Twenty Two years ago, May 14, 1998, Frank Sinatra died. Cutting through the tabloid stuff. I consider Frank Sinatra to have been one of the great musical interpreters of the American Songbook. But his genius was broad and lasting. Case in point: Sinatra's various readings of Tchaikovsky's, "None But the Lonely Heart" — the best version of which is on Sinatra's superb cut-your-wrist album, "No One Cares." As far back as the V-disc days (made specifically for the fighting men during WW2), Frank Sinatra (you might say, essentially, just a major crooner of the period) had the sensibility to include "None But the Lonely Heart" in his repertoire. Taste. Taste. Great taste. And unusual. And gorgeously sung. And moving, on the "No One Cares" album. Sinatra was also faithful to the somewhat antiguated words of "None But the Lonely Heart." I've often wondered what a Johnny Mercer would have done, finding new words to define the great Tchaikovsky music (Mercer's reworking of "Song Of India" is extraordinary). Try to get your hands on "No One Cares." Great concept album. Great, too, Gordon Jenkins arrangements.

And then there is Frank Sinatra as a conductor. The links below will take you on explorations of Frank Sinatra conducting, "Tone Poems of Color" (Sinatra commissioned that one), and "The Music of Alec Wilder," — and his work with the Hollywood String Quartette, on one of my favorite Sinatra recordings, "Close To You."

All aspects of the FS artistry. Amazing. I think.

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