



the dream songs project

Mauro Giuliani

Songs for Voice and Guitar

the dream songs project

Alyssa Anderson, mezzo-soprano

Joseph Spoelstra, guitar

Mauro Giuliani

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Sechs Lieder, op. 89

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Sei Ariette, op. 95

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total time 49:15

Mauro Giuliani (1781-1829) was born in the small Southern Italian town of Bisceglie. He was raised in nearby Barletta in the Kingdom of Naples where he began his training in counterpoint, cello, and guitar. Around 1806, shortly after marrying and having a son, Giuliani departed Italy alone to pursue more opportunities in Vienna. Like many of his Italian guitarist contemporaries such as Carulli, Carcassi, and Bevilacqua, Giuliani may have left for various reasons; political turmoil, musical tastes (a strong preference for opera), and a lack of publishing houses made Italy a difficult place to make a living as a guitarist.

Reception in Vienna: Vienna at the time of Giuliani's arrival boasted a rich and lively musical culture in a prosperous city that attracted some of Europe's best musicians. It was in Vienna that Giuliani gained his reputation as the greatest guitar virtuoso of his time and established himself as a highly esteemed composer of works for solo guitar, chamber music, and song. He was held in high regard by his contemporaries in the city including Beethoven, Haydn, Hummel, and Schubert, and often performed his compositions in concerts with these notable musicians. His reputation as a composer of songs was great enough that he was featured in publications of "celebrity song settings" alongside Beethoven, Hummel, and Salieri ("An das Schicksal" of op. 89 was found in such a collection); he wrote a *berceuse* for the son of Napoléon and Marie-Louise, Archduchess of Austria, earning him the title of "Honorary Chamber Virtuoso;" he appeared in an 1818 *Referirende Uebersicht des Musikzustandes in Wien* (a "Who's Who in Music"-type publication in Vienna) listing him as a noteworthy composer of song (*Gesang*) along with Beethoven and Salieri (but no Schubert). While he dazzled audiences with his innovative use of



the guitar as a solo instrument, he also continued to use the guitar in its most popular role of the time, as accompaniment to voice.

Guitar and Song in Vienna: As proof of the guitar's popularity as an accompaniment instrument, one needs only to look at the publishing houses' catalogs. Throughout the early nineteenth century songs continued to be published with parallel staves for piano and guitar accompaniments—in some cases Schubert's songs were published with guitar accompaniment *before* the piano version appeared! It was in this environment that Giuliani wrote the three sets of songs contained on this recording.

Songs on this Recording: In 1810, his opus 13, *Trois Romances*, was published. This set of songs, though in French, is very much in the early-Romantic German song tradition. The texts deal with themes of romantic love and the settings are all strophic. Although the guitar part is subservient to the voice and not as virtuosic as his solo writing, Giuliani's understanding of voice leading and "correct" harmonies is evident—a standard not always upheld by guitar composers of the time and a result of innovations in guitar notation to which Giuliani contributed. These songs also feature short introductions that are not present in the other song sets. *Sechs Lieder*, op. 89, a set of German *lieder*, was composed in 1817, the year before his mention in the "Who's Who" survey. Similar to the French *romances* in themes of romantic love, as well as themes of pastoral life common to *lieder*, they reflect the darker mood of the poetry. It is striking to hear how well this lyrical Italian composer assimilates the style of the early-Romantic *lied*. Toward the end of his stay in Vienna, Giuliani began more frequent trips to Italy. Perhaps inspired by his travels and the prospect of returning to live in his fatherland, or by the ubiquitous sounds of Rossini, Giuliani composed the six lyrical Italian songs of op. 95, *Sei Ariette* in late 1818, shortly before he returned to Italy where he remained until his death in 1829. The *Sei Ariette* was dedicated to Marie-Louise, Archduchess of Austria, indicating the importance of the work. The *ariette* are of a completely different character than the *lieder* or *romances*. The influence of Rossini (with whom he became acquainted in 1819) is undeniable in the vocal line, and even the guitar part seems to recall an opera orchestra as opposed to the

intimate chamber settings of the earlier German and French songs. This selection of song sets has never been presented in one recording before. The pieces performed together highlight the versatility and adaptability of a prodigious and popular composer.

For further reading on the life and works of Giuliani see Dr. Thomas Heck's *Mauro Giuliani: Virtuoso Guitarist and Composer*. Columbus, OH: Editions Orphée, 1995.

Formed in 2010, **the dream songs project** has performed in venues across the Midwest. Alyssa Anderson and Joseph Spoelstra performed contemporary music together as members of RenegadeEnsemble before creating **the dream songs project**. The duo programs a wide range of repertoire, including guitar transcriptions of lute songs and opera arias, classical and romantic art songs written for the instrument, as well as modern pieces and newly commissioned works for the ensemble. Through the incubator program of Springboard for the Arts, **the dream songs project** is a not-for-profit organization.

Mezzo-soprano **Alyssa Anderson**'s vocal repertoire spans the ages from Baroque masterpieces to contemporary experimental music, with a focus on American and twentieth-century artsong and chamber music. A native of Falconer, NY, Alyssa received her BM in Vocal Performance from SUNY, College at Fredonia, and she completed her MM and DMA in Performance at the University of Minnesota with a doctoral thesis on the solo vocal music of American composer Henry Cowell. Alyssa has appeared as a soloist with the Minnesota Oratorio Society, the Kenwood Symphony Orchestra, the Bloomington Symphony Orchestra, Twin Cities Lyric Theater, RenegadeEnsemble, the University of Minnesota's New Music Ensemble, the University of Minnesota's Bach Festival, the Jamestown Choral Society, the Fredonia College Choir, and Fredonia's Festival Chorus. Alyssa is also the founder and artistic director of La Bonne Chanson, an artsong performance ensemble.

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Classical guitarist **Joseph Spoelstra** has been heard in such halls as the historic Wilshire-Ebell Theater and Alfred Newman Hall in Los Angeles, the Guthrie Theater and Ted Mann Concert Hall in Minneapolis, and Corbett Auditorium at CCM in Cincinnati. Joseph was featured in a live broadcast on KUSC in Los Angeles performing Dominick Argento's *Letters from Composers* for voice and guitar. In addition to solo and chamber recitals, Joseph is a member of the Minneapolis-based contemporary classical music group, RenegadeEnsemble, a group specializing in the performance of works by living composers. Joseph holds his Master of Music from the University of Southern California and his Bachelor of Music from the University of Minnesota, where he was recipient of the John D. Chatterton scholarship. His primary teachers have been Brian Head, founding member of the Los Angeles Guitar Quartet William Kanengiser, and Jeffrey Van.

www.spoelstraguitar.com



1 Sechs Lieder, op. 89

Abschied (I) (text by Goethe)

Zu lieblich ist's, ein Wort zu brechen,
Zu schwer die wohlerkannte Pfl icht,
Und leider kann man nichts versprechen,
Was unserm Herzen widerspricht.

Du übst die alten Zauberlieder,
Du lockst ihn, der kaum ruhig war,
Zum Schaukelkahn der süßen Torheit wieder,
Erneust, verdoppelst die Gefahr.

Was suchst du mir dich zu verstecken!
Sei offen, fl ieh nicht meinem Blick!
Früh oder spät mußt' ich's entdecken,
Und hier hast du dein Wort zurück.

Was ich gesollt, hab' ich vollendet;
Durch mich sei dir von nun an nichts verwehrt;
Allein, verzeih dem Freund, der sich nun von
dir wendet
Und still in sich zurückekehrt.

2 Lied aus der Ferne (text by Matthison)

Wenn in des Abends letztem Scheine
Dir eine lächelnde Gestalt
Am Rasensitz im Eichenhaine
Mit Wink und Gruß vorüberwallt:
Das ist des Freundes teurer Geist,
Der Freud' und Frieden dir verheißt

Wenn in des Mondes Dämmerlichte
sich deiner Liebe Traum verschönt,
Durch Cytisus und Weimutscfte

Farewell (I)

Too sweet it is, to break a word,
Too hard the well-known duty,
And unfortunately one can promise nothing
That is contrary to our hearts.

You practice the ancient magic songs,
You tempt him, who was hardly calm,
In rocking the boat, sweet foolishness again
You renew, doubling the danger.

What are you trying to hide!
Be open, do not fl ee from my sight!
Sooner or later I had to discover it,
And here you have your word back.

What I was meant to be, I have become;
From now on nothing is barred between us;
But forgive the friend who turns away from you
now
And silently returns to himself.

Song from the Distance

If in the last glow of evening
A smiling fi gure passes you
In the grassy oak grove
With a wave and greeting:
It is the dear spirit of your friend,
Promising you happiness and peace.

If in the twilight of the moon
Love's dream is embellished,
Through Cytisus and Weymouth pines

Me lodisches Gesäusel tönt
Und Ahnung dir den Busen hebt
Das ist mein Geist der dich umschwebt.

Fühlst du, beim seligen Verlieren
in des vergangen Zauberland,
Ein lindes, geistiges Berühren,
Wie Zephyrs Kuß an Lipp' und Hand,
Und wankt der Kerze fl atternd Licht;
Das ist mein Geist, o zweifel e nicht!

Hörst du, beim Silberglanz der Sterne,
Leis' im verschwiegnen Kämmerlein,
Gleich Aeolsharfen aus der Ferne,
Das Bundeswort: Auf ewig dein!
Dann schlummre sanft; es ist mein Geist
Der Freud' und Frieden dir verheißt.

3 Abschied (II) (text attr. to Schiller)

Lebe wohl, o mütterliche Erde;
Birg mich bald in deinem kühlen Schooss,
Daß dies Auge wieder trocken werde,
Dem der Tränen manche hier entfloß.
Was ich suchte, hab' ich nicht gefunden,
Freuden sucht' ich, Leiden gabst du mir;
Meiner Jugend schönste Rosenstunden,
Unter Tränen sind sie mir verschwunden.
O wie träumt ich' s Leben mir so schön!
Laß mich Vater, laß mich schlafen gehn!

Viel der Blumen sah ich dir entspiessen,
Schöne Erde, doch für mich nur nicht.
Meine Tränen sollten sie begiessen;

A melodious rustling will resound,
And anticipation will lift your breast:
It is my spirit embracing you.

If you feel, with blessed loss
In this formerly magic land,
A gentle, ghostly touch
Like a zephyr's kiss on your lips and hand,
And if the fl uttering light of the candle sways,
It is my spirit - do not doubt it!

If you hear, in the silver light of the stars
Shining gently into the silent chamber,
Something like aeolian harps from the distance,
My word of honor: it is eternally yours!
Then sleep peacefully; for it is my spirit,
Promising you happiness and peace.

Farewell (II)

Farewell, o Mother Earth;
Conceal me soon in your cool womb,
That these eyes might become dry again,
Many tears have fl owed here.
What I searched for, I have not found
Joys I sought, you gave me suffering;
The most beautiful rosy hours of my youth
Have disappeared under my tears.
Oh, how I dreamed that life was beautiful!
Leave me Father, let me sleep!

I saw many fl owers bloom for you,
Beautiful earth, but not for me.
My tears watered them;

Aber pflücken durfte ich sie nicht;
Mancher tanzte froh dahin durchs Leben,
Schwelgte in der Freude Überfluß.
Ach vergebens war mein rastlos Streben!
Freude durfte mir die Welt nicht geben.
O wie träumt . . .

Lebe wohl, o mütterliche Erde,
Doch vergönne, daß in deinem Schooss,
Bald mein Herz, nach Kummer und Beschwerde,
Ruhe finde unter kühlem Moos.
Einst wird mir ein schöner Morgen tagen!
Dem der droben übern Sternen wohnt,
Will ich Alles, jetzt darf ich's nicht wagen,
Meine Leiden, meinen Kummer klagen.
O wie träumt . . .

4 Lied (*text by Steigentesch*)

Wir gingen beide Hand in Hand,
Ihr Auge sprach, was ich empfand,
Es kämpft auf ihren Wangen
Verwirrung und Verlangen.
Gott Amor folgte Schritt vor Schritt,
Sie seufzte still, ich seufzte mit,
Und Nachtigallen sangen.

Jetzt suchte sie zum Busenstrauß
Vergissmeinnicht und Veilchen aus,
Ich bückte mich, und drückte
Die Hand, die Blumen pflückte.
Sie zog die Hand beschämt an sich,
Errötend fragt' ich, liebst du mich?
Sie schwieg, ward rot, und nickte.

But I could not pick them;
Many people dance through life happily,
Indulging in abundant joy.
Oh, my restless effort is in vain!
The world has not given me happiness.
Oh, how I dreamed . . .

Farewell, o Mother Earth,
But grant that in your womb
My heart will soon, after sorrow and hardship,
Find rest under the cool moss.
Someday a fairer morning will greet me!
It lives up above the stars,
I want all of it, and now I should not dare
To complain of my suffering, my sorrow.
Oh, how I dreamed . . .

Song

We walked hand in hand,
our eyes spoke what we felt;
upon our faces there struggled
confusion and yearning.
The God of Love following step by step,
she sighed quietly, I sighed with her,
and nightingales were singing.

Now she wanted a sprig for her bosom
of forget-me-nots and violets.
I bent down, and pressed
into her hand the flowers I had picked.
Embarrassed, she pulled her hand back
and blushing I asked, do you love me?
She was silent, grew red, and nodded.

5 Ständchen (text by Tiedge)

Alles ruht wie abgeschieden,
Abgelöst ist jedes Joch;
Selbst der Gram entschlief in Frieden;
Meine Liebe, wachst du noch?
Höre meinen letzten Laut,
Der sich nur der Nacht vertraut.

Töne leiser, dunkle Grille,
Dort in deinem Gartenhain!
Um ihr Fenster weht die Stille,
Ruhig ist ihr Kämmerlein.
Störe du, mein Lautenton,
Dora nicht, sie schlummert schon.

Um die nahe Kirchhofsmauer
Wandeln, wie die Sage spricht,
Nächtlich düstre Geisterschauer;
doch die Liebe fürchtet nicht,
auch beseelt, der Raum mit Muth,
Wo die sanfte Unschuld ruht.

Stummer wird's und immer stummer;
Lüftchen, wecke sie nicht auf.
Bringe du zu ihrem Schlummer
Meines Liedes Ton hinauf!
Er verwandle dann vor ihr
Sich in einen Traum von mir.

6 An das Schicksal (text by Reissig)

Höre Schicksal, was ich heische,
Höre mich zum letzten Mahl!
Führ mich aus dem Weltgeräusche

Serenade

Everything rests where it lies,
Every yoke is released;
Even the grieving sleep in peace;
My dear, are you still awake?
Hear my last sound,
Which only trusts the night.

Soft sounds, dark crickets,
There in your garden!
Through her window blows the silence,
Her little room is calm.
May my lute not disturb
Dora, if she is already asleep.

Round the nearby churchyard walls
Wander, so the legend says,
Ghostly horrors in the mist by night;
But love does not fear,
That place is inspired with courage,
Where gentle innocence rests.

It is silent and still more silent;
Breezes, do not wake her.
They bring to her in slumber
The sound of my song!
It then transforms for her
Into a dream of me.

To Fate

Listen Fate, what I want,
Hear me to the last supper!
Lead me from the noisy world

In ein stilles Friedenstal.
Hier gieb mir ein Hüttchen endlich,
Wo mich nichts mehr traurig macht,
Wo ein Gärtchen, still und ländlich,
Meinem Blick' entgegen lacht.

Wo in Ruh', mit einem Liebchen,
Mir der Traum des Lebens fliehet,
Wo ein Mädchen und ein Bübchen
Hoffnungsvoll dem Vater blühet.
Ach, des Weltgeräusches müde.
Such' ich lange schon die Ruh':
Schicksal, für mich bald, voll Güte,
Einem solchen Hüttchen zu!

Trois Romances op. 13 (*texts anonymous*)

7 Quand je voyais femme jeune et jolie,
Au même instant je lui faisais ma cour;
Ce goût n'était qu'une aimable folie,
Et n'était pas ce qu'on appelle amour.

Je promettais une vive tendresse
A qui voulait me payer de retour.
Peut-on longtemps garder cette promesse,
Quand on n'a pas ce qu'on appelle amour?

La seule voix d'une beauté nouvelle
Me fait transir et brûler tour à tour:
Et cette fois je sens bien que c'est elle
Qui m'a donné ce qu'on appelle amour.

Mon coeur, fi xé sous les lois d'une amie,
N'aura jamais le plus léger détour.

Into a quiet and peaceful valley.
Give me a little cottage there at last
Where I will no longer be sad,
Where a small garden, quiet and pastoral,
Will smile back at my gaze.

Where in peace, with love,
I dream of fleeing to this life,
Where a girl and a little boy
The father has hopefully had.
Ah, this noisy, weary world.
I've searched a long time already for peace:
Fate, for me only, full of goodness,
And such a cottage too!

When I saw a young and pretty woman
Right away I used to court her;
But that was only a fun game,
And was not what they call love.

I promised a lively tenderness to anyone
Who would return it to me.
But can you keep such a promise for long,
When you do not have what they call love?

Now just the voice of a new beauty
First chills me, then burns me
And this time I feel that it is she
Who has given me what they call love.

My heart, held by the laws of love,
Will never stray in the least.

O ma Zulmé, crois que toute la vie
J'aurai pour toi ce qu'on appelle amour.

8 Heureux celui qui près de toi soupire,
Qui sur lui seul attire ces beaux yeux,
Ces doux accents, et ce tendre sourire;
Il est égal, il est égal aux Dieux.

De veine en veine une subtile fl amme
Court dans mon sein, sitôt que je te vois,
Et dans le trouble où s'égare mon âme
Je demeure, je demeure sans voix.

Je n'entends plus, un voile est sur ma vue,
Je rêve et tombe dans de douces langueurs,
Et sans haleine, interdit, éperdu,
Je tremble, je tremble, je me meurs.

9 Besoin d'aimer est pour nous sur la terre
Comme l'air pur qui vient nous animer;
Dans les palais, sous la chaumière,
Oui, tout ressent dans la nature entière
Besoin d'aimer.

Besoin d'aimer est un feu qui dévore,
Un mal cruel que rien ne peut calmer.
Jeune rarement on l'ignore,
En vieillissant nous éprouvons encore
Besoin d'aimer.

Besoin d'aimer nous poursuit, nous enfl amme
Contre l'amour en vain l'on veut s'armer
En voyant paraître une femme
Comment peut-on éteindre dans son âme
Besoin d'aimer?

O my Zulmé, believe that all my life
I will have for you what they call love.

Happy is he who sighs close to you,
Who alone is seduced by those beautiful eyes,
Those soft accents, and that tender smile;
He is the equal of the Gods.

From vein to vein a subtle flame
Runs through my breast as soon as I see you,
In the disarray in which my soul is lost,
I remain speechless.

I can no longer hear, a veil covers my sight,
I dream, I fall into sweet dreaminess;
And breathless, speechless, stunned,
I tremble, I die.

The need to love is, for us on this earth,
Like the pure air which gives us life;
In palaces, in cottages
Yes, everything in the whole of nature feels
The need to love.

The need to love is a devouring fire,
A cruel malady which nothing can calm.
When young we rarely ignore it;
When old, we still feel
The need to love.

The need to love pursues us, infl ames us;
In vain we arm ourselves against love;
When we see a woman,
How can we extinguish in our soul
The need for love?

Sei Ariette, op. 95 (*texts by Metastasio*)

10 Ombre amene, amiche piante,
il mio bene, il caro amante
chi mi dice ove n'andò?
Zeffi retto lusinghiero,
a lui vola messaggiero:
di che torni, e che mi renda
quella pace che non ho.

11 Fra tutte le pene,
v'è pena maggiore?
Son presso al mio bene,
sospiro d'amore
e dirgli non oso:
sospiro per te.
Mi manca il valore
per tanto soffrire.
Mi manca l'ardire
per chieder mercè.

12 Quando sarà quel di,
ch'io non ti senta in sen
sempre tremar così,
povero core?
Stelle, che crudeltà!
Un sol piacer non v'è,
che, quando mio si fa
non sia dolore.

Pleasant shades, friendly trees,
my beloved, my dear lover,
who will tell me where he went?
Flattering breeze,
fly to him with a message:
tell him to come back, and to bring me
this peace which I do not have.

Of all the pains,
is there any pain greater?
I am near my beloved,
I sigh with love,
and I dare not say to my beloved:
I sigh for you.
I lack the courage
to suffer so much.
I lack the boldness
to ask for mercy.

When will the day come
when I do not feel you in my breast
always trembling,
poor heart?
O stars, what cruelty!
There isn't a single pleasure,
which, when it becomes mine
does not become sorrow.

13 Le dimore amor non ama
presso a lei mi chiama amore
ed io volo ove mi chiama
il mio caro con dottier.
Tempo è ben che l'alma ottenga
la mercè d'un lungo esilio
e che ormai supplisca il ciglio
agli uffi ci del pensier.

14 Ad altro laccio vedersi in braccio
in un momento la dolce amica,
se sia tormento per me lo dica
chi lo provò.
Rendi a quel core la sua catena,
tiranno amore, che in tanta pena
viver no so.

15 Di due bell'anime, che amor piagò,
gli affetti teneri turbar non vuò.
Godete placidi nel sen d'amor.
Oh se fedele fosse così
quella crudele che mi ferì,
meco men barbaro saresti, amor.

Love does not like delays.
My love calls me to her,
and I rush to wherever my dear
commander calls me.
It is time that my soul obtained
the mercy of a long exile,
and that from now on my eyes
can take the place of mere imagining.

Another pair of arms wrapped
for a moment around my sweet beloved,
if it is a torment or not, as I'm told,
will be proven.
Give back my heart that you have chained,
tyrannous love, because in so much pain
I cannot live.

Two beautiful souls, who love has wounded,
their tender affections I do not wish to disturb.
Enjoy them quietly in the bosom of love.
Oh, if as faithful to me
were the cruel one who wounded me,
you would be less barbarous toward me, my love.

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Joseph Spoelstra plays a guitar by Dake Traphagen, 2007

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