



NORTHEASTERN

*Elizabeth  
Parcells*

*A  
Jenny Lind  
Recital*



James Winn, *piano*  
with Robert Honeysucker, *baritone*

## **Introductory Note**

Elizabeth Parcells first appeared in a Jenny Lind recital in 1978 for the Boston Lyric Opera Company, following her appearance with them in Mozart's *Zaide*. The Boston Lyric was seeking an imaginative project to keep the focus on the company between productions. When Board President Randolph Fuller saw a review of *Zaide* in *Opera News* that spoke of the "Nordic purity" of Ms. Parcells' voice, his thoughts leapt to the voice and career of Jenny Lind. His research revealed that the legendary nineteenth-century soprano had been warmly received in Boston and was so admired that she was chosen to dedicate the newly-built Music Hall (later the first home of the Boston Symphony Orchestra) in 1852. The nature of a Lind recital began to take shape.

The repertory would be typical of the concerts on Jenny Lind's American tour. The point was not to recreate a Lind recital literally, but to evoke the repertory and atmosphere that had delighted audiences throughout Europe and this country. As in Lind's recitals there would be assisting artists and also a *bravura piano* piece to give the voice a rest. With Elizabeth Parcells in a beautiful white gown of period style, only one more touch was needed. Boston classical radio personality Robert J. Lurtsema was enlisted to portray P.T. Barnum in tails and top hat, presenting Miss Jenny Lind with all the panache of *The Great Showman* in a florid script written by Randolph Fuller. The audience was enchanted with the music, the singing, and the high-spirited fun. And years later, when Northeastern Records expressed an interest in recording Elizabeth Parcells (following her Boston Lyric Opera success in the title role of Donizetti's *Maria Stuarda*) a recreation of that memorable occasion seemed the obvious choice.

—David R. Elliott

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## Jenny Lind and the Great Tour of America



Jenny Lind's life was far from being a rosy path to certain success. Quite the contrary: unhappy with her parents, living in straitened circumstances in other people's homes, working ceaselessly day and night, undergoing setbacks and disappointments, struggling to overcome her innate shyness—the young Jenny had to fight every step of the way. It was lucky for her that, together with her wonderful voice, she was endowed with another great gift: an unswerving faith in her mission as a singer.

Born in Stockholm on 6 October 1820, she was baptized Johanna Maria Lind. Her father, Niclas Jonas Lind, the son of a lace manufacturer, was both young—he was twenty-two—and immature for the responsibilities he had to shoulder. Her mother, of respectable burgher stock, had made an unhappy marriage in 1810, at the age of 18, to a Captain Radberg. This had terminated in divorce.

At the time of Jenny's birth, her mother was engaged in running a day school for girls. Jenny's grandmother, Fru Tengmark, seems to have had a deeper attachment to the little girl than did the parents themselves, for it was she who

first detected the child's musical talents.

By the time Jenny had reached her ninth year, her musical precociousness and depth of feeling were clearly evident. Mlle. Lundberg, an artist who had heard her sing, was so impressed with the voice that she attempted to awaken in the parents an appreciation of such God-given talent. Mlle. Lundberg passed on her discovery to Herr Croelius, a music-master well known in Stockholm, who in turn, introduced her to a count who was head of the Swedish Royal Theatre.\* The count was astonished at the homely appearance of the little girl, but after much persuasion by Herr Croelius he consented to an audition. The golden voice with its heartfelt quality won him over completely. He decided thereupon that she should immediately be enrolled in the École Musicale, which was attached to the Theatre Royal of Stockholm.

Jenny's early musical training continued with the Court Singer Isak Berg, and with the Swedish composer Adolf Fredrik Lindblad (1801-1878), from whom she learned to appreciate Swedish melody.

Her first appearance on the stage took place during these musical studies, when she played children's parts in dramatic pieces. She continued with her studies for four more years in the modest hope of becoming a singing teacher. Life was hard for Jenny, whose parents were utterly unsympathetic to her both as a daughter and as a budding artist. The main interest they took in her singing stemmed from their desire to exploit her financially. Jenny made up her mind to live independently of her parents as soon as she was legally of age.

Whatever deprivation Jenny experienced early in life was perhaps relieved years later in Berlin—after she became famous—when she developed an affectionate relationship with Amalia Wichmann, the wife of a leading sculptor and the mother of three sons. Frau Wichmann had always longed for a daughter, and Jenny seemed predestined to fill this vacant spot.

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\* This count is not usually identified by biographers of Jenny Lind because of the unfortunate and embarrassing meaning of his name in English: he was Count Puke.

An important early opportunity arrived with a concert given in the Theatre Royal in Stockholm. The program included Act IV of Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable*, but there was no one capable of singing the role of Alice. When Jenny was tried out in the part her outstanding voice won her quick acceptance. She was so well received that the audience believed she was already a young prima donna.

Jenny Lind's first real success came in her portrayal of Agatha in Weber's *Der Freischütz*, in 1838. Next she undertook Weber's *Euryanthe*, and during the following two years she gained much experience in the parts which, later on, were intimately identified with her and gained her considerable fame. By 1840, at age twenty, she had received the high honor of being appointed Court Singer.

After a year of further training in Paris with Manuel Garcia (1805-1906; son of the famous tenor), Jenny returned to Sweden where she was so warmly received that she was given the popular title of the "Swedish Nightingale." Soon she became the pride of Stockholm, and in the next six years she was extremely successful in Finland, Denmark, Germany, and Austria. Her roles included *Lucia di Lammermoor* and *La Sonnambula*, with her last operatic appearance in 1849.

Jenny had become good friends with the composer Felix Mendelssohn, whom she had met at the home of Frau Wichmann, in Berlin. In 1847 Mendelssohn was in London, and he persuaded Jenny to join him there for a year's contract with Her Majesty's Theatre. Her debut was in *Robert le Diable*, and she remained in London during the years 1848 and 1849. She also made a triumphant tour of the cities of southern England, and her fame began to spread across the Atlantic.

In October 1849, Phineas T. Barnum, the famous entrepreneur and museum owner, decided to bring Jenny Lind to America. He had never heard her sing, but he was quite aware of the excitement she had aroused wherever she had appeared. He also recognized the great publicity value of her remarkable and endless charitable work.

Barnum enlisted as his assistant and agent for the undertaking, John Hall Wilton, an Englishman who had come to America as tour leader of a musical group. Wilton was instructed by Barnum to engage Miss Lind on "shares," if practicable and workable, and at any rate to offer her a fee of up to \$1000 a night per concert for 150 nights—a very generous offer (today this fee would amount to

about \$10,000 a night). All expenses, including servants, carriages, and a secretary, were included. In addition, she could choose up to three musical assistants. Barnum further agreed to place the entire amount of money with London bankers before Jenny Lind left for America.

Jenny arrived in New York on Sunday, September 1st, 1850, with her entourage. There she met Barnum, who drove her to her rooms at the Irving House. Because of his extensive and characteristic publicity, an immense crowd was present both at the wharf and, later, at the Irving House.

The tour of America included a trip to Havana, Cuba, and an appearance in Canada. Jenny Lind also sang in over thirty cities in the United States. But it was in New York, Boston, and New Orleans that she was most in demand. Each of her concerts was a great success; the American public idolized her, and she came increasingly to love and admire them. For over a year and nine months her relations with Barnum were always cordial and he scrupulously lived up to the terms of her contract, much to her satisfaction. Her only objection to Barnum's conduct of the tour was his inveterate habit of auctioning off concert tickets to the highest bidder, in one case as high as \$650 for a single ticket.

The *Boston Semi-Weekly Advertiser* of 25 September 1850 tells us what the public of the day found in Jenny Lind:

*She possesses a personal fascination which not only shines through, but for the moment completely glorifies features which are certainly far from beautiful. This charm is partly owing to a simplicity and naturalness of manner...but in the greatest measure to an expression of countenance, residing chiefly in the eye, which amounts to absolute fascination, and almost to witchery in the primitive sense of the word. It is a very different thing from the attraction of a beautiful or charming woman for the opposite sex; it is beyond if not above that. When Jenny Lind hears music and her deep-set violet eyes look off into the space above the thousands of heads around her, she seems like one possessed, as if some spirit more than human inspired her.*

Jenny had always longed for a home and a family of her own, and, as luck would have it, she found her ideal mate in her accompanist, Otto Goldschmidt. He and Jenny were married in Boston in February of 1852, and their marriage produced two sons and a daughter. When at the conclusion of her American tour,

Jenny returned to Europe, she carried not only a considerable fortune in dollars, but also the husband who was to be founder of her domestic happiness.

Jenny Lind and Otto Goldschmidt lived out their lives in England, for the most part, where she sang as soloist for Goldschmidt's Bach Choir and performed his music along with her more familiar repertory. Her farewell in 1870 was in his oratorio *Ruth*.

Jenny Lind died on the 2nd of November, 1887, her legend aglow on two continents.

*W. Porter Ware*  
*Thaddeus C. Lockard, Jr.*

W. Porter Ware and Thaddeus C. Lockard, Jr. are the authors of two books about Jenny Lind: (1) *The Lost Letters of Jenny Lind* (Victor Gollancz, Ltd., London, 1966); (2) *P.T. Barnum Presents Jenny Lind: The American Tour of the Swedish Nightingale* (Louisiana State University Press, Baton Rouge, La.; 1980).

# Program Notes

## **"On mighty pens" (Aria)**

from *Die Schöpfung (The Creation)*

Franz Joseph Haydn

For Jenny Lind, a concert was not an occasion for mere idle entertainment. Rather, she conceived it as an event which ought to be morally and spiritually uplifting. This fitted neatly into her self-made (and largely fraudulent) image of the modest and pure-of-heart artist. Accordingly, she always began her concerts in America with an aria from a sacred oratorio. Usually the selection was drawn from Handel's *Messiah*, *Elijah* (which Mendelssohn had composed for her), or Haydn's *The Creation*. "On mighty pens" frequently opened her programs at the Tremont Temple in Boston.

On mighty pens uplifted soars  
The eagle aloft and cleaves the air,  
In swiftest flight, to the blazing sun.  
His welcome bids to morn the merry lark,  
And cooing calls the tender dove his mate.

From ev'ry bush and grove resound  
The nightingale's delightful notes;  
No grief affected yet her breast,  
Nor to a mournful tale were tun'd  
Her soft enchanting lays.

## **"Oh! mie fedeli!" (Recitative)**

### **"Ma la sola, ohimé! son io"**

from *Beatrice di Tenda*

Vincenzo Bellini

Jenny Lind sang this elaborate operatic *scena* in Boston on 28 November 1851. With the exception of the vengeful Norma, Bellini's tender heroines were ideally suited to Lind's temperament and sweet vocal style. *Beatrice di Tenda*, first given in Venice in 1833, was one of Bellini's few failures. Its story, similar to Donizetti's *Anna Bolena*, was held against it. The music, however, is an uninterrupted lyrical effusion from start to finish. In this *scena* Beatrice bemoans her sad fate but resolves to remain steadfast in her adversity.

Oh! mie fedeli!  
Quando offeso in suo stelo il fior vien  
meno,  
più non puote avvivarlo il sol  
sereno

Quel fior son io; così languir mi è forza,  
Lentamente perir. Ah! non è questa  
la mercè ch'io sperai d'averti accolto  
e difeso, Filippo, e al soglio  
alzato!

Che non mi dee  
l'ingrato?  
Ahimè! l'ingrato!

Ma la sola, ohimè! ohimè!  
son io, che penar per lui si veda?  
O mie genti! O suol natio!  
O mie genti!  
di chi mai vi diedi in preda?  
Ed! io stessa, ed io potei  
soggettarvi a un tal signor?  
O mie genti, o suol natio,  
O regni miei, ed io potei, ed io potei  
soggettarvi a tal signor?  
Soggettarvi!  
O mio rossor!

Ah! la pena in lor  
piombò  
dell'amor che mi perdè;  
i martir dovuti a me  
il destin a lor serbò.  
Ah! se in ciel sperar si può  
un sol raggio di pietà,  
la costanza a noi darà  
se la pace ah, ne involò  
se la pace, ecc...

Oh, my faithful companions!  
When a flower wilts, its stem  
ravaged,  
no longer can the shining sun restore  
it to life.

I am that flower; thus must I languish  
and slowly perish. Ah! This is not the  
reward I hoped for after having received  
and protected you, Filippo, and elevated  
you to the throne!

What does that ungrateful man not owe  
me?  
Alas, ungrateful man!

But is it I alone, alas,  
who suffer because of him?  
Oh my people! My native land!  
Oh my people!  
At whose mercy did I put you?  
And I myself, was I capable  
of subjecting you to such a lord?  
Oh my people, oh native land,  
oh my realms, was I capable  
of subjecting you to such a lord?  
Subjecting you?  
Oh my shame!

Ah! Upon them has fallen the  
punishment  
for this love which has undone me;  
The torments I deserved  
destiny has reserved for them.  
Ah! If from heaven one may hope  
for one shining ray of mercy,  
we shall be granted strength,  
though peace be wrested  
from us.

O mie gentili  
O mie fide!  
Ah! la pena in lor  
    piombò, ecc...

*Oh my people!  
Oh my faithful companions!  
Ah! Upon them has fallen the  
    punishment...*

*Translation by Marion C. Connell*

**"Non paventar amabil figlio..."** (Recitative)

**"Infelice sconsolata..."** (Aria)

from *Il flauto magico* (*Die Zauberflöte*)

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

This selection is of course the Queen of the Night's dazzling entrance aria from *Die Zauberflöte*, and Lind frequently sang it on tour as a "knock-'em-dead" showpiece. In the early nineteenth century, Mozart's German operas were always performed in Italian translations, as popular taste generally favored Italian opera. It was the great Mozartian singer Lilli Lehmann who helped to reverse this practice and return the texts to their original German.

Non paventar, amabil figlio,  
nota m'è l'innocenza tua, la tua  
    pietade.  
A te, saggio garzone,  
A te conviene di madre oppressa alleviar  
    le pene.

Infelice sconsolata,  
qui sospiro notte e dì.  
Ahi! la figlia sventurata,  
L'empio, l'empio mostro  
    mi rapi,  
Le voci tremanti, i palpiti,  
    i pianti,  
le vane difese, le strida,  
    le offese,  
Ancor mi suonano d'intorno al cor

*Fear not, my dear child,  
Your innocence and piety are known to  
    me.  
It is you, wise young man,  
You who must relieve the sufferings of a  
    tormented mother.*

*Unhappy, inconsolable,  
Here I sigh both night and day.  
Alas! My unfortunate daughter,  
That wicked, wicked monster tore from  
    me;  
Her trembling words, her palpitations,  
    her cries,  
Her vain struggles, her screams, her  
    grievances  
Still echo within my breast.*

Oh ciel! Oh ciel!  
La misera gridò; a difenderti  
Pamina,  
Ahi! la madre non  
bastò.  
Va! ritorla, ritorla al  
rapitore,  
Tu mi puoi render la figlia, sì,  
Tu mi puoi render  
la figlia!  
E se torni vincitore,  
gran mercede a te darò.

Oh heaven! Oh heaven!  
The wretched girl cried out; but alas,  
Pamina,  
Your mother had not the strength to  
defend you.  
Go! Take her back, take her back from  
her abductor,  
You can bring my daughter back to me,  
Yes, you can bring my  
daughter back to me!  
And if you return victorious, I will give  
you great reward.

Translation by Marion C. Connell

### **"Per piacere alla Signora" (Duet)**

from *Il Turco in Italia*

Gioacchino Rossini

Lind did not carry an entire concert by herself. Rather, she traveled with other singers and instrumentalists who performed arias and solos between her own appearances. This gave her a chance to rest and provided some contrast in the program. On her tour to America she brought with her the Italian baritone Giovanni Belletti, whose early career had coincided with hers in Stockholm. Together they performed this comic duet from *Il Turco in Italia* at the tour's first concert at Castle Garden in New York on 11 September 1850. It was so successful that they repeated it everywhere on the tour.

Rossini's youthful opera relates the story of the absurd Turk Selim, who visits Naples in search of a new and more interesting wife. In this duet his choice Fiorilla determines to teach her husband Geronio a lesson in manners. Perhaps the most notable revival of this opera in modern times was at la Scala in 1955 with Maria Callas as the saucy Fiorilla.

GERONIO  
Per piacere alla Signora  
Che ho da far vorrei sapere.

FIORILLA  
Voi dovete ognor tacere,  
Mai di nulla sospettar.

GERONIO  
Ma se ascolto...

FIORILLA  
Sì fa il sordo.

GERONIO  
Ma se vedo...

FIORILLA  
Sì fa il cieco.

GERONIO  
No, Signora, non l'accordo,  
Vo' vedere, vo' parlar.

FIORILLA  
Passerete per balordo,  
Vi farete corbellar.

GERONIO  
Alle corte, in casa mia  
Non vo' Turchi nè Italiani,  
O mi scappa...

FIORILLA  
Che pazzia!

GERONIO  
Qualche cosa dalle mani...

GERONIO  
*I would like to know what I must do  
In order to please my lady.*

FIORILLA  
*You must always keep quiet  
And never suspect a thing.*

GERONIO  
*But if I listen...*

FIORILLA  
*Pretend you're deaf.*

GERONIO  
*But if I see...*

FIORILLA  
*Pretend you're blind.*

GERONIO  
*No, my lady, I won't go along with this;  
I intend to see and hear.*

FIORILLA  
*You'll just seem to be an idiot;  
You'll make yourself a laughingstock.*

GERONIO  
*I'll have neither turks nor Italians  
Come courting to my house.  
Or I'll let slip...*

FIORILLA  
*What madness!*

GERONIO  
*Something from my hands...*

FIORILLA  
Via carino, vi calmate!

GERONIO  
Come! ancora mi burlate?

FIORILLA  
No, mia vita, mio tesoro,  
Se vi adoro ognun lo sa.  
Voi crudel mi fate oltraggio!  
Mi offendete!

GERONIO  
(Addio, coraggio.)

FIORILLA  
Voi vedete il pianto mio  
Senza aver di me pietà.

GERONIO  
No, Fiorille, v'amo anch'io  
Egualemente, ognun lo sa.

FIORILLA  
Ed osate minacciarmi,  
Maltrattarmi, spaventarmi!

GERONIO  
Perdonate...

FIORILLA  
Mi lasciate.

GERONIO  
Fiorilletta!

FIORILLA  
Vo' vendetta.

FIORILLA  
*Come now, darling, calm down!*

GERONIO  
*How now? You mock me still?*

FIORILLA  
*No, my darling, my very life,  
Everyone knows that I adore you!  
It's you who are cruel and insult me!  
You do me wrong!*

GERONIO  
*(Goodbye courage!)*

FIORILLA  
*You look upon my tears  
Without pity.*

GERONIO  
*No, Fiorilla, I love you  
All the same, and everyone knows it.*

FIORILLA  
*And you dare to threaten me,  
Mistreat me, terrify me!*

GERONIO  
*Forgive me...*

FIORILLA  
*Leave me alone.*

GERONIO  
*Dear little Fiorilla!*

FIORILLA  
*I'll be avenged!*

GERONIO  
Florillina!

FIORILLA  
Via di qua.  
Per punirvi aver vogl'io  
Mille amanti ognor intorno,  
Far la pazza notte e giorno,  
Divertirmi in libertà.  
(Con marito di tal fatta  
Ecco qui come si fa.)

GERONIO  
(Me meschino!) Ah! no, ben mio!...  
(Cosa ho fatto!) In pace io torno.  
(Or sto fresco!) Notte e giorno!  
Questa è troppa crudeltà.  
(Ah! l'ho detto, nacque matta,  
E più matta morirà.)

GERONIO  
Dearest little Fiorilla!

FIORILLA  
Get away from here.  
To punish you I'll have  
A thousand lovers always around me,  
I'll go wild night and day,  
I'll amuse myself without restraint.  
(With this kind of husband  
This is how you have to act.)

GERONIO  
(Wretched me!) Ah, no, my dear!...  
(What have I done?) I'll make peace.  
(Now I'm in a fix!) Night and day!  
This is too much to bear.  
(I've always said it—she was born  
crazy, And she'll die crazier still.)

*Translation by Marion C. Connell*

**Variations** on a theme from Donizetti's *L'elisir d'amore*  
Adolph Von Henselt

In the summer of 1851, Lind's accompanist Julius Benedict returned to England to take up a conducting post at Her Majesty's Theater in London. Anticipating his departure, Lind immediately wrote her former colleague Otto Goldschmidt in Germany and asked if he would be willing to come to America and assume Benedict's position. His reply was to come at once, and before long, thanks to Lind's iron determination, he was sharing the stage with her as a soloist in his own right. Jenny Lind admired Goldschmidt enormously, and this admiration eventually turned to love, leading to their marriage in a Louisburg Square townhouse in Boston in the winter of 1852.

Otto Goldschmidt was a pupil of Mendelssohn in piano and composition, and had gone to Paris in 1848 to continue his studies with Chopin. Though clearly not endowed with the talents of his teachers, he nonetheless must have had considerable skill at the keyboard, as he unhesitatingly programmed and played such virtuoso showpieces as the two Mendelssohn concertos and Weber's *Konzertstück*. Not all the audiences in America were enchanted, as the reviews demonstrate, but this may have had as much to do with his diffident nature and decidedly unromantic manner at the piano as with the level of his talent.

In any event, Otto Goldschmidt knew what pleased audiences, and he flung it at them generously. Piano solos in the Romantic era meant bravura knucklebusters, often on familiar operatic melodies, and one Goldschmidt frequently favored at Lind's concerts was Adolf von Henselt's florid and intimidating *Variations*. Today Henselt (1814-1889) is forgotten, but Schumann admired him (no mean recommendation), and his two sets of *Études* were still in the repertory of most great pianists up until the turn of the century.

## **Auld Robin Gray**

Traditional Scottish Ballad

Jenny Lind was one of the first singers to introduce folk songs into her concerts. Her travels in Scotland had brought this music to her attention, and in America it was her lively and characteristic performances of these songs that won her the greatest applause.

When the sheep are in the fauld,  
And a' the kye at hame,  
And all the weary warld asleep is gane;  
The waes o' my heart fall in showers frae my e'e.  
While my gudeman sleep sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel and ask'd me for his bride,  
But saving a Crown he had naething else beside;  
To make the Crown a Pound, my Jamie went to sea,  
And the Crown and the Pound, were baith for me.  
He had nae been gane, but a year and a day,

When my father brake his arm and our cow was stole away;  
My mither she fell sick and Jamie at the sea,  
And auld Robin Grey came a courting to me.

My father could nae wark and my mither cou'd nae spin,  
I toiled day and night, but their bread I coud nae win,  
Auld Robin fed 'em baith and wi' tears in his e'e,  
Said Jeany for their sake, O pray marry me.  
My heart it said nae and I look'd for Jamie back,  
But the wind it blew hard and his ship was a wreck,  
His ship was a wreck: why did nae Jeany die?  
And why was she spared to cry wae is me?

My father urged me sair, but my mither did nae speak,  
But she look'd in my face, 'till my heart was like to break;  
Sae they gied him my hand, tho' my heart was in the sea,  
And auld Robin Grey was a gude man to me.  
I had nae been a wife, but weeks only four,  
When sitting sae mournfully out my ain door.  
I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I cou'd nae think it he,  
Till he said I'm come hame, love, to marry thee.

Sair, sair did we greet, and mickle did we say,  
We tuck but ae kiss, and we tore oursels away;  
I wish I were dead, but I'm nae like to die.  
O why was I born to say wae's me?  
I gang like a ghaist, and I canna like to spin.  
I dare nae think o' Jamie for that would be a sin.  
But I'll do my best a gude wife to be,  
For auld Robin Grey is very kind to me.

## **The Bird Song**

Karl Taubert

Karl Gottfried Wilhelm Taubert (1811-1891), a close friend of Mendelssohn, has long been forgotten; even his "Bird Song," once the delight of prima donnas everywhere, seems to have slipped into oblivion. But Jenny Lind made it famous

and sang it frequently in America. Deathless music it is not, but of her performance of it the critic Edward Hanslick wrote: "This warbling and piping becomes a thing of the most enchanting beauty in the mouth of Jenny Lind." Taubert was the author of some 294 songs and several operas, including—incredibly!—a version of *Macbeth*, composed in 1857, ten years after Verdi's masterpiece.

Vöglein, was singst im Wald du  
so laut?  
Warum? Warum?  
Rufst du den Bräutigam, rufst du die  
Braut?  
Warum? Warum?  
Ich bin nicht Bräutigam, nicht Braut,  
Doch singe ich im Walde laut,  
Weiss nicht, weiss nicht,  
Weiss nicht warum ich singe!  
La, la, la, u.s.w....

*Little Bird, why do you sing so loudly in  
the forest?  
Oh why? Oh why?  
Are you calling the bridegroom, are you  
calling the bride?  
And why? And why?  
I am no bridegroom, no, nor bride,  
Though I sing loudly in the forest,  
Don't know, don't know,  
Don't know why I'm singing.  
La, la, la, etc....*

Vöglein, ist's Herzchen dir so voll?  
Wovon? Wovon?  
Dass es von Liedern überquoll?  
Wovon? Wovon?  
Mein Herz ist voll und doch nicht schwer,  
Mein Herz ist leicht und doch nicht leer,  
Weiss nicht, weiss nicht,  
Weiss nicht wovon ich singe!  
La, la, la, u.s.w....

*Little bird is your heart so full?  
But why? But why?  
That it should overflow with song?  
But why? But why?  
My heart is full and yet not heavy,  
My heart is light and yet not empty,  
Don't know, don't know,  
Don't know just why I'm singing.  
La, la, la, etc....*

Vöglein, was singst die Tage entlang?  
Wozu? Wozu?  
Lauscht Einer auch auf deinen Gesang?  
Wozu? Wozu?  
Ich singe mir mein Leben lang,  
Nicht dies und das ist mein Gesang,  
Weiss nicht, weiss nicht,  
Ich muss nun einmal singen!  
La, la, la, u.s.w....

*Little bird, why do you sing all day long?  
Oh why? Oh why?  
Because someone is listening to you?  
Oh why? Oh why?  
I sing away my whole life.  
Long, with no special reason for my song.  
Don't know, don't know,  
And now I must be singing.  
La, la, la, etc....*

## Home Sweet Home

Henry Bishop

"Home Sweet Home" has become such a universally familiar melody that it may surprise some to learn that it first appeared in 1823 as an aria in an opera by the English composer Sir Henry Bishop (1786-1855) entitled *Clari or The Maide of Milan*. Its reuse by Donizetti as part of the mad scene in his *Anna Bolena* resulted in one of the earliest cases of copyright infringement in music history. All that is of course incidental to the touching simplicity with which Jenny Lind performed this popular melody for her American audiences, who like her probably believed it was originally a Sicilian folk song.

Mid pleasure and palaces though we may roam,  
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.  
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there  
Which, sought through the world is ne'er met elsewhere!  
Home, home sweet, sweet home.  
There's no place like home,  
There is no place like home!

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain,  
Oh! give me my lowly thatched cottage again.  
The birds singing gaily that came at my call  
Give me them with the peace of mind, dearer than all!  
Home, home sweet, sweet, home, etc....

## Greetings to America

Julius Benedict/Bayard Taylor

Ever on the lookout for headlines, P. T. Barnum announced a competition for an acceptable ode to be used as a finale for Jenny Lind's concerts. The prize of \$200 enticed more than seven hundred poets to submit what they hoped would be winning lyrics. Barnum's five judges awarded first place to a young journalist at Horace Greeley's *Tribune* named Bayard Taylor (1825-1878).

Taylor was a character perhaps unique to nineteenth-century America. Encouraged at an early age by Greeley, Taylor embarked on an extensive series of

world-wide travels that would eventually make him the Marco Polo of his time. His numerous books and articles describing his wanderings in Europe, Egypt, Syria, Abyssinia, Turkey, Palestine, India, and even China were sensationally popular and made him one of the nation's most sought-after speakers. Eventually he would end his travels as America's first ambassador to Bismarck's Germany, where he died in 1878, widely mourned there for a superb translation he had made of Goethe's *Faust*.

Whatever merit Taylor's effusive lines may have had, it took little time for Julius Benedict (1804-1885), Lind's accompanist, to set them to music, and the resulting song was quickly adopted into Lind's repertory as a graceful nod to her adoring American audiences. Benedict would later achieve a modest fame on his own with his opera *The Lily of Killarney*, produced at Covent Garden in 1862. For his service to music as conductor and composer, he was knighted in 1871.

I greet, with a full heart, the Land of the West  
Whose Banner of Stars o'er a world is unrolled;  
Whose empire o'ershadows Atlantic's wide breast  
And opes to the sunset its gateway of gold!  
The land of the mountains, the land of the lake,  
And rivers that roll in magnificent tide —  
Where the souls of the mighty from slumber awake  
And hallow the soil for whose freedom they died!

Thou Cradle of Empire! though wide be the foam  
That severs the land of my fathers and thee,  
I hear, from thy bosom, the welcome of home,  
For Song has a home in the hearts of the Free!  
And long as thy waters shall gleam in the sun,  
And long as thy heroes remember their scars,  
Be the hands of thy children united as one,  
And Peace shed her light on thy Banner of Stars!

## **Take This Lute**

Julius Benedict

Jenny Lind's loyalty to the artists that accompanied her from Europe on her tour probably accounts for her inclusion of music by her pianist and conductor Julius Benedict. This song became a frequent encore on her programs.

Take this Lute, whose thrilling lay  
Our spell of joy was wont to be,  
Touch thou its chords, when I'm away  
And they will speak to thee of me,  
Or if in life no more we meet,  
Should absence shade  
Our path of flowers,  
Still let those songs  
We deem'd so sweet,  
Beguile thee in thy saddest hours.

Take these violets from my hair,  
And tho' their purple tints depart,  
They'll waft soft perfume o'er the air  
Like grateful mem'ries to the heart  
So if on earth  
We meet no more,  
Or hope's dream fade  
Like these poor flowers  
My spirit still shall hover o'er,  
And cheer thee in thy saddest hours.

## **'Tis the Last Rose of Summer**

Traditional Irish Folk Song

A question arises in regard to this selection. Jenny Lind frequently sang "The Last Rose of Summer" in her concerts, but whether it was the original Irish folk song as popularized by Thomas Moore, or the more glamorous arrangement that Friedrich von Flotow made for his opera *Martha*, is impossible to tell from the programs. Flotow's opera, premiered in 1847, had already become famous by the time Lind embarked on her tour, so perhaps it was this version she sang.

Tis the last rose of summer,  
Left blooming alone,  
All her lovely companions  
Are faded and gone,  
No flow'r of her kindred,  
No rosebud is nigh,  
To reflect back her blushes,  
Or give sigh for sigh!

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,  
To pine on the stem;  
Since the lovely are sleeping,  
Go sleep thou with them;  
Thus kindly I scatter  
Thy leaves o'er the bed,  
Where thy mates of the garden  
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow  
When friendships decay,  
And from Love's shining circle  
The gems drop away!  
When true hearts lie withered  
And fond one are flown,  
Oh! who would inhabit  
This bleak world alone?

—Notes on the selections by Randolph J. Fuller

# Elizabeth Parcells

Elizabeth Parcells, a member of the solo ensemble of the Frankfurt Opera from 1983-1987, has performed with opera companies in Augsburg and Wiesbaden, and has appeared as guest soloist in Paris, London, Vienna, Cologne, Lisbon, and many other cities. She has sung principal roles in Mozart's *Die Zauberflöte* (*Queen of the Night*), Orff's *Die Kluge*, Nicolai's *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Johann Strauss's *Wiener Blut*, and, in concert for the BBC, Rameau's *Platée* (*La Folie*).

With the Boston Lyric Opera Company Ms. Parcells has sung the roles of Zaide (in Mozart's opera of that name), Zerbinetta (in Richard Strauss's *Ariadne auf Naxos*), and Mary, Queen of Scots (in Donizetti's *Maria Stuarda*). She has often performed for radio and television: for the BBC, Austrian Radio, Radio France, West-Deutsch Rundfunk, Saar and Hessian Radios, Radio-Tele-Luxembourg, and WGBH in Boston. Ms. Parcells has often appeared with the Salzburg Mozarteum Orchestra, principally under Leopold Hager. Her performance of Bach's Cantata 51 ("Jauchzet Gott") with the Luxembourg Radio Orchestra under Mr. Hager has been released on a Forlane compact disc; in an earlier recording, she sang in Mozart's *Idomeneo* under Sir John Pritchard for Decca (London).



Fotostudio Marlies

"...a coloratura soprano of astounding virtuosity and ability"  
—*Kölner Stadt-Anzeiger* (Cologne)

"...fabulous, secure coloratura and beautiful sound"  
—*Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung*

"...the young American singer Elizabeth Parcells seemed to find no difficulty in arching, long lines that reach up to a high F. This was a sensational British debut...introducing us to a voice...capable of responding like a leaf to breath of musical feeling"  
—*The Times* (London)

## James Winn

James Winn made his professional solo debut in 1965, at the age of thirteen, with a performance in Denver of Beethoven's second piano concerto. His European solo debut came a decade later in Frankfurt, with a performance of the Busoni piano concerto that was broadcast to twenty-two other countries. His numerous performance credits include appearances in Avery Fisher Hall, at the Chautauqua Institute, with the Boston Pops, and (as a result of his commitment to contemporary music) with Speculum Musicae, the Group for Contemporary Music, and the New York New Music Ensemble. He is currently a solo pianist with the New York City Ballet.

In addition to building a distinguished career as a soloist and chamber musician, James Winn (who holds degrees from the New England Conservatory and a doctorate from the University of Michigan) collaborates with pianist Cameron Grant as the Grant and Winn Piano Duo, winner of the top prize at the 1980 Munich competition. The Duo tours frequently in the United States, Canada, and Germany.



T. Charles Erickson

## Robert Honeysucker

Robert Honeysucker won the prestigious National Opera Association Artists Award in 1983. He has performed with Sarah Caldwell's Opera Company of Boston, the Boston Lyric Opera, the Connecticut Opera, the Pennsylvania Opera Theater, Opera Ebony, and others. His many roles include Figaro in *The Barber of Seville*, Count di Luna in *Il trovatore*, Donner and Gunther in Wagner's Ring Cycle, Schaunard in *La bohème*, Ping in *Turandot*, Alidoro in *Cenerentola*, Sharpless in *Madama Butterfly*, and Capellio in *I Capuleti e i Montecchi*. In 1986 Mr. Honeysucker opened the Great Woods Festival with the Pittsburgh Symphony under Michael Tilson Thomas. He has sung in many countries of the world, in opera, in recital, and with leading choral groups.

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twice in 1851.

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# Elizabeth Parcells

## A Jenny Lind Recital

James Winn, *piano*

with Robert Honeysucker, *baritone*

- 
- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 "On Mighty Pens" (Aria) 7:45<br/>from <i>Die Schöpfung (The Creation)</i><br/>Franz Joseph Haydn</p> <p>2 "Oh! mie fedelli!" (Recitative) 11:11<br/>"Ma la sola, ohimè! son io" (Cavatina)<br/>from <i>Beatrice di Tenda</i><br/>Vincenzo Bellini</p> <p>3 "Non paventar amabil figlio..." 5:14<br/>(Recitative)<br/>"Infelice sconsolata..." (Aria)<br/>from <i>Il flauto magico (Die Zauberflöte)</i><br/>Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart</p> <p>4 "Per Piacere alla Signora" (Duet) 7:53<br/>from <i>Il turco in Italia</i><br/>Gioacchino Rossini</p> | <p>5 Variations on a theme 16:27<br/>from Donizetti's <i>L'elisir d'amore</i><br/>Adolph Von Henselt, <i>piano solo</i></p> <p>6 Auld Robin Gray 6:39<br/>Traditional Scottish Ballad</p> <p>7 The Bird Song 4:44<br/>Karl Taubert</p> <p>8 Home Sweet Home 3:35<br/>Sir Henry Bishop</p> <p>9 Greetings to America 3:10<br/>Julius Benedict/Bayard Taylor</p> <p>10 Take This Lute 4:59<br/>Julius Benedict</p> <p>11 'Tis the Last Rose of Summer 5:27<br/>Traditional</p> |
|--|--|

Total time: 78:21