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Monday

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Craig Rutenberg

PIANIST

GUSTAV MAHLER	Songs from <i>Des Knaben Wunderhorn</i> Der Schildwache Nachtlied Wer hat dies Liedlein erdacht? Das himmlische Leben
RICHARD WAGNER	Les deux grenadiers
FRANZ LISZT	La tombe et la rose Oh! quand je dors
JOHN DUKE	Richard Cory
VITTORIO GIANNINI	Tell Me, Oh, Blue, Blue Sky
SIDNEY HOMER	General William Booth Enters into Heaven
WALTER DAMROSCH	Danny Deever

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TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Der Schildwache Nachtlid

Ich kann und mag nicht
fröhlich sein!
Wenn alle Leute schlafen!
So muss ich wachen!
Ja, wachen!
Muss traurig sein!

Ach, Knabe, du musst
nicht traurig sein!
Will deiner warten
im Rosengarten!
Im grünen Klee!

Zum grünen Klee da
komm ich nicht!
Zum Waffengarten!
Voll Helleparten!
Bin ich gestellt!

Stehst du im Feld,
so helf' dir Gott!
An Gottes Segen
ist alles gelegen!
Wer's glauben tut!

Wer's glauben tut
ist weit davon!
Er ist ein König!
Er ist ein Kaiser!
Er führt den Krieg!
Halt! Wer da!
Rund!
Bleib' mir vom Leib!

Wer sang es hier?
Wer sang zur Stund'?
Verlorne Feldwacht
sang es um Mitternacht!
Mitternacht!
Feldwacht!

The Sentinel's Nightsong

I cannot and will not
be cheerful!
When everyone is asleep!
Then I must keep watch!
Yes, keep watch!
Must be sorrowful!

Ah, lad, you mustn't be
sad!
I'll wait for you
in the rose garden!
In the green clover!

To the green clover, there I
do not come!
To the weapon garden!
Full of halberds!
I am posted!

If you are on the battlefield,
may God help you!
On God's blessing
is everything dependent!
Who believes!

He who believes is
far away!
He's a king!
He's an emperor!
He wages war!
Halt! Who goes there?
Patrol!
Stand back!

Who sang there?
Who sang just now?
A solitary field sentinel
sang it at midnight!
Midnight!
Sentinel!

Wer hat dies Liedlein erdacht?!

Dort oben am Berg
in dem hohen Haus!
In dem Haus!
Da gucket ein fein's
lieb's Mädel heraus!
Es ist nicht dort
daheim!
Es ist des Wirt's sein
Töchterlein!
es wohnt auf grüner
Haide!
Mein Herzle is' wundt!
Komm', Schätzle, mach's
g'sund!
Dein schwarzbraune,
Äuglein,
die hab'n mich verwund't!
Dein rosiger Mund
macht Herzen gesund.
Macht Jugend verständig,
macht Tote lebendig,
macht Kranke gesund,
ja gesund.

Wer hat denn schon schöne
Liedlein erdacht?
Es haben's drei Gäns'
über's Wasser gebracht.
Zwei graue und eine
weisse!
Und wer das Liedlein
nicht singen kann,
dem wollen sie es
pfeifen!
Ja!

Das himmlische Leben

Wir geniessen die
himmlischen Freuden,
drum tun wir das Irdische
meiden.
Kein weltlich Getümmel
hört man nicht im Himmel!
Lebt Alles in sanfterer
Ruh.

Who Thought Up This Song?

Up there on the mountain,
in the high house!
In the house!
There peers out a fine,
dear maiden!
There is not her home!

She is the innkeeper's
daughter!
She dwells on the green heath!

My heart has a wound!
Come, sweetheart, make
it well!
Your dark brown little
eyes
have wounded me!
Your rosy mouth
makes hearts well.
It makes young people rational,
makes the dead alive,
makes the ill healthy,
yes, healthy.

Who then thought up this
pretty little song?
Three geese have brought
it over the water.
Two grey and one white!

And whoever cannot sing
the little song,
to him they'll
whistle it!
Yeah!

The Heavenly Life

We enjoy the heavenly
pleasures,
so we can dispense with
earthly things.
No worldly turmoil
is to be heard in heaven!
Everything lives in
gentlest repose.

Wir führen ein englisches
Leben,
sind dennoch ganz lustig
daneben,
wir tanzen und springen,
wir hüpfen und singen!
Sanct Peter im Himmel
sieht zu!

Johannes das Lämmlein
auslasset!
der Metzger Herodes
drauf passet!
Wir führen ein
gedultig's,
unschuldig's,
gedultig's,
ein liebliches Lämmlein
zu Tod!
Sanct Lucas den Ochsen
tut schlachten
ohn' einig's Bedenken
und Achten,
der Wein kost' kein
Heller
im himmlischen Keller!
Die Englein, die backen
das Brod!

Gut' Kräuter von
allerhand Arten,
die wachsen im
himmlischen Garten.
Gut' Spargel, Fisolen
und was wir nur wollen!
Ganze Schüssel voll sind
uns bereit!
Gut' Äpfel, gut' Birn und
gut' Trauben!
Die Gärtner, die alles
erlauben!
Willst Rehbock, willst
Hasen,
auf offener Strassen sie
laufen herbei!

We lead an angelic
life,
besides we are very
merry,
we dance and jump,
we skip and sing!
Saint Peter in heaven
looks on!

Saint John has let his
little lamb go!
Herod, the butcher,
looks out for it!
We lead a patient,

innocent, patient,

a lovable lamb to
its death!
Saint Luke slaughters
the ox
without giving it a thought
or mind,
wine costs not a penny

in heaven's cellars!
The angels bake
the bread!

Tasty herbs of every kind
grow in heaven's gardens.

Good asparagus, beans
and whatever we desire!
Whole dishfuls are ready
for us!
Good apples, good pears,
and good grapes!
The gardeners let you
have anything.
You want roebuck or
hare?
In the middle of the street
they come running by!

Sollt ein Fasttag etwa
dkommen
alle Fische gleich mit
Freuden angeschwommen!
Dort läuft schon
Sanct Peter
mit Netz und mit Köder
zum himmlischen Weiher
hinein!
Sanct Martha die Köchin
muss sein!

Kein Musik is ja nicht
auf Erden,
die unsrer verglichen
kann werden.
Elftausend Jungfrauen
zu tanzen sich trauen!
Sanct Ursula selbst
dazu lacht!
Kein musik ist ja
nicht auf Erden,
die unsrer verglichen
kann werden.
Cäcilia mit ihren
Verwandten
sind treffliche
Hofmusikanten!
Die englischen Stimmen
ermuntern die Sinnen.
Das Alles mit Freuden
erwacht.

After folk songs collected by Achim von Arnim & Clemens Brentano.
Translated by Thomas Hampson, copyright 1993.

Les Deux Grenadiers

Longtemps captifs chez
le Russe lointain,
Deux grénadiers
retournaient vers
la France;
Déjà leurs pieds touchent
le sol germain;
Mais on leur dit: "Pour
vous plus d'espérance!

Should a day of fasting
occur,
all fish joyfully arrive!

There hurries already
Saint Peter
with his net and bait,
to the heavenly fishpond!

Saint Martha must be
the cook!

No music on earth
can compare with ours.

Eleven thousand maidens
are bold enough to dance!
Even Saint Ursula herself
laughs to see it!
No music on earth

can compare with ours.

Cecilia with her
relatives
are the excellent court
musicians
The angelic voices
delight the senses,
so that everyone awakes
with pleasure!

The Two Grenadiers

Longtime captives in far-
off Russia,
Two grenadiers are returning
to their French homeland;

Just as their feet touch
the neighboring soil;
They hear:
"No hope for you!

L'Europe a triomphé,
vos braves ont vécu;
C'en est fait de la France
et de la grande armée,
En rendant son épée,
L'empereur est captif
et vaincu!"

Ils ont frémi; chacun
d'eux sent tomber
Des pleures brûlants sur
sa mâle figure;
"Je suis bien mal,"
dit l'un.
"Je vois couler des
flots de
sang de ma vieille
blessure..."

"Tout est fini," dit
l'autre.
"O, je voudrais mourir!"
Mais au pays mes fils
m'attendent,
Et leur mère, qui
mourrait de misère!

J'entends leur voix
plaintive;
il faut vivre et
souffrir!"
"Femmes, enfants, que
m'importe!
Mon coeur par un seul
voeu tient encore
à la terre!
Ils mendieront, s'ils
ont faim;
L'empereur, il est
captif, mon empereur!

O frère, écoute-moi...
je meurs!
Aux rives que j'aimais
Rends du moins mon cadavre,
cadavre, Et, du fer
de ta lance au
soldat de la France,

Europe has triumphed;
your brave have survived;
But hear what has happened
to France and her grand army,
In surrendering his sword,
The emperor is taken captive
and defeated!"

Each soldier let fall

Fiery tears on his manly
cheek;
"I am ill," said one.

"I see streams of blood
course from my old wound..."

"All is finished,"
said the other.
"I want to die!"
But at home my sons
await me,
And their mother who would
die of hunger!

I hear their plaintive
voices;
I must live and suffer!"

"Women, children!
what do they matter!
My heart is bound by a single
vow to my country!

Let them beg if they
are hungry;
The emperor is captive,
my emperor!

O, brother, hear me,
I am dying!

To that shore I love,
bring my body,
bring my body,
And with your French
soldier's steel

Creuse un funèbre lit
sous le soleil français!

Fixe à mon sein,
glacé par le trépas
La Croix d'Honneur
que mon sang a gagnée.
Dans le cercueil couche
moi l'arme au bras,
Mets sous ma main
la garde d'une épée;

De là, je prêterai
l'oreille au moind
du bruit,
Jusq'au jour où, tonnant
sur la terre ébranlée;
L'écho de la mêlée
M'appellera du fond de
l'éternelle nuit.

Peut-être bien qu'en ce
choc meurtrier,
Sous la mitraille
et les feux de la bombe,
Mon empereur poussera
son coursier
Vers le gazon qui
couvrira ma tombe.

Alors, je sortirai
du cercueil, tout armé;
Et sous les plis sacres
du drapeau tricolore,
J'irai défendre encore
la France,
Et l'empereur, l'empereur,
l'empereur bien aimé!"

German text by Heinrich Heine.
Translated into French by François-Adolphe Loeve-Veimar.

Carve me a grave under
the French sun.

Place on my
death-cold breast
The Cross of Honor
my blood has earned.
Lay me in my shroud
with my weapons,
Put in my hand
the sheath of my sword;

From the grave I shall
listen for the sound
of thunder,
For the day when
from the quaking earth;
I shall hear the echo of a battle
That will rouse me
from eternal night.

Perhaps then in this
mortal combat
Under fire and
besieged by bullets,
My emperor will
urge his steed
Onward to the turf
that covers my grave.

Then shall I rise
from my shroud, armed;
And draped in the sacred
folds of the Tricolor,
I will go once more
to defend France,
And the emperor, the emperor,
my beloved emperor!"

La Tombe et la Rose

La tombe dit à la rose:
"Des pleurs dont
l'aube t'arrose
Que fais-tu,
fleur des amours?"
La rose dit à la tombe:
"Que fais-tu de ce
qui tombe
Dans ton gouffre
ouvert toujours?"

Le rose dit:
"Tombeau sombre,
De ces pleurs
je fais dans l'ombre,
Un parfum d'ambre et
de miel."
La tombe dit:
"Fleur plaintive,
De chaque âme qui
m'arrive
Je fais un ange du ciel!"

Oh! quand je dors

Oh! quand je dors,
viens auprès de ma couche,
Comme à Pétrarque
apparaissait Laura,
Et qu'en passant, ton
haleine me touche...—
Soudain ma bouche
S'entr'ouvrira!

Sur mon front morne
où peut-être s'achève
Un songe noir
qui trop longtemps dura,
Que ton regard comme
un astre se lève...—
Soudain mon rêve
Rayonnera!

The Grave and the Rose

The grave said to the rose:
"With the tears
that dawn showers on you
What do you do,
flower of love?"
The rose said to the grave:
"What do you do
with what falls
Into your ever-open depths?"

The rose said:
"Somber grave, from these tears
In darkness
do I distill a perfume,
A perfume of amber
and honey."
The grave replied:
"Plaintive flower,
From every soul
that comes to me
I make an angel in heaven!"

Oh! when I sleep

Oh! when I sleep,
come near my couch,
As Laura
to Petrarch appeared,
And in passing,
let your breath touch me...—
Then suddenly my lips
Will part!

On my mournful brow
where perhaps
Some black thought
too long has tarried,
Let your gaze fall
like a star...—
And suddenly my dream
Will blaze forth!

Puis sur ma lèvre
où voltige une flamme,
Eclair d'amour
que Dieu même épura,
Pose un baiser et d'ange
deviens femme...—
Soudain mon âme
S'éveillera.

Text by Victor Hugo.

Richard Cory

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

And he was always quietly arrayed,
And he was always human when he talked;
But still he fluttered pulses when he said, "Good morning,"
And he glittered when he walked.

And he was rich, yes richer than a king,
And admirably schooled in every grace:
In fine, we thought that he was everything
To make us wish we were in his place.

So on we worked and waited for the light,
And went without the meat and cursed the bread;
And Richard Cory one calm summer night,
Went home and put a bullet through his head.

From *Three Poems* by Edwin Arlington Robinson.

Tell Me, Oh, Blue, Blue Sky

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

Then on my lips
where flickers a flame,
Bright with love
which God himself has purified,
Place a kiss and become
not angel but woman...—
Then at once my soul
Will awaken!

Tell me, oh, blue, blue sky,
Why did we part?
Tell me, oh, whispering wind,
Breathe on thy heart.

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

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

Text by Karl Flaster.

General William Booth Enters into Heaven

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

Walking lepers followed rank on rank,
Lurching bravos from the ditches dank
Drabs from the alleyways and drug fiends pale
Minds still passion-ridden, soul flowers frail:

Vermin-eaten saints with mouldy breath,
Unwashed legions with the ways of Death
(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)

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

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

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

Jesus came from the courthouse door,
Stretched his hands above the passing poor.
Booth saw not, but led his queer ones
Round and round the mighty courthouse square.
Yet! in an instant all that blear review
Marched on spotless, clad in raiment new.

The lame were straightened, withered limbs uncurled,
And blind eyes opened on a new sweet world.
Drabs and vixens in a flash made whole!
Gone was the weasel head, the snout, the jowel!
Sages and sibyls now, and athletes clean,
Rulers of empires and of forests green!
The hosts were sandal'd and their wings were fire!
(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)

But their noise play'd havoc with the angel choir,
(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)
Oh shout Salvation!
It was good to see kings and princes by the Lamb set free.
The banjos rattled and the tambourines
Jingling jingl'd in the hands of queens.

And when Booth halted by the curb for prayer
He saw his Master thro' the flag-fill'd air.
Christ came gently with a robe and crown
For Booth, the soldier, while the throng knelt down.
He saw King Jesus; they were face to face,
And he knelt a-weeping in that holy place.
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

Text by Vachel Lindsay.

Danny Deever

"What are the bugles blowin' for?" said Files-on-Parade.
"To turn you out, to turn you out," the Color Sergeant said.
"What makes you look so white, so white?" said Files-on-Parade.
"A-dreadin' what I've got to watch," the Color Sergeant said.
For they're hangin' Danny Deever, you can hear the Dead March play,
The Regiment's in 'ollow square—they're hangin' him to-day;
They've taken of his buttons off an' cut his stripes away,
An' they're hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'.

"What makes that rear-rank breathe so hard?" said Files-on-Parade.
"It's bitter cold, it's bitter cold," the Color Sergeant said.
"What makes that front-rank man fall down?" said Files-on-Parade.
"A touch o' sun, a touch o' sun," the Color Sergeant said.
They are hangin' Danny Deever, they are marchin' of 'im round,
They 'ave 'altd Danny Deever by 'is coffin on the ground;
An' 'e'll swing in 'arf a minute for the sneakin' shootin' hound—
O, they're hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'!

"Is cot was right-'and cot to mine," said Files-on-Parade.
"E's sleepin' out and far to-night," the Color Sergeant said.
"I've drunk 'is beer a score o' times," said Files-on-Parade.
"E's drinkin' bitter beer alone," the Color Sergeant said.
They are hangin' Danny Deever, you must mark 'im to his place,
For 'e shot a comrade sleepin'—you must look 'im in the face;
Nine 'undred of 'is county and the Regiment's disgrace,
While they're hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'.

"What's that so black agin the sun?" said Files-on-Parade.
"It's Danny fighting 'ard for life," the Color Sergeant said.
"What's that that whimpers over'ead?" said Files-on-Parade.
"It's Danny's soul that's passin' now," the Color Sergeant said.
For they're done with Danny Deever, you can 'ear the quickstep play,
The Regiment's in column, an' they're marchin' us away;
Ho!, the young recruits are shakin', an' they'll want their beer to-day,
After hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'!

Text by Rudyard Kipling.

NOTES ON THE PROGRAM

FROM Vienna to New England, from mid-century Paris to 20th-century New York, from three archetypal voices of European Romanticism to the music of four great American balladeers, tonight's program is constructed on a delicate balance of historical and cultural, musical and poetic dichotomies that lend the song selections a special philosophical and artistic chiaroscuro. Spanning two centuries — from the second half of the 19th into the first part of the 20th; encompassing Europe and North America; and embracing the dual impulses of narrative and lyric, these ten songs recount a one-hundred-year intellectual journey, not only across the map of Western civilization, but also through the intricate and absorbing relationships of seven musical masters who articulated the spirits of their ages in song.

And, just as a series of contraries defines the external parameters of this program, so too does a bifurcate thread provide the evening's stylistic and thematic foundation. Each of the ten compositions is born of a love of, and respect for, folk tradition — for the music, poetry, myths, and legends that shape national and personal consciousness. Each of the ten songs derives its aesthetic from Romanticism where *melody* is the medium for expressing human emotion.

The first six songs span the years from 1842 to 1901 and draw their inspiration from the atmosphere of Paris and Vienna, the cultural capitals of 19th-century Europe. When Gustav Mahler, looking for texts to set, turned to *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*, an anthology of folk songs and poems collected by Achim von Arnim and Clemens Brentano, he was fulfilling a century-old tradition of seeking inspiration in the *Volk* — a tradition that began with the writings of Goethe and continued through the Lieder of Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, Mendelssohn, and Liszt and through the mythic music-dramas of Richard Wagner. Between 1892 and 1901, Mahler repeatedly explored this great collection of poems. He selected the texts with care and altered them to suit his own philosophical purposes, lavishing great energy on setting them both for piano-vocal and orchestra — settings which are not mere transcriptions, as they were long supposed to be, but rather compositions with significantly differing dynamics, phrasing, time signatures, metronome markings, pitches, and note values.

Recent research — some of it conducted at the Morgan Library with Mahler's original manuscripts — has culminated in the release of a new critical edition of the songs (Universal, 1993) and has made possible the performance of these songs in the original versions performed this evening. These new versions have cleared up a number of misconceptions about the works. Mahler did not, for example, intend these songs for any gender-specific voice category, nor did he prescribe a performing order, urging singers to determine the latter on their own.

In recognition of the delicate balance of human emotions, Mahler designated *Der Schildwache Nachtlied*, *Wer hat dies Liedlein erdacht?*, and *Das himmlische Leben* as "humoresques." From the gentle whimsy of *Wer hat dies Liedlein erdacht?*, the composer moves into the sharper-edged irony of *Das himmlische Leben*. Unpublished in its piano-vocal versions for a hundred years, this song is better known as the soprano solo in the Fourth Symphony. Irony is also especially vivid in the bitter accusatory tone of *Der Schildwache Nachtlied*.

The transition from Mahler's muted anti-war sentiment to the bravado of Wagner's two grenadiers offers a study in the contrasting views of patriotism and war. Both songs share a similarly dramatic musical vocabulary in spite of the divergence of the central speakers' sentiments. Mahler was indebted to Wagner, not only in his symphonic writing, but also in his approach to setting texts, seeking a musical diction that would perfectly encapsulate poetic thought.

Les deux grenadiers, composed in Paris in 1839, is one of a handful of Wagner's completed songs for piano and voice written after he was forced to flee Riga. The choice of the Francophile expatriate Heine's poem, and the decision to set the text in a French translation, speak to Wagner's desire to curry favor and manipulate the politics of musical taste. The setting is, nevertheless, a masterful one, much in the style of Loewe, whose ballads Wagner admired, and similar in its use of the *Marseillaise* in the final stanzas to Schumann's setting of the same poem.

When Wagner arrived in Paris in 1839, Franz Liszt was the darling of musical circles — a piano virtuoso and composer, the celebrated lover of the Comtesse d'Agoult, and friend of all the literary and artistic luminaries of the day. Liszt became Wagner's single most enduring friend throughout the next four and one-half decades — a bond cemented by their mutual admiration and respect for each other's work

and by the marriage of Cosima, Liszt's daughter, to Wagner. The two selections on tonight's program reflect Liszt's love of and personal friendship with France's reigning poet, Victor Hugo. *La tombe et la rose* with its allegorical dialogue between flower and tomb descends from a long tradition of *carpe diem* poems that lament the mortality of human life and love.

Of the group of American concert songs, it is perhaps Vittorio Giannini's *Tell Me, Oh Blue, Blue Sky* which comes closest to recreating this Lisztian atmosphere of tender nostalgia. Whereas the Duke, Homer, and Damrosch settings owe far more to the great ballad tradition of which Mahler and Wagner were a part. Duke's *Richard Cory* can be compared to a miniature while Homer's expansive *General William Booth* and Damrosch's compelling *Danny Deever* have the sweep of epic art. All four reflect the eclectic roots of American culture; all have an emotional spontaneity and unforced directness that can be termed naïve in the very best sense of the word: innocence and forthrightness of expression that eschews artifice.

Himself a longtime resident of rural Massachusetts, John Duke was drawn to the bittersweet verse portraits of Edwin Arlington Robinson, whose own anguish at his circumscribed existence in a small Maine village found outlet only in the poignancy and irony of his poems, most of which have autobiographical subtexts. (Here Richard Cory is a thinly veiled reference to the poet's brother, Herman, who failed in business and committed suicide with drink.) Philadelphia-born Vittorio Giannini came from an operatic family so it was not unexpected that he turn to the rich melodic romantic tradition of the 19th century to shape this expressive love lament. Sidney Homer, husband of the contralto Louise Homer and uncle of the composer Samuel Barber, was a prolific song writer, whose works are all but unknown today. Inspired by the rousing cadences of Vachel Lindsay's jazz poetry, Homer fashioned in *General William Booth Enters into Heaven*, a moving depiction of the evangelical founder of the Salvation Army, as well as a fascinating portrait of the Revivalist Movement. With the same idiomatic accuracy, Walter Damrosch sets the plainspoken vernacular of Kipling's regiment of Irish soldiers stationed in India under the British Raj with a penetrating power that permits this song — a favorite of Theodore Roosevelt — to hold its own next to any of the great ballads of the European tradition and to serve as a fitting conclusion to the evening.

For not only is *Danny Deever* a direct descendent of the narratives of Loewe, Schubert, Mahler and Wagner, but its composer, Walter Damrosch, enjoyed a long personal connection with the German tradition. The son of the composer and conductor Leopold Damrosch, who presided over German Romantic music in New York in the late 1800's, Walter Damrosch himself retained a life-long affinity for the tradition into which he was born. He held a special affection for his spiritual ancestor, Richard Wagner, whose work he steadfastly championed, helping to establish them in the American musical conscious.

— Thomas Hampson and Carla Maria Verdino-Süllwold

The critical edition of Mahler's songs was edited by Dr. Renate Hilmar-Voit with the active collaboration and sponsorship of Thomas Hampson. Mr. Hampson has also recorded its contents — fifteen songs from *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* — with Geoffrey Parsons on the Teldec label. A copy of the Universal Edition was presented by Mr. Hampson to the Morgan Library last November in appreciation of the Library's Mahler resources.

The Morgan Library wishes to thank Moët-Hennessy
for their contribution of the evening's
wine and champagne.

THOMAS HAMPSON studied with Sr. Marietta Coyle, Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Martial Singher, and Horst Günther before making his operatic debut in Düsseldorf in 1981. He then moved on to Zürich, where he participated in the Harnoncourt/Jean-Pierre Ponnelle Mozart cycle, performing the title rôle in *Don Giovanni* and the Count in *Le Nozze di Figaro*. In addition to these signature parts, his opera repertory on stage and on disc includes Guglielmo and Don Alfonso in *Così Fan Tutte*, Figaro in *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, Marcello in *La Bohème*, Valentin in *Faust*, Roland in Schubert's *Fierrabras*, the Dark Fiddler in Delius' *A Village Romeo and Juliet*, Posa in Verdi's *Don Carlo*, and the title rôles in Monteverdi's *Il Ritorno di Ulisse in Patria*, Hans Werner Henze's *Der Prinz von Homburg*, Ambroise Thomas' *Hamlet*, and Britten's *Billy Budd*.

A committed song recitalist, this American baritone has won recognition for his thoughtfully researched and creatively constructed programs that explore the rich repertoire of song in a wide range of idiomatic styles, languages, and periods. One of the most versatile recording artists of his generation, Mr. Hampson's honors include Musical America's Vocalist of the Year 1991 and the Classical Music Award for Singer of the Year 1993. He has also received an Honorary Doctorate of Music from Whitworth College.

CRAIG RUTENBERG has been accompanist for Erie Mills, Sumi Jo, Olaf Bär, Stanford Olsen, and Régine Crespin, and has often worked with Mr. Hampson. He studied with Pierre Bernac and Geoffrey Parsons before working at the San Francisco Opera, Houston Grand Opera, Glyndebourne Festival Opera, Fête d'Aix-en-Provence, and l'Opéra-Comique de Paris. Mr. Rutenberg can be heard playing the fortepiano on the Deutsche Grammophon recording of *Le Nozze di Figaro*, featuring Thomas Hampson as the Count, with James Levine conducting.

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