

UNIVERSITY OF
LOUISVILLE[®]

SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Haley DeWitt, *soprano*

Student of Katherine Donner

with

David George, *piano*

Josh Costello, *clarinet*

Graduate Recital

*This recital is presented in partial fulfillment
of the Master of Music degree.*

Monday Evening

April 23, 2018

7:00 p.m.

Comstock Concert Hall

PROGRAM

Der Hirt auf dem Felsen

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Six chansons françaises

Germaine Tailleferre
(1892-1983)

Non, la fidélité...
Souvent un air de vérité
Mon mari m'a diffamée
Vrai Dieu, qui m'y confortera
On a dit mal de mon ami
Les trois présents

From *Acht Lieder aus Letzte Blätter*, Op.10

Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)

1. Zueignung
2. Nichts
3. Die Nacht
4. Die Georgine
5. Geduld
8. Allerseelen

Three Dickinson Songs

André Previn
(b. 1929)

As imperceptibly as grief
Will there really be a morning
Good morning-- Midnight

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PROGRAM NOTES

*Brackets around words indicate modification of poem text by the composer

Der Hirt auf dem Felsen - Franz Schubert

Franz Schubert's *Der Hirt auf dem Felsen* (The Shepherd on the Rock) represents perhaps the most performed piece for soprano and clarinet obbligato in the musical canon. The piece was conceived for Austrian soprano Anna Milder-Hauptmann, who in an 1825 letter to Schubert requested he compose for her a longer piece with contrasting sections and an exciting ending which would be 'suitable for a larger audience.' The request for contrasting sections explains Schubert's combination of texts, with the first four verses from Wilhelm Müller's *Der Berghirt* (The Alpine Shepherd) and the last verse from Müller's *Liebesgedanken* (Thoughts of Love). The despair-laden middle section ("In tiefem Gram...") is from Karl August Varnhagen von Ense's *Nächtlicher Schall* (Nocturnal Sounds). Schubert waited until 1828 to write the piece Milder-Hauptmann had in mind but did not live to see the first performance, which was given by Milder-Hauptmann in 1830.

The Shepherd on the Rock is a dramatic piece with both moments of great joy and deep melancholy. The steady and repetitive foundation of the piano stands in stark contrast to much of Schubert's lieder. Allowing the obbligato and voice to take full attention in this concert piece, the vocal line is more aria-like in its change of mood and combination of both extreme legato line and ostentatious coloratura.

The clarinet first introduces the opening melody in addition to small melodic phrases which intimate later material. The voice then repeats the opening melody, as the lonely shepherd stands high above his watch, regarding the vast land and the echoes of his voice. On the texts "und singe" (and sing) and "der Wiederhall" (the echo), Schubert mimics the sounds of Austrian mountain yodeling, giving both the voice and clarinet wide leaps of a ninth and an octave. Throughout the piece, we hear interplay between the clarinet and voice, sometimes in the form of imitation and echo and other times as a question and answer relationship.

After an interlude in which the clarinet imitates earlier melodic material, the first section repeats nearly verbatim with the same text ("Wenn auf dem höchsten...") and melody. After the second iteration, despair enters the mind of the shepherd, depicted by the clarinet transitioning to the relative minor. A despondent shepherd is characterized by even eighth notes, a departure from the youth and excitement of the previous triplet patterns. The shepherd now laments his loneliness and distance from his beloved. The loneliness is reflected in the obbligato line as only brief phrases of imitation sound from the clarinet. The voice leads with an exceptionally legato line and dramatically sustained notes which illustrate the shepherd's pining.

When hope appears to be lost, a surprise of G major harmony arrives on "die Herzen es zum Himmel zieht" (The heart is drawn to heaven). The shepherd realizes the power of his voice to reach the heavens, and ultimately, to reach his distant lover. Schubert surprises the listener two more times with unexpected major harmonic arrivals on "mit wunderbarer Macht" (with wonderful power) and on the repeat of "die Herzen es zum Himmel zieht." The clarinet assumes the earlier long notes of the singer and leads into the final section via a cadenza followed by descending half steps which prepare the return to the original key of B-flat. The clarinet then introduces the joyful melody closely followed by the voice declaring, "Der Frühling will kommen" (The spring is coming). From here the clarinet excitedly mimics and echoes the vocal line. The text Schubert omitted in the repeat of the first section now makes a triumphant return: "Je weiter meine Stimme dringt" (The further my voice carries). This time there is no mention of the distant lover as the shepherd knows the return of spring also means the return of joy and love. The *più mosso* sends the clarinet and voice in a race to the finish, overlapping one another in a series of hurried coloratura phrases. The clarinet finishes the piece with a dazzling display of coloratura runs capped off with a final, decisive arpeggio, signifying the triumph of love.

DER HIRT AUF DEM FELSEN

Wenn auf dem höchsten Fels ich steh',
In's tiefe Tal hernieder seh',
Und singe.

Fern aus dem tiefen dunkeln Tal
Schwingt sich empor der Widerhall
Der Klüfte.

Je weiter meine Stimme dringt,
Je heller sie mir wieder klingt
Von unten.

Mein Liebchen wohnt so weit von mir,
Drum sehn' ich mich so heiß nach ihr
Hinüber.

In tiefem Gram verzehr ich mich,
Mir ist die Freude hin,
Auf Erden mir die Hoffnung wich,
Ich hier so einsam bin.

So sehndend klang im Wald das Lied,
So sehndend klang es durch die Nacht,
Die Herzen es zum Himmel zieht
Mit wunderbarer Macht.

Der Frühling will kommen,
Der Frühling, meine Freud',
Nun mach' ich mich fertig
Zum Wandern bereit

THE SHEPHERD ON THE ROCK

When I stand on the highest rock,
Look down into the deep valley
And sing,

From far away in the deep dark valley
The echo from the ravines
Rises up.

The further my voice carries,
The clearer it echoes back to me
From below.

My sweetheart lives so far from me,
Therefore I long so to be with her
Over there.

Deep grief consumes me,
My joy has fled,
All earthly hope has vanished,
I am so lonely here.

The song rang out so longingly through the wood,
Rang out so longingly through the night,
That it draws hearts to heaven
With wondrous power.

Spring is coming,
Spring, my joy,
I shall now make ready to journey.

Translation by Richard Stokes

Six chansons françaises - Germaine Tailleferre

Typically recognized for her role as the only woman in *Les Six* group of French composers, Germaine Tailleferre was an adventurous composer who also led a fascinating and tumultuous life which was reflected in her compositions. Tailleferre is known for dabbling in many compositional styles and techniques, from neo-classicism to poly-tonality to serialism.

Her first husband, illustrator Ralph Burton, suffered from mental illness and was jealous of his wife's success. When Tailleferre announced her pregnancy to him in 1929, Burton offered to shoot her in the stomach. She ran outside and hid in the bushes, where she heard gunshots. She escaped to the home of a friend, but the trauma of the event caused a miscarriage. Burton was overjoyed at the news and sent his wife a room full of flowers while she was hospitalized. The couple never saw one another after the incident. Burton committed suicide in 1931, leaving a note which pronounced his undying love for his third wife Carlotta and did not mention Tailleferre.

Tailleferre realized the negative effects of her first marriage on her ability to compose. She soon was back to work, and months after the miscarriage in 1929 she finished composing *Six Chansons Françaises*, the only song cycle published before her death. The French texts by various authors (two anonymous) range from the fifteenth to the eighteenth century and are scathing and harsh towards marriage and men. They take on an even more feminist flair and confidence through Tailleferre's musical settings. The set appears to be a cathartic outlet for a woman trying to come to terms with the aftermath of disastrous loss.

In *Six Chansons* Tailleferre exhibits a keen awareness of the speech patterns used in the poetry and delivers specific rhythmic treatments of words to exude an often matter-of-fact manner. The brevity of the set reflects Tailleferre's quick-fire text setting.

Non, la fidélité expresses the "stupidity" and old-fashioned ways of fidelity. The first several measures paint the narrator as annoyed, with the piano creating tension and dissonance. A very clear and consonant A-flat major appears at "Vive la nouveauté" (Long live novelty) and continues until the first of a few playful "tra la la"s indicate a change of harmony. Tailleferre uses a clever meter change to 6/8 and repeated pitches on the text "Le serment répété" (repeated vows) to give the effect of mimicking the stale, ineffective oaths. As the piece ends with the woman lying next to her lover, Tailleferre settles on a sultry minor seventh chord.

NON, LA FIDÉLITÉ...
Non, la fidélité
N'a jamais été
Qu'une imbécillité.
J'ai quitté
Par légèreté
Plus d'une beauté.
Vive la nouveauté!
Mais quoi! la probité?
Puérilité.
Le serment répété?
Style usité;
A-t-on jamais compté
Sur un traité
Dicté [par] la volupté,
Sans liberté?
On feint par vanité
D'être irrité.
L'amant peu regretté
Est [invite];
La femme, avec gâité,
Bientôt s'arrange de son côté.

NO, FIDELITY
No, fidelity
has never been anything
but stupidity.
've left
thoughtlessly
more than one beautiful woman.
Long live novelty!
But morality, you say?
Childish.
Repeated vows?
Out of fashion.
Could one ever count
on a treatise
inspired by pleasure
without freedom?
One pretends, out of vanity,
to be irritated.
The lover barely regretted
is invited by others.
The woman, gaily,
Quickly arranges herself by his side.

Souvent un air de vérité is the most nostalgic of the set. In the poem, the narrator recalls a bittersweet dream in which an unrequited love is expressed. The triple meter and calm, lullaby-like steadiness in the piano reinforce the scene of the dream. Triplets in the piano create momentum upon the awakening of the narrator and realization that all was not lost, even as a king without an empire.

SOUVENT UN AIR DE VÉRITÉ
Souvent un air de vérité
Se mêle au plus grossier mensonge.
[Une] nuit dans l'erreur d'un songe,
Au rang des rois j'étais monté.
Je vous aimais alors et j'osais vous le dire.
Les dieux, à mon réveil ne m'ont pas tont ôté :
Je n'ai perdu que mon Empire.

OFTEN AN AIR OF TRUTH
Often an air of truth
mixes with the crudest lie.
One night in the error of a dream
I rose to the rank of kings.
I loved you then and dared to tell you.
When I woke, the gods did not take it all away;
I lost only my empire.

Told from the viewpoint of a wife who has taken a lover, *Mon mari m'a diffamée* is a fast-paced and defensive declaration. The woman seems to be backed into a corner, yet unapologetic and steadfast in her choices. The husband is an abusive and worthless scoundrel; qualities which only encourage the wife's undisguised affair. Tailleferre alternates between 2/4 and 5/8 time to fit the pattern of speech in the poem. The setting is strophic with slight alterations in pitch and rhythm on each verse. Towards the end of each verse the woman calls out to her lover, "Hé! Mon ami." A constantly moving and consistently dissonant piano part is met with an almost breathless delivery in the voice.

MON MARI M'A DIFFAMÉE

*Mon mari m'a diffamée
Pour l'amour de mon ami,
De la longue demeurée
Que j'ai faite avecque lui.
Hé! mon ami,
En dépit de mon mari
qui me va toujours battant,
Je ferai pis que devant.*

*Aucunes gens m'ont blâmée,
Disant que j'ai fait ami;
La chose très fort m'agrée,
Mon très gracieux souci.
Hé! mon ami,
en dépit de mon mari
Qui ne vaut pas un grand blanc,
Je ferai pis que devant.*

*Quand je suis la nuit couchée
Entre les bras de mon ami,
Je deviens presque pâmée
Du plaisir que prends en lui.
Hé! mon ami
Plût à Dieu que mon mari
Je ne visse de trente ans!
Nous nous don'rions du bon temps.*

*Si je perds ma renommée
Pour l'amour de mon ami,
Point n'en dois être blâmée,
Car il est cointe et joli.
Hé! mon ami,
Je n'ai bonjour ni demi
Avec ce mari méchant.
Je ferai pis que devant.*

The young wife in *Vrai Dieu, qui m'y confortera* is trapped in a marriage to an older man who keeps her locked away. She fantasizes about having a younger man and questions why temptation (represented by a nightingale singing) visits her, a married woman, before drifting further into her fantasy. The sadness of the text is affirmed by the first words: "Vrai Dieu, qui m'y confortera" (True God, who will comfort me). Tailleferre uses semitone dissonances and wandering chromaticism in the melody to depict the tension. The constant eighth note rhythms in the piano are used to portray a scene of a woman pacing through mental and physical confines. The only relief comes after the last of the text as the piano finally settles on an E major chord.

VRAI DIEU, QUI M'Y CONFORTERA

*Vrai Dieu, qui m'y confortera
Quand ce faux jaloux me tiendra
En sa chambre seule enfermée ?
Mon père m'a donné un vieillard
Qui tout le jour crie :
Hélas ! Hélas ! Hélas !
Et dort au long de la nuitée.*

*Il me faut un vert galant
Qui fût de l'âge de trente ans
Et qui dormit la matinée.
Rossignolet du bois plaisant,
Pourquoi me va ainsi chantant,
Puisqu'au vieillard suis mariée?*

*Ami tu sois le bienvenu;
Longtemps a que t'ai attendu
Au joli bois, sous la ramée.*

MY HUSBAND HAS DEFAMED ME

*My husband has defamed me
for love of my lover,
citing the long stay
I made with him.
Hey, lover,
in spite of my husband
who always beats me,
I will behave worse than before.*

*Noone blamed me
saying I had a lover;
The thing pleases me greatly,
My very gracious concern.
Hey, lover,
in spite of my husband
who is not worth a big nothing,
I will behave worse than before.*

*When I lie down at night
in the arms of my lover,
I become almost faint
from the pleasure I take in him.
Hey, lover,
Please God that I never see
my husband for thirty years!
We will give each other a good time.*

*If I lose my reputation
for love of my lover,
I need not to be blamed,
for he is handsome and pretty.
Hey, lover,
I don't have a good-day or half
with this nasty husband.
I will behave worse than before.*

TRUE GOD, WHO WILL COMFORT ME

*True God, who will comfort me
when this false and jealous man holds me
locked his bedroom alone?
My father gave me an old man
who all day cries:
"Alas, alas, alas!"
and sleeps the through whole night.*

*I need a fresh young man
about thirty years old
who sleeps in the morning.
Nightingale of the pleasant woods,
why do you sing to me,
since I am married to an old man?*

*Lover, you are welcomed;
a long time I have waited for you
in the pretty woods, under the branches.*

On a dit mal de mon ami is similar to *Mon mari* in its viewpoint. Here, a woman defends her lover and questions whose business it is to gossip about her or her lover. Rather than dissuade her, the gossip only makes her less repentant as she swears she would lay with him in front of all her naysayers. The vocal line is built mostly upon repeated pitches with occasional fourth leaps, which lends a carefree air to the delivery. Unlike *Mon mari*, the underlying harmony and character in the piano is lighthearted and less dissonant from start to finish, creating the sense that the woman truly is unconcerned.

ON A DIT MAL DE MON AMI,
*On a dit mal de mon ami,
 Dont j'ai le coeur bien marri,
 Qu'ont-ils affaire quel il soit,
 ou qu'il soit beau ou qu'il soit laid,
 Quand je lui plais et qu'il me plait?*

*Un médisant ne veut onc bien:
 Quand le cas ne lui touche en rien,
 Pourquoi va-t-il médire?
 Il fait vivre en martyre
 Ceux qui ne lui demandent rien.*

*Quand j'ai tout bien considéré,
 Femme n'est de quoi n'est parlé.
 Voilà ce qui m'avance
 De prendre ma plaisance.
 Aussi dit-on bien que je l'ai.*

*Plût or à Dieu qu'il fut ici
 Celui que j'ai pris et choisi,
 Puisqu'on en a voulu parler!
 Et, fussent-ils tous enrager,
 Je coucherais avecque lui!*

SOMEONE HAS SPOKEN ILL OF MY LOVER
*Someone has spoken ill of my lover,
 Causing my heart grief.
 What do they have to do with him,
 if he is handsome or if he is ugly,
 when I please him and he pleases me?*

*A gossip does not mean well:
 when the case does not even touch him,
 why does he gossip?
 He creates a life of martyrdom
 for those who ask nothing of him.*

*When I have all things well-considered,
 there are no women of whom nothing is said.
 That is what encourages me
 to take my pleasure.
 Also people rightly say that I do.*

*Would to God that the he was here
 whom I have taken and chosen,
 Since people have wanted to talk about him!
 And, should they all be enraged,
 I would lie with him!*

Though sounding as a sweet, innocent, and unassuming message to a lover, there is mischief under the surface of *Les trois présents*. The narrator charmingly introduces three mystery presents to the lover, of which the most pleasing can be chosen. C major harmony dominates the peace. The harmony shifts to E major upon the narrator's offer for the lover to choose one gift only. When the presents are revealed, they turn out to be "Good day," "Good evening," and "Goodnight," or in this context, "see you later." The harmony under the final note in the voice unexpectedly transforms to E-flat major, creating a pleasant but curious change before settling back in C major for the final chord in the accompaniment.

LES TROIS PRÉSENTS
*Je vous donne, avec grand plaisir,
 De trois présents un à choisir.
 La belle, c'est à vous de prendre
 Celui des trois qui plus vous plait.
 Les voici, sans vous faire attendre:
 Bonjour, bonsoir et bonne nuit.*

THE THREE PRESENTS
*I give you, with great pleasure,
 three presents, one to choose.
 Beauty, it is for you to take
 the one of the three that most pleases you.
 They are here, without making you wait:
 good day, good evening, and goodnight.*

From *Acht Lieder aus Letzte Blätter*, Op.10 - Richard Strauss

In 1885, the 18-year-old Richard Strauss left Munich for Meinigen, moving away from the constraints of his father's musical opinions and criticism. In Meinigen, Strauss came under the wing of composer Alexander Ritter. Ritter and Strauss, along with Ritter's circle of composer friends, explored the compositions of Richard Wagner and the writings of Arthur Schopenhauer. Through these studies, they came to celebrate and revere the ability of poetry to determine musical form and influence melody.

It was on the heels of this unfettered appreciation for Wagner that Strauss composed the songs which came to comprise the *Acht Gedichte von Hermann Gilm*. Strauss is said to have spoken of "expression" in music so frequently that Wagner's wife Cosima regularly addressed him as "My dear Expression" in their correspondence. In his first two months at Meinigen, Strauss had completed three of the eight songs: *Allerseelen*, *Die Zeitlose*, and *Die Verschwiegenen*.

Though Strauss agreed with poet Johann Goethe that the greatest poetry was not in need of music, he was motivated to compose by specific poetry and claimed to hear melodic content almost immediately upon reading a striking poem. He also admitted to having to forge ahead in composition of a song even when musical inspiration seemed to evade him. The poetry of Austrian lawyer Hermann von Gilm was unknown until the posthumous publication of his work. The poems chosen by Strauss in the *Acht Gedichte* vary in mood and touch on feelings of loss, urgency, and longing.

Zueignung is a sincere commemoration of a loved one. The poem's original title, "Habe dank," (Thanks to you) is sung at the end of each stanza. There is a restless quality that dominates the character of the piece. A sense of urgency is underscored by eighth note rests followed by right hand triplets in the piano which pervade the entire piece. In the third stanza Strauss manipulates the rhythm of the melody at "Bis ich," (until I) giving the sense of overwhelming emotion. This builds into the climax on "heilig, heilig" (holy, holy) and a truly dramatic moment of text painting at the sudden low E-flat on "sank" (sank). A second climax comes in the piano, which is followed by the final expression of "habe Dank."

Translations by Virginia Saya and Richard Walters, unless otherwise noted

ZUEIGNUNG

*Ja, du weisst es, teure Seele,
Dass ich fern von dir mich quäle,
Liebe macht die Herzen krank,
Habe dank.
Einst hielt ich, der Freiheit Zecher,
Hoch den Amethysten-Becher,
Und du segnetest den Trank,
Habe dank.
Und beschworst darin die Bösen,
Bis ich, was ich nie gewesen,
Heilig, heilig ans Herz dir sank,
Habe dank.*

DEDICATION

*Yes, you know it, beloved soul,
that I am tormented far from you,
love makes the heart suffer,
thanks to you.
Once I held, the one who delighted in freedom,
high the amethyst cup
and you blessed the drink,
thanks to you.
And exorcised the evil ones therein,
until I, as I had never been,
holy, holy onto your heart I sank,
thanks to you.*

Nichts is a taunting, playful piece in which the narrator claims to know nothing about the “queen” of songs. At the top of the piece Strauss indicates the accompaniment be played “mit Laune” or “with humor.” Powerful left hand chords in the piano are paired with a dainty motive in the right hand, which mirrors the entrance of the voice and is repeated at various pitch levels throughout the piece. The capricious and bouncy nature of the motive in the piano is offset by an overall legato vocal line. As the narrator instructs the “fools” to ask about the queen’s eyes, voice, walk, dance, and stance, the sincerity of the music matches the prankish quality of the poem, for the narrator then proclaims to know nothing of it. The same is true of the final section in which Strauss transitions from A to C-sharp major, as if to depict the narrator once again feigning sincerity. A comparison is made with the sun, and a question is posed as to how much anyone really knows about the sun. With a reappearance of the opening motive, the piano drives straight into the definitive answer: “Nichts!” or “Nothing!”

NICHTS

*Nennen soll ich, sagt ihr, meine
Königin im Liederreich?
Toren, die ihr seid,
Ich kenne sie am wenigsten von euch.
Fragt mich nach der Augen Farbe,
Fragt mich nach der Stimme Ton,
Fragt nach Gang und Tanz und Haltung,
Ach, und was weiss ich davon!
Ist die Sonne nicht die Quelle
Alles Lebens, alles Lichts?
Und was wissen von derselben
Ich, und ihr, und alle? Nichts, nichts!*

NOTHING

*I should name, you say,
my queen in the empire of songs?
Fools, that you are,
I know her the least of all of you.
Ask me about the color of her eyes,
ask me about the sound of her voice,
ask about her walk, her dance, and her bearing,
ah, and what do I know about that!
Is not the sun the source
of all life, of all light?
And what do we know of the same,
I and you and everyone? Nothing, nothing!*

The opening of *Die Nacht* is crafted to depict night as “she” envelopes everything in her path. A single note in the piano repeats, then becomes two notes as the voice enters with “Aus dem Walde tritt die Nacht” (Out of the woods treads the night). Two notes become three, and semitone chromaticism opens into a D major triad, where a bass line appears in the left hand. The vocal line is exposed by a lean and gentle accompaniment. There is vulnerability to the sound, as the narrator expresses how night gradually consumes light, flowers, colors, even the gold from domes of cathedrals. As night draws closer and closer, the vocal line becomes expanded as the realization sets in that this dark, creeping nighttime might also take away the narrator’s beloved. On “auch” (as well) this realization is matched by a dramatic harmonic change of D major to B-flat major. Strauss then repeats the D to B-flat harmonies in the final bars before finally settling on the more comforting D major.

DIE NACHT

*Aus dem Walde tritt die Nacht,
Aus den Bäumen schleicht sie leise,
Schaut sich um im weitem Kreise,
Nun gib acht.

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

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

Ausgeplündert steht der Strauch;
Rücke näher, Seel’an Seele,
O die Nacht, mir bangt, sie stehle
Dich mir auch.*

THE NIGHT

*Out of the woods treads the night,
out of the trees she gently steals,
she looks around in a wide circle,
now be careful.

All the lights of this world,
all flowers, all colors
she erases and she steals the sheaves
away from the field.

She takes everything, whatsoever is lovely,
takes the silver away from the river,
takes from the copper roof of the cathedrals,
away the gold.

The shrub stands plundered;
come closer, soul to soul,
oh the night, I’m afraid, she steals
you from me, too.*

Die Georgine is a metaphor for love found later in life. The dahlia, which is a late-blooming flower, is like the narrator in search of love. While each verse is clearly similar in melody, Strauss makes changes to the rhythm each time. Sometimes the rhythm suggests hesitation or a lack of control of timing, like the timing of love. Like *Zueignung*, Strauss writes in two final points of climax, the first on “stahl sich die Liebe mir ins Herz” (so the love stole into my heart) and the second after the words “dasselbe Entzücken” (the same delight) where the piano plays a shimmering, expansive chord on the next downbeat. The narrator not only envisions finally obtaining love but also feels, if only for a moment, the joy love brings. The energy lowers suddenly, and Strauss uses a harmonic indication to setup the text. An E-major chord, altered promptly by a lowered third to create E-minor, matches the poem’s realization that no matter when love comes, it is “the same delight” and “derselbe Schmerz” (the same pain).

DIE GEORGINE

*[Warum so spät erst, Georgine?]
Das Rosenmärchen ist erzählt,
Und honigsatt hat sich die Biene
Ihr Bett zum Schlummer ausgewählt.*

*Sind nicht zu kalt dir diese Nächte?
Wie [lebst du diese] Tage hin?
Wenn ich dir jetzt den Frühling brächte,
Du feurgelbe Träumerin!*

*Wenn ich mit Maitau dich benetzte,
[BegöÙe dich mit Junilicht]?
Doch ach, dann wärest du nicht die Letzte,
Die [stolze Einzige] auch nicht.*

*Wie, Träumerin, lock’ ich vergebens?
So reich’ mir schwesterlich die Hand,
Ich hab’ den [Maitag] dieses Lebens
wie du den [Frühling] nicht gekannt.*

*Und spät, wie dir, du Feurgelbe,
Stahl sich die Liebe [mir ins] Herz;
Ob spät, ob früh, es ist dasselbe Entzücken
[und] derselbe Schmerz.*

THE DAHLIA

*Why so late, Dahlia?
The Rose-fairytale is told
and the honey-filled bee has
chosen its bed for sleeping.*

*Aren’t the nights too cold for you?
How do you live these days away?
If brought the spring to you right now,
you fiery-yellow dreamer,*

*If I sprinkled you with the dew of May,
if I poured the light of June over you,
but ah, you would neither be the last,
not the only proud one.*

*How, dreamer, do I entice you in vain?
So give me your sisterly hand,
I have not known the Mayday of this life,
Just as you have not known the spring;*

*and as late as you are, you fiery-yellow flower,
so the love stole into my heart;
no matter if late or early, it is the same delight
and the same pain.*

Geduld is one of the lesser-known and lesser-published pieces of *Opus 10*. The vocal line sits lower than in the other pieces, and the brooding nature of the piece sets it apart from the rest. Each of the three stanzas begin softly, but the impatience grows with the lover who keeps saying, “Patience.” Towards the end of each stanza, tension builds along with harmonic variation and new melodic material. Finally, the narrator has had enough and bids farewell to their beloved. This leads into the final unraveling of patience. Strauss’ heavily chromatic shifts and temporary tonicizations reflect the moody and unstable feelings of the rejected lover who has only so much time left.

GEDULD

*Geduld, sagst du, und zeigst mit weißem Finger
Auf meiner Zukunft festgeschloss’ne Tür;
Ist die Minute, die da lebt, geringer
Als jene ungeborenen? Sage mir;
Kannst mit der Liebe du den Lenz verschieben,
Dann borg’ ich dir für eine Ewigkeit,
Doch mit dem Frühling endet auch das Lieben,
Und keine Herzens-Schulden zahlt die Zeit.*

*Geduld, sagst du und senkst die schwarze Locke,
Und stündlich fallen Blumenblätter ab,
Und stündlich fordert eine Totenglocke
Der Träne letztes Fahrgeld für das Grab.
Sieh’ nur die Tage schnell vorüberrinnen,
Horch, wie sie mahnend klopfen an die Brust:
Mach auf, mach auf, was wir nicht heut’ gewinnen,
Ist morgen unersetzlicher Verlust.*

*Geduld, sagst du und senkst die Augenlider,
Verneint ist meine Frage an das Glück;
So lebe wohl, ich seh’ dich nimmer wieder,
So will’s mein unerbittliches Geschick.
Du hast geglaubt, weil andre warten müssen
Und warten können, kann und muß ich’s auch,
Ich aber hab’ zum Lieben und zum Küssen
Nur einen Frühling, wie der Rosenstrauch.*

PATIENCE

*“Patience!” you say, and point with a white finger
to my future’s firmly closed door.
Is the minute in which I now live less important
than those that are yet to come? Tell me!
If you can delay the Spring with love,
then I will owe you for eternity,
but with the Spring love will also end,
and time pays no debts of the heart.*

*“Patience!” you say and let your dark locks fall,
and petals fall hourly from the flowers,
and funeral bells demand hourly
the last travel-toll of tears for the grave.
Just see how quickly the days run past,
listen how urgently they knock upon the breast!
Open up! open up! what we do not gain today
is tomorrow’s irrecoverable loss.*

*“Patience!” you say and droop your eyelids,
denying my question about happiness;
therefore, fare thee well, I will never see you again:
my adamant fate thus wills it.
You believed that, because others must wait -
and can wait - then I too must and can wait;
but for love and kisses I have
only one Springtime, like the rosebush.*

- Translation by Emily Ezust

Beginning with a rather ordinary picture: the setting of late-summer Aster flowers on a table, *Allerseelen* is a grieving reflection on a lost love that flourished in a bygone month of May. In the second stanza, the presence of the lost loved one is felt as the narrator longs for their touch. In the third, it becomes clear that this day has taken on a special meaning and ritual for the narrator and their grief. The strophic nature of the text is softened by Strauss' mostly through-composed setting. Gentle arpeggiation in the piano lends to the tender simplicity and vulnerability of the melody.

ALLERSEELEN

*Stell auf den Tisch die duftenden Reseden,
Die letzten roten Astern trag herbei,
Und laß uns wieder von der Liebe reden,
Wie einst im Mai.*

*Gib mir die Hand, daß ich sie heimlich drücke
Und wenn man's sieht, mir ist es einerlei,
Gib mir nur einen deiner süßen Blicke,
Wie einst im Mai.*

*Es blüht und [duftet] heut auf jedem Grabe,
Ein Tag im [Jahr ist ja den] Toten frei,
Komm an mein Herz, daß ich dich wieder habe,
Wie einst im Mai.*

ALL SOULS' DAY

*Put on the table the fragrant mignonettes,
carry the last red astors here,
and let us again talk of love
like once in May.*

*Give me your hand, that I may secretly press it,
and if anyone sees it, it makes no difference to me,
give me only one of your sweet glances
like once in May.*

*Today it blossoms and smells sweet on each grave
one day in the year indeed the dead are free,
come to my heart, that I have you again,
like once in May.*

Three Dickinson Songs - André Previn

"He's a citizen of the world. He's a German-Jewish-French-Hollywood-American-Classical-Jazz-Pianist-Pop-Film orchestrator-composer-conductor." - Ronald Wilford

A successful jazz pianist, Hollywood composer, adapter of musicals (including *Porgy and Bess* and *My Fair Lady*), and four-time Oscar winner, André Previn shifted his attention to conducting after a stint serving with the Sixth Army Band. Previn held conducting posts with many preeminent orchestras, including the London Symphony Orchestra, and later transitioned to guest-conducting appearances. Though he composed in the classical realm throughout his career, in a 2017 interview Previn said, "In the last 20 years, I've probably composed more than in my whole life before that."

André Previn has been known for his intensely private nature. He has admitted that even close friends have not been privy to his private life. Biographers Martin Bookspan and Ross Yockey have said, "there is simply no way to pry out of him any of the intimate details which might add another dimension to his own music."

It is not a far stretch to think that Previn identified with the well-known solitary and private nature of Emily Dickinson, a poet from whom several prolific composers, including Aaron Copland, have drawn texts. *Three Dickinson Songs* was premiered in 1999 by its dedicatee and Previn's preferred soprano, Renée Fleming. There are clear connections to Previn's background as a jazz pianist in the harmonic and rhythmic language of the set. As Fleming put it, Previn "writes in a musical language that is consistent and distinctly his own." While Previn's writing can at times be harmonically and rhythmically complex, the aural result is consistently accessible.

As Imperceptibly as Grief is a mourning of the passing of summer and a metaphor for grief. Despite the focus on grief, there is an overall serenity to the poem and to Previn's setting. The introduction bears a dirge-like sound, as the piano plays a series of even and heavy, foreboding chords. The voice comes in as if a thread unraveling from the introduction; perhaps Previn's attempt at painting the "imperceptible." The piano is less active overall when the voice is present and uses held chords to help depict the state of being described in the poem. At the end of the poem the summer light has finally faded away; not into despair or hopelessness, but "Into the Beautiful." Here, Previn matches the text by lifting the melody with unexpected raised notes and an expansive harmonic design in the piano. In the final moments, fragments of the opening melody disappear into a semblance of the dirge-like beginning, this time transformed into a serene and fading "light."

AS IMPERCEPTIBLY AS GRIEF

*As imperceptibly as grief
The Summer lapsed away -
Too imperceptible, at last,
To seem like Perfidy -*

*A Quietness distilled
As Twilight long begun,
Or Nature spending with herself
Sequestered Afternoon -*

*The Dusk drew earlier in -
The morning foreign shone -
A courteous, yet harrowing Grace,
As Guest, [that] would be gone -*

*And thus, without a Wing
Or service of a Keel
Our Summer made her light escape
Into the Beautiful.*

The aggressive and demanding opening triplet patterns in the piano undergird a declamatory, yet legato vocal line in *Will There Really be a Morning?*. Both piano and voice exhibit a gentler character when the poetry wonders what the Morning/Day will be like. Here Previn sets each question on a similar motive set on different pitch levels and harmonies. The same charged energy and rhythm of the beginning returns immediately after the last question. The voice ends triumphantly, while the piano carries out the last few measures in haste with the harmonies leaving a slightly unsettled final impression.

WILL THERE REALLY BE A MORNING?

Will there really be a "Morning"?

Is there such a thing as "Day"?

Could I see it from the mountains

If I were as tall as they?

Has it feet like water lilies?

Has it feathers like a bird?

Is it brought from famous countries

Of which I have never heard?

Oh some scholar! Oh some sailor!

Oh some wise man from the skies!

Please to tell a little pilgrim

Where the place called "Morning" lies!

Good Morning Midnight is a conversation with light and dark, night and day. Day has turned "his" back on a "little girl," who is struggling to decide where to turn. In the first half, midnight is "home," and Previn uses the warmth of a major triad with an added second to paint the feeling of comfort. Seventh chords, triads with added notes, and quintuplets and sextuplets in the piano strike the ear as homages to Previn's jazz background. After a farewell to Day, an interlude transitions to a new harmonic idea. The narrator looks back East and is wooed once again by the prospects of Day. Suddenly, at the height of this idea, the voice sings "You are not so fair, midnight." The surprise arrives at the word "fair," set suddenly low in range and on a dissonance over the major seventh chord in the piano. It is clear: there has been a change of heart; a proclamation of turning back towards Day. The optimism is short-lived as "a little girl" asks to be taken back again. Once more she is left in between the two worlds as Day turns his back on her. Previn chooses here to repeat the last phrase once more, treating both iterations with a sense of stunned helplessness.

GOOD MORNING MIDNIGHT

Good morning midnight,

I'm coming home.

Day got tired of me.

How could I of him?

Sunshine was a sweet place.

I liked to stayBut

morn didn't want me now,

So good night day!

I can look, can't I,

When the East is red?

The hills have a way then

That puts the heart abroad.

You are not so fair, midnight.

I chose dayBut

please take a little girl

He turned away!