

Spring 2021

Amor, Tendresse, & Pracht, in Hall und Widerhall; Love, tenderness, and splendour, in reverberation: A concert featuring works by Claude Debussy, Lili Boulanger, Joaquín Rodrigo, and Alban Berg

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Recommended Citation

Han, Emily Joy, "Amor, Tendresse, & Pracht, in Hall und Widerhall; Love, tenderness, and splendour, in reverberation: A concert featuring works by Claude Debussy, Lili Boulanger, Joaquín Rodrigo, and Alban Berg" (2021). *Senior Projects Spring 2021*. 332.

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Amor, Tendresse, & Pracht, in Hall und Widerhall; Love, tenderness, and splendour, in
reverberation: A concert featuring works by Claude Debussy, Lili Boulanger, Joaquín Rodrigo,
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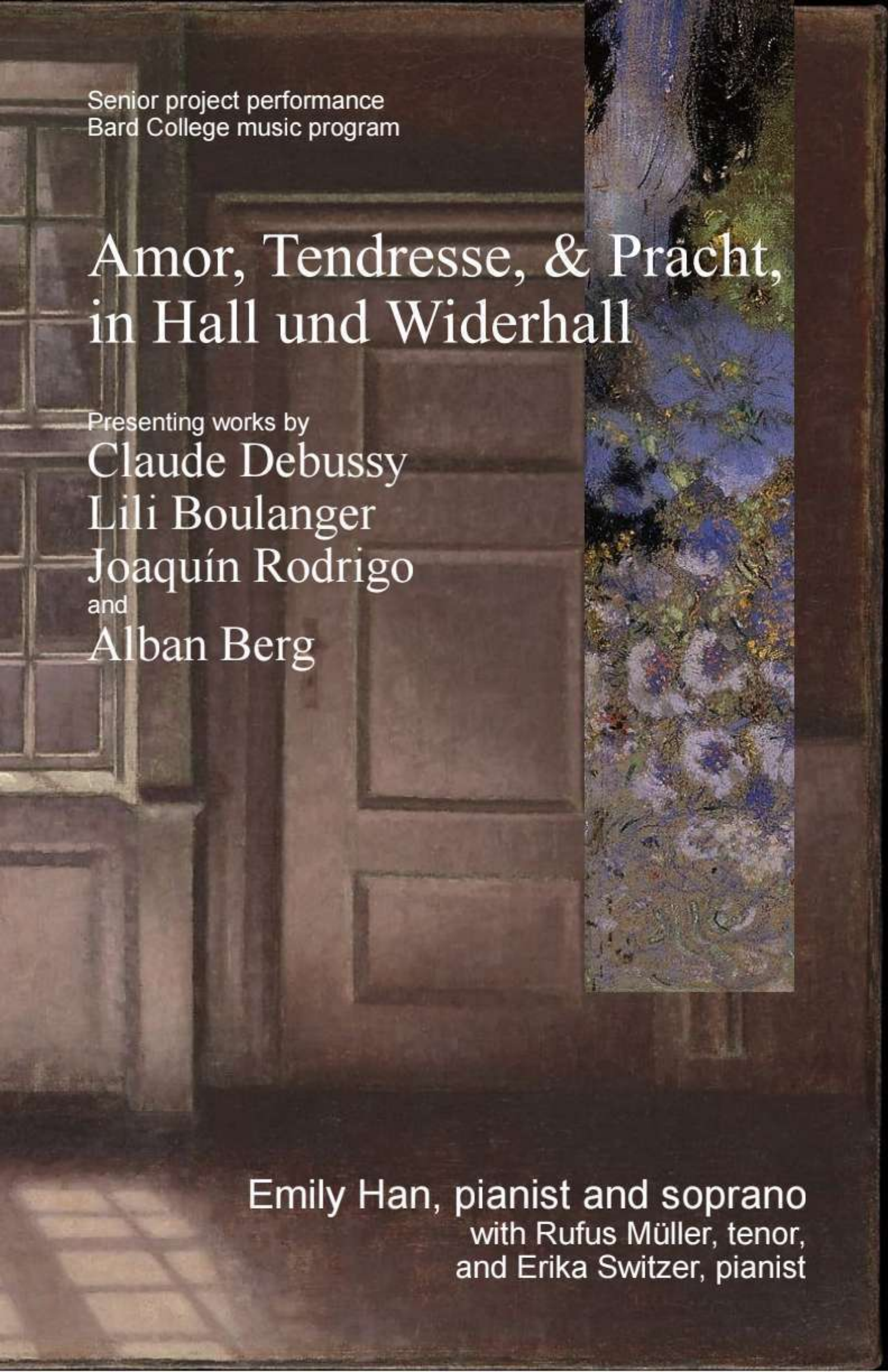
Senior Project Submitted to
The Division of the Arts
of Bard College

by
Emily Han

Annandale-on-Hudson, New York
May 2021

This concert was programmed from several separate impulses which over the course of my repertoire search coalesced into something whole. Berg's *Sieben Frühe Lieder* I chose due to personal interest from having experienced his opera *Wozzeck* in a course, and also because of my familiarity with the German language. Taking inspiration from a fellow student whom I collaborated with in performance classes, I looked into works by Lili Boulanger and found her song cycle, *Clairières dans le ciel*. The Rodrigo and Debussy I chose with the intent of relating back to my moderation concert, for which I had prepared Debussy's *Ariettes oubliées* and Manuel de Falla's *Siete canciones populares españolas*. Rodrigo's *Cuatro madrigales amorosos*, like the de Falla, is an adaptation of Spanish folk songs with long histories. The Debussy, I was delighted to find, bridged both the Rodrigo and the Boulanger. Debussy was a contemporary of Boulanger, and though they were not acquainted, they certainly knew of one another; coincidentally, they died in the same month, March 1918. The second *Estampes* is inspired by Spanish music, and Debussy achieved with it an authenticity that impressed Manuel de Falla, despite never having been to Spain himself.

I also chose *Estampes* because it encapsulates an idea that continues to intrigue me - the translation of observation and perspective into being. *Estampes* is one of Debussy's first forays into music inspired by his encounters with music from other cultures. *Pagodes* is Javanese gamelan music through the eyes of a French composer, and this is evident in its melodic and overall structures even amidst its backdrop of pentatonicism. I continue to be enamored by truth in perspectives, in personal language and love, and that is what I am hoping to explore in this concert; through that glimpse into Debussy's exploration and exploit; through the deeply personal tenderness and emotion evoked in the Boulanger; through the long history of Rodrigo's madrigals and through Berg's beginning forays into expanded tonality. Song almost always has that quality to it, for it is usually a setting of someone else's poetry - a translation of someone else's words into music - so that when I perform, I make these combined expressions of truth manifest, for just a moment in time.



Senior project performance
Bard College music program

Amor, Tendresse, & Pracht, in Hall und Widerhall

Presenting works by

Claude Debussy

Lili Boulanger

Joaquín Rodrigo

and

Alban Berg

Emily Han, pianist and soprano
with Rufus Müller, tenor,
and Erika Switzer, pianist

Amor, Tendresse, & Pracht, in Hall und Widerhall

Love, Tenderness, & Splendor,
in Reverberation

Thursday, April 15, 2021, 8:00 pm
Bard College | Bito CPS



THE PROGRAM

CLAUDE
DEBUSSY
(1862-1918)

Estampes ("Prints"), L. 100 (1903)

Pagodes ("Pagodas")
La soirée dans Grenade ("Evening in Granada")
Jardins sous la pluie ("Gardens in the Rain")

Emily Han, *piano*

LILI
BOULANGER
(1893-1918)

Selections from ***Clairières dans le ciel*** (1913-1914)

Elle est gravement gaie
Si tout ceci n'est qu'un pauvre rêve
Nous nous aimerons tant
Vous m'avez regardé
Les lilas qui avaient fleuri

Rufus Müller, *tenor*
Emily Han, *piano*

BRIEF INTERMISSION

JOAQUÍN
RODRIGO
(1901-1999)

Cuatro Madrigales Amatorios (1947)

¿Con qué la lavaré?
Vos me matásteis
De dónde venís, amore
De los álamos vengo, madre

ALBAN
BERG
(1885-1935)

Sieben frühe Lieder (1907)

Nacht
Schilflied
Die Nachtigall
Traumgekrönt
Im Zimmer
Liebesode
Sommertage

Emily Han, *soprano*
Erika Switzer, *piano*

Notes on the Composers and Program

Estampes ("Prints"), L. 100 (1903)

Claude Debussy

Born in Saint-Germain-en-Laye, France, 1862

Died in Paris, France, 1918

In 1889, the Exposition Universelle was held in Paris. There Debussy experienced the "exotic" music of many countries—in particular, that of a Javanese gamelan orchestra, whose performance challenged the ordinary Frenchman's conception of what constituted "music". Debussy was immediately drawn to gamelan music—he remarked that "Javanese music obeys laws of counterpoint that make Palestrina seem like child's play" (Walsh 66). Debussy also heard Rimsky-Korsakov conduct two concerts of Russian music at the Exposition. At around the same time in France, there was a burgeoning interest in the prints of the nineteenth-century Japanese artist, Katsushika Hokusai. Debussy would be inspired to write *La Mer* in 1905 from Hokusai's *The Wave*. These experiences with new fields of expression excited Debussy's imagination.

Estampes was written in the summer of 1903. It is considered by many to be the point of departure for Debussy's exploration of new sounds for the piano.

The first of the set, "Pagodes," is clearly written in an imitation of gamelan music, though it remains composed solidly in a western form, both harmonically and structurally. The title "pagoda," which is a term that describes Asian tiered towers with multiple overhanging eaves, refers to the layered structure of the piece both vertically and horizontally: vertically in the various strands of melody atop a left-hand counter-melody and chords, and horizontally in its rondo form and nonevolving distinct units. The sloped rooflines of such buildings are also the motivation for the shape of Debussy's melodic material.

The second of the set, "La soirée dans Grenade," describes a street scene in Granada, Spain. Manuel de Falla was tremendously impressed by this particular piece. He writes: The evocative nature of *Soirée dans Grenade* is nothing less than miraculous when one reflects on the fact that this music was written by a foreigner guided almost entirely by his visionary genius... Here we are truly confronted with Andalusia: truth without authenticity, so to speak, for not a bar is directly borrowed from Spanish folklore yet the entire piece down to the smallest detail makes one feel the character of Spain... The music actually evokes reflections of moonlit images in the lakes of the Alhambra.

The last of the set, "Jardins sous la pluie," depicts a garden in a rainstorm. The piece quotes melodies from children's songs, including "Nous n'irons plus au bois" and "Dodo, l'enfant do". The piece was ostensibly inspired by an afternoon Debussy spent in the garden of the painter Jacques-Émile Blanche. Blanche had been painting a portrait of Debussy when the session was interrupted by a sudden downpour. Debussy dedicated *Estampes* to Blanche.

Clairières dans le ciel (1913-1914)

Lili Boulanger

Born in Paris, France, 1893

Died in Mézy-sur-Seine, France, 1918

Due to a case of bronchial pneumonia at the age of 2 that weakened her immune system, Lili's health was precarious from a young age and she experienced frequent bouts of illness. Her weakened immune system would eventually lead to the "internal tuberculosis" that ended her life at the age of 24.

After Lili's sixteenth birthday, her mother encouraged her to "learn to do something really well." Because Lili's state of health made life uncertain and marriage impossible, Mme Boulanger felt that "the only thing for her to do was to choose an occupation in keeping with her abilities and concentrate on it until she had achieved any long-range goals she might set for herself." Despite having shown an aptitude for music and having taken lessons in violin, cello, harp, and piano, she had never directed enough of her energy into any one field long enough to master it completely. Her uncertain health had made sustained effort impossible.

Lili's answer to her mother's worries was to study composition and win the Prix de Rome. This goal gave her life both direction and purpose; as Leonie Rosenstiel writes, It provided Lili with the means to decide her own future as much as possible and to demonstrate to her family, her friends, and, above all, herself, that she was capable of being considered a contributing member of the artistic and intellectual community in which she lived. In other words, it gave Lili the chance to develop a positive self-image—although it is unlikely that anyone at that time and place would have expressed it this way. (46-47)

Accordingly, Lili's studies became actively focused on meeting the requirements of the Prix de Rome competition, which was both a physically and emotionally taxing experience. On her first attempt at the Prix de Rome in 1912, Lili's physical condition became progressively worse during the five days of the first round of competition and she withdrew because of illness. The next year, she won the composition prize for her cantata *Faust et Hélène*. In doing so, she became the first woman to win the First Grand Prix de Rome composition prize and followed in the footsteps of her father, Ernest Boulanger, who won the Prix de Rome in 1835, and her sister, Nadia Boulanger, who won the Second Prix de Rome in 1908.

Lili began work on *Clairières dans le ciel* during her travel to Rome to stay at the Villa Medici. The new project, which had interested her for a time, was sparked by a collection of poetry given to her by a close friend, Miki Piré. The collection was *Tristesses*, by Francis Jammes. Lili felt that the title *Tristesses* was too somber and wrote Jammes asking if she could instead use the title of another collection of poems in the same volume and from which the whole volume had taken its name. Jammes consented.

Clairières dans le ciel, which Lili completed in 1914, is a cycle of thirteen songs chosen from amongst the twenty-four poems which comprise Jammes's *Tristesses*. The cycle was of particular personal significance for Lili, who identified strongly with the heroine of these poems. The heroine is described as a tall, somewhat mysterious young girl who suddenly disappeared from the poet's life. She is serious but mirthful - as was Lili, who to acquaintances appeared intense and extremely serious but who was humorous and warm around her closest friends. She particularly enjoyed the practical jokes that were common amongst her family, friends, and neighbors.

Another identifying aspect of the song cycle is the number thirteen, which Lili sometimes used half-humorously as a symbol for herself. There were exactly thirteen letters in the form of the name that she habitually used. That there are thirteen songs is a private and personal way of expressing to those close to her how deeply she was involved with the cycle. The monogram that Lili chose to be printed on her published works also deliberately resembles the number thirteen.

When setting text to music, Lili did not write songs to conform to preconceived musical forms. In *Clairières dans le ciel*, songs are predominantly highly segmented to reflect the free-flowing styles and moods of the poet.

Lili quotes Wagner's prelude to *Tristan* in the sixth song. In addition to referring to the theme of love that runs through the collection of poems, this may also be a way of thanking Miki Piré, who took Lili to see a performance of the *Tristan* prelude while Lili had been working on this cycle (Rosenstiel).

Cuatro Madrigales Amatorios (1947)

Joaquín Rodrigo

Born in Sagunto, Spain, 1901

Died in Madrid, Spain, 1999

In 1905 an epidemic of diphtheria occurred in Sagunto. As a result, Rodrigo became virtually blind at the age of 3. Rodrigo later said, without bitterness, that this personal tragedy probably led him towards a career in music. From the age of 8, Rodrigo took lessons in solfège, piano, and violin, and started harmony and composition lessons at 16.

In 1927, Rodrigo moved to Paris where he studied with Paul Dukas for five years. He became friendly with Honegger, Milhaud, Ravel and many other musical celebrities of the time, among them Manuel de Falla. During his studies in Paris, Rodrigo was encouraged to engage with the music of his homeland. In a 1958 interview with *The London Times*, he explained:

I learnt a great deal from [Paul] Dukas, but studying under him I became even more Spanish than I was before. Indeed, I feel that composers today must keep to their national idioms. So much of modern music is monotonous because all the very young composers will write in the same atonal style.

(Conway)

In an interview that same year with *The Washington Post*, Rodrigo remarked,

I try to capture the spirit of the 16th, 17th, and 18th centuries in Spain and put it into music—not traditional Spanish music, but I modernize and intellectualize it. (Conway)

This is perfectly demonstrated in the *Cuatro Madrigales Amatorios*, which is a setting of anonymous poems. No other work in Rodrigo's catalogue is more heavily influenced by folk music. Rodrigo first heard Miguel de Fuenllana's sixteenth-century settings of three of the texts for voice and the vihuela (an early type of guitar) in Paris in the late 1930s. Fuenllana himself had adapted two of these songs from compositions by Juan Vásquez. The fourth madrigal is a recomposed song by Enriquez de Valderrábano, another sixteenth-century composer. Rodrigo adapted the songs for contemporary performance and orchestrated them for an ensemble befitting the twentieth-century.

Sieben frühe Lieder (1907)

Alban Berg

Born in Vienna, Austria, 1885

Died in Vienna, Austria, 1935

Berg differed from his colleagues in the Second Viennese School in that he never conducted an orchestra nor appeared on a concert platform as a soloist. His creative work and artistic career were limited by his constitutional frailty, which required him to conserve his energy and stamina.

Berg began his studies with Schönberg in 1904. This was prompted by his brother Charley, who drew Berg's attention to Schönberg's newspaper advertisement and secretly showed Schönberg some of Berg's early manuscripts. As a result, Berg received an invitation to become his private pupil (without payment until 1906) and to attend his courses of composition.

Berg was well-loved and well-regarded by those who knew him. He was described as being gentle, kind, and caring, enthusiastic, modest, and self-critical. However, as Christopher Hailey writes, there was something noncommittal, reserved, and distant about him--

Contradiction and paradox are central ingredients of Berg's persona and of his music... The elusive qualities of his character make it easy to be sucked into a vortex of eternal regress and self-absorption. Berg, the man we follow at our peril. Berg, the composer, however, transformed the spinning vortex of his unknowable self into extraordinary music that reaches beyond the self toward a common understanding of the human condition. (28)

Berg first achieved acclaim with *Wozzeck*, which met with remarkable success upon its premier in 1925 despite a slanderous press campaign against the composer and opera. The opera was widely performed with great success outside Germany as well.

Performances of *Wozzeck* in Germany stopped abruptly in 1933 when Hitler came to power. Hitler's appointment as Reichs-Chancellor effectively erased Berg's name and banished his works from the German musical world, due to both his association with Schönberg as well as the "degenerate" quality of his modernist music. Berg spent the last few years of his life working on the Violin Concerto and *Lulu*. He died in December 1935 from blood poisoning caused by an insect sting, just short of his fifty-first birthday.

Berg's music reconciles dodecaphonic technique with a feeling for traditional tonality. His position as mediator at this historical junction grants his music special powers of persuasion, and his works have achieved greater success and have reached a wider audience than those of either Schönberg or Webern.

His *Sieben frühe Lieder* were published in 1928 due to a rising demand for works by the now celebrated composer of *Wozzeck*. The songs were originally written between 1905 and 1908 and are among the first works he wrote whilst under Schönberg's tutelage. Though the songs all remain rooted in tonality, several of the songs, especially "Nacht," "Traumgekrönt," and "Sommertage," draw upon Schönberg's extended tonality and reveal the beginnings of Berg's unique musical voice.

Berg wrote the following to Schönberg in response to Schönberg's enthusiasm for a 1929 performance of the *Sieben frühe Lieder*:

Your telegram made me incredibly happy—as well as the fact that you went to the concert at all. Because the songs are so closely bound up with my studies with you, they mean more to me than they are really worth. And the fact that I succeeded in orchestrating these piano songs so that you think they sound good, brings that past even closer! For that I thank you a thousand times! (Lynch 1)



Texts and Translations

Clairières dans le ciel

Francis Jammes

2.

Elle est gravement gaie.
Par moments son regard se levait
comme pour surprendre ma pensée. . .

Elle était douce alors comme quand il
est tard,
Le velours jaune et bleu d'une allée de
pensées.

6.

Si tout ceci n'est qu'un pauvre rêve.
Et s'il faut que j'ajoute dans ma vie
Une fois encore, la désillusion. . . aux
désillusions;
Et si je dois encore, par ma somber
folie,
chercher dans la douceur du vent et de
la pluie
les seules vaines voix que m'aient en
passion.
Je ne sais si je guerirai,
ô mon amie.

7.

Nous nous aimerons tant que nous
taïrons nos mots,
en nous tendant la main,
quand nous nous reverrons.
Vous serez ombragée par d'anciens
rameaux
sur le banc que je sais où nous nous
assoierons.
Donc, nous nous assoierons sur ce
banc, tous deux seuls. . .
D'un long moment, ô mon amie,
Vous n'oserez. . .
Que vous me serez douce et que je
tremblerai.

Clearings in the sky

2.

She is serious but mirthful.
Sometimes she would suddenly glance
up at me As if to catch my
thought. . . .


She was sweet then,
as when it is late,
The yellow and blue velvet of a path
of pansies.

6.

If all this is no more than a dream,
and if once again in my life
I must add disillusion. . . upon disillu-
sion;
and if I must, once again in my melan-
choly distraction,
seek in the gentle wind
and rain
the only hollow voices which have
impassioned me,
I do not know if I shall ever recover,
oh my friend.

7.

We shall love each other so much that
we won't need words.
When, hands entwined, we see each
other again,
you will be shaded by ancient branch-
es
along a riverbank that I know, where
we will sit.
Yes, we will sit on that bank, just the
two of us. . .
Alone for a long while, my love.
You won't dare to. . . .
How sweet you will be to me, and how
I shall tremble.



8.
Vous m'avez regardé avec toute votre
âme.
Vous m'avez regardé longtemps
comme un ciel bleu.
J'ai mis votre regard à l'ombre de mes
yeux.
Que ce regard était passionné et
calme.

9.
Les lilas qui avaient fleuri l'année
dernière vont fleurir de nouveau dans
les tristes parterres.
Déjà le pècher grêle
à jonché
le ciel bleu de ses roses,
comme un enfant la Fête-Dieu.
Mon coeur devrait mourir au milieu de
ces choses
Car c'était au milieu des vergers
blancs et roses
Que j'avais espéré. . . je ne sais quoi. .
. de vous
Mon âme rêve sourdement sur vos
genoux.
Ne la repoussez point. Ne la relevez
pas,
de peur qu'en s'éloignant de vous elle
ne voie
combien vous êtes faible, et troublée
dans ses bras.

8.
You looked at me with all your
soul.
You looked at me a long while like a
blue sky.
I took that look into the depths of my
own eyes.
How impassioned yet calm was that
look.

9.
The lilacs that bloomed last year
will bloom once again in the wretched
flowerbeds.
The delicate peach tree has already
sprinkled
the blue sky with its blossoms
like a child on Corpus Christi day.
My heart should have broken in the
midst of all this.
For it was in the midst of white and
pink orchards
that I had hoped for something. . . I
don't know what. . . from you.
My soul languishes, insensible on your
lap.
Do not thrust it aside. Do not awaken
it
lest when you dismiss it, it should see
how very weak and disconcerted you
have been
in its embrace.

Cuatro Madrigales Amatorios
Anon.

¿Con qué la lavaré?

¿Con qué la lavaré
la tez de la mi cara?
¿Con qué la lavaré,
Que vivo mal penada?

Lávanse las casadas
con agua de limones:
lávome yo, cuitada,
con penas y dolores.
¿Con qué la lavaré,
que vivo mal penada?

Vos me matásteis

Vos me matásteis,
niña en cabello,
vos me habéis muerto.

Riberas de un río
ví moza virgo,
Niña en cabello,
vos me habéis muerto.
Niña en cabello
vos me matásteis,
vos me habéis muerto.

¿De dónde venís, amore?

¿De dónde venís, amore?
Bien sé yo de dónde.
¿De dónde venís, amigo?
Fuere yo testigo!
¡Ah!
Bien sé yo de dónde.

Four Love Madrigals

With what shall I wash?

With what shall I wash
the skin of my face?
With what shall I wash it?
I live in such sorrow.

Married women wash
in lemon water:
in my grief I wash
in pain and sorrow.
With what shall I wash it?
I live in such sorrow.

You killed me

You killed me,
girl with hair hanging loose,
you have slain me.

By the river bank
I saw a young maiden.
Girl with hair hanging loose,
you have slain me.
Girl with hair hanging loose,
you have killed me,
you have slain me.

Where hast thou been, my love?

Where hast thou been, my love?
I know well where.
Where hast thou been, my friend?
Were I a witness
ah!
I know well where!

De los álamos vengo, madre

De los álamos vengo, madre,
de ver cómo los menea el aire.

De los álamos de Sevilla,
de ver a mi linda amiga,
de ver cómo los menea el aire.

De los álamos vengo, madre,
der ver cómo los menea el aire.

I come from the poplars, mother

I come from the poplars, mother,
from seeing the breezes stir them.

From the poplars of Seville,
from seeing my sweet love,
from seeing the breezes stir them.

I come from the poplars, mother,
from seeing the breezes stir them.

Sieben frühe Lieder

Nacht

Carl Hauptmann

Dämmern Wolken über Nacht und
Tal.
Nebel schweben. Wasser rauschen
sacht.
Nun entschleiert sich's mit einem Mal.
O gib acht! gib acht!

Weites Wunderland ist aufgetan,
Silbern ragen Berge traumhaft groß,
Stille Pfade silberlicht
talan
Aus verborg'nem Schoß.

Und die hehre Welt so traumhaft
rein.
Stummer Buchenbaum am Wege
steht
Schattenschwarz – ein Hauch vom
fernen Hain
Einsam leise weht.

Und aus tiefen Grundes Dürsterheit
Blinken Lichter auf in stummer Nacht.
Trinke Seele! trinke Einsamkeit!
O gib acht! gib acht!

Seven early songs

Night

Clouds loom over night and
valley.
Mists hover, waters softly
murmur.
Now at once all is unveiled.
O take heed! take heed!

A vast wonderland opens up,
Silvery mountains soar dreamlike tall,
Silent paths climb silver-bright valley-
wards
From a hidden womb.

And the glorious world so dreamlike
pure.
A silent beech-tree stands by the way-
side
Shadow-black – a breath from the
distant grove
Blows solitary soft.

And from the deep valley's gloom
Lights twinkle in the silent night.
Drink soul! drink solitude!
O take heed! take heed!

Schilflied
Nikolaus Lenau

Auf geheimem Waldespfade
Schleich' ich gern im Abendschein
An das öde Schilfgestade,
Mädchen, und gedenke dein!

Wenn sich dann der Busch verdüstert,
Rauscht das Rohr geheimnisvoll,
Und es klaget und es flüstert,
Daß ich weinen, weinen soll.

Und ich mein', ich höre wehen
Leise deiner Stimme Klang,
Und im Weiher untergehen
Deinen lieblichen Gesang.

Die Nachtigall
Theodor Storm

Das macht, es hat die Nachtigall
Die ganze Nacht gesungen;
Da sind von ihrem süßen Schall,
Da sind in Hall und Widerhall
Die Rosen aufgesprungen.

Sie war doch sonst ein wildes Blut,
Nun geht sie tief in Sinnen;
Trägt in der Hand den Sommerhut
Und duldet still der Sonne Glut
Und weiß nicht, was beginnen.

Das macht, es hat die Nachtigall
Die ganze Nacht gesungen;
Da sind von ihrem süßen Schall,
Da sind in Hall und Widerhall
Die Rosen aufgesprungen.

Reed song

Along a secret forest path
I love to steal in the evening light
To the desolate reedy shore
And think, my girl, of you!

When the bushes then grow dark,
The reeds pipe mysteriously,
Und es klaget und es flüstert,
Daß ich weinen, weinen soll.

Und ich mein', ich höre wehen
Leise deiner Stimme Klang,
Und im Weiher untergehen
Deinen lieblichen Gesang.

The nightingale

It is because the nightingale
Has sung throughout the night,
That from the sweet sound
Of her echoing song
The roses have sprung up.

She was once a wild creature,
Now she wanders deep in thought;
In her hand a summer hat,
Bearing in silence the sun's heat,
Not knowing what to do.

It is because the nightingale
Has sung throughout the night,
That from the sweet sound
Of her echoing song
The roses have sprung up.

Traumgekrönt
Rainer Maria Rilke

Das war der Tag der weißen Chrysanthemen, –
mir bangte fast vor seiner Pracht ...
Und dann, dann kamst du mir die Seele nehmen
tief in der Nacht.

Mir war so bang, und du kamst lieb und leise, –
ich hatte grad im Traum an dich gedacht.
Du kamst, und leis wie eine Märchenweise
erklang die Nacht ...

Im Zimmer
Johannes Schlaf

Herbstsonnenschein.
Der liebe Abend blickt so still herein.
Ein Feuerlein rot
Knistert im Ofenloch und loht.

So! – Mein Kopf auf deinen Knie'n. –
So ist mir gut;
Wenn mein Auge so in deinem ruht.
Wie leise die Minuten ziehn! ...

Crowned with dreams

That was the day of the white chrysanthemums –
Its brilliance almost frightened me ...
And then, then you came to take my soul
at the dead of night.

I was so frightened, and you came sweetly and gently,
I had been thinking of you in my dreams.
You came, and soft as a fairy tune
the night rang out ...

In the room

Autumn sunshine.
The lovely evening looks in so silently.
A little red fire
Crackles and blazes in the hearth.

Like this! – With my head on your knees. –
Like this I am content;
When my eyes rest in yours like this.
How gently the minutes pass!

Liebesode
Otto Erich Hartleben

Im Arm der Liebe schliefen wir selig
ein.
Am offenen Fenster lauschte der Sommerwind,
und unsrer Atemzüge Frieden
trug er hinaus in die helle Mondnacht.
—

Und aus dem Garten tastete zagend
sich
Ein Rosenduft an unserer Liebe Bett
Und gab uns wundervolle Träume,
Träume des Rausches – so reich an
Sehnsucht!

Sommertage
Paul Hohenberg

Nun ziehen Tage über die Welt,
gesandt aus blauer Ewigkeit,
im Sommerwind verweht die Zeit.
Nun windet nächtens der Herr
Sternenkränze mit seliger Hand
über Wander- und Wunderland.

O Herz, was kann in diesen Tagen
dein hellstes Wanderlied denn sagen
von deiner tiefen, tiefen Lust:
Im Wiesensang verstummt die
Brust,
nun schweigt das Wort, wo Bild um
Bild
zu dir zieht und dich ganz erfüllt.

Ode to love

In love's arms we fell blissfully
asleep.
The summer wind listened at the open
window,
and carried the peace of our breathing
out into the moon-bright night.
—

And from the garden a scent of
roses
came timidly to our bed of love
and gave us wonderful dreams,
ecstatic dreams – so rich in
longing!

Summer days

Days, sent from blue eternity,
journey now across the world,
time drifts away in the summer wind.
The Lord at night now garlands
star-chains with his blessed hand
across lands of wandering and wonder.

In these days, O heart, what can
your brightest travel-song say
of your deep, deep joy?
The heart falls silent in the meadows'
song,
words now cease when image after
image
comes to you and fills you utterly.

Images taken from The Met Collection

Moonlight, Strandgade 30, Vilhelm Hammershøi

Moonlight on the Yodo River, Katsushika Hokusai

Wheat Field with Cypresses, Vincent Van Gogh

Poplars, Éragny, Camille Pissarro

Venice, from the Porch of Madonna della Salute, Joseph Mallord William Turner

A Spanish Garden, Martin Rico y Ortega

Madame Arthur Fontaine, Odilon Redon

Translations for Berg and Rodrigo songs © Richard Stokes, author of *The Book of Lieder*, published by Faber, provided courtesy of Oxford Lieder (www.oxfordlieder.co.uk)

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I am grateful—

To my parents,
who started me on my musical journey,
and who continue to support me
in my studies,

To my roommates,
who have turned
what was to be a disappointing senior year
into a fun and fulfilling one,

To my professors—
Erika, who has helped me
through many a rough day, week, month...
and who persistently reminds me
to take care of myself
Both at the piano and away from it,

Rufus, who has seen me
in my angriest, most frustrated moments,
and who despite this continually broadens
my perception of performance,

James, whose fun and informative classes
inspire me in my musical experimentation,

And Ilka, without whom, I do not think it
an exaggeration to say,
I may have never found my singing voice,
and whose patience and reassurance
have in turn allowed
me to be patient with and to have faith
in myself.

And finally to the cats in my lives,
Ninja and Chopstick,

and my own cat, Diesel,
whom I love very, very dearly.

