

**Colorado MahlerFest XXIX – Vocal and Chamber Concert
May 18, 2016 – The Academy Chapel**

F. Schubert	<i>Nacht und Träume, D.827</i>
F. Schubert	<i>An den Mond, D.296</i>
J. Brahms	<i>Die Mainacht, Op. 43 No. 2</i>
R. Strauss	<i>Die Nacht, Op. 10 No. 3</i>
R. Strauss	<i>Winternacht, Op. 15 No. 2</i>
G. Mahler	<i>Rückert-Lieder (1901/1902)</i> <i>Ich atmet' einen linden Duft</i> <i>Liebst du um Schönheit</i> <i>Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder!</i> <i>Um Mitternacht</i> <i>Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen</i>

Joshua DeVane (Baritone) and Joshua Horsch (Piano)

— Intermission —

A. Schönberg *Verklärte Nacht, Op. 4 (Original Version for String Sextet)*

Renée Patten and Ryan Jacobsen (violin)
Stephanie Mientka and Anne Ainomae (viola)
Andrew Brown (cello) and Trevor Minton (cello)

**The Colorado MahlerFest would like to thank
The Academy
for their support tonight, during MahlerFest XXIX, and
throughout the years.**

Text and Program Notes

(Compiled and edited by David Auerbach)

Franz Schubert – *Nacht und Träume*, D. 827 (c. 1822) – Text by Matthäus von Collin

Heil'ge Nacht, du sinkest nieder;
nieder wallen auch die Träume
wie dein Mondlicht durch die Räume,
durch der Menschen stille Brust.
Die belauschen sie mit Lust,
(die belauschen sie mit Lust,)
rufen, wenn der Tag erwacht:
kehre wieder, holde Nacht!
holde Träume, kehret wieder!
(holde Träume, kehret wieder!)

Holy night, you sink down;
Dreams too float down
Like your moonlight through the space,
Through the quiet breast of men.
They listen with pleasure,
(They listen with pleasure;)
They call, when day awakens:
Come back, lovely night!
Lovely dreams, come back!
(Lovely dreams, come back!)

Franz Schubert – *An den Mond*, D. 296 (c. 1819) – Text by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

This is second setting of "To the Moon" by Schubert. The first setting, D. 259 is from 1815.

Füllest wieder Busch und Tal
Still mit Nebelglanz,
Lösest endlich auch einmal
Meine Seele ganz;
Breitest über mein Gefild
Lindernd deinen Blick,
Wie des Freundes Auge mild
Über mein Geschick.

Once more you fill bush and valley
With your misty light,
At last also you bring
Rest to me
With calm you spread your brilliant gaze
Over the fields around me
Like my loved one watching my fate
With his gentle eyes

Jeden Nachklang fühlt mein Herz
Froh- und trüber Zeit,
Wandle zwischen Freud' und Schmerz
In der Einsamkeit.

Every echo fills my heart
With memories of glad and sad times,
I pass between the happiness and pain
In loneliness.

Fließe, fließe, lieber Fluß!
Nimmer werd' ich froh;
So verrauschte Scherz und Kuß
Und die Treue so.

Flow on, flow on my beloved river,
Happiness will not return to me
Thus they passed from me
Laughter, kisses and fidelity

Ich besaß es doch einmal,
was so köstlich ist!
Daß man doch zu seiner Qual
Nimmer es vergißt!

Though once I held
what is so precious,
What one to his torment
Will never forget.

Rausche, Fluß, das Tal entlang,
Ohne Rast und Ruh,
Rausche, flüstre meinem Sang
Melodien zu!

Rumble, o river, along the valley,
Without rest or silence,
Rumble and whisper melodies
For my song.

Wenn du in der Winternacht
Wütend überschwillst
Oder um die Frühlingspracht
Junger Knospen quillst.

When on winter nights you
Rage and spill your banks,
Or when you surge around
The springtime glory of young buds

Selig, wer sich vor der Welt
Ohne Haß verschließt,
Was, von Menschen nicht gewußt
Einen Freund am Busen hält
Und mit dem genießt,

Blessed are we who withdraw
From the world without hate
Holding a friend to the breast,
And with him enjoy
That which is not known to man

Oder nicht bedacht,
Durch das Labyrinth der Brust
Wandelt in der Nacht.

Or not contemplated
Wandering in the night
Through the labyrinth of the heart.

Johannes Brahms – *Die Mainacht*, Op. 43 No. 2 (c. 1860 – 1866) – Text by Ludwig Hölty

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

When the silvery moon beams through the
shrubs
And over the lawn scatters its slumbering
light,
And the nightingale sings,
I walk sadly from bush to bush.

Überhüllet von Laub girret ein Taubenpaar
sein Entzücken mir vor; aber ich wende mich,
suche dunklere Schatten,
und die einsame Träne rinnt.

Shrouded by foliage, a pair of doves
Coo their delight to me;
But I turn away seeking darker shadows,
And a lonely tear flows.

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

When, o smiling image that like
dawn
Shines through my soul, shall I find you on
earth?
And the lonely tear flows trembling,
Burning down my cheek.

(For information about the complete set of the Op. 43 songs, see Kelly Dean Hansen's website:
<http://www.kellydeanhansen.com/opus43.html>)

Richard Strauss – *Die Nacht*, Op. 10 No 3 (1885) – Text by Hermann von Gilm

Aus dem Walde tritt die Nacht,
aus den Bäumen schleicht sie leise,
schaut sich um im weitem Kreise,
nun gib acht.

Out of the forest steps Night, ¹
Out of the trees she softly steals,
Looks around her in a wide arc,
Now beware.

Alle Lichter dieser Welt,
alle Blumen, alle Farben
löscht sie aus und stiehlt die Garben
weg vom Feld.

All the lights of this world,
All flowers, all colors
She extinguishes, and steals the sheaves
From the field.

Alles nimmt sie, was nur hold,
nimmt das Silber weg des Stroms,
nimmt vom Kupferdach des Doms
weg das Gold.

She takes everything that is dear,
Takes the silver from the stream,
and from the Cathedral's copper roof,
She takes the gold.

Ausgeplündert steht der Strauch,
rückte näher, Seel an Seele;
o die Nacht, mir bangt, sie stehle
dich mir auch.

The bushes are left, stripped naked,
Come closer, soul to soul;
Oh, I fear that the night will also steal
You from me.

Richard Strauss – *Winternacht*, Op. 15 No 2 (1886) – Text by Adolf Friedrich von Schack

Mit Regen und Sturmgebrause
sei mir willkommen, Dezembermond,
und führ'mich den Weg zum traulichen Hause,
wo meine geliebte Herrin wohnt.

With all your rain and stormy booming, ¹
I bid you welcome, December moon,
And lead me on my way to the snug little
house
Where my beloved lady lives.

Nie hab' ich die Blüte des
Maien,
den blauenden Himmel, den blitzenden Tau
so fröhlich begrüßt, wie heute dein Schneien,
dein Nebelgebräu und Wolkengrau.

Never have I greeted so happily the blossoms
of May,
The blue sky, and the sparkling dew,
As I greet your snows today -
Your foggy brew and cloudy grayness.

denn durch das Flockengetriebe,
schöner, als je der Lenz gelacht,
leuchtet und blüht der Frühling der Liebe
mir heimlich nun in der Winternacht.

For through the driving flakes of snow,
Fairer than any Spring ever smiled,
A Spring of Love gleams and blossoms
Secretly for me now in this winter's night.

¹ Translations from: Jefferson, Alan. (1971) *The Lieder of Richard Strauss*, Cassel and Company, London

Gustav Mahler – *Rückert-Lieder* (1901/1902) – Text by Friedrich Rückert

Ich atmet' einen linden Duft

Ich atmet' einen linden Duft!
Im Zimmer stand
ein Zweig der Linde,
ein Angebinde
von lieber Hand.
Wie lieblich war der Lindenduft!
Wie lieblich ist der Lindenduft!
das Lindenreis
brachst du gelinde!
Ich atme leis
im Duft der Linde
der Liebe linden Duft.

I Breathed a Gentle Fragrance

I breathed a gentle fragrance!
In the room stood
a branch of lime [tree]
a present
from a dear hand.
How lovely was the fragrance of lime!
How lovely is the fragrance of lime!
The lime-twig
was gently plucked by you.
I softly breathe,
in the fragrance of lime,
love's gentle fragrance.

Liebst du um Schönheit

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

Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder!

Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder!
Meine Augen schlag' ich nieder,
wie ertappt auf böser Tat.
Selber darf ich nicht getrauen,
ihrem Wachsen zuzuschauen.
Deine Neugier ist Verrat!
Bienen, wenn sie Zellen bauen,
lassen auch nicht zu sich schauen.
schauen selbst auch nicht zu.
Wenn die reichen Honigwaben
sie zu Tag befördert haben,
dann vor allen nasche du!

Um Mitternacht

Um Mitternacht
hab' ich gewacht
und aufgeblickt zum Himmel;
kein Stern vom Sternengewimmel
hat mir gelacht
um Mitternacht.
Um Mitternacht
hab' ich gedacht
hinaus in dunkle Schranken.
Es hat kein Lichtgedanken
mir Trost gebracht
um Mitternacht.
Um Mitternacht
nahm ich in acht
die Schläge meines Herzens;
ein einz'ger Puls des Schmerzens
war angefacht
um Mitternacht.
Um Mitternacht
kämpft' ich die Schlacht,

If You Love For Beauty

If you love beauty's sake, do not love me;
love the sun, it wears hair of gold.
If you love for youth's sake, do not love me;
love the spring, which is young every year.
If you love for treasure's sake, do not love me;
love the mermaid, who owns many lucent
pearls.
If you love for love's sake, yes, then love me;
love me always, as I love you always forever.

Do Not Look At My Songs!

Do not look at my songs!
I cast my eyes down
as if caught in a misdeed.
I cannot even trust myself
to watch them grow.
Your inquisitiveness is treason!
Bees, when they build cells,
do not let one observe them either,
and do not observe themselves.
When the rich honeycombs
have been brought to daylight
then, before anybody, you shall taste them.

At Midnight

At midnight
I awoke
and looked up at the sky.
Not a star in the galaxy
smiled at me
at midnight.
At midnight
my thought went
out to the limits of darkness,
There was no thought of light
to bring me comfort
at midnight.
At midnight
I paid heed
to the beating of my heart.
One single pulse of pain
caught fire
at midnight.
At midnight
I fought the fight

o Menschheit, deiner Leiden;
nicht konnt' Ich sie entscheiden
mit meiner Macht
um Mitternacht.
Um Mitternacht
hab' ich die Macht
in deine Hand gegeben!
Herr! Über Tod und Leben
du hältst die Wacht
um Mitternacht!

of your sorrows, humanity.
I could not decide it
for all my power
at midnight.
At midnight
I gave my power
into your hands,
Lord! Over life and death
You keep guard
at midnight.

Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen

Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen,
mit der ich sonst viele Zeit verdorben,
sie hat so lange nichts von mir vernommen,
sie mag wohl glauben, ich sei gestorben!
Es ist mir auch gar nichts daran gelegen,
ob sie mich für gestorben hält,
Ich kann auch gar nichts sagen dagegen,
denn wirklich bin ich gestorben der Welt.
Ich bin gestorben dem Weltgetümmel,
und ruh' in einem stillen Gebiet!
Ich leb' allein in meinem Himmel,
in meinem Lieben, in meinem Lied!

I Have Become Lost to the World

I have become lost to the world,
with which I used to waste much time;
it has heard nothing of me for so long,
it may well think I am dead.
And for me it is of no concern at all
if it treats me as dead.
Nor can I say anything at all against it,
for in truth I am dead to the world.
I am dead to the tumult of the world,
and repose in a place of quietness!
I live alone in my heaven,
in my loving, in my song.

Arnold Schönberg - *Verklärte Nacht* Op. 4 (1899) – Original Version for String Sextet (Notes by Kenneth Woods)

The Brahms-Wagner rivalry was largely an affair of the press, whipped up by critics like the Brahmsian Eduard Hanslick and his pro-Wagnerian rivals. Brahms actually professed great admiration for Wagner's music on many occasions. Nonetheless, there was a time when the two men were perceived as embodying irreconcilable aesthetic approaches. In the end, it was Arnold Schönberg who succeeded in *Verklärte Nacht* and the works which followed it, in marrying the joint influences of Wagner and Brahms as no one had before.

Brahms's music- its density, richness and rigor- had a profound influence on Arnold Schönberg's development, and his engagement with Brahms's music continued throughout his career. Schönberg's writings about the music of Brahms, particularly his essay "Brahms the Progressive," are among the most illuminating analyses of the older composer's work, and his arrangement of Brahms's Piano Quartet in G minor for full orchestra has become a staple of the orchestral repertoire. From Brahms, Schönberg learned the creative possibilities of the perpetual manipulation and development of tiny motivic cells, an approach that would eventually form the underpinning of the 12-tone technique. This kind of rigorously detailed approach to composition is already fully developed in *Verklärte Nacht*. Brahms's favorite technique of "developing variation" (a term coined by Schönberg which refers to the constant development of small musical ideas throughout a piece) is also essential in Schönberg's music. Brahms's approach to most classical forms differs from that of his forerunners in that Brahms's music is

almost never simply expository nor recapitulatory: the musical material starts to develop and evolve almost as soon as the piece starts, and the process of constant change carries right through to the end.

Originally written as a string sextet (for two violins, two violas and two cellos) over just three weeks in 1899, and arranged by the composer in 1917 for large string orchestra, *Verklärte Nacht* (Transfigured Night) takes its title from a poem by Richard Dehmel, published in the collection *Weib und Welt* (Woman and World) in 1896. Modern readers might be amused to read that Dehmel was tried for obscenity and blasphemy when *Weib und Welt* was published. While the acknowledgment and exploration of female sexuality in *Verklärte Nacht* and some of Dehmel's other poems might have raised eyebrows, the worldview expressed in them, and the association of female sexuality with shame and guilt, now seems rather conservative and paternalistic. Modern readers may find the poem's apotheosis, in which "the man" forgives and accepts "the woman" in spite of her sexual transgressions both deeply touching and hugely condescending. Nonetheless, Schönberg's inspired reaction to Dehmel's poetry works its own transfiguration on its literary model, elevating and intensifying the meaning and symbolism of the original. It is hard to overstate Dehmel's influence on Schönberg's evolution in the late 1890's. Schönberg had set several poems by Dehmel in 1897, and 1899 is sometimes called his "Dehmeljahr," ("year of Dehmel") in which he spent almost the entire year setting poems from *Weib und Welt*, culminating in the breakthrough that was *Verklärte Nacht*. Musicologist Walter Frisch says that Schönberg's "remarkable development that year ...grew directly out his search for a musical language appropriate to the poetry of *Weib und Welt*," inspired by Dehmel's success in combining erotic sensuality and intensity of expression with clear formal structure.

A work like *Verklärte Nacht* might seem to be a huge departure from the classical forms preferred by Brahms- Webern even described it as a "free fantasia." However, although the work is programmatic, with obvious influences of Wagner and Liszt, it is hardly free. Schönberg found in Dehmel's poem a way to combine elements of two traditional, strict, even Brahmsian, musical forms: the fundamental structure is that of a Rondo (or A-B-A-C-A), incorporating elements of Sonata-Allegro form . The "A" sections set the tone and lay out the narrative of the work (Schönberg described them as "epic" in character), while the "B" section represents the woman's confession of her illegitimate pregnancy and the "C" section depicts the man's tender forgiveness and acceptance of her. It's not only that lucid form in which Brahms's influence can be felt, but in the way that Schönberg begins the development and transformation of his material in the work's opening bars and continues the process throughout. The "transfiguration" of the work's title is manifest in the way in which the "A" section changes character each time it occurs- beginning with mystery and dread, returning in anguish and desperation and completing its journey in radiant joy. The piece is tonal—beginning in D minor and ending in D major—but also shows Schönberg exploring completely new harmonic territory. In fact, the piece was originally considered unfit for performance because of Schönberg's use of an unresolved "ninth" chord. Early listeners may also have been shocked by the intensity and density of Schönberg's counterpoint- passionate and sensuous as the piece is, there is already a strong element of Schönberg-ian "difficulty" present in the music. What sets *Verklärte Nacht* apart from the works which precede it is the extent to which, as successfully as it marries Wagnerian chromaticism and narrative to Brahmsian rigor, the compositional voice is clearly the fully-formed and completely original one belonging to Arnold Schönberg.