

BROOKLYN SUITE

ZACHARY WILDER

ROB MOUNSEY

1		Stay in My Arms <i>Music and lyrics by</i> MARC BLITZSTEIN (1905-1964)	4'34	11		A Mirage (Two Songs Op. 100, No. 1) <i>Music by</i> AMY BEACH (1867-1944) <i>Lyrics by</i> BERTHA OCHSNER (1896-1942)	2'41
2		Milner's Treren <i>Music and lyrics by</i> MARK MARKOVICH WARSHAWSKY (1848-1907)	1'42	12		Lonely House (Street Scene, Act I) <i>Music by</i> KURT WEILL <i>Lyrics by</i> LANGSTON HUGHES (1901-1967)	3'47
3		Danksagung an den Bach (Die schöne Müllerin D. 795, Op. 25, No. 4) <i>Music by</i> FRANZ SCHUBERT (1797-1828) <i>Lyrics by</i> WILHELM MÜLLER (1794-1827)	2'09	13		To Each His Dulcinea (Man of La Mancha) <i>Music by</i> MITCH LEIGH (1928-2014) <i>Lyrics by</i> JOSEPH DARION (1917-2001)	1'57
4		Grine Bleter <i>Music by</i> MOISHE OYSHER (1907-1958) <i>Lyrics by</i> ITZIK MANGER (1901-1969)	3'47	14		Des Fischers Liebesglück D. 933 <i>Music by</i> FRANZ SCHUBERT <i>Lyrics by</i> KARL GOTTFRIED VON LEITNER (1800-1890)	4'15
5		Something's Coming (West Side Story, Act I) <i>Music by</i> LEONARD BERNSTEIN (1918-1990) <i>Lyrics by</i> STEPHEN SONDHEIM (1930-2021)	2'28	15		I Want My Share of Love <i>Music and lyrics by</i> SAUL CHAPLIN (1912-1997) and SAMMY CAHN (1913-1993)	3'55
6a		Giunse alfin il momento (Le nozze di Figaro K. 492, Act IV, Scene 10) * <i>Music by</i> WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART (1756-1791) <i>Lyrics by</i> LORENZO DA PONTE (1749-1838)	4'42	16		An den kleinen Radioapparat (Hollywooder Liederbuch, No. 3) <i>Music by</i> HANNS EISLER (1898-1962) <i>Lyrics by</i> BERTOLT BRECHT	1'08
6b		Ah, grazie si rendono (La clemenza di Tito K. 621, Act II, Scene 5) <i>Music by</i> WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART <i>Lyrics by</i> CATERINO MAZZOLÀ (1745-1806)		17		The Wanting (Stiletto, Act I) <i>Music and lyrics by</i> MATTHEW WILDER (b. 1953)	3'32
7		Dizzy Fingers <i>Music by</i> ZEZ CONFREY (1895-1971)	2'45	18		How Fast Forever Goes <i>Music by</i> MATTHEW WILDER <i>Lyrics by</i> SAMMY CAHN	5'01
8		Just Friends / Can't We Be Friends? (Medley) <i>Music by</i> JOHN KLENNER (1899-1955) / KAY SWIFT (1897-1993) <i>Lyrics by</i> SAM LEWIS (1885-1959) / PAUL JAMES (1896-1969)	3'37				
9		Bilbao Song (Happy End, Act I) <i>Music by</i> KURT WEILL (1900-1950) <i>Lyrics by</i> BERTOLT BRECHT (1898-1956), <i>adapted by</i> MICHAEL FEINGOLD (1945-2022)	3'13				
10		Nice Work If You Can Get It (A Damsel in Distress) <i>Music by</i> GEORGE GERSHWIN (1898-1937) <i>Lyrics by</i> IRA GERSHWIN (1896-1983)	3'36				

* Renee Weiner with the NBC Symphony Orchestra (unknown conductor), from a 1951 NBC radio broadcast announced by Milton Cross

All arrangements by Rob Mounsey

Voice ZACHARY WILDER

Piano ROB MOUNSEY (1, 3-15, 17-18)

Guitar Matt Beck (1, 3-8, 10, 12-18 / *banjo on 9*)

Bass David Finck (1, 3-10, 12-18)

Drums Mark McLean (1, 3-10, 12-15, 17-18)

Clarinet Lawrence Feldman (4, 6-7)

Accordion Rob Curto (4, 9)

STRING ORCHESTRA (1, 3, 5-6, 8-9, 12-14, 17-18)

Violins Antoine Silverman (*concertmaster / soloist on 2, 7, 11-12, 14*),
Entcho Todorov, Emily Yarbrough, Michael Roth, Melissa Tong,
Adda Kridler, Jessica McJunkins, Paul Woodiel, Yuko Naito-Gotay,
Bryan Hernandez-Luch

Violas Jonathan Dinklage, David Creswell, Lisa Matricardi

Cellos Emily Brausa (*soloist on 2, 11*), Clarice Jensen

PUBLISHERS

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In the short-sightedness of childhood, I had always assumed that my deep fascination with an eclectic range of music sprang solely from my upbringing. I spent my days curled up in the corner of my father's studio, absorbing the sounds of great rhythm and blues singers at work. Evenings often involved cruising through the Valley in Los Angeles, listening to *La Bohème*, the Bulgarian Women's Choir, or Kronos Quartet. But as time passed and my view widened, I began to sense the presence of the invisible hands of my ancestors. While studying at the Eastman School, I visited a cousin in New York City. After I rambled on about some obscure and likely pretentious musical idea (as 19-year-olds are prone to do), she smiled, sighed, and said 'You have to meet your cousin Matthew Steinfeld.'

Matthew and I met for lunch, and the conversation stretched into the night. We ended up drinking bourbon out of tin cups, watching DVDs of Bernstein conducting Mahler, and discussing Lacan. It felt less like meeting a cousin and more like discovering a brother. Through him, I found an entirely new wing of my family: soon after, I met his parents, Paul and Trudy, and his sister Anne. They welcomed me warmly, and their Brooklyn home became my haven during auditions or productions I had in the city. We'd sit around the piano reading through Brahms and Schubert – Trudy at the keys, Paul on clarinet – and in between, we'd dive into stories of our family's past. Paul, my grandmother's first cousin, met Trudy in a Renaissance choir and he plays in the Brooklyn Symphony Orchestra. He spoke with vivid detail, recalling tales of his father Leo and uncle Willie playing stride piano in Prohibition-era speakeasies, hiding behind their instruments during police raids.

But what struck me most deeply wasn't just the drama of those stories – it was the music they shared at home. Everyone in the family sang or played an instrument, and the range of their repertoire was dizzying: German *lieder*, opera arias, Yiddish folk songs, Tin Pan Alley classics, musical theatre. Music wasn't just a pastime – it was a way of staying connected, a bridge between generations, and a means for these Jewish immigrants from near Panevėžys, Lithuania to navigate life in America.

Years later, after mulling over these stories and imagining those family gatherings, I began to wonder: what might an evening of music with my great-uncles and aunts have sounded like? I sat down to interview members of my family – gathering stories, memories, and songs. Striving to also illuminate the porousness between musical genres that fueled artistic innovation at the time, this album is what resulted.

About the Repertoire

We open with Marc Blitzstein's 'Stay in My Arms.' Written in 1935, it reflects both the anxieties (and perhaps isolationist sentiments) leading up to World War II and his wife's losing battle with anorexia. The text seemed an apt anthem for the album, but also feels strikingly relevant in today's social and political climate. Blitzstein, himself the child of Jewish immigrants and a student of Nadia Boulanger and Arnold Schoenberg, composed in a wide variety of genres. His work reflects the hybridity that shapes many immigrant stories as well as the evolution of the American sound.

Two seemingly distant pieces – 'Milner's Treren,' a Yiddish lament by Mark Markovich Warshawsky, and Schubert's 'Danksagung an den Bach' from *Die schöne Müllerin* – are both built around the image of the miller and the mill stream: romantic symbols of nature's indifference, labor, and the passage of time. 'Milner's Treren' closes with the line 'The wheels turn, the years pass, and along with them, the Jew passes on,' a reference to the expulsion of the Jews in Czarist Russia that drove my family to emigrate.

Similarly, Itzik Manger's 'Grine Bleter' and Bernstein's 'Something's Coming' unexpectedly mirror each other. The melodic contours and cross-beat of the final section of this Romanian-style *Doina* bear a striking resemblance to those of 'Something's Coming,' revealing the influence of Yiddish theatre on mid-century American musical theatre. Both songs burst with incredible rhythmic impulse and optimism. Bernstein, having grown up with the cantorial tradition, may have been familiar with Moishe Oysher, a *Hazzan* and Yiddish theater star who made this tune popular.

My family would often gather to sing Mozart's chorus 'Ah, grazie si rendono' from *La clemenza di Tito*. As a prelude, I've included a recording of my grandmother Renee singing the opening recitative from Susanna's aria in *Le nozze di Figaro*. She was heavily influenced by my great-uncle Willie and eventually studied at the Juilliard School, making it to the finals of the MET competition. You'll hear in the announcer's introduction that she was determined to have both a family and a career, though perhaps this was too *avant-garde* for the 1950s. She soon retreated into domestic life, dusting off her talents at family gatherings to sing Gershwin's 'Summertime' and other popular tunes.

Amy Beach's 'A Mirage' and Zez Confrey's 'Dizzy Fingers' both reflect the influence of French Impressionism. I originally selected 'A Mirage' as the album's opening prelude, symbolizing America before my family's arrival. Ultimately, though, it felt more at home alongside Gershwin, who was himself deeply influenced by French music. Beach, a member of the Boston Six – a group of composers from the Second New England School – embodied a style that blended various European traditions. Their work marked the early stages of a search for a distinctly American musical voice. 'Dizzy Fingers' is a piece my uncles Leo and Willie used to play in speakeasies, at the Rainbow Room, and around the house. Rooted in the stride piano tradition – pioneered by artists like James P. Johnson, Willie 'The Lion' Smith, Art Tatum, and Fats Waller – it features characteristic leaping bass lines in tenths and unexpected modal harmonies, echoing the influence of Debussy and Satie.

Kurt Weill's 'Bilbao Song' from *Happy End* and 'Lonely House' from *Street Scene* show his commitment to *Gebrauchsmusik* – music with a social function – and his aims for cultural critique. Both works stand as twin innovations that mirror each other across continents: *Happy End* sought to inject the politically charged German theatre with the vitality of American musical theatre and jazz, while *Street Scene* aimed to bring operatic form to Broadway, creating a new hybrid American opera. In 'Bilbao Song,' Brecht layers nostalgia with irony, exposing the moral decay and destruction of all things non-commodifiable under capitalism; Langston Hughes's text in 'Lonely House' laments the anonymity of modern urban life – underlining the irony of feeling alone in a tenement building packed with people.

The 'Just Friends / Can't We Be Friends?' medley and Gershwin's 'Nice Work If You Can Get It' nod to the intertwined musical and romantic lives of Kay Swift and George Gershwin. Swift, initially trained as a classical composer under Charles Martin Loeffler (a German immigrant who styled himself as Alsatian and composed in a French idiom), was encouraged by Gershwin to pivot to popular songwriting. Her husband, Paul Warburg, wrote lyrics for many of her songs. Later, Swift became Gershwin's musical advisor and longtime partner, their decade-long affair ultimately ending her marriage. Though the two never married, the text of these songs playfully references the ambiguous nature of their relationship.

Musical theater has always been a central thread in my family's story – my grandfather inherited and operated a prominent Broadway advertising agency. *Man of La Mancha* by Mitch Leigh was the first musical my father ever saw, staged at the experimental off-Broadway Thrust Stage at the ANTA Washington Square Theatre in Greenwich Village. Its innovative storytelling and compositional style left a deep and lasting impression, sparking a lifelong passion for musicals and composing – later reflected in his own works, including *Mulan* and *Stiletto* (where the bonus track 'The Wanting' comes from). Coincidentally, my first professional musical theater role was the Padre, who sings 'To Each His Dulcinea' in *Man of La Mancha*.

The final set explores repetition as both a musical and poetic form. It opens with Schubert's mesmerizing 'Des Fischers Liebesglück,' a remarkable song that captures the circular motion of waves and oars through von Leitner's compact, looping poetic meter and Schubert's strophic structure. Next is the charming Tin Pan Alley tune 'I Want My Share of Love,' with lyrics by a young Sammy Cahn, whose inventive rhymes and lyrical repetition are on full display. Early in his career, Cahn partnered with composer Saul Chaplin to create the English version of the beloved Yiddish theater song 'Bei Mir Bist du Schoen.' Chaplin would later become musical director for the film adaptations of *An American in Paris* and *West Side Story*. Cahn, meanwhile, went on to become Frank Sinatra's unofficial personal songwriter. Near the end of his life, while battling cancer, he collaborated with my father on the wistful love song 'How Fast Forever Goes.'

As a postlude, we end with 'An den kleinen Radioapparat' by Hanns Eisler and Bertolt Brecht, from Eisler's *Hollywooder Liederbuch*. Composed during his years in Los Angeles, where he worked on film scores after fleeing Nazi Germany, the collection bears witness to the collapse of his homeland and the isolating realities of displacement under capitalism. This poignant song addresses the loneliness of uprootedness and the far-reaching power of media – a small radio becoming the last fragile link to a collapsing world.

ZACHARY WILDER

Collaborating on this project was a wonderful adventure!

I confess to some early doubts that the wildly eclectic genres and styles represented here would come together in a meaningful whole, but I quickly became a rapt convert to Zachary Wilder's vision. He clearly feels the essential musical connections that unite these various traditions, in part from his own ancestors and his own musical family. All these colorful tributaries flow together in one great river of music-making. His beautiful performances and his deep and sincere musicality bring it to life for us.

In keeping with the feeling of a 'living-room concert', the core ensemble is a classic quartet of piano, guitar, bass and drumkit, augmented by a small string section and some special guests. Beyond that, every selection seemed to ask for its own approach. It may be almost startling to hear bass and drums playing Mozart and Schubert, yet it does feel musical to me. I was often reminded of the 'third-stream' traditions of the Modern Jazz Quartet, or of popular music of the 1920s and 1930s, or of the more compositional outings of Mel Torme or Joe Williams with the arrangements of Robert Farnon or Johnny Mandel. Every selection is unique, and we've done our best to give each its due respect and care.

It was an enriching experience being part of this music. I'm grateful for it, and I hope that listeners are as moved by the final product as we all were making it.

ROB MOUNSEY

Avec la naïveté de l'enfance, j'ai longtemps pensé que mon attirance pour des musiques très variées ne provenait que de mon éducation. Blotti dans un coin du studio de mon père, je passais mes journées à m'imprégner des voix des grands chanteurs de *rhythm and blues*. Le soir, nous traversions "la Valley" de Los Angeles en écoutant *La Bohème*, le Mystère des voix bulgares ou le Kronos Quartet. Mais, avec le temps, mon regard s'est élargi : j'ai commencé à sentir la présence invisible de mes ancêtres. Pendant mes études à Eastman, j'ai rendu visite à une cousine à New York. Après m'avoir entendu proférer une idée musicale aussi obscure que prétentieuse (comme on le fait à dix-neuf ans), elle sourit, soupira, puis dit : "Tu dois absolument rencontrer ton cousin Matthew Steinfeld".

Matthew et moi nous sommes rencontrés pour déjeuner ; la conversation se prolongea jusque tard dans la nuit. Nous avons fini par boire du bourbon dans des gobelets en fer, en regardant Bernstein diriger Mahler en DVD et en parlant de Lacan. J'avais plus l'impression d'avoir trouvé un frère qu'un cousin. À travers lui, je découvris une toute nouvelle branche de ma famille : peu après, je rencontrai ses parents, Paul et Trudy, et sa sœur Anne. Ils m'accueillirent à bras ouverts et leur maison de Brooklyn devint mon refuge quand j'avais des auditions ou des spectacles à New York. Réunis autour du piano, nous déchiffrions du Brahms ou du Schubert – Trudy au clavier, Paul à la clarinette –, entre deux histoires de famille. Paul, cousin germain de ma grand-mère, avait rencontré Trudy dans un chœur de musique de la Renaissance. Membre de l'Orchestre symphonique de Brooklyn, il racontait avec force détails comment, pendant la Prohibition, son père Leo et son oncle Willie jouaient du *stride piano* [jazz de Harlem] dans les bars clandestins, se cachant derrière leurs instruments lors de descentes de police.

Mais ce qui m'a le plus marqué, ce n'était pas seulement le romanesque de ces histoires, mais le fait qu'à la maison, ils partageaient de la musique. Tout le monde dans la famille chantait ou jouait d'un instrument, et l'étendue de leur répertoire donnait le vertige : *lieder* allemands, airs d'opéra, chants yiddish, classiques de Tin Pan Alley, comédies musicales. La musique n'était pas un simple divertissement, elle était un moyen de rester connectés, un pont entre les générations ; et, pour ces immigrants juifs venus de Panevėžys, en Lituanie, une manière de trouver leur place en Amérique.

Des années plus tard, hanté par ces récits et ces images de réunions familiales, je me suis demandé : à quoi pouvait vraiment ressembler une soirée musicale avec mes grands-oncles et tantes ? J'ai alors interrogé la famille, rassemblé leurs histoires, leurs souvenirs et leurs mélodies. Et cet album est né du désir de mettre en lumière la porosité entre les genres musicaux qui alimentaient l'innovation artistique de l'époque.

À propos du répertoire

Le programme débute avec "Stay in My Arms" de Marc Blitzstein. Écrit en 1935, le morceau reflète à la fois l'anxiété (peut-être aussi les sentiments isolationnistes) qui précédaient la Seconde Guerre mondiale, mais aussi la lutte, vaine hélas, de sa femme contre l'anorexie. Le texte semble en parfait accord avec cet album et résonne parfaitement avec le climat social et politique actuels. Lui-même fils d'immigrés juifs, élève de Nadia Boulanger et d'Arnold Schoenberg, Blitzstein a composé dans des genres très différents. Son œuvre illustre le métissage qui caractérise de nombreux parcours d'exils de même que l'évolution du son américain.

En apparence éloignées, la complainte yiddish "Milner's Treren" de Mark Markovitch Warshawsky et "Danksagung an den Bach" de Schubert tirée de *La Belle Meunière*, évoquent l'une et l'autre le meunier et la rivière du moulin – symboles romantiques de l'indifférence de la Nature, du travail et du temps qui passe. La chanson yiddish se conclut par le vers "Les roues tourment, les années passent, et avec elles, le Juif disparaît" – allusion à l'expulsion des Juifs par la Russie tsariste qui força ma famille à l'exil.

De la même manière, "Grine Bleter" d'Itzik Manger et "Something's Coming" de Leonard Bernstein se font écho de manière inattendue. Les contours mélodiques et la polyrythmie de la section finale du premier, une doïna de style roumain, ressemble de manière frappante à ceux du second, révélant l'influence du théâtre yiddish sur la comédie musicale américaine au milieu du siècle dernier. Les deux morceaux résonnent d'un rythme et d'un optimisme incroyables. Bernstein, qui grandit dans la tradition cantoriale, a peut-être connu l'œuvre de Moïse Oysher, *hazzan* (chantre) et star du théâtre yiddish auquel cet air doit sa popularité.

Ma famille se réunissait souvent pour chanter le chœur de Mozart "Ah, grazie si rendono" de *La Clémence de Titus*. En préambule, j'ai voulu inclure un enregistrement de ma grand-mère Renee, chantant le récitatif d'ouverture de l'air de Suzanne dans *Les Noces de Figaro*. Fortement influencée par mon grand-oncle Willie, elle étudia à Juilliard, et fut même finaliste du concours du MET. Vous entendrez dans l'introduction du présentateur qu'elle était fermement déterminée à mener de front une vie familiale et une carrière professionnelle, ce qui était sans doute un peu trop avant-gardiste pour les années 1950. Elle retourna assez vite à la vie domestique, faisant revivre son talent lors de réunions familiales, pour chanter "Summertime" de Gershwin ou d'autres airs populaires.

L'influence de l'impressionnisme français se ressent dans deux autres pièces, "A Mirage" d'Amy Beach et "Dizzy Fingers" de Zez Confrey. J'avais d'abord choisi d'ouvrir l'album par "A Mirage", pour symboliser l'Amérique avant l'arrivée de ma famille. En fin de compte, j'ai pensé qu'il était davantage à sa place aux côtés de Gershwin, car lui aussi fut profondément influencé par la musique française. Amy Beach, membre des Boston Six – un groupe de compositeurs de l'École de Boston, en Nouvelle-Angleterre – incarne un style mêlant diverses traditions européennes. Les Boston Six ont marqué les débuts d'un nouveau langage musical proprement américain. "Dizzy Fingers" est un des morceaux que mes oncles Leo et Willie jouaient dans les bars clandestins, au club Rainbow Room ou à la maison. Ancré dans la tradition du *stride piano* – inaugurée par des artistes comme James P. Johnson, Willie "The Lion" Smith, Art Tatum et Fats Waller –, avec des lignes de basse bondissantes en intervalles de dixième et des harmonies modales inattendues, il révèle l'influence de Debussy et de Satie.

"Bilbao Song", tiré de *Happy End*, et "Lonely House", extrait de *Street Scene*, illustrent l'engagement de Kurt Weill pour la *Gebrauchsmusik* – la musique "utilitaire", qui revêt une fonction sociale – et son aspiration à une critique culturelle. Ces compositions semblent se répondre d'un continent à l'autre : *Happy End* cherche à insuffler la vitalité de la comédie musicale et du jazz américains dans le théâtre allemand engagé politiquement, tandis que *Street Scene* entend apporter les formes opératiques à Broadway et ainsi créer un nouveau type hybride d'opéra américain. Dans "Bilbao Song", Brecht mêle nostalgie et ironie en exposant les effets du capitalisme : la décadence morale et l'anéantissement de tout ce que le capitalisme ne peut marchandiser. Le texte de "Lonely House", écrit par Langston Hughes, déplore l'anonymat de la vie moderne dans les villes – mettant en exergue le paradoxe de se sentir seul dans un immeuble surpeuplé.

De Gershwin, le *medley* "Just Friends / Can't We Be Friends?" et la chanson "Nice Work If You Can Get It" rappellent la complicité artistique et amoureuse du compositeur avec Kay Swift. Il encouragea Swift, initialement formée à la composition classique auprès de Charles Martin Loeffler (un exilé allemand qui se disait alsacien et qui écrivait en français), à se tourner vers l'écriture de chansons populaires. Son mari, Paul Warburg, écrivit les paroles de nombreuses chansons. Plus tard, Swift devint la conseillère musicale de Gershwin et sa maîtresse, liaison qui dura une dizaine d'années et finit par lui coûter son mariage. Bien que Swift et Gershwin ne se soient jamais mariés, le texte de ces chansons joue sur la nature ambiguë de leur relation.

Le théâtre musical a toujours été le fil conducteur de mon histoire familiale. Mon grand-père dirigeait une grande agence de publicité de Broadway dont il avait hérité. *L'Homme de la Mancha* de Mitch Leigh a été la première comédie musicale que vit mon père, dans un théâtre expérimental, l'ANTA Washington Square Theatre à Greenwich Village. Son style narratif et musical novateurs marqua de manière profonde et durable mon père, qui se prit d'une passion immuable pour les comédies musicales et la composition – passion qui se reflétera dans ses œuvres, notamment dans *Mulan* et *Stiletto* (d'où est tirée la piste bonus "The Wanting"). Par hasard, mon premier rôle professionnel dans une comédie musicale fut justement celui de Padre, qui chante "To Each His Dulcinea" dans *L'Homme de la Mancha*.

La dernière section de l'album explore la répétition, tant sous forme musicale que poétique. Elle s'ouvre avec "Des Fischers Liebesglück" de Schubert, un lied envoûtant qui rend parfaitement le mouvement cyclique des vagues et des rames, grâce à la métrique poétique compacte et circulaire de Leitner et à la structure strophique de Schubert. Vient ensuite le charmant *Tin Pan Alley* "I Want My Share of Love" sur des paroles du jeune Sammy Cahn, dont les rimes inventives et les répétitions lyriques sont pleinement mises en valeur. Au début de sa carrière, Cahn collabora avec le compositeur Saul Chaplin pour créer la version anglaise de la célèbre chanson du théâtre yiddish "Bei Mir Bist du Schoen". Plus tard, Chaplin deviendra le directeur musical des adaptations cinématographiques de *D'un Américain à Paris* et de *West Side Story*. Quant à Cahn, il deviendra l'auteur attitré de Frank Sinatra. Vers la fin de sa vie, alors qu'il luttait contre le cancer, il travailla avec mon père sur la chanson d'amour mélancolique "How Fast Forever Goes".

Pour terminer, l'album s'achève avec "An den kleinen Radioapparat" de Bertolt Brecht et Hanns Eisler, extrait du *Hollywooder Liederbuch* de ce dernier. Écrit à Los Angeles où il composait des musiques de films après avoir fui l'Allemagne nazie, ce recueil témoigne de l'effondrement de sa patrie d'origine et de l'isolement difficile des exilés dans un pays capitaliste. Cette chanson poignante exprime la solitude du déracinement et le grand pouvoir des médias – un petit poste de radio devenant le dernier lien fragile avec un monde en train de sombrer inexorablement.

ZACHARY WILDER

Traduction : Martine Sgard et Benoît Puttemans

Participer à ce projet fut une aventure fantastique !

J'avoue avoir douté, au début, que les genres et les styles très éclectiques présentés ici puissent former un tout cohérent, mais j'ai rapidement adhéré à la vision de Zachary Wilder. Il a un sens aigu des liens musicaux essentiels unissant ces diverses traditions – un sens en partie hérité de ses ancêtres et de sa propre famille musicale. Tous ces affluents colorés convergent vers un grand fleuve de création musicale. Ses magnifiques interprétations, sa profonde et authentique musicalité arrivent à nous le rendre vivant.

Conformément à l'esprit des "concerts de salon", le noyau de l'ensemble est un quatuor classique, composé d'un piano, d'une guitare, d'une basse et d'une batterie, auquel viennent s'ajouter une petite formation de cordes et quelques invités. Cela dit, chaque morceau exige sa propre approche. Il peut être surprenant d'entendre une basse et une batterie jouer du Mozart ou du Schubert, mais à mon sens, c'est musical. J'ai souvent pensé au genre "third-stream" du Modern Jazz Quartet, à la musique populaire des années 1920 et 1930 ou aux créations plus expérimentales de Mel Torme ou de Joe Williams avec les arrangements de Robert Farnon ou de Johnny Mandel. Chaque morceau sélectionné est unique, et nous avons fait de notre mieux pour lui accorder le respect et l'attention qu'il mérite.

Participer à cette création musicale fut une expérience enrichissante et j'en suis profondément reconnaissant. J'espère que les auditeurs seront aussi émus par le produit final que nous l'avons tous été en lui donnant vie.

ROB MOUNSEY

Traduction : Martine Sgard

1 | **Stay in My Arms**

Marc Blitzstein (1905-1964)

In this great city
Where will I find one peaceful, pretty spot
Where noise is not?
A bit of quiet,
Untouched by all the hectic riot
Would help things a lot.
Our tempo's automatic –
Science reveals.
Our pace is acrobatic –
Life moves on wheels
Here's my admission –
I haven't very much ambition
For the mad existence of our time.

Let's just be old fashioned.
Let's just be lazy.
The world's gone crazy
So stay in my arms.
My most dear; come close dear.
Don't be afraid to.
My hands were made to
Shield you from alarm.
What's all the shooting for?
Where are they rushing?
Whom are they rooting for?
Whom are they crushing?
Forget them or let them
Grow dim and hazy.
The world's gone crazy
So stay in my arms.

Let's lie here
Nearby here, midfield and daisy.
The world's gone crazy
So stay in my arms.
While millions of millions
Go wildly prancing,
I'll be romancing a song of your charms.
They dance a dance that kills –
Mad and defenseless.
Such jumping Jacks and Jills.
It's all so senseless.
I love you.
You love me.
That much is plain, dear.
The world's insane, dear:
So stay in my arms.

Milner's Treren

Oh, how many years
Have gone by
Since I was miller here in this place?
The wheels keep turning,
The years keep passing by
And I have grown old, gray and worn.
Where will I live,
Who will look after me?
I am already old, I am already tired;
The wheels keep turning,
The years keep passing by
And with them, the Jew passes away.

Danksagung an den Bach

Is this what you were saying,
My murmuring friend?
Your singing, your rippling,
Is this what you were saying?

Go to the maid of the mill!
That is what you meant.
True? Have I understood you?
Go to the maid of the mill!

Did she send you?
Or have you bewitched me?
That is what I want to know,
Did she send you?

Now, however it might be,
I will give in;
Whatever I was seeking has been found,
However it may be.

I was asking for work.
Now I have enough,
For my hands and my heart,
More than enough!

2 | **Milner's Treren**

Mark Markovitch Warshawski (1848-1907)

Oy, vifl yorn
Zaynen farforn,
Zayt ikh bin milner ot o do?
Di reder dreyen zikh,
Di yorn geyen zikh,
Ikh bin shoyn alt un grayz un gro.
Vu vel ikh voynen,
Ver vet mikh shoynen?
Ikh bin shoyn alt, ikh bin shoyn mid;
Di reder dreyen zikh,
Di yorn geyen zikh,
Un oykh mit zey geyt oys der yid.

3 | **Danksagung an den Bach**

Wilhelm Müller (1794-1827)

War es also gemeint,
Mein rauschender Freund?
Dein Singen, dein Klingen,
War es also gemeint?

Zur Müllerin hin!
So lautet der Sinn.
Gelt, hab' ich's verstanden?
Zur Müllerin hin!

Hat sie dich geschickt?
Oder hast mich berückt?
Das möcht ich noch wissen,
Ob sie dich geschickt.

Nun wie's auch mag sein,
Ich gebe mich drein:
Was ich sucht, hab' ich funden,
Wie's immer mag sein.

Nach Arbeit ich frug,
Nun hab' ich genug
Für die Hände, für's Herze
Vollauf genug!

Grine Bleter

I sing because I love to sing
I don't sing for any honor, nor for money
When the song enters deep in my heart
Then I'm the happiest person in the world

I see a little tree, I hear a little bird
I hear a little stream running
I see a young man, a sweet, young man
I am like a vessel overflowing

Play, gypsy, that song for me
Green leaves, upon your fiddle
Oh, green leaves
Oh, green leaves, green

Play, gypsy, deep in sorrow
The land owner draws blood from the peasant
Oh, green leaves
Oh, green leaves, green

What was, and what will be
Red is blood, red is wine
Oh, green leaves
Oh, green leaves, green

Green leaves, lovely boy
Me and you as one

When the star will fade away
I will stand by the lantern

Who dreamed it all up
He made me happy

Boy of mine, my own

4 | Grine Bleter

Itzik Manger (1901-1969)

Ikh zing vayl ikh hob lib tsi zingen
Ikh zing nit far kayn kuved far kayn gelt
Ven in mayn harts dus lid zol arayndringen
Der gliklekster bin ikh dokh oyf der velt

Zey ikh a beymele, her ikh a feygele
Her ikh a taykhele flisn
Zey ikh a yingele, a zis lib yingele
Nemen ikh teyner bald gisn

Shpil, tsigayner, mir dus lidl,
Grine bleter, oyf dayn fidl
Oy, grine bleter
Foye verde frunze, verde

Shpil, tsigayner, tif in troyer
Tsapt der purets blit fin poyer
Oy, grine bleter
Foye verde frunze, verde

Vus geven in vus vet zayn
Royt iz blit, royt iz vayn
Oy, grine bleter
Foye verde frunze, verde

Grine bleter yingl sheynts
Ikh in dir azoy vi eynts

Ven der shtern vet fargeyn
Baym lamtern vel ikh shteyn

Ver er hot es oysgetrakht
Der hot gliklekh mikh gemakht

Vingl, mayner, mayn

5 | Something's Coming

Stephen Sondheim (1930-2021)

Could be . . .
Who knows? . . .
There's something due any day –
I will know right away,
Soon as it shows.
It may come cannonballing down through
the sky,
Gleam in its eye,
Bright as a rose.
Who knows?

Giunse alfin il momento

The moment has come at last
When I can enjoy undisturbed
The embrace of the man I adore.
Timid fears, go from my heart,
Do not disturb my pleasure!
Oh, how I feel this pleasant place,
The earth and heaven itself,
Are responding to love's flame,
As does the night to my stolen joy!

It's only just out of reach,
Down the block, on a beach,
Under a tree.
I got a feeling there's a miracle due,
Gonna come true,
Coming to me!

Could it be? Yes, it could.
Something's coming, something good,
If I can wait.
Something's coming, I don't know what it is,
But it is
Gonna be great!
With a click, with a shock,
Phone'll jingle, door'll knock,
Open the latch.
Something's coming, don't know when, but
it's soon;
Catch the moon,
One-handed catch!

Around the corner,
Or whistling down the river,
Come on, deliver
To me!
Will it be? Yes, it will.
Maybe just by holding still,
It'll be there.
Come on, something, come on in, don't be shy,
Meet a guy,
Pull up a chair!
The air
Is humming,
And something great is coming!
Who knows?
It's only just out of reach,
Down the block, on a beach,
Maybe tonight . . .

6a | Giunse alfin il momento

Lorenzo Da Ponte (1749-1838), after Pierre-Augustin Caron de Beaumarchais (1732-1799)

Giunse alfin il momento
Che godrò senza affanno
In braccio all'idol mio!
Timide cure, uscite dal mio petto,
A turbar non venite il mio diletto!
Oh, come par che all'amoroso foco
L'amenità del loco,
La terra e il ciel risponda!
Come la notte i furti miei seconda!

Ah, grazie si rendono

Ah no, I am not
So unfortunate,
If my fate
Arouses compassion in Rome,
If prayers for Titus
Are still being offered.

6b | Ah, grazie si rendono

*Caterino Mazzolà (1745-1806),
after Pietro Metastasio (1698-1782)*

Ah no, sventurato
Non sono cotanto,
Se in Roma il mio fato
Si trova compianto,
Se voti par Tito
Si formano ancor.

8 | Just Friends / Can't We Be Friends?

Sam Lewis (1885-1959) | Paul James (1896-1969)

We two were sweethearts but we said
goodbye
One with a handshake and one with a sigh
We two were sweethearts by a sacred vow
What are we now?
What are we now?

Just friends, lovers no more
Just friends, but not like before
To think of what we've been
And not to kiss again
Seems like pretending
It isn't the ending

Two friends, drifting apart
Two friends, but one broken heart
We loved, we laughed, we cried
And suddenly love died
The story ends
And we're just friends

*I thought I'd found the man of my dreams
Now it seems*

*This is how the story ends
He's going to turn me down
And say "Can't we be friends?"
I thought for once it couldn't go wrong
Not for long
I can see the way this ends
He's going to turn me down
And say "Can't we be friends?"*

*Never again
Through with love
Through with men
They play their game without shame
And who's to blame
I thought I found a man I could trust*

*What a bust
This is how the story ends
He's going to turn me down
And say "Can't we be friends?"*

Two friends, drifting apart
Two friends, but one broken heart
We loved, we laughed, we cried
And suddenly love died
The story ends
And we're just friends

9 | Bilbao Song

*Bertolt Brecht (1898-1956),
adapted by Michael Feingold (1945-2022)*

Bill's beer hall in Bilbao, Bilbao, Bilbao,
Was the most fantastic place I'd ever known;
For just a dollar you'd get all you wanted,
All you wanted, all you wanted,
Of whatever kind of joy you called your own,
But if you had been around to join the fun,
Well, I don't know, you might not like what
you'd've seen;
The stools at the bar were damp with rye,
On the dance floor the grass grew high,
Through the roof the moon was shining green
And the music really gave you some return
on what you paid.
Hey Joe, play that old song they always
played.

That old Bilbao Moon, that old Bilbao Moon...
down where we used to go...
I can't remember the words!
Da da da da da da
It's too long ago...
I don't know if it would have brought you joy
or grief, but
It was fantastic
It was fantastic
It was fantastic
Beyond belief.
Bill's beer hall in Bilbao, Bilbao, Bilbao,
Now they've cleaned it up and made it
middle class
With potted palms and ice cream;
Very bourgeois, very bourgeois,
Just another place to put your ass,
But if you should come around to see the
fun,
Well, I don't know, you might not find it such

a strain,
Ha, they've mopped up all the booze and
broken glass,
On parquet floors you can't grow grass,
They've shut the green moon out because
of rain
And the music makes you cringe now when
you think of what you paid.
Hey Joe, play that old song they always
played –

That old Bilbao
Down where we used to go
Casting its golden glow,
That old Bilbao moon,
Love never laid me low.
That old Bilbao,
Why does it haunt me so?
I don't know if it would have brought you joy
or grief, but
It was fantastic
It was fantastic
It was fantastic
Beyond belief.

10 | **Nice Work If You Can Get It**

Ira Gershwin (1896-1983)

The man who only lives for making money
Lives a life that isn't necessarily sunny
Likewise the man who works for fame
There's no guarantee that time won't erase
his name

The fact is, the only work that really brings
enjoyment
Is the kind that is for girl and boy meant
Fall in love and you won't regret it
That's the best work of all, if you can get it

Holding hands at midnight
'Neath a starry sky
Nice work if you can get it
And you can get it if you try

Strolling with the one girl
Sighing sigh after sigh
Nice work if you can get it
And you can get it if you try

Just imagine someone
Waiting at the cottage door

Where two hearts become one
Who could ask for anything more?

Loving one who loves you
And then taking that vow
It's nice work if you can get it
And if you get it, won't you tell me how?

11 | **A Mirage**

Bertha Ochsner (1896-1942)

Now the mountaintop all purple
Rises thro' a mist of silver,
While the moon, a disc of cobwebs,
Shining in the pallid heavens,
Ghostlike thro' the evening shadows.

Now the lofty eucalyptus
Stretches forth its chalky branches
Toward the lovely, lusted heavens,
While the drowsy westwind sighing
Sings the theme of lamentation.

12 | **Lonely House**

*Langston Hughes (1901-1967),
after Elmer Rice (1892-1967)*

At night when everything is quiet
This old house seems to breathe a sigh
Sometimes I hear a neighbor snoring
Sometimes I hear a baby cry
Sometimes I hear a staircase creaking
Sometimes a distant telephone
Then the quiet settles down again
The house and I are all alone

Lonely house, lonely me
Funny with so many neighbors
How lonely it can be
Oh lonely street, lonely town
Funny you can be so lonely
With all these folks around

I guess there must be something
I don't comprehend
Sparrows have companions
Even stray dogs find a friend

The night for me is not romantic
Unhook the stars and take them down
I'm lonely in this lonely house

In this lonely town

13 | To Each His Dulcinea

*Joseph Darion (1917-2001),
after Dale Wasserman (1914-2008)*

To each his Dulcinea
That he alone can name
To each a secret hiding place
Where he can find the haunting face
To light his secret flame

For with his Dulcinea
Beside him so to stand
A man can do quite anything
Help fly the bird upon the wing
Hold moonlight in his hand

Yet if you build your life on dreams
It's prudent to recall
A man with moonlight in his hand
Has nothing there at all

There is no Dulcinea
She's made of flame and air
And yet how lovely life would seem
If every man could weave a dream
To keep him from despair
To each his Dulcinea
Though she's only flame and air

Des Fischers Liebesglück

Yonder gleams
Through the willows, and beckons to me,
A pale glimmer
From the bedroom
Of my sweetheart.

It flits
Like a will-o'-the-wisp, and its reflection
Sways gently
In the circle
Of the undulating lake.

I look
Longingly into the blue
Of the waves
And greet the bright
Reflected beam,

14 | Des Fischers Liebesglück

Karl Gottfried von Leitner (1800-1890)

Dort blinket
Durch Weiden und winket
Ein Schimmer
Blasstrahlig vom Zimmer
Der Holden mir zu.

Es gaukelt
Wie Irrlicht und schaukelt,
Sich leise
Sein Abglanz im Kreise
Des schwankenden Sees.

Ich schaue
Mit Sehnen ins Blaue
Der Wellen,
Und grüss den hellen
Gespiegelten Strahl.

The pale
Nocturnal mists shroud us,
Protecting
From prying eyes our quiet,
Innocent banter.

And as we exchange
Kisses,
The waves surge,
Their rise and fall
Foiling eavesdroppers.

Only stars
Overhear us from afar off
And bathe
In the depths below the course
Of the gliding boat.

Die blassen
Nachtnebel umfassen
Mit Hüllen
Vor Spähern den stillen,
Unschuldigen Scherz.

Und tauschen
Wir Küsse, so rauschen
Die Wellen,
Im Sinken und Schwellen,
Den Horchern zum Trotz.

Nur Sterne
Belauschen uns ferne
Und baden
Tief unter den Pfaden
Des gleitenden Kahns.

15 | I Want My Share of Love

*Saul Chaplin (1912-1997)
& Sammy Cahn (1913-1993)*

Did you ever feel a glow
Just to find you didn't know
What the glow is
Did you ever want to cry
Just to find your tears were dry
And you've reached the point where high
and low is
Whether you have or whether you haven't
All I know is...

I want my share of love,
Cause I'm aware of love.
It's all around me,
It's time that it found me,
I want my share of love!

I tell my heart, "Someday,
A love will come your way!"
Still it keeps tryin',
It knows that I'm lyin',
I want my share of love!

Why does the night help me invent
Dreams that are worthless and only for rent?
Rented or not,
They help a lot
When you're in love without love!

This is my prayer of love,
My soul is bare of love.
Too long I've waited,
I almost could hate it,
I want my share of love!

w

Love's longing won't deny the wanting
Can't defy the wanting once the soul's set afire
Love's longing driven by the wanting
Wanting to be loved by some I so desire

Why are the simplest words the hardest ones
to whisper?
How do I dare to let my deepest feelings show?

An den kleinen Radioapparat

You little box I carried on that trip
Concerned to save your works from getting
broken
Fleeing from house to train, from train to ship,
So I might hear the hated jargon spoken.

Beside my bedside and give me pain
Last thing at night, once more as dawn appears
Charting their victories and my worst fears:
Promise at least you won't go dead again!

16 | An den kleinen Radioapparat

Bertolt Brecht (1898-1956)

Du kleiner Kasten, den ich flüchtend trug
Dass meine Lampen mir auch nicht
zerbrächen
Besorgt vom Haus zum Schiff, vom Schiff
zum Zug
Dass meine Feinde weiter zu mir sprächen

An meinem Lager und zu meiner Pein
Der letzten nachts, der ersten in der Früh
Von ihren Siegen und von meiner Müh:
Versprich mir, nicht auf einmal stumm zu sein!

17 | The Wanting

Matthew Wilder (b. 1953)

Why are the simplest words the hardest ones
to whisper?
How do I dare to let my deepest feelings
show?

When the heart is aching
One chance worth taking
Is like dangling from a ledge
Waiting to let go.

Love's longing won't deny the wanting
Can't defy the wanting once the soul's set
afire
Love's longing driven by the wanting
Wanting to be loved by some I so desire

How does only half a man embrace the ideal
woman?
This will never feel complete.
I can love forever, but I'll never father children
How can love like that sound sweet?

I long to hold you, feel you enfold you
Share with you my heart and show what you
inspire.

18 | How Fast Forever Goes

Sammy Cahn (1913-1993)

You and I we had it all
The sun the moon the stars were ours to share
We were lovers that seemed to walk on air
You and I were lovers
Could it be that we no longer care?

Sometimes it can last forever
But it seldom ever lasts forever
We learned just how fast forever goes

You and I walk hand in hand
And when I slept, I slept in your embrace
In a warm embrace time cannot erase
You and I were dreamers
Could it be our dreams are gone without a
trace?

Sometimes it can last forever
But it seldom ever lasts forever
We learned just how fast forever goes

Not the brightest star can fill the sky
Not a single bird can hope to fly
But I'm sure I'll dream of you and I Forevermore

Sometimes it can last forever
But it seldom ever lasts forever
We learned just how fast forever goes
We learned just how fast forever goes

Translations:
2, 4: Zachary Wilder and Ian Pomerantz
3: Derek Yeld © harmonia mundi
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6b, 14: Charles Johnston © harmonia mundi
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With a commanding vocal presence and a captivating musical finesse, American tenor **Zachary Wilder** emerges as an exemplary interpreter of 17th and 18th-century repertoires, spanning from Monteverdi to Mozart. His artistry has garnered demand from esteemed conductors and ensembles on both sides of the Atlantic, perfectly embodying the fervor of grand sacred masterworks and the opulence of operatic performances, with a widely acclaimed stage presence.

He now collaborates with a constellation of well known ensembles such as Pygmalion, Les Arts Florissants, L'Arpeggiata, Les Talens Lyriques, Le Concert d'Astrée, the Boston Early Music Festival, Bach Collegium Japan, the Handel & Haydn Society, Nederlandse Bachvereniging, and Nederlands Kamerkoor. His associations with the latter two formations frequently culminate in extensive tours, notably as the Evangelist in Bach's *Christmas Oratorio* under the baton of Christophe Rousset in 2022.

Beyond the confines of early music, his collaborations with symphony orchestras such as the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, and the Saint Louis Symphony Orchestra, allow him to tackle later repertoires. Notable performances include Vaughan-Williams' *On Wenlock Edge* and Britten's *Nocturne* with the Charlottesville Symphony Orchestra, and the role of Mark in Frank Zappa's *200 Motels*, first at the Musica Festival in Strasbourg and later at the Philharmonie in Paris. Maintaining an ever-curious musical spirit, Zachary portrayed the Spirit of Light in *The Tale of Genji* at Tokyo's legendary Kabukiza Theater, under the direction of Ebizo Ichikawa.

Recent seasons have been punctuated by significant undertakings, including the expansive Monteverdi 450 tour led by Sir John Eliot Gardiner, Händel's *Radamisto* with Il Pomo d'Oro conducted by Francesco Corti, with whom a solid collaboration has been established, as evidenced by the August 2023 production of Purcell's *The Fairy Queen* at the Drottningholm Opera. He interpreted the role of Erinda in the revival of Sartorio's *L'Orfeo* at the Opéra de Montpellier, directed by Philippe Jaroussky and staged by Benjamin Lazar. Noteworthy collaborations also encompass Zachary's portrayal of Basilio in Mozart's *Le nozze di Figaro* alongside Raphaël Pichon as well as of Agenore in Mozart's *Il re pastore* at the Mozarteum in Salzburg, conducted by Christina Pluhar.

His expansive discography encompasses over forty recordings for esteemed labels including Ricercar, CPO, Soli Deo Gloria, Harmonia mundi, Glossa, Atma, La Música and Aparté with the direction of luminaries such as William Christie, John Eliot Gardiner, Masaaki Suzuki, Christophe Rousset, and Raphaël Pichon. Notably, his special partnership with Ensemble I Gemelli has yielded exceptional recordings of Monteverdi's *Orfeo* and *Il Ritorno d'Ulisse*, alongside the critically acclaimed *A Room of Mirrors*, which gathers arias and duets from the Italian *Seicento*, and elicited enthusiastically rave reviews from the press.

Rob Mounsey, sometimes called a “quiet giant”, is widely considered to be one of the best-kept secrets in the music industry. While few may know him by name, his impressive catalogue of work continues to be enjoyed and admired by music lovers.

For decades, Rob has been in high demand as one of the top arrangers in the business, from his early days with producers Ashford & Simpson (Diana Ross, Gladys Knight), Joel Dorn (Steve Goodman, Jess Roden), and L. Leon Pendarvis (Cissy Houston, Roberta Flack) to more recent work as a first-call arranger with the late, great Phil Ramone (Billy Joel, Elton John, Natalie Cole, Dave Koz, George Michael, Karen Carpenter) and Russ Titelman (Lyle Lovett, Keb' Mo', Brian Wilson, Tom Wopat), and projects for Steely Dan, Donald Fagen, Paul Simon, James Taylor, Michael Bublé, Rihanna, Usher, Mary J. Blige, Eddy Mitchell, and many more.

He has produced albums and tracks for a variety of artists from many different genres, including Brett Eldredge, Kate Schutt, Aaron Neville, Natalie Cole, Heather Headley, Deborah Cox, Lee Ann Womack, Michael Franks, Carly Simon, Billy Porter, Jackie Evancho and Idina Menzel.

Rob's performances on piano and keyboards have been featured on scores of well-loved recordings, including Steely Dan's *Gaucho*, Paul Simon's *Graceland*, Donald Fagen's *The Nightfly*, Phil Collins's “Against All Odds (Take a Look at Me Now)”, and recordings by Diana Ross, Billy Joel, Phoebe Snow, Diana Krall, Steve Winwood, Milton Nascimento, Steve Khan, Deborah Cox, Heather Headley, David Sanborn, George Benson, Brian Wilson, Roberta Flack, and too many more to mention.

He has made a lot of wonderful music with Steely Dan, Paul Simon, Aretha Franklin, James Taylor, Aaron Neville, Madonna, and many, many others; received platinum and gold records, six Grammy nominations and two Emmy awards; scored an Oscar-winning documentary; and created music for the HBO hit *Sex and the City*. Rob has worked as producer, arranger, composer, conductor and performer in just about every genre of music.

Sa parfaite maîtrise vocale et la suprême élégance de son chant font de **Zachary Wilder** un interprète idéal dans les répertoires des XVII^e et XVIII^e siècles, de Monteverdi à Mozart. L'art du ténor américain, recherché par les plus grands chefs et ensembles des deux côtés de l'Atlantique, rend justice aussi bien à la ferveur des grandes fresques sacrées qu'aux fulgurances de l'opéra, avec une aisance scénique partout saluée.

Il collabore désormais avec les ensembles les plus fameux du monde comme Pygmalion, Les Arts Florissants, L'Arpeggiata, Les Talens Lyriques, Le Concert d'Astrée, le Boston Early Music Festival Orchestra, le Bach Collegium Japan, le Handel & Haydn Society Orchestra ou la Nederlandse Bachvereniging. Avec cette formation, Zachary Wilder est invité chaque année pour une vaste tournée, chantant par exemple l'Évangéliste de l'*Oratorio de Noël* sous la direction de Christophe Rousset en 2022.

Zachary Wilder ne se cantonne nullement à la musique ancienne et ses collaborations avec des orchestres symphoniques tels que le Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, le San Francisco Symphony Orchestra ou le Saint Louis Symphony Orchestra lui permettent d'aborder un répertoire plus tardif. Mentionnons *On Wenlock Edge* de Vaughan Williams et *Nocturne* de Britten avec le Charlottesville Symphony Orchestra, ou encore le rôle de Mark dans *200 Motels* de Frank Zappa au Festival Musica de Strasbourg puis à la Cité de la musique à Paris. D'une curiosité musicale toujours en éveil, Zachary a incarné l'Esprit de Lumière dans le *Dit de Genji* au légendaire Théâtre Kabukiza de Tokyo, spectacle emmené par Ebizo Ichikawa.

Les saisons passées ont été marquées par des projets de grande importance : l'immense tournée *Monteverdi 450* (Sir John Eliot Gardiner) ; *Radamisto* de Haendel avec Il Pomo d'Oro sous la direction de Francesco Corti, avec lequel s'est nouée une solide collaboration, comme en témoigne, en août 2023, la production de *The Fairy Queen* de Purcell à l'Opéra de Drottningholm. Zachary Wilder a interprété le rôle d'Erinda dans la résurrection de l'*Orfeo* de Sartorio à l'Opéra de Montpellier, sous la direction de Philippe Jaroussky et dans une mise en scène de Benjamin Lazar. Il s'est produit aux côtés de Raphaël Pichon dans le rôle de Basilio dans *Le nozze di Figaro* de Mozart à Boston avec le Handel & Haydn Society Orchestra. C'est d'ailleurs dans Mozart qu'il apparaît avec le rôle d'Agénore de *Il re pastore* au Mozarteum de Salzbourg, dirigé par Christina Pluhar.

Zachary Wilder possède une discographie aussi vaste que diversifiée pour Ricercar, CPO, Soli Deo Gloria, harmonia mundi, Glossa, Atma ou encore Aparté, sous les baguettes de William Christie, John Eliot Gardiner, Masaaki Suzuki, Christophe Rousset ou Raphaël Pichon. Une relation particulière s'est établie avec l'Ensemble I Gemelli avec lequel il a enregistré *L'Orfeo* (Naïve) et *Il ritorno d'Ulisse* (Gemelli Factory) de Monteverdi, sans oublier *A Room of Mirrors* (Gemelli Factory), qui rassemble des airs et duos du *Seicento* italien et a recueilli des critiques très élogieuses de la presse.

Il est largement admis que le nom de **Rob Mounsey**, à qui l'on donne parfois le sobriquet de "géant discret", est l'un des secrets les mieux gardés du milieu de l'industrie musicale. Si peu de gens connaissent le musicien de nom, son impressionnante discographie n'a en revanche jamais cessé de susciter l'enthousiasme et l'admiration des mélomanes. Rob Mounsey est en fait très demandé depuis plusieurs dizaines d'années.

Il est d'abord considéré comme l'un des meilleurs arrangeurs du milieu. Sa carrière a commencé avec les producteurs Ashford & Simpson (Diana Ross, Gladys Knight), Joel Dorn (Steve Goodman, Jess Roden), L. Leon Pendarvis (Cissy Houston, Roberta Flack). Elle s'est poursuivie par des collaborations plus récentes en tant qu'arrangeur de premier choix avec le grand et regretté Phil Ramone (Billy Joel, Elton John, Natalie Cole, Dave Koz, George Michael, Karen Carpenter), de même qu'avec Russ Titelman (Lyle Lovett, Keb' Mo', Brian Wilson, Tom Wopat), sans oublier ses nombreuses commandes pour Steely Dan, Donald Fagen, Paul Simon, James Taylor, Michael Bublé, Rihanna, Usher, Mary J. Blige, Eddy Mitchell et bien d'autres encore. En tant que producteur, il est à l'origine de titres et d'albums d'un grand nombre d'artistes dans les genres les plus divers, comme Brett Eldredge, Kate Schutt, Aaron Neville, Natalie Cole, Heather Headley, Deborah Cox, Lee Ann Womack, Michael Franks, Carly Simon, Billy Porter, Jackie Evancho ou encore Idina Menzel.

Rob est en outre célèbre pour ses interprétations au piano et aux claviers, que l'on peut entendre dans des titres aussi appréciés que *Gauche* de Steely Dan, *Graceland* de Paul Simon, *The Nightfly* de Donald Fagen, ou encore "Against All Odds (Take a Look at Me Now)" de Phil Collins, ainsi que dans les enregistrements de Diana Ross, Billy Joel, Phoebe Snow, Diana Krall, Steve Winwood, Milton Nascimento, Steve Khan, Deborah Cox, Heather Headley, David Sanborn, George Benson, Brian Wilson, Roberta Flack et tant d'autres qu'il est impossible de les nommer ici.

Et en tant que compositeur, Rob a écrit des musiques fabuleuses avec Steely Dan, Paul Simon, Aretha Franklin, James Taylor, Aaron Neville, Madonna, pour ne citer qu'eux. Il a été récompensé de disques de platine et d'or, de six nominations aux Grammy et de deux Emmys ; il a réalisé la bande son d'un documentaire primé aux Oscars et composé la musique de la série culte *Sex and the City* diffusée sur HBO. En bref : Rob Mounsey a travaillé comme arrangeur, producteur, interprète, compositeur et chef d'orchestre dans à peu près tous les genres musicaux.



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Zachary Wilder — Discography

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Production Studio Wilderness © 2026

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Direction artistique : Matthew Wilder et Zachary Wilder

Arrangements et direction : Rob Mounsey

Prise de son : Mario J. McNulty, assisté de Steven Sacco

Mixage : Mario J. McNulty

Mastering : Patricia Sullivan

Coordinateur de production : Joe D'Ambrosio

Coach vocal (yiddish) : Ian Pomerantz

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