

KANSAS STATE COLLEGE OF PITTSBURG

DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

Presents



An Evening of German Song
with
Edwin Stewart Baritone
George Mann Piano

Poetry of
Wolfgang von Goethe
Musical Settings
by

Beethoven

Schubert

Schumann

Brahms

Wolf

Monday, July 24, 1972

McCray Auditorium

8:00 p. m.

PROGRAM

I

Beethoven Mailed
(1770-1827) Wonne der Wehmut
Aus Goethes Faust: Der Floh

II

Schubert Erlkoenig
(1797-1828) Wanderers Nachtlied
Szene aus Goethes Faust

III

Schumann Wer sich der Einsamkeit ergibt
 (1810-1856) Zwei Lieder aus dem Schenkenbuch im Divan
 (To be sung without interruption)

1. Sitz' ich allein
2. Setze mir nicht

IV

Brahms Serenate
(1833-1897) Daemmerung senkte sich von oben
Unueberwindlich

V

Wolf Anakreons Grab
(1860-1903) Epiphanias
Der Rattenfaenger

This recital partially fulfills performance requirements for the Master of Music degree program for Mr. Stewart.

The Romantic movement, which began during the period of the Napoleonic Empire, was a rebellion against the rationalism and formalism of the times. Ardently emotional, Romanticism is the presentation of the highly individual reaction of the artist to experience. The man who gave great impetus to this movement was Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832), German poet, dramatist, novelist, critic, statesman, and scientist. Goethe was the greatest and most universal genius of his age. His mind and work dominated European thought for two centuries. Born in the age of Frederick the Great, he lived through the elation and disillusionment of the great Revolution; he watched the star of Napoleon rise and set; he was a witness to the new Europe created by the Congress of Vienna. With Goethe, and his contemporary Schiller, there was the dawning of a new German literature which greatly influenced the development of song in Germany.

Beethoven was the precursor of the Romantic era in music. A classic-romanticist, he was born in 1770 (twenty-one years later than Goethe) and died in 1827 (five years before Goethe). Beethoven wrote only sixty-eight songs. MAILIED (Op. 52, No. 4) has the simplicity and charm of a folk song. The SZENE AUS FAUST (Op. 75, No. 3) could be a humorous operatic aria. WONNE DER WEHMUT (aus Op. 83) is, however, a true Lied. The piano delicately but powerfully supports the content of the words.

It remained for Schubert (1791-1828) to establish the Lied as an art form. A romantic-classicist and essentially a lyricist, it is interesting to note that he enjoyed his first success (at the age of 17) with ERLKOENIG and GRETCHEN AM SPINNRAD, two dramatic Goethe ballads. In the year 1815 Schubert composed 145 songs, thirty of which had Goethe texts. WANDERERS NACHTLIED (Op. 96, No. 3) was composed in 1822. Goethe had inscribed this poem on the wall of a little hut on the Kickelhahn at Ilmenau in 1780. It is one of the most perfect expressions of man's oneness with nature and represents both Goethe and Schubert at their lyrical best. The SZENE AUS FAUST (Nachlass, Lfg. 20) is still another example of Schubert's dramatic talent.

Whereas Schubert achieved equilibrium between his expressive vocal melodies and his accompaniments and had the desire to express the text, Robert Schumann (1810-1886) wanted to "liberate the word from the curse of reason, by means of the unity of feeling between language and music, to fuse them into something like a universal art-work." With Schumann the piano plays a new role. His Lieder have sensitive and expressive vocal lines, but the piano part is often of equal or greater importance in the development of the emotional implications of the poem. Like Schubert, songs were among Schumann's first works. Unlike Schubert, he set only a few Goethe texts. WER SICH DER EINSAMKEIT ERGIBT (Op. 98a, No. 6) from Goethe's WILHELM MEISTER and the two songs (SITZ' ICH ALLEIN and SETZE MIR NICHT) from the WESTOESTLICHEN DIVAN show the two sides of Schumann's nature: Eusebius and Florestan.

The manner in which Brahms (1833-1897) sets a poem to music could be perhaps best understood if one would give serious consideration to the fact that he was earnestly engaged in collecting, harmonizing, and imitating folk songs of German, as well as of western Slavic, origin. The attempt to combine the purely melodic expressiveness of a folk song with the more elaborate musico-dramatic conception of a 19th century song seems to be one of the predominant characteristics of Brahms' vocal works. His melodic line dominates and the piano provides an appropriate background of harmonic figuration which supports the rhythm of the vocal line and establishes the mood of the text. SERENATE, DAEMMERUNG SENKTE SICH VON OBEN and UNUEBERWINDLICH are rated among Brahms' "great" songs.

Schumann and Brahms were romantic composers. Hugo Wolf is considered a post-romanticist. Most of Hugo Wolf's songs are dominated by their texts. He felt that the music must not only be inspired by the text, but that it must follow, interpret, and illustrate the poem, sentence by sentence, or even word by word. This approach to the relationship between text and music was not new. The "nuove musiche" of the Italian Renaissance often tried to approach their texts in a like manner. Hugo Wolf didn't begin to compose until 1888. In three years he composed over two hundred songs. All the Goethe texts were composed during this period: ANAKREONS GRAB, November 4, 1888; DER RATTENFAENGER, November 6, 1888; and EPIPHANIAS, December 27, 1888. Wolf spent the Christmas of 1888 with his friends the Koecherts and EPIPHANIAS was written for the three children of the house to enact at Epiphany. DER RATTENFAENGER character is the familiar Pied Pier of Hamelin. Goethe, with his penchant for making legendary figures human, presents us with his own reflections on the character. His ratcatcher is a boastful rather worldly spellbinder with powers over rats, children and women. The piano part, which compels our attention from the very first notes of the first bar, has the rhythmical strength and urgency of Schubert's ERLKOENIG combined with a brilliance that is pure Wolf.

EDWIN STEWART
Program Notes

I

MAILIED (Op. 53, No. 4)-Beethoven

How gloriously gleameth
All nature to me!
How bright the sun beameth,
How fresh is the lea!

While blossoms are bursting
The thickets among
And all the gay greenwood
Is ringing with song!

There's radiance and rapture
That naught can destroy
O earth, in thy sunshine,
O heart, in thy joy.

O love! thou enchanter,
So golden and bright-
Like the red clouds of morning
That rest on yon height;

It is thou that art clothing
The fields and the bowers,
And everywhere breathing
The incense of flowers!

O maiden! dear maiden!
How well I love thee-
Thine eye, how it kindles
In answer to me!

Oh! well the lark loveth
Its song 'midst the blue;
Oh, gladly the flowerets
Expand to the dew!

And so do I love thee;
For all that is best,
I draw from thy beauty
To gladden my breast!

And all my heart's music
Is thrilling for thee!
Be evermore blest, love,
And loving to me!

WONNE DER WEHMUTH -----Beethoven
(aus Op. 83)

The world is desolate and dead...
Ah, tears of unhappy love never
stop flowing.

AUS GOETHE'S (FAUST): -----Beethoven
Der Floh (Op. 75, No. 3)

MEPHISTOPHELES:

There was a king once reigning,
Who had a big black flea,
And loved him past explaining,
As his own son were he.
He called his man of stitches;
The tailor came straightway:
Here, measure the lad for breeches,
And measure his coat, I say!

In silk and velvet gleaming
He now was wholly drest --
Had a coat with ribbons streaming,
A cross upon his breast.
He had the first of stations,
A minister's star and name:
And also all his relations
Great lords at court became.

And the lords and ladies of honor
Were plagued, awake and in bed;
The queen she got them upon her,
The maids were bitten and bled.
And they did not dare to brush them,
Or scratch them, day or night:
We crack them and we crush them,
At once, whene'er they bite.

CHORUS:

We crack them and we crush them,
At once, whene'er they bite.

ERLKOENIG (Op. 1) ----- Schubert

Midnight; and the man gallops hard through the storm and wind, hugging close
his small son.

"Son, what ails you?"

"Father, can't you see the Erl King?"

"There's only a streak of mist there, my child."

"Pretty boy, won't you come along with me? Come, and I'll show you
all fairyland."

"Father, can't you hear what Erl King is saying?"

"Don't talk so, my child. It's the wind in the dead branches."

"Come, pretty one, and fairy princesses shall play with you, dance with
you, sing to you."

"Father, father, there are Erl King's daughters!"

"I want you, pretty one, and if you do not come willingly, I'll force you to come!"

"Father, he has me! Save me!"

The child sudders. The father spurs his horse. Gasping and tired, he pulls up at
the gate of their home. But in his arms, the child lies... dead!

WANDERERS NACHTLIED (Op. 96, No. 3) ----- Schubert

How silent are the hills! The tree-tops hardly stir; the birds are hushed.
Soon, soon thou too shalt rest.

SZENE AUS GOETHES (FAUST) -(Nachlass, Lfg. 20)-----Schubert
(The Cathedral)

EVIL SPIRIT: How otherwise was it, Margaret
When thou, still innocent,
Here to the altar cam'st,
And from the worn and fingered book
Thy prayers didst prattle,
Half sport of childhood,
Half God within thee!
Margaret!
Where tends thy thought?
Within thy bosom
What hidden crime?
Pray'st thou for mercy on thy mother's soul,
That fell asleep to long, long torment, and through thee?
Upon thy threshold whose the blood?
And stirreth not and quickens
Something beneath thy heart,
Thy life disquieting
With most foreboding presence?

MARGARET: Woe! woe!
Would I were free from the thoughts
That cross me, drawing hither and thither
Despite me!

CHORUS: Dies irae, dies illa
Solvat saeculum in favilla!

EVIL SPIRIT: Horror grips thee!
The trumpet sounds!
The graves tremble!
And thy heart
From ashy rest
To fiery torments
Now again requickened,
Throbs to life!

MARGARET: Would I were forth!
I feel as if the organ here
My breath takes from me,
My very heart
Dissolved by the anthem!

CHORUS: Judex ergo cum sedebit,
Quidquid latet, adparebit,
Nil inultum remanebit.

MARGARET: I cannot breathe!
The massy pillars
Imprison me!
The vaulted arches
Crush me! -Air!

EVIL SPIRIT: Hide thyself! Sin and shame
Stay never hidden.
Air? Light?
Woe to thee!

CHORUS: Quid sum miser tunc dicturus.
Quem patronem rogaturus,
Cum vix justus sit securus?

EVIL SPIRIT: They turn their faces from thee:
The pure, their hands to offer,
Shuddering, refuse thee!
Woe!

CHORUS: Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?

III

WER SICH DER EINSAMKEIT ERGIBT ----- Schumann
(aus Wilhelm Meister) Op. 98, No. 6

Man lives, man loves. Leave him alone with his anguish. In the grave
he will find his peace and solitude.

SITZ' ICH ALLEIN ----- Schumann
(aus Westoestlichen Divan) Op. 25, No. 5

Sitting alone, drinking my wine, where could I be happier? With no one to
bother me, the freedom to have my own thoughts... where could I be happier?

SETZE MIR NICHT (aus Westoestlichen Divan) Op. 25, No. 5 -----Schumann
Don't set the jug down under my nose like that, you oaf! Look cheerful, or you'll turn my wine sour! Ah, you, young boy, why are you standing so shyly on the threshold. Come in! You shall pour my wine. That will give it savour and brightness.

IV

SERENATE (Op. 70, No. 3) -----Brahms
Dearest child, can you tell me, why lonely beings always torture themselves with the vague thought of a happiness which can never be theirs?

DAEMMERUNG SENKTE SICH VON OBEN (Op. 59, No. 1) -----Brahms
Twilight falls... all is mistily veiled... all hovers in uncertainty... The darkness is reflected peacefully in the lake. Now through the shadows trembles the magic of the moon's glow, and the welcome coolness of evening sinks softly into the heart.

UNUEBERWINDLICH (Op. 72, No. 5) -----Brahms
A thousand times I've sworn never to trust this bottle, but if the cork is removed, the bottle is soon empty and I'm no longer myself. A thousand times I've sworn never to trust this maid, but if her eyes look into mine, I am her Samson and she is my Dalilah!

V

ANAKREONS GRAB (Goethe - Lieder Nr. 29) -----Wolf
Here roses bloom, vine and laurel entwine, turtle-doves coo, and the cricket sings for joy. Whose grave can this be, so lovingly endowed with life by all the gods? It is Anacreon's resting-place. He delighted in spring, summer, and autumn; and now he is sheltered from the winter.

EPIPHANIAS (Goethe - Lieder Nr. 19) -----Wolf
Here come the Three Kings with their star. They like eating and drinking, but they don't like paying. There are three of them, not four; and if a fourth were added, that would be one more Three-King.

FIRST KING: I'm the handsome white one, best seen by day; but unloved in spite of my spices.

SECOND KING: I'm the tall swarthy one, popular with the ladies. I bring gold, not spices, so everyone likes me.

THIRD KING: I'm the little black one; I could be quite happy just eating and drinking, and saying thank you.

TOGETHER: The Three Kings are in good humour. They are looking for a table, a Mother and a Child, for Joseph and the ox and the ass. We bring myrrh and gold, and given good wine we three will drink like six. As there are only fine ladies and gentlemen here, and no oxes and asses, as far as we can see, it is clear that we have come to the wrong place and must proceed on our way.

DER RATTENFAENGER (Goethe - Lieder Nr. 11) -----Wolf
I am the well-known minstrel, the much-travelled ratcatcher. It looks as if this famous old city needs my services; I can get rid of rats or any other vermin. I am among other things a child-catcher, and can tame even the most unmanageable brats with my golden fairy-tales; boys and girls must all come dancing after me. On occasion, of course, I use my powers to catch women. I win their hearts wherever I go; they all fall under the magic spell of my playing and singing. I am the well-known minstrel, the much-travelled ratcatcher. I can rid your city of rats or any other vermin.