





so many things

anne sofie von otter

brooklyn rider

johnny gandelsman VIOLIN

colin jacobson VIOLIN

nicholas cords VIOLA

eric jacobson CELLO

so many things

1. kate bush *Pi* 4'17
2. john adams *Am I In Your Light?* 5'25
3. caroline shaw *Cant voi l'aube* 4'35
4. colin jacobson *For Sixty Cents* 4'42
5. björk *Cover Me* 3'47
6. nico muhly *So Many Things* 11'54
7. anders hillborg *Kväll* 3'05
8. björk *Hunter* 5'37
9. brad mehldau *Love Sublime* 5'17
10. elvis costello *Speak Darkly, My Angel* 4'53
11. sting *Practical Arrangement* 4'52
12. rufus wainwright *Les feux d'artifice t'appellent* 5'54
13. elvis costello *The Birds Will Be Singing* (bonus track) 4'40

So Many Things... Tant de musiques fascinantes, merveilleuses, juste là, à découvrir, à jouer, à enregistrer.

L'essence de ce programme est la musique de notre temps, des années 1990 à 2015. Mon point de départ fut, il y a quelques années, « Am I in Your Light? » de John Adams, un air extrait de son opéra *Doctor Atomic*. Dès la première écoute est née en moi l'envie d'interpréter cette chanson. Je suis une fan de longue date de John Adams, dont la musique m'a toujours parlé. Pourquoi? Pourquoi certaines musiques vous touchent-elles tandis que d'autres vous laissent de glace? En ce qui me concerne, je sais qu'au sein de l'univers classique contemporain les musiques qui me font vibrer ont souvent un dénominateur commun: elles possèdent une énergie rythmique, un « groove ». Elles procèdent d'une écriture mélodique ou harmonique irrésistiblement humaine, ou dictée par les émotions humaines. Tout le contraire d'un travail distinctement et exagérément intellectuel. Souvent, une orchestration simple mais réussie suffit à me faire tendre l'oreille.

C'est dans cet esprit que nous retrouvons sur cet enregistrement des chansons signées Anders Hillborg, Nico Muhly, Caroline Shaw et Colin Jacobsen - ces deux derniers ayant écrit spécialement pour ce projet. Tous ces compositeurs ont en commun d'avoir au moins un orteil, sinon le pied entier, dans l'univers de la pop music et du jazz – à mes yeux tout du moins. Ce qui nous conduit à leurs homologues au sein de ces univers de compositions et à leurs chansons figurant sur cet enregistrement : Elvis Costello, Sting, Rufus Wainwright, Kate Bush, Björk, et ce génie du jazz qu'est Brad Mehldau. Ils ont tous une connaissance approfondie, et des orteils, et des pieds entiers dans la musique classique. Ainsi, avec *So Many Things*, je réunis les musiques de ces deux univers. En réalité je ne les perçois vraiment pas comme deux univers séparés : il s'agit tout simplement et sans détour de très bonne musique, qui éveille en moi intérêt, séduction, émotion et inspiration.

Une fois le programme esquissé, restait à trouver le bon partenaire musical. Sur quel genre d'ensemble s'ap-

puyer? L'idée d'un quatuor à cordes, avec toute la souplesse de sonorité et de texture que peut offrir cette formation, m'est rapidement venue à l'esprit. Un de mes amis musiciens m'a suggéré le quatuor Brooklyn Rider. J'ai rapidement cherché à mieux les connaître et tout ce que je peux dire, c'est que sa proposition était absolument idéale! Les Brooklyn Rider ont été des collaborateurs fantastiques sur ce projet et je profite de l'occasion pour les remercier de leur aide et de leur contribution inestimables. Il y eut une rencontre à New York et une discussion sur le projet ; des échanges d'idées, d'extraits sonores ; des répétitions à Stillwater, Minnesota, dans une cabane près d'un petit lac - un endroit parfaitement propice à la concentration et à la pensée créatrice...

Et maintenant, nous avons notre enregistrement, nos concerts à venir, et la perspective de... *So Many Things*.

ANNE SOFIE VON OTTER

La musique est un reflet de nos vies si richement diverses et, de fait, le vaste répertoire du quatuor à cordes nous a appris beaucoup sur la condition humaine. Mais, aussi reconnaissants que nous soyons à cette tradition, travailler avec l'incomparable Anne Sofie von Otter nous a donné la preuve, presque à chaque instant, qu'il n'est rien d'aussi expressif que la voix humaine. Et en effet, tout instrumentiste «à cordes» qui se respecte aspire à approcher la palette expressive et dramatique de la voix (on ne compte plus le nombre de professeurs qui nous ont suppliés de chanter...). Dès nos premières répétitions, nous avons senti que l'architecture propre au quatuor à cordes, combinée avec le timbre spécifique d'Anne Sofie, aboutissait à une cohésion, à une unité parfaites. Cette juxtaposition nous a donné la possibilité de chanter, autant, j'ose le croire, qu'elle a permis à Anne Sofie de jouer! Notre expérience nous a enseigné que c'est presque toujours dans la rencontre entre deux moyens d'expression que la « chose » intéressante se produit.

Dès l'instant où nous avons entrepris de rassembler différentes pièces pour cet album, nous avons déploré que, trop

souvent, des barrières séparent les musiques d'aujourd'hui: tel morceau est de la musique populaire, tel autre de la musique savante, à quelle catégorie appartient celui-ci ou celui-là etc.? Ces clivages quelque peu superficiels plongent le public et les musiciens eux-mêmes dans l'embarras. Pour tenter de dissiper cette confusion, je crois que le moyen le plus simple, peut-être, de parler des musiques contenues dans cet album, est de dire qu'il s'agit d'un ensemble de chansons et de compositions diverses dont le choix n'a répondu qu'à une seule condition: nous toucher, faire vibrer en nous une corde sensible. Réaliser une parfaite synthèse entre les exigences spécifiques à nos moyens d'expression respectifs nous a paru d'une extrême importance pour leur donner vie, et nous avons cherché les arrangeurs et les compositeurs avec lesquels nous nous sentions le plus d'affinités. C'est ainsi que nous avons peu à peu constitué cette famille de musiciens -chacun provenant de son propre horizon et riche de ses expériences passées, mais ne faisant plus qu'un, désormais, avec tous les autres.

So Many Things : trois mots qui pourraient largement s'appliquer à la totalité

du projet. Ils reflètent la riche diversité des styles rassemblés ici, autant qu'ils suggèrent la fluidité de l'univers musical vers lequel tendent nos aspirations communes. Enfin, nous avons trouvé une inépuisable source d'inspiration dans le travail avec Anne Sofie, une artiste que nous admirons grandement pour sa faculté à habiter avec une telle évidence des univers musicaux si différents.

BROOKLYN RIDER

C*ant voi l'aube* utilise le texte d'une chanson écrite en ancien français par un trouvère anonyme du XII^e siècle. Il s'agit d'une *aubade* typique, un chant du matin dans lequel deux amants furtifs se désolent de l'imminence du jour et de leur tragique et inévitable séparation. La mélodie originale a été perdue, ce qui m'a laissé toute liberté d'approche personnelle dans la mise en musique du poème pour Anne Sofie et Brooklyn Rider.

CAROLINE SHAW

Il y a quelques années, j'ai eu un coup de foudre pour les nouvelles de Lydia Davis. Leur mélange d'humour et de tristesse, la faculté qu'a l'auteur de nous sensibiliser par une observation aiguë de la nature humaine, la réflexion sur notre interaction avec l'environnement dans lequel nous nous trouvons, quel qu'il soit, tout cela m'a immédiatement captivé. La nouvelle intitulée *For Sixty Cents* installe en outre une atmosphère liée à un lieu (Brooklyn) et j'ai tout de suite pensé que ce pourrait être une belle chose à partager avec Anne Sofie, au moment où elle inaugu-

rait sa collaboration avec Brooklyn Rider (bien que le dîner de Brooklyn évoqué dans la nouvelle, où une tasse de café coûte soixante cents, appartienne depuis longtemps au passé dans la plupart des quartiers de New York). Et puisque je parle d'Anne Sofie: quel honneur et quelle joie incroyables de voir cette chanson prendre vie par l'intermédiaire de son art!

COLIN JACOBSEN

S*o Many Things*, à l'origine, a été composé en 2013 pour Anne Sofie von Otter et Manny Ax, mais la version enregistrée ici fait appel à un effectif plus ample: voix et quatuor à cordes. Le morceau s'articule en trois mouvements: une partie centrale constituée par un poème de Joyce Carol Oates, plus long, plus narratif, encadré par deux poésies de Constantin Cavafy, dans la magnifique traduction de Daniel Mendelsohn. Il commence par un chant de désir et de nostalgie, caractéristique de Cavafy: le poète observe un amant potentiel qu'il n'a jamais approché et se laisse aller à son imagination inquiète. La partie vocale est lyrique, mais l'accompagnement, ner-

veux, est en perpétuel mouvement, avec quelques interruptions occasionnelles.

Le poème de Joyce Carol Oates est plus narratif et se déploie sur un *ostinato* à l'accompagnement. Par moments, la texture investit un espace plus abstrait et plus cristallin, pour retourner aussitôt à un mouvement implacable.

Après un interlude constitué, à l'origine, d'accords arpégés et de trémolos au piano, nous entendons le commencement du deuxième poème de Cavafy: «*House, coffehouses, neighborhood: setting that I see and where I walk year after year.*» À partir de ce vers, l'accompagnement expose un drone sur deux notes (sol et ré) que l'on entendra pendant toute la durée du morceau.

NICO MUHLY

S*o Many Things*... so much fascinating and wonderful music out there to discover, to perform and to record. This disc is about music from our days: 1990^s to 2015. My starting point for the project was some years back with John Adams' song 'Am I in Your Light?' from his opera *Doctor Atomic*. I heard it and immediately wanted to sing it. I have been a fan of John Adams' music for a long time - it really speaks to me. Why is that? Why does some music touch you and why does other music leave you cold? In my case I figured out that the classical contemporary music that excites me often has a lot in common. It frequently has a rhythmic drive - a "groove". It has melodic or harmonic writing that gets under my skin and feels human or driven by human emotions. It is not an overly and audibly intellectual travail. Often the orchestration attracts me.

In this vein we also have songs on the recording by Anders Hillborg, Nico Muhly, Caroline Shaw and Colin Jacobsen - the latter two writing specifically for this project. These

composers all have anything from a toe to a foot in popular music and jazz - to my ears at least - which brings me to their counterparts from the popular side of music writing. On this recording are songs by Elvis Costello, Sting, Brad Mehldau, Rufus Wainwright, Kate Bush and Björk, all with well-documented interest and various toes or feet in classical music. Thus I am bringing the two worlds together on *So many things*. In fact I don't see them as two worlds at all, but just plain old good, interesting, attractive music that moves and inspires me.

Once I had a programme sketch ready the question was of course also with whom to collaborate? What kind of ensemble? A string quartet quickly came to mind with all the flexibility of tone and texture that is on offer. A musician friend suggested Brooklyn Rider and I took a look at who they are and what they stand for – and I can only say that the suggestion was completely and utterly right. Brooklyn Rider have been terrific collaborators on this project and I must take the opportunity here to thank them

for their tremendous help and input. We met in New York and discussed the project. We mailed and sent ideas and sound clips. We rehearsed in Stillwater, Minnesota in a cabin by a little lake - the perfect setting for concentration and creative thoughts.

And now we have our disc and our concerts to look forward to... *So Many Things*.

ANNE SOFIE VON OTTER

Music is a reflection of our richly nuanced lives, and the repertoire under the vast umbrella of the string quartet medium indeed teaches us much about the human condition. But as grateful as we are for that tradition, working with the incomparable Anne Sofie von Otter has been a near constant reminder that there is nothing quite as expressive as the human voice. Indeed, every string player of honest intentions aspires to the expressive and dramatic palette of singers (if we only had a nickel for every teacher who implored us to sing...). As our rehearsal process began, we immediately sensed that the architecture inherent in the string quartet fused with Anne Sofie's singular voice yielded something satisfyingly whole. The juxtaposition allowed us to sing, as much as we would venture to guess that it allowed Anne Sofie to play! In our experience, it is almost always in the reaching between two mediums where the interesting 'stuff' happens.

As we went about the works of gathering the music for this album, we lamented that walls too often separate the music of today; is it popular mu-

sic, is it art music, what camp does it belong to, etc.? These somewhat superficial chasms leave audiences and musicians alike in a disorienting landscape. Casting those clouds aside for now, perhaps the simplest way to describe the music on this album is that it is a constellation of diverse songs and compositions whose only prerequisite for inclusion was that the music touched an emotional chord for us collectively. Achieving a synthesis between the highly particular needs of our respective mediums was of paramount importance to bringing it all to life, and we sought out the most sympathetic arrangers and composers we could possibly find. It was through a process of mutual introductions that we gathered this family of musicians, most everybody hailing from our respective homes and past experiences, all now separated to each of us by only one degree.

So Many Things is a phrase which feels broadly applicable to the entire project. It reflects a sense of the rich variety of musical voices contained within as much as it suggests the fluidness of the musical world which

we collectively aspire towards. Lastly, it has been an immense inspiration to work with Anne Sofie, an artist who we greatly respect for her ability to live in so many different musical worlds so effectively.

BROOKLYN RIDER

C*ant voi l'aube* uses the lyrics of an anonymous trouvère song in old French from the 12th century. It is a typical *aubade*, or morning song, in which discreet lovers resent the coming of dawn and the tragic separation that is inevitable. The original music for the text is lost, allowing for the freedom to set the words for Anne Sofie and Brooklyn Rider in my own voice. Rather than a true imagining of a trouvère song, *Cant voi l'aube* carves a new and different shape out of an older musical world.

CAROLINE SHAW

I fell in love with the short stories of Lydia Davis a few years ago. Their mixture of humor and sadness, tight construction, and Davis' ability to elevate the consciousness through a keen observation of human nature and our interaction with whatever environment in which we find ourselves grabbed me immediately. The short story *For Sixty Cents* further establishes a sense of place (Brooklyn), which I thought would be a nice thing to share with Anne Sofie as she entered into this collaboration with Brook-

lyn Rider. (Though the Brooklyn diner conjured up in the story, where a cup of coffee costs sixty cents is a thing long gone in most neighborhoods.) Speaking of Anne Sofie- what an incredible honor and joy to see this song come alive through her artistry!

COLIN JACOBSEN

S*o Many Things* was originally written for Anne Sofie von Otter and Manny Ax in 2013 but here it is expanded for voice and string quartet. The piece sets three poems — a longer, more narrative poem by Joyce Carol Oates is sandwiched by two of Daniel Mendelsohn's gorgeous translations of C.F. Cavafy. The piece begins with a longing song typical of Cavafy: an observed potential lover, never approached and anxiously imagined. The voice is lyrical, but the accompaniment skittishly plays in perpetual motion with occasional interruptions.

Joyce Carol Oates's poem is more narrative, and unfolds over an ostinato in the accompaniment. Occasionally the texture breaks into a more

abstract and crystalline space, only to return to relentless motion.

After an interlude of what was originally rolled and trembling chords in the piano, we hear the beginnings of the second Cavafy poem: "*House, coffeehouses, neighborhood: setting that I see and where I walk year after year.*" From this line on, the accompaniment outlines a drone on two notes (G and D) that lasts for the remaining duration of the piece.

NICO MUHLY



1. PI

Sweet, gentle and sensitive man
With an obsessive nature and deep fascination
For numbers
And a complete infatuation with the calculation
Of Pi

Oh he love, he love, he love
He does love his numbers
And they run, they run, they run him
In a great big circle
In a circle of infinity

3.14159 26535 897932
3846 264 338 3279

Oh he love, he love, he love
He does love his numbers
And they run, they run, they run him
In a great big circle
In a circle of infinity
But he must, he must, he must
Put a number to it

50288419 716939937510
58209749 44 592307816406286208
821 4808651 32

Oh he love, he love, he love
He does love his numbers
And they run, they run, they run him
In a great big circle
In a circle of infinity

82306647 0938446095 505 8223...

LYRICS AND MUSIC: KATE BUSH
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FRANCE

2. AM I IN YOUR LIGHT?

Am I in your light?
No, go on reading.
The hackneyed light of evening quarrelling with
the bulbs;
the book's bent rectangle solid on your knees.
only my fingers in your hair, only, my eyes
splitting the skull to tickle your brain with love
in a slow caress blurring the mind,
kissing your mouth awake,
opening the body's mouth,
stopping the words.

This light is thick with birds, and
evening warns us beautifully of death.
Slowly I bend over you,
slowly your breath
runs rhythms through my blood
as if I said

I love you
and you should raise your head.
Listening,
speaking into the covert night :
Did someone say something?
Love, am I in your light?
Am I?

See how love alters the living face
go spin the immortal coin through time
watch the thing flip through space
tick tick

LYRICS: PETER SELLARS
MUSIC: JOHN ADAMS
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3. CANT VOI L'AUBE

Cant voi l'aube dou jor venir,
Nulle rien ne doi tant haïr,
K'elle fait de moi departir
Mon amin, cui j'ain per amors.
Or ne hai riens tant com le jour,
Amins, ke me depairt de vos.

Je ne vos puis de jor veoir,
Car trop redout l'apercevoir,
Et se vos di trestout por voir
K'en agait sont li enuius.
Or ne hai riens tant com le jour,
Amins, ke me depairt de vos.

Quant je me gix dedens mon lit
Et je resgairde encoste mi,
Je n'i truis poent de mon amin,
Se m'en plaing a fins ameraus.

Biaus dous amis, vos en ireis,
A Deu soit vos cors comandeis.
Por Deu vos pri, ne m'oblieis!
Je n'ain nulle rien tant com vos.
Or ne hais riens tant com le jour,
Amins, ke me depairt de vos.

TEXT: GACE BRÛLÉ
MUSIC: CAROLINE SHAW

4. FOR SIXTY CENTS

You are in a Brooklyn coffee shop, you have ordered only one cup of coffee, and the coffee is sixty cents, which seems expensive to you. But it is not so expensive when you consider that for this same sixty cents you are renting the use of one cup and saucer, one metal cream pitcher, one plastic glass, one small table, and two small benches. Then, to consume if you want to, besides the coffee and the cream, you have water with ice cubes and, in their own dispensers, sugar, salt, pepper, napkins, and ketchup. In addition, you can enjoy, for an indefinite length of time, the air-conditioning that keeps the room at a perfectly cool temperature, the powerful white electric light that lights every corner of the room so that there are no shadows anywhere, the view of the people passing outside on the sidewalk in the hot sunlight and wind, and the company of the people inside, who are laughing and turning endless variations on one rather cruel joke at the expense of a little balding red-headed woman sitting at the counter and dangling her crossed feet from the stool, who tries to reach out with her short, white arm and slap the face of the man standing nearest to her.

TEXT: LYDIA DAVIS
FROM THE COLLECTED STORIES OF LYDIA DAVIS
(FARRAR, STRAUS & GIROUX, 2009) © 2009 BY LYDIA DAVIS
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SHANNON LITERARY AGENCY, INC. AND THE AUTHOR.
MUSIC: COLIN JACOBSEN

5. COVER ME

While I crawl into the unknown
Cover me
I'm going hunting for mysteries
Cover me
I'm going to prove the impossible really exists
This is really dangerous
Cover me
But worth all the effort
Cover me
I'm going to prove the impossible really exists

LYRICS AND MUSIC: BJÖRK
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6. SO MANY THINGS

At the Theatre

I grew bored with looking at the stage,
and raised my eyes to the loge.
And there inside a box I saw you
with your queer beauty, and your spoilt youth.
And straightaway there came back to my mind
all they'd told me about you, that afternoon,
And my thoughts and my body were stirred.
And whilst I gazed enchanted at your weary youth,
at your discriminating attire,
I imagined you and I depicted you,
in just the way they'd talked about you, that afternoon.

CONSTANTIN P. CAVAFY

I saw a woman walking into a plate glass window
as if walking into the sky.
I saw her death striding forward to meet her,
shadowed in flawless glass.
Dogwood blossoms drew her, a lilac-drugged air,
it was beauty's old façade,
blinding,
blind: the transparency
that, touched, turns opaque.
The frieze into which she stepped buckled in
anger
and dissolved in puzzle parts about her head.
I saw a woman walking into sunshine confident
and composed
and tranquil to the last.
I saw a woman walking into something that had
seemed nothing.
As we commonly tell ourselves.
The trick to beauty is its being unassimilable,
a galaxy of glittering reflections,

each puzzle part in place.
Not this raining of glass and blood
about the amazed head.
The unfathomable depths into which she stepped
became the merest surface.
Pain and noise.
I saw a woman walking into her broken body
as if she were a bride.
I saw her soul struck to the ground because mere
space
could not bear it aloft.
I saw how the window at last framed only what
was there,
beyond the frame, that could not fall.
My throat filled with blood:
you would not have believed how swiftly.

JOYCE CAROL OATES

In the Same Space

House, coffeehouses, neighborhood: setting
that I see and where I walk; year after year.
I crafted you amid joy and amid sorrows:
out of so much that happened, out of so many
things.
And you've been wholly remade as feeling; for me.

CONSTANTIN P. CAVAFY

TEXTS: CONSTANTIN P. CAVAFY & JOYCE CAROL OATES
TRANSLATIONS OF THE POEMS BY C.P. CAVAFY BY DANIEL MENDEL-
SOHN, CURRENTLY COLLECTED IN C.P. CAVAFY: COMPLETE POEMS.
THE WORDS OF "I SAW A WOMAN WALKING INTO A PLATE GLASS
WINDOW" BY JOYCE CAROL OATES ARE SET TO MUSIC AND REPRO-
DUCED BY PERMISSION OF THE AUTHOR.
MUSIC: NICO MUHLY
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7. KVÄLL

hör mig nu
det jag önskar
är det bräckta havets våg
slå genom tystnaden till mig

hör mig nu
det jag önskar
runt ön där jag är född
låt isen bära till jag har gått

hör du mig
det jag önskar
är ingen dröm om lycka
ingen oförtjänt
men du
om du hör mig nu
det jag önskar
om lyckan står i rummet
kan du hjälpa mig
att se

LYRICS: EVA DAHLGREN © EVA DAHLGREN (BIG MAMA MUSIC)
MUSIC: ANDERS HILLBORG © ANDERS HILLBORG

8. HUNTER

Ooh
If travel is searching
And home has been found
I'm not stopping
I'm going hunting
I'm the hunter
I'll bring back the goods
But I don't know when
I thought I could organize freedom
How Scandinavian of me
En-cha-le-li
En-cha-le
You sussed it out, didn't you?
Yeah!
You could smell it
So you left me on my own
To complete the mission
Now I'm leaving it all behind
I'm going hunting
I'm the hunter, I'm the hunter
I'm going hunting
I'm the hunter, I'm the hunter
I'm the hunter, I'm the hunter
I'm the hunter
Ooh

LYRICS AND MUSIC: BJÖRK
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9. LOVE SUBLIME

Take me by the hand, we'll go –
into dreamlike space.
No one else will find us there,
We're in our secret place...
Weightlessly I'll dance with you
the oldest dance –
Love sublime.
You will find no tomorrow there
nor a yesterday.
Free from time we'll spread our wings
and lit with love, I'll fly with you...
Die close to you.

LYRICS: FLEURINE
MUSIC: BRAD MEHLDAU © WERTHER MUSIC / HALIT MUSIC

10. SPEAK DARKLY, MY ANGEL

Speak darkly, my angel
Or do I have to plead?
The sweetness has gone out of it
And all that's left is bitter barren greed
A needy lover with her almost vanished liar
Entangled as the gloom is strangled by the clin-
ging briar
That ventures out to gather in the gloom
That perfect mouth is ruined now
For as you turn down the corners of your smile
And cloud your dim corrupted eyes
Just before the concertina wrecks your noble brow
The fatal flaw I can't allow
Depart now, my angel
The jailer of my youth
Sends fifty thousand reasons why I never even try
to tell the truth
The season's over
And it's time for either one of us to go
Stand by the window
But don't lean so temptingly into the drop that
calls below
For if you tumble back
I look so good in black

LYRICS AND MUSIC: ELVIS COSTELLO © SIDEWAYS SONGS PUBLI-
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11. PRACTICAL ARRANGEMENT

Am I asking for the moon?
Is it really so implausible?
That you and I could soon,
Come to some kind of arrangement?
I'm not asking for the moon,
I've always been a realist,
When it's really nothing more,
Than a simple rearrangement.
With one roof above our heads,
A warm house to return to,
We could start with separate beds,
I could sleep alone or learn to.
I'm not suggesting that we'd find some earthly
paradise forever,
I mean how often does that happen now? The
answer's probably never.
But we could come to an arrangement, a practical
arrangement,
And you could learn to love me given time.

I'm not promising the moon,
I'm not promising a rainbow,
Just a practical solution,
To a solitary life.
I'd be a mother to your boy,
A shoulder you could lean on,
How bad could it be,
To be your wife?
With one roof above our heads,
A warm house to return to,
You wouldn't have to cook for me,
You wouldn't have to learn to,
I'm not suggesting that this proposition here
could last forever,
I've no intention of deceiving you, you're far too clever.

But we could come to an arrangement,
A practical arrangement,
And perhaps you'd learn to love me given time.
It may not be the romance that you had in mind,
But you could learn to love me,
Given time.

LYRICS: GORDON SUMNER © SONY/ATV MUSIC PUBLISHING LLC
MUSIC: GORDON SUMNER AND ROBERT MATHES © SONY/ATV
MUSIC PUBLISHING LLC

12. LES FEUX D'ARTIFICE T'APPELLENT

Les feux d'artifice t'appellent
Descends dans la rue
Les feux d'artifice t'appellent
Descends dans la rue
Les feux d'artifice t'appellent

Les couleurs dans le ciel
Eclatent sur la ville
Le feu du ciel qui fut
Descend dans la rue
Et l'amour n'est plus attendu

C'est la joie et l'allégresse
Dans tout Paris, on fait la fête
Je reste, je reste, je reste

Je regarde, regarde, regarde

Jeunes hommes, descendez avec vos maîtresses
Jeunes filles, profitez du temps qui reste
Je reste, je reste, je reste ici
Je regarde par ma grande fenêtre

Les feux d'artifice sont finis
Cela n'a pas duré longtemps
Les feux d'artifice sont finis
Cela n'a pas duré longtemps

LYRICS WRITTEN BY RUFUS WAINWRIGHT AND BERNADETTE COLOMINE.
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13. THE BIRDS WILL BE SINGING

Summertime withers as the sun descends
He wants to kiss you, will you condescend?
Before you wake and find a chill within your bones
Under a fine canopy of lover's dust and humourous bones

Banish all dismay, extinguish every sorrow

Eternity stinks, my darling, that's no joke
Don't waste your precious time pretending you're heart-
broken

There will be tears and candles, pretty words to say
Spare me lily-white lily with the awful perfume of decay

Banish all dismay, extinguish every sorrow
If I'm lost or I'm forgiven, the birds will still be singing

It's so hard to tear myself away
Even when you know it's over
It's too much to say

Banish all dismay, extinguish every sorrow

If I'm lost or I'm forgiven, the birds will still be singing

LYRICS AND MUSIC: DECLAN MCMANUS
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anne sofie von otter

ÉGALEMENT DISPONIBLES I ALSO AVAILABLE

BERLIOZ

Les Nuits d'été, Harold en Italie,
Chanson du roi de Thulé
Anne Sofie von Otter,
Antoine Tamestit,
Les Musiciens du Louvre Grenoble,
Marc Minkowski
V 5266

LOVE SONGS

Songs by Mehlau, Ahlert,
Barbara, Bernstein, Brel, Färnlöf,
Ferré, Kern, Legrand, Lennon,
MacCartney, Mitchell, Rodgers,
Telson, Waits
Anne Sofie von Otter,
Brad Mehlau
V 5241

SOGNO BAROCCO

Works by Cavalli, Monteverdi,
Provenzale, Rossi
Anne Sofie von Otter,
Sandrine Piau,
Susanna Sundberg, Ensemble
Cappella Mediterranea,
Leonardo García Alarcón
V 5286

DOUCE FRANCE

Works / Songs by Hahn, Saint-Saëns,
Fauré, Ravel, Debussy, Loeffler
Barbara, Glanzberg, Ferré, Lemarque,
Hadjidákis, Legrand, Kosma,
Chauliac, Trénet, Moustaki, Hahn,
Louiguy, Monnot, Lenoir
Anne Sofie von Otter,
Bengt Forsberg, Antoine Tamestit, Per Ekdahl,
Carl Bagge,
Mats Bergström, Olle Linder,
Bengan Johnson, Margareta Bengtson
V 5343

Cant voi l'aube, *For Sixty Cents* and the voice and string quartet version of *So Many Things* were commissioned by Carnegie Hall. *For Sixty Cents* and *Cant voi l'aube* were premiered by Anne Sofie von Otter and Brooklyn Rider in Trinity Lutheran Church, Stillwater, at the Stillwater Music Festival, on August 27th 2015.

The arrangers for this project have been integral and they each deserve special recognition for their contribution.

Arrangements by Kyle Sanna (1), Evan Ziporyn (2), Erik Arvinder (5), Vince Mendoza (8), Patrick Zimmerli (9), Robert Mathes (10, 11, 13) and Dana Lyn (12)

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Recorded August 31st - September 3rd, 2015 at Systems Two, Brooklyn, New York.

Produced by Kevin Killen, Anne Sofie von Otter and Brooklyn Rider

Recording Engineer: Alex Venguer

Assistant Engineer: Michael Santoli

Post Production Editing: Kevin Killen, Nicholas Cords & Alex Venguer at Avatar Studios, NYC

Mixed by Kevin Killen at Zona Dolce Studios, NYC

Mastered by Greg Calbi at Sterling Sound, NYC

“These performances were captured live in the studio with the quartet and Anne Sofie. In most instances we utilized a minimal approach which included microphones and equalization, preferring instead to «balance» the performances internally and in context with the room's natural reverberation. The project was recorded to ProTools HD at 96K / 24 Bit. Some additional processing and reverberation was added in the mix down to provide the desired presentation.

Our deepest thanks to the following friends and colleagues whose unending support and patience made this project possible: Nancy and Joe Marciano, Randy Ezratty, Alex Venguer, Greg Calbi and all at Sterling Sound. To the composers, arrangers and copyists whose inspirational talent made this a magical project, we are indebted to your contribution.”

-- Kevin Killen

Articles translated by Michel Chasteau (French)

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