

Lincoln Center's  
*Great Performers*

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The Program

Tuesday, February 4, 2020 at 7:30 pm

*Art of the Song*

Susan Graham, *Mezzo-Soprano*  
Malcolm Martineau, *Piano*

*Frauenliebe und -leben: Variations*

I.

**SCHUMANN** Seit ich ihn gesehen,  
from *Frauenliebe und -leben*, Op. 42, No. 1 (1840)

**GRIEG** Møte (1895)

**STRAUSS** Seitdem dein Aug' in meines schaute (1855–87)

II.

**SCHUMANN** Er, der Herrlichste von allen,  
from *Frauenliebe und -leben*, Op. 42, No. 2

**DANKWORTH** Shall I compare thee to a summer's day? (1964)

**FAURÉ** Chanson d'amour (1882)

**RANGSTRÖM** Melodi

**NED ROREM** O you whom I often and silently come (1957)

III.

**SCHUMANN** Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben,  
from *Frauenliebe und -leben*, Op. 42, No. 3

**GRIEG** Jeg elsker dig (1864)

**FAURÉ** Au bord de l'eau (1875)

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This performance is made possible in part by the Josie Robertson Fund for Lincoln Center.

Steinway Piano

Alice Tully Hall, Starr Theater

Adrienne Arsht Stage

## Great Performers

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Endowment support for Symphonic Masters is provided by the Leon Levy Fund

Endowment support is also provided by UBS

Public support is made possible by the New York State Council on the Arts with the support of Governor Andrew M. Cuomo and the New York State Legislature

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### UPCOMING GREAT PERFORMERS EVENTS:

*Sunday, February 23 at 3:00 pm in David Geffen Hall*

**Budapest Festival Orchestra**

**Iván Fischer**, conductor

**Renaud Capuçon**, violin

An all-Dvořák program, including his Violin Concerto and Symphony No. 8

*Monday, February 24 at 8:00 pm in David Geffen Hall*

**Budapest Festival Orchestra**

**Iván Fischer**, conductor

**Gerhild Romberger**, contralto (New York debut)

*All-Mahler program*

Kindertotenlieder; Symphony No. 5

*Tuesday, February 25 at 8:45 pm in the Walter Reade Theater*

**FILM: Symphony of a Thousand**

Directed by Humphrey Burton (1975)

In this 1975 concert film of **Mahler's** magnificent Eighth Symphony, nicknamed the "Symphony of a Thousand," incomparable conductor **Leonard Bernstein** gathers the massed forces of the **Vienna Philharmonic**, three choirs, and eight stellar vocal soloists for a musical experience of overwhelming grandeur, depicting redemption through the power of love.

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*In consideration of the performing artists and members of the audience, those who must leave before the end of the performance are asked to do so between pieces. The taking of photographs and the use of recording equipment are not allowed in the building.*

**IV.**

**SCHUMANN** Du Ring an meinem Finger,  
from *Frauenliebe und -leben*, Op. 42, No. 4

**MAHLER** Rheinlegendchen (1893)

**TURINA** Los dos miedos

**V.**

**SCHUMANN** Helft mir, ihr Schwestern,  
from *Frauenliebe und -leben*, Op. 42, No. 5

**SCHUMANN** Mutter, Mutter! Glaube nicht (1840)

**SCHUMANN** Lass mich ihn am Busen hangen (1840)

**RAVEL** Tout gai! (1904–06)

*Intermission*

**VI.**

**DUPARC** Phidylé (1882)

**DEBUSSY** La chevelure (1897)

**SCHUMANN** Süsßer Freund, du blickest,  
from *Frauenliebe und -leben*, Op. 42, No. 6

**VII.**

**POULENC** Le carafon (1960)

**TCHAIKOVSKY** Cradle Song

**STRAUSS** Wiegenliedchen, Op. 49, No. 3 (1901)

**SCHUMANN** An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust,  
from *Frauenliebe und -leben*, Op. 42, No. 7

**VIII.**

**BERLIOZ** Absence (1840)

**GRANADOS** La maja dolorosa (¡oh, muerte cruel!) (1910–11)

**QUILTER** How should I your true love know?

**SCHUMANN** Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan,  
from *Frauenliebe und -leben*, Op. 42, No. 8

*This program is approximately one hour and 40 minutes long, including intermission.*

By Susan Youens

**PRELUDE**

Songs are bite-sized commentaries on and reflections of human existence. Whatever their purely musical attributes (and their greatness, or not, is dependent upon the composer's compositional profundity), they participate in the "big things" of life: birth, death, love, hate, isolation, friendship, time, and more. Robert Schumann knew this: in the year of his battle for Clara Wieck's hand-in-marriage, he clearly thought long and hard about the vicissitudes of love and translated those thoughts into songs written for her, among them *Frauenliebe und -leben*: a tale of married love at its loveliest, from its beginnings in humble abnegation through fulfillment to the inevitable ending in one partner's death. Other composers in other countries have also sung of love, courtship, marriage, birth, and grief; what tonight's artists have done is to compile small anthologies of diverse songs on the rites of passage given us at each stage of Schumann's entire cycle.

"Man's love is of man's life a thing apart, / 'Tis woman's whole existence," said Byron in *Don Juan*, and the poetic cycle *Frauenliebe und -leben* by the French aristocrat Louis Charles Adélaïde de Chamisso de Boncourt, or Adelbert von Chamisso (whose family fled the French Revolution for Prussia when he was nine) might seem at first glance in accord with that peculiarly masculine view of women. According to some, the "female" poetic voice in this cycle is actually male, and the work is meant to teach women how the paterfamilias of the day wished to be worshipped by his wife. According to others (present company included), the poems are actually in sympathy with the emerging women's movement because it is the woman, not the husband, who is the narrator; Chamisso was hailed in his time as a champion of women. While listeners will make up their own minds, it is undeniable that Schumann saw in these words the occasion for great musical beauty. We hear a portrait in tones of a loving, tender, generous-hearted creature anyone would be proud to love and to be loved by.

**I.****Love comes in at the eye: Seit ich ihn gesehen**

"And love comes in at the eye," wrote William Butler Yeats: in this first group of three songs, lovers look at the beloved and are helpless to resist such beauty. In the "Amen" chords at the start of Schumann's "**Seit ich ihn gesehen**," we hear the nameless woman's reverence for the man she loves but believes is beyond her reach. Hence the slight tinge of darkness and sadness in this music. Schumann had a passion for Bach, and he channels Baroque tradition in this sarabande-song (the "sarabande" was a Baroque dance in triple meter with the second and third beats often tied, usually grave in nature).

Love not yet admitted, much less acknowledged, in Schumann's first song is taken several steps farther in "**Møte**" from Edvard Grieg's famous *Haugtussa* cycle. In the first half of Arne Garborg's poetic cycle, the clairvoyant heroine Veslemøy—called "Haugtussa," or "hill sprite" for her ability to commune with

Nature—falls in love with the “wild boy” Jon. As she dreams of him on a hilltop, he appears, and she gazes at him entranced before they fall into one another’s arms. Her desire for him at the start, the music saturated with chromatic motion in the inner voices (a traditional trope for desire), is consummated at the end in their first tryst; we hear climax and the “dying-away” aftermath of lovemaking at the end.

“Since your eyes gazed in mine...what more could I ask of life?” the lover in Richard Strauss’s **“Seitdem dein Aug’ in meines schaute”** asks. Strauss begins without a piano introduction, the directness very moving, and singles out the word at the heart of it all—“Liebe” (“love”)—by a vault upwards for the singer, underscored by the first tonic chord of the song. The throbbing syncopated patterns, the crescendo of rising passion that builds throughout, and the rhythmic elongation of “ganzes Leben” (“my whole life”) are all transformations of passion into song.

**Seit ich ihn gesehen**  
**from *Frauenliebe und -leben*,**  
**Op. 42, No. 1**

**Robert Schumann (1810–56)**

*Text:* Adelbert von Chamisso

Seit ich ihn gesehen,  
Glaub ich blind zu sein;  
Wo ich hin nur blicke,  
Seh’ ich ihn allein;

Wie im wachen Traume  
Schwebt sein Bild mir vor,  
Taucht aus tiefstem Dunkel  
Heller nur empör.

Sonst ist licht- und farblos  
Alles um mich her,  
Nach der Schwestern Spiele  
Nicht begehrt ich mehr,

Möchte lieber weinen,  
Still im Kämmerlein;  
Seit ich ihn gesehen,  
Glaub ich blind zu sein.

**Since I saw him**

Since I saw him,  
I think I am blind;  
every place I look,  
I see him alone;

As in a waking dream  
his image appears before me,  
rising out of darkest depths  
only more brightly.

Everything else is dark and colorless  
all around me,  
for my sisters’ games  
I am no longer eager,

I would like instead to weep  
quietly in my little room;  
Since I saw him,  
I think I am blind.

*(Please turn the page quietly)*

**Møte**

**from *Haugtussa, Op. 67, No. 4*  
Edvard Grieg (1843–1907)**

*Text:* Arne Garborg

Ho sit ein Sundag lengtande Li;  
Det strøymer på med desse søte  
Tankar;  
Og Hjarta fullt og tungt i Barmen bankar,

Og Draumen vaknar, bivrande og blid.  
Då gjeng det som ei Hildring yver Nuten;

Ho raudnar heit; —der kjem den vene  
Guten

Burt vil ho gøyme seg i Ørska brå,  
Men stoggar tryllt og Augo mot han  
vender;  
Dei tek einannan i dei varme Hender

Og stend so der og veit seg inkje  
Råd.

Då bryt ho ut i dette Undringsord:  
"Men snilde deg daa...at du er so  
stor!"

Og som det lid ti svale Kveldings  
Stund,  
Alt meir og meir i Lengt dei saman  
søkjjer;  
Og brådt um Hals den unge Arm seg  
krøkjjer,  
Og øre skjelv dei saman Munn mot  
Munn.  
Alt svimrar burt. Og der i Kvelden  
varm  
I heite Sæle søv ho i hans Arm.

**The encounter**

One Sunday she sits quietly on the hill,  
while pleasant thoughts rush over her,

and her heart beats fully and heavily  
in her chest,  
and a shy dream awakens inside her.  
Suddenly, enchantment arrives on the  
hilltop.

She blushes red; here he comes, the  
boy she loves.

She wants to hide in her embarrass-  
ment,  
but shyly she raises her eyes to him;

their warm hands reach out for each  
other,  
and they stand there, neither one  
knowing what to say.

Then she bursts out, exclaiming,  
"my, how tall you are!"

And as the day changes softly into  
night,  
they turn to each other full of longing,

their young arms wind around each  
other's necks,  
and trembling mouth meets trembling  
mouth.

Everything falls away, and in the warm  
night  
she falls blissfully asleep enfolded in  
his arms.

**Seitdem dein Aug' in meines schaute**  
**Op. 17, No. 1**

**Richard Strauss (1864–1949)**

*Text:* Adolf Friedrich von Schack

Seitdem dein Aug' in meines schaute,  
Und Liebe, wie vom Himmel her,  
Aus ihm auf mich herniedertaute,  
Was böte mir die Erde mehr?

Ihr Bestes hat sie mir gegeben,  
Und von des Herzens stillem Glück  
Ward übervoll mein ganzes Leben  
Durch jenen einen Augenblick.

**Since your eyes first looked into mine**

Since your eyes looked into mine,  
and love, as if here from Heaven,  
fell from above onto me like dew,  
what more could the earth give me?

It has given me its best,  
and from the heart's quiet happiness,  
my whole life was overflowing  
through one glance.

**II.**

**In praise of the beloved: Er, der Herrlichste von allen**

In the second song of *Frauenliebe*, the woman in love catalogues her beloved's wonderful attributes—his lips, eyes, mind, and courage—and then resolves to rejoice in her beloved's fantasied marriage to someone else as long as *he* is happy. Trying to do the right thing, she nonetheless finds it incredibly painful and weeps in private. Schumann was prone to invent wordless extensions of poetic meaning in his piano postludes, and this one is exquisite: in the contrapuntal strands that drift downwards from the high treble register, we hear the wistful dissolution of her dream of love.

The persona of Shakespeare's 18th sonnet, **"Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?"**, declares that as long as this poem shall exist, his beloved will "live," defying time and death. Shakespeare and jazz: one might not expect the combination, but the great British jazzman John Dankworth composed a wonderfully evocative setting of this sonnet for his wife, the jazz and pop singer Cleo Laine.

**"Chanson d'amour"** is in "madrigal style," with its accompaniment that suggests the strumming of a lute or guitar and its time-traveling aura of an older era. "I love, I love, I love each individual thing about you," this ardent lover proclaims, and Fauré aids and abets all this repetition for emphasis by repeating the first stanza twice more in the course of his setting.

Ture Rangström is one of the foremost early 20th-century Swedish composers of *romans* (art song)—some 250 of them. **"Melodi"** is a setting of a love poem by Bo Bergman; here, love brings Nature to more intense life and banishes suffering. Nature's sparkling voices ripple in the piano throughout the song, accompanying a beautiful melody; the words tell us that love itself is song and that it is all-powerful.

*(Please turn the page quietly)*

Whitman's minuscule poem "**O you whom I often and silently come**" (three lines ranging from 18 to 21 syllables) is taken from the section entitled *Calamus* in *Leaves of Grass*, the anthology on which one of our greatest American poets worked almost his entire life. Here, "the love that dare not speak its name" is made universal: a lover sings this tiny ode to someone to whom he or she cannot yet confess desire; the sense of abnegation is very like Chamisso's young woman. Whitman was much given to metaphors of electricity for human connectivity of many kinds, including sexual: "subtle electric fire." Rorem sounds that spark in a progression repeated (and varied) three times in this little song, at beginning, middle, and end. The initial C major chord is altered to C-sharp and A major before we truly get our bearings, and the effect is of a jolt, while the mellifluous A major that follows is spiced with Rorem's signature poignant dissonances.

**Er, der herrlichste von allen  
from *Frauenliebe und -leben*,  
Op. 42, No. 2**

**Robert Schumann (1810–56)**

*Text:* Adelbert von Chamisso

**He, the most wonderful of all**

Er, der Herrlichste von allen,  
Wie so milde, wie so gut.  
Holde Lippen, klares Auge,  
Heller Sinn und fester Mut.

He, the most wonderful of all,  
so gentle, so good.  
Lovely lips, sparkling eyes,  
clear mind and firm resolve.

So wie dort in blauer Tiefe,  
Hell und herrlich jener Stern,  
Also er an meinem Himmel  
Hell und herrlich, hehr und fern.

As in the blue depths,  
that star, bright and beautiful,  
so is he in my heaven,  
bright and beautiful, majestic, distant.

Wandle, wandle deine Bahnen;  
Nur betrachten deinen Schein,  
Nur in Demut ihn betrachten,  
Selig nur und traurig sein.

Wander, wander your ways;  
just to watch your radiance,  
just to watch it in humility,  
just to be blissful and sad!

Höre nicht mein stilles Beten,  
Deinem Glücke nur geweiht;  
Darfst mich niedre Magd nicht kennen,  
Hoher Stern der Herrlichkeit.

Hear not my silent prayer  
your happiness only blessed;  
I, lowly maid, must not know,  
lofty, wonderful star.

Nur die Würdigste von allen  
Darf beglücken deine Wahl  
Und ich will die Hohe segnen  
Viele tausend Mal.

Only the most worthy woman of all  
may your choice favor  
and that exalted one will I bless  
many thousands of times.

Will mich freuen dann und weinen,  
Selig, selig bin ich dann,  
Sollte mir das Herz auch brechen,  
Brich, o Herz, was liegt daran?

Then shall I rejoice and cry,  
be blissful, blissful then;  
even if my heart breaks,  
then break, O heart, what does it matter?



Er, der Herrlichste von allen,  
Wie so milde, wie so gut.  
Holde Lippen, klares Auge,  
Heller Sinn und fester Mut,  
Wie so milde, wie so gut!

He, the most wonderful of all,  
so gentle, so good.  
Lovely lips, sparkling eyes,  
clear mind and firm resolve.  
So gentle, so good!

**Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?**

**Sonnet No. 18**

**John Dankworth (1927–2010)**

*Text:* William Shakespeare

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?  
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:  
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,  
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:  
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,  
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;  
And every fair from fair sometime declines,  
By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd;  
But thy eternal summer shall not fade  
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st;  
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,  
When in eternal lines to time thou growest:  
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,  
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

**Chanson d'amour  
from the *Second Recueil*,  
Op. 27, No. 2**

**Gabriel Fauré (1845–1924)**

*Text:* Armand Silvestre

J'aime tes yeux, j'aime ton front,  
Ô ma rebelle, ô ma farouche,  
J'aime tes yeux, j'aime ta bouche  
Où mes baisers s'épuiseront.

J'aime ta voix, j'aime l'étrange  
Grâce de tout ce que tu dis,  
Ô ma rebelle, ô mon cher ange,  
Mon enfer et mon paradis!

J'aime tout ce qui te fait belle,  
De tes pieds jusqu'à tes cheveux,  
Ô toi vers qui montent mes vœux,  
Ô ma farouche, ô ma rebelle!

**Song of love**

I love your eyes, I love your face,  
Oh my rebel, oh my wild one,  
I love your eyes, I love your mouth,  
where my kisses exhaust themselves.

I love your voice, I love the strange  
grace in everything that you say,  
Oh my rebel, oh my dear angel,  
my hell and my paradise!

I love everything that makes you  
beautiful,  
from your feet to your hair,  
Oh you towards whom my desires  
climb!  
Oh my wild one, oh my rebel!

*(Please turn the page quietly)*

**Melodi**  
**from *Fem dikter***  
**Ture Rangström (1884–1947)**

*Text:* Bo Bergman

Bara du går över markerna,  
Lever var källa,  
Sjunger var tuva ditt namn.  
Skyarna brinna och parkerna  
Susa och fälla  
Lövet som guld i din famn.

Och vid de skummiga stränderna  
Hör jag din stämmas  
Yaggande vågsorl till tröst  
Räck mig de älskade händerna.  
Mörkret skall skrämmas.  
Kvalet skall släppa mitt bröst.

Bara du går över ängarna,  
Bara jag ser dig  
Vandra i fjärran förbi,  
Darra de eviga strängarna.  
Säg mig vem ger dig  
Makten som blir melodi?

**Melody**

You simply walk across the meadows,  
and every spring becomes alive,  
every blade of grass sings your name.  
The clouds burn and the trees  
whistle and drop their  
leaves like gold on your lap.

By the foamy shores  
I hear your soothing voice  
rocking in a wave's murmur.  
Reach out your beloved hands.  
Darkness will be scared away.  
Torment will leave my breast.

You simply walk across the meadows,  
I see you  
wandering in the distance,  
those eternal strains tremble.  
Tell me who bestows upon you  
the power which becomes this melody?

**O you whom I often and silently come**  
**Ned Rorem (b. 1923)**

*Text:* Walt Whitman

O you whom I often and silently come where you are that I may be with you,  
As I walk by your side or sit near, or remain in the same room with you,  
Little you know the subtle electric fire that for your sake is playing within me.

**III.**

**Avowals of lasting love: Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben**

Somewhere between the second and third songs in Schumann's *Frauenliebe*, the beloved man has declared his love for her, and she is overwhelmed. We hear her come to the realization that this wonder is true in the course of this song, with its shifting moods and changing tempi; the astonishment at the start is succeeded by the somewhat slower, thoughtful repetition of his words. "I can hardly grasp it, hardly believe it," she repeats over and over; the final statement is preceded by a remarkable little piano interlude, rocking back and forth between different levels as if to say "He loves me, he loves me not" before at last accepting that love is hers.

In Grieg's "**Jeg elsker dig,**" to words by Hans Christian Andersen, a lover swears to love only the beloved through all eternity; the song was composed for the composer's cousin Nina Hagerup in the year of their engagement. Each of the two stanzas culminates in a threefold proclamation of love that rises ecstatically by stages. Somehow it seems appropriate that the song is in C major (representing the ultimate clarity and purity of love) but is shot through with chromatic color and feeling, as in the lovely introduction.

In "**Au bord de l'eau,**" another poet also declares that his love will endure for eternity, but Fauré's music, like Time itself, flows ever onward, in calm contemplation of all those things that will pass—including this love. "My dear old au bord de l'eau," Henri Duparc wrote to Fauré in 1883, so consummately expressive of Fauré's art is this song.

**Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben      I cannot grasp it, cannot believe it**  
**from *Frauenliebe und -leben*,**

**Op. 42, No. 3**

**Robert Schumann (1810–56)**

*Text:* Adelbert von Chamisso

Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben,  
Es hat ein Traum mich berückt;  
Wie hätt' er doch unter allen  
Mich Arme erhöht und beglückt?

I cannot grasp it, cannot believe it,  
I am swept away in a dream;  
how, from everyone, has he  
raised and chosen poor me?

Mir war's, er habe gesprochen:  
"Ich bin auf ewig dein,"  
Mir war's, ich träume noch immer,  
Es kann ja nimmer so sein.

I thought he said,  
"I am yours forever,"  
I thought I was still dreaming,  
for it can never be so.

O lass im Traume mich sterben,  
Gewieget an seiner Brust,  
Den seligen Tod mich schlürfen  
In Tränen unendlicher Lust.

O let me, dreaming, die,  
cradled on his breast;  
blissful death let me savor,  
in tears of endless happiness.

**Jeg elsker dig  
from *Hjertets Melodier*, Op. 5, No. 3  
Edvard Grieg (1843–1907)**

*Text:* Hans Christian Andersen

Min Tankes Tanke ene du er vorden,  
Du er mit Hjertes første Kærlighed.  
Jeg elsker Dig, som Ingen her på  
Jorden,  
Jeg elsker Dig i Tid og Evighed!

**I love you**

You are the one thought of my  
thoughts,  
you are the first love of my heart.  
I love you as I love no one else here  
on Earth,  
I love you for all time and all eternity!

**Au bord de l'eau  
Op. 8, No. 1  
Gabriel Fauré (1845–1924)**

*Text:* René-François Sully-Prudhomme

S'asseoir tous deux au bord du flot  
qui passe,  
Le voir passer,  
Tous deux s'il glisse un nuage en  
l'espace,  
Le voir glisser;  
À l'horizon s'il fume un toit de  
chaume,  
Le voir fumer;  
Aux alentours si quelque fleur  
embaume,  
S'en embaumer;  
Entendre au pied du saule où  
L'eau murmurer,  
Ne pas sentir tant que ce rêve dure  
Le temps durer.  
Mais n'apportant de passion profonde  
Qu'à s'adorer,  
Sans nul souci des querelles du  
monde  
Les ignorer;  
Et seuls tous deux devant tout ce qui  
lasse  
Sans se lasser,  
Sentir l'amour devant tout ce qui  
passe  
Ne point passer!

**At the riverside**

To sit together on the edge of the  
stream that passes,  
to see it passing;  
together, when a cloud floats in space,  
to see it float;  
when a cottage chimney is smoking  
on the horizon,  
to see it smoke;  
if nearby a flower spreads its  
fragrance,  
to take in its scent;  
to hear at the foot of the willow tree,  
where  
the water murmurs,  
not to sense, while this dream lasts,  
the passage of time,  
but to feel deep passion  
only to adore each other;  
not to care at all about the world's  
quarrels  
to ignore them,  
and alone, the two of us, facing all that  
grows weary,  
not to grow weary,  
to experience love while everything  
passes away,  
never to change!

#### IV.

##### **Lovers' rings and wedding nights: Du Ring an meinem Finger**

"To love him, serve him, belong wholly to him," *Frauenliebe's* nameless woman sings passionately in mid-song as she contemplates her wedding ring. This was the accepted model for matrimonial love at the time, and the strong-minded Clara Wieck—no pushover, she—says such things in her letters to Robert. This fourth song is the mirror of the second, the two sharing the same key, some of the same harmonies, and the "heartbeat" chords in the right hand (in the interior of this song).

Another ring figures prominently in Gustav Mahler's "**Rheinlegendchen**," one of his songs on folk poems from the famous early 19th-century anthology *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* ("The Youth's Magic Horn"): a lover separated from his beloved fantasizes throwing his ring into the Rhine, where a fish will swallow it, and the King, when served that very same fish, will ask whose ring it is. The sweetheart at court, recognizing it, will immediately return to her faithful lover: the eternity symbol of the ring brings together true lovers who have been parted. In this song, we hear the typically Mahlerian ironic disjunction between the naiveté of the folk text and the extreme sophistication of the musical setting; Mahler himself pointed out the originality of its harmonization.

Spain's leading Romantic poet Ramón de Campoamor explored the oxymorons of love in his *Poem in the form of songs*, set to music by the Seville-born Joaquín Turina, who merged *sevillanismo* with French influences (he studied with Vincent d'Indy at the Paris Conservatory). The third song in this set, "**Los dos miedos**," expresses fear of the beloved before the night of love and fear of being without him after they have been together.

**Du ring an meinem finger  
from *Frauenliebe und -leben*,  
Op. 42, No. 4**

**Robert Schumann (1810–56)**

*Text:* Adelbert von Chamisso

Du Ring an meinem Finger,  
Mein goldenes Ringelein,  
Ich drücke dich fromm an die Lippen,  
An das Herze mein.

Ich hatt' ihn ausgeträumet,  
Der Kindheit friedlich schönen Traum,  
Ich fand allein mich, verloren  
Im öden unendlichen Raum.

Du Ring an meinem Finger,  
Da hast du mich erst belehrt,  
Hast meinem Blick erschlossen  
Des Lebens unendlichen, tiefen Wert.

Ich will ihm dienen, ihm leben,  
Ihm angehören ganz,  
Hin selber mich geben und finden  
Verklärt mich in seinem Glanz.

**Rheinlegendchen  
from *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*  
Gustav Mahler (1860–1911)**

*Text:* Clemens Brentano

Bald gras ich am Neckar,  
Bald gras ich am Rhein;  
Bald hab ich ein Schätzkel,  
Bald bin ich allein!

Was hilft mir das Grasnen,  
Wenn d'Sichel nicht schneid't!  
Was hilft mir ein Schätzkel,  
Wenn's bei mir nicht bleibt.

**You, ring on my finger**

You, ring on my finger,  
my little golden ring,  
I press you with reverence to my lips,  
to my heart.

I had finished dreaming  
childhood's calm and beautiful dream,  
I found myself alone, lost  
in boundless desolation.

You, ring on my finger,  
you have first taught me,  
unlocked my eyes  
to life's deep, unending worth.

I will serve him, live for him,  
belong wholly to him,  
give myself to him and find  
myself transfigured in his glance.

**Rhine legend**

Sometimes I mow by the Neckar,  
sometimes I mow by the Rhine.  
Sometimes I have a sweetheart,  
sometimes I am all alone!

How does mowing help me  
if the sickle will not cut?  
How does a sweetheart help me  
if she will not stay with me?

So soll ich denn grasen  
Am Neckar, am Rhein,  
So werf ich mein goldenes  
Ringlein hinein.  
Es fließt im Neckar  
Und fließt im Rhein,  
Soll schwimmen hinunter  
Ins Meer tief hinein.

Und schwimmt es, das Ringlein,  
So frißt es ein Fisch!  
Das Fischlein soll kommen  
Auf's Königs sein' Tisch!  
Der König tät fragen,  
Wem's Ringlein sollt sein?  
Da tät mein Schatz sagen:  
Das Ringlein g'hört mein.

Mein Schätzel tät springen  
Bergauf und bergein,  
Tät mir wiederum bringen  
Das Goldringlein mein!  
Kannst grasen am Neckar,  
Kannst grasen am Rhein,  
Wirf du mir nur immer  
Dein Ringlein hinein!

My sweetheart will run  
up and down the hillside  
and will bring back  
my little golden ring!  
You can mow by the Neckar,  
you can mow by the Rhine,  
just be sure that you always  
throw in your ring for me!

So if I am going to mow  
by the Neckar, by the Rhine,  
then I shall throw in  
my little golden ring.  
It will float down the Neckar,  
float down the Rhine,  
and will swim under, down  
into the depths of the ocean.

And if the ring swims,  
a fish shall eat it!  
The little fish will end up  
on the table of a king!  
The king will ask,  
whose ring is this?  
And then my sweetheart will say,  
the ring belongs to me.

**Los dos miedos**  
**from *Poema en forma de canciones*,**  
**Op. 18, No. 4**

**Joaquín Turina (1882–1949)**

*Text:* Ramón de Campoamor

Al comenzar la noche de aquel día  
Ella lejos de mí,  
¿Por qué te acercas tanto? Me decía,  
Tengo miedo de ti.

Y después que la noche hubo pasado  
Dijo, cerca de mí:  
¿Por qué te alejas tanto de mi lado?  
¡Tengo miedo sin ti!

**The two fears**

At dusk on that day,  
far from me she said:  
“Why do you come so close to me?  
I am afraid of you.”

And after the night ended,  
close to me she said:  
“Why do you move so far from me?  
I am afraid without you.”

**V.**

**Weddings, families, and communal rejoicing: Helft mir, ihr Schwestern**

Returning to *Frauenliebe*, the woman now sings a song of rejoicing as her sisters help her with her bridal dress; in their company and on this occasion, she can safely confess her desire for her beloved and his for her. Near the close, there is a momentary touch of melancholy as she bids her siblings farewell, but happiness resumes its sway as she goes to her husband. The wedding march we hear at the end owes a debt of gratitude to Felix Mendelssohn's music for *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

Schumann fashioned his song cycle *Myrthen* not after the model of its Beethovenian or Schubertian predecessors but according to his own unique design, with 26 songs that constitute an alphabet of love. In the **Lied der Braut I ("Mutter, Mutter! glaube nicht")**, a bride reassures her mother, "I shan't love you any less for marrying the man I love," and thanks the woman who bore her for an existence that has now become something splendid. Schumann made a habit of extending the poem wordlessly in his postlude, and this one ends with a beautiful *Adagio* variation on "such splendor." The daughter-bride continues to reassure her mother in **Lied der Braut II ("Lass mich ihm am Busen hangen")**, set to chordal strains as if the wedding march were already beginning to sound in the background.

At the start of the 20th century, a French Hellenist named Hubert Octave Pernot, in company with a Greek colleague named Pericles Matsa, collected Greek popular songs. The musicologist Pierre Aubry, who was giving a lecture on the songs of the oppressed Greeks and Armenians, asked another musicologist, Michel Calvocoressi, to select some of Pernot's Greek songs as illustrations. Calvocoressi taught the singer Louise Thomasset to produce the texts phonetically; when she wanted piano accompaniments, he turned to Ravel, who wrote five accompaniments in 36 hours—his first of several forays into folklore. **"Tout gai!"** is an irresistible invitation to the dance, the text not quite coherent because sung while in full fling, the singer distracted by the sight of lovely legs in joyous activity. Whatever the inimitably French veil thrown over the proceedings by Ravel, we feel as if transported to some sun-washed Greek village.



**Helft mir, ihr Schwestern  
from *Frauenliebe und -leben*,  
Op. 42, No. 5**

**Robert Schumann (1810–56)**

*Text:* Adelbert von Chamisso

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern,  
Freundlich mich schmücken,  
Dient der Glücklichen heute, mir.  
Windet geschäftig  
mir um die Stirne  
Noch der blühenden Myrte Zier.

Als ich befriedigt,  
Freudigen Herzens,  
Sonst dem Geliebten im Arme lag,  
Immer noch rief er,  
Sehnsucht im Herzen,  
Ungeduldig den heutigen Tag.

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern,  
Helft mir verscheuchen  
Eine törichte Bangigkeit;  
Dass ich mit klarem  
Aug ihn empfangen,  
Ihn, die Quelle der Freudigkeit.

Bist, mein Geliebter,  
Du mir erschienen,  
Gibst du mir, Sonne, deinen Schein?  
Lass mich in Andacht,  
Lass mich in Demut,  
Lass mich verneigen dem Herren mein.

Streuet ihm, Schwestern,  
Streuet ihm Blumen,  
Bringt ihm knospende Rosen dar.  
Aber euch, Schwestern,  
Grüss ich mit Wehmut,  
Freudig scheidend aus eurer Schar.

**Help me, sisters**

Help me, sisters,  
in kindness to dress myself,  
serve me, the happy one, today,  
eagerly weave  
about my brow  
the blooming myrtle.

When I, content,  
with a happy heart,  
lie in my beloved's arms,  
still would he call  
with a yearning heart,  
impatiently for today.

Help me, sisters,  
help me disperse  
unfounded fears;  
so that I, clear  
eyed, may receive him,  
the source of my joy.

You, my beloved,  
have appeared before me,  
will you, sun, shine upon me?  
Let me in reverence,  
let me in humility,  
let me bow to my lord.

Scatter flowers, sisters,  
scatter flowers for him,  
offer budding roses.  
but you, sisters,  
I greet sadly,  
departing, joyous, from your throng.

**Mutter, Mutter! glaube nicht  
Lied der Braut I  
from *Myrten*, Op. 25  
Robert Schumann (1810–56)**

*Text:* Friedrich Rückert

Mutter, Mutter! glaube nicht,  
Weil ich ihn lieb' also sehr,  
Daß nun Liebe mir gebricht,  
Dich zu lieben wie vorher.

Mutter, Mutter! seit ich ihn  
Liebe, lieb' ich erst dich sehr.  
Laß mich an mein Herz dich zieh'n  
Und dich küssen, wie mich er.

Mutter, Mutter! seit ich ihn  
Liebe, lieb' ich erst dich ganz,  
Daß du mir das Sein verlieh'n,  
Das mir ward zu solchem Glanz.

**Lass mich ihm am Busen hängen  
Lied der Braut II  
from *Myrten*, Op. 25  
Robert Schumann (1810–56)**

*Text:* Friedrich Rückert

Laß mich ihm am Busen hängen,  
Mutter, Mutter! laß das Bangen.  
Frage nicht: wie soll sich's wenden?  
Frage nicht: wie soll das enden?  
Enden? Enden soll sich's nie,  
Wenden, noch nicht weiß ich, wie!

**Mother, Mother, do not believe  
Bride's Song I**

Mother, mother, do not believe  
that because I love him so much  
I cannot love you  
as I have in the past.

Mother, mother, since I love him  
I now for the first time love you.  
Let me draw you to my heart  
and kiss you as he kisses me!

Mother, mother! Since I love him  
I finally love you completely  
for giving me this life  
that has become so joyous for me.

**Let me cling to his chest  
Bride's Song II**

Let me cling to his chest,  
Mother, Mother! Do not worry.  
Don't ask: how should it change?  
Don't ask: how should it end?  
End? It should never end,  
change, I still don't know how!

**Tout gai!**

**from *Cinq mélodies populaires grecques***

**Maurice Ravel (1875–1937)**

**Michel-Dimitri Calvocoressi  
(1877–1944)**

Tout gai! gai, ha, tout gai!  
Belle jambe, tireli, qui danse;  
Belle jambe, la vaisselle danse,

Tra la la la la...

**Everyone is happy!**

Everyone is happy, happy!  
Beautiful legs, which dance,  
beautiful legs; even the dishes are  
dancing!

Tra la la, la la la!

*Intermission*

**VI.**

**Lovemaking and the creation of a child: *Süsser Freund, du blickest***

From the Parnassian poet Leconte de Lisle's *Études latines* ("Latin Studies"), Henri Duparc plucked "**Phidylé**" for one of his last and loveliest songs. (Duparc composed only 17 melodies before falling victim to a mysterious neurasthenic disease that prevented him from composing at all in the final 48 years of his life. As if in compensation for such a hideous fate, his songs are among the greatest in the French language, their subtlety and gravitas beyond the reach of most of his contemporaries.) At the start of the song, refined sensuality is evoked by limited motion to neighboring harmonies; from there, ravishment proceeds apace. By the time the musical persona bids his beloved "**Repose**" ("**Rest**") three times in succession, we are all seduced.

In 1894, the French poet Pierre Louÿs published *Les Chansons de Bilitis*, a collection of prose-poems supposedly the work of Bilitis, a courtesan in ancient Greece at the time of Sappho; the poems were, he wrote, discovered in her tomb by a German archeologist named G. Heim ("geheim," or "secret"). Louÿs, of course, was the actual author. The text of "**La chevelure**" comes from the first section entitled "**Bucolics**," about Bilitis's childhood and her first sexual encounter with the youth Lykas: his narrative of seduction, quoted within the song, makes Bilitis a figment of his imagination, but she ultimately contains his dream within her own recounting. In this intensely erotic scenario, it is no wonder that we encounter Wagner's famous "**Tristan**" chord at the moment of imagined—soon to be actual—climax.

In Schumann's "**Süsser Freund, du blickest mich**," the woman tells her bewildered husband, who has found her both weeping and smiling, that she is pregnant. This is the only song where he is present, and Schumann disposes the piano part at times as a dialogue between treble and bass registers, between man and wife. It is in the piano that she whispers her glad tidings into his ear, the music rising in mini-waves of dawning realization, followed by a tender dialogue between her melody and his cello-like wordless phrases in the left hand.

*(Please turn the page quietly)*

**Phidylé**

**Henri Duparc (1848–1933)**

*Text:* Charles-Marie-René Leconte de  
Lisle

L'herbe est molle au sommeil sous les  
frais peupliers,  
Aux pentes des sources moussues  
Qui dans les prés en fleurs germant  
par mille issues,  
Se perdent sous les noirs halliers.

Repose ô Phidylé,

Midi sur les feuillages  
Rayonne, et t'invite au sommeil.  
Par le trèfle et le thym, seules en plein  
soleil,  
Chantent les abeilles volages;

Un chaud parfum circule au détour  
des sentiers,  
La rouge fleur des blés s'incline,  
Et les oiseaux, rasant de l'aile la  
colline,  
Cherchent l'ombre des églantiers.

Repose ô Phidylé,

Mais quand l'astre incliné sur sa  
courbe éclatante,  
Verra ses ardeurs s'apaiser,  
Que ton plus beau sourire et ton  
meillure baiser  
Me récompensent, me récompensent  
de l'attente.

**Phidylé**

The grass is bending with sleep under  
the fresh poplars,  
on the slopes of the mossy springs  
that in the blooming fields, sprouting  
abundantly,  
disappear through the black thickets,

Rest, oh Phidylé.

Noon on the branches shines  
and invites you to sleep.  
By the clover and the thyme, alone in  
bright sunlight,  
the buzzing bees sing;

A warm fragrance circles by the path's  
bend,  
the red flowers of the wheat bows,  
and birds, skimming the hill,  
seek the shade of the wild roses.

Rest, oh Phidylé.

But, when the sun, bending in its daz-  
zling curve,  
will see its blaze calmed,  
then your most beautiful smile and  
your best kisses  
will reward me, reward me for having  
waited.

**La chevelure**  
from *Les Chansons de Bilitis*,  
No. 2, L. 97

**Claude Debussy (1862–1918)**

*Text:* Pierre Louÿs

Il m'a dit:  
"Cette nuit, j'ai rêvé.  
J'avais ta chevelure autour de mon cou.  
J'avais tes cheveux comme un collier noir  
Autour de ma nuque et sur ma poitrine.

"Je les caressais, et c'étaient les  
miens;  
Et nous étions liés pour toujours ainsi,  
Par la même chevelure la bouche sur la  
bouche, ainsi que deux lauriers n'ont  
souvent qu'une racine.

"Et peu à peu, il m'a semblé, tant nos  
membres étaient confondus, que je  
devenais toi-même  
Ou que tu entraï en moi comme mon  
songe."

Quand il eut achevé,  
Il mit doucement ses mains sur mes  
épaules,  
Et il me regarda d'un regard si tendre,  
Que je baissai les yeux avec un frisson.

**The Hair**

He told me:  
"Last night I had a dream.  
Your hair was around my neck.  
Your hair was like a black necklace  
around my neck and upon my chest.

I caressed it and it was mine;  
and we were bound together forever  
like this,  
by the same hair, mouth on mouth,  
like two laurels that often have one root.

Little by little, so intertwined were our  
limbs, it seemed to me that I was  
becoming you,  
or that you were entering into me like  
my dream."

When he had finished,  
he gently placed his hands on my  
shoulders,  
and he looked at me with a look so  
tender  
that I lowered my eyes with a shiver.

**Süsser Freund, Du Blickest Mich  
Verwundert An  
from *Frauenliebe und -leben*,  
Op. 42, No. 6**

**Robert Schumann (1810–56)**

*Text:* Adelbert von Chamisso

Süsser Freund, du blickest mich  
verwundert an,  
Kannst es nicht begreifen,  
Wie ich weinen kann;  
Lass der feuchten Perlen  
Ungewohnte Zier  
Freudig hell erzittern  
In dem Auge mir.

Wie so bang mein Busen,  
Wie so wonnevoll!  
Wüsst ich nur mit Worten,  
Wie ich's sagen soll;  
Komm und birg dein Antlitz  
Hier an meiner Brust,  
Will ins Ohr dir flüstern  
Alle meine Lust.

Weisst du nun die Tränen,  
Die ich weinen kann,  
Sollst du nicht sie sehen,  
Du geliebter Mann?  
Bleib an meinem Herzen,  
Fühle dessen Schlag,  
Dass ich fest und fester  
Nur dich drücken mag.

Hier an meinem Bette  
Hat die Wiege Raum,  
Wo sie still verberge  
Meinen holden Traum;  
Kommen wird der Morgen,  
Wo der Traum erwacht;  
Und daraus dein Bildnis  
Mir entgegen lacht.

**Sweet friend, you look at me in  
wonder**

Sweet friend, you look at me in wonder,  
you cannot understand  
how I can weep;  
these moist pearls let,  
as a strange decoration,  
tremble joyous bright  
in my eyes.

How anxious my heart,  
how full of joy!  
If I only knew the words  
to say it as I should;  
Come, hide your face,  
here, against my breast,  
for me to whisper you  
my full joy.

Now you know the tears  
that I can weep,  
should you not see them,  
beloved man?  
Stay against my heart,  
feel its beating,  
that I may press you  
ever closer.

Here by my bed  
is the cradle's place,  
where, it silently hides  
my sweet dream.  
The morning will come  
when that dream will awake,  
and your image  
will laugh up at me.

**VII.**

**Songs to the child: An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust**

The Russian poet Apollon Maikov paraphrased a Greek folk song, with echoes of Homeric animism, in a **“Lullaby”** set to music by Tchaikovsky; here, a mother invokes mighty forces of Nature as guardians to keep her child safe while it sleeps. The composer dedicated his song to Nikolai Rimsky-Korsakov’s wife (she was expecting her first child), and it is deservedly a “chestnut,” in which the pianist rocks a cradle with both hands in alternation, while the singer’s melody gently sways and sways in cradling motion as well.

*La courte paille* (“The Short Straw”) was Francis Poulenc’s last song cycle, composed three years before his death for the soprano Denise Duval and her young son. Like Schumann’s *Kinderszenen*, these are songs about children rather than being children’s music. In the sixth song, **“Le Carafon,”** everything in the world wants a darling baby, so the wizard Merlin obligingly provides a water carafe—it has, we are told, a lovely soprano voice—with a pretty little infant carafe. Lively whimsy and sweetness join hands in this song.

A similar, somewhat gentler whimsy is on display in Richard Strauss’s **“Wiegenliedchen,”** in which a little bee and a spider are bidden to hum and spin “my little prince” to sleep. Again, we hear the cradle rocking in the piano as Strauss, in his inimitable fashion, touches lightly upon many different tonalities, as if on all the different shades of maternal love.

Returning again to *Frauenliebe*, there is now even more love in the picture, that of a mother for the infant daughter she nurses in **“An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust.”** The two chords at the start, one loud, one soft, open the doors of the bedchamber and allow us access to this intimate scene, unique in German song. In another of Schumann’s expressive postludes, we hear both waves of tender maternal feeling and the physical motion as the child is swung gently up and down.

**Le Carafon**  
from *La courte paille*, FP 178, No. 6  
**Francis Poulenc (1899–1963)**

*Text:* Maurice Carême

“Pourquoi,” se plaignait la carafe,  
“N’aurais-je pas un carafon?  
Au zoo, madame la Girafe  
N’a-t-elle pas un girafon?”  
Un sorcier qui passait par là,  
À cheval sur un phonographe,  
Enregistra la belle voix  
De soprano de la carafe,  
Et la fit entendre à Merlin.  
“Fort bien,” dit celui-ci, “fort bien!”  
Il frappa trois fois dans les mains,  
Et la dame de la maison  
Se demande encore pourquoi  
Elle trouva, ce matin-là,  
Un joli petit carafon  
Blotti tout contre la carafe,  
Ainsi qu’au zoo, le girafon  
Pose son cou fragile et long  
Sur le flanc clair de la girafe.

**Lullaby**  
**Op. 16, No. 1**  
**Pyotr Tchaikovsky (1840–93)**  
*Text:* Apollon Nikolayevich Maykov

Spi, ditja mojo, usni!

Sladkij son k sebe mani:  
V njan’ki ja tebe vzjala  
Veter, solnce i orla.

Uletel orjol domoj;  
Solnce skrylos’ pod vodoj:  
Veter, posle trekh nochej,  
Mchitsja k materi svojej.

Vetra sprashivajet mat’:  
“Gde izvolil propadat?”  
Ali zvezdy vojeval?  
Ali volny vsjo gonjal.

**The baby carafe**

“Why”, complained the carafe,  
“can’t I have a baby carafe?  
At the zoo, doesn’t Mrs. Giraffe  
have a baby giraffe?”  
A wizard who was passing by,  
riding on a phonograph,  
recorded the lovely voice  
of the soprano carafe,  
and played it for Merlin to hear.  
“Most fine,” said he, “most fine!”  
He clapped his hands three times,  
and the lady of the house  
still wonders why  
she found, that very morning,  
a pretty baby carafe  
snuggling close to the carafe,  
just as at the zoo the baby giraffe  
lays his long and fragile neck  
against the pale flank of the giraffe.

**Lullaby**

Sleep, my baby, sleep, go to sleep,  
sleep, go to sleep!  
Bring sweet dreams to yourself:  
I’ve hired as nannies for you  
The Wind, the Sun, and the Eagle.

The Eagle has flown back home,  
The Sun has hidden under the oceans,  
and three nights later  
The Wind is rushing back to her  
mother.

The Wind’s mother has been asking:  
“Where have you been all this time?  
Have you been fighting with the stars?  
Have you been chasing after the  
waves?”



“Ne gonjal ja voln morskikh,  
Zvezd ne trogal zolotykh;  
Ja ditja oberegal,  
Kolybelochku kachal!

Spi, ditja mojo, spi, usni! spi, usni!

Sladkij son k sebe mani:  
V njan’ki ja tebe vzjala  
Veter, solnce i orla.

**Wiegenliedchen**  
**from *Acht Lieder*, Op. 49, No. 3**  
**Richard Strauss (1864–1949)**

*Text:* Richard Dehmel

Bienchen, Bienchen,  
Wiegt sich im Sonnenschein,  
Spielt um mein Kindelein,  
Summt dich in Schlummer ein,  
Süßes Gesicht.

Spinnchen, Spinnchen,  
Flimmert im Sonnenschein,  
Schlummre, mein Kindelein,  
Spinnt dich in Träume ein,  
Rühre dich nicht!

Tief-Edelichen  
Schlüpft aus dem Sonnenschein  
Träume, mein Kindelein,  
Haucht dir ein Seelchen ein:  
Liebe zum Licht

“I haven’t been chasing the waves,  
I haven’t been fighting the golden stars,  
I have been guarding a baby  
and rocking him gently in his little  
cradle.”

Sleep, my baby, sleep, go to sleep,  
sleep, go to sleep!

Bring sweet dreams to yourself:  
I’ve hired as nannies for you  
The Wind, the Sun, and the Eagle.

**Cradle song**

Little bee, little bee,  
swaying in the sunshine,  
playing around my little child,  
humming to sleep,  
sweet face.

Little spider, little spider,  
shimmering in the sunshine,  
slumber, my little child,  
spin yourself in dreams,  
don’t disturb yourself.

Rich little fellow,  
slip out of the sunshine  
dream, my little child,  
breathe into yourself a little soul:  
love of the light.

**An Meinem Herzen, An Meiner Brust  
from *Frauenliebe und -leben*,  
Op. 42, No. 7**

**Robert Schumann (1810–56)**

*Text:* Adelbert von Chamisso

An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust,  
Du meine Wonne, du meine Lust.  
Das Glück ist die Liebe,  
Die Lieb ist das Glück,  
Ich hab's gesagt und nehm's nicht  
zurück.

Hab überschwenglich mich geschätzt,  
Bin übergücklich aber jetzt.  
Nur die da säugt, nur die da liebt

Das Kind, dem sie die Nahrung gibt;

Nur eine Mutter weiss allein,  
Was lieben heisst und glücklich sein.  
O wie bedaur' ich doch den Mann,  
Der Mutterglück nicht fühlen kann.

Du lieber, lieber Engel du,  
Du schaust mich an und lächelst  
dazu.

An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust,  
Du meine Wonne, du meine Lust.

**On my heart, on my breast**

On my heart, on my breast,  
you my delight, you my joy!  
Happiness is love,  
love is happiness,

I have said it and will not take it back.

I thought myself rapturous,  
but now I am delirious with joy.  
Only she who suckles, only she who  
loves  
the child she nourishes;

Only a mother knows  
what it means to love and be happy.  
Oh, how I pity the man  
who cannot feel a mother's happiness.

You dear, dear angel,  
you look at me and smile.

On my heart, on my breast,  
you my delight, you my joy!

**VIII.**

**Songs of grief and mourning: Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan**

In the same year of 1840 as *Frauenliebe und -leben*, Hector Berlioz composed his song cycle *Les nuits d'été*. The fourth song, "**Absence**," is a plangent lament by someone parted from his beloved by great distance; in this context, we can imagine it as the distance of final illness, separating the living from the dead. Over and over, the singer implores, "Return, return, my dear beloved," and over and over, a brief silence follows—no one answers—before the singer resumes the grief-stricken plaint.

Enrique Granados was inspired by the Spanish tradition of theater songs called tonadillas to create his own "Tonadillas en un estilo antiguo," in which majas and majos (near-untranslatable terms for the arrogant, boisterous, charming, proud working-class young men and women of Madrid, who engaged in complex games of courtship along a gamut from white-hot passion to white-hot contempt) sing of love. The weightiest are the three songs in the mini-cycle "**La maja dolorosa**," in which a maja grieves for her dead majo. The first song, "**¡Oh muerte cruel!**" begins by

striking iron-hard, heavy tones in the piano—we will hear a similar harsh blow at the start of Schumann’s last song—followed by a cry of protest that begins in the heights and descends into the depths of depression: she does not wish to live any longer. The same progression, from tragic outcry to deadened quietude, is then repeated, and the piano postlude recapitulates in brief the same terrible, truthful contrast.

In Act IV, scene 5 of Shakespeare’s *Hamlet*, the mad Ophelia sings three songs, the first containing echoes of the so-called “Walsingham Ballad,” written some 50 years after the destruction of Walsingham Shrine in 1538, during the English Reformation. In Shakespeare’s variant, “How should I your true love know,” a woman asks piteously about her pilgrim lover and discovers that he is dead and buried. Roger Quilter’s poignant setting is filled with echo-phrases; the use of the Phrygian, or flatted, second degree at the words “He is dead and gone, lady, he is dead and gone” is quietly powerful.

The ferocious minor chord at the start of “**Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan**” could hardly be more of a shock. Schumann knew that accusatory anger and a sense of betrayal are among the whirlwind of emotions we feel when someone beloved dies, and that is what we hear first in this searing song. The initial bitterness gives way to more inward grief and finally, to one of Schumann’s most heart-stopping compositional decisions: the wordless return of the first song in the postlude. Only the accompaniment, not the vocal line, returns—half a song for a life deprived of half of its meaning. We are meant to hear the slight musical “bump,” the transition from the present to the past as she remembers the start of it all, eight songs and a lifetime ago.

**Absence**  
**from *Les nuits d’été*, Op. 7, No. 4**  
**Hector Berlioz (1803-69)**

Text: Théophile Gautier

Reviens, reviens, ma bien-aimée;  
Comme une fleur loin du soleil,  
La fleur de ma vie est fermée  
Loin de ton sourire vermeil!

Entre nos cœurs qu’elle distance!  
Tant d’espace entre nos baisers!  
O sort amer! ô dure absence!  
O grands désirs inapaisés.

D’ici là-bas que de campagnes,

Que de villes et de hameaux,  
Que de vallons et de montagnes,  
A lasser le pied des chevaux!

**Absence**

Come back, return, my well-beloved!  
Like a flower far from the sun,  
the flower of my life is closed  
far from your smiling ruby lips!

Between our hearts, what distance!  
What space between our kisses!  
O bitter fate! o harsh absence!  
O great desires unappeased!

From here to there, how much land  
there is!

How very many villages and hamlets,  
how very many valleys and mountains,  
to tire the hooves of the horses!

*(Please turn the page quietly)*

**La maja dolorosa (¡Oh muerte cruel!)  
from *Tonadillas en un estilo antiguo*,  
H. 136**

**Enrique Granados Campiña  
(1867–1916)**

*Text:* Fernando Periquet y Zuaznabar

¡Oh muerte cruel!  
¿Por qué tú, a traición,  
Mi majo arrebataste a mi pasión?  
¡No quiero vivir sin él,  
Porque es morir, porque es morir  
Así vivir!

No es posible ya  
Sentir más dolor:  
En lágrimas desecha ya mi alma está.  
¡Oh Dios, torna mi amor,  
Porque es morir, porque es morir  
Así vivir!

**How should I your true love know  
from *Four Shakespeare Songs*,  
Op. 30, No. 3**

**Roger Quilter (1877–1953)**

*Text:* from Shakespeare's *Hamlet*

How should I your true love know  
From another one?  
By his cockle hat and staff,  
And his sandal shoon.

He is dead and gone, lady,  
He is dead and gone;  
At his head a grass green turf,  
At his heels a stone.

White his shroud as the mountain  
snow,  
Larded with sweet flowers;  
Which bewept to the grave did go  
With true-love showers  
And will he not come again?

**The Lady of Sorrows (Oh cruel  
death!)**

Oh cruel death!  
Why have you so traitorously  
stolen my beloved?  
I cannot bear to live without him,  
for life as such is nothing more  
than death.

It is not possible  
to feel a greater pain:  
my soul is drowning in my tears.  
Oh, God! Return my beloved to me,  
for life as such is nothing more  
than death.

And will he not come again?  
No, no, he is dead:  
Go to thy deathbed.  
He never, never will come again,  
He never will come again.

His beard was as white as snow,  
All flaxen was his poll;  
He is gone,  
And we cast away moan:  
God ha' mercy on his soul.

**Nun Has Du Mir Den Ersten Schmerz  
Getan  
from *Frauenliebe und -leben*,  
Op. 42, No. 8**

**Robert Schumann (1810–56)**

*Text:* Adelbert von Chamisso

**Now have you caused me my first  
pain**

Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz  
getan,  
Der aber traf,  
Du schläfst, du harter, unbarmherz'ger  
Mann,  
Den Todesschlaf.

Es blicket die Verlassne vor sich hin,  
Die Welt ist leer.  
Geliebet hab ich und gelebt,  
Ich bin nicht lebend mehr.

Ich zieh mich in mein Innres still zurück,  
Der Schleier fällt;  
Da hab ich dich und mein verlornes  
Glück,  
Du meine Welt

Now have you caused me my first pain,  
which has struck me hard.  
You, harsh, pitiless man are sleeping  
the sleep of death.

The deserted one stares ahead,  
the world is void.  
Loved have I and lived,  
I am living no longer.

Quietly I withdraw into myself,  
the veil falls;  
There I have you and my lost happiness,  
you, my world.

*Susan Youens, newly retired as the J. W. Van Gorkom Professor of Music at the University of Notre Dame, is the author of eight books on German song, including Schubert, Müller, and Die schöne Müllerin; Hugo Wolf and his Mörike Songs; Schubert's Late Lieder; and Heinrich Heine and the Lied (all from Cambridge University Press), as well as more than 60 scholarly articles and chapters.*

# Meet the Artists



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## **Susan Graham**

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Susan Graham rose to the highest echelon of international performers within just a few years of her professional debut, mastering a vast range of repertoire and genres along the way. Her operatic roles span four centuries, from Monteverdi's *Poppea* to Sister Helen Prejean in Jake Heggie's *Dead Man Walking*, which was written especially for her. A familiar face at the Metropolitan Opera, she also maintains a strong international presence.

Ms. Graham's earliest operatic successes were in such trouser roles as Cherubino in Mozart's *Le nozze di Figaro*. Her technical expertise soon brought mastery of more virtuosic parts, and she went on to triumph as Octavian in Richard Strauss's *Der Rosenkavalier* and the Composer in his *Ariadne auf Naxos*. She sang the leading ladies in the Metropolitan Opera's world premieres of John Harbison's *The Great Gatsby* and Tobias Picker's *An American Tragedy*, and made her musical theater debut in Rodgers & Hammerstein's *The King and I* at the Théâtre du Châtelet in Paris. In concert, she makes regular appearances with the world's foremost orchestras, often in French repertoire, while her distinguished discography comprises a wealth of opera, orchestral, and solo recordings. Among her numerous honors are a Grammy Award, an Opera News Award, and *Musical America's* Vocalist of the Year. As one of the foremost exponents of French vocal music, she has also been recognized with the French government's Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur.

## Malcolm Martineau



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Malcolm Martineau was born in Edinburgh, read music at St. Catharine's College, Cambridge, and studied at the Royal College of Music. Recognized as one of the leading accompanists of his generation, he has worked with many of the world's greatest singers including Thomas Allen, Janet Baker, Olaf Bär, Anna Netrebko, Elīna Garanča, Dorothea Röschmann, Sarah Connolly, Angela Gheorghiu, Susan Graham, Thomas Hampson, Della Jones, Simon Keenlyside, Christopher Maltman, Karita Mattila, Ann

Murray, Anne Sofie von Otter, Joan Rodgers, Michael Schade, Frederica von Stade, Sarah Walker, and Bryn Terfel. He has presented his own series at the Wigmore Hall and the Edinburgh Festival. He has appeared throughout Europe including London's Wigmore Hall and the Barbican; La Scala, Milan; the Châtelet, Paris; the Liceu, Barcelona; Berlin's Philharmonie and Konzerthaus; Amsterdam's Concertgebouw and Vienna's Konzerthaus and Musikverein; in New York at Alice Tully Hall and Carnegie Hall; the Sydney Opera House, and at the Aix-en-Provence, Vienna, Edinburgh, Schubertiade, Munich, and Salzburg festivals.

Mr. Martineau's recording projects have included the complete Beethoven folk songs and Schubert, Schumann, and English song recitals with Bryn Terfel; Schubert and Strauss recitals with Simon Keenlyside plus the Grammy Award-winning *Songs of War*; recital recordings with Angela Gheorghiu, Barbara Bonney, Magdalena Kožená, Della Jones, Susan Bullock, Solveig Kringelborn, Anne Schwanewilms, Dorothea Röschmann, and Christiane Karg; the complete Fauré songs with Sarah Walker and Tom Krause; the complete Britten folk songs; the complete Poulenc songs and Britten song cycles as well as Schubert with Florian Boesch, Reger with Sophie Bevan and the complete Mendelssohn songs. Mr. Martineau was given an honorary doctorate at the Royal Scottish Academy of Music and Drama in 2004 and was appointed International Fellow of Accompaniment in 2009. He was the artistic director of the 2011 Leeds Lieder+ Festival, and was made an OBE in the 2016 New Year's Honours.

## **Lincoln Center's Great Performers**

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Initiated in 1965, Lincoln Center's Great Performers series offers classical and contemporary music performances from the world's outstanding symphony orchestras, vocalists, chamber ensembles, and recitalists. One of the most significant music presentation series in the world, Great Performers runs from October through June with offerings in Lincoln Center's David Geffen Hall, Alice Tully Hall, Walter Reade Theater, and other performance spaces around New York City. From symphonic masterworks, lieder recitals, and Sunday morning coffee concerts to films and groundbreaking productions specially commissioned by Lincoln Center, Great Performers offers a rich spectrum of programming throughout the season.

## **Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts, Inc.**

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Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts (LCPA) serves three primary roles: presenter of artistic programming, national leader in arts and education and community engagement, and manager of the Lincoln Center campus. A presenter of thousands of free and ticketed events, performances, tours, and educational activities annually, LCPA offers a variety of festivals and programs, including American Songbook, Avery Fisher Career Grants and Artist program, David Rubenstein Atrium programming, Great Performers, Lincoln Center Emerging Artist Awards, Lincoln Center Out of Doors, Lincoln Center Vera List Art Project, LC Kids, Midsummer Night Swing, Mostly Mozart Festival, White Light Festival, the Emmy Award-winning *Live From Lincoln Center*, which airs nationally on PBS, and Lincoln Center Education, which is celebrating more than four decades enriching the lives of students, educators, and lifelong learners. As manager of the Lincoln Center campus, LCPA provides support and services for the Lincoln Center complex and the 11 resident organizations: The Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Film at Lincoln Center, Jazz at Lincoln Center, The Juilliard School, Lincoln Center Theater, The Metropolitan Opera, New York City Ballet, New York Philharmonic, The New York Public Library for the Performing Arts, School of American Ballet, and Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts.



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