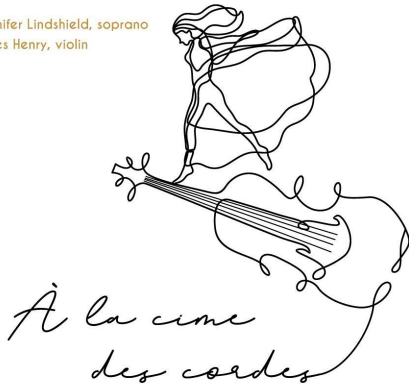

Jennifer Lindshield, soprano
Gilles Henry, violin



When a soprano meets a violin.

À la cime des cordes

When a soprano meets a violin.

JENNIFER LINDSHIELD, soprano
GILLES HENRY, violon

Soprano **Jennifer Lindshield** (Carnegie Hall) and violinist **Gilles Henry** (Orchestre de Paris) present "*À la cime des cordes, When a soprano meets a violin*". The great early Italian violin makers, Stradivari and Guarneri, created violins that produce the most female-like tones. It is argued that this is part of the reason why they are considered so valuable. Gilles Henry plays on a 1785 Lorenzo Storioni: a violin made by a student of Stradivari. For centuries it has been thought that violins "sing" with a female soprano voice. Francesco Geminiani, the baroque violinist, advised students that "the art of playing consists in giving the instrument a tone that shall in a manner rival the most perfect human voice".

Today scientists are able to prove the remarkable acoustical similarities in that the violin can produce human-like formants, the harmonic tones that correspond to resonances in the vocal tract.* Jennifer and Gilles present duets with this beautiful acoustical match. Compositions by Darius Milhaud, Rebecca Clarke, Gustav Holst, Ralph Vaughan Williams, and Heitor Villa-Lobos explore this voice and violin combination without piano. This unique repertoire from the 20th century ranges in styles from folk songs to polytonality and is performed in the French, English and Portuguese languages.

*([Nagyvary, J.](#), [Tai, H.C.](#))



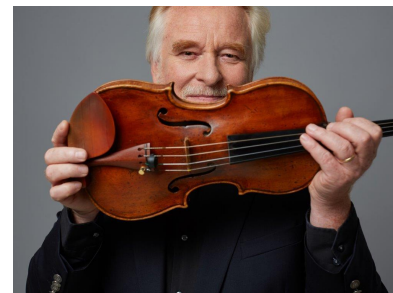
"...whose voice is nothing short of spectacular." (Broadway World)
"There is no dispute about the skill on display." (Evening Standard)

Jennifer Lindshield, soprano, began her musical studies at the age of 4 by learning the piano and violin. Originally from Lindsborg, Kansas, she obtained a double BM in Voice and Violin Performance from Wichita State University as well as a MM in Opera Performance from Arizona State University. During her studies, she was a finalist in the Naftger Competition and regional finalist of the Metropolitan Opera National Council Audition. She attended the Aspen Music Festival (Colorado) as both a violinist in the Sinfonietta orchestra and as a soprano with the Aspen Opera Theater.

Among her opera engagements, Jennifer sang the role of Lia in Debussy's *L'enfant prodigue* with the Sakrale Oper (Berlin), Fanny Legrand in Massenet's *Sapho* and the title role of *Suor Angelica* by Puccini with the Opera Oggi (New York). She made her Carnegie Hall debut as Donna Anna in *Don Giovanni* with the Pacific Opera. In concert, she performed *Der Hirt auf dem Felsem* by Schubert with the Festival Le chant de la rive, the *Grand Mass in C minor* by Mozart with the Ensemble Orchestral des Hauts-des-Seine, and Handel's *Messiah* and Bach's *St. Matthew Passion* at the Messiah Festival of the Arts (Kansas).

Other engagements include *Kurt Weill: Destination Musique* at the Sunset Sunside Jazz Club (Paris) and the Château d'Artigny, as well as more than three hundred performances in six countries with *Soap*. She toured with the production in London, Budapest, Tel Aviv, Melbourne, and numerous cities in Germany, including Berlin, Hamburg and Munich. (Photo: Harry Matenaer)

Born in 1955, **Gilles Henry** started playing the violin at the age of five. At the age of 12, he entered the Conservatoire national supérieure de musique et de danse de Paris (CNSMDP), first in the preparatory class of René Benedetti, then in the upper class of Gérard Jarry in which he obtained the First Prize. He was then admitted, by competition, to the third cycle of improvement where he had the chance to work for two years with some of the greatest masters of the violin, Henryk Szering, Sandor Vegh and Franco Guili.



Gilles Henry participated in several international competitions: he was semi-finalist of the Paganini International Competition in Genoa, then winner of the Naples International Competition and won the Silver Medal at the Geneva International Competition (no First Prize was awarded).

He took part in several tours as a soloist with the Orchestre Jean-François Paillard. At the same time, he followed the chamber music development cycle at the CNSMDP, with his brother Yves, in sonata training in Maurice Crut's class. For two years, they studied the repertoire of sonata and discovered the trio to which they henceforth devoted themselves.

In 1978, Gilles Henry joined the Orchestre de Paris, where he has enjoyed working under the baton of some of the greatest conductors of today. His passion for the profession of orchestral musician led him to participate, as a member of the teaching team, in the creation of the French Youth Orchestra. He also gives several concerts as a soloist with the Orchestre national de chambre de Toulouse.

Alongside his activities as an instrumentalist, Gilles Henry teaches at the Conservatoire national de région de Rueil-Malmaison.

RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS (1872-1958)

ALFRED EDWARD HOUSMAN (Lyrics)

Along the Field (1927) - [17:40]

[1] I - We'll to the woods no more

We'll to the woods no more
The laurels all are cut,
The bowers are bare of bay
That once the Muses wore.
The year draws in the day
And soon will evening shut:
The laurels all are cut
We'll to the woods no more.
Oh, we'll no more, no more
To the leafy woods away,
To the high wild woods of laurel
And the bowers of bay no more.

[2] II - Along the field

Along the field as we came by
A year ago, my love and I,
The aspen over stile and stone
Was talking to itself alone.
"Oh who are these that kiss and pass?
A country lover and his lass;
Two lovers looking to be wed;
And time shall put them both to bed,
But she shall lie with earth above,
And he beside another love."

And sure enough beneath the tree
There walks another love with me,
And overhead the aspen heaves
Its rainy-sounding silver leaves;
And I spell nothing in their stir,
But now perhaps they speak to her,
And plain for her to understand
They talk about a time at hand
When I shall sleep with clover clad,
And she beside another lad.

[3] III - The half-moon westers low

The half-moon westers low, my love,
And the wind brings up the rain;
And wide apart we lie, my love,
And seas between the twain.
I know not if it rains, my love,
In the land where you do lie;
And oh, so sound you sleep, my love.
You know no more than I.

[4] IV - In the morning

In the morning, in the morning,
In the happy field of hay,
Oh they looked at one another
By the light of day.

In the blue and silver morning
On the haycock as they lay,
Oh they looked at one another
And they looked away.

[5] V - The sigh that heaves the grasses

The sigh that heaves the grasses
Whence thou wilt never rise
Is of the air that passes
And knows not if it sighs.

The diamond tears adorning
Thy low mound on the lea,
Those are the tears of morning,
That weeps, but not for thee.

[6] VI - Good-bye

Oh see how thick the goldcup flowers
Are lying in field and lane,
With dandelions to tell the hours
That never are told again.
Oh may I squire you round the meads
And pick you posies gay?
- 'Twill do no harm to take my arm.
"You may, young man, you may."

Ah, spring was sent for lass and lad,
'Tis now the blood runs gold,
And man and maid had best be glad
Before the world is old.
What flowers to-day may flower to-morrow,
But never as good as new.
- Suppose I wound my arm right round -
"'Tis true, young man, 'tis true."

Some lads there are, 'tis shame to say,
That only court to thieve,
And once they bear the bloom away
'Tis little enough they leave.
Then keep your heart for men like me
And safe from trustless chaps.
My love is true and all for you.
"Perhaps, young man, perhaps."

Oh, look in my eyes, then, can you
doubt?
- Why, 'tis a mile from town.
How green the grass is all about!
We might as well sit down.
- Ah, life, what is it but a flower?
Why must true lovers sigh?
Be kind, have pity, my own, my pretty, -
"Good-bye, young man, good-bye."

[7] VII - Fancy's Knell

When lads come home from labour
At Abdon under Clew
A man would call his neighbour
And both would send for me.
And where the light in lances
Across the mead was laid,
There to the dances
I fetched my flute and played.

Ours were idle pleasures,
Yet oh, content we were,
The young to wind the measures,
The old to heed the air;
And I to lift with playing
From tree and tower and steep
The light delaying,
And flute the sun to sleep.

The youth toward his fancy
Would turn his brow of tan,
And Tom would pair with Nancy
And Dick step off with Fan;
The girl would lift her glances
To his, and both be mute:
Well went the dances
At evening to the flute.

Wenlock Edge was umbered,
And bright was Abdon Burf,
And warm between them slumbered
The smooth green miles of turf;
Until from grass and clover
The upshot beam would fade,
And England over
Advanced the lofty shade.

The lofty shade advances,
I fetch my flute and play:
Come, lads, and learn the dances
And praise the tune to-day.
To-morrow, more's the pity,
Away we both must hie,
To air the ditty,
And to earth I.

(Vaughan Williams continued)

[8] VIII - With rue my heart is laden

With rue my heart is laden
For golden friends I had,
For many a rose-lipt maiden
And many a lightfoot lad.

By brooks too broad for leaping
The lightfoot boys are laid;
The rose-lipt girls are sleeping
In fields where roses fade.

DARIUS MILHAUD (1892-1974)
GAIUS VALERIUS CATULLUS,
GEORGES LAFAYE (Lyrics)
Quatre poèmes de Catulle, Op. 80
(1923) - [3:44]

[9] I - La femme que j'aime dit

La femme que j'aime dit qu'elle ne voudrait
pas s'unir à un autre que moi.
Elle le dit ; mais ce qu'une femme dit à un
amant bien épris,
Il faut l'écrire sur le vent et sur l'onde rapide.

[10] II - Voilà où mon âme en est venue

Voilà où mon âme en est venue, ma chérie,
par ta faute ;
Voilà à quel point elle s'est perdue elle même
par sa fidélité ;
Désormais elle ne peut plus te chérir,
Quand tu deviendrais la plus vertueuse des
femmes,
ni cesser de te désirer, quand tu ferais pour
cela tout au monde.

DARIUS MILHAUD (1892-1974)
GAIUS VALERIUS CATULLUS,
GEORGES LAFAYE (Lyrics)
Four poems from Catulle, Op. 80
(1923) - [3:44] **(English Translation)**

[9] I - The woman I love says

My woman says she will be no one's but mine.
She says: but what a woman says to a lover,
Write it on the wind or swift-running water.

[10] II - This is where my soul has come to

This is where my soul has come to, my dear,
by your fault;
This is how far it has lost itself by its fidelity;
Henceforth it cannot cherish thee,
When you would be the most virtuous of
women,
Nor cease to desire thee, when thou wouldst
do all the world for it.

(English Translation)

[11] III - Ma chérie, aimons-nous

Ma chérie, aimons-nous.
Les feux du soleil peuvent mourir et renaître;
Nous, quand une fois est morte la brève
lumière de notre vie,
Il nous faut dormir une seule et même nuit
éternelle.
Donne moi mille baisers, puis cent, puis mille
autres,
Puis une seconde fois cent, puis encore mille
autres, puis cent.
Et puis, après en avoir additionné tant de
milliers,
Nous embrouillerons le compte si bien que
nous ne le sachions plus
Et qu'un envieux ne puisse nous porter
malheur,
En apprenant qu'il s'est donné tant de baisers.

[12] IV - Ma chérie, en présence de son mari

Ma chérie, en présence de son mari,
Lance contre moi force malédictions ;
C'est pour cet imbécile une grande joie.
Mulet, tu n'y comprend rien.
Si m'ayant oublié, elle se taisait,
Son coeur serait intact ; puis qu'elle gronde et
m'injurie,
Non seulement elle se souvient de moi,
Mais, chose encore bien plus forte,
Elle est irritée, c'est à dire brûlante,
embrasée.

[11] III - My darling, let's love each other

My darling, let's love each other.
The fires of the sun can die and be reborn;
We, when once died the brief light of our life,
We must sleep one eternal night.
Give me a thousand kisses, then a hundred,
then a thousand more,
Then a second time a hundred, then another
thousand, then a hundred.
And then, after adding up so many thousands,
We'll confuse the count so that we don't know
And that an envious person may not bring us
misfortune,
When he hears that he has kissed so many.

[12] IV - Ma chérie, en présence de son mari

My darling, in the presence of her husband,
Hurls a curse at me;
It is for this fool a great joy.
Mule, you do not understand anything.
If she had forgotten me, she would be silent,
Her heart would be intact; then she scolds and
insults me,
Not only does she remember me,
But, much more strongly,
She is irritated, that is to say, burning, on fire.

GUSTAV HOLST (1874-1934)
A MEDIAEVAL ANTHOLOGY, Anonymous
(Lyrics)
Four Songs for Voice & Violin, Op. 35
(1917) - [7:59]

[13] I - Jesu Sweet

Jesu Sweet, now will I sing
To Thee a song of love longing;
Do in my heart a quick well spring
Thee to love above all thing.

Jesu Sweet, my dim heart's gleam
Brighter than the sunnèbeam!
As thou wert born in Bethlehem
Make in me thy lovèdream.

Jesu Sweet, my dark heart's light
Thou art day withouten night;
Give me strength and eke might
For to loven Thee aright.

Jesu Sweet, well may he be
That in Thy bliss Thyself shall see:
With love cords then draw Thou me
That I may come and dwell with Thee.

[14] II - My soul has nought but fire and ice

My soul has nought but fire and ice
And my body earth and wood:
Pray we all the Most High King
Who is the Lord of our last doom,
That He should give us just one thing
That we may do His will.

[15] III - I sing of a maiden

I sing of a maiden
That matchless is.
King of all Kings
Was her Son iwis.

He came all so still,
Where His mother was
As dew in April
That falleth on the grass:
He came all so still,
To His mother's bower
As dew in April
That falleth on flower.

He came all so still,
Where His mother lay
As dew in April
That formeth on spray.

Mother and maiden
Was ne'er none but she:
Well may such a lady
God's mother be.

(Holst continued)

[16] IV - My Leman is so true

My Leman is so true
Of love and full steadfast
Yet seemeth ever new
His love is on us cast.

I would that all Him knew
And loved Him firm and fast,
They never would it rue
But happy be at last.

He lovingly abides
Although I stay full long
He will me never chide
Although I choose the wrong.

He says "Behold, my side
And why on Rood I hung;"
For my love leave thy pride
And I thee underfong.

I'll dwell with Thee believe,
Leman, under Thy tree.
May no pain e'er me grieve
Nor make me from Thee flee.

I will in at Thy sleeve
All in Thine heart to be;
Mine heart shall burst and cleave
Ere untrue Thou me see.

REBECCA CLARKE (1886-1979)

**Traditional Irish Folk Songs, I - West
Irish, II, III - North Irish (Antrim)**

***Three Irish Country Songs* (1926) - [6:16]**

[17] I - I know my love

"I know my love by his way of walkin'
And I know my love by his way of talkin'
And I know my love drest in a suit o' blue,
And if my love leaves me what will I do?"
And still she cried "I love him the best,
And a troubled mind, sure, can know no
rest."

And still she cried "Bonny boys are few,
And if my love leaves me what will I do?"

"There is a dance house in Maradyke
And there my true love goes ev'ry night,
He takes a strange one upon his knee,
And don't you think now that vexes me?"
And still she cried "I love him the best..."

"If my love knew I could wash and wring,
If my love knew I could weave and spin,
I'd make a coat all of the finest kind,
But the want of money sure leaves me
behind."

And still she cried "I love him the best..."

[18] II - I know where I'm goin'

"I know where I'm goin'," she said,
"And I know who's goin' with me,
I know who I love,
But the dear know who I'll marry.
I have stockings of silk,
Shoes of fine green leather,
Combs to buckle my hair,
And a ring for ev'ry finger.
Some say he's black,
But I say he's bonny,
The fairest of them all,
My handsome, winsome Johnny.
Feather beds are soft,
And painted rooms are bonny,
But I would leave them all
To go with my love Johnny.
"I know where I'm goin'," she said,
"And I know who's goin' with me,
I know who I love,
But the dear knows who I'll marry."

REBECCA CLARKE (1886-1979)

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS (Lyrics) - [1:45]

[20] *Down by the Salley Gardens* (1955)

Down by the Salley Gardens my love and I
did meet;
She passed the Salley Gardens with little
snow-white feet.
She bid me take love easy, as the leaves
grow on the tree;
But I, being young and foolish, with her
would not agree.

In a field by the river my love and I did
stand,
And on my leaning shoulder she laid her
snow-white hand.
She bid me take life easy, as the grass grows
on the weirs;
But I was young and foolish, and now am full
of tears.

[19] III - As I was goin' to Ballynure

As I was goin' to Ballynure the day I well
remember
For to view the lads and lasses on the fifth
day of November,
With a maring doo a day, With a maring a
doo a daddy, oh !

As I was goin' along the road as homeward I
was walkin'
I heard a wee lad behind a ditch-a to his wee
lass was talkin',
With a maring doo a day, With a maring a
doo a daddy, oh !

Said the wee lad to the wee lass; "It's will ye
let me kiss ye?
For it's I have got the cordial eye that far
exceeds the whiskey."
With a maring doo a day, With a maring a
doo a daddy, oh !

"This cordial that ye talk about there's very
few o' them gets it,
For there's nothin' now but crooked combs
and muslin gowns can catch it."
With a maring doo a day, With a maring a
doo a daddy, oh !

HEITOR VILLA-LOBOS (1887-1959)
MARIO RAUL DE ANDRADE
(Folksong Lyrics)
Suite for Voice & Violin (1923) - [9:15]

HEITOR VILLA-LOBOS (1887-1959)
MARIO RAUL DE ANDRADE
(Folksong Lyrics)
Suite for Voice & Violin (1923) - [9:15]

[21] I - A Menina e a Canção

Tra li la rá ra tra ri la . . .
A menina es ga niçada, magriça,
com a saia voe jando por cima dos joelhos
em nó,
Vinha meio dansando,
cantando ao crepusculo escuro.
Batia compasso com a varinha,
na poeira da calçada.
Tra ri la rá ra tra ri la . . .
De repente, voltouse para anagravelha
que vinha tropegando a traz,
enorme trouxa de roupa a cabeça:
"Oué mi da, vó?" Nâão.
Tra li la rá ra tra ri la . . .

[21] I - The Young Girl and the Folksong

Tra li la ra . . .
the thin, gaunt girl,
her skirt flying above her bony knees,
came half dancing,
singing in the dim twilight.
She beat a rhythm with her stick
in the dust of the sidewalk.
Tra li la ra . . .
Suddenly, she turned to the old negro woman
who came tripping behind,
an enormous clothes bundle on her head.
"Oh, give it to me, Granny!" No.
Tra li la ra . . .

[22] II - Quéro ser Alégre

Vocalise

[22] II - Quéro ser Alégre

Vocalise

[23] III - Sertaneja

La la la ly ah! La la la y ô!
Ta ly ly la yo! Paou! Para pá tá ra pa ta
Espingarda, Pá!
Faca de ponta! tá! La, la, la, yô!

[23] III - The Peasant Girl of Brazil

La la la ly ah! La la la y ô!
Ta ly ly la yo! Gun, pa!
Rifle, pa!
Knife edge, ta! Paou!

English Translation by Isabella Ganz

À la cime des cordes

When a soprano meets a violin.

JENNIFER LINDSHIELD, soprano / **GILLES HENRY**, violin
DIDIER HENRY, Sound Engineer and Artistic Direction
Lyrics, Translations, Biographies, Orders / jenniferlindshield.com/cd1

Maguelone : MAG 358438, de Kerautem © 10/2021

Enregistrement 29, 30 juin et 1er juillet 2021

www.jenniferlindshield.com

de Kerautem © 10/2021

MADE IN FRANCE