

OTHER RECORDINGS OF 20th CENTURY MASTERPIECES ON MUSIC & ARTS CDs

- CD-604 **PIANO AMERICA! ELLIOTT CARTER:** *Night Fantasies*; **JOHN ADAMS:** *Phrygian Gates*; Tangos by Nancarrow, Bolcom, Foss, others. Ursula Oppens, piano. Selected as one of the best CDs of 1989 by John Rockwell in *The New York Times*. (DDD) Grammy Award Nomination.
- CD-606 **MEL POWELL:** String Quartet 1982; **ELLIOTT CARTER:** Quartet No. 4; **MILTON BABBITT:** Quartet No. 5. Composers Quartet (DDD)
- CD-648 **BARTOK:** *Sonata for Two Pianos and Percussion*, John Simms & James Avery, pianos, Thomas L. Davis & Steven Schick, percussion; **STOCKHAUSEN:** *Kontakte für elektronische Klänge, Klavier und Schlagzeug*, James Avery, piano & percussion, Steven Schick, percussion, Jaap Spek, regler (electronic control) (AAD/ADD)
- CD-699 **NANCARROW:** *Two Canons for Ursula*; **RZEWSKI:** *Mayn Yingele*; **WUORINEN:** *The Blue Bamboula*; **PICKER:** *Old and Lost Rivers*; **HARBISON:** *Piano Sonata No. 1*; **DAVIS:** *Middle Passage*, Ursula Oppens, piano. (DDD)
- CD-675 **IN MEMORIAM WILLIAM HIBBARD.** Chamber and solo instrumental works by the American Serialist master, interpreted by some of the finest exponents of new music, including soprano Phyllis Bryn-Julson and pianist Garrick Ohlsson. Includes: *Parson's Piece* (William Parsons, percussion), *String Quartet* (1971)(Stradivari Quartet), *Ménage* (Phyllis Bryn-Julson, sop., Benjamin Hudson, violin, Allan Dean, trumpet), etc.

CD • 650

STEREO

MUSIC
& ARTS

Programs of America, Inc

For a free catalog write or or call:
MUSIC AND ARTS PROGRAMS OF AMERICA, INC.
P.O. BOX 771, BERKELEY, CA 94701, U.S.A.
Phone 510.525.4583 & Fax 510.524.2111
Made and printed in the U.S.A.

DDD

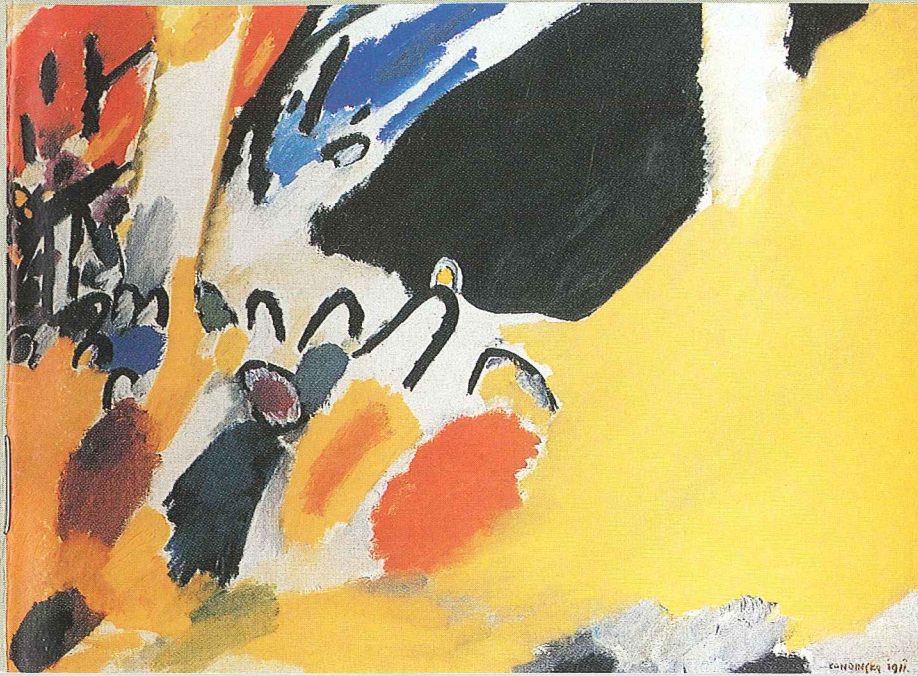
ARNOLD SCHÖNBERG

BREITLLIEDER • LIEDER OP. 2

LIEDER OP. 15 (15 GEDICHTE A. DAS BUCH D. HÄNGENDEN GÄRTEN

V. STEFAN GEORGE)

PHYLLIS BRYN-JULSON • URSULA OPPENS



THREE SONG CYCLES BY ARNOLD SCHOENBERG

Throughout his entire career, vocal music occupied a leading position - both in quantity and significance - among all of Schoenberg's works. Following the great Lied tradition of the 19th century, Schoenberg composed more than thirty songs from his nineteenth year, in 1893, to the end of the century. From his first published opus in 1899 to *The Book of the Hanging Gardens* in 1908, most of Schoenberg's compositions were also written for voice. Included in this list are twenty-four published songs, the seven Brettli-Lieder and three other unpublished songs, as well as six Orchestral Songs, Op.8, nine solo songs from the first part of *Gurre-Lieder*, which were originally conceived as a song cycle with piano, and the vocal settings of the last two movements of the Second String Quartet, Op.10, the immediate predecessor of *The Book of the Hanging Gardens*. Outside of purely vocal music Schoenberg showed a further affinity for literary texts in the settings of his two tone poems, the sextet, *Verklärte Nacht*, Op.4, and the Symphonic Poem. *Pelleas und*

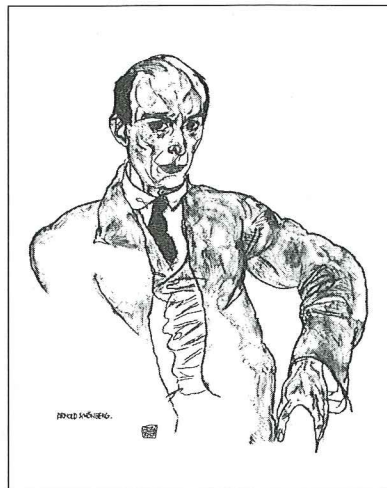
Melisande, Op.5.

Although the number of solo songs decreased noticeably after 1908 - only three of them exist, to poems of Jakob Haringer, dating from 1933 but published many years later as Op.48, - Schoenberg's involvement with vocal writing continued in other forms, including four large music dramas, an oratorio, *Die Jakobsleiter*, a cantata, *Kol Nidre*, various choral works, Opp.13, 27, 28, 35, 46 and 50, and the orchestral songs, Op.22. One must also take into account the innovative treatment of the voice in the speech or sprechstimme settings of *Pierrot lunaire*, the *Ode to Napoleon* and *A Survivor from Warsaw*. Thus the number, the variety, and persistent use of the voice show the importance of this genre throughout Schoenberg's career and his evolution from the mastery of the 19th century Lied and Song-Cycle to other forms of vocal writing.

The three groups of songs recorded

here by Phyllis Bryn-Julson and Ursula Oppens clearly demonstrate Schoenberg's evolution as a vocal composer. Among the earliest published songs, the four songs, Op. 2--two of them dated 1899, appearing just before *Verklärte Nacht*--represent the intensified and exuberant late romantic writing of Schoenberg, using the various means of extended tonality and achieving a close structural unity between poetry and music. The first three songs of this set were composed to texts of Richard Dehmel, the German poet of pantheistic and erotic inclinations, who was Schoenberg's favorite poet at this time. Both the texts of these poems and *Verklärte Nacht*, were taken from Dehmel's collection *Weib und Welt*. (Some writers refer to 1899 as Schoen-

berg's *Dehmeljahr*. His debt to the poet was acknowledged several years later when he wrote: "Your poems have had a decisive influence on my development as a composer.") What may have attracted Schoenberg to the first song, "Erwartung", was its recurrent form--the repetition of part of the first stanza at the end--which suggested an equivalent musical ternary form: a b a. But just as decisive may have been the recurrence of "color" words - sea-green pond, red villa, pale stones and pale hand - for which the composer found an equivalent "color" chord, the five-tone chord which appears on the first strong beat with the word "sea-green" and colors the tonic chord, E-flat. This chord appears in many



forms throughout the song and at decisive moments of expectation ("a window opens", "a woman's pale hand beckons") in the poem. As Schoenberg later wrote in his article on "The Relationship to the Text," "I had never done greater justice to the poet than when, guided by my first direct contact with the sound of the beginning, I divined everything that obviously had to follow this first sound with inevitability."

The second Dehmel song, which the poet titled "Jesus bittelt" (Jesus begs), with its strong erotic overtones is hardly a devotional text. It is probably one of Schoenberg's most intense love songs, as well, building up to a Tristanlike climax over a steadily rising chromatic bass ("do you not wish also to lay your heart upon my head...") broken off by a suddenly soft and breathless "Magdalena?" The elongated final cadence recapitulates the chromatic opening which has provided, as in "Erwartung", all the principal material needed for the piece.

The exaltation of the third Dehmel poem, "Erhebung", is reflected perfectly in the impetuous nature of the opening melody,

shared equally by voice and piano, which is heard in every phrase of this song. Although there is no room for contrasting melodies in such a short song, the rapid harmonic movement in and out of the key provides more than sufficient variety within the piece.

The poem for the fourth song of Opus 2, "Waldsonne", was written by Johannes Schlaf, a contemporary of Dehmel. Similar to the latter's "Erwartung" in the recurrence of the opening lines at the end (a b a), it is full of musical references and "color" words. To cite one instance: a beautiful piece of musical imagery occurs in the quiet accompaniment to the recitative-like passage before the recapitulation --"the sparkling glistening syrinx blowing into the blue air of heaven"--where the piano plays the opening figure several times in imitation of the piped instrument. This song also serves as a peaceful ending to the entire collection as it is more definitely rooted in a single tonality (D major) than the songs which precede it.

Eight years after composing the Opus 2 songs, Schoenberg, stimulated by the

writings of Stefan George, the visionary symbolist poet, turned in an entirely new direction, producing music that was characterized by greater refinement, economy of means, and understatement. Gradually abandoning traditional tonality, Schoenberg uncovered a whole new world of sound in his settings of George's poetry --in succession, the last two movements of the Second String Quartet, Op. 10, the Op. 14 song, "Ich darf nicht dankend", and most decisively, Fifteen Songs from *The Book of the Hanging Gardens*, Op. 15, where he loosened the restrictions of tonality altogether.

Schoenberg may have been attracted to George's ideal of an aristocratic art, so much like his own, and his opposition to the slovenliness and sentimentality of the poetry of the time, or he may have been searching for a new mode of expression in a period of personal and spiritual crisis which led him into trying his hand at painting. In any case, Schoenberg's response to the impact made upon him by George's poetry was best expressed in his program notes to the first performance of *The Book of the Hanging Gardens* in 1910:

"With the George songs I have for the first time succeeded in approaching an ideal of expression and form which has been in my mind for years... Now that I have set out along this path once and for all, I am conscious of having broken through every restriction of a bygone aesthetic." And he adds: "I am being forced in this direction not because my invention or technique is inadequate, nor because I am uninformed about all the other things the prevailing aesthetics demand, but that I am obeying an inner compulsion, which is stronger than any upbringing: that I am obeying the formative process which, being the one natural to me, is stronger than my artistic education."

In each of the fifteen poems of the cycle Schoenberg finds the appropriate means -- a figure, a chord succession, a melodic fragment--to express the underlying meaning of the text. As he states in his article "The Relationship to the Text": "I had completely understood the poems of Stefan George from their sound alone." To a certain extent he follows the formal patterns of the poetry by recurrent musical forms (aba), though partially in most

cases, and by constant variations of a principal musical idea. The vocal line covers a whole range of lyrical and recitative-like utterances, sometimes within the same song, and though a larger vocal compass than usual is traversed, Schoenberg generally accommodates the singer by treating the highest pitches *forte* and the lowest pitches *piano* or *pianissimo*. The voice and the piano partake of an intimate relation throughout, often intertwining in close imitation or by overlapping one another. The subtleties of expression follow those of the poetry in every regard, demanding the highest degree of artistic sensitivity from the performers.

Although there is no explicit story within the cycle, the poems suggest in a very mysterious and removed way a tale of a love affair against a luxuriant background ("the hanging gardens"). The paradise of a strange land is depicted in the first two poems, followed by the path pursued by the apprentice to reach his beloved in the next three poems. His intense yearnings (poems 6 to 9) find their fulfillment in the following four poems, before disillusionment sets in, as the garden fades along

with love in the last two poems of the cycle. In the short fourteenth song, one line of melody depicts with the utmost economy of means the flickering light of winter's storm, and serves as a prologue to the dramatic final song, the fading away of love in the ruins of Eden. In this song, the longest one of the cycle, the piano provides both a lengthy introduction and conclusion to the ultimate act of rejection and despair.

The seven *Brettllieder* (there is actually an eighth, "Nachtwandler", for soprano, trumpet, piano, and snare drum) not only provide a distinct contrast to these two "art song" collections, but afford, as well, a glimpse into the lighter, humorous side of Schoenberg's character. Composed in 1901 to poems associated with the contemporary literary cabaret, their source of reference lies in the Viennese operetta rather than in the Lied.

One of the main entrepreneurs of this cabaret was Ernst von Wolzogen, a well-known writer and the librettist of Richard Strauss's early opera, *Feuersnot*. Inspired by the success of the French cabaret of the

1890s, Wolzogen decided to open his own cabaret. There were already in Berlin several variety theaters and bars where casual folksinging took place, but Wolzogen sought to upgrade the lower-class tastes of these presentations by providing a truly sophisticated literary cabaret featuring first-class poets declaiming their own verses along with musical settings by outstanding composers. In January 1901 he established his first Buntes Theater (variety theater). Since its productions surpassed any previous attempts in this style, he called his company "Überbrett!", that is, "super-plank", a reference to the "boards" trod in the theater.

The poet Otto Julius Bierbaum had already edited in September 1900 a collection of light verse called *Deutsche Chansons*, subtitled *Brettllieder*, with contributions from Wedekind, Dehmel, and other prominent German poets. In his introduction to this volume Bierbaum defined the aims of the Brettl poets: "We want to write poems that will not just be read amidst the bliss of solitude, but that can bear singing to a crowd hungry for entertainment." His intentions found an immediate response

in the German public; within a year 30,000 copies of the *Deutsche Chansons* had been sold.

One of the purchasers of this collection was Arnold Schoenberg, who may have obtained a copy around Christmas 1900. He was sufficiently intrigued by the light-hearted, sophisticated, occasionally erotic and satirical verses to try his own hand at setting them to music. From the *Deutsche Chansons* collection he selected three poems, "Nachtwandler", "Galathea", and "Gigerlette". Five songs from other sources, written in the same style, soon appeared to complete the set. One of them, the waltz-aria from Schikaneder's play *Der Spiegel von Arkadien*, may have been intended for performance as its manuscript bears the stamp of the Jung-Wiener Theater zum lieben Augustin.

Although Schoenberg became music director of Wolzogen's Überbrett! for a short time, he actually played a very small role in this endeavor and had, in fact, written all of his *Brettllieder* before he met Wolzogen. The composer most identified with this Berlin company was Oscar

Straus, who introduced Schoenberg to Wolzogen when the Überbrettl was on tour in Vienna in September 1901. Wolzogen was delighted with one of Schoenberg's songs and immediately engaged him to replace Oscar Straus, who had more important things to do, as his Kapellmeister. When Schoenberg joined the company in December, the Überbrettl was at its peak, ready to open in a colorful new theater decorated in the most garish Jugendstil style. Unfortunately in a few months it lost favor with the Berliners, either by failing to produce enough sensations for its audience or by not being able to overcome the constraints of the censors in matters of politics and eroticism. For Schoenberg, however, this was a fortunate turn of events: his contract was paid up until July 1902, enabling him to stay in Berlin and earn a modest living for himself and his newly-married bride. There he started his teaching career, with help from Richard Strauss, who also gave him much copying work to do, and where, more importantly, he was able to finish his tone poem *Pelleas und Melisande*.

What role Schoenberg played in the

Überbrettl remains hazy to this day. He was no pianist, so he could not accompany the singers or the actors as Oscar Straus had done. We can only surmise that he made arrangements of the songs of other composers and may have set poems by Wolzogen's friends. Of his own *Brettlieder* only "Nachtwandler", was ever performed and, according to his own account, that received much less than an enthusiastic reception. As for the other *Brettlieder*, the composer merely gathered them together in a folder and carried them, along with other manuscripts, from Europe to the United States, where they now rest in the archives of the Arnold Schoenberg Institute in Los Angeles. The *Brettlieder* remained unpublished until 1969, when "Nachtwandler" was edited by Leonard Stein for Belmont Music Publishers; Stein later extracted the remaining songs from manuscript and performed them frequently with Marni Nixon.

And why was Schoenberg interested at all in this particular genre? We can only surmise that not only may he have been motivated by what little financial gain he could obtain from performances of the

songs but that he was genuinely intrigued by the spirit of the Brettl as well. In purely musical terms, this interlude in his career left its mark on certain later works, where the character of the light Viennese style appears again--but in more developed and idealized form. We refer particularly to his masterpiece of 1912, *Pierrot lunaire*, with its waltzes, barcarolle, serenade, and other pieces of a decidedly popular flavor. Although *Pierrot* was not written for a cabaret, in its original performance in Berlin the disposition of the Reciter, Albertine Zehme, and the small ensemble of instrumentalists who were hidden behind a screen, cannot help but remind us of the literary cabaret that Wolzogen tried and failed to achieve.

©1990 Leonard Stein
(Director, Arnold Schoenberg Institute,
University of Southern California,
Los Angeles, California)

THE PERFORMERS

Her three-octave range, lustrous tone, and perfect pitch give soprano **Phyllis**



Bryn-Julson a remarkable command of vocal literature spanning several centuries. During the 1990/91 season, her engagements have included performances with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, an appearance at Carnegie Hall and a Canadian tour with the Ensemble Intercontemporain and Pierre Boulez, and *The Messiah*

with the Charleston Symphony Orchestra.

Phyllis Bryn-Julson has performed with major symphony orchestras and in recitals throughout the world. She has appeared frequently as a guest soloist with the New York Philharmonic, with whom she has sung more than a dozen times since making her debut in 1973. Also in New York, Miss Bryn-Julson sang the world premiere of David del Tredici's *Haddocks' Eyes* with the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center.

A member of the Peabody Conservatory faculty, Miss Bryn-Julson appeared as soloist with the Peabody Symphony during their performance in Moscow in 1988. During the Orchestra's brief one-week residency she became the first American ever to give a master class at the Moscow Conservatory.

Her close collaboration with Pierre Boulez has taken her frequently to IRCAM in Paris and to Los Angeles for the Los Angeles Philharmonic's "Festival Boulez."

Born in North Dakota of Norwegian par-

ents, Phyllis Bryn-Julson began her musical life as a pianist. It was not until she was called upon to sight-read a difficult contemporary score for Gunther Schuller that her unique vocal gifts were discovered, then nurtured, at Tanglewood and at Syracuse University, where she earned her Bachelor and Master of Music degrees.

Miss Bryn-Julson made her opera debut in the 1976 world premiere of Roger Session's *Montezuma* with the Boston Opera Company and in 1983, she made her Covent Garden debut in Stravinsky's *Rossignol*. Her lengthy list of recordings, many of them award winning, include Boulez's *Pli selon pli* on Erato, Del Tredici's *Hear an Army* on CRI and *Memory of a Summer Day (Child Alice, Part I)* on Elektra/Nonesuch and Rorem's *Nantucket Songs* on CRI.

Lauded as one of the major pianists before the public today, **Ursula Oppens** continues to win equal acclaim for both her interpretations of the standard repertoire and contemporary music. During recent seasons, she has appeared with the

Boston Symphony, the Cincinnati Symphony, the Saint Paul Chamber Orchestra, and the Houston Symphony Orchestra (with whom she performed Elliott Carter's *Piano Concerto*). As part of a nation-wide celebration of Elliott Carter's 80th birthday, Miss Oppens performed Carter's *Piano Concerto* at Carnegie Hall with the American Composers Orchestra, under the baton of Dennis Russell Davies, and *Night Fantasies*, a work for solo piano, in New York and Houston.

Continually expanding her repertoire of music from the classics to new commissions, Miss Oppens has worked to create a better understanding of contemporary music. In 1971, she co-founded *Speculum Musicae*, an ensemble dedicated to bringing contemporary music to modern audiences. In 1983, she gave the New York premiere of John Adams' *Grand Pianola Music* with the New York Philharmonic, as well as the U.K. premiere of Carter's *Night Fantasies*. She has also premiered works by Frederic Rzewski, Charles Wuorinen, Pierre Boulez, Anthony Davis, György Ligeti, Donald Martino, Anthony Braxton, and Conlon Nancarrow.

Ursula Oppens is a native New Yorker, and the daughter of musical parents. At Radcliffe College she majored in English Literature and Economics, and she received her Master's degree from the Juilliard School. She studied piano with her mother, Edith Oppens, and at Juilliard under Rosina Lhevinne, Leonard Shure, and



Guido Agosti. She also studied chamber music with Felix Galimir.

Ms. Oppens received the 1979 Record World Award for her recording of Frederic Rzewski's *The People United Will Never Be Defeated*. Her recording of Carter's *Night Fantasies*, coupled with Adams' *Phrygian Gates* on the Music & Arts label (CD-604)

received a Grammy Award nomination in 1991. During May 1991 Ursula Oppens will record a second volume of contemporary American piano music for Music & Arts, containing solo works by Charles Wuorinen, Anthony Davis, Conlon Nan-carrow, Tobias Picker, John Harbison, and Frederic Rzewski, all of them composed for her.

SONG TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

CABARET SONGS —Translations by Barbara Zeisl

#1 *Galathea* (Frank Wedekind)

Ach, wie brenn' ich vor Verlangen,
Galathea, schönes Kind,
Dir zu küssen deine Wangen,
Weil sie so entzückend sind.

Wonne die mir widerfahre,
Galathea, schönes Kind,
Dir zu küssen deine Haare,
Weil sie so verlockend sind.

Nimmer wehr' mir bis ich ende,
Galathea, schönes Kind,
Dir zu küssen deine Hände,
Weil sie so verlockend sind.

Ach, du ahnst nicht, wie ich glühe,
Galathea, schönes Kind,
Dir zu küssen deine Knie,
Weil sie so verlockend sind.

#1 *Galathea*

Ah I'm burning with desire,
Galathea, lovely child,
Just to kiss your cheeks of fire,
For they're so alluring, wild.

How I yearn for those caresses,
Galathea, lovely child,
Just to kiss your flowing tresses,
For they're so alluring, wild.

Evermore my heart demands,
Galathea, lovely child.
Just to kiss your graceful hands,
For they're so alluring, wild.

Ah, just see, I burn, I freeze,
Galathea, lovely child.
Just to kiss your pretty knees,
For they're so alluring, wild.

Und was tät ich nicht, du Süsse,
Galathea, schönes Kind,
Dir zu küssen deine Füße,
Weil sie so verlockend sind.

Aber deinen Mund enthülle,
Mädchen, meinen Küssen nie,
Denn in seiner Reize Fülle,
Küsst Ihn nur die Phantasie.

#2 *Gigerlette* (Otto Julius Bierbaum)

Fräulein Gigerlette
Lud mich ein zum Tee.
Ihre Toilette
War gestimmt auf Schnee;
Ganz wie Pierrette
War sie angetan.
Selbst ein Mönch, Ich wette,
Sähe Gigerlette
Wohlgefällig an.

War ein rotes Zimmer,
Drin sie mich empfing,
Gelber Kerzenschimmer
In dem Raume hing.
Und sie war wie immer
Leben und Esprit.
Nie vergess' ich's, nimmer:
Weinrot war das Zimmer,
Blütenweiss war sie.

Und im Trab mit Vieren
Fuhren wir zu zweit,
In das Land spazieren,
Das heisst Heiterkeit.
Das wir nicht verlieren
Zügel, Ziel und Lauf,
Sass bei dem Kutschieren
Mit den heissen Vieren
Amor hinten auf.

Ah, what wouldn't I do, my sweet,
Galathea, lovely child,
Just to kiss your dainty feet,
For they're so alluring, wild.

But to my kisses, darling maiden,
Revealed your lips should never be,
For the fullness of their charms,
Are only found in fantasy.

#2 *Gigerlette*

Fräulein Gigerlette
Invited me to tea.
Her attire
Matched the snow's purity.
Just like Pierrette
Was she all decked out.
Even a monk, I'd bet,
Would covet Gigerlette
Never having doubt.

'Twas a wine-red chamber,
Where she welcomed me,
Candlelight of amber
Around her I could see.
And she was as ever
Young life and esprit.
I'll not forget it, never,
Wine-red was the chamber,
Blossom-white was she.

And in trot with fourspan
We rode off, we two,
To a land called Pleasure,
Ah, what joy we knew!
That we'd not be losing
Goal and course and lane,
Sitting as a coachman
Above our fiery fourspan
Cupid held the rein.

#3 *Der genügsame Liebhaber* (Hugo Salus)

Meine Freundin hat eine schwarze Katze,
Mit weichem knisterndem Sammetfell,
Und ich, ich hab' eine blitzlanke Glatze,
Blitzblank und glatt und silberhell.

Meine Freundin gehört zu den üppigen Frauen,
Sie liegt auf dem Divan das ganze Jahr,
Beschäftigt das Fell ihrer Katze zu krauen,
Mein Gott, ihr behagt halt das sammtweiche Haar.

Und komm' ich am Abend die Freundin besuchen,
So liegt die Mieze im Schosse bei ihr,
Und nascht mit ihr von dem Honigkuchen,
Und schauert wenn ich leise ihr Haar berüh'.

Und will ich mal zärtlich tun mit dem Schatze,
Und dass sie mir auch einmal "Eitschi" macht,
Dann stülp' ich die Katze auf meine Glatze,
Dann streichelt die Freundin die Katze und lacht.

#4 *Einfältiges Lied* (Hugo Salus)

König ist spazieren 'gangen,
Bloss wie ein Mensch spazieren 'gangen,
Ohne Szepter und ohne Kron',
Wie ein gewöhnlicher Menschensohn.

Ist ein starker Wind gekommen,
Ganz gewöhnlicher Wind gekommen,
Ohne Ahnung wer das wär',
Fält er über den König her.

Hat ihm den Hut vom Kopf gerissen,
Hat ihn über's Dach geschmissen,
Hat ihn nie mehr wiedergesehn!
Seht Ihr's! Da habt ihr's! Das sag' ich ja!
Treiben gleich Allotria.

#3 *The Contented Suitor*

My sweet girlfriend has a black-coated cat
With soft fur, rustling and velvety,
And I, I have a quite shiny bald spot,
Shiny and slick and silvery.

My girlfriend's a lady of the voluptuous sort,
She lies on the sofa the whole year round,
Quite busily stroking the cat's fur for sport,
My God, how she dotes on that soft, furry mound.

And when I at evening a visit make,
Then I hear the cat on her lap loudly purr,
While nibbling with her from the honey cake,
It trembles whenever I stroke its fur.

And if I desire to caress my darling
So that she might say "kitchie koo" to me,
Then I place the pussy upon my bald spot
So my girlfriend then pets it and laughs with glee.

#4 *Simple Song*

King went strolling out one morning,
Like any man strolling one morn,
Without scepter and without crown,
Like any plain man, humbly born.

Then a very strong wind arose,
Quite an ordinary wind arose,
Without knowledge who that be,
Attacked the king quite vehemently.

Tore 'way his hat from off his head,
Threw it over the roof and fled,
And he never saw it again!
See there you have it! I told you, too!
Always pranks and hullabaloo.

Es kann kein König ohne Kron'
Wie ein gewöhnlicher Menschensohn,
Wie ein gewöhnlicher Menschensohn
Unter die dummen Leute gehn!

#5 *Mahnung* (Gustav Hochstetter)

Mädel sei kein eitles Ding,
Fang dir keinen Schmetterling,
Such dir einen rechten Mann,
Der dich tüchtig küssen kann,
Und mit seiner Hände Kraft,
Dir ein warmes Nestchen schafft.

Mädel, Mädel, sei nicht dumm,
Lauf nicht wie im Traum herum,
Augen auf! ob einer kommt,
Der dir recht zum Manne frommt.
Kommt er, dann nicht lang bedacht!
Klapp! die Falle zugemacht.

Liebes Mädel, sei gescheit,
Nütze deine Rosenzeit!
Passe auf und denke dran,
Dass du, wenn du ohne Plan
Ziellos durch das Leben schwirrst,
Eine alte Jungfer wirst.

Liebes Mädel, sei gescheit,
Nütze deine Rosenzeit!
Passe auf und denke dran!
Denk' daran.

#6 *Jedem das Seine* (Colly)

Ebenes Paradefeld
Kaspar in der Mitte hält
Hoch auf seinem Gaul.
König Herzog um ihn 'rum,
Gegenüber Publikum,

One can't let king without a crown
Like a plain man go through town,
Like a plain man go through town,
And midst the stupid people stroll!

#5 *Warning*

Maiden be less vain, more sly,
Do not catch a butterfly,
Search for a true, perfect man,
Who knows how to kiss and can,
And whose strong hands can attest,
To build for you a cozy nest.

Maiden, Maiden, be no fool,
Don't go round gathering wool,
Keep eyes open if one you'll catch,
A man who'll make a perfect match.
If he comes, then don't think twice!
Trap him quickly in the vise.

Do be wise, O Maiden mine,
Savor now your blossom-time.
Please watch out and think a span,
Don't go ahead without a plan;
Fluttering through life aimlessly,
Just an old maid will you be.

Do be wise, O Maiden mine,
Savor now your blossom-time.
Please watch out and think a span!
Think a span!

#6 *To Each His Own*

Flat and long the training field,
Kaspar in the midst won't yield,
High upon his steed.
King and troops around him loom,
Spectators don't leave much room,

Regimenter, bum, bum, bum,
Das marschierst nicht faul.

Luft sich voller Sonne trinkt,
Helm und Bayonett das blinkt,
Sprüht und gleist und glänzt.
Schattiger Tribünensitz,
Bravo! Hurrah! Ulk und Witz,
Operngläser, Augenblitz,
Hin und her scharwenzt.

Neben mir wer mag das sein,
Reizend, nicht so furchtbar fein,
Doch entzückend schick.
Wird man kritisch angeschaut,
Heimlich ist man doch erbaut,
Und die Hüfte sehr vertraut
Kuppelt die Musik.

Kaspar nimm was dir gebührt,
Und die Truppe recht geführt,
Schütze dich und uns.
Aber jetzt, geliebter Schatz,
Schleunig vom Paradeplatz;
Hinter'm Wall ein Plätzchen hat's
Fern von Hinz und Kunz.

Und da strecken wir uns hin,
Ich und meine Nachbarin,
Weither tönt's Trara.
Welche Lust Soldat zu sein,
Welche Lust es nicht zu sein,
Wenn still fein, allein zu zwein,
Wir — et cetera.

#7 Arie aus dem Spiegel von Arkadien (Emanuel
Schikaneder)

Seit ich so viele Weiber sah,
Schlägt mir mein Herz so warm,
Es summt und brummt mir hier und da,

Regiments sound boom, boom, boom,
March, oh, march with speed.

Air that on the sunlight dines,
Swords and bayonets in line,
Sparkle, gleam and shine,
Shady, sheltered Martial Seat,
Bravo! Hurrah! Jokes and heat,
Opera glasses, sparkling eyes,
Back and forth surprise.

Next to me whom do I feel,
Charming, though not all genteel,
Yet enchanting, chic?
Searching looks may come our way,
Secretly one feels quite gay,
And the hips, now quite at ease,
Join music's mystique.

Kaspar, take what's up ahead,
And the troops correctly led,
Protect both you and us.
Ah, but now, beloved, sweet,
Let us go, in haste retreat,
Behind the fort, a place discreet,
Far from madding crowd.

There I'll stretch out for a spell,
And my partner will as well,
Far off drums trara.
Oh, what joy a soldier to be,
Yet what joy it not to be,
No cry, we'll lie, just you and I,
We'll -- et cetera.

#7 Aria from "The Mirror of Arcady"

Since I have seen sweet womankind,
My heart beats to my knees,
It hums and buzzes to and fro,

Als wie ein Bienenschwarm.

Und ist ihr Feuer meinem gleich,
Ihr Auge schön und klar,
So schlaget wie der Hammerstreich,
Mein Herzchen immer dar.
Bum, bum, bum, *usw.*

Ich wünschte tausend Weiber mir,
Wenn's recht den Göttern wär',
Da tanzt' ich wie ein Murmelthier,
In's Kreuz und in die Quer.

Das wär ein Leben auf der Welt,
Da wollt' ich lustig sein,
Ich hüpfte wie ein Haas durch's Feld,
Und's Herz schlug immer drein.
Bum, bum, bum, *usw.*

Wer Weiber nicht zu schätzen weiss',
Ist weder halt noch warm,
Und liegt als wie ein Brocken Eis,
In eines Mädchens Arm.

Da bin ich schon ein andrer Mann,
Ich spring' um sie herum;
Mein Herz klopft froh an ihrem an
Und machet bum, bum, bum, *usw.*

Arnold Schoenberg, "Four Songs, Op. 2"
Copyright Renewal by Gertrud Schoenberg

#1 Erwartung (Richard Dehmel)

Aus dem meergrünen Teiche
Neben der roten Villa
Unter der toten Eiche
Scheint der Mond.

Wo ihr dunkles Abbild
Durch das Wasser greift,

Just like a swarm of bees.

And if, like mine, her flame's full heat,
Her eyes aglow, yet clear,
So striking like a hammer's beat.
My pounding heart I hear.
Boom, boom, boom, *etc.*

I'd wish a thousand women for me,
And hope the gods were pleased,
I'd dance around, far off the ground,
Up, down, in all degrees.

What life I'd live, what mirth, what song,
Then I'd have joy and fun,
I'd hop, and like a hare I'd run,
My heart would skip along.
Boom, boom, boom, *etc.*

The man who knows not woman's price
Is neither cold nor warm,
And lies around, a block of ice,
On some young maiden's arm.

But I am quite a different sort,
I'd jump around the room;
My heart pressed close to hers in sport,
Would pound out boom, boom, boom, *etc.*

#1 Expectation

From the sea-green pond near the red villa,
Beneath the dead oak shines the moon.

Where its dark image gleams through the water,
A man stands and draws a ring from his hand.

Steht ein Mann und streift
Einen Ring von seiner Hand.

Drei Opale blinken;
Durch die bleichen Steine
Schwim rot und grüne Funken
Und versinken.

Und er küsst sie,
Und seine Augen leuchten
Wie der meergrüne Grund:
Ein Fenster tut sich auf.

Aus der roten Villa
Neben der toten Eiche
Winkt ihm eine bleiche
Frauenhand...

#2 Jesus Bettelt (Richard Dehmel)

Schenk mir deinen goldenen Kamm;
Jeder Morgen soll dich mahnen,
Dass du mir die Haare küsstest.

Schenk mir deinen seidenen Schwamm;
Jeden Abend will ich ahnen,
Wem du dich im Bade rütest, -

O Maria!

Schenk mir Alles, was du hast,
Meine Seele ist nicht eitel,
Stolz empfang ich deinen Segen.

Schenk mir deine schwerste Last;
Willst du nicht auf meinen Scheitel
Auch dein Herz noch legen -

Magdalena?

Three opals glimmer; among the pale stones
Swim red and green sparks, and sink below.

And he kisses them, his eyes glowing
Like the sea-green depths. A window opens.

From the red villa near the dead oak,
A woman's pale hand waves to him.

#2 Jesus Begs

Give me your golden comb; every morning
may it remind you
To kiss my hair.

Give me your silken sponge; every evening
I want to be aware
When you prepare for your bath,

O Mary.

Give me everything you have; my soul
is not vain;
Proudly I receive your blessing.

Give me your heavy burden; do you not also
wish to lay your heart,
Your heart upon my head,

Magdalene?

#3 Erhebung (Richard Dehmel)

Gib mir deine Hand,
Nur den Finger,
Dann seh ich diesen ganzen Erdkreis
Als mein Eigen an!

Oh, wie blüht mein Land!
Sieh dir's doch nur an,
Dass es mit uns über die Wolken
In die Sonne kann!

#4 Waldsonne (Johannes Schlaf)

In die braunen, rauschenden Nächte
Flittert ein Licht herein,
Grüngolden ein Schein.

Blumen blinken auf und Gräser
Und die singenden, springenden Waldwässerlein
Und Erinnerungen, die längst verklungenen:
Golden erwachen sie wieder,
All deine fröhlichen Lieder.
Und ich sehe deine goldenen Haare glänzen,
Und ich sehe deine goldenen Augen glänzen
Aus den grünen raunenden Nächten.

Und mir ist, ich läge neben dir auf dem Rasen
Und hörte dich wieder auf der glitzblanken Syrinx
In die blauen Himmelslüfte blasen.

In die braunen, wühlenden Nächte
Flittert ein Licht,
Ein goldener Schein.

#3 Exaltation

Give me your hand, only a finger,
And I will see this whole round earth as if it
were my own.

Oh, how my land blossoms. Gaze upon me!
That I may go with you above the clouds into the
sun!

#4 Forest Sun

In the brown, rustling nights there flutters a light,
A green-golden gleam.

Flowers brightly wink, and grass, and
the singing, leaping
Little forest brook, and memories.
The long silent ones: golden, they awake again,
All your joyous songs.
And I see your golden hair glitter, and I see
Your golden eyes glitter out of the green,
murmuring nights.

And I feel as if I were lying next to you on
the lawn, hearing you once again
Blow on your sparkling, glistening pipes into
the blue air of heaven.
In the brown, turbulent nights there flutters a
light,
A golden gleam.

OPUS 15 — DAS BUCH DER HÄNGENDEN GÄRTEN

Stefan George

1. Unterm schutz von dichten blätter gründen,
Wo von sternern feine flocken schneien,
Sachte stimmen ihre leiden künden.
Fabeltiere aus den braunen schlünden
Strahlen in die marmorbecken speien,
Draus die kleinen bäche klagend eilen:
Kamen kerzen das gesträuch entzündn,
Weisse formen das gewässer teilen.
2. Hain in diesen paradiesen
Wechselt ab mit blütenwiesen,
Hallen, buntbemalten fliesen.
Schlanker störche schnäbel kräuseln
Teiche, die von fischen schillern,
Vögel-reihen matten scheines
Auf den schiefen firsten trillern
Und die goldnen binsen säuseln -
Doch mein traum verfolgt nur eines.
3. Als neuling trat ich ein in dein gehege;
Kein staunen war vorher in meinen mienen.
Kein wunsch in mir, eh ich dich blickte, rege,
Der jungen hände faltung sieh mit huld,
Erwähle mich zu denen, die dir dienen
Und schone mit erbarmender geduld
Den, der noch strauchelt auf so fremden stege.
4. Da meine lippen reglos sind und brennen,
Beacht ich erst, wohin mein fuss geriet:
In andrer herren prächtiges gebiet.
Noch war vielleicht mir möglich, mich zu
trennen,
Da schien es, dass durch hohe gitterstäbe
Der blick, vor dem ich ohne lass gekniet,
Mich fragend suchte oder zeichen gäbe.
1. Under the protection of dense depths of leaves
Where fine flakes snow down from stars,
Soft voices proclaim their sorrows,
Fabled animals from brown maws
Spew streams of water into marble basins,
From which, lamenting, the little brooks rush:
Candles came to illuminate the bushes,
White figures divided the waters.
2. Groves in these paradises
Alternate with fields of flowers,
Porticos and gaily colored flagstones.
Beaks of slender storks ripple
Ponds that iridesce with fish,
Faintly gleaming rows of birds
Trill on the sloping gables,
And the golden rushes whisper -
Yet my dream pursues only one goal.
3. As a neophyte I entered your sanctuary;
No wonder showed before in my face,
No wish stirred in me ere I saw you.
Look with favor upon my young clasped
hands,
Choose me to be among your servants
And protect with merciful patience
The one still stumbling on so strange a path.
4. Now that my lips are motionless and burning
I mark at last whither my steps have taken me:
To a realm of splendor ruled by others.
Perhaps I might still have had a chance to
escape,
But then it seemed that through the high
trellises
The glance, to which unceasingly I had knelt,
Looked questioningly at me or would give a
sign.

5. Saget mir, auf welche pfade
Heute sie vorüberschreite -
Dass ich aus der reichsten lade
Zarte seidenweben hole,
Rose pflücke und viole
Dass ich meine wange breite,
Schemel unter ihrer sohle.
6. Jedem werke bin ich fürder tot,
Dich mir nahzurufen mit den sinnen,
Neue reden mit dir auszuspinnen,
Dienst und lohn, gewährung und verbot,
Von allen dingen ist nur dieses not
Und weinen, dass die bilder immer fliehen,
Die in schöner finsternis gediehen -
Wann der kalte klare morgen droht.
7. Angst und hoffen wechselnd mich beklemmen,
Meine worte sich in seufzer dehnen,
Mich bedrängt so ungestümes sehnen,
Dass ich an rast und schlaf nicht kehre,
Dass mein lager tränen schwemmen,
Dass ich jede freude von mir wehre,
Dass ich keines freundes trost begehre.
8. Wenn ich heut nicht deinen leib berühre,
Wird der faden meiner seele reissen
Wie zu sehr gespannte sehne.
Liebe zeichen selen trauerflöre
Mir, der leidet, seit ich dir gehöre.
Richte, ob mir solche qual gebühre,
Kühlung spreng mir, dem fieberheissen,
Der ich wankend draussen lehne.
9. Streng ist uns das glück und spröde,
Was vermocht ein kurzer kuss?
Eines regentropfens guss
Auf gesengter bleicher öde,
Die ihn ungenossen schlingt,
Neue labung missen muss
Und vor neuen gluten springt.
5. Tell me on which path
She may pass by today -
That from the richest store
I may fetch delicate woven silks,
And pluck roses and violets;
That I may make of my cheek
A stool under the sole of her foot.
6. To all labors I am henceforth dead.
Calling you close with my senses,
To spin new tales with you,
Service and reward, permission and denial,
Of all things only this is needed;
And weep that the visions always flee,
Which flourished in the beautiful dark -
When the cold, clear morning looms.
7. Fear and hope in turn depress me,
My words expand into sighs,
Such stormy yearning besets me
That I care for neither rest nor sleep,
That tears flood my couch,
That I ward off every pleasure.
That I desire no friend's consolation.
8. If I do not touch your body today,
The thread of my soul will break
Like an overstretched bowstring.
Let love tokens be mourning crepes
For me, who suffers, since I belong to you.
Consider whether I deserve such torture,
Spray cooling drops upon me, the fever-
ridden,
Who, shaking, leans outside your door.
9. Fortune is severe and coy with us.
Of what is one short kiss capable?
It is like one drop of rain, spilled
Upon a seared bleak desert,
Which swallows it unstaked,
Still seeking refreshment
And bursting with new fire.

10. Das schöne beet betracht ich mir im harren,
Es ist umzäunt mit purpur-schwarzen dorne,
Drin ragen kelche mit geflecktem sporne
Und sammtgefielerte, geneigte farren
Und flockenbüschel, wassergrün und rund
Und in der mitte glocken, weiss und mild -
Von einem odem ist ihr feuchter mund
Wie süsse frucht vom himmlischen gefild.

11. Als wir hinter dem beblühten tore
Endlich nur das eigne hauchen spürten,
Warden uns erdachte seligkeiten?
Ich erinnere, dass wie schwache rohre
Beide stumm zu beben wir begannen
Wenn wir leis nur an uns rührten
Und dass unsre augen rannen -
So verbliebest du mir lang zu seiten.

12. Wenn sich bei heiliger ruh in tiefen matten
Um unsre schläfen unsre hände schmiegen,
Verehrung lindert unsrer glieder brand:
So denke nicht der ungestalten schatten,
Die an der wand sich auf und unter wiegen,
Der wächter nicht, die rasch uns scheiden -
dürfen
Und nicht, das vor der stadt der weisse sand
Bereit ist, unser warmes blut zu schlürfen.

13. Du lehnest wider eine silberweide
Am ufer, mit des fächers starren spitzen
Umschirmst du das haupt dir wie mit blitz
Und rollst, als ob du spieltest dein geschmeide.
Ich bin im boot, das laubgewölbe wahren,
In das ich dich vergeblich lud zu steigen -
Die weiden seh ich, die sich tiefer neigen
Und blumen, die verstreut im wasser fahren.

14. Sprich nicht immer
Von dem laub,
Windes raub,

10. I stare and ponder at the pretty flower bed,
It is hedged with purple-black thorn,
From which rise chalices with speckled spurs
And velvet-feathered arched ferns
And cornflower clusters, water-green and
round
And in the center bell-flowers, white and gentle -
From one breath their moist mouth is
Like sweet fruit from gardens in the sky.

11. When, beyond the flowered gate,
At last we felt no breathing but our own,
Did we then find imaginary raptures?
I remember that, like fragile reeds,
Both silent, we began to tremble
When we no more than lightly touched,
And that our eyes welled over with tears -
Thus you stayed, for a long time, by my side.

12. When in blest repose in deep meadows
Round our temples our hands caress,
Reverence relieves the fire in our limbs:
So think not of the monstrous shadows
That, on the wall, rise and fall,
Nor of watchers who may part us in haste
Nor of the white sand beyond the town,
Ready to drink down our warm blood.

13. You rest against a silver willow
By the river bank; with the stiff ribs of your fan
You shield your head as if with lightning
flashes
And roll your jewels as if playing.
I am in the boat, which leafy arches conceal,
Which I, in vain, invited you to board -
I see the willows bending lower
And scattered flowers drifting in the water.

14. Speak not always
Of the leaves,
The wind's prey,

Vom zerschellen
Reifer quitten,
Von den trittren
Der vernichter
Spät im jahr.
Von dem zittern
Der libellen
In gewittern
Und der lichter,
Deren flimmer
Wandelbar.

15. Wir bevölkerten die abend-düstern
Lauben, lichten tempel, pfad und beet
Freudig - sie mit lächeln, ich mit flüstern -
Nun ist wahr, dass sie für immer geht.
Hohe blumen blassen oder brechen,
Es erblasst und bricht der weiher glas
Und ich trete fehl im morschen gras,
Palmen mit den spitzen fingern stechen.
Mürber blätter zischendes gewühl
Jagen ruckweis unsichtbare hände
Draussen um des edens fahle wände.
Die nacht ist überwölkt und schwül.

Of the squashing
Of ripe quinces,
Of the tread
Of the destroyers
Late in the year.
Of the quivering
Of dragonflies
During storms
And of the lights,
Whose flames
Are inconstant.

15. We peopled the evening - dusky
Arbors, bright temples, paths and flower beds
With joy - she with smiles, I with whispers
Now it is true that she is going forever.
Tall flowers grow pale or break,
Paling and breaking is the glass of the ponds
And I flounder in marshy grass,
Palms prick with their sharp fingers.
Hissing showers of brittle leaves
Are driven, gust upon gust, by invisible hands
Outside, around the ash walls of Eden.
The night is overcast and sultry.

Copyright renewal by Gertrud Schoenberg

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS AND PRODUCTION CREDITS

Music & Arts Programs of America, Inc. gratefully acknowledges its indebtedness to a number of individuals and institutions for valuable help given to this project; specifically, to Belmont Music for permission to use the translations of the Op. 2 and Op. 15 Songs, to which they own the rights; to Barbara Zeisl Schoenberg for the translation of the Cabaret Songs (Brettli-Lieder); to the Arnold Schoenberg Institute for permission to reproduce Schoenberg's painting *Flesh*, on the front cover of this booklet; to Lawrence Schoenberg, for his untiring support; and to Ursula Oppens for production assistance.

Recorded (Sony PGM digital system) in 1990 at Pomona College
Producer, Project Director, and Editor: Dorothy L. Crawford
Recording Engineer: Peter Nothnagle