And the queen and all her ladies-in-waiting
Were sore vexed by them and suffered grievously.
And they were afraid to touch them, let alone
hit them,
But we will squash them as soon as they start to bite!
Hee-hee, hee-hee,
Hee-hee, hee-hee,
Hee-hee, hee-hee, hee-hee.

4. “Ecco il mondo” from *Mefistofele* Arrigo Boito (1842-1918)

Ecco il mondo,
Vuoto e tondo,
Salza, scende,
Balza e splende.
Fa carole intorno al sole,
Trema, rugge, dà e distrugge,
Ora sterile or fecondo.
Ecco il mondo.

Sul suo grosso
Antico dosso
V'è una schiatta
E sozza e matta,
Fiera, vile, ria, sottile,
Che ad ogn'ora si divora
Dalla cima sino al fondo
Del reo mondo.

Fola vana è a lei Satana,
Riso e scherno
E' a lei l'inferno,
Scherno e riso il Paradiso.
Oh per Dio!
Che or rido anch'io,
Oh per Dio! ecc.
Nel pensare ciò
Che le ascondo.
Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!
Ecco il mondo!

Here is the world,
Empty and round.
It rises, falls,
Dances, glitters,
Whirls about under the sun,
Trembles, roars, creates, destroys,
Now barren, now fecund-
Such is the world.

Upon its huge
And rounded back
Dwells an unclean
And mad race,
Wicked, subtle, proud, vile,
Which forever devours itself,
From the heights to the depths
Of the guilty world.

Vain folly is Satan to her.
Laughter and mockery,
Hell is hers,
Heaven is mocked and laughed at.
Oh by God!
I'm laughing too.
Oh by God! etc.
Thinking about
What I hide from her.
Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!
Here is the world!

5. “Le veau d’or” from *Faust*
Charles Gounod (1818–1893)

Je ferai de mon mieux
De n’ennuyer personne.

Le veau d’or est toujours debout!
On encense sa puissance,
D’un bout du monde à l’autre bout!
Pour fêter l’infâme idole,
Rois et peuples confondu,
Au bruit sombre des écus,
Danse une ronde folle
Autour de son piédestal!

Et Satan conduit le bal, etc.

Le veau d’or est vainqueur des dieux!
Dans sa gloire dérisoire,
Le monstre abject insulte aux cieux!
Il contemple, ô rage étrange!
A ses pieds le genre humain,
Se ruant, le fer en main,
Dans le sang et dans la fange
Où brille l’ardent metal.

Et Satan conduit le bal, etc.

I’ll do my best
Not to bore anyone.

The golden calf remains standing!
We praise his power,
From one end of the world to the other!
To celebrate the infamous idol,
Kings and the people mixed together,
To the somber sound of golden coins,
They dance a wild round
Around his pedestal!

And Satan leads the dance, etc.

The calf of gold conquers the gods!
In its disdainful glory,
The abject monster insults
It contemplates, oh weird frenzy! heaven!
At his feet the human race,
Hurling itself about, iron in hand,
In blood and in the mire,
Where gleams the burning metal.

And Satan leads the dance, etc.

6. “Votre toast, je peux vous le rendre” (Toreador Song) from *Carmen* (3:55)
Georges Bizet (1838-1875)

Messieurs les officiers,
Je vous remercie!

Votre toast ... je peux vous le rendre,
Señors, Señors, car avec les soldats
Oui les toreros peuvent s'entendre,
Pour plaisirs ils ont les combats.
Le cirque est plein, c'est jour de fête,
Le cirque est plein du haut en bas.
Les spectateurs perdant la tête,
Les spectateurs s'interpellent à grands fracas!
Apostrophes, cris et tapage
Poussés jusques à la fureur!
Car c'est la fête du courage!
C'est la fête des gens de cour!
Allons en garde! Allons! Allons! Ah!

Toréador, en garde!
Toréador! Toréador!
Et songe bien, oui songe en combattant
Qu'un oeil noir te regarde
Et que l'amour t'attend.
Toréador, l'amour,
L'amour t'attend!

Tout d'un coup on fait silence;
On fait silence. Ah que se passe-t-il?
Plus de cris; c'est l'instant!
Le taureau s'élançe en bondissant hors du Toril!
Il s'élançe, il entre, il frappe, un cheval roule
Entrainant un picador.

Officers,
I thank you!

Your toast ... I can return it to you,
Señors, Señors, because with soldiers
Yes Bullfighters can understand each other,
For fun they have fights.
The circus is full, it's a holiday,
The circus is full from top to bottom.
The spectators are losing their heads,
The spectators are calling out loudly:
Bluster, shouting and noise
Pushed to the point of fury!
Because it's a festival of courage!
It's a party for the strong of heart!
Let's go, on guard! Come on! Come on! Ah!

Toreador, on guard!
Toreador! Toreador!
And think well, yes remember while fighting
A black eye is watching you
And that love awaits you.
Toreador, love,
Love awaits!

All of a sudden, silence falls;
The people are silent. Oh what is happening?
No more screams; it's the moment!
The bull springs leaping out of its pen!
He rushes, he enters, he knocks, a horse rolls
Dragging down a picador.

"Votre toast, je peux vous le rendre" (Toreador Song) from *Carmen* (continued)

"Ah bravo toro!, hurle la foule!
Le taureau va ... il vient ... il vient et frappe encor!
En secouant ses banderilles,
Plein de fureur, il court!
Le cirque est plein de sang!
On se sauve, on franchit les grilles!
C'est ton tour maintenant!
Allons en garde! Allons! Allons! Ah!

[*refrain*]

"Ah bravo toro!", yells the crowd!
The bull goes ... he comes ... he comes and
knocks again!
Shaking his banderillas,
Full of fury, he runs!
The circus is full of blood!
People escape, they jump the gates!
It's your turn now!
Let's go, on guard! Come on! Come on! Ah!

[*refrain*]



7. “Sibillar gli angui d’Aletto” from *Rinaldo*
George Friedric Handel (1685–1759)

Sibillar gli angui d’Aletto,
E latrar vorace Scilla,
Parmi udir d’intorno a me.

Rio velen mi serpe in petto,
Né ancor languida favilla
Di timor, pena mi diè.

The hissing of the snakes of Alecto,
and the howling of the voracious Scylla,
I seem to hear all around me.

Evil venom is creeping into my breast
and still the languid sparkling
of fear will not bother me.



8. “Non più andrai” from *Le Nozze di Figaro* Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756–1791)

Addio, piccolo Cherubino!
Come cangia in un punto,
il tuo destino!

Non più andrai, farfallone amoroso,
notte e giorno d'intorno girando;
delle belle turbando il riposo
Narcisetto, Adoncino d'amor.

Non più avrai questi bei pennacchini,
quel cappello leggero e galante,
quella chioma, quell'aria brillante,
quel vermiglio donnesco color.

Tra guerrieri, poffar Bacco!
Gran mustacchi, stretto sacco.
Schioppo in spalla, sciabla al fianco,
collo dritto, muso franco,
un gran casco, o un gran turbante,
molto onor, poco cantante!
Ed invece del fandango,
una marcia per il fango.
Per montagne, per valloni,
con le nevi e i sollioni.
Al concerto di tromboni,
di bombarde, di cannoni,
che le palle in tutti i tuoni
all'orecchio fan fischiar.

Cherubino alla vittoria:
alla gloria militar.

Goodbye, little Cherubino!
How your destiny can change
in just one moment!

No more, you amorous butterfly,
Will you go fluttering round by night and day,
Disturbing the peace of every maid,
You pocket Narcissus, you Adonis of love.

No more will you have those fine feathers,
That light and dashing cap,
Those curls, those airs and graces,
That roseate womanish colour.

You'll be among warriors, by Bacchus!
Long moustaches, knapsack tightly on,
Musket on your shoulder, sabre at your side,
Head erect and bold of visage,
A great helmet or a turban,
Lots of honour, little money,
And instead of the fandango,
Marching through the mud.
Over mountains, through valleys,
In snow and days of listless heat,
To the sound of bugles,
Shells and cannons,
Whose shots make your ears ring
On every note.

Cherubino, on to victory,
On to military glory!

9. “Là del ciel” from *La Cenerentola*
Gioacchino Rossini (1792-1868)

Là del ciel nell'arcano profondo,
Del poter sull'altissimo trono
Veglia nune signore del mondo
Al cui piè basso mormora il tuono.
Tutto sa tutto vede e non lascia
Nell'ambascia perir la bontà.
Fra la cenere, il pianto, l'affanno
Ei ti vede o fanciulla innocente,
E cangiado il tuo stato tiranno
Fra l'orror vibra un lampo innocente
Non temer, no, non temer
Si è cambiata la scena:
La tua pena cangiando già va.

Un crescente mormorio
Non ti sembra d'ascoltar?
Ah sta lieta: il cocchio mio
Su cui voli a trionfar!
Tu mi guardi?
Ti confondi?
Ehi, ragazza, non rispondi?
Sconcertata è la tua testa
E rimbalza qua e là
Come nave in gran tempesta
Che di sotto in su sen va.

Ma già il nembo è terminato,
Scintillò serenità.
Il destino s'è cangiato:
L'innocenza brillerà.

In the arcane depths of Heaven,
On the high throne of all power
Presides the Lord of this world, our God,
At whose feet the thunder mutely rolls.
Of all he's aware; he sees all things and will
Not bear that the good should die of pain.
He sees you innocent maid
in ashes, tears and need
And changes your most painful state
By letting forth just lightning bolts.
No, no, you mustn't be afraid
For everything has changed.
Your suffering will be eased.

A sound approaches;
Don't you hear it?
Be of cheer; it is my carriage
Which will hurry you to triumph!
You look at me!
Are you bewildered?
Now, good maid, why don't you answer?
You are bewildered;
You sway from here to there
As does a ship tossed by a storm,
Tossed high, dropped low.

But now the storm is past,
and joy is radiant.
Fate has changed,
and your innocence shall triumph.

10. "Nemico della patria?" from *Andrea Chénier*

Umberto Giordano (1867–1948)

Nemico della Patria?!

È vecchia fiaba che beatamente
ancor la beve il popolo.

Nato a Costantinopoli? Straniero!

Studiò a Saint Cyr? Soldato!

Traditore! Di Dumeuriez un complice!

E poeta? Sovvertitor di cuori

e di costumi!

Un dì m'era di gioia

passar fra gli odi e le vendette,

puro, innocente e forte!

Gigante mi credea!

Son sempre un servo!

Ho mutato padrone!...

Un servo obbediente di violenta passione!

Ah, peggio! Uccido e tremo,

e mentre uccido io piango!

Io della Redentrice figlio,

pel primo ho udito il grido suo

pel mondo ed ho al suo il mio grido

unito... Or smarrita ho la fede

nel sognato destino?

Com'era irradiato di gloria

il mio cammino!...

La coscienza nei cuor

ridestar delle genti,

raccogliere le lagrime

dei vinti e sofferenti!...

Fare del mondo un Pantheon,

gli uomini in dì mutare

e in un sol bacio,

e in un sol bacio e abbraccio

tutte le genti amar!

Enemy of the country?!

A worn out fable, which by some good fortune,
The populace can still believe!

Born in Constantinople? ...a foreigner?

A cadet at Saint Cyr? A soldier...

...and a traitor! Dumouriez' accomplice!

...and a poet! His every word breathes falsehood

And sedition!

Of old, searing temptation,

I went my way mid hate and envy,

Pure of heart and firm of purpose.

I thought of myself like a god!

I'm still in bondage,

I've but found a new master!

I bow in obedience to the promptings of passion!

And worse still, tho' I am a murderer,

The voice of piety still haunts me!

I, one of Freedom's loyal sons,

Gave ear to the cry that echoed

Round me, and to that cry my own voice

Gave answer. All those dreams that I cherished,

Have they vanished forever?

How bright and fair the pathway of glory

Once shone before me!

How I longed to bring hope

To the hearts of my people,

To dry the tears of those

Whom fate has vanquished and those who suffer;

Make this world a Paradise!

That men might then become immortal,

And to unite all my brothers

In one supreme bond

Of love!

11. 'O Sole Mio

Eduardo Di Capua (1865–1917)

Che bella cosa na jurnata 'e sole,
nària serena doppo na tempesta!
Pe' ll'aria fresca pare già na festa...
Che bella cosa na jurnata 'e sole.

Ma nàtu sole
cchiù bello, oje ne'.
O sole mio
sta 'nfronte a te!
O sole
O sole mio
sta 'nfronte a te!
sta 'nfronte a te!

Quanno fa notte e 'o sole se ne scenne,
me vene quase 'na malincunia;
sotto 'a fenesta toia restarria
quanno fa notte e 'o sole se ne scenne.

[ritornello]

What a wonderful thing a sunny day
The serene air after a thunderstorm
The fresh air, and a party is already going on...
What a wonderful thing a sunny day.

But another sun,
that's brighter still
It's my own sun
that's in your face!
The sun,
my own sun
It's in your face!
It's in your face!

When night comes and the sun has gone down,
I start feeling blue;
I'd stay below your window
When night comes and the sun has gone down.

[refrain]

12. Torna a Surriento

Ernesto De Curtis (1875–1937)

Vide 'o mare quant'è bello!
spira tantu sentimento...
Comme tuà chi tienemente,
ca, scetato' o faie sunnà!

Guarda guà chistu ciardino,
Siente siè' sti sciure arance;
Nu profumo accussi fino,
dint'o core se ne va...

E tu dice: ì parto, addio
t'alluntane da stu core...
Da staterra de l'ammore,
tiene 'o core 'e nun turná?

Ma nun me lassà,
nun darne stu turmiento!
Torna a Surriento:
famme campà!...

Look at the sea, how beautiful it is!
It inspires so many emotions
Like you: who you're looking at
You make him dream while he's awake.

Look, look at this garden!
Feel, feel the scent of these oranges!
This perfume so delicate
Goes into the heart.

And you say: "I'm going away, goodbye!"
You move away from me.
To the land of love
Have you the courage not to come back?

But don't leave me!
Don't make me suffer!
Come back to Sorrento,
Give me the strength to live!

13. Non ti scordar di me

Ernesto De Curtis

Partirono le rondini dal mio paese freddo
E senza sole
Cercando primavera di viole
Nidi d'amore e di felicità
La mia piccola rondine partì
Senza lasciarmi un bacio
Senza un addio partì.

Non ti scordar di me
La vita mia legata a te
Io t'amo sempre più
Nel sogno mio rimani tu
Non ti scordar di me
La vita mia legata a te
C'è sempre un nido nel mio cor per te
Non ti scordar di me.

The swallows left
From my cold and sunless country,
Searching for Springs full of violets
And lovely and happy nests.
My little swallow left
Without leaving me a kiss
She left without a goodbye.

Don't forget about me:
My life is tied to you
I love you more and more
In my dream you stay
Don't forget about me
My life is tied to you
There's always a nest in my heart for you
Don't forget about me.

14. "Lost in the Stars" from *Lost in the Stars*

Kurt Weill (1900–1950)

Before Lord God made
the sea and the land
He held all the stars
in the palm of his hand.
And they ran through his
fingers like grains of sand
And one little star fell alone.

Then the Lord God hunted
through the wide night air
For the little dark star
on the wind down there.
And he stated and promised
He'd take special care
So it wouldn't get lost again.

Now a man don't mind
if the stars grow dim
And the clouds blow over and darken him

So long as the Lord God's
watching over them,
Keeping track how it all goes on.

But I've been walking
through the night and the day
Till my eyes get weary
and my head turns gray,
And sometimes it seems
maybe God's gone away,
Forgetting the promise
that we heard him say,
And we're lost out here in the stars,
Little stars, big stars
Blowing through the night.
And we're lost out here in the stars,
Little stars, big stars
Blowing through the night.
And we're lost out here in the stars.

15. "O Tixo, Tixo Help Me!" from *Lost in the Stars*

Kurt Weill

What have I come to here at this crossing of
paths?
Must he tell a lie and live, or speak truth and die?
And if this is so, what can I say to my son?
O Tixo, Tixo, help me!

Often when he was young,
I have come to him and said
"Speak truly, evade nothing.
What you have done, let it be on your head."
And he heeded me not at all
Like rain he ran through my hands,
Concealing, as a boy will,
Taking what was not his, evading commands.
For he seemed to hear none of my words
Turning, shifting, he ran
through a tangle of night and days.
'Til he was lost to my sight,
And ran far into evil and evil ways
And he was stricken and struck back
And he loved
And he was desprate with love and fear and anger
And at last he came to this
O God of the humble and broken
O god of those who have nothing, nothing,
nothing, to this!
To the death of a man,
To the death of a man,

A man he had given to death
Then my words came back to him, and he said,
"I shall do no more evil, tell no more untruth;
I shall keep my father's ways and remember them."
And can I go to him now and say, "My son, take care,
Tell no truth in this court, lest it go ill with you here;
Keep to the rules. Beware!"
And yet if I say again, "It shall not profit a man
If he gain the whole world and lose his own soul"
I shall lose Absalom then!
I shall lose Absalom then!

*I must find some other way
Some other hope
My son did not mean to kill his son
Did not mean to kill*

O Tixo, Tixo, help me!

*What can I do?
To whom can I appeal?*

O, Tixo, Tixo, help me!

Where can I turn now?

O, Tixo, Tixo, help me!

16. “Thousands of Miles” from *Lost in the Stars*

Kurt Weill

How many miles to the heart of a child?
Thousands of miles, thousands of miles.
When he lay on your breast, he looked up and smiled
across tens of thousands, thousands of miles.

Each lives alone in a world of dark,
Crossing the skies in a lonely arc,
Save when love leaps out like a leaping spark
over thousands, thousands of miles.

Not miles, or walls, or length of days,
Nor the cold doubt of midnight can hold us apart.
For swifter than wings of the morning,
The pathways of the heart.

How many miles to the heart of a son?
Thousands of miles, thousands of miles.
Farther off than the rails or the roadways run
across tens of thousands, thousands of miles.

The lines on the map stretch far and thin,
To the streets and days that close him in,
But then as of old he turns 'round to grin
over thousands, thousands of miles.

Not miles or walls or length of days,
Nor the cold doubt of midnight can hold us apart.
For swifter than wings of the morning,
The pathways of the heart
Over tens of thousands of miles.

17. “Oh, Lawd Jesus, heah my Prayer” from *The Emperor Jones*
Louis Gruenberg (1884–1964)

Oh, Lawd,
Oh, Lawd, Lawd!
Lawd Jesus, heah my prayer.

I’s a po’ sinner,
A po’ sinner!
I knows I done wrong, I knows it.
When I catches Jeff cheatin’ wid loaded dice
My anger overcomes me,
And I kills him dead.

Lawd, I done wrong.
When dat guard hits me wid de whip,
My anger overcomes me
And I kills him dead.

Lawd, I done wrong.
And down heah,
Whar’ dese fools raises me up to the seat o’ de
mighty,
I steals all I could grab.

Lawd, I done wrong.
I knows it.
I’s sorry.
Forgive me Lawd.

It’s a me,
It’s a me, Oh, Lawd,
Standin’ in de need of prayer.

It’s a me,
It’s a me, Oh, Lawd,
Standin’ in de need of prayer.

It’s not my brother
It’s a me Oh, Lawd.
Standin’ in de need of prayer.

It’s not my sister
It’s a me Oh, Lawd,
Standin’ in de need of prayer.

18. Peace in the Valley

Thomas A. Dorsey (1899–1993)

I'm tired and weary
But I must toil on
Till the Lord comes to call me away
Where the morning is bright
And the Lamb is the Light
And the night is as fair as the day.

There'll be peace in the valley for me, someday,
There'll be peace in the valley for me.
I pray no more sorrow and sadness or trouble
will be,
There'll be peace in the valley for me.

There the flow'rs will be blooming,
The grass will be green,
And the skies will be clear and serene,
The sun ever shines,
Giving one endless beam
And no clouds there will ever be seen.

[*refrain*]

There the bear will be gentle,
The wolf will be tame,
And the lion will lay down by the lamb
The host from the wild will be led by a child,
I'll be changed from the creature I am.

[*refrain*]

19. Take my Hand, Precious Lord
Thomas A. Dorsey

Precious Lord, take my hand
Lead me on, let me stand,
I am tired, I am weak, I am worn.
Thru the storm, thru the night
Lead me on to the light,
Take My Hand, Precious Lord, lead me home.

When my way grows drear,
Precious Lord linger near,
When my light is almost gone.
Hear my cry, hear my call,
Hold my hand, lest I fall
Take My Hand, Precious Lord, lead me home.

Precious Lord, take my hand
Lead me on, let me stand
I am tired, I am weak, I am worn.
Thru the storm, thru the night
Lead me on to the light,
Take My Hand, Precious Lord, lead me home.

Precious Lord, take my hand
Lead me on, let me stand
I am tired, I am weak, I am worn.
Thru the storm, thru the night
Lead me on to the light,
Take My Hand, Precious Lord, lead me home.

20. I'll Walk with God
Nicholas Brodzsky (1905-1958)

I'll walk with God
From this day on,
His helping hand
I'll lean upon,
This is my prayer,
my humble plea,
May the Lord be ever with me.

There is no death,
tho' eyes grow dim,
There is no fear
when I'm near to Him.
I'll lean on him forever
And He'll forsake me never.

He will not fail me as long
as my faith is strong,
Whatever road I may walk along;

I'll walk with God,
I'll take His hand,
I'll talk with God,
He'll understand;
I'll pray to Him,
Each day to Him
And he'll hear the words that I say.
His hand will guide my throne and rod,
And I'll never walk alone
While I walk with God!

21. You Raise Me Up

Brendan Graham (b. 1945) & Rolf Lovland (b. 1955)

When I am down and, oh my soul, so weary;
When troubles come and my heart burdened be;
Then, I am still and wait here in the silence,
Until you come and sit awhile with me.

You raise me up, so I can stand on mountains;
You raise me up, to walk on stormy seas;
I am strong, when I am on your shoulders;
You raise me up to more than I can be.

There is no life no life without its hunger;
Each restless heart beats so imperfectly;
But when you come and I am filled with wonder,
Sometimes, I think I glimpse eternity.

[refrain]



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Cover Photo ©Sudeep Studio

Packaging Design Bark Design

Recorded November 28–30, 2022, Sasha and Eugene Jarvis
Opera Hall at DePaul University (Chicago, IL)

This album is made possible in part by the generous support of the Bel Canto Foundation and its patrons and is also supported by the Ruth Bader Ginsburg Fund for Vocal Recordings at Cedille Records

Major supporters of the Ruth Bader Ginsburg Fund include Graci and Dennis McGillicuddy, Ginger and Jim Meyer, Nancy Dehmlow, Marian and M. Carr Ferguson, Lori Julian for the Julian Family Foundation, Sybil Shainwald, and Michael Li-Ming Wong.



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