

The Smithsonian Associates Presents

20th CENTURY CONSORT

April 19, 1997

Eugene and Agnes E. Meyer Auditorium, Freer Gallery of Art

The Smithsonian Associates
presents

20th Century Consort

Christopher Kendall, Artistic Director and Conductor

Elisabeth Adkins, mandolin
Ronald Barnett, percussion
Mark Bleeke, tenor
Thomas Jones, percussion
Dotian Levalier, harp
Lisa Emenheiser Logan, piano
Albert H. Merz, percussion
Carmen Pelton, soprano
Paul Rowe, baritone
Jamey Turner, musical saw
Rudolph Vrbsky, oboe
Derek Hudson Yale, boy soprano

Susan Schilperoort, Manager



Saturday, April 19, 1997
Pre-Concert Discussion 4:00 p.m.
Concert 5:00 p.m.
Eugene and Agnes E. Meyer Auditorium
Freer Gallery of Art



The 20th Century Consort's 1996-97 performance series is funded in part by the Smithsonian Office of the Provost



Pre-Concert Discussion

Christopher Kendall, Artistic Director, 20th Century Consort,

Program

"Ancient Earth Day"

Ancient Voices of Children George Crumb

- I. The little boy was looking for his voice
DANCES OF THE ANCIENT EARTH
- II. I have lost myself in the sea many times
- III. From where do you come, my love, my child?
(DANCE OF THE SACRED LIFE-CYCLE)
- IV. Each afternoon in Granada, a child dies each afternoon
GHOST DANCE
- V. My heart of silk is filled with lights

Ms. Adkins, Mr. Barnett, Mr. Jones, Mr. Kendall, Ms. Levalier,
Ms. Logan, Mr. Merz, Ms. Pelton, Mr. Turner, Mr. Vrbsky, Mr. Yale

Intermission

Das Lied von der Erde (The Song of the Earth) Gustav Mahler

- I. Das Trinklid vom Jammer der Erde
(The Drinking Song of the Sorrow of the Earth)
- II. Der Einsame im Herbst (The Lonely One in Autumn)
- III. Von der Jugend (Of Youth)
- IV. Von der Schönheit (Of Beauty)
- V. Der Trunkene im Frühling (The Drunken Man in Spring)
- VI. Der Abschied (Farewell)

Mr. Bleeke, Ms. Logan, Mr. Rowe



The audience is invited to join the artists in the South Hall for an informal post-concert reception, sponsored by the Friends of the 20th Century Consort

Program Notes

by Steven Ledbetter

GEORGE CRUMB (b. 1929)

Ancient Voices of Children

Our century has seen the wild proliferation of musical styles, but it still is rare to find a composer whose style is immediately identifiable as his own. George Crumb is such a composer, one thoroughly grounded in a traditional musical education who has yet invented a kind of sound that marks him immediately as individual.

George Crumb was born in 1929 and grew up in a musical family, learning from childhood to play the clarinet and piano. He took his undergraduate degree in composition at Mason College of Music and Fine Arts in his native Charleston, West Virginia, then went to the University of Illinois for his master's degree and to the University of Michigan for his doctorate. There he studied with Ross Lee Finney, who, after his father, became the strongest musical influence on him. He has been on the faculty of the University of Pennsylvania since 1965. In addition to numerous grants and awards from the Koussevitzky Foundation, the Guggenheim Foundation, and the American Academy of Arts and Letters, he received the Pulitzer Prize in 1968 for *Echoes of Time and the River* (performed by the Boston Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Seiji Ozawa in 1976).

Crumb's early music grew out of short musical subjects in which timbre played as important a role as pitch and rhythm. His music has continually been marked by an extraordinarily refined ear for color and astonishing inventiveness in the creation of sounds, often using novel methods of tone production, occasionally with amplification to pick up the delicate overtones that might be lost otherwise. Much of his music has been programmatic, often drawing on a zodiacal cycle or number symbolism or such quasi-dramatic elements as masked performers to serve the cause of musical illustration with vivid sounds, ranging from the sweet and delicate to the threshold of pain.

Much of Crumb's best-known music is vocal—in particular his *Ancient Voices of Children*, which almost instantly became something of a contemporary music "top hit." It is, in fact, the last of a series of settings of the Spanish poetry of Federico Garcia Lorca, who was shot by Franco's soldiers at the outbreak of the Spanish civil war, and

whose plays and poems are marked with a passionate intensity and a generally tragic view of life. Crumb encountered Lorca's poetry when he was a student in Ann Arbor. As he noted in an interview, "I immediately identified with its stark simplicity and vivid imagery but of course could not imagine that I would one day complete a cycle of eight works based on this poetry." His Lorca-inspired works remain among the best-known compositions in his portfolio.

Crumb composed *Ancient Voices of Children* in the summer of 1970 while in residence at Tanglewood, on a commission from the Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge Foundation. He notes that he "sought musical images that enhance and reinforce the powerful, yet strangely haunting imagery of Lorca's poetry," which is concerned with primal issues of life, death, love, earth, wind, and sea. The work was conceived for the late Jan DeGaetani, whose recording of it has become one of the central experiences of late twentieth-century music. Crumb's comments, written for the Nonesuch recording, describe the approach and technique of the work most effectively:

The texts of *Ancient Voices* are fragments of longer poems which I have grouped into a sequence that seemed to suggest a "larger rhythm" in terms of musical continuity. The two purely instrumental movements—"Dances of the Ancient Earth" and "Ghost Dance"—are dance-interludes rather than commentaries on the texts. These two pieces, together with the third song, sub-titled "Dance of the Sacred Life-Cycle" (which contains a rising-falling *ostinato* bolero rhythm in the drums), can be performed by a solo dancer.

The vocal style of the cycle ranges from the virtuosic to the intimately lyrical, and in my conception of the work I very much had in mind Jan DeGaetani's enormous technical and timbral flexibility. Perhaps the most characteristic vocal effect in *Ancient Voices* is produced by the mezzo-soprano singing a kind of fantastic vocalise (based on purely phonetic sounds) into an amplified piano, thereby producing a shimmering aura of echoes. The inclusion of a part for boy soprano seemed the best solution for those passages in the text where Lorca clearly implies a child's voice. The boy soprano is heard offstage until the very last page of the work, at which point he joins the mezzo-soprano onstage for the closing vocalise....

In composing *Ancient Voices of Children* I was conscious of an urge to fuse various unrelated stylistic elements. I was intrigued with the idea of juxtaposing the seemingly incongruous: a suggestion of flamenco with a Baroque quotation (Bist du bei mir, from the Notebook for Anna Magdalena Bach), or a reminiscence of Mahler with a breath of the Orient. It later occurred to me that both Bach and Mahler draw upon many disparate sources in their own music without sacrificing "stylistic purity."

El niño busca su voz.
(La tenía el rey de los grillos.)
En una gota de agua
buscaba su voz el niño.

No la quiero para hablar;
me haré con ella un anillo
que llevará mi silencio
en su dedo pequeño.

Me he perdido muchas veces por el mar
con el oído llena de flores recién cor-
tadas,
con la lengua llena de amor y de
agonía.
Muchas veces me he perdido por el mar,
como me pierdo en el corazón de
algunos niños.

¿De dónde vienes, amor, mi niño?

De la cresta del duro frío.
¿Qué necesitas, amor, mi niño?
La tibia tela de tu vestido.
¡Que se agiten las ramas al sol
y salten las fuentes alrededor!
En el patio ladro el perro,
en los árboles canta el viento.
Los bueyes mugen al boyero
y la luna me riza los cabellos.
¿Qué pides, niño, desde tan lejos?

Los blancos montes que hay en tu
pecho.
¡Que se agiten las ramas al sol
y salten las fuentes alrededor!
Te diré, niño mío, que sí,
trinchada y rota soy para ti.
¡Cómo me duele esta cintura
donde tendrás primera cuna!
¿Cuándo, mi niño, vas a venir?
Cuando tu carne huela a jazmín.
¡Que se agiten las ramas al sol
y salten las fuentes alrededor!

I

The little boy was looking for his voice.
(The king of the crickets had it.)
In a drop of water
the little boy was looking for his voice.

I do not want it for speaking with;
I will make a ring of it
so that he may wear my silence
on his little finger.

II

If I have lost myself in the sea many
times
with my ear full of freshly cut flowers,
with my tongue so full of love and
agony,
I have lost myself in the sea many times
as I lose myself in the heart of certain
children.

III

From where do you come, my love,
my child?
From the ridge of hard frost.
What do you need, my love, my child?
The warm cloth of your dress.
Let the branches ruffle in the sun
and the fountains leap all around!
In the courtyard a dog barks,
in the trees the wind sings.
The oxen low to the ox-herd
and the moon curls my hair.
What do you ask from, my child, from
so far away?
The white mountains of your breast.
Let the branches ruffle in the sun
and the fountains leap all around!
I'll tell you, my child, yes,
I am torn and broken for you.
How painful this waist
where you will have your first cradle!
When, my child, will you come?
When your flesh smells of jasmine
flowers.
Let the branches ruffle in the sun
and the fountains leap all around!

IV

Todas las tardes en Granada,
todas las tardes se muere un niño.

Each afternoon in Granada,
a child dies each afternoon.

V

Se ha llenado de luces
mi corazón de seda,
de campanas perdidas,
de lirios y de abejas.
Y yo me iré muy lejos,
más allá de esas sierras,
más allá de los mares,
cerca de las estrellas,
para pedirle a Cristo
Señor que me devuelva
mi alma antigua de niño.

My heart of silk
is filled with lights,
with lost bells,
with lilies, and with bees,
and I will go very far,
farther than those hills,
farther than the seas,
close to the stars,
to ask Christ the Lord
to give me back
my ancient soul of a child.

[Excerpts from Selected Poems by Federico Garcia Lorca. Copyright ©1955 by New Directions Publishing Corporation. Copyright ©Aguilar, S. de Ediciones. Used with permission of the publisher, New Directions Publishing Corporation, New York, N.Y. All rights reserved. Translations by W.S. Merwin (I), Stephen Spender and J.L. Gili (II), J.L. Gili (III and V), Edwin Gonig (IV).]

Gustav Mahler (1860–1911)

Das Lied von der Erde (The Song of the Earth)

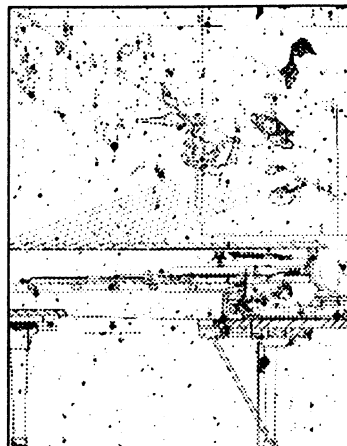
Das Lied von der Erde is Mahler's most perfect work, and one of the most poignantly expressive compositions in the entire literature of music. It is music of farewell from a man who knows that he has but a short time to live, yet there is nothing dismal or dreary about the work. Mahler was a man who loved life, who had reveled in it actively, and his leave-taking is that of one who still recalls the pleasures and the beauties that he is soon no more to enjoy. Moreover, it is among his most beautifully crafted scores, delicate and rich in color, evocative in every detail. Like all of the greatest masterpieces, it seems to be inventing itself afresh at every performance, to be unfolding for the very first time. And, like most of the greatest musical settings of a text, its rhythms and contours, once heard, never leave the memory, but return to it whenever the words come to mind.

Soon after completing his largest work, the Symphony No. 8, during the summer of 1906, Mahler's happy family life was destroyed when scarlet fever attacked his two daughters, one of whom died. Soon afterward, his mother-in-law, who came to help during this sad period, suffered a heart attack. The doctor who examined her also

found that the strain had affected Alma's heart. And upon examining the composer—an athletic swimmer and ardent mountain-climber—the doctor also discovered a dangerous lesion. And thus he found himself suddenly under medical sentence of death, under which he lived for nearly four years.

Already in the summer of 1907 Mahler began to sketch some settings of eighty-three Chinese poems in a German rendering by Hans Bethge, *The Chinese Flute*, a collection of translations of poems already a thousand years old. Mahler turned to it at a moment when he was particularly aware of his own mortality, and found poems that spoke directly to his condition. He chose seven texts from Bethge's collection, making a number of changes that emphasize the nostalgia of the whole, and setting them as six movements (the last movement is a setting of two poems separated by an interlude). The texts for movements 1, 3, 4, and 5 are from poems by Li-Tai-Po (702-763); movement 2 sets a text by Tschang-Tsi (c.800). The sixth poem combines eighth-century texts from Mong-Kao-Jen and Wang-Sei. The composition that resulted from Mahler's discovery of these poems is symphonic in scope, though filled throughout with the character of song, for which reason it is sometimes referred to as a "song-symphony." Although it is almost always heard in performance with orchestral accompaniment, Mahler published the work in vocal score with piano accompaniment before it appeared for full orchestra.

Perhaps it should be noted that the title is slightly misleading: there is no intimation that the earth itself is singing here; a fuller and more accurate title might have been "The Song of Life on This Earth," for the six movements deal with human beings and their actions and perceptions in a world in which all is transient. The individual may deal with the inevitable passing of all things by choosing to drink and forget, by swathing oneself in sadness, by recalling (or envying) the joys of youth, by concentrating on the doleful fact that even beauty passes away, by developing a particularly acute sensitivity to natural beauty (which seems eternal, though it changes from day to day), or by means of a poignant and nostalgic leave-taking. All of these responses are to be found in the individual songs of the work, sometimes intertwined in the same text.



Mahler arranged the numbers so that high and low voice (tenor and either contralto or baritone) alternate throughout, the former generally having the more "assertive" music and moods, the latter having the most "internalized" expression.

1. Das Trinklied vom Jammer der Erde (The Drinking-Song of the Sorrow of the Earth). (A minor.) The scene is some drinking resort, where the wine flows freely to drive off nagging thoughts of impending death. The singer furiously defies his grief and mortality with more wine, and still more wine. Only when the text turns briefly to the blue firmament and spring's eternal renewal does Mahler allow a moment of yearning peace—but to no avail: "You, O Man—how long will you live?" Each stage of the opening song ends with the refrain "*Dunkel ist das Leben, ist der Tod*" ("Dark is life, dark is death"), each time appearing a semitone higher (G minor, A-flat minor, A minor) until achieving the home key.

2. Der Einsame im Herbst (The Lonely One in Autumn). (D minor.) Autumn, of course, has always suggested not only the closing of the year but also the autumn of life. Over a gentle muted scale figure and a yearning melody, the baritone, in weary sustained lines, sings of the mists and the frosts. All is world-weariness, yearning for repose, though with enough energy left for a single outburst: "O Sun of love, will you never shine again to dry my bitter tears?"

3. Von der Jugend (Of Youth). (B-flat major.) The poem depicts a scene of young people thoughtlessly enjoying their youth in a porcelain pavilion in the middle of a carp pond, a scene familiar from much Chinese art (and imitations thereof). It is a simple miniature, with the music of the opening stanza returning for the close.

4. Von der Schönheit (Of Beauty). (G major.) This, too, is a delicate translation into music of a scene familiar from Chinese painting: young women pick flowers on the riverbank, a group of horsemen gallops past, inspiring longing glances from the maidens.

5. Der Trunkene im Frühling (The Drunken Man in Spring). (A major.) The poem praises drinking for its own sake, drinking to excess, and Mahler's music suggests that the tenor has been taking his own advice: it begins in the home key of A, but the tenor's entrance, just three short measures later, lurches into B-flat. The tenor is by turns assertive and sentimental, finally declaring his full intention of staying drunk.

6. Abschied (Farewell). (C minor/major.) The sixth and most profound of the songs in *Das Lied von der Erde* lasts nearly a half hour, as much as the previous five put together. Here, with astonishing

delicacy and restraint, Mahler intertwines thematic ideas that have been heard throughout the work. The text is filled with images of departure—the setting sun, the moon's light, the sound of the brook at night, birds huddling for sleep, and the poet/singer longing to take a last farewell. An extended interlude functions as a quiet funeral march. As this builds to its climax and suddenly dies away, the final poem begins: a friend is saying farewell forever. It is not clear where he is going or why he has to go, but he must. In a hushed recitative over a sustained low C, the singer sets the scene. The friend's reply becomes warmer, more sustained, more richly accompanied until it blossoms into a softly shimmering C major as the singer evokes the endless rebirth of spring. Perhaps Mahler's single most expressive stroke in the whole work is the final page, in which the singer four times repeats "ewig...ewig..." ("forever...and forever...") with a two-note melodic figure that moves from E to D but never completes the final step to the closing C; only the accompaniment, representing the endless blossoming of nature, is able to bring that final repose.

For many years listeners and scholars accepted at face value the depiction of Mahler in Alma's memoirs as a man who was obsessed with death, an emotional cripple. Yet any open-minded and open-hearted listening to *Das Lied von der Erde* forces us to challenge this view. The music is, without question, valedictory. But it is, in John Donne's phrase, a "valediction forbidding mourning," a farewell from one who loved life and celebrated it in music that reminds us all how very precious it is.

I. Das Trinklied vom Jammer der Erde (Tenor)

Schon winkt der Wein im gold'nen Pokale,
Doch trinkt noch nicht, erst sing' ich euch ein Lied!
Das Lied vom Kummer soll auflachend in die Seele euch klingen.
Wenn der Kummer naht,
Liegen wüst die Gärten der Seele,
Welkt hin und stirbt die Freude, der Gesang.
Dunkel ist das Leben, ist der Tod.

I. The Drinking Song of Earth's Despair

The wine already glimmers in the golden goblets.
But don't drink yet—first I'll sing you a song!
The song of Sorrow will ring in your soul with laughter.
When grief draws near,
the gardens of the soul like waste,
joy and song wither away and die.
Dark is life, is death!

Herr dieses Hauses! Dein Keller birgt die Fülle des goldenen Weins!
Hier diese Laute nenn' ich mein!
Die Laute schlagen und die Gläser leeren,
Das sind die Dinge, die zusammen passen.
Ein voller Becher Weins zur rechten Zeit ist mehr wert als alle Reiche dieser Erde!
Dunkel ist das Leben, ist der Tod!

Das Firmament blaut ewig, und die Erde Wird lange fest steh'n und aufblüh'n im Lenz.
Du, aber, Mensch, wie lang lebst denn du?
Nicht hundert Jahre darfst du dich ergötzen
An all dem morschen Tande dieser Erde!

Seht dort hinab! Im Mondschein auf den Gräbern
Hockt eine wild-gespenstige Gestalt.
Ein Aff' ist's! Hört ihr, wie sein Heulen Hinausgellt in den süßen Duft des Lebens!
Jetzt nehmt den Wein! Jetzt ist es Zeit, Genossen!
Leert eure gold'nen Becher zu Grund!
Dunkel ist das Leben, ist der Tod!

II. Der Einsame im Herbst (Baritone)

Herbstnebel wallen bläulich überm See,
Vom Reif bezogen stehen alle Gräser;
Man meint, ein Künstler habe Staub vom Jade
Über die feinen Blüten ausgestreut.

Der süße Duft der Blumen ist verfliegen;
Ein kalter Wind beugt ihre Stengel nieder.
Bald werden die verwelkten gold'nen Blätter
Der Lotosblüten auf dem Wasser zieh'n.

Mein Herz ist müde. Meine kleine Lampe Erlosch mit Knistern, es gemahnt mich an den Schlaf.

Master of the house! Your cellar brims full of golden wine!
This lute here I call my own.
To pluck the lute and drain the goblets,
these are things that go well together.
A full goblet of wine at the right time is worth more than all the earth's empires!
Dark is life, is death!

The firmament is eternally blue, and the earth will remain long and bloom again each spring.
But you, oh Man, how long will you remain?
Not a hundred years will you rejoice in all of earth's rotting trinkets!

Look down there! In the moonlight on the gravestones there squats a wild ghostly figure.
An ape! Listen, how his howling shrieks amid the sweet scent of life!
Now, take the wine! Now it is time, comrades!
Empty your golden goblets to the dregs!
Dark is life, is death!

II. The Lonely One in Autumn

Autumn mists roll in over the lake, frost-covered stands the grass;
it seems as if an artist had sprinkled jade dust over all the delicate blossoms.

The sweet fragrance of the flowers is gone;
a cold wind bends their stems downward.
Soon the withered golden leaves of the lotus will scatter on the waters.

My heart is weary. My little lamp went out with a sputter; it makes me think of sleep.

Ich komm' zu dir, traute Ruhestätte!
Ja, gib mir Ruh, ich hab' Erquickung
Not!

Ich weine viel in meinen Einsamkeiten.
Der Herbst in meinem Herzen währt zu
lange.
Sonne der Liebe, willst du nie mehr
scheinen
Um meine bitteren Tränen mild
aufzutrocknen?

III. Von der Jugend (Tenor)

Mitten in dem kleinen Teiche
Steht ein Pavillon aus grünem
Und aus weißem Porzellan.

Wie die Rücken eines Tigers
Wölbt die Brücke sich aus Jade
Zu dem Pavillon hinüber.

In dem Häuschen sitzen Freunde,
Schön gekleidet, trinken, plaudern,
Manche schreiben Verse nieder.

Ihre seidnen Ärmel gleiten
Rückwärts, ihre seidnen Mützen
Hocken lustig tief im Nacken.

Auf des kleinen Teiches stiller
Wasserfläche zeigt sich alles
Wunderlich im Spiegelbilde.

Alles auf dem Kopfe stehend
In dem Pavillon aus grünem
Und aus weißem Porzellan;

Wie ein Halbmond steht die Brücke,
Umgekehrt der Bogen. Freunde,
Schön gekleidet, trinken, plaudern.

I come to you, dear place of rest!
Yes, give me peace, I sorely need
refreshing!

I weep much in my loneliness.
The autumn in my heart lasts too
long.
Sun of Love, wilt thou never again
shine
so as to gently dry my bitter tears?

III. Of Youth

In the middle of the little pond
stands a pavilion of green
and white porcelain.

Like the back of a tiger
the jade brook arches
over to the pavilion.

In the little house sit friends,
beautifully dressed, drinking, chatting,
many write down verses.

Their silk sleeves glide
backwards; their silk caps
hang merrily from their necks.

On the small pond's silent
surface everything shows
magically in a mirror image.

Everything stands on its head
in the pavilion of green
and white porcelain.

Like a half-moon the bridge stands,
its arch reversed. Friends,
beautifully dressed, drink, chatter.

IV. Von der Schönheit (Baritone)

Junge Mädchen pflücken Blumen,
Pflücken Lotosblumen an dem
Uferrande.
Zwischen Büschen und Blättern sitzen
sie,
Sammeln Blüten in den Schoß und
rufen
Sich einander Neckereien zu.

Gold'ne Sonne webt um die
Gestalten,
Spiegelt sich im blanken Wasser wider.
Sonne spiegelt ihre schlanken Glieder,
Ihre süßen Augen wider,
Und der Zephyr hebt mit
Schmeichelkosen das Gewebe
Ihrer Ärmel auf, führt den Zauber
Ihrer Wohlgerüche durch die Luft.

O sieh, was tummeln sich für schöne
Knaben
Dort an dem Uferrand auf mut'gen
Roßen,
Weithin glänzend wie die
Sonnenstrahlen:
Schon zwischen dem Geäst der grünen
Weiden
Trabt das jungfrische Volk einher!

Das Roß des einen wiehert fröhlich auf,
Und scheut, und saust dahin,
Über Blumen, Gräser, wanken hin die
Hufe,
Sie zerstampfen jäh im Sturm die hinge-
sunk'nen Blüten,
Hei! Wie flattern im Taumel seine
Mähnen,
Dampfen heiß die Nüstern!

Gold'ne Sonne webt um die Gestalten,
Spiegelt sie im blanken Wasser wider.
Und die schönste von den Jungfrau'n
sendet
Lange Blicke ihm der Sehnsucht nach.
Ihre stolze Haltung ist nur Verstellung.
In dem Funkeln ihrer großen Augen,
In dem Dunkel ihres heißen Blicks
Schwingt klagend noch die Erregung
ihres Herzens nach.

IV. Of Beauty

Young maidens gather flowers,
pluck lotus blossoms at the water's
edge.
Between shrubs and leaves they sit,
gathering flowers in their laps, calling
teasingly to one another.

Golden sunshine floats around the
forms,
mirrors itself in the bright water.
Sunshine mirrors their slender forms,
their sweet eyes.
And Zephyr, with flattering caresses,
lifts the fabric
of their sleeves, carries the magic
of their fragrance through the air.

O look, what fair youths are romping
there on the shore on their spirited
steeds,
gleaming afar like the sun's rays:
already through the branches of green
willow
come the energetic youths!

The steed of one whinnies joyously,
and shies, and races forward,
over flowers, grass, its hoofs trample;
they trample hastily, stormlike, the
fallen flowers.
Look! How its mane flutters in a
frenzy,
its nostrils steaming hot!

Golden sunshine floats around the
forms,
mirrors them in the bright water.
And the fairest of the maidens sends
long yearning glances after him.
Her proud bearing is only pretense.
In the flashing of her large eyes,
in the darkness of her searing gaze,
the tumult of her heart follows after
him, lamenting.

V. Der Trunkene im Frühling (Tenor)

Wenn nur ein Traum das Leben ist,
Warum denn Müh' und Plag'!?
Ich trinke, bis ich nicht mehr kann,
Den ganzen, lieben Tag!

Und wenn ich nicht mehr trinken
kann,
Weil Kehl' und Seele voll,
So tauml' ich bis zu meiner Tür
Und schlafe wundervoll!

Was hör' ich beim Erwachen? Horch!
Ein Vogel singt im Baum,
Ich frag' ihn, ob schon Frühling sei.
Mir ist als wie ein Traum.

Der Vogel zwitschert: Ja!
Der Lenz ist da, sei kommen über
Nacht!

Aus tiefstem Schauen lauscht' ich auf.
Der Vogel singt und lacht!

Ich fülle mir den Becher neu
Und leer' ihn bis zum Grund
Und singe, bis der Mond erglänzt
Am schwarzen Firmament!

Und wenn ich nicht mehr singen kann,
So schlaf' ich wieder ein,
Was geht mich denn der Frühling an!?
Lasst mich betrunken sein!

VI. Der Abschied (Baritone)

Der Sonne scheidet hinter dem
Gebirge.
In alle Täler steigt der Abend nieder
Mit seinen Schatten, die voll Kühlung
sind.

O sieh! Wie eine Silberbarke schwebt
Der Mond am blauen Himmelssee her-
auf.

Ich spüre eines feinen Windes Weh'n
Hinter den dunklen Fichten!

Der Bach singt voller Wohllaut durch
das Dunkel.

Die Blumen blassen im Dämmerchein.

V. The Drunkard in Spring

If life is but a dream,
why then the struggles and pains?
I'll drink until I can drink no more,
the whole livelong day!

And when I can drink no more
because throat and soul are full,
then I'll stagger to my front door
and sleep—magnificently!

What do I hear on awaking? Listen!
A bird sings in the tree;
I ask him if it's already spring.
It feels like a dream.

The bird twitters: Yes!
Spring is here, it came overnight!

In deepest wonder I listen.
The bird sings and laughs!

I fill my goblet anew
and empty it to the dregs
and sing until the moon shines
against the black firmament!

And when I can no longer sing,
I'll fall asleep again,
What does spring mean to me?
Let me be drunk!

VI. The Parting

The sun departs behinds the moun-
tains.
Into all the valleys evening descends
with its shadows, full of cooling.

Oh see! How like a silvery bark
the moon soars on the blue sea of
heaven.

I feel the breath of a gentle wind
behind the dark pines!

The brook sings harmoniously in the
dark.

The blossom grow pale in the dusk.

Die Erde atmet voll von Ruh' und
Schlaf.
Alle Sehnsucht will nun träumen,
Die müden Menschen geh'n heimwärts,
Um im Schlaf vergess'nes Glück
Und Jugend neu zu lernen!
Die Vögel hocken still in ihren Zweigen.
Die Welt schläft ein!

Es webet kühl im Schatten meiner
Fichten.
Ich stehe hier und harre meines
Freundes;
Ich harre sein zum letzten Lebewohl.
Ich sehne mich, O Freund, an deiner
Seite
Die Schönheit dieses Abends zu
genießen.
Wo bleibst du? Du läßt mich lang allein!
Ich wandle auf und nieder mit meiner
Laute
Auf Wegen, die von weichem Grase
schwellen.
O Schönheit! O ewigen Liebens,
Lebens- trunk'ne Welt!

(Instrumental interlude)

Er stieg vom Pferd und reichte ihm den
Trunk
Des Abschieds dar. Er fragte ihn, wohin
Er führe und auch warum es müßte
sein.
Er sprach, seine Stimme war umflort:

Du, mein Freund,
Mir war auf dieser Welt das Glück nicht
hold!
Wohin ich geh'? Ich geh', ich wand're in
die Berge.
Ich suche Ruhe für mein einsam Herz!
Ich wandle nach der Heimat, meiner
Stätte.

Ich werde niemals in die Ferne
schweifen.
Still ist mein Herz und harret seiner
Stunde!
Die liebe Erde allüberall blüht auf im
Lenz und grünt

The earth breathes its fill of rest and
sleep.
All longing now wishes to dream,
weary men wend their way homewards,
In order to learn anew in sleep
forgotten happiness and youth!
The birds sit quietly in their branches.
The world falls asleep!

It is cool in the shadows of my pines.

I stand here, awaiting my friend.

I await hm for the final farewell.
I long, oh, my friend, to be at your
side,
to enjoy the beauty of this evening.
Where do you linger? You leave me so
long alone!

I wander up and down with my lute
on paths overgrown with soft grass.

O beauty! O world eternally drunk on
love, on life!

He dismounted and offered the stirrup-
cup,
the parting drink. He asked him where
he was going and why it had to be.

He spoke; his voice was covered:

Thou, my friend...
For me in the world fortune was not
sweet!

Where do I go? I go, I wander in the
mountains.

I seek rest for my lonely heart!
I wander homeward, to my dwelling
place.

I shall never again roam afar.

My heart is still and awaits its hour.

The lovely earth blooms everywhere in
spring and grows green

Aufs neu! Allüberall und ewig blauen
Licht die Fernen,
Ewig... ewig...!

anew! Everywhere and forever
the beyond gleams blue,
ever... ever...!

[English translation by S.L.]

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About the Artists

ELISABETH ADKINS, violin (mandolin), is Associate Concertmaster of the National Symphony Orchestra. She received her doctorate from Yale University, where she studied with Oscar Shumsky. A versatile musician, she is active as a recitalist, concerto soloist, and chamber musician. Recent appearances include concertos with the National Symphony, the Springfield Symphony, and the Eclipse Chamber Orchestra, and recitals at the Kennedy Center, the National Gallery, and the Phillips Collection. She is a founding member of the American Chamber Players; her recordings with the group can be heard on Koch International Classics. The daughter of noted musicologists, her seven siblings include three violinists, two cellists, and a soprano. The family chamber group, the Adkins String Ensemble, gave its debut concert in 1993 and has completed a CD recording. Ms. Adkins is on the faculty of the University of Maryland School of Music.

RONALD BARNETT, percussion, plays timpani at the Kennedy Center and appears frequently in performances throughout the Washington, DC area. He is also percussionist in the Chautauqua Symphony Orchestra and is Professor of Percussion at the University of Maryland School of Music.

MARK BLEEKE, tenor, travels internationally singing a wide variety of musical genres, including opera, concert oratorio, recital, contemporary, and jazz. Some of his operatic roles include Tamino, Don Ottavio, and Ferruccio, from Mozart's *The Magic Flute*, *Don Giovanni* and *Così fan Tutti* respectively. Among Mr. Bleeke's many performances are appearances with The New York Philharmonic, The Pittsburgh Symphony, The Montreal Symphony, The Philadelphia Orchestra, the Seattle Symphony, The St. Paul Chamber Orchestra, Musica Sacra, and the Bethlehem Bach Festival. Other ensembles in which Mr. Bleeke appears as a featured artist are Boston Baroque, The Bach Society of Saint Louis, The Folger Consort, Parnassus, The New York Chamber Orchestra, Ensemble for Early Music, and Hudson Shad, a male sextet in which he is a founding member. In addition Mr.

Bleeke has sung in festivals at Aldenburg, Aspen, Jerusalem, Edinburgh, Rome, Finland, Hong Kong, Hawaii, Australia, Vienna, Berlin, Munich and Basel and can be heard on the newly released Telarc recording of Dave Brubeck's *Mass: To Hope* and as Evangelist in Bach's *Saint John Passion* on PGM (Pro Gloria Musicae) records.

THOMAS JONES, percussion, graduated from the University of Maryland and is a freelance musician who enjoys playing many styles of music. He plays drums and is percussionist at the Kennedy Center, National Theater and Wolf Trap. He is the timpanist with the Smithsonian Chamber Orchestra, percussionist with the 20th Century Consort and works regularly as the drummer in a variety of bands. He has long experience in recording studios as a drummer and percussionist.

CHRISTOPHER KENDALL, Artistic Director and Conductor, is Director of the School of Music at the University of Maryland and founder and lutenist of the Folger Consort. From 1987 to 1992, he was Assistant, then Associate Conductor of the Seattle Symphony, and from 1993-1996 directed the music programs at Boston University and the Boston University Tanglewood Institute. Guest conducting engagements include the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, the Da Capo Chamber Players, Boston's Collage and Dinosaur Annex, New York Chamber Symphony, Annapolis Symphony, Dayton Philharmonic, Santa Fe Chamber Music Festival and the Symphony, Orchestra and Chamber Orchestra of the Juilliard School. His performances can be heard on the Delos, CRI, Bard, ASV, and Smithsonian Collection labels.

DOTIAN LEVALIER, Principal Harpist of the National Symphony Orchestra, is a graduate of the Curtis Institute of Music, where she studied with Carlos Salzedo and Marilyn Costello. Before joining the orchestra in 1969, she was the Principal Harpist of the Philadelphia Chamber Orchestra. Ms. Levalier has made numerous recital, television, and radio appearances as well as guest artist performances with orchestras other than her own. Ms. Levalier has been a guest artist with the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, the Emerson String Quartet, Theater Chamber Players, and with the National Symphony at Lincoln Center, the Kennedy Center, and at Wolf Trap. She has performed concertos with conductors Andre Kostelanetz, Antal Dorati, and Mstislav Rostropovich among others. Ms. Levalier records on the Erato, Sony, and Pro Arte labels.

LISA EMENHEISER LOGAN, piano, is a graduate of the Juilliard School, where she received both Bachelor and Master of Music degrees as a student of Ania Dorfmann. She has performed in recitals at Alice Tully Hall, Avery Fisher Hall, Carnegie Recital Hall, and appears frequently at the Kennedy Center and National Gallery. She has appeared as soloist with both the Baltimore and Richmond Symphonies. As an established chamber musician, Ms. Logan has performed across the globe with such artists as Julius

Baker, Eugenia Zucherman, Ransom Wilson, Jean-Pierre Rampal and Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg. She has recorded for Pro Arte Records, VAI Audio, and Delos. Ms. Logan is the pianist of the Opus 3 Trio.

ALBERT H. MERZ, percussion, performs with leading orchestras in the Washington area: the National Symphony, the Kennedy Center Opera House, Wolf Trap, and the National Gallery; and with chamber groups including the Theatre Chamber Players of the Kennedy Center and the 20th Century Consort. Mr. Merz is a member of the faculty of The American University.

CARMEN PELTON, soprano, is known for her powerful interpretations of contemporary music in such venues as the Goodman Theater in Chicago, New Haven's Long Wharf Theater and most of the major new music ensembles in the country. She has appeared frequently with the 20th Century Consort, as well as with orchestras such as the Seattle and San Francisco Symphonies, and the St. Paul and San Francisco Chamber Orchestras. Her opera experience includes her New York debut in the lead role of Virgil Thomson's *Mother of Us All* and subsequent appearances at Wolf Trap with the Kennedy Center. This summer's contemporary music performances will include Kurtág at Sergiu Luca's Cascade Head Festival in Oregon, Villa-Lobos at the Seattle International Festival, and *Carmina Burana* with the Cascade Festival, also in Oregon. In September 1997 her trio of voice, violin and piano will make their New York debut at Merkin Concert Hall in an eclectic concert of music "from baroque to funk." The group's name is based on their ethnicity: Wonton, Ravioli and the Dairy Queen.

PAUL ROWE, baritone, enjoys a wide ranging career as opera singer and director, oratorio performer as well as recitalist and early music specialist. Highlights of this season include Ralph Vaughan Williams' *Five Mystical Songs* with the Arkansas Symphony Orchestra, recitals in Milwaukee, Marshfield and Stevens Point, Wisconsin as well as at the Goethe House in New York City and a live broadcast of a recital on Wisconsin Public Radio from the Elvehjem Museum in Madison. Rowe has sung with conductors Hugh Wolff, Richard Westenburg, John Nelson, David Itkin, Zubin Mehta, Amy Kaiser, John Oliver and Seiji Ozawa. Rowe is a former member of the Waverly Consort and has sung with the Folger Consort, Boston Symphony, Musica Sacra, Dessoff Choirs, American Ballet Theater, New York Bach Ensemble, Baltimore Choral Artists, Smithsonian Chamber Players and has participated in music festivals in Aspen and Marlboro. Currently, Rowe is Professor of Voice and director of the Opera Workshop at the University of Wisconsin Stevens Point.

JAMEY TURNER, musical saw, is a virtuoso performer on that instrument, having appeared with the Philadelphia, Detroit, Baltimore, New Orleans and National Symphony Orchestras. Included in his repertoire are the

Bartok Romanian Folk Dances, which he has performed with a number of these ensembles. He teaches and appears frequently in schools around the country and has been featured on the Today Show, the Tracey Ullman Show, and four times on the Tonight Show. Mr. Turner began his career as a saw player while participating in a high school play that called for a saw; he is also a prominent performer on the glass harp, an instrument comprised of a series of tuned crystals, a further extension of his passion for "finding the uncommon in the common."

RUDOLPH VRBSKY, oboe, studied at Northwestern University with Ray Still, at the Curtis Institute with Sol Schoenbach, and coached extensively with Marcel Moyse. He has toured the United States as a member of the Aulos Wind Quintet (winners of the 1978 Naumberg Chamber Music Award), the Camerata Woodwind Quintet, and Music from Marlboro. As a soloist, he has appeared at the Spoleto Festival, and with the New York String Orchestra and the Brandenburg Ensemble conducted by Alexander Schneider. Principal oboist with the National Symphony Orchestra since September 1981, Mr. Vrbsky is on the faculty of the University of Maryland School of Music and teaches at the Peabody Institute.

DEREK HUDSON YALE, boy soprano, began self-created pantomime acts, skits and physical comedy performances when he was six. He has performed in talent shows before audiences of 800 for five consecutive years. Derek sang, danced and acted the lead "Clown" role which he created in *The Wood Be Circus* with the Young Actors Theatre in 1995. He has participated in a youth choir "Choristers" at the Unitarian Universalist Church in Reston (1992-1996) and performed the boy soprano part in "Pie Jesu" in Andrew Lloyd Webber's *Requiem*. He has studied violin and currently studies piano and composition, and has advanced to the finals of the Fairfax County competition "Reflections 96-97" for an original musical composition entitled "It Could Happen..." He resides in Reston, VA with his parents and cat, Sera. Next month he will portray Theseus in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and the servant in *Macbeth* for his school.

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