

3/9/95
THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA
WOLFGANG SAWALLISCH
MUSIC DIRECTOR

THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA CHAMBER MUSIC SERIES
BENEFIT CONCERT

Sunday, October 9, at 3 p.m.—Academy of Music Ballroom
1994-95 Season—10th Anniversary Season of Chamber Music Concerts

MENDELSSOHN String Quartet No. 2 in A minor, Op. 13

Adagio—Allegro vivace
Adagio non lento—poco più animato
Intermezzo: Allegretto con moto—
Allegro di molto
Presto—Adagio

Barbara Covatos, violin

Hirono Oka, violin

Choong-Jin Chang, viola (guest)

Robert Cafaro, cello

INTERMISSION

SCHUMANN

*20 Lieder und Gesänge aus dem
lyrischen Intermezzo [von Heine] im
Buch der Lieder für eine Singstimme
und das Pianoforte* (20 songs from the
"Lyric Intermezzo," from [Heine's] *Buch
der Lieder*, for solo voice and piano)—
Original 1840 version of the work later
called *Dichterliebe* (Poet's Love)

1. Im wunderschönen Monat Mai
2. Aus meinen Tränen spriessen
3. Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube
4. Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'
5. Dein Angesicht
6. Lehn' deine Wang'
7. Ich will meine Seele tauchen
8. Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome
9. Ich grolle nicht
10. Und wüssten's die Blumen
11. Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen
12. Hör ich das Liedchen klingen
13. Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen
14. Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen
15. Es leuchtet meine Liebe
16. Mein Wagen rollet langsam
17. Ich hab' im Traum geweinet
18. Allnächtlich im Traume
19. Aus alten Märchen
20. Die alten bösen Lieder

Thomas Hampson, baritone (guest)

Wolfgang Sawallisch, piano

ABOUT THE MUSIC

BY PAUL J. HOROLBY

"Tout finit par des chansons," declares Beaumarchais at the end of *Le Mariage de Figaro*, the play on which Mozart based his opera—"Everything ends in songs." Because our modern concert life is dominated by instrumental music, we tend to overlook the central role played by the song during the early Romantic period—for composers and music-lovers alike. Today's program presents two seminal works from the first half of the 19th century that manifest the pervasive influence of the *lied*, or German song. Mendelssohn's A-minor String Quartet, which he composed at age 18 under the influence of Beethoven's late quartets, employs a motif from one of Mendelssohn's own songs, and places it in various contexts in each movement to lend the piece a cyclical unity. Schumann's *20 Lieder und Gesänge*, the 1840 song cycle that was later published (in a different version) as the *Dichterliebe* in 1844, represents the pinnacle of the Romantic song "cycle," one of the most noble examples we have of poetry set to music—a heady and continuously developing musical depiction of Heinrich Heine's ironic view of love and loss.

Today we are privileged to hear not only a relatively rare performance of Mendelssohn's youthful quartet, but we also have the opportunity to hear Mr. Hampson and Maestro Sawallisch perform the still unpublished original version of Schumann's song cycle, which the artists will soon record for EMI Classics. Hampson's presentation of this cycle in Geneva in 1992 is believed to be the first performance of the 20-song version in modern times, and the current EMI recording will be the first time the set has been put to disc.

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy

Born: Hamburg, Feb. 3, 1809

Died: Leipzig, Nov. 4, 1847

String Quartet No. 2 in A minor, Op. 13

"Do you know the [late] quartets?" wrote Mendelssohn in 1828 to his friend Adolf Lindblad. "God! get to know them and think of me when you do!" After Beethoven's death in March 1827 the 18-year-old Mendelssohn had wasted little time in getting to know his idol's last string quartets, all five of which were published that year. If Mozart had been Mendelssohn's primary model during his early adolescence, these works of Beethoven ushered in a new period of seriousness in the young composer's work, the first fruits of which were the string quartets, Opp. 12 and 13. The latter of these, by far the more ponderous of the two, was composed between July and October 1827, during a period of rapid artistic growth and assimilation of new styles. For many listeners the piece bears striking resemblance to Beethoven's late style, particularly to that composer's own String Quartet in A minor, Op. 132—the long-breathed development of pregnant rhythmic motives, the free interpolation of imitative devices such as fugue and fugato, and the harmonic language, poised between Classic balance and Romantic chaos.

During the previous year or two Mendelssohn had begun to make a mark in Berlin, as a composer and pianist of extraordinary and precocious talents. With his Octet for strings of 1825 and the brilliant Overture to *A Midsummer Night's Dream* of 1826, he established himself as a composer of broad ability—or in Schumann's words, "the most finished artistic nature of our day, a master of all styles." As a pianist he was also an important north-German champion of Beethoven's keyboard

FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.

Op. 9.

N^o 1. Frage.

J.H. Voss.

Con moto.

Slugsstimme. *dim.* *dolce*

PIANOFORTE. *mf* *p* *dolce*

Ist es wahr? Ist es wahr? dass du stets dort in dem

dim.

Laubgang, an der Weinwand meiner harrst und den Mondschein und die Sternlein auch nach mir be-

dim.

cresc. *dolce*

fragst? Ist es wahr? Sprich! Was ich fühle, das hegreift nur, die es

cresc. *p*

dim. *pp*

mit, fühlt, und die treu mir e-wig, treu mir e-wig, e-wig bleibt.

p *cresc.* *pp*

Mendelssohn's 1827 song, the principal subject of which he used as a unifying device in the String Quartet, Op. 13.

works, frequently performing the "Emperor" Concerto in concert, and the late piano sonatas (such as Op. 106, the "Hammerklavier") in public. While the later 19th century sometimes criticized Mendelssohn as a composer of brilliance and facility but with insufficient "substance," in fact few musicians of the era grasped the ethereal spirituality of Beethoven's last works as intuitively and as profoundly as he did—and few works pay more delightful homage to the master from Bonn as does Mendelssohn's Op. 13.

The A-minor Quartet begins and ends in A major, with a songlike passage that quotes more or less directly the motto of a song Mendelssohn had composed earlier that year, "Frage." "Is it true?" the song asks,

"that you always wait for me there in the vineyard's leafy pathway, consulting the moon and the stars about me? Is it true? Tell me! The things I feel can only be understood by the one who feels the same—and by one who remains ever true."

The idea of building a quartet on a phrase so potent with meanings ("Ist es wahr?"—"Can it be," Mendelssohn could be asking, "that Beethoven is really dead?") was derived, perhaps, from Beethoven's F-major Quartet, Op. 135: "Muss es sein?" asks Beethoven, in a separate line of staff that has been inscribed at the top of that work's final movement. "Es muss sein!" resounds the composer's assertive response. (Must it be? It must be! This exchange reportedly stemmed from a disagreement between composer and publisher.) The finale of Beethoven's work is built from these simple motivic fragments.

Mendelssohn's piece shares other features with Beethoven's late works. The freely chromatic harmonic changes of Mendelssohn's Op. 13 recall, perhaps, the modal subject of Beethoven's "Heiliger Dankgesang" (from Op. 132—again, a "song" placed in an instrumental setting). After the slow introduction (*Adagio*), the first movement proper begins (*Allegro vivace*) with a dotted motif that immediately recalls—once again—the first movement of Op. 132. The *Adagio* second movement builds from a slow, stealthy fugue to a remarkably effective climax. The third movement (*Intermezzo: Allegretto con moto*) provides easy-going respite from the seriousness of the foregoing; the movement breaks into a bouncing, fugato "Trio." The *Presto* finale sets an operatic *recitative* effect (which, again, Beethoven had employed in his last works) against a tremolo in the accompaniment. The principal theme of this declamatory passage grows organically into the movement's real subject. The dashing *Presto* finale presses forward, as if in a race with Beethoven himself—pausing, finally, to reiterate the sentimental lines of the *lied*.

Mendelssohn provided Lindblad with the following performance instructions:

Play the introduction [*Adagio*] very gently and warmly, and in the first *Allegro* all four should improvise [*fantasieren*] and make quite a fuss; once you have paused after the first movement (which must end *fortissimo* and *con fuoco*), then you must immediately begin the *Adagio*. ... The *Adagio* is played in one continuous *crescendo* that lasts until the end; after the movement has "slid" into F major, the *Intermezzo* is played quite comfortably, the A-major section very quietly; in the last movement (*Presto*) one must let all fury break loose, right up to the "fantasy" and, finally, the gentle song.

Robert Schumann

Born in Zwickau, Saxony, June 8, 1810
Died in Eendenich (near Bonn), July 29, 1856

20 Lieder und Gesänge aus dem lyrischen Intermezzo im Buch der Lieder [von Heinrich Heine] für eine Singstimme und das Pianoforte

(20 Songs from the "Lyric Intermezzo," from [Heine's] *Buch der Lieder*, for solo voice and piano)

Complete Schumann cycle as contained in the composer's manuscript in the Deutsche Staatsbibliothek, written in 1840 and designated by him as Op. 29—later revised and published as the *Dichterliebe*, Op. 48

"The first conception is always the most natural and best," Schumann once said. But the composer was of two minds on this issue, for he was forever "tinkering" with pieces before their publication. Significantly, he would revise and revise—and then would often return, in the last version, to the original idea! This aspect of his character has special bearing on the work he originally called *20 Lieder und Gesänge*, for this song cycle exists in two versions: the original manuscript of 1840, designated Op. 29, and the published version, given the title *Dichterliebe* (Poet's Love) and designated Op. 48. (Other intermediate versions existed, but are lost.) The two extant versions contain substantial differences, most notably the omission of four songs for the published *Dichterliebe*. (The four were later published separately.) Despite these and many other variants between the two versions, until fairly recently the original set of *20 Lieder* has received little attention from the scholarly or the musical community.

Many aspects of this beloved song cycle, which Schumann composed in only nine days in the spring of 1840, remain shrouded in mystery. The original 20-song version is represented in Schumann's own manuscript, preserved in the Deutsche Staatsbibliothek in Berlin, bearing the title *20 Songs from [Heine's] Lyrical Intermezzo, from his Book of Songs, for solo voice and piano*. The 16-song version—published by the Leipzig firm of C.F. Peters in 1844—not only contains four fewer songs, it also reveals a number of other differences in the remaining 16, including variants of dynamics, tessitura, and individual pitches. Curiously, although logic would suggest the existence of corrected copies, no intervening versions have been found.

What is even more puzzling is this: for more than three years (from 1840 to late 1843) Schumann continually referred to the set as a "20-song cycle," and there is every indication that he initially intended to publish the work in the exact form of the Berlin manuscript. Then in late 1843 there was one substantial revision, resulting in the 16-song version that we know today—on which was placed the title *Poet's Love*. Under what real or imagined pressure did Schumann (if it was indeed him) so dramatically revise a work whose original version was obviously so dear to him? And perhaps more important, why did scholars neglect for so long this fascinating 1840 version that Mr. Hampson is now recording for the first time? (The music world has known of the Berlin manuscript for at least a century.)

The latter situation will soon be rectified: the musicologist Renate Hilmar-Voit and Mr. Hampson have prepared the original manuscript for a critical edition of the *20 Lieder*, to be issued in 1995 by Wiener Urtext/Universal Edition. And the EMI recording of it with Mr. Hampson and Maestro Sawallisch will soon allow us to hear the two versions side by side.

Until recently a tacit consensus (based largely on hearsay) that Schumann “improved” the 20-song set before he published it had led scholars away from actual examination of the original. Yet regardless of the origins of the changes effected for the 1844 published *Dichterliebe*, the fact that the composer himself valued the original version so highly is reason enough to reexamine it. The somewhat similar case of the composer’s D-minor Symphony (which we now know as the Fourth) might be brought to bear. Initially composed in 1841, the work was lain aside for 10 years and then revised in 1851 for publication, into the form in which we presently know it. Because Schumann and his wife, Clara, asserted the authority of the revision, the original was cast into the shadows. But no less an expert than Johannes Brahms, who was one of the Schumanns’ closest friends, continued to prefer the 1841 symphony throughout his life, and in 1891 he successfully lobbied for its publication. Recent recordings of the original D-minor Symphony reveal a self-contained beauty that the music world finds it would rather not be without. Suddenly we are aware that we need *both* versions.

But back to the issue at hand, the 20 *Lieder*. “Several days ago a Berlin publisher [Bote & Bock] spoke to me about my songs,” wrote Schumann to Clara in May 1840, speaking of his newly completed 20-song cycle, “but I do not like the idea of editing them so much.” Schumann was an inveterate reviser, and it often seems that the more time that passed from the initial composition of a work, the more it was likely to undergo changes. Nevertheless, repeated references to the “20-song cycle” between 1840 and 1843 suggest that the drastic cut of four songs was a last-minute decision. And although it has traditionally been assumed that this cut was made by Schumann or that it reflected his wishes, there remains the possibility that he could he have bowed to pressure, for example, from his publishers.

“I have just now completed a great song work,” he had written to a Berlin publisher in the summer of 1840, in a letter he sent with the 20-song manuscript. “I would be happy to see this entire group of songs, which has been conceived of as a whole, to appear in its entirety.” As late as August 1843 Schumann was offering, to the publisher Breitkopf & Härtel, “a cycle of 20 songs, which has been composed as a whole.” And in 1846 he still referred to the cycle thus, strongly suggesting that the original version maintained a primary significance for the composer until his last years.

Between the penning of the Breitkopf letter in August 1843 and December, then, four songs were cut from the 20, possibly under pressure. The traditional view has been that the omission of these was made to “tighten up” the structure of the Heine cycle, to eliminate songs that dealt less specifically with the composer’s “gloss” on Heine—namely, the loss and sorrow associated with love. This is seen (again, in the traditional view, which Mr. Hampson and Dr. Hilmar-Voit reject) as a reflection of biographical events: Schumann, who had not yet received the legal permission he needed to marry young Clara Wieck (whose father vehemently opposed the marriage), had decided to marry her without Herr Wieck’s permission. But secretly he feared that he might lose her altogether. Thus his focus on loss of love is seen as self-reflective—according to the traditional view.

Yet the same kind of argument can be reversed upon itself and used in favor of the full 20-song version, which in fact more completely and accurately depicts the aspect of Heine’s poetic art that drew Schumann to him in the first place: his biting irony. Hampson and Hilmar-Voit argue convincingly, in fact, that “an artist as well-read as Schumann would naturally have been drawn to a seminal work like

Heine’s *Buch der Lieder*; the poems are clearly an expression of Heine’s psychology, which Schumann set to music, rather than an expression of Schumann’s thought or trauma or biography.” Indeed, the composer set a number of Heine’s other poems to song; in fact he had owned and loved the poet’s *Lyrisches Intermezzo* for more than a decade when he used the set during his “year of song” (1840)—the brief, passionate period in which he composed some 130 songs. Thus “Dein Angesicht,” the first of the omitted songs, introduces the ironic self-pity later expressed in “Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen” and “Es leuchtet meine Liebe”: “When I am in the grave,” concludes the latter, “only then will this fairy tale be ended.” In addition, the motivic and textual interconnections of the songs make it apparent how easily one can upset the “thread” of the cycle: the brilliant (and omitted for the 1844 print) “Mein Wagen rollet langsam,” with its rolling carriage-sound in the piano part, contains striking musical anticipations in the following song, “Ich hab’ im Traum geweinet.” Not to mention the echo of the word “leuchten” between songs 14 and 15. Numerous other examples could be cited.

Furthermore, an examination of details of voice line and piano part reveals many changes that took place between the two versions. On the whole the high notes found throughout the *Dichterliebe* are absent from the 20 *Lieder*, making the 1840 version singable by a baritone. (The untransposed *Dichterliebe* is most often sung by tenors.) And piano parts such as that accompanying “Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen” are (intentionally) rougher and more prone toward dissonance. There remains little question of the integral beauty and validity of the 20 *Lieder*.

Heinrich Heine first published his *Buch der Lieder* in 1827, and Schumann acquired a copy of this first edition the following year. This anthology contained a previously published collection the poet called the *Lyric Intermezzo*: 66 lyrics and a Prologue from which Schumann selected the poems for the 20 *Lieder und Gesänge*. (Though Schumann did not set the Prologue to music, it has been translated below for the sake of coherence.) His 20 settings are mostly brief and tend toward strophic settings, but with a great variety of vocal and musical settings and textures. At times the piano part takes utmost prominence (as in Nos. 6, 11, 14, 19, and 20), and the voice seems “added on”; in other songs the voice declaims almost alone (17). (It is worth pointing out that all of the songs except for “Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen” and “Aus alten Märchen,” Schumann wrote the vocal lines first, then added the piano part.)

The songs are joined not only by musical connections (the delicately tragic piano “postludes,” for example, to songs 14 and 20), but also by words and images: flowers, birds, tears, valleys, forests, fairy tales, the grave. The final song summarizes Schumann’s (and Heine’s) ironic pessimism, in a poem that describes a huge coffin to be sunk into the sea, filled not only with the “old evil songs,” but something that takes up even more “space.”

Do you know why the coffin
should be so large and heavy?
I have also sunk my love
and my pain in it.

With its odd mixture of grim irony and very real suffering, it forms an appropriately chilling close to the composer’s (and the poet’s) ironic/tragic cycle.

TEXTS

Schumann did not set the following poem—with which Heine introduces his "Lyric Intermezzo" collection—though an initial reading of it is important to an understanding of the song cycle in its original 20-song form.

Prolog

Es war mal ein Ritter trübselig
und stumm,
Mit hohlen, schneeweissen Wangen;

Er schwankte und schlenderte
schlotternd herum,
In dumpfen Träumen befangen.
Er war so hölzern, so täppisch, so links,
Die Blümlein und Mädlein, die
kicherten rings,
Wenn er stolpernd vorbeigegangen.

Oft sass er im finstersten Winkel zu Haus;

Er hatt sich vor Menschen verkrochen.

Da streckte er sehnend die Arme aus,
Doch hat er kein Wörtlein gesprochen.
Kam aber die Mitternachtstunde heran,
Ein seltsames Singen und Klingen
begann —
An die Türe da hört er es pochen.

Da kommt seine Liebste geschlichen
herein
Im rauschenden Wellenschaumkleide,
Sie blüht und glüht wie ein Röselein,
Ihr Schleier ist eitel Geschmeide.
Goldlocken umspielen die schlanke
Gestalt,
Die Äugelein grüssen mit süsser
Gewalt —
In die Arme sinken sich beide.

Der Ritter umschlingt sie mit
Liebesmacht,
Der Hölzerne steht jetzt in Feuer,
Der Blasse errötet, der Träumer
erwacht,
Der Blöde wird freier und freier.
Sie aber, sie hat ihn gar schalkhaft
geneckt,
Sie hat ihm ganz leise den Kopf bedeckt
Mit dem weissen, demantenen Schleier.

In einen kristallinen Wassserpalast
Ist plötzlich gezaubert der Ritter.
Er staunt, und die Augen erblinden
ihm fast

Prologue

There once was a knight, dejected
and mute,
with hollow, snow-white cheeks;

unsteadily he reeled and staggered
about,
immersed in gloomy dreams.
He was so stiff, clumsy, and awkward,
that the flowers and the girls giggled
all around him
as he stumbled clumsily past.

Often he would sit in the darkest
corner of the house;
having crept away from human
company.
Longingly he stretched out his arms,
but spoke not a single word.
Yet when the midnight hour drew near,
there began a curious singing and
ringing —
on the door below he heard a knock.

His beloved comes creeping in
dressed in rustling, sea-foam chiffon,
she blooms and glows like a little rose,
her veil is bejewelled.
Golden tresses fall about her slender
frame,
her little eyes greet him with sweet
force —
the two sink into each other's arms.

The knight embraces her with love's
power,
the wooden one is now all ablaze,
the pale one reddens, the dreamer
awakens,
the timid one becomes ever bolder.
But she, coquettishly teasing him,
has gently covered his head
with her white, diamond-studded veil.

In the crystalline water palace
the knight is suddenly bewitched.
His eyes are blinded by all the
brilliance and glitter

Vor alle dem Glanz und Geflitter.
Doch hält ihn die Nixe umarmet gar
traut,
Der Ritter ist Bräut'gam, die Nixe ist
Braut,
Ihre Jungfraun spielen die Zither.

Sie spielen und singen, und singen so
schön,
Und heben zum Tanze die Füsse;
Dem Ritter, dem wollen die Sinne vergehn,
Und fester umschliesst er die Süsse —

Da löschen auf einmal die Lichter aus,
Der Ritter sitzt wieder ganz einsam zu
Haus,
In dem düstern Poetenstübchen.

20 Lieder ...

1.
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.

2.
Aus meinen Tränen spriessen
Viel blühende Blumen hervor,
Und meine Seufzer werden
Ein Nachtigallenchor.

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

3.
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.
Ich liebe alleine
Die Kleine, die Feine, die Reine, die Eine.

as he stands in astonishment.
But the water-nymph embraces him
dearly,
the knight is the groom, the nymph
is bride,
their bride's maids play the zither.

They play and sing, beautifully
singing,
and raise their feet in a dance;
the knight wants to lose his senses,
grasping ever more tightly his sweet
one —
suddenly the lights go out,
the knight is again sitting at home
all alone,
in his gloomy poet's garret.

20 Songs ...

1.
In the wondrous month of May,
when buds were bursting open,
then it was that my heart
filled with love.

In the wondrous month of May,
when the birds were singing,
then it was that I confessed to her
my longing and desire.

2.
From my tears burst
many full-blown flowers,
and my sighs become
a nightingale chorus.

And if you love me, child,
I'll give you all the flowers,
and at your window shall sound
the song of the nightingale.

3.
Rose, lily, dove, sun —
all I once blissfully loved.
I love them no longer, now I love only
the one who is small, fine, pure, rare;
she, the fountain of all love,
is rose and lily and dove and sun.
I love only
the one who is small, fine, pure, rare.

4.
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,
Komm's über mich wie Himmelslust;
Doch wenn du sprichst: "Ich liebe dich!"
So muss ich weinen bitterlich.

5.
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 schemerzensriech.

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

Dein Angesicht so lieb und schön
Das hab' ich jüngst im Traum gesehn,
Es ist so mild und engelgleich,
Und doch so bleich, so schmerzenbleich

6.
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 unsern Tränen,
Und wenn dich mein Arm gewaltig
umschliesst,
Sterb' ich vor Liebesehnen!

7.
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'.

8.
Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome,
Da spiegelt sich in den Well'n,
Mit seinem grossen Dome
Das grosse, heilige Köln.

4.
When I look into your eyes,
all my pain and sorrow vanishes;
but when I kiss your lips,
then I am healed completely.

When I recline upon your breast,
heavenly bliss steals over me;
but when you say: "I love you!"
I must weep bitterly.

5.
Your face so sweet and fair
lately I saw in a dream;
so mild and angel-like,
yet so pale and full of pain.

And your lips, they alone are red;
but soon death will kiss them pale.
Out will go the heavenly light
that shines from your gentle eyes.

Your face so sweet and fair
lately I saw in a dream,
so mild and angel-like;
and yet so pale, so deathly pale.

6.
Rest your cheek on my cheek
together our tears will flow;
press firm to my heart your heart,
together the flames will leap!

And when into that great flame
the stream of our tears flows,
and when my arm powerfully
embraces you,
I shall die of love's longing!

7.
My soul will I bathe
in the lily's chalice;
the lily shall breathe
a song of my beloved.

The song shall tremble and quiver
like the kiss her lips
bestowed on me once,
in a sweet and lovely hour.

8.
In the Rhine, the Holy river,
mirrored in the waves,
with its great cathedral
is great holy Cologne.

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.

9.
Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das Herz
auch bricht,
Ewig verlorne Lieb! ich grolle nicht.

Wie du auch strahlst in Diamantenpracht,

Es fällt kein Strahl in deines Herzens
Nacht.

Dass weiss ich längst. Ich grolle nicht,

und wenn das Herz auch bricht.
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.

10.
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.

The cathedral has a picture,
painted on gilded leather;
into my life's widerness
it has cast friendly rays.

Flowers and angels float
about Our Lady dear;
no eyes, lips, cheeks
are the image of my beloved's.

9.
I bear no grudge, though my heart
is breaking,
loved one forever lost! I bear no
grudge.
However you may gleam in diamond
splendor,
no ray falls into the night of your
heart.

I've known that for long. I bear no
grudge,
though my heart is breaking.
For I saw you in my dream,
saw the night within your heart,
and saw the serpent gnawing at your
heart,
saw, my love, how pitiful you are.
I bear no grudge. I bear no grudge.

10.
If the little flowers knew
how deep my heart is hurt,
they would weep with me,
to heal my pain.

If the nightingales knew
how sad and sick I am,
joyously they'd sound
refreshing song.

And if they knew my grief,
the little golden stars
would come from the sky
and console me.

But none of them can know,
there is only one who knows my pain;
for it is she who broke
my heart, broke my heart in two.

11.
Das ist ein Flöten und Gelgen,
Trompeten schmettern darein;
Da tanzt den Hochzeitreigen
Die Herzallerliebste mein.

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

12.
Hör ich das Liedchen klingen,
Das einst die Liebste sang,
So will mir die Brust zerspringen
Von wildem Schmerzdrang.

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

13.
Ein Jünglich liebt ein Mädchen,
Die hat einen andern erwählt;
Der andere 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 über dran.

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

14.
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 schau'n mitleidig mich an;
"Sei unserer Schwester nicht böse,
Du trauriger, blasser Mann!"

15.
Es leuchtet meine Liebe
In ihrer dunkeln Pracht,
Wie'n Märchen, traurig und trübe,
Erzählt in der Sommernacht.

11.
What a fluting and fiddling
and a blaring of trumpets!
There, dancing her wedding dance
will be my dearest love.

What a clashing and clanging,
drumming and piping;
and sobbing and groaning
of the good little angels.

12.
When I hear the song
my love once sang,
my heart almost breaks
from the wild rush of pain.

Vague longing drives me
up to the high forest,
where my immense grief
dissolves in tears.

13.
A boy loves a girl,
she chooses another;
the other loves another
and he weds her.

The girl, out of spite,
takes the first man
to come her way;
the boy's badly hurt.

It is an old, old story,
remains though ever new,
and he to whom it's happened,
his heart is broken in half.

14.
On this bright summer morning
I walk in the garden.
Flowers whisper and speak,
but I walk silently.

The flowers whisper and speak,
and gaze at me in pity:
"Do not be angry with our sister,
you sad, pale man!"

15.
The gleam of my love
in its dark splendour
is like a tale, sad and gloomy,
told on a summer night.

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.

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

16.
Mein Wagen rollet langsam
Durch lustiges Waldes grün,
Durch blumige Täler
Die zaubrisch in Sonnenglanze blüh'n.

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.

17.
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.

In the magic garden wander
two lovers, silent, alone,
the nightingales are singing,
the moon is glittering.

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

Down the knight sinks, bleeding,
the ogre stumbles home;
and when I'm dead and buried,
this story will be done.

16.
Slowly my carriage rolls
through gay green woods,
through flowery valleys
blooming magically in the sun.

I sit and muse and dream
and think of my dear love;
three shadowy figures nod at me
through the carriage window.

They hop, they make faces,
so mocking yet timid,
they whirl together like mist
and flit by, chuckling.

17.
I wept in my dream,
I dreamed you lay in your grave.
I woke, and tears
still flowed down my cheek.

I wept in my dream,
I dreamed you were leaving me.
I woke, and wept on,
long and bitterly.

I wept in my dream,
I dreamed you loved me still.
I woke, and still
my tears stream down.

Please turn page quietly for continuation of text

18.
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 Perlentränenröpfchen.

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.

19.
Aus alten Märchen winkt es
Hervor mit weisser Hand,
Da singt es, und da klingt es
Von einem Zauberland.

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

Und grüne Bäume singen
Uralte Melodien,
Die Lüfte heimlich klingen,
Und Vögel schmetter'n drein;

Und Nebelbilder steigen
Wohl aus der Erd hervor,
Und tanzen luftgen Reigen
Im wunderlichen Chor;

Und blaue Funken brennen
An jedem Blatt und Reis,
Und rote Lichter rennen
Im irren, wirren Kreis;

Und laute Quellen brechen
Aus wildem Marmorstein,
Und seltsam in den Bächen
Strahlt fort der Widerschein.

Ach, könnt ich dorthin kommen,
Und dort mein Herz erfreun,
Und aller Qual entnommen,
Und frei und selig sein!

Ach! jenes Lande der Wonne
Das seh ich oft im Traum;
Doch kommt die Morgensonne,
Zerfliess't wie eitel Schaum.

18.
Nightly in my dream I see you,
see your friendly greeting,
and weeping loudly, hurl myself
at your sweet feet.

You look at me wistfully,
shaking your little fair head;
from your eyes steal
teardrops of pearl.

Secretly you whisper a soft word to
me,
and give me a bouquet of cypress.
I wake, the cypress is gone,
and the word is forgotten.

19.
A white hand beckons
from fairy tales of old,
there are songs, and sounds
of a magic land,

where gay flowers bloom
in golden evening light,
and, sweet-scented, glow
with bridelike faces.

(And green trees sing
old, old melodies,
stealthy breezes murmur,
and birds warble;

and misty shapes rise up
from the earth,
and dance airy dances
in a strange throng;

and blue sparks blaze
on every leaf and twig,
and red fires race
in mad, wild circles;

and loud springs burst
from living marble, and
strange in the brooks
the reflection shines.)

Oh, could I but go there,
gladden my heart there,
removed from all pain,
blissful and free.

Oh, that land of joy,
in dreams I see it often,
but, come morning sun,
it's gone like foam.

20.
Die alten, bösen Lieder,
Die Träume bö's und arg,
Die lasst uns jetzt begraben;
Holt einen grossen Sarg.

Hinein leg ich gar manches,
Doch sag ich noch nicht was;
Der Sarg muss sein noch grösser,
Wie's Heidelberger Fass.

Und holt eine Totenbahre
Und Bretter fest und dick;
Auch muss sie sein noch länger,
Als wie zu Mainz die Brück'.

Und holt mir auch zwölf Riesen,
Die müssen noch stärker sein
Als wie der starke Christoph
Im Dom zu Köln am Rhein.

Sie sollen den Sarg fortragen
Und senken ins Meer hinab;
Denn solchem grossen Sarge
Gebührt ein grosses Grab.

Wisst ihr, warum der Sarg wohl
So gross und schwer mag sein?
Ich senkt auch meine Liebe
Und melenen Schmerz hinein.

20.
The evil old songs,
the wicked and bad dreams,
let us now bury them—
fetch us a big coffin.

Much will I lay in it,
though what, I won't yet say;
the coffin must be even bigger
than the Vat of Heidelberg.

And fetch a bier
and planks firm and thick;
the bier must be longer
than the bridge at Mainz.

And twelve giants fetch me,
who shall be even stronger
than St. Christopher the Strong
in Cologne Cathedral on the Rhine.

They shall bear off the coffin,
and sink it in the sea;
for such a big coffin
belongs in a big grave.

Do you know why the coffin
should be so heavy and big?
I have also sunk my love,
and my pain in it.

Chamber Music Concerts Now on Sale

Tickets are now on sale for the first concert in the Philadelphia Orchestra's 10th Anniversary Chamber Music Series, to take place October 30, 1994, at 3:00 p.m. in the Academy of Music Ballroom. The program will feature Christoph Eschenbach on piano and members of the Philadelphia Orchestra. Unreserved seating, \$15. And for subscription information call 893-1955.

Paul Arnold, violin
Neil Courtney, bass
Pamela Fay, viola (guest)
Mark Gigliotti, bassoon
Barbara Govatos, violin
Robert Kesselman, bass
John Koen, cello

Michael Lipman, cello (guest)
Donald Montanaro, clarinet
Yayoi Numazawa, violin (guest)
Paul Roby, violin
Peter Smith, oboe
David Wetherill, horn

ROSSINI
DVORAK
BEETHOVEN

Sonata a quattro in B flat
String Quintet in G
Quintet, for piano and winds

THE PERFORMERS

ROBERT CAFARO joined the Orchestra in 1985, after playing with the Baltimore Symphony and at the Metropolitan Opera. A graduate of Juilliard, he won the Juilliard Cello Concerto Competition in 1979. His teachers have included William Stokking, Channing Robbins, and Lorne Munroe. He is a faculty member at Trenton State College and the New York State Music Camp and Institute at Hartwick College.

CHOONG-JIN CHANG, viola, made his solo debut with the Seoul Philharmonic Orchestra at the age of 11. Since then he has performed throughout the United States and Korea as soloist and recitalist. His extensive chamber music activities have included performances at Marlboro, Caramoor, Barge Music, and Tapei Theater. This past summer he collaborated with Eugene Istomin, Jaime Laredo, and Mstislav Rostropovich in a concert at Evian Festival. He has also recorded chamber pieces by Ned Rorem for New World Records. A graduate of the Curtis Institute, he studied with Joseph de Pasquale, Jascha Brodsky, and Margaret Pardee.

BARBARA GOVATOS is the founder and music director of the Academy Chamber Players. Born in Wilmington, she studied with Ivan Galamian at Juilliard and won first prize in the G. B. Dealey Competition. She has appeared as soloist with the Dallas and the Delaware symphony orchestras. Currently music director of the Wilmington Music Festival, she joined the Philadelphia Orchestra in 1982.

THOMAS HAMPSON, internationally acclaimed baritone, divides his time among the worlds of opera, concert, lieder, and recording, while maintaining an active interest in teaching and musical research. He made his operatic debut in Düsseldorf in 1981. His opera repertory on stage and on disc has included roles in Mozart's *Così fan tutte*, Rossini's *Il barbiere di Siviglia*, Puccini's *La Bohème*, Verdi's *Don Carlo*, Monteverdi's *Il ritorno di Ulisse in patria*, and Henze's *Der Prinz von Homburg*, among many others. A committed song recitalist, he has won recognition for his thoughtful researched and creatively constructed programs that explore the rich repertoire of song in a wide range of idiomatic styles, languages, and periods. His discs have received numerous awards, including five Grammy nominations, two Edison prizes, and the Grand Prix du disque. For the first half of 1995 his plans include his debut at the Lyric Opera of Chicago, performances of *Il RITORNO di Ulisse* in Cologne, and over 30 recitals and concerts throughout Europe and North America.

HIRONO OKA, born in Tokyo and a graduate of the Curtis Institute, is a member of the Orchestra's first violin section. She has performed as a guest artist with orchestras and ensembles in San Francisco, Washington, and Tokyo, and she has participated in the Marlboro Festival, Chamber Music West, and the Wilmington Music Festival.

WOLFGANG SAWALLISCH assumed the title of Music Director of the Philadelphia Orchestra in September 1993. Since making his debut with the Orchestra in 1966, he has conducted here frequently, also participating in the chamber music series and leading the Orchestra in recordings of several works for Angel/EMI. His first season with the Orchestra included widely acclaimed performances of works by Britten, Brahms, Wagner, and Stravinsky. Formerly Music Director and General Director of the Bavarian State Opera in his native Munich, he is one of the world's most sought-after conductors. He is also a notable pianist, having won first prize for duos, with Gerhard Seitz, at the Geneva International Competition in 1949. He performs as pianist in chamber music and songs; in this latter field he has recorded music with such colleagues as Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, Hermann Prey, Peter Schreier, Margaret Price, and the Munich Residenz Quintet. Maestro Sawallisch and Thomas Hampson will record the Schumann songs heard at today's concert, for EMI Classics.