

# LINCOLN CENTER

11/28/93

*Stagebill*  
Nov. 1993

VARIATIONS  
THE CENTER  
LINCOLN CENTER  
PRODUCTIONS

*Sunday Afternoon, November 28, 1993, at 3:00*

GREAT PERFORMERS AT LINCOLN CENTER  
Underwritten by Continental Insurance  
presents

*The Art of the Song*

THOMAS HAMPSON

*Baritone*

CRAIG RUTENBERG

*Piano*

BEETHOVEN An die ferne Geliebte, Op. 98  
Auf dem Hügel sitz'ich  
Wo die Berge so blau  
Leichte Segler in den Höhen  
Dieser Wolken in den Höhen  
Es kehret der Maien  
Nimm Sie hin denn, diese Lieder

*Songs to Poems by Robert Burns*

ROBERT FRANZ Nun holt mir eine Kanne Wein  
Ihr Auge  
Die süsse Dirn von Inverness

CARL LOEWE Findlay

SCHUMANN Niemand  
Dem roten Röslein gleicht mein Lieb  
Hochländers Abschied

*(program continued)*

The audience is kindly requested to withhold its applause until the end of each group.

ALICE TULLY HALL  
Home of The Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center

GREAT PERFORMERS

**GRIEG** Sechs Lieder, Op. 48  
Gruss  
Dereinst, Gedanke mein  
Lauf der Welt  
Die verschwiegene Nachtigall  
Zur Rosenzeit  
Ein Traum

*Intermission*

**IVES** Five Songs  
The Housatonic at Stockbridge  
Thoreau  
The Children's Hour  
Memories A & B  
Canon

**JOHN DUKE** Three Songs to Poems by  
Edwin A. Robinson  
Richard Cory  
Miniver Cheevy  
Luke Havergal

*Some More Old Songs*

**SIDNEY HOMER** General William Booth Enters into Heaven  
**VITTORIO GIANNINI** Tell Me, Oh, Blue, Blue Sky  
**Trad./ROGER AMES** The Erie Canal

There will be a discussion with Mr. Hampson and Mr. Rutenberg moderated by Cori Ellison immediately following the performance.

Steinway Piano

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Please make certain the electronic signal on your watch or page is switched off during the performance.

In consideration of the performing artists and members of the audience, those who must leave before the end of the performance are asked to do so between numbers, not during the performance.

The taking of photographs and the use of recording equipment are not allowed in this building.

## Notes on the Program

by THOMAS HAMPSON with CARLA MARIA VERDINO-SÜLLWOLD

"These English songs gravel me to death! I have not that command of the language that I have of my native tongue," complained Robert Burns to George Thomson, the editor of the folk music collection, *National Airs*, as he voiced his preference for the Scots dialect, of which he became the quintessential lyrical expression. This statement from Scotland's national poet was less an articulation of chauvinism, (though, without a doubt, Burns' heart was in the Highlands) than it was an affirmation of one of the overriding concerns of the age: to find new modes of expression reflective of the changing dynamics of society. In the late eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, European and American thought was being forged in the crucible of revolution; incipient democracies struggled to remake their sociological, political, and cultural traditions and to find spokespersons who would give voice to the spirit of the age. Foremost of those oracles was the poet—the Bard—whose lyrical vision could articulate the aspirations and achievements of his people.

To create poetry in the language of the common man—of "man speaking to men of the truth carried alive into the heart by passion"—this was the mission Wordsworth and Coleridge proclaimed in 1798 in that seminal Romantic document, *Lyrical Ballads*. It was a *cri de coeur* that found resonance throughout the artistic movements of the nineteenth century in literature, painting, and especially in music, where creative minds turned increasingly to the *Volk* for their inspiration—to the traditions, myths, legends, and lyrics which in shaping a national heritage had, interestingly enough, also given birth to a more universal ethos. In Scotland Robert Burns, in Ireland Thomas Moore, in America Walt Whitman, in Germany Heinrich Heine all labored to create a new poetic speech that was both personal and democratic, a diction that frequently found song to be its most transcendent expression. Indeed, the marriage of poetry and song remains one of the finest achievements of the Romantic age. The nineteenth century is the century of the development of the *Lied* as a genre of tremendous influence and expanding performance possibilities.

When Beethoven began to write songs in the closing years of the eighteenth century, the *Lied* had not yet achieved the prestige it would in the ensuing hundred years, but the budding folk movement in literature with its awakening of interest in the heritage of simple people, their stories, and their tongue became an impetus to the composer to find a comparable musical utterance. Drawing on the love of folk melodies, inculcated in him by his teacher Neefe, as well as on his respect for Goethe, the 46-year-old Titan combined this simple language with the potent sense of musical architecture he had gleaned from both Bach and Mozart and from his own symphonic and harmonic innovations to yield the first true song cycle. Written in 1816, *An die ferne Geliebte*, with its tightly-knit poetic and motivic structure and its coherent thematic development marked a watershed in the history of song. In its serious naiveté as well as in its clarity, symmetry, and vocal expressivity, *An die ferne Geliebte* exerted a profound influence on subsequent practitioners of the art song.

Robert Franz was later to declare that his masters of vocal compositions had been Bach, Handel, and Beethoven, though his lush Romantic melodies, his willingness to explore even more radical harmonies and dissonances, and his insistence on close fusion of text with music showed him to be a composer who had also assimilated well the lessons of his own generation—of Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn, and Liszt. Schumann, whose melodies Franz once said "took on a life of their own," remains (with Schubert) at the center of the Romantic song tradition. Using the piano as a full-partner in dialogue with the voice and lifting the *Lied* to new lyrical-dramatic heights, Schumann composed a body of vocal literature that helped to define and legitimize the art song genre. So, too, did Carl Loewe, foremost exponent of the ballad style, become a firm ally

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of Franz and Schumann in his use of the rich source material of the oral poetic tradition, in his concept of dramatic dialogue, and in his reliance on heightened poetic speech to motivate his songs.

From the twin central European traditions of *Lieder* and *Balladen* was born one of the most original voices of late romantic art song—that of Edvard Grieg. In his lush *fin de siècle* melodies with their nostalgic yearnings, as well as in his craggy, bold *Romansers*, Grieg's art is an inspired culmination to the entire nineteenth century art of song. While tapping the wellsprings of Nordic myth and poetry, the great Norwegian composer, at the same time, never lost complete touch with the influences of his youthful days in Leipzig, so that when he put pen to paper to create a song, one heard in it echoes not only of the starkly beautiful Scandinavian landscape with its vigorous Viking past, but also of a consciousness tempered by his conservatory and concert hall experiences in Germany. In Grieg one hears the influences of Rikard Nordraak and Ole Bull, to be sure, but one also cannot fail to note the lessons and language of Liszt, Wagner, and Schumann.

By the time that art song had become established in America in the late nineteenth century, it could trace its heritage not only to indigenous sources and popular composers like Stephen Foster, but also to European ancestors. Indeed, the entire Romantic movement made a powerful impact on American music, one that has—in spite of atonalism, serialism, minimalism and other starker modernist strains—survived into the late twentieth century. The American songmakers of the second half of today's program are all—Ives' bold harmonics notwithstanding—neo-Romantics, who have treasured the serious naiveté of their folk heritage and have creatively plumbed its rhythms and cadences, who have remained faithful to melody and who have placed a high premium on the notion that feeling must flow from words.

The centrality of poetry of nineteenth-century music was, in fact, a defining premise of the creative *Zeitgeist* and one of that century's most significant legacies to the next. In a recital program which alternates English, American, and German poets and which migrates linguistically back and forth across ocean and Channel, stopping to draw inspiration from Celtic and Gallic influences, the inter-relationships in Anglo-Saxon and German Romantic thought are potently manifest. The history of the cross pollination between English-speaking and German philosophers and poets is a potent one, highlighted by events like Coleridge's 1798-99 German tour, Freiligrath's English stay, or Carlyle's contribution to American Romanticism in the form of his passionate proselytizing for Schiller, Goethe, Jean Paul, Hegel, and Teutonic myth, as well as for the Anglo-Scots-Celtic folk tradition and his favorite vernacular poet, Robert Burns!

The dynamic exchange of ideas, books, and visits—the *Wanderjahr* had become a defining feature of the Romantic poet's education—was, in fact, an offshoot of the French Revolution, born of the new found democratic freedom to traverse physical and psychological barriers. This growing sense of universal citizenry combined with the indigenous *Volk* movements to produce an unique phenomenon in nineteenth-century art. At the same time that musicians and poets were delving deep into their collective ethnic consciousness, they were also becoming acutely aware of the vanishing barriers in humanistic thought. Collecting, improvising on, altering, or refashioning new musico-poetic material from traditional sources became the *métier* not only of composer-poets of this mindset like Robert Burns and Thomas Moore, but also inspired subsequent generations to respond to the *Ur*-material with further refinements and variations that began to constitute the first shapings of the bridge from traditional/popular song to art song. By definition, folk song captures the sounds of an oral tradition, fitting words to music; *Lieder*, in contrast, uses words to dictate song; the poem is a formal element to be set, the language in which it is set—(and this was certainly a sticking point for Grieg, who disliked performances of his songs in any language other than that in which he wrote them)—inseparable from its musical line.

Thus, today's recital program offers not only a study of the peripatetic wanderings of the art song across the nineteenth- and twentieth-century maps, but also an insight into the processes by which naive tradition is transformed into high art, by which language in its unvarnished dialect form can gradually be crafted into poetry, and by which poetry, even imported into another language, can remain communicative because of the essentiality of the poetic idea.

All of the compositions on today's program reflect the prevailing pan-Romantic themes: an idealistic optimism tinged by a melancholic longing that recognizes the dichotomy between reality and aspiration; a reverence for the simple, honest common man in all his dignity and fullness—(what Carlyle called in Burns' work "words for every mood of man's heart"); agrarian sensibilities that find their highest articulation in a mystic perception of Nature; an almost socialist humanism; a faith in the power of spontaneous feeling to uplift and inspire; a belief in the sanctity of the individual experience elevated to the larger representative one. They share, too, stylistic traits: the openness to speak feelings frankly and explore hidden psyches, as well as the mastery of lyrical and anecdotal means to dramatize these personal experiences with a freshness, economy, and—as with Heine, Burns, Robinson, Duke, Schumann, and Grieg—frequent irony. Perhaps it is not all that surprising that drama figures so significantly in the Romantic songs of these poets and their composers. The nineteenth century with its other musical offspring, Wagner's music-dramas and Liszt's program works, as well as the ensuing twentieth century with its proclivity for interior monologue and confessional epiphanies could not fail to find in the *Lied* the perfect format in miniature for the creation of psychological characterization and for the transformation of silent desires into spoken passions. In fact, transformation is really what Romantic art is about—"the art of transition," as Wagner once called it—the reshaping of nature into poetry, of folk tune into art song, of intangible into permanent.

### **An die ferne Geliebte, Op. 98 (1816)**

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN (1770-1827)

Poems by Alois Jeitteles

Though remembered primarily as the architect of a new symphonic language, Beethoven wrote some seventy songs at both the beginning and climax of his career, drawing his inspirations from the cultured *Volksweise* songs of German composers like Reichardt, Hiller, Spohr, and Weber and from Goethe's pronouncements that songs should remain strophic with verses varied enough to accommodate the natural declamation of text and shift in moods. *An die ferne Geliebte*, which can be counted as the first true song cycle, illustrates the development in Beethoven's vocal writing from his earlier efforts in the cantata-like *Adelaide* and the operatic *Fidelio*. In fact, the intimacy of the art song may have especially appealed to him in his forty-sixth year, as the difficult genius grew increasingly withdrawn due to his advancing deafness and poor health. There has often been much speculation as to the autobiographical inspiration of the cycle, and scholars have often liked to identify the distant beloved as Amalie von Sebald, for whom Beethoven harbored tender feelings in 1811 and to whom he may have been referring in a letter to Ferdinand Ries in 1816 when he wrote: "Alas! I have no wife. I have met only one and her I shall probably never get."

The six songs to poems by a 21-year-old medical student and Viennese musical amateur, Alois Jeitteles, have a strong spiritual and material bond that knits them into a swiftly moving, coherent, and expressive whole of repeated poetic/musical motifs and themes, all of which are propelled by the impetus of unrequited longing ever forward and back again until they find their cyclical resolution in abandonment to art itself. As in Beethoven's other grand works, the focus is on the sublime ability of man to o'erleap

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despair and to bridge, both literally and figuratively, the expanse of the soul's void through a greatness of heart, faith, and creative energy. In the deceptively simple tunes and purposefully naive accompaniment of the cycle, Beethoven heralds the quasi-mysticism of his final works: Nature and longing become intertwined; the mountains and valleys part the lovers at the same time that the clouds and winds waft their freer souls toward spiritual consummation. Ultimately it is music—the poet's songs sung by the beloved—that transcends the distance.

I.

*Auf dem Hügel sitz' ich, spähend  
In das blaue Nebelland,  
Nach den fernen Triften sehend,  
Wo ich dich, Geliebte, fand.*

*Weit bin ich von dir geschieden,  
Trennend liegen Berg und Thal,  
Zwischen uns und unserm Frieden,  
Unserm Glück und uns'rer Qual.*

*Ach, den Blick kannst du nicht sehen,  
Der du dir so glühend eilt,  
Und die Seufzer, sie verwehen,  
In de Raume, der uns theilt.*

*Will denn nichts mehr zu dir dringen,  
Nichts der Liebe Botte sein?  
Singen will ich, Lieder singen,  
Die dir klagen meine Pein!*

*Denn vor Liebesklang entweicht  
Jede Raum und jede Zeit,  
Und ein liebend Herz erreicht,  
Was ein liebend Herz geweiht!*

II.

*Wo die Berge so blau  
Aus dem nebligen Grau  
Schauen herein, wo die Sonne verglüht,  
Wo die Wolke umzieht,  
Möchte ich sein! möchte ich sein!*

*Dort im ruhigen Thal  
Schweigen Schmerzen und Qual.  
Wo im Gestein still die Primel dort sinnt,*

*Weht so leise der Wind,  
Möchte ich sein! möchte ich sein!*

*Hin zum sinnigen Wald  
Drängt mich Liebesgewalt,  
Innere Pein, innere Pein.*

*Ach mich zög's nicht von hier,  
Könnst'ich Traute bei dir  
Ewiglich sein! ewiglich sein!*

I.

I sit on the hill, gazing  
Into the blue expanse of sky,  
Searching the far-off mists to see,  
Where I can find you, my beloved.

Far from you have I been parted,  
Mountain and vale separate us,  
Dividing us and our peace,  
Our happiness and our pain.

Ah, you cannot see my gaze,  
That hastens so passionately to you.  
Nor the sighs I squander  
On the void that parts us now.

Is there nothing more that can reach you,  
Nothing to bear my love's message to you?  
I want to sing, to sing songs,  
Which remind you of my pain!

Because before love's lament  
Every mile and every hour vanishes,  
And a loving heart attains  
What a loving heart has consecrated.

II.

Where the blue mountains  
Rise from the lowering skies  
Peering at where the sunsets,  
Where the clouds spread,  
There would I like to be! there would I  
like to be!

There in that quiet vale  
Which silences pain and woe.  
Where in rocky spaces softly sleep  
the primroses,  
And sweeps so gently the wind,  
There would I like to be! there would I  
like to be!

My love's longing  
Draws me to the shadowy wood'  
Inner pain, inner pain.

Ah, nothing would ever tempt me from here,  
If I could faithfully stay by your side  
Forever! forever by your side!

(please turn page quietly)

III.

*Leichte Segler in Den Höhen,  
Und du Bächlein klein und schmal,  
Könnt mein Liebchen ihr erspähen  
Grüsst sie mir viel tausend mal.*

*Seht ihr, Wolken,  
Sie dann gehen sinnend in dem stillen Thal,*

*Last mein Bild vor ihr entstehen  
In dem luft'gen Himmels Saal.*

*Wird sie an den Büschen,  
Die nun herbstlich falb und kahl,  
Klagt ihr, wie mir geschehen,  
Klagt ihr, Vöglein, meine Qual!*

*Stille Weste, bringt im Wehen  
Hinzu meiner Herzens wahl,  
Meine Suezfer die vergehen,  
Wie der Sonne letzter Strahl.*

*Flüstr' ihr zu mein Liebesflehen,  
Lass sie Bächlein klein und schmal,  
Treu in deinen Wogen sehen,  
Meine Thränen ohne Zahl, ohne Zahl!*

IV.

*Diese Wolken in den Höhen,  
Dieser Vöglein munt' rer Zug  
Werden dich, o Huldin, sehen.  
Nehmt mich mit im leichten Flug!*

*Diese Weste werden spielen  
Scherzend dir um Wang' und Brust,  
In den seid'nen Locken wühlen.  
Theilt'ich mit euch diese Lust!*

*Hinzu dir von jenen Hüglein  
Emsig dieses Bächlein eilt.  
Wird ihr Bild sich in dir spiegeln,  
Fließ zurück dann unverweilt,*

*Fließ zurück dann unverweilt,  
ja unverweilt!*

V.

*Es kehret der Maien, es blühet die Au'  
Die Lüfte, sie wehen so milde, so lau.  
Geschwätzig die Bäche nun rinnen.*

*Die Schwalbe, die kehret zum wirthlichen  
Dach,  
Sie baut sich so emsig ihr bräutich Gemach,  
Die liebe soll wohnen da drinnen, die Liebe  
soll wohnen da drinnen.*

III.

*Graceful sailor of the heights,  
And you, tiny, narrow brooklet,  
Should my little love spy you  
Greet her for me a thousand times.*

*Look, you clouds, at her,  
As she goes wandering through the  
quiet vale,*

*Let my image greet her  
In your airy, heavenly place.*

*Should she linger near the bushes,  
Which now are yellow and bare,  
Tell her what has befallen me,  
Tell her, little bird, of my suffering!*

*Silent breezes, flutter  
To my heart's beloved,  
My sighs which sink  
Like the sun's last ray.*

*Whisper to her my love's entreaty,  
Let her, tiny, narrow brooklet,  
See clearly in your ripples,  
My numberless tears, my numberless tears!*

IV.

*These clouds on the heights,  
These birds in merry passage  
Will see you, my beauty.  
Take me with you in your flight!*

*These breezes will playfully caress  
Your cheek and breast,  
Toying with your silken locks.  
If I could but share this pleasure!*

*Toward you, my love, every little hill  
Every little brook busily hastens.  
When your face is mirrored there,  
Then flow back without delay.*

*Flow back without delay, yes  
without delay!*

V.

*Maytime returns, the meadows are in bloom  
The breezes waft so gently and so mildly.  
The murmuring brooks flow by.*

*The swallow who returns to her home  
in the eaves,  
She builds her bridal bower industriously,  
So love may dwell there, so love may  
dwell there.*



*Sie bringt sich geschäftig von Kreuz und  
von Quer,  
Manch'weicherer Stück zu dem Brautbett  
hieher,  
Manch'wärmendes Stück für die Kleinen.*

*Nun wohnen die Gatten beisammen so treu,  
Was Winter geschieden, verband nur der Mai,  
Was liebet, das weiss er zu einen, was liebet,  
das weiss er zu einen.*

*Es kehret der Maien, es blühet die Au',  
Lüfte, sie wehen so milde, so lau,  
Nur kann ich nicht ziehen von hinnen.*

*Wenn Alles, was liebet, der Frühling verewint,  
Nur unserer Liebe kein Frühling erscheint,  
Und Thränen sind all ihr Gewinnen, und  
Tränen sind all ihr Gewinnen.*

VI.

*Nimm sie hin denn, diese Lieder,  
Die ich dir, Geliebte, sang,  
Singe sie dann Abends wieder  
Zu der Laut süssen Klang!*

*Wenn das Dämm'rungsroth dann ziehet  
Nach dem stillen, blauen See,  
Und sein letzter Strahl verglühet  
Hinter jener Bergeshöh.*

*Und du singst, Und du singst,  
Was ich gesungen, was mir aus der vollen Brust  
Ohne Kunst gespräng' erklungen,  
Nur der Sehnsucht sich bewusst, nur der  
Sehnsucht sich bewusst.*

*Dann vor diesen Liedern weicht,  
Was geschieden uns so weit,  
Und ein liebend Herz erreicht, was ein  
liebend Herz geweiht.  
Und ein liebend Herz erreicht, was ein  
liebend Herz geweiht.*

*Dann, dann vor diesen Liedern weicht,  
Was geschieden uns so weit,  
Und ein liebend Herz erreicht,  
Was ein liebend Herz geweiht.*

Flitting from here to there,  
She busily brings soft lining to her  
bridal bed,

Much warm material for the little ones.

Now the couple lives together faithfully,  
What winter had divided, now May rejoins,  
Lovers he knows to reunite, to reunite.

Maytime returns, the meadows are in bloom,  
The breezes waft so gently, so mildly,  
But I cannot stray from here.

Though everywhere all who are in love,  
Are joined by spring,  
Only our love knows no springtime and  
tears are our only reward, our only  
reward.

VI.

Take my songs,  
The songs I sang you, my love,  
And sing them nightly on the lute  
With sweetest tone!

When the twilight wanes  
On the still blue lake,  
And the last sun's rays sink  
Beyond the mountain tops,

And you sing, you sing,  
What I have sung from deep within  
What has sprung artlessly from me,  
Only conscious of longing, only  
conscious of longing.

Then before these songs fades,  
What has divided us so long and far,  
And a loving heart attains what a loving  
heart has consecrated.  
What a loving heart has consecrated.  
(repeat)

Then before these songs reclaim all that  
was separated by lonely hours,  
And a loving heart attains what a loving  
heart has earned.  
Then surely does my soul regain all we  
lost in lonely times,  
And a loving heart attains what a loving  
heart has attained, ay, what a loving  
heart has earned.

—Translated by Carla Maria Verdino-Süllwold

**Scottish Songs to Texts by Robert Burns**

ROBERT FRANZ (1815-1892)

CARL LOEWE (1796-1869)

ROBERT SCHUMANN (1810-1856)

Born in Dumfries on January 25, 1759, the son of a poor tenant farmer who believed in a strict Calvinist upbringing, the young Bobby Burns credited the nurturing of his Romantic imagination to his nurse, Betty Davidson, who, he said "cultivated in me the latent seeds of Poesy with her tales of ghosts, warlocks, and giants." Scribbling his first love lyric at 14, Burns began to compose verse seriously in 1780, reaching his *annus mirabilis* in 1786, when he finished the great satirical poems and composed 59 others, which he published in the hopes of raising enough money to move to a farm in Jamaica. This plan to sail to the New World was rapidly abandoned when *Poems, Chiefly in the Scottish Dialect* proved a huge literary success, opening new horizons to him. A major contributor to the two landmarks of the English Antiquarian Movement—James Johnson's *Scots Musical Museum* and George Thomson's *National Airs*, he traveled through his native land gathering folk song fragments, setting them down, then altering them by making additions or by completely refashioning them into original songs with lyrics of his own. The process, which was the same one that Thomas Moore used to create his influential *Irish Melodies*, made Burns into a household name. An inveterate womanizer, given to innumerable liaisons that fathered quite a string of progeny, he eventually settled into marriage with the docile Jean Armour, who looked the other way at his extra-curricular activities, and faithfully bore him three children, giving birth to a son on the day of Burns' funeral. The poet, exhausted by chronic ill health and a peripatetic existence, finally succumbed to rheumatic fever on July 21, 1796, after eking out the last verses from his pen: *Oh wert thou in the cauld blast*.

A major figure of pre-Romanticism, Burns enjoyed a widespread fame both in his lifetime and throughout the nineteenth century, falling into neglect only in the more cynical climate of the twentieth, when, like Moore, his lyrics were often berated as being the "facile expressions of a singer of the parish." Sometimes criticized in the past for being no more than "a peasant rhymster," most modern scholars now acknowledge his undeniable gifts: his unerring instinct for marrying words and music, his partiality for the particular rhythms of his native dialect, his tenderness of lyrical expression, and his delight in the simple pleasures of his folk roots as well as his insistence on championing the common man—traits which made Burns a harbinger of nineteenth-century Romanticism and one of the most translated and influential lyrical voices of that century.

Burns' in translation, one might suspect, could be a problematic thing. The idiosyncratic rhythms of the Scots dialect are hard to reproduce in other tongues, and yet, there is something so intensely musical about the verse itself that it pulsates through the language barrier, impelling, as Robert Franz once wrote, the composer to find in "every genuinely lyric poem the corresponding melody [that] lies hidden." Franz came to know Burns through the Ferdinand Freiligrath's translations, while Schumann used texts by Gerhard or Herder. But whichever the rendition, what is of paramount interest is that German poets were fascinated with the songs and verses of the Scotsman; they saw in him, as they did in Moore, a voice of fresh national liberation, a courageous spokesman for the downtrodden, a witty and unabashed poet of physical passion, and a supremely singable wordsmith whose folk roots and exotic dialect qualified him to be the *Ur-Romantic* inspiration. Freiligrath, an activist in the Young Germany Movement and later a radical socialist, nourished his own early writings from the influences of his Scottish, Irish, and French mentors—Burns, Moore, and Hugo—and he, in turn, helped to introduce these poets into nineteenth-century German thought.

Robert Franz, who was born in Halle on June 28, 1815, to a salt manufacturing family, brought to his chosen work as a song composer his early training as a church musician. Organist of Halle's *Ulrichkirche* and conductor of the *Singakademie* in that city, Franz claimed as his models Mozart, Haydn, and Bach and the entire tradition of Protestant chorales and oratorio with their clarity of structure and emphasis on melodic expression. The editor of a critically esteemed edition of Bach's works, a friend of Liszt, and an associate of Mendelssohn, Schubert, and Schumann, Franz looked to these as well as to Beethoven for his initial inspiration in song writing. Though Wagner was an early admirer of the composer, Franz felt uncomfortable being associated with the "Music of the Future," just as he rebelled a bit "the excessive use of declamation" in Schumann's songs.

"I compose feelings, not words," Franz was to insist, describing his musical idiom which was marked first and foremost by melody coupled with fluid tonality, rich harmonic language, and associative key structures. Very much the pure lyricist whose songs have a delicacy, melancholy, and rich palette of inner emotion, his temperament and style found him naturally drawn to the poetry of Burns—to those miniature gems of subtle song which seemed to beg for the kind understated beauty of detail present in Franz' compositions. The critic Krehbiel once wrote: "The melodies of Franz' songs seems to rise from the poems like an exhalation," while the composer, himself, urged listeners to remember that his *Lieder* were "not intended to arouse, but to create peace and tranquility," to use music "to do nothing more than deepen the poetic substratum."

A potent emphasis on dramatic dialogue also characterizes the style of Carl Loewe's ballads. His *Findlay*, a setting of Burns' wickedly teasing, bawdy song "Wha Is That at My Bower Door?," affords the performer the challenge of creating two distinct dramatic voices without the intervention of a third-person narrator (other than in the perfunctory, *quo' Findlay*). The incorrigibly amorous Burns must have sympathized with the sweet-talking seducer-protagonist of this tale!

The three Schumann settings all date from the composer's years of songs, 1840, when in the fulfillment of his marriage to Clara Wieck (after the long years of separation and battles with her father) and just three years before his first mental collapse, he set down over 100 of his finest *Lieder*. For his German texts Schumann used Gerhard's more faithful translations of Burns' verse—(Freiligrath's tend to a touch of rewriting, especially when there is an opportunity in a song like "Mein Herz ist im Hochland" to wax lyrical about his own political-nationalistic concerns)—which capture exceptionally well the rhythmic structures and cadences of Burns' Scottish dialect.

Nun holt mir eine Kanne Wein,  
Op. 1 No. 4 (1843)  
(German text by Ferdinand Freiligrath)

Nun holt mir eine Kanne Wein,  
Und lasst den Becher sein von Golde;  
Denn einen Trunk noch will ich weihn  
Vor meinem Abschied dir, O Holde!  
Am Damme dorten schwankt das Boot,  
Der Fährmann schilt, das ich verziehe,  
Am Baume drüben liegt das Schiff,  
Und ich muss lassen dich, Marie!

The Silver Tassie

Go, fetch to me a pint o' wine,  
And fill it in a silver tassie;  
That I may drink before I go  
A service to my bonie lassie.  
The boat rocks at the Pier o' Letith,  
Fu'loud the wind blaws frae the Ferry,  
The ship rides by the Berwick-law,  
And I maun leave my bony Mary.

(please turn page quietly)

*Das Banner fliegt, in langer Reih  
Sieht glänzen man die blanken Speere,  
Von ferne tönt das Kampfgeschreit,  
Und schon begegnen sich die Heere.  
S'ist nicht der Sturmwind, nicht die See,  
Dass ich am Ufer hier verziehe,  
Auch nicht die laute Schlacht, s'ist nur,  
Dass ich dich lassen muss, Marie!*

**Ihr Auge, Op. 1, No. 1 (1843)**  
(German text by Ferdinand Freiligrath)

*Einen schlimmen Weg ging gestern ich,  
Einen Weg, dem ich nicht wieder trau'!  
Zwei süsse Augen traf en mich,  
Zwei süsse Augen lieb und blau, zwei süsse  
Augen lieb und blau.  
Nicht war's ihr blond und wallend Haar,  
Nicht war's ihr Mund, die Ros' im Thau,  
Auch nicht ihre weisse Brust,  
Es war ihr süsses Auge, lieb und blau.*

*Ohr Aug' hat mir das herz bethört,  
Ihr Auge, mit der dunklen Brau;  
O tief're Wunden als ein Schwert,  
Schlug mir dies Auge, lieb und blau,  
schlug mir dies Auge, lieb und blau.  
Geduld mein Herz, geduld, Geduld!  
Vielleicht doch wehe mir!  
Weis't sie rauh mich hab, weis't sie rauh mich hab;  
An meinem Tode schuld ist dann ihr Auge,  
lieb und blau.*

**Die süsse Dirn' von Inverness**  
**Op. 4, No. 2 (1845)**  
(German text by Ferdinand Freiligrath?)

*Die süsse Dirn' von Inverness  
Wird nun und nimmer wieder froh;  
Ihr einz'ger Gang ist in die Mess,  
Sie weint und seufzt, und sagt nur: O!  
Drumossie Moor, Drumossie Tag;  
O bitterer Tag, o blut'ger Moor!  
Wo kalt und starr mein Vater lag,  
Wo ich der Brüder drei verlor.*

*Ihr Lailach ist der blut'ge Klee,  
Ihr Grab ist grün vom ersten Kraut,  
Der schumckste Bursche liegt dabei,  
Den Mädchenaugen je geschaut, den  
Mädchenaugen je geschaut!  
Nun wehe Dir, der Du die Schlachth gewanst,  
Und sä'test blut'ge Saat!  
Manch Herz hast Du betrübt gemacht,  
das Dir doch nichts zu Leide that.*

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,  
The glittering spears are ranked ready,  
The shouts o' war are heard afar,  
The battle closes deep and bloody:  
It's not the roar o' sea or shore,  
Wad mak me langer wish to tarry;  
Nor shouts o' war that's heard afar,  
It's leaving thee, my bony Mary!

**The Blue-Eyed Lassie**

I gaed a waefu' gate yestreen'  
A gate I fear I'll dearly rue:  
I gat my death frae twa sweet een,  
Twa lovely een o' bonnie blue!  
'T was not her golden ringlets bright,  
Her lips like roses wat wi' dew,  
Her heaving bosom lily-white:  
It was her een sea bonie blue.

She talk'd, she smil'd, my heart she wyl'd,  
She charm'd my soul I wist na how;  
And ay the stound, the deadly wound,  
Cam frae her een sae bonie blue.  
But "spare to speak, and spare to speed"  
She aiblins listen to my vow:  
Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead  
To her twa een sae bonie blue.

**The Lovely Lass of Inverness**

The lovely lass o' Inverness,  
Nae joy nor pleasure can she see;  
For e'en and morn she cries, Alas!  
And ay the saut tear blins her e'e.  
Drumossie moor, Drumossie day,  
A waefu' day it was to me;  
For there I lost my father dear,  
My father dear and brethern three.

Their winding sheet the bludy clay,  
Their graves are growing green to see;  
And by them lies the dearest lad  
That ever blest a woman's e'e!  
Now wae to thee thou cruel lord,  
A bludy man I trow thee be;  
For mony a heart thou hast made sair  
That ne'er did wrang to thine or thee!

**Findlay (c. 1837)**

(German translation by Ferdinand Freiligrath)

"Nun, wer klopft an meine Thür?"  
 "Ich, mein Schatz!" sprach Findlay!  
 "Geh' nach Hause! was treibst du hier?"  
 "Gutes nur!" sprach Findlay.  
 "Wie ein Räuber schleichst du doch!"  
 "Raub' auch gern!" sprach Findlay.  
 "Treibst vor Morgen Unfug noch—"  
 "Allerdings!" sprach Findlay.  
 "Ständ'ich auf und liess' dich ein"—  
 "Lass mich ein!" sprach Findlay—  
 "Schliefe' ich wohl nicht wie der ein!"  
 "Kann wohl sein!" sprach Findlay.  
 "Wärst du bei mir im Gemach,"  
 "Wär'ich's erst!" sprach Findlay—  
 "Gingest du wohl nicht vor Tag;"  
 "Freilich nicht!" sprach Findlay.  
 "Aber nimm, bleibst du di Nacht"—  
 "Ja, ich bleib!" sprach Findlay—  
 "Auf dem Heimweg dich in Acht!"  
 "Fürchte nichts!" sprach Findlay.  
 "Aber, was im Kämmerlein..."  
 ("Auch geschieht!" sprach Findlay!)  
 "Halt's geheim, verschweig'es fein!"  
 "Ganz gewiss!" sprach Findlay.

**Niemand, Op. 25, No. 22 (1840)**

(German translation by Gerhard)

Ich hab' mein Weib allein,  
 Und theil'es, traun, mit Niemand,  
 Nicht Hahnrei will ich sein,  
 Zum Hahnrei mach'ich Niemand.

Ein Säckchen Gold ist mein,  
 Doch dafür dank'ich Niemand,  
 Nichts hab' ich zu verleih'n  
 Und borgen soll mir Niemand.

Ich bin nicht andrer Herr,  
 Und untertänig niemand;  
 Doch meine Klinge sticht,  
 Ich fürchte mich vor Niemand.

Ein lust'ger Kauz bin ich,  
 Kopf hängerisch mit Niemand;  
 Schiert Niemand sich um mich,  
 So scher'ich mich um Niemand.

**Wha is That at My Bower Door**

"What is that at my bower door?"  
 "O, what is it but Findlay!"  
 "Then gae your gate, ye' se nae be here."  
 "Indeed maun I!" quo' Findlay.  
 "What make ye, sae like a thief?"  
 "O, come and see!" quo' Findlay.  
 "Before the morn ye'll work mischief?"  
 "Indeed will I!" quo' Findlay.  
 "Gif I rise and let you in"—  
 "Let me in!" quo' Findlay—  
 "Ye'll I'll keep me wauken wi' your din?"  
 "Indeed will I!" quo' Findlay.  
 "In my bower if ye should stay"—  
 "I fear ye'll bide till break o' day?"  
 "Indeed will I!" quo' Findlay.  
 "Here this night if ye remain"—  
 "I'll remain!" quo' Findlay—  
 "I dread ye'll learn the gate again?"  
 "Indeed will I!" quo' Findlay.  
 "What may pass within this bower"  
 ("Let it pass!" quo' Findlay!)  
 "Ye maun conceal till your last hour"—  
 "Indeed will I!" quo' Findlay.

**I Hae a Wife O' My Ain**

I hae a wife o' my ain,  
 I'll partake wi' naeboddy:  
 I'll take cuckold frae nane,  
 I'll gie cuckold to naeboddy.

I hae a penny to spend,  
 There-thanks to naeboddy!  
 I hae naething to lend,  
 I'll borrow frae naeboddy.

I am naeboddy's lord,  
 I'll be slave to naeboddy.  
 I hae a guid braid sword,  
 I'll tak dunts frae naeboddy.

I'll be merry and free,  
 I'll be sad for naeboddy.  
 Naeboddy cares for me,  
 I care for naeboddy.

(please turn page quietly)

**Dem roten Röslein gleicht mein Lieb,  
Op. 27, No. 2 (1840)**

(German translation by Gerhard)

*Dem roten Röslein gleicht mein Lieb,  
Im Junimond er blüht.  
Mein Lieb ist eine Melodie  
Vor der die Seele glüht.*

*Wie schön du bist, geliebte Maid,  
Wie wird das Herz mir schwer;  
Und lieben wird's dich immer dar,  
Bis trocken Strom und Meer:*

*Und würden trocken Strom und Meer,  
Und schmelzen Fels und Stein:  
Ich würde dennoch lebens lang,  
Dir Herz und Seele weih'n:*

*Nun, holdes Liebchen, lebe wohl!  
Leb' wohl, du süsse Maid!  
Bald kehr' ich wieder,  
Wär ich auch zehn tausend Melien weit!*

**A Red, Red Rose**

O, my Luv'e's like a red, red rose,  
That's newly sprung in June.  
O, my Luv'e's like the melodie  
That's sweetly played in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,  
So deep in luv'e am I;  
And I will love thee still, my dear,  
Til a' the seas gang dry.

Til a' the seas gang dry, my dear,  
And the rocks melt wi' the sun:  
I will love thee still, my dear,  
While the sands o' life shall run:

And fare thee weel, my only luv'e!  
And fare thee weel, a while!  
And I will come again, my luv'e,  
Tho' it ware ten thousand mile!

**Hochländers Abschied**

**Op. 25, No. 13 (1840)**

(German translation by Gerhard)

*Mein Herz ist im Hochland, mein Herz ist  
nicht hier,  
Mein Herz ist im Hochland, im  
Waldesrevier,  
Dort jagt es den Hirsch und verfolget das  
Reh—  
Mein Herz ist im Hochland, wohin ich auch geh.'*

*Leb' wohl, mein Hochland, mein heimischer  
Ort,  
Die Wiege der Freiheit, des Muthes ist dort!*

*Wohin ich auch wand're, wo immer ich bin,  
Auf die Berg', auf die Berge zieht es mich hin.*

*Lebt wohl, ihr Berge bedeckt mit Schnee,*

*Lebt wohl ihr Thäler voll Blumen und Klee;*

*Lebt wohl ihr Wälder, bemoostes Gestein,*

*Ihr stürzenden Bächlein im farbigen Schein!*

**My Heart is in the Highlands**

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart  
is not here,  
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing  
the deer,  
A-chasing the wild deer and following  
the roe—  
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to  
the North,  
The birthplace of valour, the country of  
worth!

Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,  
The hills of the Highlands forever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd  
with snow,  
Farewell to the straths and green  
valleys below;  
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging  
woods,  
Farewell to the torrents and loud  
pouring floods!

|   |  |
|---|--|
| <i>Mein Herz ist im Hochland, mein Herz ist nicht hier,</i> | My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here, |
| <i>Mein Herz ist im Hochland, im Waldesrevier,</i>          | My heart's in the Highlands A-chasing the deer,    |
| <i>Dort jagt es den Hirsch und verfolget das Reh,</i>       | A-chasing the wild deer And foll'wing the roe,     |
| <i>Mein Herz ist im Hochland, wohin ich auch geh.'</i>      | My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.         |

**Sechs Lieder, Op. 48 (1889)**

EDVARD GRIEG (1843-1907)

In an overall output of some 140 plus songs, Edvard Grieg set only 18 German texts. Of these both Op. 2 and Op. 4 are early efforts, written when he was an 18- and 19-year-old student at the Leipzig Conservatory, where the composer would later write deprecatingly, he felt "like a parcel stuffed with dreams."

The Bergen-born Norwegian, Scots-descended Grieg began his early musical training at home and with Ole Bull, a passionate partisan of Norwegian nationalism. The period from 1858-1862, which Grieg spent in Germany, seemed rather like an enforced exile to the frail and sensitive youth, who would later disparage the stuffy academicism of his training there. But the German *Bildungsjahre* as well as his subsequent visit to Liszt in Rome in 1870 was to color permanently his perceptions of Romanticism and to graft onto his developing nationalistic sensibilities a patena of lush lyricism that forever marked his debut not only to the great German *Lieder* composers, especially Schumann, but even more importantly, to the poetic voices of German literature. For Op. 2 and Op. 4 the young Grieg chose the works of Chamisso, Uhland, and Heine, and crafted songs especially designed for the pristine lyric soprano of his bride, Nina Hagerup. By the time he returned to German poetry as an inspiration for his songs in 1889 in the *Sechs Lieder* that constitute Op. 48, a quarter of a century had passed. In the intervening years he had not only discovered Norwegian folk music, had been introduced to Norwegian political and artistic nationalism by his friend, the musician Rikard Nordraak, (whose untimely death from pleurisy in 1866 left Grieg feeling obligated to complete Rikaard's mission), and had become acquainted with the great literary voices of Scandinavia, among them Andersen, Ibsen, and the landsmal poet Vinje. He had also absorbed some of Liszt's cosmopolitan idiom, and had been invigorated by the first Bayreuth Festivals. But besides the fact that Grieg's mature style reflected a blend of cross-cultural influences, the voice for which he composed these six songs to texts by Heine, Geibel, Uhland, von der Vogelweide, Goethe, and Bodenstedt was now the Swedish-born Wagnerian soprano, Ellen Gulbrandsen, whose more expansive, dramatically colored voice, while it recognized the differences between opera and song so essential to Grieg, nevertheless possessed a ripe lushness intimately suited to the passionate poems he set.

Thus, Op. 48 remains a fascinating work in the Grieg son canon and one which speaks eloquently to the personal style the composer developed—a style that blended the melodic inspiration of German Romanticism with recognizable folk idioms and a distinctly Nordic harmonic scheme marked by frequent open fourths and fifths.

**I. Gruss**

Heinrich Heine (1797-1856)

*Leise zieht durch mein Gemüt  
liebliches Gelläute  
klinge, kleines Frühlingslied,  
kling' hinaus in's Weite*

*Zieh' hinaus bis an das Haus,  
wo die Veilchen spriessen,  
wenn du eine Rose schaust,  
sag', ich lass sie grüssen,  
wenn du eine Rose schaust,  
sag', ich lass sie grüssen.*

**II. Dereinst, Gedanke mein**

Emanuel Geibel (1815-1884)

*Dereinst, Gedanke mein,  
wirst ruhig sein.  
Lässt Liebesglut  
dich still nicht werden,  
in kühler Erden  
da schläfst du gut,  
dort ohne Lieb'  
und ohne Pein  
wirst ruhig sein*

*Was du im Leben  
nicht hast gefunden,  
was du im Leben  
nicht hast gefunden  
wenn es entschwunden,  
wird's dir gegeben,  
dann ohne Wunden  
und ohne Pein  
wirst du ruhig sein.*

**III. Lauf der Welt**

Ludwig Uhland (1787-1862)

*An jedem Abend geh' ich aus,  
hinauf den Wiesensteg.  
Sie schaut aus ihrem Gartenhaus  
es stehet hart am Weg.  
Wir haben uns noch nie bestellt,  
es ist nur so der Lauf der Welt,  
es ist nur so der Lauf der Welt.*

*Ich weiss nicht, wie es so geschah,  
seit lange küsst ich sie,  
ich bitte nicht, sie sagt nicht: ja,  
doch sagt sie: nein, auch nie.  
Wenn Lippe gern auf Lippe ruht,  
wir hindern's nicht, uns dünkt es gut.*

**Greeting**

Softly flow through my soul  
sweet sounds of love  
sing little spring song,  
peal forth into the vast distance

Flow toward that house,  
where the little violets bloom,  
when you see a rose,  
give her my greetings,  
when you see a rose,  
give her my greetings.

**One Day, O My Soul**

One day, o my Soul,  
you will find rest.  
From love's fires  
that give you no peace,  
in the cool earth  
you will sleep soundly,  
there without love  
and without pain  
you will find rest.

What you have not  
found in life,  
what you have not  
found in life,  
when life is ended  
will be yours  
then without wounds  
and without pain  
you will find rest.

**The Way of the World**

Every evening I go out,  
and meander through the fields.  
She watches from her garden house  
that lies right along the path.  
We have never yet planned this,  
it's just the way things happen,  
it's just the way things happen.

I don't know it happened,  
that I first kissed her,  
I did not ask, she did not say: yes,  
but she also never said: no.  
When lips willingly meet,  
we did not think to prevent them,  
we thought it best to let them be.

(please turn page quietly)



*Das Lüftchen mit der Rose spielt,  
es fragt nicht: hast mich lieb?  
Das Röschen sich am Taue kühlt,  
es sagt nicht lange: gib!  
Ich liebe sie, sie liebet mich,  
doch keines sagt: ich liebe dich!  
doch keines sagt: ich liebe dich!*

The breeze plays with the rose,  
it does not ask: do you love me?  
The little rose cooling herself with dew,  
and does not say, may I?  
I love her, she loves me,  
but neither says: I love you!  
but neither says: I love you!

**IV. Die verschwiegene Nachtigall**

Walther von der Vogelweide (1170-1230)

*Unter den Linden  
an der Haide,  
wo ich mit meinem Trauten sass  
da mögt ihr finden,  
wie wir beide  
die Blumen brachen und das Gras.  
Vor dem Wald  
mit süssem Schall  
Tandaradei!  
Tandaradei!  
sang im Tal  
die Nachtigall.*

*Ich kam gegangen  
zu der Aue,  
mein Liebster kam vor mir dahin.  
Ich ward empfangen  
als hehre Fraue,  
dass ich noch immer selig bin  
Ober mir auch Küsse bot?  
Tandaradei!  
Tandaradei!  
Seht, wie ist mein Mund so rot!*

*Wie ich da ruhte,  
wülst' es einer  
behüte Gott, ich schämte mich.  
Wie mich der Gute  
hertze, keiner erfahre das,  
als er und ich;  
und ein kleines Vögelein,  
Tandaradei!  
Tandaradei!  
das wird wohl verschwiegen sein!*

**The Silent Nightingale**

Under the linden tree,  
in the meadow,  
where I sat with my beloved  
there may you find,  
how we both  
crushed the flowers and the grass.  
By the woods  
with sweet sound  
Tandaradei!  
Tandaradei!  
sang in the vale  
the nightingale.

I came on my way  
to the meadow,  
my beloved came to meet me.  
I was welcomed  
like a noble woman,  
Am I still blessed  
If he has also given me kisses?  
Tandaradei!  
Tandaradei!  
See, how my lips are so red!

As I lay there  
someone knew,  
God forfend, I shamed myself.  
How the good man embraced me,  
no one saw  
except him and me;  
and a little bird,  
Tandaradei!  
Tandaradei!  
that will forever silent be!

(please turn page quietly)

**V. Zur Rosenzeit**

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832)

*Ihr verblühet, süsse Rosen,  
meine Liebe trug euch nicht;  
blühet ach! dem Hoffnungslosen,  
dem der Gram die Seele bricht!  
Jener Tage denk' ich trauernd,  
als ich, Engel, an dir hing,  
auf das erste Knöspchen lauernnd,  
früh zu meinem Garten ging;  
alle Blüten, alle Früchte  
noch zu deinen Füßen trug,  
und vor deinem Angesichte  
Hoffnung in dem Herzen schlug.  
Ihr verblühet, süsse Rosen,  
meine Liebe trug euch nicht;  
blühet ach! dem Hoffnungslosen,  
dem der Gram die Seele bricht!*

**In the Time of Roses**

You faded, sweet roses,  
when my love forsook you;  
Ah, bloom! for the desperate one  
whose soul now breaks with woe!  
Every day I think sadly,  
of when I, my angel, clung to you,  
awaiting the first buds of spring,  
I went early into my garden;  
I laid then at your feet,  
and drank from your countenance  
the hope that radiated into my heart.  
You withered, sweet roses,  
when my love forsook you;  
ah, bloom! for the desperate one,  
whose soul breaks with woe!

**VI. Ein Traum**

F.M. von Bodenstedt (1819-1892)

*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 schwoll;*

*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;  
der Waldbach schwoll, die Knospe sprang,*

*Geläut' erscholl von Dorfe her:  
Ich hielt dich fest, ich hielt dich lang  
und lasse dich nun nimmermehr!  
nimmermehr! nimmermehr!*

*O Frühlingsgrüner Waldesraum,  
du lebst in mir durch alle Zeit!  
Dort ward die Wirklichkeit zum Traum,  
dort ward der Traum zur Wirklichkeit!*

**A Dream**

Once I dreamed a lovely dream:  
a blond maiden loved me,  
it was in the vast green woods,  
it was in the warm springtime:  
the buds sprang into bloom,  
the forest brook swelled,  
from the distant village pealed the bells  
we were filled with wonder,  
and overcome with bliss.

But sweeter still did once I dream,  
a dream that then came true:  
it was in the vast green woods.  
it was in the warm springtime;  
the forest brook swelled, the buds  
sprang into bloom,  
Bells pealed from the village:  
I held you close, I held you long  
and never, never let you go!  
never, nevermore!

Oh, woods green with spring,  
you live in me through all of time!  
There reality became the dream,  
there the dream became reality!

—Translated by Carla Maria Verdino-Sülltwood

**Five Songs**

CHARLES IVES (1874-1954)

When Ives published his *114 Songs* at his own expense in 1922, he frankly admitted that "some of the songs in this book...cannot be sung." For the Danbury-born, Yale-educated, confirmed New Englander whose family history included his father's service to the Union cause as a Civil War bandmaster, his grandparents intimacy with Emerson and Margaret Fuller, and his in-laws friendship with Mark Twain, writing songs was his way of keeping a diary. Each of the diverse compositions in Ives' vocal catalogue represents a spiritual jotting, an almost impressionistic attempt to transfix a moment, a memory, an echo from the depths of his wholly American subconscious. Essentially a melodist, whose innovations in polytonality, polyrhythm, and polytexture gave his work a dissonant modern cast, he incorporated many native folk tunes (over 150 have been identified) into his compositions. These tunes, drawn from hymns, psalms, camp meetings, spirituals, band music, as well as from earlier American composers like Stephen Foster, form the particularly rich texture of the art song tapestries he wove.

"The Housatonic at Stockbridge" not only has an especially apt geographical connection to the Berkshires, but the poem manages, as does Wordsworth's "Tintern Abbey" on the River Wye, to convey immortality on the sleepy Connecticut river that courses through the composer's primal memories. The song, lushly Romantic both poetically and musically, is one of Ives' masterpieces of tone painting. Originally composed as a movement in a series of pieces for orchestra, the piano accompaniment in its eventual format retains vestiges of orchestral coloring.

The portrait sketch, "Thoreau," (together with Ives' other songs to Whitman and Emerson) speaks of Ives' profound, life-long sympathy for the Transcendental movement. A fervent admirer of Thoreau's prose, Ives once said that few poems could capture the spontaneity and wildness that "Walden" had. The theme used in this short setting comes from Ives' own *Concord Sonata*. Ives does not permit the interpreter to sing in the opening measures, creating instead a quietly sublime dialogue between spoken voice and hushed piano, that accentuates the serenity of Thoreau's prose, which will then organically flower into song at the climactic moment. The entire tone is one of rapt reverie that creates a microcosm of the sounds and sensations of Thoreau's epic experiment.

In setting of Longfellow's "Children's Hour," Ives turned to one of the most metrical and accessibly musical of the New England poets. The rhyming line and nostalgic sentiments of the poem evoke a father's tender amusement at the intrusion into his study of his three daughters, each given her own music. The same juxtaposition of wistful humor and melancholy appears in the two-part contrasting piece, "Memories A & B." The *allegro* first section, in which the composer recalls the naive excitement of a young boy just before curtain-rise at the opera, is a tongue-in-cheek parody of a Gilbert and Sullivan patter song, while the second half with its recalled snatch of a sad tune speaks of Ives' assimilation of the nostalgic melancholy of Stephen Foster, just as it offers an appropriate transition into the haunting Irish lyric by Thomas Moore, which the composer sets in "Canon."

GREAT PERFORMERS

**The Housatonic at Stockbridge (1921)**

Robert Underwood Johnson  
(1853-1937)

Contented river! in thy dreamy realm  
The cloudy willow and the plummy elm;  
Thou beautiful! from every hill  
What eye but wanders with thee at thy will.

Contented river! and yet overshy  
To mask thy beauty from the eager eye;  
Hast thou a thought to hide from field  
and town?  
In some deep current of sunlit brown.

Ah! there's a restive ripple,  
And the swift red leaves,  
September's firstlings faster drift;  
Wouldst thou away, dear stream?

Come, whisper, near!  
I also of much resting have a fear:  
Let me tomorrow thy companion be,  
By fall and shallow to the adventurous sea!

**Thoreau (1915)**

Henry David Thoreau (1817-1862)

He grew in those seasons like corn  
in the night,  
rapt in reverie,  
on the Walden shore,  
amidst the sumach pines and hickories,  
in undisturbed solitude.

**The Children's Hour (1901)**

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow  
(1807-1882)

Between the dark and the daylight  
When the night is beginning to lower,  
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,  
That is known as Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me  
The patter of little feet  
The sound of a door that is opened  
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight  
Descending the broad hall stair,  
Grave Alice and laughing Allegra  
And Edith with golden hair.

Between the dark and daylight,  
Comes a pause,  
That is known as Children's Hour.

**Memories A—Very Pleasant (1897)**

Charles Ives (1874-1954)

We're sitting in the opera house, the  
opera house, the opera house;  
We're waiting for the curtain to arise  
with wonders for our eyes;  
We're feeling pretty gay, and well we  
may; "O Jimmy, look!" I say,  
"The band is tuning up and soon will  
start to play."

We whistle and we hum, beat time with  
the drum.

We're sitting in the opera house, the  
opera house, the opera house,  
a-waiting for the curtain to rise with  
wonders for our eyes,  
a feeling of expectancy, a certain kind of  
ecstasy. Sh! Curtain!

**Memories B—Rather Sad (1897)**

Charles Ives

From the street a strain on my ear doth  
fall.

A tune as threadbare as that "old red  
shawl,"

It is tattered, it is torn, it shows signs of  
being worn,

It's the tune my Uncle hummed from  
early morn;

'Twas a common little thing and kind'a  
sweet,

But 'twas sad and seemed to slow up  
both his feet;

I can see him shuffling down to the barn  
or to the town,

a-humming.

**Canon (c. 1894)**

Thomas Moore (1780-1852)

Oh, the days are gone  
When beauty bright  
My heart's chain wove;  
When my dream of life,  
From morn till night was love,  
Still love, was still love.

Oh! the days are gone  
When beauty bright,  
When my dream of life,  
From morn till night was love,  
Still love, from morn till night,  
My dream of life was love.

**Three Songs to Poems by Edwin Arlington Robinson (1945)**

JOHN DUKE (1899-1984)

American poetry was a passion for John Duke! For the composer who confessed to spending many an hour restlessly combing anthologies for the texts which constituted three-quarters of his total song catalogue, it was not surprising that he should eventually find in Edward Arlington Robinson a kindred spirit. Both Duke and Robinson had strong New England roots, living out most of their professional years in the small Yankee towns that form the spiritual climate of these songs.

Robinson grew up in Gardiner, Maine, to which he returned after a brief stint at Harvard. There he passed his days in quiet industry, working as a poet and journalist, nursing a long and unrequited flame for his brother's widow, and observing with subtle irony and considerable compassion the myriad of miniature dramas that played themselves out in the confines of rural America. Duke, on the other hand, was born in Cumberland, Maryland and raised with a Southern heritage. He acquired his love of song from his mother, Mathilda Hoffmann, a singer of some accomplishment, and his passion for literature from a household where reading poetry and Shakespeare was part of the daily fabric of life. After studies at the Peabody Conservatory and with Nadia Boulanger in Paris, he migrated to Massachusetts in 1923, taking a post at Smith College in Northhampton, Massachusetts, where he remained until 1967, making a significant reputation for himself as a teacher, composer, and pianist, who premiered many of his own works.

"I am still amazed at the way my career has turned out," Duke exclaimed in his later years. "In my early days my ambition was to be a great pianist, and I could not have believed anyone who told me I was going to be a song composer." And yet, write countless songs he did, all of which were animated by his desire to bring back "the concreteness, the humanity of melody" and to see all forms of music as "an extension of our urge to sing, to go beyond speech in intensity and beauty of form."

The three Robinson texts which comprise this triptych all deal with individuals living lives of silent despair, and each has an autobiographical parallel in the poet's own existence. The outwardly successful Richard Cory, who one day surprises his townsfolk by putting a bullet through his head, is a thinly veiled portrait of Robinson's brother Herman who effectively committed suicide with alcohol after a series of disastrous business investments, dying prematurely in 1893. Miniver Cheevy with his fatal Romanticism and self-destructive drunken passivity again reminds us of Herman, but also suggests the poet himself in his perennial sense of being unappreciated and misunderstood as an artist and intellectual. Luke Havergal's mourning of a dead love and his epiphany that only through the western gate of death can there be true union of souls, is an aching hymn to Robinson's passion for his sister-in-law, Emma Shepherd.

Duke limns each of these miniature portraits with a clarity and sympathy that corresponds precisely to the blend of cynicism and Romanticism in Robinson's verse. Two distinct voices can be heard in "Richard Cory": that of the blunt narrator with his square 2/4 rhythm and that of the polished Cory with his fluttering piano accompaniment and many grace notes to suggest the "glitter" of his presence. "Miniver Cheevy" is a masterpiece of Duke's musical characterization and biting humor: as the title suggests, it is a satire in the form of eight variations. Appropriate to its theme, "Luke Havergal" is the most unabashedly Romantic setting of the three with a quasi-operatic dimension to its melody that speaks of Duke's faith in the mystery of music "that causes time to lose the character of successive moments and become an ever-expanding present."

GREAT PERFORMERS

**Richard Cory**

Whenever Richard Cory went down town,  
We people on the pavement looked at him:  
He was a gentleman from sole to crown,  
Clean favored and imperially slim.

And he was always quietly arrayed,  
And he was always human when he  
talked;

But still he fluttered pulses when he  
said, "Good morning,"  
And he glittered when he walked.

And he was rich, yes richer than a king,  
And admirably schooled in every grace;  
In fine, we thought that he was  
everything

To make us wish we were in his place.

So on we worked, and waited for the light,  
And went without the meat and cursed  
the bread;

And Richard Cory one calm summer night,  
Went home and put a bullet through his  
head.

**Miniver Cheevy**

Miniver Cheevy, child of scorn,  
Grew lean when he assailed the seasons;  
He wept that he was ever born,  
And he had reasons.

Miniver loved the days of old  
When swords were bright and steeds  
were prancing;

The vision of a warrior bold  
Would set him dancing.

Miniver sighed for what was not,  
And dreamed, and rested from his  
labors;

He dreamed of Thebes and Camelot,  
And Priam's neighbors.

Miniver mourned the ripe renown  
That made so many a name so fragrant;  
He mourned Romance, now on the town,  
And Art, a vagrant.

Miniver loved the Medici,  
Albeit he had never seen one;  
He would have sinned incessantly  
Could he have been one.

Miniver cursed the commonplace  
And eyed a khaki suit with loathing;  
He missed the mediaeval grace  
Of iron clothing.

Miniver scorned the gold he sought,  
But sore annoyed was he without it;  
Miniver thought, and thought, and  
thought,  
And thought about it.

Miniver Cheevy, born too late,  
Scratched his head and kept on  
thinking:

Miniver coughed, and called it fate,  
And kept on drinking.

**Luke Havergal**

Go to the western gate, Luke Havergal,  
There where the vines cling crimson on  
the wall,

And in the twilight wait for what will come.  
The leaves will whisper there of her, and some,  
Like flying words, will strike you as they  
fall;

But go, and if you listen she will call.  
Go to the western gate, Luke Havergal—  
Luke Havergal.

*(verse 2 omitted in song:)*

No, there is not a dawn in eastern skies  
To rift the fiery night that's in your eyes;  
But there, where western glooms are  
gathering,  
The dark will end the dark, if anything:  
God slays Himself with every leaf that flies,  
And hell is more than half of paradise.  
No, there is not a dawn in eastern skies—  
In eastern skies.

Out of a grave I come to tell you this,  
Out of a grave I come to quench the kiss  
That flames upon your forehead with a glow  
That blinds you to the way that you must go.  
Yes, there is yet one way to where she is,  
Bitter, but one that faith may never miss.  
Out of a grave I come to tell you this—  
To tell you this.

There is the western gate, Luke Havergal,  
There are the crimson leaves upon the wall.  
Go, for the winds are tearing them away,—  
Nor think to riddle the dead words they say,  
*(Nor any more to feel them as they fall;)*

*(omitted)*

But go, and if you trust her she will call.  
There is the western gate, Luke  
Havergal—  
Luke Havergal.

**Some More Old Songs**

SIDNEY HOMER (1864-1953)

VITTORIO GIANNINI (1903-1966)

Traditional/ROGER AMES (Born 1944)

This group of American concert songs evokes a time when American musical life was rich in radio broadcasts of "serious" song programs and when the song recital performed by well-known personalities was a major and much appreciated event in every smaller city in the nation. Today these nostalgic compositions are often relegated to encore material or—even worse—neglected altogether, despite that fact that they speak eloquently for an era and an ethos that are neither forgotten nor irrelevant. Drawn from the folk roots of an eclectic American culture and set or arranged by serious composers of the past and present, these four compositions have an emotional spontaneity that strikes an immediate response: they are direct, unforced, sometimes simple, obvious, heart-on-sleeve, yet, even naive, but they are also always eminently singable and entertaining.

Sidney Homer, husband of the contralto Louise Homer (for whom he wrote many of his vocal compositions) and uncle of composer Samuel Barber, was a prolific song writer, whose works are all but unknown today. Like Duke and Ives, he turned frequently to American texts, inspired in this instance by Vachel Lindsay's jazz poetry. With its rousing cadences and meaty, characterful depiction of the evangelical founder of the Salvation Army, "General William Booth Enters into Heaven" is a fascinating musical-poetic portrait of the Revivalist Movement. Like Homer, singing was very much part of Philadelphia-born Vittorio Giannini's daily life; his father Feruccio had been an operatic tenor in Italy and his sister Dusolina enjoyed an international career as a soprano, so it was not at all surprising that he should turn to the rich melodic, romantic tradition of the nineteenth century to shape songs such as the expressive love lament, "Tell Me, Oh, Blue, Blue Sky." And as this haunting ballad segues into the witty, spirited, vernacular verse and folk rhythms of Rogers Ames' arrangement of the traditional workman's song, "Erie Canal," one is struck not only by the range of inspiration, thematic material and vocabulary explored by these so-called "naive" American songs, but also by the ability of their composers and poets to tap directly the complex pulse of a pluralistic society.

**General William Booth Enters Into Heaven**

Vachel Lindsay (1879-1931)

Booth led boldly with his big bass drum  
 (Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)  
 The Saints smiled gravely and they said,  
 "He's come,"  
 (Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)

Walking lepers followed rank on rank,  
 Lurching bravos from the ditches dank  
 Drabs from the alleyways and drug  
 fiends pale  
 Minds still passion ridden, soul flowers  
 frail:  
 Vermin eaten saints with mouldy breath,  
 Unwashed legions with the ways of  
 Death  
 (Are you washed in the blood of the  
 Lamb?)

Ev'ry slum had sent its half a score  
 The world round over. (Booth had  
 groaned for more).  
 Ev'ry banner that the wide world flies,  
 Bloomed with glory and transcendent  
 dyes.  
 Big voiced lassies made their banjos  
 bang,  
 Tranced, fanatical they shrieked and sang:  
 "Are you? Are you washed in the blood  
 of the Lamb?"

Hallelujah! It was queer to see  
 Bull necked convicts with that land  
 made free.  
 Loons with trumpets blow'd a blare,  
 blare, blare,  
 On, on, upward thro' the golden air!  
 (Are you washed in the blood of the  
 Lamb?)

## GREAT PERFORMERS

Booth died blind and still by Faith he trod,  
Eyes still dazzled by the ways of God!  
Booth led boldly and he look'd the chief;  
Eagle countenance in sharp relief,  
Beard a-flying, air of high command  
Unabated in that holy land.

Jesus came from the court house door,  
Stretched his hands above the passing poor.  
Booth saw not, but led his queer ones  
Round and round the mighty  
courthouse square.

Yet! in an instant all that blear review  
Marched on spotless, clad in raiment new.

The lame were straightened, withered  
limbs uncurled,  
And blind eyes opened on a new sweet world.  
Drabs and vixens in a flash made whole!  
Gone was the weasel head, the snout,  
the jowell!

Sages and sibyls now, and athletes clean,  
Rulers of empires and of forests green!  
The hosts were sandall'd and their sings  
were fire!

(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)

But their noise play'd havoc with the  
angel choir,

(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)  
Oh shout Salvation!

It was good to see Kings and Princes by  
the Lamb set free.

The banjos rattled and the tambourines  
Jingjing jingl'd in the hands of Queens.

And when Booth halted by the curb for prayer  
He saw his Master thro' the flag fill'd air.  
Christ came gently with a robe and crown  
For Booth the soldier, while the throng  
knelt down.

He saw King Jesus; they were face to face,  
And he knelt a-weeping in that holy place.  
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

**Tell Me, Oh, Blue, Blue Sky**

Karl Flaster

Summer has flown; the leaves are falling,  
I hear a voice, your voice calling,  
I see a face, your face fleeting,  
I feel a heart, your heart beating.

Tell me, oh, blue, blue sky,  
Why did we part?

Tell me, oh, whispering wind,  
Breathe on thy heart.

Breathe on thy lonely heart  
That too has bled,  
Tell me what's left in life  
Since love has fled?  
Since love has fled?

Tell me, tell me,  
Tell me, oh, blue, blue sky,  
Tell me, oh blue, blue sky.

**The Erie Canal**

We were forty miles from Albany; forget  
it I never shall,

What a terrible storm we had one night  
on the Erie Canal,

We were loadin' down the galley; we  
were all of us full of rye.

And the Captain he looked down on me  
with a doggone wicked eye.

Well, the Erie's a' rising and the  
whiskey's getting low,  
And I hardly think we'll get a drink till  
we get to Buffalo,  
Till we get to Buffalo!

The cook she was a kind old soul; she  
had a ragged dress,  
So we hoisted her upon a pole as a signal  
for distress.

The wind began to whistle, and the  
waves began to roll,  
And we had to reef our royal on the  
raging canal.

Oh the Erie a raisin' and the whiskey's  
getting low,  
And I hardly think we'll get a drink till  
we get to Buffalo  
Till we get to Buffalo!

When we get to Syracuse the off mule he  
was dead,

The nigh mule got blind staggers and we  
cracked him on the head,

The girls are in the police gazette; the  
crew are hard in jail

And I'm the only seaman's son that's left  
to tell the tale.

Oh the Erie is a risin' and the whiskey's  
getting low,  
And I hardly think we'll get a drink till  
we get to Buffalo,  
Till we get to Buffalo!

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Hampson and Carla Maria Verdino-Süllwold



## Meet the Artists

Distinguished American baritone **Thomas Hampson** enjoys an international career in opera, concert, recital, recording, teaching, and musical research. Active on the world's most prestigious operatic and concert stages and soloist of choice for prominent conductors, the 38-year-old native of Spokane, Washington performs a broad spectrum of operatic roles and song literature.

As one of today's most widely recorded artists in repertoire ranging from Bach to Mahler, from Schubert to Steven Foster, and from Mozart to Cole Porter, Mr. Hampson has garnered an array of international music prizes.

Pianist **Craig Rutenberg** studied with Pierre Bernac and Geoffrey Parsons before working at the San Francisco Opera, Glyndebourne Festival Opera, Festival d'Aix-en-Provence, and l'Opéra-Comique de Paris. He has been accompanist for Erie

Mills, Sumi Jo, Olaf Bär, Harolyn Blackwell, Suzanne Mentzer, Stanford Olsen, and Régine Crespin, and has often worked with his partner on this recording. Mr. Rutenberg can be heard on fortepiano on the Deutsche Grammophon recording of *Le nozze di Figaro*, featuring Thomas Hampson as the Count, with James Levine conducting.

Craig Rutenberg has served as head of the music staff of the Metropolitan Opera and currently is on the faculty of Yale University as associate professor of music. He regularly gives master classes at the Chautauqua Institute, the Santa Fe Opera, the Wolf Trap Opera, and l'Ecole d'Art Lyrique de la Bastille, Paris.

Mr. Rutenberg has been accompanying Mr. Hampson on his fall 1993 U.S. concert tour that takes the two artists to St. Paul, Ann Arbor, Kansas City, Omaha, Toronto, and New York.

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