



Arizona State University

School of Music

FACULTY ARTIST CONCERT SERIES

A GOETHE SONG RECITAL

SETTINGS OF POEMS

BY

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE
(1749-1832)

ANNE KOPTA, SOPRANO

JUDY MAY, MEZZO SOPRANO

DAVID BRITTON, TENOR

WARREN HOFFER, TENOR

JERRY DOAN, BARITONE

DOROTHY MADDISON, SOPRANO

HEIDI YOST, SOPRANO

ECKART SELLHEIM, PIANO

KATZIN CONCERT HALL

Sunday, November 14, 1999 • 2:30 p.m.



PROGRAM

| | |
|--|---|
| Phänomen | Johannes Brahms <i>Anne Kopta and Judy May</i> |
| Auf dem See | Franz Schubert <i>Warren Hoffer</i> |
| Meeres Stille | Charles Griffes <i>Jerry Doan</i> |
| Glückliche Fahrt | Hanns Eisler <i>Warren Hoffer</i> |
| Am Flusse | Franz Schubert <i>Anne Kopta</i> |
| Es rauschet das Wasser | Johannes Brahms <i>Judy May and Jerry Doan</i> |
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| Dämmerung senkte sich hernieder | Johannes Brahms <i>Judy May</i> |
| Singet nicht in Trauertönen | Robert Schumann <i>Anne Kopta</i> |
| Ilmenau (Over All the Treetops) | Charles Ives <i>David Britton</i> |
| Der du von dem Himmel bist | Harald Genzmer <i>Jerry Doan</i> |
| An den Mond | Hans Pfitzner <i>Judy May</i> |
| <hr/> | |
| Heidenröslein | Jan Vacláv Tomásek <i>Dorothy Maddison</i> |
| Gleich und gleich | Carl Friedrich Zeller <i>Judy May</i> |
| Gefunden | Richard Strauss <i>David Britton</i> |
| Anakreons Grab | Hugo Wolf <i>Jerry Doan</i> |
| Blumengruß | Friedrich Curschmann <i>Anne Kopta, Dorothy Maddison, Judy May</i> |

****There will be a 10-minute intermission****

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|-------------------------------------|--|
| Willkommen und Abschied | Franz Schubert <i>Warren Hoffer</i> |
| Erster Verlust | <i>Judy May</i> |
| Ganymed | <i>David Britton</i> |
| Liebhaber in allen Gestalten | <i>Warren Hoffer</i> |
| Mignon und der Harfner | <i>Judy May and Warren Hoffer</i> |
| <hr/> | |
| Die Liebende schreibt | Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy <i>Anne Kopta</i> |
| Mit einem gemalten Bande | Ludwig van Beethoven <i>Warren Hoffer</i> |
| Die Spröde | Hugo Wolf <i>Anne Kopta</i> |
| Die Bekehrte | <i>Dorothy Maddison</i> |
| Wonne der Wehmut | Ludwig van Beethoven <i>David Britton</i> |
| Rastlose Liebe | Robert Franz <i>Jerry Doan</i> |
| Ich denke dein | Robert Schumann <i>Heidi Yost and David Britton</i> |

*This Recital is Dedicated
to the Memory of
Mervin Britton
1932-1999*

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A Song Recital in Commemoration of the 250th Birth Anniversary of Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832)

"Nobody's poems can be set to music as well as Goethe's". This remark, attributed to Ludwig van Beethoven, seems indicative of the attraction that Johann Wolfgang von Goethe with his lyrical output has exerted on composers for over two hundred years. Nearly 400 of his poems have been set to music- the majority for one voice and piano, and many of them dozens, even hundreds of times.

Goethe's ambivalent attitude toward music - expressed in letters, essays, conversations, and more reflective than spontaneous - had generated criticism already during his lifetime. Critical voices were aroused mainly by the poet's preference for simple, seemingly artless, and ideally strophic, song patterns. The composition merely had to emphasize ('betonen') the poem, and it was not its function to make audible and imaginable through melody and accompaniment the atmosphere and cryptic meaning that might be concealed behind the words. The great poet simply could not have, from this point of view, a real understanding of the Lied compositions of his contemporaries Beethoven and Schubert. Goethe's remark, on the other hand, that "music ('Tonkunst') is the true element from which springs all poetry and to which it returns", appears to be like an invitation to composers to investigate the "musicality" in his poems and to garb the decidedly pictorial component in them in a musical body suit, so to speak. The speech rhythm in Goethe's poems is a true miracle with its wealth of nuances, in its flexibility and richness of inflexion. It allows the musician the greatest possible freedom for his own creativity and gives him space for "completion" ('Vervollständigung', Goethe).

With this afternoon's selection of solo and ensemble songs, we will make an attempt to give an impression of the abundant variety of Goethe settings from approximately 150 years. The songs have been loosely grouped together under four topics and are presented in five sets:

- I. Water
- II. The Night
- III. Flowers
- IV. and V. Love

We surely hope that with our selections the fascination that Goethe has exercised on composers of diverse origins will come across; so that you - dear listeners - might even get over the disappointment of not hearing this afternoon some of the well-known songs like *Erkönig*, *Gretchen am Spinnrade*, or *Das Veilchen*.

-Eckart Sellheim

TRANSLATIONS

Phänomen, Op. 61,3 (1874)
Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

When Phoebus mates with the wall of rain,
a colorful arch evolves.
I see a similar circle in the mist;
though this arch is white
it is yet the vault of heaven.
Thus you, cheerful old man,
should not be distressed;
you will love, even when your hair is white.

Auf dem See, D. 543 (1817)
(On the Lake)
Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

I draw fresh nourishment,
new blood from this wide world.
How gracious and good is Nature,
who holds me to her breast.
Our boat is cradled on the waves,
and the cloud-capped mountains come to meet us
as we move to the rhythm of the oars.

Why should my eyes be cast down?
Golden dreams, will you ever return?
Dreams, begone, golden as you are;
here too is love, and life.

A thousand swaying stars twinkle in the waves;
faint mists engulf the looming distances;
the morning breeze takes wing across
the shadowed bay, and the ripening fruit is
mirrored in the surface of the lake.

Meeres Stille (ca. 1906)
(Calm Sea)
Charles Griffes (1884-1920)

Deep silence rules the waters;
the sea rests motionless, and the boatman gazes
anxiously round him at the glassy surface of the
ocean.

No wind from any quarter:
the silence of death--fearful!
In the whole vast expanse of water no wave rises.

Glückliche Fahrt (ca. 1942)
(Happy Journey)
Hanns Eisler (1898-1962)

The fog breaks up.
The sky is bright, and Äolus
undoes the anxious bond.
The winds murmur,
the sailor moves.
Swiftly! The waves are parting,
the distance is wearing,
I see already the land.

Am Flusse, D. 160 (1815)
(By the Stream)
Franz Schubert

Flow far away, songs I loved so well,
into the ocean of oblivion.
No enraptured youth will ever sing you now,
or maiden in the springtime of her life.

You were the songs that told my tale of love,
but now they hold my faithfulness to scorn.
Since you were written on the water,
flow far away, even as the waters flow.

Es rauschet das Wasser, Op. 28,3 (1862)
(The Water Rushes)
Johannes Brahms

She: The water rushes and does not halt;
the stars merrily cross the sky;
the clouds merrily pass across the sky:
thus love rushes and travels.

He: The waters rush, the clouds vanish;
but the stars remain;
they travel and stroll.
Thus it happens with true love;
it moves, it stirs up, and does not change.

Dämmerung senkte sich von oben

(Twilight Has Lowered from Above)

Op. 59.1 (1874)

Johannes Brahms

Twilight has lowered from above;
now everything nearby is distant,
but the evening star has just been raised
aloft with lovely light.

Everything wavers and becomes indistinct;
mists creep up the heights;
the lake, reflecting dark areas
with accents of deeper blackness, is at rest.

Now in the region of the east I have a presentiment
of moonlight and glow;
the hairlike branches of slender willows
play on the surface of the nearby stream.

Through the sporting of the agitated shadows,
Luna's magical rays tremble, and through the eyes,
coolness soothingly steals into the heart.

Singet nicht in Trauertönen

(Do Not Sing in Mournful Tones)

Op. 98a,7 (1849)

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Do not sing in mournful tones
of the loneliness of night;
no, fair ladies, it is made for companionship.

As woman was given to man for his better half,
so is night half of life, and the better half by far.
Can you rejoice in the daytime,
which only interrupts our pleasures?
It may be useful as a distraction,
but for nothing else.

Yet when at night-time the lamp's sweet
half-light flows, and laughter and love pour out
from lip to nearby lip;
when the wanton fleet-foot boy,
who at other times flashes past like wildfire,
will often, in return for some small gift,
tarry awhile and join in the games;
when the nightingale sings its song for lovers,
which to captives and mourners conveys
only pain and lament;

then, with how light a heartbeat do you not hear
the bell that with twelve solemn strokes
announces rest and security?

Therefore, during the long daytime
remember this, dear heart;
every day brings its troubles,
and the night has its pleasures.

Ilmenau (1902)

(Over All the Treetops)

Charles Ives (1874-1954)

Over every summit
is peace,
in every tree-top
you feel
scarce a breath;
the birds in the wood are hushed.
Only wait, soon
you too will be at peace.

Der du von dem Himmel bist (ca. 1950)

(You Who Are from Heaven)

Harald Genzmer (b. 1909)

You who are from heaven,
who eases all pain and sorrow,
and the doubly wretched,
doubly with fresh vigour fill,
ah, I'm tired of restless life!
For what is all this pain and joy?
Sweet peace,
come, ah come into my breast!

An den Mond. Op. 18 (1906)
(To the Moon)
Hans Pfitzner (1869-1949)

Wood and vale again you fill
silently with gleam of mist,
and at last set free
my soul entirely;

you spread over my domain
soothingly your gaze,
gently as a friend's eye
upon my fate.

My heart feels every echo
of glad and troubled times,
I walk between joy and pain
in loneliness.

Flow on, dear river!
Never shall I be glad,
love and laughter have rolled away
--and faithfulness-- just so.

Once I did possess
that which is so precious!
That which, to one's torment,
is forgotten never.

Murmur on, river, through the vale,
on without cease,
on, whispering melodies
for my song,

when, on winter nights,
you rage and flood;
or you lap the spring-time glory of young buds.

Happy he, who, without hate,
shuts himself from the world
holding to his heart one friend,
and with him enjoys

that which, unknown to men,
or not pondered,
through the labyrinth of the heart
wanders in the night.

Heidenröslein, Op. 53.1 (ca. 1821)
(Wild Rose)
Jan Vacláv Tomásek (1774-1850)

A boy saw a wild rose growing,
wild rose on the heath,
was so young and morning-fair,
fast he ran to see it near,
saw it with great joy.
Wild rose, wild rose, wild rose red,
wild rose on the heath.

Said the boy: You will I pick,
wild rose on the heath!
Said the wild rose: You will I prick,
that you'll forever think of me,
and suffer it I will not.
Wild rose, wild rose, wild rose red,
wild rose on the heath.
And that unruly boy did pick
the wild rose on the heath;
the rose fought back and pricked,
oh-ing and ah-ing helped not at all,
he had just to suffer.
Wild rose, wild rose, wild rose red,
wild rose on the heath.

Gleich und Gleich (1819)
(Like with Like)
Carl Friedrich Zelter (1758-1832)

A little flower-bell had burgeoned early
up from the ground in lovely blossom.
There came a bee and sipped daintily.
They must surely be made for each other.

Gefunden, Op. 56,1 (1903)
(Found)
Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

I was strolling along in the woods,
and to seek nothing was my aim.
I saw a little flower in the shadow,
glowing like a star, beautiful like an eye.

I wanted to break it, when it said:
"Should I be born only to wilt?"
I dug it up with all its roots
and carried it to the garden at the pretty house.

And planted it again at a quite place;
now it has branches and continues to blossom.

Anakreons Grab (1888)
(The Grave of Anacreon)
Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

Here, where the rose blooms,
where vine and laurel entwine,
where the turtle-dove calls its mate,
where the cicada sings for joy,
whose grave is this, so beautifully planted
and adorned with life by all the gods?
It is Anacreon's resting place.

Spring, summer and autumn were enjoyed
by the happy poet;
and at last this mound has sheltered him
from the winter.

Blumengruß, Op. 22 (ca. 1839)
(Flower Greeting)
Friedrich Curschmann (1805-1841)

May the bouquet I have plucked
greet you many thousands of times!
I have bent often---
ah, at least a thousand times,
and pressed it to my heart
something like a hundred thousand!

Willkommen und Abschied, D. 767 (1822)
(Welcome and Departure)
Franz Schubert

My heart surged, quick, to horse!
It was done before I knew.
Evening cradled the earth,
and to the mountains clung the night;
clothed in mist the oak stood,
an upreared giant there,
where darkness from the bushes
peered as a hundred dark eyes.

The moon from a hill of cloud
gazed wretchedly through the haze,
the breezes, gently stirring,
roared awesomely about my ears;
night brought forth a thousand monsters,
but bright and cheerful was my mood:
in my veins what fire!
In my heart what a glow!

You I saw, and gentle joy
flowed from your sweet gaze upon me;

my heart was wholly at your side
and every breath was for you.
Rose-hued spring weather
framed your lovely face,
and tenderness for me--ye gods!
This I hoped, but did not deserve!

But ah, with the morning sun,
parting wrings my heart:
in your kisses what bliss!
In your eyes what pain!
I went, you stood, gaze downcast,
and looked, wet-eyed after me:
and yet, what happiness to be loved!
And what happiness, gods, to love!

Erster Verlust, D. 226 (1815)
(First Loss)
Franz Schubert

Oh, who will bring the fair days back,
those days of first love,
oh, who will bring but one hour
of that sweet time back!

Lonely, I feed my wound,
and with ever-renewed lament
mourn the happiness I lost.

Oh, who will bring the fair days,
that sweet time back!

Ganymed, D. 544 (1817)

(Ganymede)

Franz Schubert

How in the morning radiance
you glow upon me from all sides,
Spring, beloved!
With love's thousandfold bliss
to my heart thrusts itself
your eternal ardour's sacred feeling,
beauty unending!

Might I clasp you
in these arms!

Ah, at your breast
I lie, languish,
and your flowers, your grass
thrust themselves to my heart.
You cool the burning thirst of my bosom,
sweet morning wind!
The nightingale calls me
lovingly from the misty vale.

I come, I come!
Whither? Ah, whither?
Upwards! Upwards the striving.
The clouds float
down, the clouds
bow down to yearning love.
To me! To me!
In your lap
upwards!
Embracing embraced!
Upwards to your bosom,
All-loving Father!

Liebhaber in allen Gestalten, D. 588 (1817)

(Lover in all Guises)

Franz Schubert

I wish I were a fish,
so nimble and brisk;
and if you came to angle,
I would be there.
I wish I were a fish,
so nimble and brisk.

I wish I were a horse,
that I were worthy to you.
Oh--if I only were a carriage
To carry you comfortably.
I wish I were a horse,

that I were worthy to you.

I wish I were gold,
ever at your call;
and should you buy something,
I'd come running once more.
I wish I were gold,
ever at your call.

But I am, as I am,
and take me for that!
If better you want,
then get better made.
I am, as I am,
so take me for that.

Mignon und der Harfner, D. 877/1 (1826)

(Mignon and the Harper)

Franz Schubert

Only those who know yearning
can fathom grief like mine.
Alone and sundered from all joy
I scan the skies to the south.

Ah! he who loves and knows me is far away.
My senses reel, my inmost being burns.
Only those who know yearning
can fathom grief like mine.

Die Liebende schreibt, Op. 86,3 (1831)
(The Beloved Writes)
Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy (1809-1847)

A look from your eyes into mine,
a kiss from your mouth upon my mouth,
who, like me, is assured of these,
can aught else delight her?

Far from you, a stranger to my own,
constantly I let my thoughts range round,
and always to that hour do they return,
that only hour; then I begin to weep.

Abruptly those tears dry up again:
his love, I think, he sends into this silence.
should you not reach into the distance?

Hark to the whisper of this wafting love;
your will is my sole happiness on earth,
your loving will towards me; give me a sign!

Mit einem gemalten Band, Op. 83,3 (1810)
(To Accompany a Painted Ribbon)
Ludwig van Beethoven (1770-1827)

Small flowers, small leaves
are strewn for me with light hand
by good young spring gods
playfully on airy ribbon.

Zephyr, bear it on your wings,
twine it round my loved one's dress;
then before her glass she'll step
in all her gaiety.

Rose-encircled she will see
herself, fresh as any rose.
One look, beloved!
And rewarded well enough I'll be.

Feel what this heart feels,
freely give me your hand,
and let the bond binding us
be no frail ribbon of roses!

Die Spröde (1889)
(The Coy Shepherdess)
Hugo Wolf

On the clearest of spring mornings
the shepherdess went walking and singing,

young and fair and carefree,
so that it resounded through the fields--
so la la! le ral la!

Thyrsis offered her, just for one kiss,
two lambkins, three on the spot.
She looked at him roguishly for a while,
but then went on singing and laughing:
so la la! le ral la!

And another offered her ribbons,
and the third his heart;
but she jested with heart and ribbons
as with the lambs: just la la! le ral la!

Die Bekehrte (1889)
(The Repentant Shepherdess)
Hugo Wolf

In the red glow of sunset I walked silently
through the wood.
Damon sat and blew his flute
so that the rocks resounded; so la la!
And he drew me down to him and kissed me
so gently, so sweetly, and I said "blow again"
and the good-hearted lad blew. So la la!

My peace of mine is now lost,
my joy has flown away, and I hear in my ears
only the old tones of so la la! ralla!

Wonne der Wehmut, Op. 83,1 (1810)
(Bliss of Sadness)
Ludwig van Beethoven

Grow not dry, grow not dry,
tears of eternal love!
Ah, to the merely half-dry eye
how bleak, how dead earth appears!
Grow not dry, grow not dry,
tears of unhappy love!

Rastlose Liebe, Op. 33,6 (1864)
(Restless Love)
Robert Franz (1815-1892)

Into snow, into rain,
into wind, headlong,
through the gorges' fog,
through mist,
ever on! Ever on!
No halt, no rest!

Through affliction
sooner I'd battle,
than so many joys
of life endure.
All this inclining
of heart for heart,
ah, how strangely
it creates pain!

How shall I flee?
Make for the woods?
All is in vain!
Diadem of life,
joy without rest,
that, Love, are you!

Ich denke dein, Op. 78,3 (1849)
(I think of you)
Robert Schumann

When the shimmer of the sun gleams from the sea,
I think of you;
when the glimmer of the moon is reflected
in the streams,
I think of you.

When the dust rises along the distant road,
I see you;
in the dead of night when the traveller trembles
on the narrow bridge.

When the waves surge with a dull roar,
I hear you;
often I go in the silent grove and listen,
when all is still.

However far away you may be,
I am beside you, and you are near me!
The sun sets;
soon the stars will shine forth for me.
If only you were here!

**Translations by Eric Sams, Lucien Stark,
George Bird, Richard Stokes, Norma
Deane, Celia Lerner, and Eckart Sellheim.**