

Program Notes

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Selections from *Myrthen*, Op. 25

I. Widmung

VII. Die Lotosblume

IX. Lied der Suleika

Er, der Herrlichste von allen

from *Frauenliebe und -leben*, Op. 42

No matter how many recitals I attend, there is some lieder that I absolutely adore and soak up each time I hear them performed. I will never tire of hearing “Widmung” sung on a recital - other than the fact that the music is absolutely stunning, the poetry of the piece continues to be as relevant to me now as it was 10 years ago. I believe that is one of the most beautiful aspects of a life in music - revisiting pieces that I worked on years ago, remembering who I was as both a human and as a musician when I worked on these pieces, and then using my new experience (both musical and life) to continue creating art. These selections from *Myrthen* and *Frauenliebe und -leben* represent a few of my favorites from over the years.

Myrthen, Op. 25, was a wedding gift from Robert Schumann to Clara Wieck on their wedding day: September 12, 1840. *Myrthen*, which translates to Myrtles, refers to the flowers traditionally found in a bridal bouquet in 19th-century Germany. Their long-awaited wedding day represented a major turning point in the lives of Robert and Clara. Their engagement was long and difficult and frequently impeded by Clara's controlling father. Many times it seemed as though the odds were against Robert and Clara: they had an age difference of 9 years, Robert was a previous student of Clara's father, and Robert did not have a great reputation when it came to monogamy (in fact, he even had an affair with another member of Clara's household); however, their love for each other prevailed when they married the day before Clara's 21st birthday. Their courtship spanned approximately 5 years, and Robert and Clara had corresponded solely by letters for over 2 years before their marriage, a feat that is difficult to imagine in our constantly-connected society.

Myrthen is a song cycle of 26 different songs by 7 poets. Though the cycle can be thought of as disjointed, Schumann arranged the cycle to both begin and end in A-flat major. However, unity is maintained throughout the cycle as the pieces progress mostly by a fifth or a third. “Widmung” starts off the cycle with a jubilant air of excitement which is demonstrated through the surging arpeggios in the piano line, and the jumps of a sixth in the vocal line on important phrases such as ‘meine Wonn’, The poem, representing an all-consuming love and obsession between lovers, has its’ sentiments reflected in the letters between Clara and Robert.

“Die Lotosblume” holds a special place in my heart as it was the first German lied I ever learned as a freshman in music school (and yes, it was asked for during my jury!). This selection, while musically simple, tells of the love story between the lotus-flower and her lover, which is the moon. The lotus-flower grows in the deep mud and refuses to open if the sun is out, only opening at night. A possible interpretation of this piece is that the lotus-flower represents Clara, the sun and mud represent her father

and the difficulties he brought into her life, and the moon represents Robert, who allows Clara to open up and be her true self. This piece is also thought to represent chaste love and the firm commitment of marriage. While Schumann's use of ciphers and motives has been debated over the years, it is important to note that what is believed to be the "Clara motive" appears at the beginning of this piece, and reappears later in "Wenn durch die Piazzetta".

Finally, Lied der Suleika, the ninth song in *Myrthen*, was initially believed to be written by Goethe, but later was discovered to be written by Marianne von Willemer. The *Book of Suleika* actually documents Goethe's love affair with Marianne, who was an Austrian actress and dancer. This song is filled with longing from the start - the singer only gets a quarter note introduction before they begin singing. Further longing and desire is depicted by the turn on the word empfinden, meaning to sense or feel, and the rising chromaticism of the vocal line. In her book *The Feminine in German Song*, Sanna Litti mentions that just when excitement is building and we feel that Suleika will finally connect with her beloved, we return to a restatement of the first stanza. Litti feels "There is a sense of Suleika moving in circles: Suleika is stuck to the thought of her devoted beloved."

"Er, der Herrlichste von allen", from *Frauenliebe und -leben*, was also composed in 1840. 1840 was a big year for Schumann - he composed over 100 songs in 1840 alone. *Frauenliebe*, while a gem of a piece in terms of the vocal settings, has come under siege for the sexism of Chamisso's poetry; in fact, people were already disgusted with his poetry by the 1870s. This piece, in particular, is problematic in the sense that the narrator doesn't merely sing about her adoration for her lover - she demeans herself in the same breath, calling herself a "niedre Magd" (lowly maid). An alternate framing of this cycle is to consider Ruth Solie's suggestion that Schumann may not have necessarily been depicting the ideal way of life for a bourgeois German woman, but he was rather setting the poetry to music as a commentary on what women of the time were instructed to think and feel. I recommend looking into the works of Ruth Solie, Sanna Litti, and Elissa S. Guralnick for further perspectives on this topic.

Original language	Translation
Selections from <i>Myrthen</i> , Op. 25 Robert Schumann I. Widmung Du meine Seele, du mein Herz, Du meine Wonn', o du mein Schmerz, Du meine Welt, in der ich lebe, Mein Himmel du, darein ich schwebe, O du mein Grab, in das hinab Ich ewig meinen Kummer gab! Du bist die Ruh, du bist der Frieden, Du bist vom Himmel mir beschieden. Dass du mich liebst, macht mich mir wert, Dein Blick hat mich vor mir verklärt, Du hebst mich liebend über mich,	I. Dedication You my soul, you my heart, You my rapture, O you my pain, You my world in which I live, My heaven you, to which I aspire, O you my grave, into which My grief forever I've consigned! You are repose, you are peace, You are bestowed on me from heaven. Your love for me gives me my worth, Your eyes transfigure me in mine, You raise me lovingly above myself,

<p>Mein guter Geist, mein bess'res Ich!</p> <p>Friedrich Rückert</p> <p>VII. Die Lotosblume</p> <p>Die Lotosblume ängstigt Sich vor der Sonne Pracht, Und mit gesenktem Haupte Erwartet sie träumend die Nacht. Der Mond, der ist ihr Buhle Er weckt sie mit seinem Licht, Und ihm entschleiert sie freundlich Ihr frommes Blumengesicht. Sie blüht und glüht und leuchtet Und starret stumm in die Höh'; Sie duftet und weinet und zittert Vor Liebe und Liebesweh.</p> <p>Heinrich Heine</p> <p>IX. Lied der Suleika</p> <p>Wie mit innigstem Behagen, Lied, empfind' ich deinen Sinn! Liebevoll du scheinst zu sagen: Dass ich ihm zur Seite bin.</p> <p>Dass er ewig mein gedenket, Seiner Liebe Seligkeit Immerdar der Fernen schenket, Die ein Leben ihm geweiht.</p> <p>Ja, mein Herz, es ist der Spiegel, Freund, worin du dich erblickt, Diese Brust, wo deine Siegel Kuss auf Kuss hereingedrückt.</p> <p>Süsses Dichten, lautre Wahrheit, Fesselt mich in Sympathie! Rein verkörpert Liebesklarheit Im Gewand der Poesie.</p> <p>Marianne von Willemer</p>	<p>My guardian angel, my better self!</p> <p>VII. The Lotus-Flower</p> <p>The lotus-flower fears The sun's splendour, And with bowed head, Dreaming, awaits the night. The moon is her lover, And wakes her with his light, And to him she tenderly unveils Her innocent flower-like face. She blooms and glows and gleams, And gazes silently aloft— Fragrant and weeping and trembling With love and the pain of love.</p> <p>IX. Suleika's Song</p> <p>With what heartfelt contentment, O song, do I sense your meaning! Lovingly you seem to say: That I am at his side;</p> <p>That he ever thinks of me, And ever bestows his love's rapture On her who, far away, Dedicates her life to him.</p> <p>For my heart, dear friend, is the mirror, Wherein you have seen yourself; And this the breast where your seal is imprinted Kiss upon kiss.</p> <p>Your sweet verses, their unsullied truth Chain me in sympathy; Love's pure embodied radiance In the garb of poetry!</p> <p>Translation © Richard Stokes, author of The Book of Lieder (Faber, 2005). Provided via Oxford Lieder (www.oxfordlieder.co.uk)</p>
<p>Er, der Herrlichste von allen</p>	<p>He, the most wonderful of all</p>



from *Frauenliebe und -leben*, Op. 42

Er, der Herrlichste von allen,
Wie so milde, wie so gut!
Holde Lippen, klares Auge,
Heller Sinn und fester Mut.

So wie dort in blauer Tiefe,
Hell und herrlich, jener Stern,
Also er an meinem Himmel,
Hell und herrlich, hehr und fern.

Wandle, wandle deine Bahnen;
Nur betrachten deinen Schein,
Nur in Demut ihn betrachten,
Selig nur und traurig sein!

Höre nicht mein stilles Beten,
Deinem Glücke nur geweiht;
Darfst mich niedre Magd nicht kennen,
Hoher Stern der Herrlichkeit!

Nur die Würdigste von allen
Darf beglücken deine Wahl,
Und ich will die Hohe segnen,
Viele tausendmal.

Will mich freuen dann und weinen,
Selig, selig bin ich dann;
Sollte mir das Herz auch brechen,
Brich, o Herz, was liegt daran?

Adelbert von Chamisso

from *A Woman's Life and Love*

He, the most wonderful of all,
How gentle and loving he is!
Sweet lips, bright eyes,
A clear mind and firm resolve.

Just as there in the deep-blue distance
That star gleams bright and brilliant,
So does he shine in my sky,
Bright and brilliant, distant and sublime.

Wander, wander on your way,
Just to gaze on your radiance,
Just to gaze on in humility,
To be but blissful and sad!

Do not heed my silent prayer,
Uttered for your happiness alone,
You shall never know me, lowly as I am,
You noble star of splendour!

Only the worthiest woman of all
May your choice elate,
And I shall bless that exalted one
Many thousands of times.

Then shall I rejoice and weep,
Blissful, blissful shall I be,
Even if my heart should break,
Break, O heart, what does it matter?

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(www.oxfordlieder.co.uk)

Clara Wieck Schumann (1819 - 1896)

Selections from *Op. 12*

II. Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen

IV. Liebst du um Schönheit

XI. Warum willst du and're fragen?

These selections from *Op. 12* are near and dear to my heart. While *Zwölf Gedichte aus "Liebesfrühling"* represents the only compositional collaboration between Robert and Clara, the pieces are stunning and reminiscent of the beginning of their marriage. The 12 songs (9 from Robert and 3 by Clara) were published in autumn of 1841, amid Clara's first pregnancy. "Er ist gekommen" has a dynamic intensity in the piano accompaniment that sets the mood for the piece. The compositional choices Clara made in this song can be interpreted as either the stormy beginning of a courtship (potentially representing the frustrations that Clara and Robert went through to overcome her father's control) or the drama of the music can be representative of the beautiful chaos of falling in love. The *Ruhig* section introduces us to the text which is discussing the springtime blessing, which we know is most likely a nod to pregnancy. "Liebst du um Schönheit" is a jewel of a piece - upon first glance, the song is only 2 pages long, does not have an extreme vocal range, and seems simple. However, the richness of the piece is really found in its text. The singer comments on shallow reasons to love someone (money, riches, youth) and contrasts those reasons with loving someone for true love. "Warum willst du and're fragen?" is the last of Clara's pieces from *Op. 12*. When this song begins, it feels as though we are interrupting a deep conversation between a couple. One spouse is asking the other why they believe lies others tell them. The song moves gracefully through four-bar phrases and is tinged with melancholy.

Although these poems are by Rückert, Clara did pick these three texts to set to music, and I believe the last two pieces touch on insecurities that she faced during her courtship with Robert. Robert was known for his flirtatious nature (in one letter, Clara mentions "I got a little upset, you know, because you sent Mrs. Voigt a romance for Christmas Eve...I had to hear from this insincere person who I find so hateful that I am not the only one you do nice things for...") and this is an issue that Clara naturally felt upset about over the years.

Though Clara had begun composing as a child, she felt more confident in her career as a concert pianist. The main reason for her insecurity lies in the fact that women were expected to be humble, modest, and avoid creative activities. Her career as a concert pianist was a bit of an outlier as she had been a child and was managed by her father; however, as she became an adult, she had to consider how society would view her choices. In 1839, she wrote:

I once believed that I had creative talent, but I have given up this idea; a woman must not wish to compose—there never was one able to do it. Am I intended to be the one? It would be arrogant to believe that. That was something with which only my father tempted me in former days. But I soon gave up believing this. May Robert always create; that must always make me happy.

Clara's insecurity about her compositions was also influenced by her marriage to a prolific composer. Many of us who have been romantically involved with other musicians can understand the competition that naturally arises from being close to someone else who is chasing the same dream as you. These emotional factors, combined with the responsibilities Clara had to raise a family and keep the house in order, certainly prohibited her from composing more.

This leads us to another question - did Robert wish that Clara had composed more music? On February 17, 1843, he wrote:

Clara has written a number of small pieces that show a musical and tender invention that she has never attained before. But to have children and a husband who is always living in the realms of imagination do not go together with composing. She cannot work at it regularly and I am often disturbed to think how many profound ideas are lost because she cannot work them out. But Clara herself knows her main occupation is as a mother and I believe she is happy in the circumstances and would not want them changed. (Marriage diary entry: February 17, 1843)

It can feel frustrating to read these letters and diary entries, wishing that we could go back in time and help Clara explore additional composition opportunities. The dichotomy she faced between motherhood and career is still relevant to us today; though society has changed quite a bit in 2022, we must continue to provide working parents with the support they need. For now, we can treasure and appreciate the pieces that Clara did leave for us - and I do hope that one day I will be able to present a full recital dedicated solely to the works of Clara Schumann.

<p>Selections from <i>Op. 12</i> Clara Wieck Schumann</p> <p>II. Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen</p> <p>Er ist gekommen In Sturm und Regen, Ihm schlug beklommen mein Herz entgegen. Wie konnt' ich ahnen, Dass seine Bahnen Sich einen sollten meinen Wegen? Er ist gekommen In Sturm und Regen, Er hat genommen Mein Herz verwegen. Nahm er das meine? Nahm ich das seine? Die beiden kamen sich entgegen. Er ist gekommen In Sturm und Regen,</p>	<p>II. He came in storm and rain</p> <p>He came In storm and rain; My anxious heart Beat against his. How could I have known That his path Should unite itself with mine? He came In storm and rain; Audaciously He took my heart. Did he take mine? Did I take his? Both drew near to each other. He came In storm and rain.</p>
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Nun ist gekommen
Des Frühlings Segen.
Der Freund zieht weiter,
Ich seh' es heiter,
Denn er bleibt mein auf allen Wegen.

Friedrich Rückert

IV. Liebst du um Schönheit

Liebst du um Schönheit,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe die Sonne,
Sie trägt ein gold'nes Haar!
Liebst du um Jugend,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe den Frühling,
Der jung ist jedes Jahr!
Liebst du um Schätze,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe die Meerfrau,
Sie hat viel Perlen klar!
Liebst du um Liebe,
O ja, mich liebe!
Liebe mich immer,
Dich lieb' ich immerdar!

Friedrich Rückert

XI. Warum willst du and're fragen?

Warum willst du and're fragen,
Die's nicht meinen treu mit dir?
Glaube nicht, als was dir sagen
Diese beiden Augen hier!
Glaube nicht den fremden Leuten,
Glaube nicht dem eignen Wahn;
Nicht mein Tun auch sollst du deuten,
Sondern sieh die Augen an!
Schweigt die Lippe deinen Fragen,
Oder zeugt sie gegen mich?
Was auch meine Lippen sagen,
Sieh mein Aug', ich liebe dich!

Friedrich Rückert

Now spring's blessing
Has come.
My friend journeys on,
I watch with good cheer,
For he shall be mine wherever he goes.

IV. If you love for beauty

If you love for beauty,
O love not me!
Love the sun,
She has golden hair!
If you love for youth,
O love not me!
Love the spring
Who is young each year!
If you love for riches,
O love not me!
Love the mermaid
Who has many shining pearls!
If you love for love,
Oh yes, love me!
Love me always;
I shall love you forever!

XI. Why inquire of others

Why inquire of others,
Who are not faithful to you?
Only believe what these two eyes
Here tell you!
Do not believe what others say;
Do not believe strange fancies;
Nor should you interpret my deeds,
But instead look at these eyes!
Are my lips silent to your questions
Or do they testify against me?
Whatever my lips might say;
Look at my eyes; I love you!

Johannes Brahms (1833 - 1897)

Wie Melodien

from *Fünf Lieder, Op. 105*

Vergebliches Ständchen

from *Op. 84*

Selections from *Op. 43*

II. Die Mainacht

I. Von ewiger Liebe

To close out the first half of my recital, I wanted to present a few Brahms songs that I find stunningly lyrical and moving. I also felt that including Brahms was appropriate as he is undeniably linked with both Robert and Clara Schumann. Brahms met Robert in 1853, and following Robert's death, Brahms became a support to Clara. There has been endless, ridiculous speculation over the years as to if Brahms and Clara were romantically involved. While most scholars have arrived at the conclusion that Brahms was just a dear friend of Clara's, no one can deny Clara's affection for him. She wrote: "Like a true friend, he came to share all my grief; he strengthened the heart that threatened to break, he uplifted my spirit; brightened my soul any way he could. He was, in short, my friend in the fullest sense of the word."

It's accurate to say that just as Clara inspired Robert, she also inspired Brahms. He would also write her and request her feedback on his works. She was the prominent female figure in his life, and in 1895, when he heard that she was nearing her death, he wrote her daughter: "If you believe that the worst may be expected, be so kind as to send word to me so that I can come and still see those dear eyes—those eyes that, when they finally close, will close so much for me." We may never know the extent of the relationship between Clara and Brahms (they destroyed much of their correspondence), but having the mystery remain is more interesting, anyway.

Robert Schumann declared that Brahms was the next Beethoven, yet others were not as interested in his music. Wolf, the critic at *Wiener Salonblatt* from 1884 to 1886, was not Brahms' biggest fan - he stated that *Vergebliches Ständchen* lacked expression; however, surprisingly, he did praise "Von ewiger Liebe." Wolf, who was closely associated with the Vienna Wagner circle, believed that Brahms' text setting did not accurately represent speech declamation. Wolf and Wagner were interested in realistic speech rhythms, which was not the focus of Brahms, who was a student of Schubert.

These four pieces showcase true Brahmsian methods. "Von ewiger Liebe" features a narrator, a boy, and a girl, who shifts in tonality and meter representing their different portions of the song. "Vergebliches Ständchen", a dialogue between a young man and a young woman, is like "Baby It's Cold Outside" with a less icky ending. The piece switches to a minor key for the third stanza before returning to the major key as the young woman tells the man outside her window to go home and go to bed. "Wie Melodien" is a perfect example of Brahms' lyricism, and "Die Mainacht" is truly the epitome of a Brahms piece with expressive melody, dramatic harmonic progression, rich texture, and figuration.

Wie Melodien

from *Fünf Lieder, Op. 105*

Wie Melodien zieht es
Mir leise durch den Sinn,
Wie Frühlingsblumen blüht es
Und schwebt wie Duft dahin.

Doch kommt das Wort und faßt es
Und führt es vor das Aug',
Wie Nebelgrau erblaßt es
Und schwindet wie ein Hauch.

Und dennoch ruht im Reime
Verborgen wohl ein Duft,
Den mild aus stillem Keime
Ein feuchtes Auge ruft.

Klaus Groth

Vergebliches Ständchen (Niederrheinisches Volkslied)
from *Op. 84*

Er: Guten Abend, mein Schatz,
Guten Abend, mein Kind!
Ich komm' aus Lieb' zu dir,
Ach, mach' mir auf die Tür,
Mach' mir auf die Tür!

Sie: Mein' Tür ist verschlossen,
Ich lass' dich nicht ein;
Mutter, die rät' mir klug,
Wär'st du herein mit Fug,
Wär's mit mir vorbei!

Er: So kalt ist die Nacht,
So eisig der Wind,
Dass mir das Herz erfriert,
Mein' Lieb' erlöschen wird;
Öffne mir, mein Kind!

Sie: Löschet dein' Lieb';
Lass' sie löschen nur!
Löschet sie immerzu,
Geh' heim zu Bett, zur Ruh!
Gute Nacht, mein Knab'!

Like Melodies

Thoughts, like melodies,
Steal softly through my mind,
Like spring flowers they blossom
And drift away like fragrance.

Yet when words come and capture them
And bring them before my eyes,
They turn pale like grey mist
And vanish like a breath.

Yet surely in rhyme
A fragrance lies hidden,
Summoned by moist eyes
From the silent seed.

Vain Serenade (Lower Rhein folk song)

He: Good evening, my sweetheart,
good evening, my child!
I come because I love you;
ah! open up your door to me,
open up your door!

She: My door's locked,
I won't let you in;
mother gave me good advice—
if you were allowed in,
all would be over with me!

He: The night's so cold,
the wind's so icy,
my heart is freezing,
my love will go out;
open up, my child!

She: If your love goes out,
then let it go out!
If it keeps going out,
then go home to bed and go to sleep!
Goodnight, my lad!

Anon.

Selections from *Op. 43*

II. Die Mainacht

Wann der silberne Mond durch die Gesträuche blinkt,
Und sein schlummerndes Licht über den Rasen streut,
Und die Nachtigall flötet,
Wandl' ich traurig von Busch zu Busch.

Überhüllet vom Laub, girret ein Taubenpaar
Sein Entzücken mir vor; aber ich wende mich,
Suche dunklere Schatten,
Und die einsame Träne rinnt.

Wann, o lächelndes Bild, welches wie Morgenrot
Durch die Seele mir strahlt, find' ich auf Erden dich?
Und die einsame Träne bebt mir heißer die Wang'
herab.

Ludwig Christoph Heinrich Hölty

I. Von ewiger Liebe

Dunkel, wie dunkel in Wald und in Feld!
Abend schon ist es, nun schweiget die Welt.

Nirgend noch Licht und nirgend noch Rauch,
Ja, und die Lerche sie schweiget nun auch.

Kommt aus dem Dorfe der Bursche heraus,
Gibt das Geleit der Geliebten nach Haus,

Führt sie am Weidengebüsche vorbei,
Redet so viel und so mancherlei:

"Leidest du Schmach und betrübtest du dich,
Leidest du Schmach von andern um mich,

Werde die Liebe getrennt so geschwind,
Schnell wie wir früher vereinigt sind.

Scheide mit Regen und scheide mit Wind,
Schnell wie wir früher vereinigt sind."

Spricht das Mägdelein, Mägdelein spricht:
"Unsere Liebe sie trennet sich nicht!

II. May Night

When the silvery moon gleams through the bushes,
And sheds its slumbering light on the grass,
And the nightingale is fluting,
I wander sadly from bush to bush.

Covered by leaves, a pair of doves
Coo to me their ecstasy; but I turn away,
Seek darker shadows,
And the lonely tear flows down.

When, O smiling vision, that shines through my soul
Like the red of dawn, shall I find you here on earth?
And the lonely tear quivers more ardently down my
cheek.

I. Eternal Love

Dark, how dark in forest and field!
Evening already, and the world is silent.

Nowhere a light and nowhere smoke,
And even the lark is silent now too.

Out of the village there comes a lad,
Escorting his sweetheart home,

He leads her past the willow-copse,
Talking so much and of so many things:

'If you suffer sorrow and suffer shame,
Shame for what others think of me,

Then let our love be severed as swiftly,
As swiftly as once we two were plighted.

Let us depart in rain and depart in wind,
As swiftly as once we two were plighted."

The girl speaks, the girl says:
'Our love cannot be severed!

<p>Fest ist der Stahl und das Eisen gar sehr, Unsere Liebe ist fester noch mehr.</p> <p>Eisen und Stahl, man schmiedet sie um, Unsere Liebe, wer wandelt sie um?</p> <p>Eisen und Stahl, sie können zergehn, Unsere Liebe muß ewig bestehn!"</p> <p>August Heinrich Hoffmann von Fallersleben</p>	<p>Steel is strong, and so is iron, Our love is even stronger still:</p> <p>Iron and steel can both be reforged, But our love, who shall change it?</p> <p>Iron and steel can be melted down, Our love must endure for ever!"</p> <p>Translation © Richard Stokes, author of The Book of Lieder (Faber, 2005). Provided via Oxford Lieder (www.oxfordlieder.co.uk)</p>
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Joseph Marx (1882 - 1964)

A short, but opulent, Marx piece opens the second half of the recital. Marx, similar to Wolf in style, enjoyed composing thickly textured accompaniments and broad, operatic vocal lines. Marx was also a music critic who influenced the Viennese music culture. This piece in particular shows deft writing of four-measure phrases that are really part of a larger phrasing structure.

<p>Waldseligkeit Joseph Marx</p> <p>Der Wald beginnt zu rauschen, den Bäumen naht die Nacht, als ob sie selig lauschen, berühren sie sich sacht.</p> <p>Und unter ihren Zweigen, da bin ich ganz allein, da bin ich ganz mein eigen : ganz nur Dein!</p> <p>Richard Dehmel</p>	<p>Woodland Rapture</p> <p>The wood begins to stir, night draws near the trees; as if blissfully listening, they gently touch each other.</p> <p>And beneath their branches I am utterly alone, utterly my own; utterly and only yours.</p> <p>Translation © Richard Stokes, author of The Book of Lieder (Faber, 2005). Provided via Oxford Lieder (www.oxfordlieder.co.uk)</p>
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Wiegenlied Set

Max Reger (1873 - 1916)

Reger, principally an organ player, was a quirky individual in the German music world. He both looked forward to the 20th-century while also maintaining his strong religious history and the music associated with his time in church. This piece is a German Christmas song, and I wanted to include it as part of the Wiegenlied set.

Johannes Brahms

I'm sure this song will be familiar to most of us! This famous lullaby was composed in 1868 and dedicated to Bertha Faber, a dear friend who had just given birth to her second son.

Richard Strauss (1864 - 1949)

This beautiful Wiegenlied is powerful because it explores dissonance in the midst of beautiful chords. Strauss, a master of orchestration changes, explores the joys and worries of new motherhood in three different sections. The middle section changes as the poem discusses how the new child is the care of the mother's concerns; the texture is denser and the phrases are rhythmically shorter. The third section is reminiscent of the first as the mother recalls the jubilation the child brings to her life.

<p>Mariä Wiegenlied from <i>Schlichte Weisen, Op. 76</i></p> <p>Maria sitzt im Rosenhag Und wiegt ihr Jesuskind, Durch die Blätter leise Weht der warme Sommerwind. Zu ihren Füßen singt Ein buntes Vögelein: Schlaf, Kindlein, süße, Schlaf nun ein! Hold ist dein Lächeln, Holder deines Schlummers Lust, Leg dein müdes Köpfchen Fest an deiner Mutter Brust! Schlaf, Kindlein, süße, Schlaf nun ein!</p> <p>Martin Boelitz</p> <p>Wiegenlied from <i>Op. 49</i></p> <p>Guten Abend, gut' Nacht, Mit Rosen bedacht, Mit Nägelein besteckt</p>	<p>Mary's Lullaby</p> <p>Mary sits by the rose bower And rocks her little Jesus, Softly through the leaves The warm wind of summer blows. A brightly coloured bird Sings at her feet: Go to sleep, sweet child, It's time to go to sleep! Your smile is lovely, Your happy sleep lovelier still, Lay your tired little head Against your mother's breast! Go to sleep, sweet child, It's time to go to sleep!</p> <p>Lullaby</p> <p>Good evening, good night, Canopied with roses, Bedecked with carnations,</p>
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Schlupf' unter die Deck'.

Morgen früh, wenn Gott will,
Wirst du wieder geweckt.

Guten Abend, gut' Nacht,
Von Englein bewacht!
Die zeigen im Traum
Dir Christkindleins Baum:
Schlaf' nun selig und süß,
Schau im Traum's Paradies.

Georg Scherer

Wiegenlied
from *Fünf Lieder, Op. 41*

Träume, träume, du mein süßes Leben,
von dem Himmel, der die Blumen bringt.
Blüten schimmern da, die beben
von dem Lied, das deine Mutter singt.
Träume, träume, Knospe meiner Sorgen,
von dem Tage, da die Blume sproß;
von dem hellen Blütenmorgen,
da dein Seelchen sich der Welt erschloß.
Träume, träume, Blüte meiner Liebe,
von der stillen, von der heiligen Nacht,
da die Blume seiner Liebe
diese Welt zum Himmel mir gemacht.

Richard Dehmel

Slip beneath the coverlet.

Tomorrow morning, if God wills,
You shall be woken again.

Good evening, good night,
Watched over by angels!
In your dreams they'll show you
The Christmas Tree:
Sleep sweetly now and blissfully,
Behold Paradise in your dreams.

Cradle song

Dream, dream, my sweet, my life,
of heaven that brings the flowers;
blossoms shimmer there, they live
from the song your mother sings.
Dream, dream, bud born of my anxiety,
of the day the flower unfolded;
of that morning bright with blossom,
when your soul opened to the world.
Dream, dream, blossom of my love,
of the silent, of the sacred night,
when the flower of his love
made this world my heaven.

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Selections from *Vier Gesänge, Op.33*

Richard Strauss

I. Verführung

Der Tag, der schwüle,
verblaßt, und [nun]
in dieser Kühle
begehrt nun zu ruh'n,
was sich ergeben
dem Fest der Lust --
Nun schmiegt mit Beben
sich Brust an Brust...

Es hebt der [Nachthauch]
die Schwingen weit:
"Wer liebt, der wacht auch
zu dieser Zeit . . ."
Er küßt die Welle,
und sie ergibt
sich ihm zur Stelle,
weil sie ihn liebt . . .

O großes Feiern!
O schönste Nacht!
Nun [wird] entschleiern
[sich] alle Pracht,
die Tags verborgen
in Zweifeln lag,
in Angst und Sorgen --
[Jetzt] wird es Tag!

Still stößt vom Strande
ein schwankes Boot --
Verläßt die Lande
der Mörder Tod?
Er ward vergebens
hierher bestellt:
der Gott des Lebens
beherrscht die Welt! . . .

Welch stürmisch Flüstern
den Weg entlang?
Was fleht so lüstern?
Was seufzt so bang?
Ein Nie-Gehörtes

I. Seduction

The day, the humid [day],
grows pale and now
in this coolness
desire to rest
Those who gave themselves
over to the festival of pleasure --
now with trembling
breast nestles up to breast . . .

The night [breeze]
spreads its wings wide:
"Whoever loves, is also awake
at this time . . ."
He kisses the wave
and it succumbs
to him at once,
because it loves him . . .

Oh great celebration!
Oh most beautiful night!
Now all the splendour,
shall reveal itself,
[the splendour] that was hidden by day,
in doubting,
in anxiety and worry --
Now day is breaking!

Silently from the shore
a rocking boat casts off --
Is that murderer Death
leaving the country?
He was summoned here
in vain:
the God of Life
rules the world! . . .

What is that stormy whispering
along the path?
What pleads so yearningly?
What sighs so anxiously?
Something never before heard

hört nun dein Ohr --
Wie Gift betört es:
was geht hier vor?!

Der Sinn der Töne
ist mir bekannt,
Drum gieb, [du] Schöne,
mir deine Hand:
Der ich zu rühren
dein Herz verstand,
ich will dich führen
ins Wunderland . . .

Mit süßem Schaudern
reißt du dich los.
Was hilft dein Zaudern?
Dir fiel dein Loos!
Die Stimmen schweigen.
Es liebt, wer wacht!
Du wirst mein eigen
noch diese Nacht!

John Henry Mackay

II. Gesang der Apollopriesterin

Es ist der Tag, wo jedes Leid vergessen.
Ihr Schwestern, horcht: der Heilige ist nah.
Er meldet sich im Rauschen der Cypressen,
Und unsre Pflicht steht winkend vor uns da.

Wir lassen ihm den dunklen Sang erschallen,
Daß seine schöne Sonne niedertaut,
Wir ziehn um seine weißen Säulenhallen,
Und jede ist geschmückt wie eine Braut.

Seht, unten, wo die kühlen Bäche fließen,
Dort wandeln heut' in Nacktheit Mann und Frau;
Sie trinken selig Duft und Klang der Wiesen,

Und alle blicken sie zum hohen Blau.

Und alle jauchzen sie, und alle pflücken
Die großen Freudenblüten dieser Welt.
Wir aber wollen nach der Frucht uns bücken,

Your ear now hears --
It beguiles like poison:
what is happening here?

The sense of the sounds
is known to me,
Therefore, [you] Beautiful One,
give me your hand:
I, who understood how to
move your heart,
I wish to lead you
into Wonderland . . .

With sweet shuddering
you tear yourself away.
Of what use is your hesitation?
Your lot has been cast!
The voices fall silent.
Whoever is awake, loves!
You shall become my own
this night yet!

II. Song of the priestess of Apollo

This is the day when every sorrow is forgotten.
You Sisters, listen: the holy one is near.
The rustling of cypresses announces him,
And our duty beckons.

We sing to him our dark, resounding song,
So that his fine sun will shine thawing down;
We move around his white, pillared temple,
And each of us is robed like a bride.

Look below where the cool streams run;
There man and wife roam today in nakedness.
Blissfully they drink in the scents and sounds of the
meadows,
And all gaze up into the blue heights.

And all rejoice, and all gather
This world's great blossoms of joy.
We, however, will bend down to take the fruit



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Die golden zwischen Traum und Wachen fällt.

Wir bringen sie in einer Silberschale
Zum Tempel hin, dicht neben Speer und Schild.
Wir knieen nieder: Dufte, Frucht, und strahle

Dem Volk entgegen sein verklärtes Bild!

Emanuel, Freiherr von Bodman

that falls, golden, between dreaming and waking.

We bring it in a silver basin
To the temple, beside the spear and the shield.
We kneel down. Spread your fragrance, o fruit, and
shine forth
to the people his glorified image!

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