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Guest Artist Recital: Valerie Errante, soprano

Valerie Errante

Robert Wason

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**LIEDER AUS DER MÜNCHENER SCHULE
1871 - 1914**

**VALERIE ERRANTE, SOPRANO
ROBERT WASON, PIANO**

**SONGS OF:
ALEXANDER RITTER
LUDWIG THUILLE
WALTER COURVOISIER
RUDI STEPHAN**

Lieder aus der Münchener Schule

The unity of music and words at the heart of a great song is one of the most basic and universal forms of artistic expression. Whether we speak of the music of ancient cultures, opera throughout its four-hundred-year history, the monuments of sacred music, or any popular musical form—including American popular music—the musical expression of a text is central. Songs made of texts that deal with timeless human concerns expressed musically in the most direct fashion have the potential to reach large and diverse audiences, and that is precisely the potential of the songs of the Munich School.

While virtually unknown today, these songs are the flowering of the richest period of German song—a "Lyrical Culture," as the French-German poet René Schikele christened it. The popularity of poetry continued to grow in German-speaking lands throughout the nineteenth century, until, by the turn of the twentieth century, it was immense. By one report, there were 20,000 German-speaking poets in the nineteenth century. If this number seems difficult to believe, consider that a present-day collection in Berlin of some seven hundred nineteenth-century anthologies of poetry contains the work of 10,000 authors. Not surprisingly, musicians were prolific in their settings of this poetry, though most of this music is now long out of print and difficult to come by. In an time before electronic media, this was "mass media"—the "entertainment" of a well-educated and well-to-do middle class.

Munich was the setting of a thriving and vital musical culture at the turn of the twentieth century. This catholic capitol of Bavaria, a seat of power in the nineteenth century, was hardly the hotbed of progress that Berlin was, but neither was it ultraconservative. It was in Munich that the progressive movement in the visual arts known as *Jugendstil* got underway, receiving its name from the Munich periodical *Jugend* [youth], that first appeared in 1896. Though scholars debate whether it is permissible to speak of a "Jugendstil-Musik," there are certainly themes in common: all of the arts of the period remain closely connected to their nineteenth-century, romantic heritage, while they show at the same time traits of modernism. "Jugendstil," the artistic youth of the twentieth century, is the link between the nineteenth century and our own era.

Appropriately, that first issue of *Jugend* included a song by Richard Strauss, the most prominent composer centered in Munich at the time. But almost as prominent a composer was his life-long friend, Ludwig Thuille, whose teaching position at the Munich *Musikhochschule* put him in charge of the education of a generation of composers. Narrowly, the term "Munich School" is sometimes reserved for Thuille's students, but more broadly it refers to a musical style shared by Strauss (its most progressive proponent), Thuille and his students. The style is a synthesis of a "classical" concern with harmonic and formal clarity that may be heard by us today as a "Brahmsian influence" (but more likely stems from the neo-classicism purveyed in Munich in the mid to late nineteenth century by Gabriel Joseph Rheinberger), and a "Wagnerian" expressiveness and inventiveness of harmonic language.

Lieder aus der Münchener Schule introduces the listener to some very beautiful and heretofore unknown music, providing, at the same time, a context to deepen our understanding of the music of Richard Strauss. Subsequent concerts of this repertoire (currently in rehearsal and planning stages) will be devoted to Thuille's music in particular, and comparative settings of the same texts by Brahms, Strauss and Munich School composers. *Lieder aus der Münchener Schule* takes the listener chronologically through a representative sample of this repertoire; the remainder of this brochure provides notes on the program, together with the text of each song.

The composer, Alexander Ritter (1833-96) was also a violinist, and studied first in Dresden, and then in Leipzig with Ferdinand David. His friendship with Hans von Bülow and Richard Wagner brought him into the center of the "New German School," and in 1875 he married singer Franziska Wagner, a niece of Richard Wagner. In 1882, as second concertmaster of the Meiningen court orchestra under von Bülow, Ritter met the young Richard Strauss, whom he introduced to the music of Wagner, Liszt and Berlioz, as well as to Schopenhauer's ideas. In 1886, Ritter followed Strauss to Munich where he attracted a group of associates that were often called the "Rittersche Tafelrunde" (the "knights of the roundtable"). In Munich Ritter also introduced Thuille to the music of the New German School, and is perhaps most important for the aesthetic and philosophical influence that he had on both Strauss and Thuille.

Opus 2, *Schlichte Weisen*, a group of five songs on poems of epic novelist, Felix Dahn (1834-1912), was composed in 1871, by far the earliest date of any of the songs on the program. Dedicated to the singer, Rosa von Milde, the songs, as the title suggests, are simple settings of the poetry, which contains numerous *Jugendstil* motifs. The piano writing is likewise simple; only the fourth song has a substantial postlude while none of the songs has a prelude. Still, that one postlude points clearly to Robert Schumann as a formative influence (as do the other songs in many respects). It is interesting to note that Schumann was a favorite with Thuille as well.

Schlichte Weisen

Fünf Gedichte von Felix Dahn.

Du mein edles Blümlein

Du mein edles Blümlein,
Blümlein jung und zart,
sage mir, o sage:
bist du treuer Art?

Bist du eine Rose,
die's mit Jedem treibt?
Bist du eine Lilie,
die beständig bleibt?

Bist ein' eitle Tulpe,
die sich zum Lobe reckt?
Bist ein stilles Veilchen,
das sich gern versteckt?

Bist du falsch und eitel,
sag mir's offen an,
weil ich keine solche
Blume lieben kann.

Doch bist du eine Lilie
oder ein Veilchen gar
dann will ich dich lieben,
jetzt und immerdar!

Allem, was da Lust auf Erden bringt

Allem, was da Lust auf Erden bringt
ist ein Leiden angehänget.
Das kühle Wasser das verschlingt,
das warme Feuer senget.

Gelahrtheit hat sauren Schweiß
und Kriegertrübsal blut'gen Kummer,
und Ehre hat mehr Neid als Preis
und Reichtum keinen Schlummer.

Simple Truths, Simple Songs

Five Poems of Felix Dahn

You my precious flower

You my precious flower,
Flower young and delicate
Tell me, o tell me:
Are you of a faithful nature?

Are you a rose
Who carries on with everyone?
Are you a lily
Who remains steadfast?

Are you a vain tulip
Who stretches after praise?
Are you a quiet violet
Who coyly hides?

If you are false and vain,
Tell me truthfully,
As I cannot love
Such a flower.

But, if you are a lily,
Or even a violet,
Then I will love you,
Now and forevermore!

Everything, that brings joy on earth

Everything, that brings joy on earth
Is connected with pain.
The cool water that swallows (one),
The warm fire sings.

Scholarship has sour sweat
And the glory of war has bloody grief,
And honor has more envy than reward
And wealth (has) no slumber.

Die Schönheit die hat Eitelkeit
und Frömmigkeit hat Stumpfheit,
Gesellschaft hat Zerfahrenheit
und Einsamkeit hat Dumpfheit.

Nur wer die rechte Minne kennt,
der hat wes er lobsinget,
der hat ein Feuer, das nicht brennt,
ein Wasser, das nicht schlingt,
der hat ein Rose dornelos,
ein Licht ohn' alles Dunkel,
der hat im düstern Erdenstoß
den leuchtenden Carfunkel!

Bei dir muß ich mich aller Kunst

Bei dir muß ich mich aller Kunst
und des Verdiensts ent schlagen,
vom Himmel frei fällt deine Gunst
wie Tau an Maientagen.

Dem Feind, dem sag ich: scheue mich,
ich führe scharfes Eisen,
dem Freund, dem sag ich: ehre mich,
ich will mich würdig weisen,

dem König sag ich, gib mir Gold,
ich weiß ich kann's verdienen,
meiner Mutter sag ich: sei mir hold,
ich hab dein Blut und Mienen. __

Doch deine Huld wie Sonnenschein,
die kann ich nicht verlangen,
da muß man fein bescheiden sein
und sie geschenkt empfangen!

Wer da sieht die Augen dein

Wer da sieht die Augen dein
wird gut werden müssen,
Fleisch und Blut fällt ihm nicht ein,
denket nicht ans Küssen.

Aber an den Himmel gern
mahnt's ihn mit Verlangen,
oder an den Abendstern
wie er kommt gegangen,

oder an den Morgenthau,
oder eine alte Weise,
die seine Mutter, die gute Frau,
sang in der Dämm' rung leise.

O Gott, wie sollt' ich singen

O Gott, wie sollt' ich singen
wie lieb mein Schatz mir war,
ich hab sie sehen bringen
auf einer Todtenbah.

Beauty has vanity
And piety has dullness,
Fellowship has diffusion
And loneliness has hollowness.

Only (he) who knows the proper love,
He has that for which he sings praises.
He has a fire that does not singe,
Water that does not drown,
He has a rose without thorns,
A light without any darkness,
He has in the shadowy interior of the earth,
A gleaming precious stone.

For you, I must give up all art

For you, I must give up all art
and its merits,
From the heavens falls your affection
Like dew on a May day.

To the enemy, I say, fear me,
I carry a sharp sword.
To the friend, I say, honor me,
I will prove myself worthy.

To the king, I say, give me gold,
I know I can earn it,
To my mother I say: be proud,
I have your blood and countenance.

But your favor, like sunshine,
That I cannot demand,
There one must be humble
And accept it as a gift.

Whoever looks into your eyes

Whoever looks into your eyes
Will have to become good.
Things of the flesh do not come to mind,
Nor do thoughts of kissing.

But he is reminded of heaven,
With yearning,
Or of how the
Evening star appears,

Or of the morning dew,
Or of an old melody
That his mother, the good woman,
Sang at twilight, softly.

O God, how should I sing

O God, how should I sing
How precious my love was to me?
I saw her being carried
On a bier.

Und will ich nun gedenken
ihrer Finger weiß und fein,
fällt mir mit vielem Kränken
ihr weißes Bahrtuch ein.

And when I want to remember
Her fine white fingers,
I will only remember, together with
many an illness, her white pall.

Will durch den Sinn mir gehen
ihrer Wangen roter Duft,
muß ich die Rosen sehn,
die steh'n auf ihrer Gruft.

When I want to recall
Her sweet red cheeks,
I will see instead the roses
That stand at her grave.

Ludwig Thuille (1861-1907) was born into a longstanding musical family and took his first piano lessons from his father. His musical studies took him successively farther north, across the Alps, and he ended his studies at the Munich Hochschule with Rheinberger, taking a position there in 1883 as teacher of composition. Thuille's musical education continued informally with Alexander Ritter, however, who, as noted above, introduced him to the music of the New German School, and got him to move away from the academic classicism of Rheinberger. Upon his teacher's death in 1893, Thuille succeeded him as the primary professor of composition. Very soon he began to be seen as the focal point of the Munich School, whose harmonic technique he demonstrated in the *Harmonielehre* that he wrote in collaboration with Rudolf Louis.

The *Drei Frauenlieder*, Opus 5, were composed in 1886 to texts of the Bavarian poet, Karl Stieler (1842-1885), whom Thuille was introduced to by his future wife, Emma Dietl, who in turn had been recently introduced to him by Richard Strauss. Thuille's first mature works in the genre, these songs were certainly inspired by his love for Emma Dietl, whom he married in 1887.

Drei Frauenlieder. von Karl Stieler.

Three Women's Songs

Klage

Ich lehn' im offenen Gemache,
es ist die Stunde still und spät;
wie einsam geht der Tag vorüber,
der ohne dich vorüber geht!

Lament

I rest in an open chamber,
The hour is still and late;
How lonely the day passes,
That passes without you!

Es liegt mein Licht in deinen Augen,
doch deine Augen meiden mich,
es liegt mein Heil in deinen Händen,
doch nimmermehr gewinn' ich dich.

My light lies in your eyes,
But your eyes avoid me,
My health lies in your hands,
But nevermore shall I win your favor.

Ich lehn' in offenen Gemache,
und lausche, wie der Lenzwind weht;
wie einsam geht der Lenz vorüber,
der ohne dich vorüber geht!

I rest in an open chamber,
And listen to the swaying of the spring breeze;
How lonely the spring passes,
That passes without you!

Sommertagen

Was ist mir denn geschehen?
Bin ich vom Traum erwacht?
Wie meine Augen sehen,
o wie der Mund mir lacht!

Summer Morning

What has happened to me?
Have I awakened from a dream?
How my eyes can see,
O how my mouth laughs for me!

Als hätt's noch nie gegeben
so lichtiges Himmelsblau;
auf meinem ganzen Leben
liegt es wie Morgenthau.

As if there had never been
Such a blue sky;
It rests on my entire life
Like morning dew.

Und in dem tiefsten Innern,
da rieselt's wie ein Quell
von Hoffen und Erinnern;
wie schön ist das, wie hell!

And in my innermost core,
There rustles a source
Of hope and memory;
How beautiful, how bright!

O goldne Feierstunde!
O komm, du heißer Mann,
und Küß mir still vom Munde,
was ich nicht sagen kann!

Es klingt der Lärm der Welt
Es klingt der Lärm der Welt,
ich hör ihn nimmer;
denn nur was du gesagt,
das hör ich immer.

Die Menschen schau'n mich an,
kaum denk' ich dessen;
ich hab' sie alle ja
um dich vergessen.

O, laß mich schweigen doch,
mein Lieb', mein Eden!
Du hast mich stumm geküßt,
ich kann nicht reden!

Ich gab ja alles her,
nichts ist mir 'blieben;
ich kann nur eines mehr:
dich lieben, dich lieben, dich lieben.

O golden hour of celebration!
O come, you sensuous man,
And kiss softly from my mouth
That which I cannot express!

The Noise of the World Sounds
The noise of the world sounds,
I do not hear it;
For only what you say,
I hear always.

People stare at me,
I hardly notice;
I have forgotten
All of them because of you.

O, let me be silent,
My love, my Eden;
You have kissed me silent,
I am speechless!

I gave everything,
Nothing remains for me;
I can do only one thing:
Love you, love you, love you.

Thuille's complete Opus 4 consists of five songs: two songs (the first and last) taken by the composer from an unpublished collection of early work ("35 Songs from 1877-79"), and three other songs from the years 1880-86. The fourth song, "Allerseelen," composed in 1880, offers an alternate musical setting of the famous poem of Hermann von Gilm (1812-1864); Richard Strauss's setting dates from 1885. Ganymed, the last song, dates from 1879, when the composer was eighteen. The text, a German romantic epic by Robert Hameling (1830-1889), tells of a youth in the mountains who sees himself as an Olympic god. The text is matched by music of equally epic proportions--a broad, rhapsodic "orchestral" song of Wagnerian scope.

Allerseelen Hermann von Gilm. Op. 4, no. 4.
Stell auf den Tisch die duftenden Reseden,
die letzten roten A stern 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.

Ganymed Robert Hamerling. Op. 4, no. 5.
Auf schweigendem Bergesgipfel
Der Knabe vom Tale ruht
Und blickt in die ziehenden Wolken,
In die sterbende Sonnenglut:

All Souls' Day
Place on the table the fragrant mignonettes,
Bring in the last red asters,
And let us speak again of love,
As once in May.

Give me your hand, that I may secretly press it,
And if anyone sees, that matters not to me.
Give me only one of your sweet glances,
As once in May.

Every grave blooms and glows tonight,
One day in the year belongs to the dead.
Come to my heart, that I may hold you again,
As once in May.

Ganymed
On the silent mountain peak
The youth from the valley rests,
And gazes into the gathering clouds,
Into the dying sunset:

"O schwebt' ich wie Götter im Bronnen
Des Äthers im Sternenraum!"
Er entschlummert; olympische Wonnen
Umfangen hold ihn im Traum.

Es steigt sein Busen voll Sehnen
Nach Uranionen Glück,
Und es öffnet sich trüb' vor Tränen
Noch halb im Traume sein Blick:

"Was hör ich so lockend klingen
Was rauscht mir so wunderbar
Um's Haupt mit goldenen Schwingen:
Was willst du kreisender Aar?"

Und er fühlt sich auf Fittgen gehoben.
"Ach träum ich noch immer? O Glück!"
Es reißt ihn, es trägt ihn nach oben;
tief weichen die Berge zurück:

"O süßes Sehnen und Hoffen,
fahr' wohl du nächtlich Tal
In ew'gen Blau steht offen
Der strahlende Göttersaal!"

"O, if only I floated, like gods in the fountain
Of ether in the universe."
He falls asleep; olympic desires
Embrace him gently in (his) dream.

His chest rises full of longing
For universal happiness,
And his tearfully sad eyes
Still in a dream, gaze:

"What do I hear, it sounds so enticing,
What rustles so wonderfully
Around my head with golden wings:
What do you desire, circling eagle?"

And he feels himself raised on wings,
"O, do I still dream, O joy!"
It lifts him, it carries him upward;
Far below the mountains recede:

"O sweet longing and hope,
Farewell, you nocturnal valley.
In eternal blue lies before (me)
The glowing kingdom of the gods."

(Pause)

Walter Courvoisier (1875-1931) followed first in the footsteps of his father, a surgeon who taught at the University of Basel. After the completion of his medical degree in Basel in 1900, his musical interests began to gain the upper hand, however, and led him to Munich where in 1902 he became a student of Ludwig Thuille. In 1910, he took a position there as teacher of composition, carrying on the tradition of his late teacher, and was appointed professor of composition in 1919, as successor to Klose. Courvoisier was one of a group of pedagogues that undertook an extensive revision of the Louis and Thuille *Harmonielehre* (the tenth edition) that was published in 1933. In this guise the Louis and Thuille *Harmonielehre* continued to form the basis of theory pedagogy in Munich for many years thereafter.

Songs--more than two hundred of them--are by far the largest part of Courvoisier's compositional output. The seven songs Op. 2 date from 1903--near the beginning of Courvoisier's studies with Thuille. The texts are by various poets (including Theodor Storm's "Schliesse mir die Augen beide," which Berg set twice), and the songs range in style from simple folk-like treatments (the texts by Susman and Storm) to more elaborate settings. The seven songs are certainly a "collection," rather than a "cycle," and thus we have felt justified in changing their order in performance somewhat from the order in which they were published.

SIEBEN LIEDER

Am Meere - H. Leuthold

Wie süß ist's von sonnigen Lüften umhaucht,
Den Blick in den sonnigen Äther getaucht,
Entflohen dem eiligen, hastigen Tun,
Am Busen des heiligen Meeres zu ruh'n!

Das Herz, wie auf schaukelnden Wellen der Kiel,
Hintreibend den gaukelnden Träumen ein Spiel;
Umkost, von unzähligen Armen umschmiegt,
Umplätschert, in seligen Frieden gewiegt.

At Sea

How sweet to be surrounded by blissful breezes,
The view sinks into sunny vapors,
Escaping from hectic, hurried duties
Resting at the shore of the sacred sea!

The heart, like a boat in the midst of rocking waves
Is a plaything for illusory dreams;
Embraced and caressed by countless arms,
Surrounded by splashes, cradled in blessed peace!

Nacht - H. Leuthold

Der Westwind streichelt die Locken
 Schauender Bäume; wie Schnee
 Fallen die Blütenflocken,
 Klänge der Abendglocken
 Zittern über den See.

Oben im Wolkenlosen
 Kreiset der Sterne Lauf,
 Doch unter Küssen und Kosen
 Gehen hier unten Rosen,
 Rosen und Lieder auf.

**Stille Nachtluft - Aus "Mein Land"
 von M. Susman**

Stille Nachtluft, komm zu mir herein,
 Küße meine tränennassen Wangen,
 Sag' mir daß du durch die Welt gegangen,
 Daß du rein geblieben, kühl und rein.

Lieb' und Elend sahst du - Schuld und Flehn,
 Bring mir all die alte wehe Kunde.
 Lehr' mich lächelnd mit erstarrtem Munde
 Kühl und einsam durch die Welt zu gehn.

**Schliesse mir die Augen beide -
 Theodor Storm**

Schliesse mir die Augen beide
 Mit den lieben Händen zu!
 Geht doch Alles, was ich leide,
 Unter deiner Hand zur Ruh'.

Und wie leise sich der Schmerz
 Well' um Welle schlafen leget,
 Wie der letzte Schlag sich reget
 Füllest du mein ganzes Herz.

Schliesse mir die Augen beide,
 Mit den lieben Händen zu.

Morgens - Theodor Storm

Nun gib ein Morgenküßchen!
 Du hast genug der Ruh';
 Und sitz' dein zierlich Füßchen
 Behende in den Schuh!

Nun schüttele von der Stirne
 Die Träume blasse Spur!
 Das goldene Gestirne
 Erleuchtet längst die Flur.

Die Rosen in deinem Garten
 Sprangen im Sonnenlicht;
 Sie können kaum erwarten,
 Daß deine Hand sie bricht.

Night

The west wind fondles the locks
 Of trembling trees; the petals
 Fall like snow,
 Sounds of the evening bells
 Shimmer across the lake.

Above in the cloudless sky
 Circles the path of the stars,
 But, amongst kisses and embraces
 Here below, roses,
 Roses and songs bloom.

Still night air

Still night air, come inside to me,
 Kiss my tear-soaked cheeks,
 Tell me that you went through the world,
 That you have remained pure, cool and pure.

You have seen love and misery, sin and prayer,
 Bring all the old painful tidings to me,
 Teach me to smile with a stiff upper lip,
 And to go cool and alone through the world.

Close mine eyes for me

Close mine eyes for me,
 With your loving hands!
 Everything from which I suffer
 Will be put to rest with your hands.

And how softly the pain,
 Wave upon wave will come to rest,
 As the final heartbeat pulses,
 You fill my entire heart.

Close mine eyes for me,
 With your loving hands.

Morning

Now give me a morning kiss!
 You have had enough rest;
 And put your dainty feet
 Quickly in your shoes!

Now shake from your forehead
 The pale remnants of dreams!
 Your golden star
 Illuminates the fields.

The roses in your garden
 Sprang up in the sunlight;
 They can hardly wait,
 Until your hand picks them.

Die du still gegangen Kommst - Jakob Burckhardt

Die du still gegangen kommst, o kühle Nacht,
Schützerin der Seelen, deren Sehnsucht wacht.
Lass sie kosten deine tiefe Einsamkeit,
Gieb durch ferne Weiten ihrem Schmerz Geleit.

Doch auf ihren Schlummer, holde Sternenfrau!
Giess aus goldner Schale milden Lebensthau,
Daß ihr Aug' erwache morgenrot verklärt,
Neuem Kampf der Tage freudig zugekehrt.

Komm, süsser Schlaf - Wilhelm Hertz

Komm, süsser Schlaf, du Trost der Nacht,
Deck sanft mein Auge zu!
Ich hab' vergangner Zeit gedacht:
Mein Herz verlangt nach Ruh.

Einst stilltest du nach Kuss und Scherz
Verborgner Liebe Glück
Und lehntest an sein warmes Herz
Mein trunknes Haupt zurück.

Nun ist er längst zu Grab gebracht
Und Lieb und Glück dazu.
Komm, süsser Schlaf, du Trost der Nacht!
Mein Herz verlangt nach Ruh!

Komm, süsser Trost der Nacht!

You, who comes quietly

You, who comes quietly, o cool night.
Protector of the soul, guardian of its longing.
Let her taste your deep solitude,
Accompany her pain through vast distances.

But in her slumber, fair woman of the stars!
Pour from golden goblets life's mild dew,
That she awakes at sunrise, transformed,
To face joyfully the new challenge of the day.

Come, sweet sleep
Come, sweet sleep, solace of the night,
Cover my eyes softly!
I have reminisced about times past:
My heart longs for rest.

Once, after playful kisses,
You nurtured the happiness of secret love
And, on his warm heart
Rested my intoxicated head.

Now, he lies in the grave,
Along with love and happiness.
Come, sweet sleep, solace of the night!
My heart longs for rest!

Come, sweet solace of the Night!

Rudi Stephan (1887-1915) studied first in Frankfurt am Main and later (1906-1908) with Rudolf Louis in Munich, thus becoming one of the third generation of the Munich School. His talent as a composer was displayed early and he had already gained great acclaim, when his life and promising career were ended by the War.

Stephan composed fifty-three songs from 1902 until his war service. The six songs of "Ich will Dir singen ein Hohelied" were written during 1913/14 to texts by the poet Gerda von Robertus (Gertrude von Schieben, 1873-1938), the wife of dramatist Otto Borngräber, whose work "Die ersten Menschen" became the libretto to Stephan's opera of the same name. (Indeed, material from these songs recurs in the opera as well.) By virtue of their harmonic inventiveness, in particular, the songs leave one wondering at the sort of synthesis Stephan ultimately would have been able to forge between the conservatism of his Munich School training and new techniques of musical modernism that had obviously made a considerable impact upon him.

ICH WILL DIR SINGEN EIN HOHELIED I WANT TO SING YOU A SACRED SONG

Sechs Gedichte von Gerda von Robertus

Kythere

Der Rosen Düste liebeatmend schwingen
in weichen Wellen, die wie Brüste beben,
Sich zu uns über purpurblaue Meere.

Ganz ferne feiner Aeolsharfen klingen —
Die Barke, Liebster, lenk und laß uns streben
'gen Aphrodites Inselreich: Kythere.

Kythere

The scent of roses, in love-breathing swells,
In soft waves, which heave like breasts,
It floats to us across a purple sea.

From afar sound Aeolian harps.
The boat, my love, turn and let us head
Toward Aphrodite's sovereign island: Kythere.

Pantherlied

Geschmeidig und wild
Wie ein junger Panther,
So hast du von mir
Besitz ergriffen.

Ach, wie weich ist dein Sammetfell,
Du schöner Panther.
Ach, und die Sammettaten,
Wie lieb sie streicheln!

Laß mich nie,
Nie deine Krallen spüren;
Neulich im Traum
Grubst du sie mir in's Herz!

Abendfrieden

Das Sonnenfeuer starb - Rubingepränge -
Ganz leis verhallt des Ave letzter Ton;
Die Nebel wallen - eine Prozession -
Wie Weihrauch schwebt es dunstig um die Hänge.
Und Friede weit - die Seele fleht
für dich ein stilles Nachtgebet.

In Nachbars Garten

In Nachbars Garten duftet
Die Lindenblüte schwül,
Doch unter den wuchtigen Zweigen
Ist's dämmerlauschig kühl.

In Nachbars Garten schatten
Die Lindenzweige tief
Als ob in den Blättern verborgen
Ein süß Geheimnis schlief.

In Nachbars Garten rauscht es
Im Lindenzwipfel bewegt
Als ob in Sturmes Takte
Ein Herz am andern schlägt.

Heut sah' ich unter der Linde
Verschlungen zwei Liebende stehn
Weshalb nur in brennendem Schmerze
Die Augen mir übergehn?

Glück zu Zweien

Wir haben im Lärm der Menge
Im Gleichempfinden geschwiegen;
Wir sind aus Tal und Enge
Gemeinsam zu Gipfeln gestiegen.

An Felsengraten standen wir
Jauchzend in göttliche Weiten,
Zwei Könige wir,
Die fanden das Reich ihrer Einsamkeiten.

Panther Song

Lithe and wild,
Like a young panther,
Thus you have grasped
Control over me.

Ah, how soft is your velvety fur,
You beautiful panther.
Ah, and the velvety paws,
How lovingly the caress!

Never, never let me
Feel your claws;
Recently, in a dream
You drove them into my heart!

Evening Peace

The fire of the sun died - pagentry of rubies -
Very softly sounded the final tone of the Ave.
The fog forms - a procession -
Like incense it floats vaporous around the hills.
And in the distance: peace - the soul prays
For you a silent evening prayer.

In The Neighbor's Garden

(From) the neighbor's garden wafts
The linden blossoms' warm scent,
But under the weighty boughs
It is as cool as the pleasant evening.

In the neighbor's garden
The linden branches shade deeply,
As if within the leaves, protected,
A sweet secret sleeps.

In the neighbor's garden (something) rustles
In the movement of the linden boughs,
As if in a stormy tempo
One heart beats against another.

Today, under the linden tree I saw
Two lovers standing, entwined,
Why then in burning pain
Do my eyes overflow?

Happiness for Two

In the noise of the crowd, we have
remained silent with the same feelings;
We have climbed, from the valley and narrowness,
Together to the peak.

We stood on rocky cliffs,
Rejoicing into the divine distances,
We, two kings,
Who have found the empire of their solitude.

Das Hohelied der Nacht

Zwei Tage reichen sich die Hand - der eine schied,
ein Flüstern raunt es durch die tiefe Stunde.
Es klingt ein Lied - der Nacht ein Hohelied -

Ich sing es mit - Du küßt es mir vom
Munde:

O hehre Nacht, tu auf Dein Wunderland,
laß alles Leiderinnern Ruhe finden.
Der Liebe Meer umrauscht ja Deinen Strand,
drin alle Ströme meiner Sehnsucht münden.

The Sacred Song of the Night

Two days reach to join hands - one departs,
A whisper rustles through the deep hour.
A song sounds - A sacred song of the night

I sing along - You kiss it from my lips:

O sublime night, fall upon your
wonderland,
Let all memories of suffering find rest.
The ocean of love roars upon your beach,
Here all currents of my longing find their
destiny.

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American soprano, Valerie Errante, was born and educated in upstate New York, where she earned a Bachelor of Music degree from Ithaca College. In 1980, she completed a Master of Music degree from Northern Michigan University. Following further operatic studies at the Banff Centre (1981) and at AIMS (1982) she was a prize winner in several International Vocal Competitions including the Metropolitan Opera Association Regional Auditions, Detroit, 1982; American Opera Association Auditions, Cincinnati and New York, 1982; Francisco Vinas Competition, Barcelona, Spain, 1982; G.B. Viotti Competition, Vercelli, Italy, 1983; and The First Annual Singing Competition of South Africa, Pretoria, 1984.

Ms. Errante made her professional debut with Michigan Opera Theater and Dayton Opera Association in 1982, and shortly after her arrival in Europe to attend AIMS in Graz, Austria, was selected for the Opera Studio of the Bavarian State Opera of Munich. From 1984 to 1990, she was engaged as leading Lyric Coloratura Soprano at the Opera House of the City of Kiel, where she sang over 30 roles in the Lyric, Lyric Coloratura, and Soubrette fächer. She was also a frequent soloist in concert and oratorio with the Kiel Philharmonic Orchestra. Guest performances of opera and concert works followed in Krefeld, Freiburg, and Munich as well as in Italy and Estonia.

Recording credits include the roles of Nella in Puccini's *Gianni Schicchi* and the Suora Infermiera in *Suor Angelica* with the Bavarian State Radio under the direction of Giuseppe Patané. In the Eurovision Television Production, *Wolfgang Amadè - Auftakt zum Mozart Jahr*, she appeared as Ilia in scenes from *Idomeneo*.

Since 1991, Ms. Errante has devoted a majority of her professional energy to teaching, serving as Instructor of Voice at the Folkwang Hochschule für Musik in Essen, Germany, and upon her return to the United States, as Associate in Voice at the Eastman School of Music where she completed a Doctor of Musical Arts degree in Performance and Literature. In Rochester she has sung the role of Blanche in the 1994 Eastman Opera Theater production of Poulenc's *The Dialogues of the Carmelites*, as well as Jane in Opera Theater of Rochester's recent production of *Babes in Toyland*. She has been a soloist with the Rochester Oratorio Society, and in the 1995 - 96 season will make her debut with the Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra.

Robert Wason studied music composition and piano at the Hartt School of Music in Hartford, CT (B.Mus., 1967; M.Mus., 1969), and music theory at Yale University (M.Phil., 1978; Ph.D., 1981). Aside from this academic study, his background also includes considerable experience in jazz and popular music. During the late 60s and 70s he was active as a composer in Hartford, and, as a jazz pianist, he accompanied artists such as Buck Clayton, Sammy Davis Jr., Bobby Vinton, and the Four Tops. Deciding ultimately in favor of an academic career, he won a Fulbright Scholarship to Vienna, Austria, in 1979, where he did research at the University of Vienna and studied at the *Hochschule für Musik*. Much of this work is published in his book, *Viennese Harmonic Theory from Albrechtsberger to Schenker and Schoenberg* (Ann Arbor: UMI Research Press, 1985; Rochester: U of R Press, 1995). In 1989-90 he received a Guggenheim Fellowship and a Fellowship from the National Endowment for the Humanities for research on the music of the Viennese composer, Anton Webern, which he conducted in Freiburg, Germany and at the Paul Sacher Foundation (where Webern's papers and manuscripts are currently housed) in Basel, Switzerland. This work is currently appearing in several articles, and will be published in a forthcoming book on Webern's music. The author of many articles on analysis and the history of theory, he has taught at the Hartt School, Trinity College (Hartford), Clark University, the University of North Texas, and currently he is Associate Professor of Music Theory at the Eastman School of Music; within the past five years he has also been guest professor at the University of Basel, the University of British Columbia (Vancouver), and SUNY Buffalo.

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