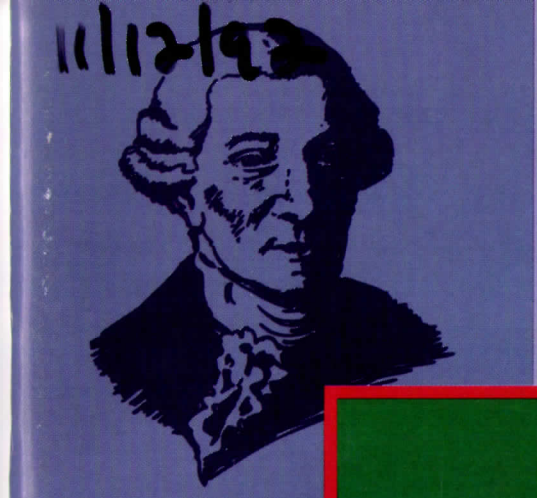

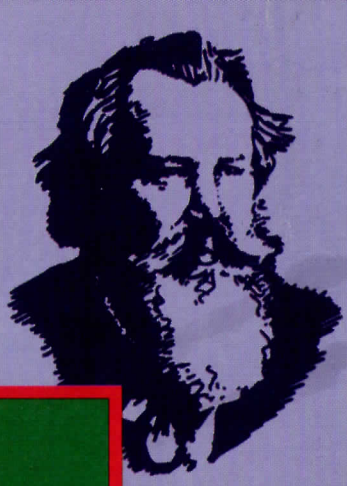

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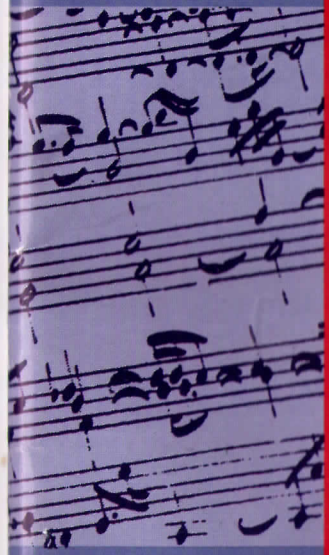

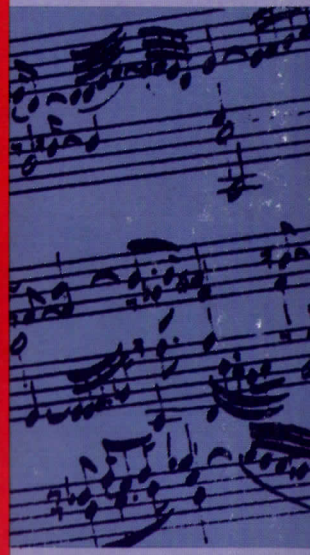

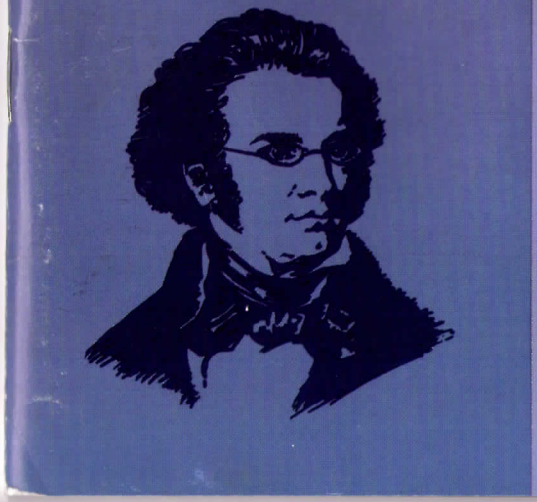

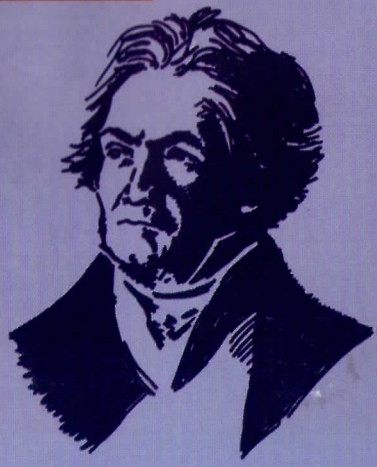

Walter Pierce, *Executive Director*

The BANK OF BOSTON
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Thursday, November 12, 1992, 8:00 p.m.

Jordan Hall
New England Conservatory of Music

THOMAS HAMPSON, *Baritone*

CRAIG RUTENBERG, *Piano*

20 LIEDER UND GESÄNGE AUS DEM LYRISCHEN INTERMEZZO IM BUCH DER LIEDER FÜR EINE SINGSTIMME UND DAS PIANOFORTE/ GEDICHTE VON HEINRICH HEINE

Schumann
(1810-1856)

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai
Aus meinen Tränen spriessen
Die Rose, die Lilie
Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'
Dein Angesicht
Lehn' deine Wang'
Ich will meine Seele tauchen
Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome
Ich grolle nicht
Und wüssten's die Blumen

Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen
Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen
Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen
Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen
Es leuchtet meine Liebe
Mein Wagen rollet langsam
Ich hab' im Traum geweinet
Allnächtlich im Traume
Aus alten Märchen
Die alten, bösen Lieder

North American premiere of the complete Schumann cycle as contained in the *Deutsche Staatsbibliotek Berlin* manuscript by the composer, written in 1840 and designated by him as Opus 29. Songs numbered 5, 6, 15,and 16 were deleted before the subsequent publishing in 1844 of the work now known as the *Dichterliebe*, Opus 48. Mr. Hampson performed the world premiere of this version on October 14, 1992, in Geneva.

INTERMISSION

Songs for the Centennial of Walt Whitman (1819-1892)

Joy, Shipmate, Joy!
A Clear Midnight — **Vaughan Williams** *(1872-1958)*

Memories of Lincoln — **Neidlinger** *(1863-1924)*

Look Down Fair Moon — **Rorem** *(b. 1923)*

To What You Said — **Bernstein** *(1918-1990)*

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

COLUMBIA ARTISTS MANAGEMENT, Inc.
Personal Direction: KEN BENSON
Associate: Karen Ashley
165 West 57th Street, New York, NY 10019

Angel/EMI, Teldec, Deutsche Grammophon, & Philips Records

Heinrich Heine Texts

I.

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,
Als alle Knospen sprangen,
Da ist in meinem Herzen
Die Liebe aufgegangen.

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,
Als alle Vögel sangen,
Da hab ich ihr gestanden
Mein Sehnen und Verlangen.

In the lovely month of May,
When all the buds burst into bloom,
Then in my heart as well
Did love unfurl.

In the lovely month of May,
When all the birds were singing,
Then did I to her confess
My longing and desire.

II.

Aus meinen Tränen spriessen
Viel blühende Blumen hervor,
Und meine Seufzer werden
Ein Nachtigallenchor.

Und wenn du mich lieb hast, Kindchen,
Schenk ich dir die Blumen all,
Und vor deinem Fenster soll klingen
Das Lied der Nachtigall.

From my tears will spring
Many a flower in bloom,
And my sighs will become
A choir of nightingales.

And if you love me, little one,
I will give you all the flowers,
And at your window play
The song of the nightingale.

III.

Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne,
Die liebt ich einst alle in Liebeswonne.
Ich lieb sie nicht mehr, ich liebe alleine
Die Kleine, die Feine, die Reine, die Eine;
Sie selber, aller Liebe Bronne,
Ist Rose und Lilie und Taube und Sonne.

The rose, the lily, the dove, and the sun;
I once loved them all with wondrous bliss.
I love them no longer. I love only
My own sweet, pure, little darling;
She herself is the fountain of all love,
She is rose, lily, dove, and sun.

IV.

Wenn ich in deine Augen seh',
So schwindet all mein Leid und Weh;
Doch wenn ich küsse deinen Mund,
So werd ich ganz und gar gesund.

Wenn ich mich lehn an deine Brust,
Kommt's über mich wie Himmelslust;
Doch wenn du sprichst: "Ich liebe dich!"
So muss ich weinen bitterlich.

When I look into your eyes,
All my pain and sorrow vanish;
When I kiss your lips,
I become whole and healthy.

When I lay myself on your breast,
Heavenly bliss envelops me;
But when you say: "I love you!"
Then I can only weep bitterly.

V.

Dein Angesicht, so lieb und schön,
Das hab'ich jüngst im Traum geseh'n;
Es ist so mild und engelgleich,
Und doch so bleich, und/so schmerzensreich/bleich.

Und nur die Lippen, die sind rot;
Bald aber küsst sie bleich der Tod;
Erlöschen wird das Himmelslicht,
Das aus den frommen Augen bricht.

Your face so beautiful and dear,
I saw last night in my dream;
It was so sweet and angelic,
And yet so pale, so deathly pale.

And only your lips are red;
But soon death will kiss them white;
And the heavenly light that streams from your dear eyes
Will be extinguished.

VI.

Lehn' deine Wang' an meine Wang',
Dann fliessen die Tränen zusammen,
Und an mein Herz drück' fest dein Herz,
Dann schlagen zusammen die Flammen.

Und wenn in die grosse Flamme fliesst
Der Strom von unseren Tränen,
Und wenn dich mein Arm gewaltig umschliesst,
Sterb ich vor Liebessehnen!

Lean your cheek on mine,
So our tears may flow together,
And press your heart against mine,
So that their flames may beat in time.

And when the flood of our tears
Flows into the great flame,
And when I clasp you in my arms,
Then shall I die of love's longing.

VII.

Ich will meine Seele tauchen
In den Kelch der Lilie hinein;
Die Lilie soll klingend hauchen
Ein Lied von der Liebsten mein.

Das Lied soll schauern und beben
Wie der Kuss von ihrem Mund
Den sie mir einst gegeben
In wunderbar süsser Stund'.

I want to plunge my soul
Into the cup of the lily;
The lily shall sound
A song of my beloved.

The lily shall shiver and tremble
Like the kiss from her lips
Which she once gave me
In a wonderfully sweet hour.

VIII.

Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome,
Da spiegelt sich in den Well'n,
Mit seinem grossen Dome
Das grosse, heilige Köln.

Im Dom da steht ein Bildnis,
Auf goldenem Leder gemalt;
In meines Lebens Wildnis
Hat's freundlich hineingestrahlt.

Es schweben Blumen und Eng'lein
Um unsre liebe Frau;
Die Augen, die Lippen, die Wänglein,
Die gleichen der Liebsten genau.

In the Rhine, in that holy river
Is mirrored in the waves,
With its towering cathedral
The holy city of Cologne.

In the cathedral there is a picture,
Painted on gold leather;
Into the wilderness of my life
It shone with friendly radiance.

Flowers and little angels float
Around our blessed Lady;
Her eyes, her lips, her cheeks,
Are like those of my beloved's.

IX.

Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das Herz auch bricht,
Ewig verlornes Lieb! ich grolle nicht.
Wie du auch strahlst in Diamantenpracht,
Es fällt kein Strahl in deines Herzens Nacht.

Dass weiss ich längst. Ich sah dich ja im Traume,
Und sah die Nacht in deines Herzens Raume,
Und sah die Schlang, die dir am Herzen frisst,
Ich sah, mein Lieb, wie sehr du elend bist.
Ich grolle nicht, ich grolle nicht.

I bear no grudge even if my heart does break,
Forever lost, o love! I bear no grudge.
Even though you shine in bediamonded splendour,
No ray illuminates the night in your heart.

I have long known this. I saw you in a dream,
And saw the night in the abyss of your heart,
And saw the snake that gnaws at your heart,
I saw, my love, how miserable you are.

X.

Und wüssten's die Blumen, die kleinen,
Wie tief verwundet mein Herz,
Sie würden mit mir weinen,
Zu heilen meinen Schmerz.

Und wüssten's die Nachtigallen,
Wie ich so traurig und krank,
Sie liessen fröhlich erschallen
Erquickenden Gesang.

Und wüssten sie mein Wehe,
Die goldenen Sternelein,
Sie kämen aus ihrer Höhe,
Und sprächen Trost mir ein.

Sie alle können's nicht wissen,
Nur eine kennt meinen Schmerz;
Sie hat ja selbst zerrissen,
Zerrissen mir das Herz.

If only the flowers knew,
How deeply wounded my heart is,
They would cry with me,
To heal my sorrow.

And if the nightingales knew,
How sad and sick I am,
They would gladly release a torrent
Of restorative sound.

And if they knew my pain,
The little golden stars,
Would come down from heaven,
To give me comfort.

But none of them can understand,
One alone knows my suffering;
It is she who has rent,
Rent my heart.

XI.

Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen,
Trompeten schmettern darein;
Da tanzt den Hochzeitreigen
Die Herzallerliebste mein.

Das ist ein Klingen und Dröhnen,
Ein Pauken und ein Schalmein;
Dazwischen schluchzen und stöhnen
Die guten Engelein.

There is the sound of piping flutes and fiddles,
Trumpets blaring shrilly;
My own dearly beloved is there
Dancing at her wedding feast.

There is a ringing and roaring,
The sound of a drum and the sound of shame;
I hear between the sobs and moans
Of the good little angels.

XII.

Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen,
Das einst die Liebste sang,
So will mir die Brust zerspringen
Von wildem Schmerzendrang.

Es treibt mich ein dunkles Sehnen
Hinauf zur Waldeshöh,
Dort löst sich auf in Tränen
Mein übergrosses Weh.

When I hear the little song,
That once my dearest sang,
Then my heart wants to burst
With a wild surge of pain.

A dark longing drives me
Out onto the forest peaks,
There I find relief in tears for
My overwhelming grief.

XIII.

Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen,
Die hat einen andern erwählt;
Der andre liebt eine andre;
Und hat sich mit dieser vermählt.

Das Mädchen nimmt aus Ärger
Den ersten, besten Mann,
Der ihr in den Weg gelaufen;
Der Jüngling ist übel dran.

Es ist eine alte Geschichte,
Doch bleibt sie immer neu;
Und wem sie just passieret,
Dem bricht das Herz entzwei.

A youth loves a maiden,
But she has chosen another;
He, in turn, loves another
And marries her.

The maiden in her anger
Marries the next best man
Who comes her way;
The youth takes it badly.

It is an old story,
Yet it remains ever new;
And to whomever it happens,
His heart is rent in two.

XIV.

Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen
Geh ich im Garten herum.
Es flüstern und sprechen die Blumen,
Ich aber wandle stumm.

Es flüstern und sprechen die Blumen,
Und schaun mitleidig mich an;
"Sei unserer Schwester nicht böse,
Du trauriger, blasser Mann!"

On a bright summer morning
I walk in the garden.
The flowers whisper and speak,
But I wander silently.

The flowers whisper and chatter,
And look at me with pity;
"Do not be angry with our sister,
You sad, pale man!"

XV.

Es leuchtet meine Liebe
In ihrer dunkeln Pracht,
Wie'n Märchen, traurig und trübe,
Erzählt in der Sommernacht.

Im Zaubergarten wallen
Zwei Buhlen stumm und allein,
Es singen die Nachtigallen,
Es flimmert der Mondenschein.

Die Jungfrau steht still wie ein Bildnis,
Der Ritter vor ihr kniet.
Da kommt der Riese der Wildnis,
Die bange Jungfrau flieht.

My love shines
In its dark power,
Like a fairytale–sad and gloomy,
Told on a summer's evening.

In a magic garden
Wander two lovers silent and alone,
The nightingales sing,
The moonlight flickers.

The maiden stands still as a painting.
The knight kneels before her.
Then comes a giant out of the wilderness,
The terrified maiden flees.

Please turn the page pianissimo.

Der Ritter sinkt blutend zur Erde,
Es stolpert der Riese nach Haus,
Wenn ich begraben werde,
Dann ist das Märchen aus.

The knight sinks bleeding to the ground,
The giant stomps off home.
When I am in the grave,
Only then will this fairy tale be done.

XVI.

Mein Wagen rollet langsam
Durch lustiges Waldesgrün,
Durch blumige Täler
Die zaubrisch in Sonnenglanze blühn.

Ich sitze und sinne und sinne und träume,
Und denk an die Liebste mein.
Da grüssen drei Schattengestalten kopfnickend
Zum Wagen, zum Wagen herein.

Sie hüpfen und schneiden Gesichter
So spöttisch und doch so scheu,
Und quirlen wie Nebel zusammen,
Und kichern und huschen vorbei.

My coach rolls slowly
Through the merry, jolly green woods,
Through the flowering vales
Which bloom magically in the sun's rays.

I sit and think and think and dream,
And muse on my beloved,
Then three specters with their heads bobbing
Greet me in my coach.

They frolic along making
Faces so mocking yet so timorous;
They whirl like mist together,
And titter and dance along.

XVII.

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet,
Mir träumte, du lägest im Grab.
Ich wachte auf, und die Träne
Floss noch von der Wange herab.

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet,
Mir träumt', du verliessest mich.
Ich wachte auf, und ich weinte
Noch lange bitterlich.

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet,
Mir träumte, du wärst mir noch gut.
Ich wachte auf, und noch immer
Strömt meine Tränenflut.

I wept in my dream,
I dreamt you lay in your grave.
I woke, and the tears
Still flowed from my cheeks.

I wept in my dream,
I dreamed you left me.
I woke and I cried
Bitterly for a long time.

I wept in my dream,
I dreamed you were still mine.
I woke and my tears
Continue to flow unceasingly.

XVIII.

Allnächtlich im Traume seh ich dich
Und sehe dich freundlich grüssen,
Und laut aufweinend stürz ich mich
Zu deinen süssen Füssen.

Du siehst mich an wehmütiglich,
Und schüttelst das blonde Köpfchen;
Aus deinen Augen schleichen sich
Die Perlentränentröpfchen.

Du sagst mir heimlich ein leises Wort,
Und gibst mir den Strauss von Cypressen.
Ich wache auf, und der Strauss ist fort.
Und's Wort hab ich vergessen.

Every night in my dreams I see you,
I see you giving me a friendly greeting,
And sobbing aloud, I throw myself
At your feet.

You look at me with pity,
And shake your little blond head;
From your eyes silently
Steal pearly little teardrops.

You secretly whisper a gentle word,
And give me a cypress wreathe.
I wake and the wreathe is gone
And I have forgotten your words.

XIX.

Aus alten Märchen winkt es
Hervor mit weisser Hand,
Da singt es, un da klingt es
Von einem Zauberland.

Wo bunte Blumen blühen,
Im goldnen Abendlicht,
Und lieblich duftend glühen
Mit bräutlichem Gesicht;

Une grüne Bäume singen
Uralte Melodein,
Die Lüfte heimlich klingen,
Und Vögel schmettern drein;

From the old fairytales
A white hand waves me on,
To the sounds and songs
Of a magic land;

Where colorful flowers grow,
In golden evening light,
And in lovely fragrance glow
With the radiant face of a bride;

And green trees sing
Their ageold melodies,
The breezes whisper secretively,
And the birds warble there;

Please turn the page pianissimo.

Und Nebelbilder steigen	And misty shapes rise
Wohl aus der Erd hervor,	From the earth,
Und tanzen luft' gen Reigen	And dance airy dances
Im wunderlichen Chor;	In a marvelous strange chorus;
Und blaue Funken brennen	And blue sparks flash
An jedem Blatt und Reis,	From every leaf and twig,
Und rote Lichter rennen	And red lights swirl
Im irren, wirren Kreis;	In a confused circle;
Und laute Quellen brechen	And noisy springs gush
Aus wildem Marmorstein,	From the wild marble rocks,
Und seltsam in den Bächen	And in the brooks strange
Strahlt fort der Widerschein.	Reflections flicker back and forth.
Ach, könnt ich dorthin kommen,	Ah, if I could go there,
Und dort mein Herz erfreun,	And let my heart rejoice,
Und aller Qual entnommen,	And there be relieved of all pain,
Und frei und selig sein!	And be free and happy!
Ach, jenes Lande der Wonne	Ah, that land of bliss,
Das seh ich oft im Traum;	I have often seen in dreams;
Doch kommt die Morgensonne,	But with the morning's sunrise,
Zerfliesst's wie eitel Schaum.	It vanishes like mist.

XX.

Die alten, bösen Lieder,	The wicked old songs,
Die Träume bös und arg,	The nasty grim dreams,
Die lasst uns jetzt begraben;	Let us now bury them;
Holt einen grossen Sarg.	Come, fetch a large coffin.
Hinein leg ich gar manches,	Therein shall I lay many a thing,
Doch sag ich noch nicht was;	But I will not yet say what;
Der Sarg muss sein noch grösser,	The coffin must be even larger,
Wie's Heidelberger Fass.	Than Heidelberg's huge vat.
Und holt eine Totenbahre	Bring me a bier
Und Bretter fest und dick;	And firm, thick planks;
Auch muss sie sein noch länger,	It must be even longer,
Als wie zu Mainz die Brück.	Than the bridge over the Mainz.
Und holt mir auch zwölf Riesen,	Then fetch me twelve giants,
Die müssen noch stärker sein	They must be stronger
Als wie der starke Christoph	Than the strong St. Christopher
Im Dom zu Köln am Rhein.	In the cathedral of Cologne on the Rhine.
Die sollen den Sarg forttragen	They must carry away the coffin
Und senken ins Meer hinab;	And sink it deep in the sea;
Denn solchem grossen Sarge	Because such a large casket
Gebührt ein grosses Grab.	Needs a deep grave.
Wisst ihr, warum der Sarg wohl	Do you know why the coffin
So gross und schwer mag sein?	Must be so big and heavy?
Ich senkt auch meine Liebe	Because I am also burying in it
Und meinen Schmerz hinein.	My love and pain.

Translated by Carla Maria Verdino-Süllwold

Walt Whitman Texts

I. Joy, Shipmate, Joy!
Joy, shipmate, joy!
(Pleas'd to my soul at death I cry),
Our life is closed, our life begins,
The long, long anchorage we leave,
The ship is clear at last, she leaps!
She swiftly courses from the shore,
Joy, shipmate, joy!

II. A Clear Midnight
This is thy hour O Soul, thy free flight into the wordless,
Away from books, away from art, the day erased, the lesson done,
Thee fully forth emerging, silent, gazing, pondering the themes thou lovest best,
Night, sleep, death, and the stars.

III. Memories of Lincoln
Beat! Beat! drums!–Blow, bugles blow!
Thro' the windows–thro' the doors–burst like a ruthless force,
Into the solemn church, and scatter the congregation,
Blow, bugles blow!–Beat! Beat! drums!
Are beds prepared for sleepers at night in houses?
No sleepers must sleep in the beds,
You bugles wilder blow!–Blow, bugles blow!

When lilacs last in the dooryard bloom'd,
And the great star early drooped in the western sky in the night,
I mourn'd, and yet shall mourn with ever-returning spring.
Ever-returning spring–trinity sure, trinity sure to me you bring.
Lilac blooming perennial and drooping star in the west,
And thoughts of him I love.

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weathered ev'ry rack, the prize we sought is won,
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

IV. Look Down Fair Moon
Look down fair moon and bathe this scene,
Pour softly down night's nimbus floods on faces ghastly, swollen, purple,
On the dead on their backs with arms toss'd wide,
Pour down your unstinted nimbus sacred moon.

V. To What You Said
To what you said, passionately clasping my hand, this is my answer:

Though you have strayed hither, for my sake, you can never belong to me, nor I to you,

Behold the customary loves and friendships–the cold guards,
I am that rough and simple person

I am he who kisses his comrade lightly on the lips at parting, and I am one who is kissed in return,

I introduce that new American salute

Behold love choked, correct, polite, always suspicious

Behold the received models of the parlors–What are they to me?

What to these young men that travel with me?

Program Notes

By Carla Maria Verdino-Süllwold

"Heine understood science fundamentally, and without this spirit *Leaves of Grass* would have lost, who can say how much?" confided the Good Gray Poet to his amanuensis, Horace Traubel, during one of their Camden conversations early in 1888. And again on May 5, he reprised his enthusiasm after a night of rereading his German predecessor: "Heine is good for almost any one of my moods." Indeed, according to Traubel, Walt Whitman in his waning years more frequently sought inspiration in the author of *Reisebilder* and *Das Buch der Lieder* than in any other poet.

The kinship of these two great voices, separated by decades and continents, spans, nevertheless, the entire spiritual history of the 19th century. Mythicizing his birth date to 1800, Heinrich Heine called himself "one of the first men of the new century," while Emerson dubbed Whitman's *Leaves of Grass* "the book of the age." Heine,

child of the French Revolution and prophet of a new era of Romanticism and social brotherhood, and Whitman, democracy's bard, champion of psychological, spiritual, and sexual liberation of the self–each carried the art and thought of their age into the ageless future, irrevocably altering not only the shape of modern poetry but also of modern ideals and aspirations. In one of those curious parallel ironies that dot literary history, the intersections of these two careers comes to rest on the fulcrum of 1855. One year before, the fifty-seven year-old, ailing Heine was forced to lay down his pen, and one year later he died, but in that intervening *annus mirabilis*, far away from Paris where the frail German master was breathing his last, a slim, green-tendriled volume of poems made its unheralded appearance in a modest self- published edition that did not even carry the author's name on the title page. "I celebrate myself and sing myself and what I assume, you shall assume," proudly proclaimed its poet, inviting his readers to share with him an epic journey that would lead them beyond the confines of the contemporary into the limitless realm of the mystic imagination.

"I sing," caroled Whitman over and over again in his verse, so intensely lyrical and innately musical. "Let my lieder be carried into the world on the wings of song," wrote Heine to a friend shortly after the first musical settings of his poems appeared. The wish was amply fulfilled for both poets. An estimated 5000 settings of Heine's poems by immortals like Schubert, Brahms, Mendelssohn, Franz, and, of course, Schumann (who set some forty- two himself) solidify his claim as one of the most potent musical inspirations of all time, just as the over 2000 compositions based on Whitman texts demonstrate the American bard's persuasive hold on musical imagination. Indeed, the impact of both Heine's and Whitman's work was so strong that it substantially altered the definitions of poetry–spoken and sung– for subsequent generations.

"With me the old school of lyrical poetry comes to an end; with me the modern German lyric begins," wrote Heine as he assembled his youthful writings into the 1827 collection of *Lieder*. Indeed, the economy of these early songs and ballads, (most notable among them the *Lyrisches Intermezzo* from which Schumann drew his cycle), the pregnant conciseness of image and line, the mix of poignant emotion and self-reflective irony grant these lyrics a striking sense of unadorned truth. It is the same ability to cut to the heart of an issue or an image, the skill at handling rapid mood shifts, the love of all-embracing contraries that link Heine's poetic method to Whitman's. If Whitman's plainspoken, breathless energy and rolling rhythms do not at first seem to have much to do with Heine's sharply etched, polished miniatures, closer reading reveals the same love of language, the same respect for creating a national voice, the same spirit of adventurousness that in Whitman takes to its ultimate conclusion the dissolution of conventional poetic line that began with the great German and English Romantics like Goethe and Wordsworth.

The affinities between the two bards, however, are not merely stylistic. Heine and Whitman are also kindred spirits in personal, political, and psychological vision. Each was a mythmaker, inclined not only to fashion the myth of the self–to shape autobiography into verse that transformed the mundane and particular into the representative and universal, but each was also deeply rooted in the folk tradition and mythology of his native land. Both men considered themselves the artistic descendants of Schiller, Klopstock, and Goethe, of whom Whitman once observed: "Really great poetry is the result of the national spirit," echoing Heine's paean to the spirit of German art: "German singers, sing and praise German liberty, so your song may possess our souls and urge us on to deeds." "Lay a sword on my bier for I have been a good soldier in the wars of human liberation," further posited Heine in composing his own epitaph. His words could just as easily have served as an encomium for Walt Whitman, who sought to forge a new language for his fledgling land, to become democracy's poet, the voice of the "Self en-masse." Like Heine, he used his pen to argue for social justice, to urge the equality and liberation of all men and women and to chant the hymn of the common working man. Also like his German antecedent, Whitman embraced the legacy of revolution–the destiny of self-determined change that would free man from the shackles of conventional social and moral thought. Both men were free thinkers in an age of propriety; both voiced longings with an eroticism that tested the contemporary boundaries of taste; both voiced passions–often possessive and demonic–with startling openness. While Heine sought to control these with an antidote of pregnant sarcasm, Whitman proved himself the true heir of William Blake's revolutionary proverbs, "Energy is eternal delight" and "Exuberance is beauty."

Both poets were immersed in the Romantic humanism of their century; both ascribed to a kind of transcendental pantheism. For Heine, God was "identical with the world...manifest in all life, but supremely in man. God is, therefore, the real hero of history." For Whitman, whose introduction to Heine was through the writings of Carlyle, it was a short leap of faith from Heine's philosophy to his own interpretation that "man is the hero of world history, and the poet is the symbol of that hero." In their verse both created a vision of the world in which nature reflected man's inner life, and imagination fashioned sensory experience into art. Both had recourse to dreams, to visions, to mystic flights of fancy that shattered the bonds of traditional reality and expanded the state of being into a never-ending quest for truth. Pilgrims like Werther, vagabond children, both Heine and Whitman saw themselves as guides inviting fellow travellers to join them on a voyage of discovery in which the song of the earth became the music of the self.

The thirty year-old Robert Schumann embarked on a similar voyage of self-examination in May and June of 1840, when he composed the twenty songs that came to be known in their altered published version of 1844 as the *Dichterliebe*. The cycle, as performed here according to the original intent of the composer, is the fruit of extensive research by Thomas Hampson and Renate Hilmar-Voit into the Berlin Staatsbibliotek manuscript of Schumann's opus, the correspondence between the composer and his publishers, and the historical and cultural connections between Heine and Schumann. Their findings cast the work in a gripping new light: a song cycle of such searing drama and intense soul searching as to be a fitting descendant of Schubert's *Die Schöne Müllerin*.

Of their joint discoveries Ms. Hilmar-Voit writes: "As it is faithfully quoted from Schumann's manuscript, the title for today's program, *Twenty Lieder and Songs from the Lyrischen Intermezzo of the Buch der Lieder for One Voice and Pianoforte*, must, at first, seem strange. However, this "premiere" does include all the well-known songs (16) which have become an integral part of the vocal repertory known as the *Dichterliebe*. So what other significant discoveries that do not contradict the composer's wishes could anyone expect to make? None, it would seem. But then, the singer performing today's program, in his customary spirit of inquiry, initiated an intensive and ongoing research project to examine the original sources and underlying ideas of Schumann's cycle–a project that has uncovered new perspectives on this seemingly well-known material.

Although the *Dichterliebe* is labeled op. 48 in Schumann's canon based on its publication date (C.F. Peters/Leipzig/1844/16 Lieder), the composition of the original cycle of twenty songs actually took place four years earlier in 1840 during the composer's famous "Year of Songs." It took Schumann no more and no less than eight days in May to complete his *Second Song Cycle after Heine*. On the first day of June, the fair copy manuscript was ready to print. Of the numerous other songs completed in 1840 and published in that or the following year are six cycles or groups (each issued by a different publisher), among them being *Liederkreis*, op. 24 (Heine), *Myrthen*, op. 25 (a wedding gift for Clara), and the twelve *Kerner Lieder*, op. 35. Five more groups including the *Eichendorff Liederkreis*, op. 39 and the *Frauenliebe*, op. 42 were issued by other publishers during the next two years. Therefore, it is no wonder that six further song groups from the "Year of Songs" would have to wait for publication–some as late as 1850. Most prominent among these delayed publications were the twenty Heine songs from May/June 1840, which Schumann had originally intended as op. 29.

In 1891 Clara Schumann declared herself decidedly opposed to the editing or performance of Robert Schumann's original manuscripts–an issue which affected her friendship with Brahms–and in so doing she perhaps created a "tradition" whose after-effects lingered on, inhibiting scholars or performers from undertaking an unbiased and constructive examination of Schumann's cycle of twenty songs. However, since the original manuscript, now in Berlin, included no reference to the elimination of the four songs nor any sign of the new title, it became evident to researchers that they would be obliged to search for other documents illuminating the work's subsequent publication history. Since correction lists or correction copies have not been preserved, the primary sources for such an inquiry became Schumann's financial records and correspondence. Astoundingly, however, more material than anyone ever suspected has recently come to light. The publisher's letters to Schumann in the University of Cracow Library have now been made available to researchers, but these foil expectations and peak curiosity because they do not include a single reference to changes made during publication–not one clue as to when, why, or who reduced the twenty lieder to sixteen or assigned the title of *Dichterliebe*. Rather, one finds that as late as 1846, two years after publication, Schumann in his diary refers to a "song cycle of twenty pieces" in connection with "inspired works." The title *Dichterliebe* appears in his handwriting in only two places: on the first page of his own copy of the first edition and in his comprehensive list of works–really more of publications, the *Projektenbuch* dating from circa 1851.

It is also worth noting that during the four years that his cycle awaited publication, Schumann changed the dedication of the work. In the 1840 manuscript the composer inscribed the lieder to his admired friend and mentor, Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy. However, the published *Dichterliebe* bears the name of Wilhelmine Schröder-Devrient (1804-1860), a courageous singing-actress and close friend of Clara Schumann. Until today, Schröder-Devrient may have been the only other person who could have sung some of the twenty songs in their pre-printed version, as an entry in Schumann's diary from November 29, 1842, leads us to conjecture: "Schröder-Devrient at my place. In the evening music at my place with a quartet for the first time." Nevertheless, despite the switch in dedicatees, Mendelssohn was in no way shortchanged; the three String Quartets, op. 41 were dedicated to him, and the continuity of his close friendship with the Schumann couple can be verified.

Since the cycle's composition numerous hypotheses about the literary and musical content of the songs have been advanced to justify Schumann's (?) decision to reduce the cycle to sixteen songs. Many have even assumed that since the work appeared in his lifetime, it had to represent the composer's ultimate wish. There is a fallacy in this reasoning, however, for if we are willing to accept the fact that at various times, for various reasons different settings of a work have been created, why not let these variants stand shoulder to shoulder as equals? Certainly in Schubert or

Bruckner research this has been the practice.

A glance at Schumann's biography between 1840-1844 is helpful in elucidating the compositional history of the songs. We know that in 1840, as he began this unbelievably prolific period of song writing, Schumann had just entered into his union with Clara Wieck–a relationship her violently opposed father had fought with every means at his disposal, ultimately serving an eighteen-day prison sentence for his attempted interference. In December 1844, however, while the lieder were being printed at Peters' publishing house, this very same Wieck offered a gesture of reconciliation to Robert Schumann, and as a result the married couple shared one Christmas holiday with Clara's father. Furthermore, it is known that Clara in her own interpretations of Robert Schumann's works did not hesitate to omit abruptly parts which seemed too personal such as *Estrella* or *Florestan* in ***Carneval.*** What does all this have to do with the *Dichterliebe*? The four excluded songs have generally been labeled as "too dark, too fairytale-like, too irrelevant to the dramatic thread, too potently pessimistic" for the cycle's basic thrust. In one of the excised songs, *Es leuchtet meine Liebe* (no.15), there appear a virgin, a knight, and a giant–a triangular constellation which hints at Schumann's premarital situation. Now, one could carry this analogy between his work and his life as far as personal taste and tact allow, but in doing so one should not forget that the text stems more from Heine than from Schumann autobiography.

In 1840 Schumann had just begun a series of melodic sketches for Heine's *Lyrisches Intermezzo*, and soon after he adopted a (not immediately final) selection and arrangement of the poems. The source of these texts was the composer's copy of the first edition (1827) of Heine's *Buch der Lieder*, in which the *Lyrisches Intermezzo* sequence consisted of sixty-six poems and a prologue that invokes a magic land of illusion and love, out of which the poet is suddenly hurled back into his lonely little room. Heine's entire cycle of poetry must be read from his self- ironic premise, as Schumann had, no doubt, done when he began composition. In an effort to translate Heine's verse with its encyclopedic array of Romantic metaphor into music, Schumann opted for a speech-like expression and relied on his own ironic transformation of Heine's texts to convey the poet's message. The musical settings are neither naive nor innocent any more than, as is often assumed, they are completely subjective. In his eighteenth year on the occasion of meeting the poet, the well-educated, literary Schumann commented very precisely not only on Heine's irony and sarcasm, but also on the poet's suffering and his personal kindness: "A bitter, ironic smile played on his lips, but it was a sublime smile at the trivialities of life and a scorn for petty men." At one point later in his correspondence he actually expressed his view on the issue of irony, writing in a poetic, Heine-like manner: "For a few moments of eternity, poetry has donned the mask of irony in order to conceal her visage of pain. Perhaps the friendly hand of a genius will one day unbind it; meanwhile tempestuous tears have transformed themselves into pearls." So there can be no doubt that the composer intellectually comprehended Heine's intent. But an examination of the twenty-song cycle reveals that he understood this ironic message musically as well.

One often reads about the instrumental tonal language of Schumann's piano accompaniments to his songs. In the four lieder being performed today for the first time in their original context, the impression of musico-poetic metaphor is stronger than ever. In fact, the vocal and instrumental dimensions of Schumann's songs give tangible expression to a double–even multiple–extension of the poet's own self. Let us examine only one of the many characteristic, but until now unnoticed details in *Mein Wagen rollet langsam* (no. 16). The singer's cadenzas in the verses "Und denk an die Liebste mein" and " kichern und huschen vorbei" are accompanied in parallel fashion on the piano with a staccato-like flourish. Then in the following song, *Ich hab' im Traum geweinet* (no. 17), this figure is again heard when the piano interjects its commentary between the singer's unaccompanied recitative in the first two verses. After the complementary "illusion" verse, this recurring staccato figure which originated in the previous song takes on an unmistakeably significant feeling of incantation. It is difficult to imagine words incarnating music or music elucidating the connotation of words better than this! Yet until now, because the four excluded lieder had only appeared in a special posthumous collection and because they were even assumed to be the late works of Schumann (nos. 5 & 15 are found in op. 127 as nos. 2 &3; nos. 6 & 16 in op. 142 as nos. 2 &4), this inter-relationship could not be understood.

The original cycle differs from the published version not only in title and number of songs, but also in some textual details. Moreover, numerous musical discrepancies elevate the 1840 setting to the status of an unique version, independent of the later published one, and these, of course, raise numerous issues about performance practice. Careful study of the manuscript has revealed and corrected some printing mistakes in the first edition and also in the four lieder published later–errors which had been consistently handed down and sung. Among these are details like *sie selber aller Liebe Bronne* instead of the incorrect *Wonne* (no. 3) and above all the *grüssen-hüpfen-huschen* of the three spectral figures in *Mein Wagen rollet langsam*, which appear in print as three *huschen.* In general, Schumann's text as found in the manuscript is closer to Heine's poetry than it appears in the printed 1844 version, and whenever the composer does make an alteration of the poem, it is judicious and specific. Furthermore, the manuscript's vocal part and, in some cases, the accompaniment–(as in nos. 13, 14, 19, & 20)–definitely do differ from the printed version's. On the whole, the original manuscript offers more details, more polished indicators of phrasing and dynamics than the published version. Among the pleasures of performing this first manuscript version is the fact that its limited number of high notes in the vocal line permit a baritone to sing the cycle in its original key–as we will be able to hear today! Then, too, every interpreter who has ever complained about the printed version's inadequacy in this respect, will be thankful for the many precise tempo markings and performance indicators to be found in the manuscript. Performing these details and changes helps illuminate some of the mysteries surrounding Schumann's intentions; however, there still exists no fully satisfying answer as to why these details were omitted from the published version. And interpreters need to be forewarned about attempting to transcribe the manuscript markings into the published score; the versions are too different to be combined in this manner!

Today's recital and this research should go a long way in freeing listeners from many of the hitherto prevailing false assumptions about Schumann's lieder, just as they should aid in understanding the composer's creative process and his relationship to Heine. However, it is important to state emphatically that this work and this performance are in no way attempts to advance a single, didactic interpretation or theory. Rather, this concert and this research are products of Thomas Hampson's spontaneous, initially intuitive inquiry into Schumann's intentions while composing the cycle. It is an inquiry that has resulted in shedding some dramatic new light on the original manuscript and related documents–one which has uncovered a host of performance options as yet unexplored. Such productive cooperation between artists and scholars–as already witnessed in the Mahler research which the singer has spearheaded–is a refreshing step forward in the history of song performance. Instead of an antagonistic polarization of "ivory tower" musicology and "sacred" performance traditions, collaboration on the part of both parties has succeeded in realizing the primary goal of all musical performance: to ascertain and embody the creative will of the composer. In the case of Schumann's Heine *Lieder*, whether or not the original version will establish itself in the repertory remains to be seen and is, of course, dependent on issuing a usable edition of the authentic notation from 1840. Such an edition is our fondest wish and intent." (RH-V)

The restoration of the four songs gives Schumann's cycle not only a wholly new musical significance, but also a deeper literary one. The metrical flow and rhyme progressions of the poems in this arrangement are clearer and smoother–(something Schumann's ear must have told him), and the cycle makes greater sense in terms of Heine's dream vision prologue. Though Schumann chose not to set this text, the image of the *belle dame sans merci* who turns from gentle love object into sorceress before the vision dispels must have been firmly fixed in his mind, for the composer's twenty poem cycle has all the hallmarks of an E.T.A. Hoffmann nightmare: a poet questing after an ideal and unattainable love, yearning in unrequited passion, tormented by fantasies both sexual and romantic, and ultimately after several grim hallucinations, waking to realize the vanity of his illusion. Reconstructed in its original sequence, the cycle has, as Ms. Hilmar points out, less to do with the Schumann- Clara relationship and more to do with Heine; it is far more of an attempt on the poet and composer's parts to come to grips with Romanticism's Janus-like vision of ideal love and its darker reverse: death, loss of identity, betrayal, and mutability.

The retention of all twenty poems makes the song cycle a poignant psychological journey which builds to three thematic/musical climaxes before resolving itself in a coda of transcendent reconciliation. The first comes with the nightmarish Rhine journey (no. 8), building to the bizarre sexual fantasy in Köln's cathedral and then subsiding into the quieter irony of *Ich grolle nicht*; the second central group (nos. 10-12) rushes through a series of accelerated mood shifts ranging from heartbreak to rage to a rationalized attempt to banish the love song from his memory; while the third group (nos. 13-19) flirts with a series of false fantasies including the weird fairy tale of *Es leuchtet meine Liebe* before crescendoing in the ghastly hallucination of the wagen journey (no. 16) and then moves through several healing progressions in which tears take on a baptismal connotation, as the cycle prepares for the final cleansing act when the poet casts away the debris that has littered his soul and undermined his imagination. In that potent, iconoclastic gesture of hurling into the sea the casket of old emotions and poems, Heine's text announces the poet's irrevocable break with the past; in the gradual luminescence that enters into Schumann's piano postlude, the musical themes of reconciliation and renewal proclaim the healing miracle of art, purified by nature and transfigured in the greater soul of world love.

"Poems bridging the way from Life to Death, vaguely wafted in the night air, uncaught, unwritten which let us go forth in the bold day and write," sang Walt Whitman in *Proud Music of the Storm*, struggling to articulate the poet's relationship to unseen mystical sources and his role as a conduit of the soul–a shaper of spirit into flesh, a fashioner of earthy images transfigured ultimately by the energy and elation of his verse into the ecstasy of mystical truth. As a poet Whitman blended science, rationalism, philosophy, and fantasy; as a visionary he stood abreast of the great mystics of the past–Blake, Swedenborg, Rumi, Lao Tsu; as a contemporary creature he shared the transcendental vision of Emerson, Bryant, Thoreau; as a prophet his words resonated into world literature with a spontaneity and tenacity that make him one of the most monumental cultural influences of all time. Baudelaire, Verlaine,

La Forgue, Mallarmé, Claudel, Apollinaire, Schwob, Rilke, and Werfel were among the bard's direct "disciples;" Lawrence, Woolf, Eliot, Joyce, Pound, and Beckett are only a few of those who stand decidedly in his debt, as do countless other writers from every corner of the globe. Born on May 31, 1819, on Long Island to a large farm family of Dutch- English Quaker heritage, Walter Whitman spent much of his childhood and early adulthood in Brooklyn, where he worked as a printer and editor of various dailies, among them the *Brooklyn Eagle*, for which he wrote hard news, fiction, poetry, editorials, and arts criticism. A familiar face at the printshops, pubs, baths, theatres, and docks of his beloved Manahatta, the lanky, rough-hewn, workman-garbed Walt (as he later styled himself) spent his twenties and thirties as a professional observer–"leaning and loafing at ease"–honing his literary voice, crafting his image, and nurturing his poetic gift. When a small, virtually anonymous volume of verse appeared on July 4, 1855, bearing the poet's image on the frontispiece and burying his name in the small print of the copyright notice, few took immediate notice. But by the following year when the second volume of *Leaves of Grass* appeared in an enlarged 400-page version carrying a complimentary advertisement by none other than Emerson, literary America began to pay attention. *Leaves of Grass*, which began its existence in a self- published, self-promoted edition–(Whitman anonymously penned his own reviews and publicity and hawked the book through subscription), seemed a phenomenon as organic as its central metaphor: a collection of poems which grew with the poet's own experiences, blossoming into nine editions, each containing new material that traced the poet's odyssey from journalist to Civil War nurse to government clerk to the solitary sage of Camden, who spent his last decades partially paralyzed but mentally alert, composing verse until the end, actively shepherding to publication new volumes of his works, presiding as a caretaker of his own legend, and ever seeking not only to come to terms with the mystic embrace of death, but also to celebrate, even in the waning light of life, an unquenchable thirst for love.

In 1992, the centennial of his death, the majestic cadences of Whitman's voice seem to sound with more authority than ever, his dynamics, rhythms, passionate rhetoric, and untrammeled freedom of thought capturing precisely the heartbeat of the human experience. As for Heine, poetry for Whitman was inseparable from song, and he not only strove to fashion a new linguistic syntax, but he also mandated a new music to meet it. "I say no land or people or circumstances ever existed so needing a race of singers and poems different from all others," he wrote in *A Backward Glance Over Traveled Roads*. So respectful was Whitman of song that he shared Schumann's view that music was "redemptive and poetry should be to the singer as a bride in the arms of her groom–happy, free, complete." The concern for the perfect synthesis of word and sound is evident not only in the musical properties of Whitman's own verse–in the color, assonance, alliteration, and image painting that lend themselves to aural incantation, but his works also reverberate with references to song. He hears "America singing;" he "sing[s] the body electric;" he titles his poems *Song of Myself, Song of Occupations, Songs of Parting, Drum Taps*. Throughout his travels he articulates his observations in musical terms: "choruses of workers, of Negroes" or of "the strong baritones of the longshoremen" all singing, for indeed, to Whitman song is a metaphor for self-expression, and the "bard is the holiest and first among singers." In this notion, he is uncannily like Heine, whose song-within-a-song, extreme sensibility to music heard and silent, and his pregnant affinity for instrumentation, solo, choral, and dance forms make of his verse a vast symphony of *singen und klingen*.

Interestingly enough, too, both Heine and Whitman possessed a thorough working knowledge of formal music. Heine's is demonstrated vividly in his criticism in *Letters from Paris*, while Whitman's journalism reveals the poet's progress from instinctive and untutored amateur to savvy reviewer. Beginning as a genuine naif whose early essay, *Art Song and Heart Singing*, took the world of classical music to task for its conventions, Whitman gradually evolved into a passionate proponent of opera, trained voices, and art music. From his press days at the Academy of Music and Castle Garden, Whitman fell in love with the melodies of Rossini, Bellini, and Donizetti and the voices of Grisi, Albioni, and Mario. As a septuagenarian he acknowledged that "I could never have written *Leaves of Grass* without the opera," and he argued passionately that "only a trained voice could express what is most beautiful." In light of the metrics of his own poetry, this "conversion" and his expanded listening horizons were hardly unexpected. What had actually deterred Whitman initially had not been the essential language of classical music, but rather the artificiality of some of its interpreters. He complained of Jenny Lind's artifices, and he argued in his critical prose that songs had to be what Schumann once called "true poetry encircled by a wreathe of music"– a fusion of text and music that heightened the aesthetic experience. "There is something in song that goes deeper, isn't there?" Whitman pleaded. Surely today's program answers in the affirmative, for from the hundreds of Whitman texts set to music in the last one hundred years by composers of diverse national origins and idiomatic bents, these few gems are, in the words of their interpreter, Thomas Hampson, "songs which jump off the page and which speak directly to the soul."

Ralph Vaughan Williams

Joy, Shipmate, Joy!/ A Clear Midnight

Whitman was a looming presence in the creative thought of Vaughan Williams. According to his widow Ursula, from 1903 onward the composer carried a copy of Whitman's poetry with him as a constant companion. In a sense the spiritual kinship of the two artists was predestined. The composer, who was born one year before Whitman, the victim of a stroke, was remanded to Camden, had naturally encountered the Good Gray Poet at university, but he had also found his interest awakened by his composition teacher, Charles Wood, who had previously set some Whitman texts. The prime motivating factor for the identification, however, was Vaughan Williams' serious inquiry into folk song which began in 1904. "A compositional style must be ultimately personal, but an individual is a member of a nation, and the greatest and most widely known artists have been the most strongly national–Bach, Shakespeare, Verdi, Reynolds, Whitman," the composer was later to explain, and again shortly before his death in a letter to Michael Kennedy, he went on to list Whitman together with Brahms and General Booth as three of the greatest men of his lifetime. In 1905 Vaughan Williams set his first Whitman texts from *Whispers of Heavenly Death* and began sketching his *Sea Symphony*, and the composer returned to Whitman as the inspiration for his 1936 *Dona Nobis Pacem*, in which (foreshadowing Britten) he interspersed Whitman poems with the text of the Latin Mass, and in 1945 with a setting of *When Lilacs Last* as an elegy for Bartók.

Three Songs by Walt Whitman of which *Joy, Shipmate, Joy* and *A Clear Midnight* are respectively the third and second, were written in 1925 and premiered by John Elwes in 1927. Vaughan Williams was attracted to these texts, taken from the poet's 1871 *Songs of Parting* and 1881 *From Noon to Starry Night* respectively, not only because of their unstructured meters which permitted the composer to free himself of a rigid piano accompaniment, but also because of the combination of veiled spirituality and earthy tangibility in the verse. The composer shared with the poet a love of nature and a Romantic agnosticism that make their merged voices especially compelling. In *Joy, Shipmate, Joy!*, his hymn to the liberating experience of death, Whitman ecstatically sings, "Our life is closed, our life begins." Reprising some of his favorite captain/ship/voyage imagery as metaphors for the final, ceaseless journey, the poet addresses his shipmate, the soul, in short, affirmative phrases. Vaughan Williams' setting captures the positive authority of Whitman's text with his choice of the *allegro pesante* tempo, with the ever rising vocal tessitura that culminates in upper register notes on the final two exclamations of "Joy," and finally in the piano postlude which concludes on a very determined *fff*.

"Away from books, away from art, the day erased," Whitman declares in *A Clear Midnight*, recalling Heine's words as he tosses the casket of his past experience and art into the Rhine. Once again the poet is chanting his familiar theme of nature as a teacher and guide on the voyage of discovery that embraces all experiences, even the midnight-clear hour of death upon which the traveler embarks into life. Vaughan Williams begins and ends his setting with *p* markings that encase a crescendo on the line "thee fully emerging" to dramatize the sense of spiritual release. The final notes of the vocal line on the words "night, sleep, death, and the stars" fade gently into a breathtakingly soft, sustained syllable that conveys the painless bliss of the passing.

William Neidlinger

Memories of Lincoln

Born and raised in Brooklyn where he worked as an organist until his 33rd year when he departed for London and Paris on a traditional *Bildungsreise* and then ultimately returned to Chicago and New Jersey to teach voice and compose secular and religious music, William Neidlinger was well acquainted with the Whitman legend and legacy. Comprised of portions of three poems from Whitman's cycle of the same name, Neidlinger's *Memories of Lincoln* is a cantata in miniature with powerfully contrasting sections that chronicle the composer and poet's shock and despair at the loss of Abraham Lincoln. "He has the face of a Hoosier Michelangelo," wrote Whitman, then working in Washington, D.C., of Lincoln. "He has shown an almost supernatural tact in keeping the ship afloat...with head steady..with proud resolute spirit. I say never captain had such a perplexing dangerous task." The crystallization of the ship imagery in this letter to his brother Tom no doubt recurred to Whitman in 1865 when, suffering the after shocks of the national assassination trauma, he composed his four- poem sequence.

Neidlinger's expansive, Romantic idiom is well suited to the heroic and elevated sentiments of the texts, while his proficiency as an organist can be heard in the majestic vocal and piano lines and in the combination of solemnity and impassioned drama which shape the song. *Beat Drums, Beat* begins with an eerie hush in both the voice and ominous martial bass ostinato of the accompaniment, then rises to a hammering heartbeat of sound that suggests the cacophony of brass and percussion. The emotional explosiveness of the first section modulates into the slower tempo and soothing legato of *When Lilacs Last*, which finishes in a moment of reverential silence before launching into the culminating poem of this extended elegy: *O Captain, My Captain* – ironically the poet's most popular and, in its strophic form, his least representative work. Annoyed by repeated requests to recite it or anthologize it separately from the rest of the opus, Whitman once exploded, saying he wished he had never written the poem. Nonetheless, the haunting melancholy and cold brutality of the images make a poignant requiem for the President whom Whitman idolized.

Ned Rorem

Look Down Fair Moon

"The real war will never get in the books," Whitman lamented in his autobiography, *Specimen Days*, reacting to the trauma of his expe-

riences as a nurse in the field hospitals outside Washington, D.C. during the Civil War. "The whole land North and South is one vast hospital," the poet wrote to his family. Though a staunch Union supporter and brother of a Union soldier, Whitman with his Quaker ancestry and natural humanitarianism could not help but decry the carnage: "Think how much and of importance will be–has already been – buried in the grave," he protested early in the conflict. The war years drained the poet emotionally and cast a pall over his last decades. His health lost through the exertions of his nursing, much of the poet's own vigor and emotional life lay buried with the war dead, and Whitman carried the scars with him to his grave.

In this poem, taken from the 1865 *Drum Taps* collection, the poet invokes the horrifyingly pale lunar body to rain down its light as a spectral requiem for the battle slaughtered. The nimbus which illuminates faces ghastly purple reminds once again of the terrifying *bleich*ness of *Dein Angesicht*, but unlike Heine who does not altogether dispel the nightmare, Whitman's verse and its musical setting slowly transform strife into gentle reconciliation.

When in 1957 at Hyères, Ned Rorem selected this and several other provocative Whitman texts to set, he was living the life of an expatriate, deeply immersed in the cultural milieu of France and associated with the capital city's foremost artists like Honegger, Poulenc, Boulanger, and Cocteau. While his diaries of the period record his fascination with the European avant garde, it is interesting to note that the creative inspirations for many of his songs then and later frequently harked back to his American roots. Again and again in the fifties and sixties at the height of the American social and sexual revolutions, Rorem mined Whitman's verse for forward-thinking, sympathetic song texts, and he has continued to return to the poet especially in times of personal and historical crisis as in his 1969 *War Scenes* dedicated to the dead in Vietnam on both sides or his 1982 *Calamus* settings, rendered more poignant by the incipient AIDS trauma. The luminescence of Rorem's hushed vocal line in *Look Down Fair Moon* is offset sharply by the elegiac *lento* tempo with which the song begins. As the piano advances solemnly in a grim march, the voice crescendos on the images of the swollen limbed, purple faces limned in pale moonlight before diminishing into a reverential tone that foretells the conciliatory powers of nature.

Leonard Bernstein

To What You Said

Throughout his career as a composer, conductor, and teacher, Bernstein sought not only to serve as an exponent and champion of the late Romantic composers but also to incorporate into his own work the emotional intensity and melodic-harmonic lessons of their legacy; at the same time he strove to create, especially in his vocal and theatrical music, an uniquely American idiom–to absorb from the democratic melting pot an eclecticism that he could then transform into a truly personal voice. In this he was very like Walt Whitman, who, unfettered by categories, labels, or conventions in his poetry, did not fear to combine with breathtaking audacity an astonishing array of thematic and stylistic contrasts. Drawn to the exquisitely humble, touchingly exposed honesty of Whitman's love lyrics, Bernstein chose an unpublished poem found among the bard's posthumous papers to include in *Songfest*, composed for the American Bicentennial and premiered at the Kennedy Center in 1977. The twelve- song cycle composed to texts by Americans takes LB's familiar humanistic and politically liberal perspective on the themes of love, marriage, personal aspiration, and social justice in the multi-cultural framework of America's melting pot. In its original incarnation the purposefully and exuberantly eclectic score called for six singers and an orchestra of traditional and electronic instruments, while the subsequent version was arranged in the more intimate piano-vocal format.

To What You Said is one of those rare poems which Whitman, himself, considered too private for publication. Though the manuscript is undated, it is clearly a product of his Camden years and is very likely addressed to Anne Gilchrist, the plucky, intelligent, literary Englishwoman and widow of Blake's biographer who fell in love with the poet via his poems, published the first feminist defense of his writings, and followed him to Philadelphia in 1876 in the hopes of marrying him. Whitman gently fended off her romantic advances; he cherished her friendship long after her return to England, and following her death he remained close to her son Herbert. That Whitman never sent the poem or circulated it speaks for the confessional nature of its contents, whispered with such delicacy yet uncompromising truthfulness: "I am he who kisses his comrade lightly on the lips and am one who is kissed in return." The song opens with a bold introduction that modulates into a sweeter, softer deployment of the strings, which serve as an apt accompaniment to the poet's gentle explanation of his sexual preference and his affirmation of the beauty and nobility inherent in this mode of love. The C major prelude transforms itself into F# dissonance to signal the startling revelation, while the ostinato on low C maintains a confident sense of equilibrium before resolving itself into the final transcendent *ppp* cadence.

To What You Said offers one of those quintessential moments in contemporary song: a collaboration of America's foremost poet with one of her late, great musical souls. In a voice wrenched from the heart, in a language daring to speak the unspeakable, in an idiom derived from the groundbreaking voices of the past – from Heine, from Schumann, and from 19th century Romanticism – but transformed through its transatlantic voyage into a particularly American brand of self-affirmation, Walt Whitman and Leonard Bernstein invite the listener to embark on a psychological, spiritual, and ultimately universal voyage in which matter is transformed into fleshy spirit, experience into art, and stasis into flux. "If you want me again, look for me under your boot soles," writes Whitman at the end of *Song of Myself*. "Failing to fetch me at first keep encouraged/Missing me one place search another/ I stop somewhere waiting for you."

And so the Bard beckons. In the last one hundred years composers and singers have responded in such generous measure that Walt Whitman, like Heinrich Heine before him, would, no doubt, be pleased at the tenaciousness of his roots and the prolific offshoots of his inspiration. With that inimitable voice of ego and humility, with the lèse-majesté of the democratic poet, Whitman paid his own tribute to the music in his head and his heart and ultimately his pen:

Composers! Mighty maestros!
And you, sweet singers of old lands, soprani,
tenori, bassi!
To you a new bard is caroling in the West,
Obeisant sends his love.

Thomas Hampson

Internationally acclaimed baritone Thomas Hampson divides his time among the worlds of opera, concert, lieder, and recording, while maintaining an active interest in teaching and musical research.

The thirty-seven year-old singer, who hails from Spokane, Washington, studied with Sr. Marietta Coyle, Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Martial Singher and Horst Günther before making his operatic debut in Düsseldorf in 1981 and then moving on to Zurich, where he participated in the Harnoncourt/Jean-Pierre Ponnelle Mozart cycle, performing the title role in *Don Giovanni* and the Count in *Le Nozze di Figaro*. In addition to these signature parts which Mr. Hampson has sung in places such as Salzburg, Munich, Florence, and New York, the baritone's opera repertory on stage and on disc includes Guglielmo and Don Alfonso in *Cosi Fan Tutte*, Figaro in *Il Barbière di Siviglia*, Marcello in *La Bohème*, Valentin in *Faust*, Roland in Schubert's *Fierrabras*, the Dark Fiddler in Delius' *A Village Romeo and Juliet*, and the title roles in Monteverdi's *Il Ritorno di Ulisse in Patria*, Hans Werner Henze's *Der Prinz von Homburg*, and Britten's *Billy Budd*.

Mr. Hampson has appeared in concert as soloist under the baton of conductors such as Leonard Bernstein, James Levine, Nickolaus Harnoncourt, Sejii Ozawa, and Daniel Barenboim in a wide range of repertory from Monteverdi to Mahler that includes Mahler's *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen* and *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*, Mendelssohn's *Die Erste Walpurgis Nacht*, Orff's *Carmina Burana*, and Brahms' *German Requiem*. A committed song recitalist, the baritone has devoted special attention to the works of Mahler and Schumann, as well as to American composers such as Copland, Griffes, Ives, MacDowell, and Bernstein. His 1989 recital debut recording for Teldec, *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*, received four major international awards, and subsequent song recordings have focused on Schumann's *Kerner* and *Andersen Lieder*, Mahler's *Rückert Lieder* and *Kindertotenlieder*, Rossini and Meyerbeer songs, as well as Cole Porter and Stephen Foster melodies. Mr. Hampson is also featured in a series of important revival recordings of musicals such as *Annie Get Your Gun, Kiss Me Kate*, and the soon-to-be-released *On the Town*.

Besides giving master classes in London, Chicago and at Tanglewood this past year and pursuing research projects such as co-editing the new critical edition of Mahler songs (Universal 1993), re-examining Schumann's opus 29, or unearthing neglected gems of American song, the baritone has made appearances this season with the Chicago Symphony under Daniel Barenboim in the Brahms' *Requiem* and performed a series of song recitals in Paris, Milan, Geneva, Vienna, Bordeaux, Lisbon, Brussels, Boston, Baltimore, and Sarasota. He concludes 1992 by making his Carnegie Hall recital debut and singing the title role in the Met's *Eugen Onegin*.

Mr. Hampson's future engagements take him to Monte Carlo in January 1993 for performances and recording of Thomas' *Hamlet*, to Covent Garden in February for his debut in *Il Barbière di Siviglia*, to Zurich in May for his first Rodrigos in Verdi's *Don Carlo* and later in the fall for a reprise of the title role in *Der Prinz von Homburg*, and finally back to the Met late in 1993 for more Figaros and Chorebe in *Les Troyens*. A series of summer concerts, among them a *Liederabend* in Munich and a Vienna appearance under Michael Tilson Thomas in July, a fall recital tour , and a November visit to Paris to open the new concert hall at the Louvre also figure prominently on his agenda, as do recordings of German arias, Wagner-Liszt-Berlioz songs, and Léhar's *Merry Widow*.

Craig Rutenberg

Pianist Craig Rutenberg has worked at the San Francisco Opera, Houston Grand 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, Stanford Olsen, and Régine Crespin and has often worked with his partner of tonight. Mr. Rutenberg can be heard on fortepiano on the Deutsche Grammophon recording of *Le Nozze di Figaro*, featuring Thomas Hampson as the Count, James Levine conducting.

Craig Rutenberg is currently head of the music staff of the Metropolitan Opera, is on faculty of Yale University as Associate Professor of Music, and 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.