



presents...

**BENJAMIN APPL** | Baritone  
**JAMES BAILLIEU** | Piano

Wednesday, May 10, 2023 | 7:30pm

Herbst Theatre

**Nocturne**

*Prologue*

SCHUBERT

Nachtstück (*Mayrhofer*)

*Evening*

SCHUBERT

Auf dem Wasser zu singen (*Stolberg*)

TCHAIKOVSKY

At the ball (*Tolstoy*) **Op. 38/3**

*Romance*

STRAUSS

Ständchen (*Schack*) **Op. 17/2**

HAHN

L'Heure exquise (*Verlaine*)

*Moon*

SOMERVELL

White in the moon the long road lies (*Housman*)

SCHUBERT

Der Wanderer an den Mond (*Seidl*) **D. 870**

*Stars*

VAUGHAN-  
WILLIAMS

The Infinite Shining Heavens (*Stevenson*)

SCHUMANN

Mein schöner Stern (*Rückert*) **Op. 101/4**

*Nightmares*

SCHUMANN

Belsazar (*Heine*) **Op. 57**

Zwielicht (*Eichendorff*) **Op. 39/10**

SCHUBERT

Erlkönig (*Goethe*) **D328**

PAUSE

## ***Phantasies***

**BOLCOM**                    **Song of Black Max** (*Weinstein*)  
**QUILTER**                **Now sleeps the Crimson Petal** (*Tennyson*) **Op. 3/2**  
**GURNEY**                **Sleep** (*Fletcher*)

## ***Insomnia***

**BRAHMS**                **Wie rafft ich mich auf in der Nacht** (*Daumer*) **Op. 32/1**  
**SCHÖNBERG**            **Warum bist du aufgewacht** (*Pfau*)

## ***Dreams***

**WOLF**                    **An die Geliebte** (*Mörike*)  
**GRIEG**                   **Ein Traum** (*Bodenstedt*) **Op. 48/6**

## ***Darkest Hours***

**SCHUBERT**              **Der blinde Knabe** (*Craigher*) **D. 833**  
**SCHUMANN**            **Wer nie sein Brot mit Tränen aß** (*Goethe*) **Op. 98a/4**  
**WEBER**                   **Ich wandre durch Theresienstadt** (*Weber*)  
                              **Wiegala** (*Weber*)  
**MACMILLAN**            **The Children** (*Soutar*)

## ***Morning***

**STRAUSS**                **Morgen** (*Mackay*) **Op. 27/4**

**This program is made possible in part by the generous support of  
the Bernard Osher Foundation**

**This program is made possible in part by the generous support of Patrick R. McCabe**

**Benjamin Appl** is represented in the US by Jensen Artists in conjunction with Lewis Holland Artist Management  
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## ARTIST PROFILES

*San Francisco Performances presents the San Francisco recital debut of Benjamin Appl.*

*James Baillieu first appeared here in recital in April of this year with Tamsin Waley-Cohen.*

Baritone **Benjamin Appl** is celebrated for a voice that “belongs to the last of the old great masters of song” with “an almost infinite range of colours” (*Süddeutsche Zeitung*), and artistry that’s described as “unbearably moving” (*The Times*).

An established recitalist, Appl has performed at the Ravinia, Rheingau, Schleswig-Holstein, and Edinburgh International festivals; Schubertiade Schwarzenberg and at the KlavierFestival Ruhr. He has performed at major concert venues including Festspielhaus Baden-Baden, Concertgebouw Amsterdam, Konzerthaus Berlin and Vienna, Elbphilharmonie Hamburg, and Musée de Louvre Paris, in addition to which he is a regular recitalist at Wigmore Hall and at Heidelberger Frühling. In equal demand as soloist on the world’s most prestigious stages, he collaborates with NHK Symphony Orchestra, Philadelphia Orchestra, Staatskapelle Dresden, Philharmonia, Seattle Symphony, Vienna Symphony, and many others.

In 2022–23, Appl appeared with the Royal Concertgebouw Orchestra conducted by Klaus Mäkelä; Royal Liverpool Philharmonic in Mozart’s *Requiem*; NDR Hannover with Andrew Manze; Royal Scottish National Orchestra in Britten’s *War Requiem*; La Verdi Orchestra Milan in Mahler’s *Kindertotenlieder*; and Zurich Chamber Or-

chestra’s prestigious New Year’s Gala.

A revered interpreter of period music, Benjamin looks forward to collaborations with Les Talens Lyriques and Christophe Rousset; a recital with Ensemble Masques at BOZAR Brussels, further Bach programs with the Berliner Barocksolisten, and his debut appearance with the Gabetta Ensemble in Budapest.

In addition, Appl revisits successful collaborations with lutenist Thomas Dunford, pianist Alice Sara Ott, accordionist Martynas and pianist James Baillieu at Festival St. Denis, London’s Southbank Centre, Heidelberg, and Mecklenburg Vorpommern. Following his successful visit in 2022, Benjamin returns to the US for a series of prestigious recitals, making his eagerly anticipated Carnegie Hall debut, as well as concerts for San Francisco Performances, Vancouver, Portland, and others.

Appl was a Sony Classical artist between 2016–2021. His first solo album *Heimat* was Gramophone nominated and won the prestigious Prix Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau (Best Lieder Singer) at the 2017–18 Académie du Disque Lyrique Orphées d’Or. In 2021 he began a multi-album deal with Alpha Classics and his debut album for the label, *Winterreise*, was released in February 2022.

Described by *The Daily Telegraph* as “in a class of his own,” **James Baillieu** is one of the leading song and chamber music pianists of his generation. He has given solo and chamber recitals throughout the world and collaborates with a wide range of artists including Benjamin Appl, Jamie Barton, Allan Clayton, Lise Davidsen, Peter Moore, Adam Walker, Pretty Yende,

and the Elias and Heath Quartets.

James Baillieu is a frequent guest at many of the world’s most distinguished music venues and has curated his own series at London’s Wigmore Hall with a broad and distinguished array of singers and instrumentalists. An innovative programmer, he has stewarded many song and chamber music series for the Brighton Festival, BBC Radio 3, Verbier Festival, Bath International Festival, Perth Concert Hall, and Lied Festival Victoria de los Ángeles.

Recording projects include *Heimat* with Benjamin Appl (Sony Classical), Schubert’s *Winterreise* also with Appl (Alpha), *Life Force* with trombonist Peter Moore (Rubicon), the complete works of CPE Bach for violin and piano with Tamsin Waley-Cohen (Signum Classics), a collection by Brahms for clarinet and piano with Julian Bliss (Signum Classics), *French Works for Flute* with Adam Walker (Chandos), and several other albums on the Opus Arte, Champs Hill, and Delphian Record labels as part his critically acclaimed discography.

James Baillieu is a Professor at the Royal Academy of Music, head of the Song Program at the Atelier Lyrique of the Verbier Festival Academy, and on faculties of the Jette Parker Young Artist Program at the Royal Opera House, the Samling Foundation, and the Royal Northern College of Music.

## PROGRAM NOTES

Assisted by music and poetry, we walk through the night, beginning with the evening hours, where we indulge in romance and longing, and where the stars and the

moon become our companions. Shrouded in myths and legends, they then become our partner to reflect our innermost feelings and passions in songs by Schubert, Vaughan Williams, and Somervell.

Unnerving events and vivid nightmares form the backbone of Schumann's cruel ballad of King Belshazzar, Schubert's frightening masterpiece "Erlkönig" as well as in the bizarre "Song of Black Max" by William Bolcom. Phantasies and dreams put to music by Quilter, Gurney Wolf and Grieg, enrich our imagination.

As someone who was born and raised in Germany, it is utterly important for me to

come and perform songs written in the concentration camp of Theresienstadt, here in the United States of America. During the time of Nazi Germany, this camp was known for imprisoning, torturing, and killing so many people, in particular, many creative people. In this, our darkest hour of human history, people retreated into themselves to write music as an escape of the real, inhuman, evil world around them. One of the prisoners there was Ilse Weber, a children's nurse, who shared her own compositions with the children in Theresienstadt, and where she accompanied the young on her guitar whilst singing togeth-

er. After her deportation to the death camp of Auschwitz-Birkenau she made the decision to go with the children into the gas chambers. Witnesses afterwards told that they could hear her and the children singing her lullaby "Wiegala," when the doors were shut behind them.

Strauss' "Morgen" gives us hope for a better, more peaceful future, where we all encounter each other with more respect and understanding. A night gives everyone of us a chance of a new morning: a new and better beginning.

—Benjamin Appl



SAN FRANCISCO  
PERFORMANCES

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**Program Notes, Texts, and Translations**

*Please hold your applause until the end of each set. Please turn pages quietly.*

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**PROLOGUE**

**Nachtstück D. 672**

**FRANZ SCHUBERT**

(1797-1828)

Johann Mayrhofer was a friend of Schubert, and the composer actually lived with Mayrhofer for several years and visited the poet's native Linz with him. Given these circumstances, it is not surprising that Schubert would set so many of Mayrhofer's poems (47), though the two quarreled and were reconciled only in Schubert's final years. Mayrhofer was by inclination a romantic poet, but he supported himself with a most unlikely job for a romantic poet: he worked in the government's Censorship Office in Vienna. His best poetry is driven by the romantic sense of *Sehnsucht*, or longing, and Mayrhofer

appears to have had a depressive side that went far beyond the romantic attraction to melancholy—he killed himself at age 49. For Mayrhofer, death seemed to offer escape, and throughout the first three poems one hears echoes of John Keats' sense of being "half in love with easeful Death." *Nachtstück* (October 1819) opens with a slow introduction that eases ahead as the old man sings his hymn in praise of death; the piano's rippling sextuplets echo the sound of his harp.

### Nachtstück

Wenn über Berge sich der Nebel breitet  
Und Luna mit Gewölken kämpft,  
So nimmt der Alte seine Harfe, und schreitet  
Und singt waldeinwärts und gedämpft:

„Du heilige Nacht:  
Bald ist's vollbracht,  
Bald schlaf ich ihn, den langen Schlummer,  
Der mich erlöst von allem Kummer.“

Die grünen Bäume rauschen dann:  
„Schlaf süß, du guter, alter Mann“;  
Die Gräser lispeln wankend fort:  
„Wir decken seinen Ruheort“;

Und mancher liebe Vogel ruft:  
„O lass ihn ruhn in Rasengruft!“  
Der Alte horcht, der Alte schweigt,  
Der Tod hat sich zu ihm geneigt.

—Text by Johann Mayrhofer (1787–1836)

### Nocturne

When the mists spread over the mountains,  
And the moon battles with the clouds,  
The old man takes his harp, and walks  
Towards the wood, quietly singing:

'Holy night,  
Soon it will be done.  
Soon I shall sleep the long sleep  
Which will free me from all grief.'

Then the green trees rustle:  
'Sleep sweetly, good old man';  
And the swaying grasses whisper:  
'We shall cover his resting place.'

And many a sweet bird calls:  
'Let him rest in his grassy grave!'  
The old man listens, the old man is silent.  
Death has inclined towards him.

—Translation by Richard Wigmore

## EVENING

### Auf dem Wasser zu singen D. 774

#### FRANZ SCHUBERT

Schubert composed *Auf dem Wasser zu singen*, probably in 1823, on a text by the German poet Friedrich Leopold zu Stolberg. That poem creates the almost perfect romantic situation: the speaker sits in a rowboat, lightly rocked by the waves, as the setting sun turns everything softly red, and in the midst of this moment of glowing beauty, he is suddenly reminded of his mortality. This is one of Schubert's greatest songs: the gently flowing sixteenths give us the rocking of the boat in the flickering sunlight, and across the song's three stanzas the vocal line moves effortlessly between major and minor keys as the singer reflects on the evanescence of the beauty around him—and of himself.

#### Auf dem Wasser zu singen

Mitten im Schimmer der spiegelnden Wellen  
Gleitet, wie Schwäne, der wankende Kahn;  
Ach, auf der Freude sanft schimmernden Wellen  
Gleitet die Seele dahin wie der Kahn;  
Denn von dem Himmel herab auf die Wellen  
Tanzet das Abendrot rund um den Kahn.

Über den Wipfeln des westlichen Haines  
Winket uns freundlich der rötliche Schein;  
Unter den Zweigen des östlichen Haines  
Säuselt der Kalmus im rötlichen Schein;  
Freude des Himmels und Ruhe des Haines  
Atmet die Seel' im errötenden Schein.

#### To be sung on the water

Amid the shimmer of the mirroring waves  
The rocking boat glides, swan-like,  
On gently shimmering waves of joy.  
The soul, too, glides like a boat.  
For from the sky the setting sun  
Dances upon the waves around the boat.

Above the tree-tops of the western grove  
The red glow beckons kindly to us;  
Beneath the branches of the eastern grove  
The reeds whisper in the red glow.  
The soul breathes the joy of heaven,  
The peace of the grove, in the reddening glow.

Ach, es entschwindet mit tauigem Flügel  
Mir auf den wiegenden Wellen die Zeit.  
Morgen entschwinde mit schimmerndem Flügel  
Wieder wie gestern und heute die Zeit,  
Bis ich auf höherem strahlendem Flügel  
Selber entschwinde der wechselnden Zeit.

—Text by Graf Friedrich Leopold zu Stolberg-Stolberg  
(1715–1819)

Alas, with dewy wings  
Time vanishes from me on the rocking waves.  
Tomorrow let time again vanish with shimmering wings,  
As it did yesterday and today,  
Until, on higher, more radiant wings,  
I myself vanish from the flux of time.

—Translation by Richard Wigmore first published by  
Gollancz and reprinted in the Hyperion Schubert Song Edition

## Sred shumново bala, Op. 38, No. 3

**PYOTR ILYICH TCHAIKOVSKY**

(1840–1893)

Tchaikovsky's ill-advised marriage in 1877 was a disaster from the first instant: he abandoned his bride within days, made a suicidal gesture, and was hospitalized, then fled to Italy and Switzerland; in that quiet setting he was able to complete his Fourth Symphony and the opera *Eugene Onegin*. Returning to Russia in April 1878, he went not to Moscow but to the estate of Nadezhda von Meck in the Ukraine. There he had a magnificent house all to himself, and by June he had completed his *Six Romances*, Op. 38. Four of these songs set texts by Alexey Tolstoy, second cousin of Leo and a writer Tchaikovsky particularly admired: "Tolstoy is the unfathomable well of poems crying for music. For me he is one of the most attractive poets." The third song of Opus 38 is "At the Ball," which has become one of Tchaikovsky's best-known songs. Appropriately for its subject, Tchaikovsky composed "At the Ball" as a waltz-song, and as it dances, it tells a brief tale of love, longing, and loss. Tchaikovsky marks the singer's entrance *con tristezza*: "With sadness."

### Sred shumново bala

Sred shumново bala, sluchaino,  
V trevoge mirskoi suety,  
Tebya ya uvidel, no taina  
Tvoi pokryvala cherty.

Lish ochi pechalno glyadeli,  
A golos tak divno zvuchal,  
Kak zvon otdalyonnoi svireli,  
Kak morya igrayushchyi val.

Mne stan tvoi ponravilsa tonkyi  
I ves tvoi zadumchivyi vid,  
A smekh tvoy, i grustnyi, i zvonkyi,  
S tekh por v moyom serdtse zvuchit.

V chasy odinokie nochi  
Lyublyu ya, ustalyi, prilech;  
Ya vizhu pechalnye ochi,  
Ya slyshu vesyoluyu rech,

I grustno ya, grustno tak zasypayu,  
I v gryozakh nevedomykh splyu ...  
Lyublyu li tebya, ya ne znayu,  
No kazhetsa mne, chto lyublyu!

—Text by Alexey Tolstoy (1883–1945)

### At the Ball

Amidst the din of the ball, by chance,  
In the commotion of worldly vanity,  
I glimpsed you, but mystery  
Covered your features.

Only your eyes looked sad,  
But the divine sound of your voice  
Was like the of far-off pipes,  
or the dancing waves of the sea.

I fell for your delicate form,  
And all of your pensiveness,  
And your laughter, both sad and sonorous,  
Still rings in my heart.

In the lonely hours of night,  
I love to lie down, tired;  
I see your sad eyes,  
I hear your joyful words.

And wistful, so wistfully falling asleep,  
I drift into mysterious dreams...  
I don't know whether I love you,  
But I think I probably do!

—Translation by Philip Ross Bullock

## ROMANCE

### Ständchen Op. 17, No. 2

**RICHARD STRAUSS**

(1864–1949)

Strauss composed the six songs of his Opus 17 during the summer of 1887, when he was 23. All six songs set texts by Graf Adolf Friedrich von Schack, a wealthy poet, novelist, and patron of the arts who lived in Munich. The second of these songs, “Ständchen,” has become one of Strauss’ best-known and best-loved compositions. The title means “serenade,” and the song takes a conventional situation—the young man calling his lover out of the house for a night-time tryst—and turns it into sparkling fun. Strauss’ marking for the song, *Vivace e dolce*, captures its mood perfectly: the piano’s light, rippling accompaniment underlines the breathless excitement of the vocal line, which rushes to an ecstatic climax before the song falls away to its delicate close.

#### Ständchen

Mach auf, mach auf! doch leise, mein Kind,  
Um Keinen vom Schlummer zu wecken!  
Kaum murmelt der Bach, kaum zittert im Wind  
Ein Blatt an den Büschen und Hecken;  
Drum leise, mein Mädchen, daß nichts sich regt,  
Nur leise die Hand auf die Klinke gelegt!

Mit Tritten, wie Tritte der Elfen so sacht,  
Um über die Blumen zu hüpfen,  
Flieg leicht hinaus in die Mondscheinnacht,  
Zu mir in den Garten zu schlüpfen!  
Rings schlummern die Blüten am rieselnden Bach  
Und duften im Schlaf, nur die Liebe ist wach.

Sitz nieder! Hier dämmerts geheimnisvoll  
Unter den Lindenbäumen.  
Die Nachtigall uns zu Häupten soll  
Von unseren Küssen träumen  
Und die Rose, wenn sie am Morgen erwacht,  
Hoch glühn von den Wonneshauern der Nacht.

—Text by Adolf Friedrich von Schack (1815–1894)

#### Serenade

Open up, open up! But softly, my child,  
So that no one’s roused from slumber!  
The brook hardly murmurs, the breeze hardly moves  
A leaf on the bushes and hedges;  
Gently, my love, so nothing shall stir,  
Gently with your hand as you lift the latch!

With steps as light as the steps of elves,  
As they hop their way over flowers,  
Flit out into the moonlit night,  
Slip out to me in the garden!  
The flowers are fragrant in sleep  
By the rippling brook, only love is awake.

Sit down! Dusk falls mysteriously here  
Beneath the linden trees.  
The nightingale above us  
Shall dream of our kisses  
And the rose, when it wakes at dawn,  
Shall glow from our night’s rapture.

—Translation by Richard Stokes, author of  
The Book of Lieder (Faber, 2005)

### L’heure exquise

**REYNALDO HAHN**

(1874–1947)

Born in Venezuela to German parents, Reynaldo Hahn was taken to Paris at age three and had all his musical training in the City of Light. Hahn appears to have been one of those people who could do it all. He was a fine pianist and had a beautiful baritone voice, and he would give recitals in which he sang his own songs while he played the piano, a cigarette dangling from the corner of his mouth as he sang. He was an accomplished conductor who conducted at the Salzburg Festival, became director of the Paris Opera in the final years of his life, and was an early champion of Mozart’s operas. Hahn struck a distinctive, elegant, and witty figure in Paris salons; he was Marcel Proust’s lover, and he also wrote a biography of Sarah Bernhardt, one of his close friends. A dandy, Hahn is reported to have dismissed members of orchestras if he felt they were not sufficiently well-dressed at rehearsals.

“L’heure exquise,” on a text by Paul Verlaine, has been set to music countless times—its evocation of the magic moment of love in moonlit calm has proven irresistible to composers. Hahn wrote his setting when he was still a teenager. He marks the song *Tranquillo e dolce possibile*, and the vocal line rides gracefully along the 6/8 meter.



### L'heure exquise

La lune blanche  
Luit dans les bois;  
De chaque branche  
Part une voix  
Sous la ramée...

Ô bien aimée.

L'étang reflète,  
Profond miroir,  
La silhouette  
Du saule noir  
Où le vent pleure...

Rêvons, c'est l'heure.

Un vaste et tendre  
Apaisement  
Semble descendre  
Du firmament  
Que l'astre irise...

C'est l'heure exquise.

—Text by Paul Verlaine (1844–1896)

### Exquisite hour

The white moon  
Gleams in the woods;  
From every branch  
There comes a voice  
Beneath the boughs...

O my beloved.

The pool reflects,  
Deep mirror,  
The silhouette  
Of the black willow  
Where the wind is weeping...

Let us dream, it is the hour.

A vast and tender  
Consolation  
Seems to fall  
From the sky  
The moon illumines...

Exquisite hour.

—Translation by Richard Stokes, from  
A French Song Companion (Oxford, 2000)

## MOON

### White in the moon the long road lies

#### ARTHUR SOMERVELL

(1863–1957)

Sir Arthur Somervell studied music at Cambridge, then went to Berlin for two years of study before returning to England. He taught briefly at the Royal College of Music and composed prolifically but is probably best remembered for his efforts on behalf of music education in England. In 1904, ten years before the outbreak of World War I, Somervell published a cycle of ten songs from A. E. Housman's *A Shropshire Lad*. "White in the moon," details the young man's departure from his love and his progress over roads made ghostly white by the moonlight. It will be a long journey, and Somervell rounds off his subdued setting with a piano postlude that concludes on a chord marked triple *piano*.

### White in the moon the long road lies

White in the moon the long road lies  
The moon stands blank above;  
White in the moon the long road lies  
That leads me from my love.

Still hangs the hedge without a gust,  
Still, still the shadows stay:  
My feet upon the moonlit dust  
Pursue the ceaseless way.

The world is round, so travellers tell,  
And straight though reach the track,  
Trudge on, trudge on, 'twill all be well,  
The way will guide one back.

But ere the circle homeward hies  
Far, far must it remove:  
White in the moon the long road lies  
That leads me from my love.

—Text by Alfred Edward Housman (1859–1936)

## Der Wanderer an den Mond, D. 870

FRANZ SCHUBERT

Johann Gabriel Seidl led a varied career as poet, government official, and archeologist. Schubert, who died when the poet was only 24, knew only Seidl's first volume of poetry and set 11 of those poems. In "Der Wanderer an den Mond," composed in March 1826, the wandering stranger may never feel at home, but the serene moon glistening above will never face that problem. The jaunty tone of the song undercuts any danger of sentimentality, and Schubert nicely varies the music, which turns flowing and calm as the wanderer shifts his gaze to the heavens.

### Der Wanderer an den Mond

Ich auf der Erd', am Himmel du,  
Wir wandern beide rüstig zu:  
Ich ernst und trüb, du mild und rein,  
Was mag der Unterschied wohl sein?

Ich wandre fremd von Land zu Land,  
So heimatlos, so unbekannt;  
Bergauf, bergab, Wald ein, Wald aus,  
Doch bin ich nirgend, ach! zu Haus.

Du aber wanderst auf und ab  
Aus Ostens Wieg' in Westens Grab,  
Wallst Länder ein und Länder aus,  
Und bist doch, wo du bist, zu Haus.

Der Himmel, endlos ausgespannt,  
Ist dein geliebtes Heimatland:  
O glücklich, wer, wohin er geht,  
Doch auf der Heimat Boden steht!

—Text by Johann Gabriel Seidl (1804–75)

### The wanderer's address to the moon

I on earth, you in the sky,  
Both of us travel briskly on;  
I solemn and gloomy, you gentle and pure, what can  
Be the difference between us?

I wander, a stranger, from land to land,  
So homeless, so unknown;  
Up and down mountains, in and out of forests, yet,  
Alas, nowhere am I at home.

But you wander up and down,  
From the east's cradle to the west's grave, travel  
From country to country  
And yet are at home wherever you are.

The sky, infinitely extended,  
Is your beloved homeland;  
O happy he who, wherever he goes,  
Still stands on his native soil!

—Translation by Richard Wigmore

## STARS

### The Infinite Shining Heavens

RALPH VAUGHAN-WILLIAMS

(1872–1958)

When Vaughan Williams completed his *Songs of Travel* in 1904, the 32-year-old composer was almost unknown—in fact, these songs are the earliest of his works to enter the repertory. In this collection of nine songs, Vaughan Williams sets short poems by Robert Louis Stevenson, who had died only a decade earlier, but the *Songs of Travel* are not really a cycle that offers a progression across its span. Rather, they are a collection of songs unified only by the journey of the poet, a young man walking across the countryside. The road may be a lonely place, but these nine songs are—for the most part—suffused with a happy solitude and the enthusiasm of young man discovering the world. The sixth song, "The Infinite Shining Heavens," records his musing along a darkened road—his voice soars ecstatically above the piano's simple chordal accompaniment.

## The infinite shining heavens

The infinite shining heavens  
Rose, and I saw in the night  
Uncountable angel stars  
Showering sorrow and light.

I saw them distant as heaven,  
Dumb and shining and dead,  
And the idle stars of the night  
Were dearer to me than bread.

Night after night in my sorrow  
The stars looked over the sea,  
Till lo! I looked in the dusk  
And a star had come down to me.

—Text by Robert Louis Stevenson (1850–1894)

## Mein schöner Stern, Op. 101, No. 4

**ROBERT SCHUMANN**

(1810–1856)

Trained initially in law, Friedrich Rückert was more interested in aesthetics, and this soon led him to poetry and to politics. He taught, traveled, worked as an editor, and wrote poetry, but it was through his study of Persian and Eastern (or oriental) art that he had his greatest impact: he translated an enormous amount of oriental poetry, and his translations led to a new interest in the East. Musicians know him best for Mahler's *Rückert Lieder*, but a number of other composers set his texts, including Schubert and Brahms. "Mein schöner Stern!" is the fourth of a cycle of eight songs Schumann composed in June 1849 on poems from Rückert's *Liebesfrühling*. Schumann's "beautiful star" was Clara, who stood by him throughout his many periods of mental torment during their all-too-brief marriage, and this hymn of love proceeds above steady accompaniment; along the way, Schumann quietly resolves the moments of subtle harmonic tension that give this song its strength.

### Mein schöner Stern!

Mein schöner Stern!  
Ich bitte dich,  
O lasse du  
Dein heitres Licht  
Nicht trüben durch  
Den Dampf in mir,  
Vielmehr den Dampf  
In mir zu Licht,  
Mein schöner Stern,  
Verklären hilf!

Mein schöner Stern!  
Ich bitte dich,  
Nicht senk' herab  
Zur Erde dich,  
Weil du mich noch  
Hier unten siehst,  
Heb' auf vielmehr  
Zum Himmel mich,  
Mein schöner Stern,  
Wo du schon bist!

### My lovely star!

My lovely star!  
I beg of you,  
O do not let  
Your serene radiance  
Be dimmed by  
Dark clouds in me,  
Rather help,  
My lovely star,  
To transfigure the dark  
Into light!

My lovely star!  
I beg of you  
Not to descend  
To earth,  
Because you still  
See me down here,  
Rather lift me  
Up to heaven,  
My lovely star,  
Where you already are!

—Text by Friedrich Rückert (1788–1866)

—Translation by Richard Stokes, author of  
*The Book of Lieder* (Faber, 2005)

# NIGHTMARES

## Belsazar, Op. 57

### ROBERT SCHUMANN

Schumann composed “Belsazar” on February 7, 1840, at the beginning of the famous “year of song,” during which he wrote 130 lieder. In his excitement over breaking into new territory, Schumann wrote to Clara Wieck: “I can hardly explain how simple everything has become for me and how happy I am about it. For the most part, I composed them while standing or walking, not at the piano. This is a very different type of music, which is not initially realized through the fingers.”

“Belsazar” is a ballad that tells the story of Belshazzar, here on a text by Heinrich Heine. The structure of the song is unusual: the music begins quickly with the revels in Belshazzar’s palace and rises to a climax as the drunken king denounces Jehovah. From this dramatic moment, the song begins to slow and then turns almost expressionless as the white hand writes the letters of fire on the wall. Schumann asks that the final four stanzas be recited, and the song comes to its close not in the furious excitement of the king’s murder but on a numbed and almost static *Adagio*.

#### Belsazar

Die Mitternacht zog näher schon;  
In stummer Ruh’ lag Babylon.

Nur oben in des Königs Schloß,  
Da flackert’s, da lärmt des Königs Tross.

Dort oben in dem Königssaal  
Belsazar hielt sein Königsmahl.

Die Knechte saßen in schimmernden Reihn,  
Und leerten die Becher mit funkelndem Wein.

Es klirrten die Becher, es jauchzten die Knecht’;  
So klang es dem störrigen Könige recht.

Des Königs Wangen leuchten Glut;  
Im Wein erwuchs ihm kecker Mut.

Und blindlings reißt der Mut ihn fort;  
Und er lästert die Gottheit mit sündigem Wort.

Und er brüstet sich frech, und lästert wild;  
Die Knechtschar ihm Beifall brüllt.

Der König rief mit stolzem Blick;  
Der Diener eilt und kehrt zurück.

Er trug viel gülden Gerät auf dem Haupt;  
Das war aus dem Tempel Jehovahs geraubt.

Und der König ergriff mit frevler Hand  
Einen heiligen Becher, gefüllt bis am Rand.

Und er leert’ ihn hastig bis auf den Grund  
Und rufet laut mit schäumendem Mund:

Jehova! Dir künd’ ich auf ewig Hohn,—  
Ich bin der König von Babylon!

#### Belshazzar

The midnight hour was drawing on;  
In hushed repose lay Babylon.

But high in the castle of the king  
Torches flare, the king’s men clamour.

Up there in the royal hall,  
Belshazzar was holding his royal feast.

The vassals sat in shimmering rows,  
And emptied the beakers of glistening wine.

The vassals made merry, the goblets rang;  
Noise pleasing to that obdurate king.

The king’s cheeks glow like coals;  
His impudence grew as he quaffed the wine.

And arrogance carries him blindly away;  
And he blasphemes God with sinful words.

And he brags insolently, blasphemes wildly;  
The crowd of vassals roar him on.

The king called out with pride in his eyes;  
The servant hurries out and then returns.

He bore many vessels of gold on his head;  
Plundered from Jehovah’s temple.

With impious hand the king  
Grabs a sacred beaker filled to the brim.

And he drains it hastily down to the dregs,  
And shouts aloud through foaming lips:

Jehovah! I offer you eternal scorn—  
I am the king of Babylon!

Doch kaum das grause Wort verklang,  
Dem König ward's heimlich im Busen bang.

Das gellende Lachen verstummte zumal;  
Es wurde leichenstill im Saal.

Und sieh! und sieh! an weißer Wand  
Da kam's hervor wie Menschenhand;

Und schrieb und schrieb an weißer Wand  
Buchstaben von Feuer, und schrieb und schwand.

Der König stieren Blicks da saß,  
Mit schlotternden Knien und totenblaß.

Die Knechtschar saß kalt durchgraut,  
Und saß gar still, gab keinen Laut.

Die Magier kamen, doch keiner verstand  
Zu deuten die Flammenschrift an der Wand.

Belsazar ward aber in selbiger Nacht  
Von seinen Knechten umgebracht.

—Text by Heinrich Heine (1797–1856)

Those terrible words had hardly faded,  
Than the king was filled with secret fear.

The shrill laughter was suddenly silent;  
It became deathly still in the hall.

And see! And see! On the white wall  
A shape appeared like a human hand;

And wrote and wrote on the white wall  
Letters of fire, and wrote and went.

The king sat there with staring eyes,  
With trembling knees and pale as death.

The host of vassals sat stricken with horror,  
And sat quite still, and made no sound.

The soothsayers came, not one of them all  
Could interpret the letters of fire on the wall.

Belshazzar however in that same night  
Was done to death by his own vassals.

—Translation by Richard Stokes, author of  
The Book of Lieder (Faber, 2005)

*program continues on next page →*

## Zwielicht, Op. 39, No. 10

### ROBERT SCHUMANN

In April 1840—while they were waiting for their marriage several months later—Robert Schumann was able to spend a few blissful weeks with Clara Wieck in Berlin. From Leipzig he brought with him a collection of songs he had sketched over the previous month, and in Berlin he played these songs for Clara and for Mendelssohn. Both admired the songs greatly; in fact, there is evidence that Mendelssohn, who had a fine voice, may have been the first to sing them, with Clara at the piano. In 1842 Schumann gathered 12 of these songs and published them under the title *Liederkreis*, which translates simply (and prosaically) as “Song-Cycle.” All 12 of the poems are by the German poet Joseph Freiherr von Eichendorf. Educated at Heidelberg, Eichendorf served in the Prussian army during the Napoleonic wars and then became a minor (and disgruntled) government official, finally quitting to devote himself to poetry, journalism, and scholarship. “Zwielicht” is a warning about the murky depths of human nature, here symbolized by twilight. The two-part piano accompaniment remains linear rather than chordal, and the voice almost chokes out its dark admonitions in lines that are spoken rather than sung.

#### Zwielicht

Dämmerung will die Flügel spreiten,  
Schaurig rühren sich die Bäume,  
Wolken ziehn wie schwere Träume—  
Was will dieses Graun bedeuten?

Hast ein Reh du lieb vor andern,  
Laß es nicht alleine grasen,  
Jäger ziehn im Wald und blasen,  
Stimmen hin und wieder wandern.

Hast du einen Freund hienieden,  
Trau ihm nicht zu dieser Stunde,  
Freundlich wohl mit Aug' und Munde,  
Sinnt er Krieg im tück'schen Frieden.

Was heut gehet müde unter,  
Hebt sich morgen neugeboren.  
Manches geht in Nacht verloren—  
Hüte dich, sei wach und munter!

—Text by Joseph von Eichendorff (1788–1857)

#### Twilight

Dusk is about to spread its wings,  
The trees now shudder and stir,  
Clouds drift by like oppressive dreams—  
What can this dusk and dread imply?

If you have a fawn you favour,  
Do not let her graze alone,  
Hunters sound their horns through the forest,  
Voices wander to and fro.

If here on earth you have a friend,  
Do not trust him at this hour,  
Though his eyes and lips be smiling,  
In treacherous peace he's scheming war.

That which wearily sets today,  
Will rise tomorrow, newly born.  
Much can go lost in the night—  
Be wary, watchful, on your guard!

—Translation: Richard Stokes, author of  
*The Book of Lieder* (Faber, 2005)

## Erlkönig, D. 328

FRANZ SCHUBERT

“Erlkönig,” on a poem by Goethe, dates from 1815, when Schubert was 18 years old. Schubert’s depiction of a desperate father riding through the dark woods with his terrified son in his arms has become one of his best-known compositions and is for many the embodiment of the art-song. Schubert’s accomplishment in this song is impressive: the use of three different speaking characters, each of whom is assigned their own music; the furious pounding triplets in the accompaniment to echo the sound of the horse’s hooves; the quick transitions between sections, perfectly gauged to shift the mood; the discordant minor ninths as the terrified child shrieks “Mein Vater!; the stunning lapse into speech at the song’s climax.

### Erlkönig

Wer reitet so spät durch Nacht und Wind?  
Es ist der Vater mit seinem Kind:  
Er hat den Knaben wohl in dem Arm,  
Er fasst ihn sicher, er hält ihn warm.

„Mein Sohn, was birgst du so bang dein Gesicht?“  
„Siehst, Vater, du den Erlkönig nicht?  
Den Erlenkönig mit Kron’ und Schweif?“  
„Mein Sohn, es ist ein Nebelstreif.“

„Du liebes Kind, komm, geh mit mir!  
Gar schöne Spiele spiel’ ich mit dir;  
Manch’ bunte Blumen sind an dem Strand,  
Meine Mutter hat manch gülden Gewand.“

„Mein Vater, mein Vater, und hörest du nicht,  
Was Erlenkönig mir leise verspricht?“  
„Sei ruhig, bleibe ruhig, mein Kind:  
In dürren Blättern säuselt der Wind.“

„Willst, feiner Knabe, du mit mir gehn?  
Meine Töchter sollen dich warten schön;  
Meine Töchter führen den nächtlichen Reihn  
Und wiegen und tanzen und singen dich ein.“

„Mein Vater, mein Vater, und siehst du nicht dort  
Erlkönigs Töchter am düstern Ort?“  
„Mein Sohn, mein Sohn, ich seh es genau:  
Es scheinen die alten Weiden so grau.“

„Ich liebe dich, mich reizt deine schöne Gestalt;  
Und bist du nicht willig, so brauch ich Gewalt.“  
„Mein Vater, mein Vater, jetzt fasst er mich an!  
Erlkönig hat mir ein Leids getan!“

Dem Vater grauset, er reitet geschwind,  
Er hält in Armen das ächzende Kind,  
Erreicht den Hof mit Mühe und Not:  
In seinen Armen das Kind war tot.

—Text by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749–1832)

### The Erlking

Who rides so late through the night and wind?  
It is the father with his child.  
He has the boy in his arms;  
he holds him safely, he keeps him warm.

‘My son, why do you hide your face in fear?’  
‘Father, can you not see the Erlking?  
The Erlking with his crown and tail?’  
‘My son, it is a streak of mist.’

‘Sweet child, come with me.  
I’ll play wonderful games with you.  
Many a pretty flower grows on the shore;  
my mother has many a golden robe.’

‘Father, father, do you not hear  
what the Erlking softly promises me?’  
‘Calm, be calm, my child:  
the wind is rustling in the withered leaves.’

‘Won’t you come with me, my fine lad?  
My daughters shall wait upon you;  
My daughters lead the nightly dance,  
And will rock you, and dance, and sing you to sleep.’

‘Father, father, can you not see  
Erlking’s daughters there in the darkness?’  
‘My son, my son, I can see clearly:  
It is the old grey willows gleaming.’

‘I love you, your fair form allures me,  
And if you don’t come willingly, I’ll use force.’  
‘Father, father, now he’s seizing me!  
The Erlking has hurt me!’

The father shudders, he rides swiftly,  
He holds the moaning child in his arms;  
With one last effort he reaches home;  
The child lay dead in his arms.

—Translation by Richard Wigmore first published by Gollancz and reprinted in the Hyperion Schubert Song Edition

PAUSE

# PHANTASIES

## Song of Black Max

WILLIAM BOLCOM

(B. 1938)

William Bolcom entered the University of Washington at age 11 to study composition, continued his studies with Milhaud and Messiaen in Paris, and received a DMA from Stanford. Bolcom is one of the most multi-talented figures in American musical life. He is a prolific composer: ten string quartets, five symphonies, three operas, as well as numerous songs and instrumental and piano works. In addition to composing, he has been quite active as a performer, recording the piano music of Gershwin and accompanying his wife Joan Morris in song recitals. And Bolcom is a scholar: he has made important studies of piano rags and of the history of the popular song in America, and these have influenced his own music.

Given this background, it is not surprising that Bolcom should write so often (and so well) for the voice. “Song of Black Max,” on a text by Bolcom’s longtime friend and collaborator Arnold Weinstein, is a lot of fun. This is a cabaret-like song, with quick and flickering key changes and a sense of suppressed energy in the piano part. The name of the mysterious, ubiquitous main character—sharply accented on both syllables—returns throughout as the refrain in the furious excitement of the king’s murder but on a numbed and almost static *Adagio*.

### Song of Black Max

He was always dressed in black,  
Long black jacket, broad black hat,  
Sometimes a cape,  
And as thin as rubber tape:  
Black Max.

He would raise that big black hat  
To the big-shots of the town  
Who raised their hats right back,  
Never knew they were bowing to  
Black Max.

I’m talking about night in Rotterdam  
When the right night people of all the town  
Would find what they could  
In the night neighborhood of  
Black Max.

There were women in the windows  
With bodies for sale  
Dressed in curls like little girls  
In little dollhouse jails.  
When the women walked the street  
With the beds upon their backs,  
Who was lifting up his brim to them?  
Black Max!

And there were looks for sale,  
The art of the smile —  
(Only certain people walked  
That mystery mile;  
Artists, charlatans, vaudevillians,  
Men of mathematics, acrobatics,  
And civilians).  
There was knitting-needle music  
From a lady organ-grinder  
With all her sons behind her,

Marco, Vito, Benno  
(Was he strong!  
Though he walked like a woman)  
And Carlo, who was five.  
He must be still alive!

Ah, poor Marco had the syph, and if  
You didn’t take the terrible cure those days  
You went crazy and died  
And he did.  
And at the coffin  
Before they closed the lid,  
Who raised his lid?  
Black Max.

I was climbing on the train  
One day going far away  
To the good old USA  
When I heard some music  
Underneath the tracks.

Standing there beneath the bridge,  
Long black jacket,  
Broad black hat,  
Playing the harmonica, one hand free  
To lift that hat to me:  
Black Max,  
Black Max,  
Black Max.

—Text by Arnold Weinstein (1927–2005)



## Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal, Op. 3, No. 2

### ROGER QUILTER

(1877–1953)

Roger Quilter's music has unfortunately almost vanished from concert halls. He studied piano as a young man in England, then went to Frankfurt, where he continued his studies with Iwan Knorr at the Hoch Conservatory (fellow piano students included Percy Grainger and Balfour Gardiner). Quilter returned to England, and there he had his greatest success as a composer of songs. His *Children's Overture* of 1919, based on such nursery tunes as "Girls and Boys," "Come out to Play," "Sing a Song of Sixpence," "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep," and "Oranges and Lemons," had a vogue for a while, but today it is seldom heard.

All of this is too bad, for Quilter was a deft musician (he frequently accompanied singers when they presented his songs), and he wrote very nicely for the voice. "Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal" is the second of Quilter's *Three Songs*, first published in 1904. It sets a love poem that Alfred, Lord Tennyson had written in 1847. Quilter's song is quite reserved, and though it rises to a climax marked *con passione*, the song fades to a gentle conclusion.

### Now sleeps the crimson petal

Now sleeps the crimson petal  
Nor waves the cypress in the palace walk;  
Nor winks the gold fin in the porphyry font:  
The fire-fly wakens: waken thou with me.

Now droops the milk-white peacock like a ghost,  
And like a ghost she glimmers on to me.  
Now lies the earth all Danaë to the stars,  
And all thy heart lies open unto me.

Now slides the silent meteor on, and leaves  
A shining furrow, as thy thoughts in me.  
Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,  
And slips into the bosom of the lake:

So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and slip  
Into my bosom and be lost in me.

—Text by Alfred Tennyson (1809–1892)

## Sleep

### IVOR GURNEY

(1890–1937)

English composer and poet Ivor Gurney was at least partially a casualty of World War I. Despite physical infirmity, he managed to enlist in the army, was sent to France, and in 1917 was wounded, gassed, and left in a state that we would today call post-traumatic distress syndrome (it was called "shellshock" then). Gurney tried to resume his musical career after the war, but the stresses of war, of overwork, and of his own inner tensions eventually led to his commitment to an asylum, where he died at age 47. His slender fame rests on his songs, of which there are several hundred. "Sleep" is the fourth of his *Five Elizabethan Songs*, published in 1912, only two years before the war. The pace of this song is quite slow—the marking is *Adagio* and the meter 3/8—and the steady tread of sixteenths in the piano accompaniment continues throughout. Over this, Gurney drapes John Fletcher's text full of longing and hope—the setting is effective precisely because it is so subdued.

### Sleep

Come, sleep, and with thy sweet deceiving  
Lock me in delight awhile;  
Let some pleasing dream beguile  
All my fancies, that from thence  
I may feel an influence,  
All my powers of care bereaving.

Tho' but a shadow, but a sliding,  
Let me know some little joy.  
We, that suffer long annoy,  
Are contented with a thought  
Thro' an idle fancy wrought:  
O let my joys have some abiding.

—Text by John Fletcher (1579–1625)

# INSOMNIA

## Wie rafft ich mich auf in der Nacht, Op. 32, No. 1

JOHANNES BRAHMS

(1833–1897)

Brahms composed his *Nine Songs*, Op. 32 during the summer of 1864 at the resort town of Baden-Baden near the French border. This is not a song cycle, yet certain themes and a general progression run through these songs: they are about loss, regret, unease, and particularly about lost love. It would be a mistake to search for autobiographical significance from so private a composer as Brahms. Far better to accept these settings for what they are: songs that take rather conventional expressions of romantic gloom and loss and transform them into beautiful, haunting, and often moving music. The opening of “Wie rafft’ ich mich auf in der Nacht” is unusual for being so dramatic: it instantly plunges the listener into the nightmare world of August von Platen’s lover lost in the dark night. The nervous accompaniment (Brahms marks the opening piano chords *pesante*) helps drive this song, longest in the set, to a powerful climax, from which it falls back to a quiet close that brings little peace.

### Wie rafft ich mich auf in der Nacht

Wie rafft ich mich auf in der Nacht, in der Nacht,  
Und fühlte mich fürder gezogen,  
Die Gassen verließ ich vom Wächter bewacht,  
Durchwandelte sacht  
In der Nacht, in der Nacht,  
Das Tor mit dem gotischen Bogen.

Der Mühlbach rauschte durch felsigen Schacht,  
Ich lehnte mich über die Brücke,  
Tief unter mir nahm ich der Wogen in Acht,  
Die wallten so sacht  
In der Nacht, in der Nacht,  
Doch wallte nicht eine zurücke.

Es drehte sich oben, unzählig entfacht  
Melodischer Wandel der Sterne,  
Mit ihnen der Mond in beruhigter Pracht,  
Sie funkelten sacht  
In der Nacht, in der Nacht,  
Durch täuschend entlegene Ferne.

Ich blickte hinauf in der Nacht, in der Nacht,  
Und blickte hinunter aufs neue;  
O wehe, wie hast du die Tage verbracht,  
Nun stille du sacht,  
In der Nacht, in der Nacht,  
Im pochenden Herzen die Reue!

—Text by August von Platen (1796–1835)

### How I leapt up in the night

How I leapt up in the night, in the night,  
And felt myself drawn onward,  
I left the streets, patrolled by the watch,  
Quietly walked on  
In the night, in the night,  
Through the gate with the Gothic arch.

The millstream rushed through the rocky gorge,  
I leaned over the bridge,  
Far below me I watched the waves  
That flowed so quietly  
In the night, in the night,  
But not a single wave ever flowed back.

The countless, kindled stars above  
Went on their melodious way,  
With them the moon in tranquil splendour –  
They glittered quietly  
In the night, in the night,  
Through deceptively distant space.

I gazed aloft in the night, in the night,  
And gazed down again once more;  
Oh how have you spent your days, alas,  
Now quietly silence  
In the night, in the night,  
The remorse that pounds in your heart!

—Translation by Richard Stokes, author of  
*The Book of Lieder* (Faber, 2005)

## Warum bist du aufgewacht

**ARNOLD SCHÖNBERG**

(1874–1951)

Schoenberg wrote this brief song sometime in 1893–94, when he was a teenager in Vienna, struggling to become a musician and a composer. The text comes from *Nachtblumen* (“Night Flowers”), a collection of poems published in 1847 by Ludwig Pfau. That text is romantic, as the poet inquires about the little flower that will never know sunlight, and the idiom of the song is quite conservative. Anyone hearing this song without knowing its composer might guess that it was not by Arnold Schoenberg, but by Johannes Brahms, who was still very much alive and active in Vienna at this time (Brahms and Schoenberg apparently never met, but Brahms was aware of the talented and impoverished young Schoenberg and offered to pay the cost of his tuition, an offer that Schoenberg refused). “Warum bist du aufgewacht” is a strophic song, quite gentle in its expression. It reminds us of the tradition Schoenberg grew up in, a tradition he would soon leave far behind.

### Warum bist du aufgewacht

Warum bist du aufgewacht  
Erst im Sternenscheine,  
Arme Blume? deine Pracht  
Blüht nun ganz alleine—  
In der Nacht.

Deine Blätter nicken sacht,  
Kühle Lüfte wehen;  
Sonne, die so golden lacht,  
Wirst du nimmer sehen—  
In der Nacht.

—Text by Ludwig Pfau (1821–1894)

### Why did you wake up

Why did you wake up  
Only in the starlight,  
Poor flower? your splendor  
Now blooms all alone—  
At night.

Your leaves nod gently  
Cool air blows;  
Sun that smiles so golden  
You will never see—  
At night.

—Translation by Richard Stokes

## DREAMS

### An die Geliebte

**HUGO WOLF**

(1813–1883)

Though little-known to English-speaking audiences today, Eduard Mörike was considered second only to Goethe in nineteenth-century Germany. Trained in theology, he was a rural Protestant pastor who taught literature at a girls’ school until poor health forced him into an early and fragile retirement. Yet beneath this quiet surface, Mörike was tormented by religious doubts, dissatisfaction with his role as clergyman, and an unhappy marriage. His best poetry rests on the tension between these poles, combining classical rigor with an underlying melancholy as he observes the beauty of the world around him and muses on the transience of love and life.

Hugo Wolf had known Mörike’s poetry as a young man, but it was not until the spring of 1888, when he was 28, that these lyrics suddenly inflamed his imagination. Working at white heat, Wolf set over 50 of Mörike’s poems to music that year, and even the composer was surprised by this outpouring of music. On March 23, 1888, Wolf wrote to a friend: “I’m working at 1000 horsepower from early morning until late at night, without respite. What I am now putting on to paper, dear friend, is also being written for posterity. They are masterpieces.” The rapt “An die Geliebte” (composed on October 11) is a song of romantic and spiritual bliss—the music rises to a dramatic climax as the poet realizes his good fortune.

## An die Geliebte

Wenn ich, von deinem Anschau'n tief gestillt,  
Mich stumm an deinem heil'gen Wert vergnüge,  
Dann hör ich recht die leisen Atemzüge  
Des Engels, welcher sich in dir verhüllt.

Und ein erstaunt, ein fragend Lächeln quillt  
Auf meinem Mund, ob mich kein Traum betrüge,  
Dass nun in dir, zu ewiger Genüge,  
Mein kühnster Wunsch, mein ein'zger, sich erfüllt?

Von Tiefe dann zu Tiefen stürzt mein Sinn,  
Ich höre aus der Gottheit nächt'ger Ferne  
Die Quellen des Geschicks melodisch rauschen.

Betäubt kehr ich den Blick nach oben hin,  
Zum Himmel auf—da lächeln alle Sterne;  
Ich kniee, ihrem Lichtgesang zu lauschen.

—Text by Eduard Mörike (1804–1875)

## To the beloved

When I, deeply calmed at beholding you,  
Take silent delight in your sacred worth,  
Then I truly hear the gentle breathing  
Of that angel concealed within you.

And an amazed, a questioning smile  
Rises to my lips: does not a dream deceive me,  
Now that in you, to my eternal joy,  
My boldest, my only wish is being fulfilled?

My soul then plunges from depth to depth,  
From the dark distances of Godhead I hear  
The springs of fate ripple in melody.

Dazed I raise my eyes  
To heaven—where all the stars are smiling;  
I kneel to listen to their song of light.

—Translation by Richard Stokes

## Ein Traum, Op. 48, No. 6

EDVARD GRIEG

(1842–1907)

It comes as no surprise that Grieg was so prolific a composer of songs (he wrote about 140 of them): his gift as a composer was lyric, he married a superb singer, and he was a fine pianist who frequently accompanied his wife. It is also no surprise that so strongly nationalistic a composer should turn primarily to Scandinavian writers for his texts—among his songs are numerous settings of such writers as Henrik Ibsen, Hans Christian Andersen, Aasmund Vinje, and Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson. The *Six Songs* of his Op. 48, composed between 1884 and 1889, represent a break from this pattern, for they are all settings of German poets—anyone coming to this set without knowing its composer might well guess this the work of a German composer (Grieg's good friend Brahms, in fact, set texts by four of the poets in this group).

The *Six Songs* conclude with what has become one of Grieg's most popular songs, "Ein Traum." The technique of this song is somewhat reminiscent of Strauss' "Zueignung," composed only four years earlier: both are love songs, both begin simply but grow more intense as they proceed, and both finally swell to an ecstatic declaration of love at their conclusions.

### Ein Traum

Mir träumte einst ein schöner Traum:  
Mich liebte eine blonde Maid;  
Es war am grünen Waldesraum,  
Es war zur warmen Frühlingszeit:

Die Knospe sprang, der Waldbach schwellt,  
Fern aus dem Dorfe scholl Geläut—  
Wir waren ganzer Wonne voll,  
Versunken ganz in Seligkeit.

Und schöner noch als einst der Traum  
Begab es sich in Wirklichkeit—  
Es war am grünen Waldesraum,  
Es war zur warmen Frühlingszeit:

### A Dream

I once dreamed a beautiful dream:  
A blonde maiden loved me,  
It was in the green woodland glade,  
It was in the warm springtime:

The buds bloomed, the forest stream swelled,  
From the distant village came the sound of bells—  
We were so full of bliss,  
So lost in happiness.

And more beautiful yet than the dream,  
It happened in reality,  
It was in the green woodland glade,  
It was in the warm springtime:

Der Waldbach schwoll, die Knospe sprang,  
Geläut erscholl vom Dorfe her—  
Ich hielt dich fest, ich hielt dich lang  
Und lasse dich nun nimmermehr!

O frühlingsgrüner Waldesraum!  
Du lebst in mir durch alle Zeit—  
Dort ward die Wirklichkeit zum Traum,  
Dort ward der Traum zur Wirklichkeit!

—Text by Friedrich Martin von Bodenstedt

The forest stream swelled, the buds bloomed,  
From the village came the sound of bells—  
I held you fast, I held you long,  
And now shall never let you go!

O woodland glade so green with spring!  
You shall live in me for evermore—  
There reality became a dream,  
There dream became reality!

—Translation by Richard Stokes

## DARKEST NIGHT

### Der blinde Knabe, D. 833

#### FRANZ SCHUBERT

Schubert composed two versions of this song (they are very similar) in the first months of 1825, shortly before he set to work on his *Symphony No. 9 in C Major*. The song sets a text by the English actor-poet-playwright Colley Cibber that had first appeared in 1734. Schubert knew the poem in English and asked his friend Jacob Craigher to provide a German translation that would match the meter of the original English. Everyone notes the sentimentality of the poem, a potential pitfall for a composer, but Schubert avoids this with this exceptionally gentle and restrained setting. The piano provides a calming ripple of steady sixteenth notes, and above this the voice has a beautifully-shaded melodic line that flickers easily along expressive key changes.

#### Der blinde Knabe

O sagt, ihr Lieben, mir einmal,  
Welch Ding ist's, Licht genannt?  
Was sind des Sehens Freuden all'  
Die niemals ich gekannt?

Die Sonne, die so hell ihr seht,  
Mir Armen scheint sie nie;  
Ihr sagt, sie auf- und niedergeht,  
Ich weiss nicht, wann noch wie.

Ich mach' mir selbst so Tag wie Nacht  
Dieweil ich schlaf' und spiel',  
Mein inn'res Leben schön mir lacht,  
Ich hab' der Freuden viel.

Zwar kenn' ich nicht, was euch erfreut,  
Doch drückt mich keine Schuld,  
Drum freu' ich mich in meinem Leid  
Und trag' es mit Geduld.

Ich bin so glücklich, bin so reich  
Mit dem, was Gott mir gab,  
Bin wie ein König froh, obgleich  
Ein armer, blinder Knab'.

—Text by Colley Cibber (1671–1757), German translation by  
Jacob Nicolaus Craigher de Jachelutta (1797–1855)

#### The Blind Boy

O say! What is that thing call'd light,  
which I must ne'er enjoy;  
what are the blessings of the sight,  
O tell your poor blind boy!

You talk of wondrous things you see,  
you say the sun shines bright;  
I feel him warm, but how can he  
or make it day or night?

My day or night myself I make  
when e'er I sleep or play;  
and could I ever keep awake  
with me 'twere always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear  
you mourn my hapless woe;  
but sure with patience I can bear  
a loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have  
my cheer of mind destroy:  
whilst thus I sing, I am a king,  
although a poor blind boy.

## Wer nie sein Brot mit Tränen aß, Op. 98a, No. 4

ROBERT SCHUMANN

The year 1849 saw the centennial celebration of the birth of Goethe, and Schumann plunged into several projects inspired by the work of that writer. Schumann was particularly attracted to the figure of Mignon, the mysterious girl in *Wilhelm Meisters Lehrjahre* (Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship), a novel that Goethe had written in 1795–6. Of Italian origin, Mignon is a waif who attaches herself to Wilhelm Meister and eventually dies, pining for her native land. During the summer of 1849, Schumann composed a "Requiem for Mignon" and also a set of nine songs under the title *Lieder und Gesänge aus Wilhelm Meister*; four of these songs (the even-numbered ones) set poems by the crazed and remorse-driven harper, who is secretly Mignon's father. It may well be that Schumann found in Mignon's inevitable doom an analog for his terrors over his own mental decline: these songs are generally quite dark and often full of longing and unstable tonality. The harper sings "Wer nie sein Brot," a furious lament against the heavens, sung from out of wretched poverty. The song begins slowly and darkly but turns dramatic as the harper rages above a suddenly powerful piano accompaniment. A piano postlude seems to draw down these tensions, but the final chord seals off the song violently.

### Wer nie sein Brot mit Tränen aß

Wer nie sein Brot mit Tränen aß,  
Wer nie die kummervollen Nächte  
Auf seinem Bette weinend saß,  
Der kennt euch nicht, ihr himmlischen Mächte!

Ihr führt ins Leben uns hinein,  
Ihr lasst den Armen schuldig werden,  
Dann überlasst ihr ihn der Pein:  
Denn alle Schuld rächt sich auf Erden.

—Text by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

### Who never ate his bread in tears

Who never ate his bread in tears,  
Who never throughout sorrowful nights,  
Sat weeping on his bed,  
He knows not you, Heavenly Powers.

You bring us into life,  
The poor man you let fall into guilt,  
Then leave him to his pain:  
For all guilt is suffered for on earth.

—Translation by Richard Stokes, author of  
*The Book of Lieder* (Faber, 2005)

## Ich wandre durch Theresienstadt Wiegela

ILSE WEBER

(1903–1944)

Ilse Weber was a Czech poet, author, and singer. She published several children's books in the decade before World War II, but she, her husband, and their son Tommy were arrested by the Nazis and eventually sent to the Theresienstadt prison camp in 1942. At Theresienstadt Weber helped organize a children's hospital, where she worked as a night nurse. She also wrote a number of poems and letters describing the experience of the camp, her hopes, and ultimately her despair. Her husband was transported to Auschwitz in 1944, and—wishing not to break up the family—Ilse volunteered to go along to keep the family together; she also shepherded a group of small children on that journey. Her husband survived the war, but soon after their arrival in Auschwitz, Ilse, Tommy, and the group of children were gassed.

Weber played the guitar, lute, and balalaika, and a number of her songs have survived. "Ich wandre durch Theresienstadt" records her fear as she wanders through the camp at night under the scrutiny of guards. "Wiegala" is a gentle lullaby—Weber reportedly sang this song to calm the group of children under her charge as they were led into the gas chamber.

### Ich wandre durch Theresienstadt

Ich wandre durch Theresienstadt,  
Das Herz so schwer wie Blei.  
Bis jäh mein Weg ein Ende hat,  
Dort knapp an der Bastei.

### I move through Theresienstadt

I move through Theresienstadt,  
My heart as heavy as lead,  
Until suddenly my path comes to an end,  
Right there by the bastion.

Dort bleib ich auf der Brücke stehn  
Und schau ins Tal hinaus:  
Ich möcht' so gerne weiter gehn,  
Ich möcht' so gern nach Haus!

Nach Haus!—du wunderbares Wort,  
Du machst das Herz mir schwer.  
Man nahm mir mein Zuhause fort,  
Nun hab ich keines mehr.

Ich wende mich betrübt und matt,  
so schwer wird mir dabei:  
Theresienstadt, Theresienstadt,  
wann wohl das Leid ein Ende hat,  
wann sind wir wieder frei?

—Text by Ilse Weber

### Wiegala

Wiegala, wiegala, weier,  
Der Wind spielt auf der Leier.  
Er spielt so süß im grünen Ried,  
Die Nachtigall, die singt ihr Lied.  
Wiegala, wiegala, weier,  
Der Wind spielt auf der Leier.

Wiegala, wiegala, werne,  
Der Mond ist die Laterne,  
Er steht am dunklen Himmelszelt  
Und schaut hernieder auf die Welt.  
Wiegala, wiegala, werne,  
Der Mond ist die Laterne.

Wiegala, wiegala, wille,  
Wie ist die Welt so stille!  
Es stört kein Laut die süße Ruh,  
Schlaf, mein Kindchen, schlaf auch du.  
Wiegala, wiegala, wille,  
Wie ist die Welt so stille!

—Text by Ilse Weber

## The Children

**JAMES MACMILLAN**

(B. 1959)

Scottish composer James MacMillan studied at the University of Edinburgh, received his doctorate at Durham University, and taught briefly. He might have been headed for an academic career, but the sudden success of his *The Confession of Isabel Gowdie* brought him worldwide attention and launched his career as a composer. MacMillan served as conductor and composer for the BBC Philharmonic from 2000 until 2009, and he has had works commissioned by the Los Angeles Philharmonic, Minnesota Orchestra, Welsh National Opera, and others.

MacMillan's song "The Children" was first performed by Sandra Porter on a BBC broadcast on July 23, 1995. The composer has provided an introduction:

"William Soutar was a Scottish poet who wrote in two languages, English and Scots. I have set a number of his Scots language poems ("The Tryst" and "Ballad") in a style which relies on traditional folk song. *The Children* is an English language

There I remain, standing by the bridge,  
And looking out into the valley:  
I would so gladly go farther,  
I would so gladly go home!

Home!—you wonderful word,  
You make my heart heavy.  
They took me far from my home,  
And now I no longer have one.

I turn around, sick at heart and wan,  
Things are so difficult for me:  
Theresienstadt, Theresienstadt,  
Just when will sorrow have an end,  
When will we be free again?

—Translation by Emily Ezust

### Wiegala

Wiegala, wiegala, weier,  
The wind plays on the lyre.  
It plays so sweetly in the green reeds.  
The nightingale sings its song.  
Wiegala, wiegala, weier,  
The wind plays on the lyre.

Wiegala, wiegala, werne,  
The moon is a lantern.  
It stands in the darkened firmament  
And gazes down on the world.  
Wiegala, wiegala, werne,  
The moon is a lantern.

Wiegala, wiegala, wille,  
How silent is the world!  
No sound disturbs the lovely peace.  
Sleep, my little child, sleep too.  
Wiegala, wiegala, wille,  
How silent is the world!

poem and was inspired by Soutar's anguish at the Spanish Civil War. The song for medium voice and piano is very simple but in a significantly different way from the other folk-inspired Soutar songs. The vocal line employs only a few basic intervals and is reminiscent of a child's song. As it progresses repetitively, the sparse piano accompaniment provides a more threatening contrast to the song's basic innocence and tranquillity. Some of this material was also drawn upon in my opera, *Inés de Castro*." (James MacMillan)

### The Children

Upon the street they lie  
Beside the broken stone:  
The blood of children stares from the broken stone.

A wound which everywhere  
Corrupts the hearts of men:  
The blood of children corrupts the hearts of men.

Death came out of the sky  
In the bright afternoon:  
Darkness slanted over the bright afternoon.

Silence is in the air:  
The stars move to their places:  
Silent and serene the stars move to their places.

Again the sky is clear  
But upon earth a stain:  
The earth is darkened with a darkening stain:

—Text by William Soutar (1898–1943)

## MORNING

### Morgen, Op. 27, No. 4

#### RICHARD STRAUSS

(1864–1949)

It has been said that Richard Strauss had a lifelong love affair with the sound of the soprano voice, but it should also be noted that he had a lifelong love affair with a particular soprano. The young composer married the singer Pauline de Ahna on September 10, 1894, and it would prove an often stormy but very sound marriage—it lasted until his death 55 years later, in 1949. Strauss frequently accompanied his wife in her recitals and wrote songs with her voice in mind. On the eve of the marriage, Strauss completed a set of four songs and presented them to Pauline as a wedding present. He later published the four songs as his Opus 27, and they have all become some of his best-loved songs.

"Morgen," on a text by John Henry Mackay, is full of a rapture, but here it is calm and intense at the same time. In Strauss' delicate orchestral version of this song, he gives the central melodic line to the solo violin as the soprano's song leads to a peaceful close in a vision of unclouded love beneath a sunny sky.

—Program notes by Eric Bromberger

#### Morgen

Und morgen wird die Sonne wieder scheinen  
Und auf dem Wege, den ich gehen werde,  
Wird uns, die Glücklichen, sie wieder einen  
Inmitten dieser sonnenatmenden Erde...

Und zu dem Strand, dem weiten, wogenblauen,  
Werden wir still und langsam niedersteigen,  
Stumm werden wir uns in die Augen schauen,  
Und auf uns sinkt des Glückes stummes Schweigen...

—Text by John Henry Mackay (1864–1933)

#### Tomorrow!

And tomorrow the sun will shine again  
And on the path that I shall take,  
It will unite us, happy ones, again,  
Amid this same sun-breathing earth...

And to the shore, broad, blue-waved,  
We shall quietly and slowly descend,  
Speechless we shall gaze into each other's eyes,  
And the speechless silence of bliss shall fall on us...

—Translation by Richard Stokes, author of  
*The Book of Lieder* (Faber, 2005)