

Bennington College Presents

"Pierrot Lunaire"
by Arnold Schoenberg



Schoenberg conducting Pierrot lunaire with soprano Erica Stiedry-Wagner at Town Hall, New York, 1940. Sketch by Dolbin.

BENNINGTON

C O L L E G E

Bennington College Ensemble
Thursday and Friday
May 16 & 17, 1996
Deane Carriage Barn

PROGRAM

Slide Presentation
Dean Snyder
"Arnold Schoenberg's Paintings"

"Pierrot Lunaire" op.21
by
Arnold Schoenberg

performed by

Ida Faiella (sprechstimme)

Alison Hale (flute/piccolo)

Bruce Williamson (clarinet/bass clarinet)

Kathy Andrew (violin/viola)

Semyon Fridman (cello)

Daniel Epstein (piano)

Allen Shawn (conductor)

The newly formed Bennington College Ensemble is devoted to the presentation of 20th Century works, including those which originate in this very community. In this initial effort, we have been greatly assisted by the following colleagues:

David Anthony
Evan Bennett
John Brillon
Kevin Bubrisky
David Cranmer
Alan Del Vecchio
Tom Farrell
Barry Finclair
Michael Giannitti
Suzanne Jones
Nicholas Lasoff
Danny Michaelson
Jean Randich
Nathaniel Reichman
Marge Rooen (M.A.U.H.S.)
Phil Salathé
Terri Teitlebaum
Wendy Hirsch

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Schoenberg makes us see the moonlight shining onto white linen in the darkness in "Eine blasse Wascherin" (#4), a movement for flute, clarinet and violin only. We hear the "gigantic black butterflies blot out the shining sun" in the passacaglia "Nacht" (#8), a piece in which the treble instruments are literally "eclipsed" by the instrumentation of bass clarinet, cello and piano, all playing in their lowest registers (a proliferation in different tempi of sinister three note figures). The "Todesangsten" (Fear of death) in #13 is depicted in a passage which has been described in this way: "Experience almost too bewildering for the human mind to encompass is given an appropriate representation." One hears the "crystal sighing" in "Heimweh" (#15), and the gently flowing stream of "Heimfahrt" (#20). One senses the loss of - and longing for - ancient times in "O Alter Duft" (#21).

Schoenberg worked with phenomenal intensity and speed, completing most of the work in less than two months, and many of the movements in a single day. The musical territory he was inhabiting in this music was new not only to him, but to music itself. In common with his other works of the years between 1908 and 1913, the years in which he also composed the "Five Pieces for Orchestra" and "Erwartung" among other ground-breaking pieces, and the same years which marked the height of his activities as a painter, "Pierrot", even with all of its phenomenal craft and traditional forms and devices, is essentially a gigantic leap into the unknown.

Written after his sumptuous post-Mahlerian early scores and a decade before he developed the twelve-tone method, this is a musical world described by composer George Perle as "the essential chaos of free atonal writing, with neither key centers nor serial organization. And it is precisely through this feeling of chaos, of being on the verge of the breakdown of everything familiar." Perle writes, "that Schoenberg is able to take us in Pierrot Lunaire as far into the world of the unconscious as music can ever penetrate."

(A. Shawn)

"Pierrot Lunaire" op.21

by

Arnold Schoenberg
(1874-1951)

I. Teil (Part I)

1. Mondestrunken (Drunk with Moonlight)
2. Columbine
3. Der Dandy (The Dandy)
4. Eine blasse Wascherin (A Pallid Washerwoman)
5. Valse de Chopin
6. Madonna
7. Der kranke Mond (The Sick Moon)

II. Teil (Part II)

8. Nacht (Night) (Passacaglia)
9. Gebet an Pierrot (Prayer to Pierrot)
10. Raub (Theft)
11. Rote Messe (Red Mass)
12. Galgenlied (Gallows Song)
13. Enthauptung (Beheading)
14. Die Kreuze (The Crosses)

III. Teil (Part III)

15. Heimweh (Homesickness)
16. Gemeinschaft (Foul Play)
17. Parodie (Parody)
18. Der Mondfleck (The Moon Spot)
19. Serenade
20. Heimfahrt (Journey Home) (Barcarole)
21. O alter Duft (O Ancient Fragrance)

Program Note

In 1912, Arnold Schoenberg was commissioned by a Viennese actress, Albertine Zehme, to compose a work that she could recite with piano accompaniment, a set of "melodramas"--recitation with music. The work that resulted - *Pierrot Lunaire* ("Moonstruck Pierrot") - was a setting of poems by the Belgian symbolist Albert Giraud. Although the poems conjure up the surreal world of the commedia del'arte clown, it is not specified by Schoenberg that the speaker of the poems is Pierrot; indeed in some performances the speaker has been dressed as Columbine, the object of Pierrot's affections. For the reciter's part Schoenberg devised a manner of performance between speech and song called "sprechstimme", in which the performer only suggests the pitches of the fully notated vocal part while executing the rhythms, phrasing and dynamics precisely; occasionally, there are notes marked "gesungen", which are to be sung normally. The "accompaniment" grew into an ensemble of five instrumentalists playing a total of eight instruments in ever shifting groupings.

Albert Giraud's "*Pierrot Lunaire*" comprised 50 poems. Originally in French, they were translated into German by Otto Erich Hartleben. Each poem follows the Rondeau verse form of thirteen lines in which lines 1 and 2 are repeated as lines 7 and 8, and the first line also returns as the final line. Schoenberg selected 21 of these for his "opus 21". Always numerologically inclined, Schoenberg viewed numbers as potent, living things. (Pierrot is even first mentioned in measure 21 of the song "Der Dandy".) Special significance is accorded to other numbers in the work as well. For example the work is grouped into three equal parts of seven poems each, and there are seven notes in the score's most important theme, as well as seven instances of "gesungen" passages in the voice. Schoenberg's morbid fear of the number 13 (demonstrated in some works by his numbering measures as #12, #12a, and #14) surely caused him to place the poem "Enthauptung" ("Beheading") as number 13 of this set. (Schoenberg was born on the 13th of September, 1874, and did in fact die on Friday the 13th in April, 1951.)

Part I introduces us to Pierrot's eerie, lonely, love-lorn world. **Part II**, which begins with "Nacht", grows darker, more grotesque and satanic. For example, whereas Pierrot longs romantically for Columbine in #2, and makes himself up in surreal fashion in #3, by #10 he is stealing rubies from the dead, and in #11 he is performing communion by ripping his own heart out and presenting it as the holy host. (That's one church where he won't be asked back!) **Part III** begins with a lament on the part of Pierrot's old cohorts that he has become so modern, sickly, and "sentimental", and ends with his returning to his commedia del'arte homeland, Bergamo, and a wistful echo of old times (with echoes of the old tonality in #21). The last piece is the only one in which all eight instruments are employed, and in the remaining 20 the precise instrumentation is never duplicated, despite the use of only five instrumentalists.

The originality and inventiveness of Schoenberg's instrumentation and musical language in this work were admired even by its detractors from the time of its first performance. From this work and a very few others of the time emerged an entirely new concept of what could constitute a twentieth century instrumental ensemble. The "Pierrot" tune heard in the piano at the beginning of #1 (with pizz violin accompaniment) returns in many different guises throughout the work, usually with its basic shape and rhythmic pattern intact - at varying speeds of course. The apex of complexity and composerly virtuosity is probably reached in #18, *Der Mondfleck*, which is a canon in three parts in the piano, a double canon between the other four instruments, and which reverses itself midway--just at the point where Pierrot finds the little fleck of shiny moonlight that he cannot rub out--presenting the first half of the piece in exact retrograde. But in fact all of the pieces are uncannily evocative of the subject matter and details of the poems, as illustrative of its text as music for a work of musical theater.

PIERROT LUNAIRE

Three Times Seven Poems by Albert Giraud
German Translation from the French by Otto Erich Hartleben

English Translation by Stanley Appelbaum

I. TEIL (Part I)

1. MONDESTRUNKEN (DRUNK WITH MOONLIGHT)

Den Wein, den man mit Augen trinkt,
Giesst Nachts der Mond in Wogen nieder,
Und eine Springflut überschwemmt
Den stillen Horizont.

Gelüste, schauerlich und süß,
Durchschwimmen ohne Zahl die Fluten!
Den Wein, den man mit Augen trinkt,
Giesst Nachts der Mond in Wogen nieder.

Der Dichter, den die Andacht treibt,
Berauscht sich an dem heiligen Tranke,
Gen Himmel wendet er verzückt
Das Haupt und taumelnd saugt und schlürft er
Den Wein, den man mit Augen trinkt.

The wine that one drinks with one's eyes
Is poured down in waves by the moon at night,
And a spring tide overflows
The silent horizon.

Lusts, thrilling and sweet,
Float numberless through the waters!
The wine that one drinks with one's eyes
Is poured down in waves by the moon at night.

The poet, urged on by his devotions,
Becomes intoxicated with the sacred beverage;
Enraptured, he turns toward heaven
His head, and, staggering, sucks and sips
The wine that one drinks with one's eyes.

2. COLOMBINE (COLUMBINE)

Des Mondlichts bleiche Blüten,
Die weissen Wunderrosen,
Blühen in den Julinächten—
O bräch ich eine nur!

Mein banges Leid zu lindern,
Such ich am dunklen Strome
Des Mondlichts bleiche Blüten,
Die weissen Wunderrosen.

Gestillt wär all mein Sehnen,
Dürft ich so märchenheimlich,
So selig leis—entblättern
Auf deine braunen Haare
Des Mondlichts bleiche Blüten!

The moonlight's pale blossoms,
The white wonder-roses,
Bloom in the July nights—
Oh, if I could just pick one!

To alleviate my anxious sorrow,
I seek along the dark stream
The moonlight's pale blossoms,
The white wonder-roses.

All my yearning would be stilled
If I were permitted—as secretly as in a fairy tale,
So blissfully softly—to scatter
Onto your brown hair the petals of
The moonlight's pale blossoms!

3. DER DANDY (THE DANDY)

Mit einem phantastischen Lichtstrahl
Erleuchtet der Mond die krystallinen Flakons
Auf dem schwarzen, hochheiligen Waschtisch
Des schweigenden Dandys von Bergamo.

In tönender, bronzener Schale
Lacht hell die Fontäne, metallischen Klangs.
Mit einem phantastischen Lichtstrahl
Erleuchtet der Mond die krystallinen Flakons.

Pierrot mit wächsernem Antlitz
Steht sinnend und denkt: wie er heute sich
schminkt?
Fort schiebt er das Rot und des Orients Grün
Und bemalt sein Gesicht in erhabenem Stil
Mit einem phantastischen Mondstrahl.

With a fantastic ray of light
The moon illuminates the crystal flacons
On the black, sacrosanct washstand
Of the silent dandy from Bergamo.

In the resounding bronze basin
The water jet laughs brightly, with a metallic sound.
With a fantastic ray of light
The moon illuminates the crystal flacons.

Pierrot with his waxen face
Stands meditatively and thinks: how shall he make up
today?
He shoves aside the red, and the green of the Orient,
And paints his face in a noble style
With a fantastic moonbeam.

4. EINE BLASSE WÄSCHERIN (A PALLID WASHERWOMAN)

Eine blasse Wäscherin
Wäscht zur Nachtzeit bleiche Tücher;
Nackte, silberweisse Arme
Streckt sie nieder in die Flut.

Durch die Lichtung schleichen Winde,
Leis bewegen sie den Strom.
Eine blasse Wäscherin
Wäscht zur Nachtzeit bleiche Tücher.

Und die sanfte Magd des Himmels,
Von den Zweigen zart umschmeichelt,
Breitet auf die dunklen Wiesen
Ihre lichtgewobnen Linnen—
Eine blasse Wäscherin.

A pallid washerwoman
Washes pale cloths in the nighttime,
She stretches bare, silvery white arms
Down into the flowing water.

Winds steal through the clearing,
Gently they ruffle the stream.
A pallid washerwoman
Washes pale cloths in the nighttime.

And the gentle maid of heaven,
Daintily flattered by the boughs,
Spreads out on the dark meadows
Her linens woven of light—
A pallid washerwoman.

5. VALSE DE CHOPIN

Wie ein blasser Tropfen Bluts
Färbt die Lippen einer Kranken,
Also ruht auf diesen Tönen
Ein vernichtungssüchtiger Reiz.

Wilder Lust Akkorde stören
Der Verzweiflung eisen Traum—
Wie ein blasser Tropfen Bluts
Färbt die Lippen einer Kranken.

Heiss und jauchzend, süss und schmachkend,
Melancholisch düstrer Walzer,
Kommst mir nimmer aus den Sinnen!
Haftest mir an den Gedanken,
Wie ein blasser Tropfen Bluts!

As a pale drop of blood
colors a sick woman's lips,
Thus there rests upon these notes
A charm that hungers for annihilation.

Chords of wild pleasure disturb
The icy dream of desperation—
As a pale drop of blood
Colors a sick woman's lips.

Hot and exultant, sweet and languishing,
Melancholy, somber waltz,
I can't get you out of my head!
You adhere to my thoughts
Like a pale drop of blood!

6. MADONNA

Steig, o Mutter aller Schmerzen,
Auf den Altar meiner Verse!
Blut aus deinen magern Brüsten
Hat des Schwertes Wut vergossen.

Deine ewig frischen Wunden
Gleichen Augen, rot und offen.
Steig, o Mutter aller Schmerzen,
Auf den Altar meiner Verse!

In den abgezehrten Händen
Hältst du deines Sohnes Leiche,
Ihn zu zeigen aller Menschheit—
Doch der Blick der Menschen meidet
Dich, o Mutter aller Schmerzen!

Step, O Mother of all sorrows,
Onto the altar of my verses!
Blood from your thin breasts
Has been shed by the fury of the sword.

Your eternally fresh wounds
Resemble eyes, red and open.
Step, O Mother of all sorrows,
Onto the altar of my verses!

In your emaciated hands
You hold your son's corpse,
To show him to all mankind—
But the gaze of men avoids
You, O Mother of all sorrows!

7. DER KRANKE MOND (THE SICK MOON)

Du nächtig todeskranker Mond
Dort auf des Himmels schwarzem Pfühl,
Dein Blick, so fiebernd übergross,
Bannt mich, wie fremde Melodie.

An unstillbarem Liebesleid
Stirbst du, an Sehnsucht, tief erstickt,
Du nächtig todeskranker Mond,
Dort auf des Himmels schwarzem Pfühl.

Den Liebsten, der im Sinnenrausch
Gedankenlos zur Liebsten geht,
Belustigt deiner Strahlen Spiel—
Dein bleiches, qualgebornes Blut,
Du nächtig todeskranker Mond!

You moon, gloomy and sick to death
There on the black cushion of the sky,
Your eye, so feverishly enlarged,
Casts a spell over me like a strange melody.

You are dying of an inconsolable sorrow of love,
Dying of longing, totally suffocated,
You moon, gloomy and sick to death
There on the black cushion of the sky.

The lover, who in ecstasy
Is going off, carefree, to his sweetheart,
Is amused by the play of your beams—
Your pale, torment-born blood,
You moon, gloomy and sick to death!

II. TEIL (Part II)

8. NACHT (NIGHT)

(Passacaglia)

Finstre, schwarze Riesenfalter
Töteten der Sonne Glanz.
Ein geschlossnes Zauberbuch,
Ruht der Horizont—verschwiegen.

Aus dem Qualm verlornen Tiefen
Steigt ein Duft, Erinnerung mordend!
Finstre, schwarze Riesenfalter
Töteten der Sonne Glanz.

Und vom Himmel erdenwärts
Senken sich mit schweren Schwingen
Unsichtbar die Ungetüme
Auf die Menschenherzen nieder . . .
Finstre, schwarze Riesenfalter.

Dark, black giant moths
Killed the brightness of the sun.
Like a closed book of magic spells,
The horizon rests—mutely.

Out of the vapor of lost depths
Arises a fragrance, murdering all memory!
Dark, black giant moths
Killed the brightness of the sun.

And from the sky earthwards
There descend on heavy pinions,
Invisible, the monsters
Onto human hearts . . .
Dark, black giant moths.

9. GEBET AN PIERROT (PRAYER TO PIERROT)

Pierrot! Mein Lachen
Hab ich verlernt!
Das Bild des Glanzes
Zerfloss—zerfloss!

Schwarz weht die Flagge
Mir nun vom Mast.
Pierrot! Mein Lachen
Hab ich verlernt!

O gib mir wieder,
Rossarzt der Seele,
Schneemann der Lyrik,
Durchlaucht vom Monde,
Pierrot—mein Lachen!

Pierrot! My laughter—
I've forgotten how to laugh!
The image of brightness
Dissolved—dissolved!

A black flag waves
On my mast now.
Pierrot! My laughter—
I've forgotten how to laugh!

Oh, give me back—
Horse doctor of the soul,
Snowman of lyricism,
Your Grace of the moon,
Pierrot—my laughter!

10. RAUB (THEFT)

Rote, fürstliche Rubine,
Blutge Tropfen alten Ruhmes,
Schlummern in den Totenschreinen,
Drunten in den Grabgewölben.

Nachts, mit seinen Zechkumpanen,
Steigt Pierrot hinab—zu rauben
Rote, fürstliche Rubine,
Blutge Tropfen alten Ruhmes.

Doch da—sträuben sich die Haare,
Bleiche Furcht bannt sie am Platze:
Durch die Finsternis—wie Augen!—
Stieren aus den Totenschreinen
Rote, fürstliche Rubine.

Red, princely rubies,
Bloody drops of antique glory,
Slumber in the coffins,
Down in the burial vaults.

At night, with his drinking companions,
Pierrot descends—to steal
Red, princely rubies,
Bloody drops of antique glory.

But there—their hair stands on end,
Pale fear nails them to the spot:
Through the darkness—like eyes!—
There stare from the coffins
Red, princely rubies.

II. ROTE MESSE (RED MASS)

Zu grausem Abendmahle,
Beim Blendeglanz des Goldes,
Beim Flackerschein der Kerzen,
Naht dem Altar—Pierrot!

For a hideous Communion,
In the dazzling shine of gold,
In the wavering light of tapers,
Pierrot approaches the altar!

Die Hand, die gottgeweihte,
Zerreisst die Priesterkleider
Zu grausem Abendmahle,
Beim Blendglanz des Goldes.

Mit segnender Geberde
Zeigt er den bange Seelen
Die triefend rote Hostie:
Sein Herz—in blutigen Fingern—
Zu grausem Abendmahle!

His hand, consecrated to God,
Rips the priestly garments
For a hideous Communion
In the dazzling shine of gold.

With a gesture of benediction
He shows to the frightened souls
The dripping red Host:
His heart—in bloody fingers—
For a hideous Communion!

12. GALGENLIED (GALLOWS SONG)

Die dürre Dirne
Mit langem Halse
Wird seine letzte
Geliebte sein.

In seinem Hirne
Steckt wie ein Nagel
Die dürre Dirne
Mit langem Halse.

Schlank wie die Pinie,
Am Hals ein Zöpfchen—
Wollüstig wird sie
Den Schelm umhalsen,
Die dürre Dirne!

The scraggy harlot
With a long neck
Will be his last
Lover.

In his brain
Is stuck like a nail
The scraggy harlot
With a long neck.

Slender as a pine,
On her neck a little braid—
Lustfully she will
Hug the rogue's neck,
The scraggy harlot!

13. ENTHAUPTUNG (BEHEADING)

Der Mond, ein blankes Türkenschwert
Auf einem schwarzen Seidenkissen,
Gespenstisch gross—dräut er hinab
Durch schmerzsdunkle Nacht.

Pierrot irrt ohne Rast umher
Und starrt empor in Todesängsten
Zum Mond, dem blanken Türkenschwert
Auf einem schwarzen Seidenkissen.

Es schlottern unter ihm die Knie,
Ohnmächtig bricht er jäh zusammen.
Er wähnt: es sause strafend schon
Auf seinen Sündenhals hernieder
Der Mond, das blanke Türkenschwert.

The moon, a gleaming scimitar
On a black silk pillow,
Spectrally large—sends down threats
Through the sorrow-dark night.

Pierrot wanders about restlessly
And stares up in mortal anguish
At the moon, the gleaming scimitar
On a black silk pillow.

His knees shake under him,
All at once he falls into a faint.
He imagines that in punishment there already whizzes
Down onto his sinful neck
The moon, the gleaming scimitar.

14. DIE KREUZE (THE CROSSES)

Heilge Kreuze sind die Verse,
Dran die Dichter stumm verbluten,
Blindgeschlagen von der Geier
Flatterndem Gespensterschwarme!

In den Leibern schwelgten Schwerter,
Prunkend in des Blutes Scharlach!
Heilge Kreuze sind die Verse,
Dran die Dichter stumm verbluten.

Tot das Haupt—erstarrt die Locken—
Fern, verweht der Lärm des Pöbels.
Langsam sinkt die Sonne nieder,
Eine rote Königskrone.—
Heilge Kreuze sind die Verse!

Verses are holy crosses
On which poets silently bleed to death,
Stricken blind by the fluttering
Ghostly swarm of vultures!

In their bodies swords have reveled,
Gaudy in the blood's scarlet!
Verses are holy crosses
On which poets silently bleed to death.

Dead the head—stiff the tresses—
Far, drifted away, the noise of the commoners.
Slowly the sun sets,
A red royal crown.—
Verses are holy crosses!

III. TEIL (Part III)

15. HEIMWEH (HOMESICKNESS)

Lieulich klagend—ein krystallnes Seufzen
Aus Italiens alter Pantomime,
Klingts herüber: wie Pierrot so hölzern,
So modern sentimental geworden.

Und es tönt durch seines Herzens Wüste,
Tönt gedämpft durch alle Sinne wieder,
Lieulich klagend—ein krystallnes Seufzen
Aus Italiens alter Pantomime.

Da vergisst Pierrot die Trauermienen!
Durch den bleichen Feuerschein des Mondes,
Durch des Lichtmeers Fluten—schweift die Sehnsucht
Kühn hinauf, empor zum Heimathimmel,
Lieulich klagend—ein krystallnes Seufzen!

Sweetly lamenting—a crystalline sigh
From Italy's antique pantomime—
The sound comes to us: that Pierrot has become
So wooden, so fashionably sentimental.

And it sounds through his heart's wilderness,
Reechoes, muffled, through all his senses,
Sweetly lamenting—a crystalline sigh
From Italy's old pantomime.

Then Pierrot forgets his sad expressions!
Through the pale firelight of the moon,
Through the waves of the sea of light—longing strays
Boldly upward, up to its native sky,
Sweetly lamenting—a crystalline sigh!

16. GEMEINHEIT (FOUL PLAY)

In den blanken Kopf Cassanders,
Dessen Schrein die Luft durchzetert,
Bohrt Pierrot mit Heuchlermienen,
Zärtlich—einen Schädelbohrer!

Darauf stopft er mit dem Daumen
Seinen echten türkschen Tabak
In den blanken Kopf Cassanders,
Dessen Schrein die Luft durchzetert!

Dann dreht er ein Rohr von Weichsel
Hinten in die glatte Glatze
Und behaglich schmaucht und pafft er
Seinen echten türkschen Tabak
Aus dem blanken Kopf Cassanders!

Into the shiny head of Cassander,
Whose cries pierce the air,
Pierrot, with hypocritical looks,
Tenderly inserts—a trephine!

Then with his thumb he stuffs
His genuine Turkish tobacco
Into the shiny head of Cassander,
Whose cries pierce the air!

Then he twists a cherry-wood tube
Into the back of the smooth bald head,
And he comfortably smokes and puffs
His genuine Turkish tobacco
Out of the shiny head of Cassander!

17. PARODIE (PARODY)

Stricknadeln, blank and blinkend,
In ihrem grauen Haar,
Sitzt die Duenna murmelnd,
Im roten Röckchen da.

Sie wartet in der Laube,
Sie liebt Pierrot mit Schmerzen,
Stricknadeln, blank und blinkerd,
In ihrem grauen Haar.

Da plötzlich—horch!—ein Wispern!
Ein Windhauch kichert leise:
Der mond, der böse Spötter,
Äfft nach mit seinen Strahlen—
Stricknadeln, blink und blank.

Knitting needles, shiny and gleaming,
In her gray hair,
The duenna sits mumbling
There in her red skirt.

She waits in the grove,
She loves Pierrot painfully,
Knitting needles, shiny and gleaming,
In her gray hair.

Then suddenly—listen!—a whispering!
A wind current giggles softly:
The moon, the spiteful mocker,
Imitates with its beams—
Knitting needles, gleam and shine.

18. DER MONDFLECK (THE MOON SPOT)

Einen weissen Fleck des hellen Mondes
Auf dem Rücken seines schwarzen Rockes,
So spaziert Pierrot im lauen Abend,
Aufzusuchen Glück und Abenteuer.

A white spot of the bright moonlight
On the back of his black coat,
Thus Pierrot strolls on the warm evening,
Looking for good fortune and adventures.

Plötzlich stört ihn was an seinem Anzug,
Er besieht sich rings und findet richtig—
Einen weissen Fleck des hellen Mondes
Auf dem Rücken seines schwarzen Rockes.

Warte! denkt er: das ist so ein Gipsfleck!
Wischt und wischt, doch—bringt ihn nicht herunter!
Und so geht er, giftgeschwollen, weiter,
Reibt und reibt bis an den frühen Morgen—
Einen weissen Fleck des hellen Mondes.

Suddenly something on his clothing bothers him;
He looks himself all over and finds it precisely—
A white spot of the bright moonlight
On the back of his black coat.

"Wait!" he thinks: "It's some plaster spot!"
He wipes and wipes it but—can't wipe it away!
And so he walks onward, swollen with venom,
Rubs and rubs until early in the morning—
A white spot of the bright moonlight.

19. SERENADE

Mit groteskem Riesenbogen
Kratzt Pierrot auf seiner Bratsche,
Wie der Storch auf einem Beine,
Knipst er trüb ein Pizzicato.

Plötzlich naht Cassander—wütend
Ob des nächtigen Virtuosen—
Mit groteskem Riesenbogen
Kratzt Pierrot auf seiner Bratsche.

Von sich wirft er jetzt die Bratsche:
Mit der delikaten Linken
Fasst er den Kahlkopf am Kragen—
Träumend spielt er auf der Glatze
Mit groteskem Riesenbogen.

With a grotesque gigantic bow
Pierrot scrapes on his viola,
Like the stork on one leg,
He mournfully plucks a pizzicato.

Suddenly Cassander approaches—furious
Over the nocturnal virtuoso—
With a grotesque gigantic bow
Pierrot scrapes on his viola.

Now he throws aside the viola:
With his delicate left hand
He seizes the bald man by the collar—
Dreamily he plays on the bald head
With a grotesque gigantic bow.

20. HEIMFAHRT (JOURNEY HOME) (Barcarole)

Der Mondstrahl ist das Ruder,
Seerose dient als Boot:
Drauf fährt Pierrot gen Süden
Mit gutem Reisewind.

Der Strom summt tiefe Skalen
Und wiegt den leichten Kahn.
Der Mondstrahl ist das Ruder,
Seerose dient als Boot.

Nach Bergamo, zur Heimat,
Kehrt nun Pierrot zurück,
Schwach dämmt schon im Osten
Der grüne Horizont.
—Der Mondstrahl ist das Ruder.

The moonbeam is the oar,
The water lily serves as the boat:
On it Pierrot travels south
Wafted by a favorable wind.

The river hums low scales
And rocks the light craft.
The moonbeam is the oar,
The water lily serves as the boat.

To Bergamo, his homeland,
Pierrot now returns;
In the east the green horizon
Is already visible in the pale daybreak.
—The moonbeam is the oar.

21. O ALTER DUFT (O ANCIENT FRAGRANCE)

O alter Duft aus Märchenzeit,
Berauschest wieder meine Sinne!
Ein närrisch Heer von Schelmerein
Durchschwirrt die leichte Luft.

Ein glückhaft Wünschen macht mich froh
Nach Freuden, die ich lang verachtet:
O alter Duft aus Märchenzeit,
Berauschest wieder mich!

All meinen Unmut geb ich preis;
Aus meinem sonnumrahmten Fenster
Beschau ich frei die liebe Welt
Und träum hinaus in selge Weiten . . .
O alter Duft—aus Märchenzeit!

O ancient fragrance from the age of fairy tales,
Again you intoxicate my senses!
A foolish host of merry pranks
Flits through the gentle breeze.

A happy desire for joys
That I long contemned makes me cheerful:
O ancient fragrance from the age of fairy tales,
Again you intoxicate me!

I give up all my ill humor;
Through my sunshine-framed window
I freely observe the dear world
And my dreams travel into blissful distances . . .
O ancient fragrance—from the age of fairy tales!