

Sunday, September 27, 2009, 3pm
Hertz Hall

Christine Brewer, *soprano*
Craig Rutenberg, *piano*

PROGRAM

Alban Berg (1885–1935) Seven Early Songs (1905–1908)

Nacht
Schilffied
Die Nachtigall
Traumgekrönt
Im Zimmer
Liebesode
Sommertage

Richard Strauss (1864–1949) Ich liebe dich, Op. 37, No. 2 (1898)
Breit' über mein Haupt dein schwarzes Haar,
Op. 19, No. 2 (1885–1888)
Befreit, Op. 39, No. 4 (1898)

INTERMISSION

Benjamin Britten (1913–1976) Cabaret Songs
Calypso (1939)
Tell Me the Truth About Love (1938)
Johnny (1937)
Funeral Blues (1937)

arr. Roger Quilter (1877–1953) Ye Banks and Braes
arr. Britten The Salley Gardens
arr. Herbert Hughes (1882–1937) The Leprechaun

Echoes of Nightingales

Sidney Homer (1864–1953) Sing to Me, Sing (1913)
Edwin MacArthur (1907–1987) Night (1949)
Paul Sargent (b. 1910) Hickory Hill (1955)
Frank Bridge (1879–1941) Love Went A'Riding (1914)
Idabelle Firestone (1884–1954) If I Could Tell You (1940)
Frank La Forge (1879–1953) Hills (1925)

*Christine Brewer appears by arrangement with IMG Artists,
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Ms. Brewer can be heard on EMI, Telarc, Naxos, Hyperion, Chandos and Warner Classics Family of labels.

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Alban Berg (1885–1935) Seven Early Songs

Composed in 1905–1908. Premiered on November 6, 1928, in Vienna.

Alban Berg, the son of a prosperous salesman for a Viennese export firm, was introduced early to art and theater and music, and given piano lessons as a matter of course during his youth. Berg's taste and knowledge of music ripened rapidly, and by age 16, he had eagerly begun to try his hand at composition, though a series of events during the next few months—the death of his father; failure to pass his high school graduation examinations; the collapse of a passionate love affair—resulted in a depression severe enough to cause him to attempt suicide. He survived, and managed to finish school in 1904, after which he went to work as an apprentice (i.e., unpaid) accountant in the Austrian ministry that oversaw pigs and distilleries. Berg's ambition to be a musician weathered these Kafkaesque difficulties, however, and he continued to compose, most notably a steady stream of songs and vocal ensembles that he performed at home with his brother, Charley, and his sister, Smaragda. In October 1904, Smaragda spotted an advertisement in a local newspaper announcing that Arnold Schoenberg, pegged as an iconoclastic modernist by the premiere of his *Verklärte Nacht* (“Transfigured Night”) in 1902, was accepting students in composition. She passed the notice on to Charley, and he took some of Alban's manuscripts to Schoenberg, who saw such promise in the works that he agreed to take Berg on as a pupil for free. A fortunate inheritance in 1905 made it possible for Berg to leave his government job and devote himself assiduously to his lessons, and he began composing in earnest under Schoenberg's guidance, producing a Piano Sonata (Op. 1) in 1908 and a set of Four Songs (Op. 2) and a String Quartet (Op. 3) two years later. He discontinued formal lessons with Schoenberg in 1910, though the two remained supportive friends and creative allies for the rest of their lives.

Berg composed more than a hundred songs and vocal ensembles before and during his study with Schoenberg, though few seem to have been

the result of his class assignments, for which Schoenberg required counterpoint exercises and instrumental compositions. It was from this substantial body of work that Berg culled the *Seven Early Songs* for publication in 1928, at which time he also arranged the original piano accompaniments for orchestra. The *Seven Early Songs*, composed between 1905 and 1908, were given their formal premiere in Vienna on November 6, 1928, though three of them—*Die Nachtigall*, *Traumgekrönt* and *Liebesode*—had been heard previously at a concert of music by Schoenberg's pupils in November 1907. Though they do not form an integrated cycle—each sets a poem by a different author—these songs all share the Late Romantic idioms in which Berg was immersed at the beginning of his creative life, from the conventional language of Brahms to the avant-gardisms of Strauss's *Salome*, which the young musician attended a half-dozen times during 1906. The *Seven Early Songs* are the first works that Berg admitted to his mature *oeuvre*, and they possess the sensitivity to text-setting and vocal sonority, the wide-ranging lyricism, the subtle harmonic color and the sincerity of expression that characterize his finest music.

Benjamin Britten (1913–1976) Cabaret Songs

Composed in 1937–1939.

In 1933, when he was 19, Benjamin Britten withdrew from the Royal College of Music, London, disillusioned by the hidebound conservatism he encountered at the school. To provide a living while establishing himself professionally, he began writing background music for documentary films produced by John Grierson's GPO (General Post Office) Film Unit. In 1935, Grierson formally put Britten on staff, and assigned him to do the scores for films titled *Coal Face* and *Night Mail* about the northern mining industry and the national rail service. In July, Basil Wright, the director of the documentaries, introduced Britten to the films' young scriptwriter, W. H. Auden. Britten immediately found a kindred spirit and close friend in Auden, not least because of their

shared left-wing political beliefs. Through Auden, he met Christopher Isherwood and a number of other like-minded young artists, and joined them in creating a venture known as the Group Theatre to provide a platform for their views and their art. Britten became the company's musical director and resident composer, and between 1935 and 1937 he provided incidental music for productions of *Timon of Athens*, *Agamemnon* of Aeschylus and *Out of the Picture* by Louis MacNeice.

For the Group's staging of *The Ascent of F.6* by Auden and Isherwood in February 1937, Britten provided a score that included what became an immediate if temporary hit. “After the performance,” Britten wrote, “we all have a good party at the theatre & then feeling very cheerful we all sing (all cast & about twenty audience) my *Blues*, as well as going thro' most of the music of the play, while the whole cast dances & sings & fools, & gets generally wild.” The “*Blues*” was a setting of Auden's poem *Stop All the Clocks* sung by Hedli Anderson in the play, a piece of which Britten thought highly enough to revise it into a more finished form in June; a month before, he had set Auden's *Johnny* for Anderson as a companion to the earlier “cabaret song.” At the beginning of 1938, Britten added *Tell Me the Truth About Love* to his growing Auden collection, and Anderson sang all three pieces at a farewell party for Auden and Isherwood before they left for the Far East to report on the Sino-Japanese War. The following January, the two were off again on another long journey, this one to America, in search of creative stimulation and freedom from what Auden called the young English artist's feeling of being “essentially lonely, twisted in dying roots.” With the promise of a performance of his *Variations on a Theme of Frank Bridge* by the New York Philharmonic in August 1939 and the prospect of writing a score for a Hollywood film about King Arthur, Britten decided to follow Auden, and in May he left England to take up residence in the United States. The fourth of the Auden *Cabaret Songs* (*Calypto*) was written in New York in August 1939. In his introduction to the score of the *Songs* (which were not published until 1980), Donald Mitchell wrote, “They not only provide ample evidence of the composer's and poet's wit and high spirits, but are also wholly characteristic of a

particular kind of vernacular music that resulted from the collaboration between two brilliantly endowed young men in the 1930s.”

Ye Banks and Braes Arranged by Roger Quilter (1877–1953)

Roger Quilter was a minor but endearing figure in the English musical renaissance of the early 20th century. He was born into a prominent family in Brighton in 1877, and educated at Eton before undertaking five years of professional music studies with Iwan Knorr at the Hoch Conservatory in Frankfurt, where he was a fellow student of Percy Grainger, Cyril Scott, Balfour Gardiner and Norman O'Neill. Quilter was back in London for the start of the new century, and he soon began establishing a reputation as a song composer with his tasteful settings of verses by several of the best English poets. His music is marked by delicacy of expression and sensitivity to the text, a style that the musicologist and conductor Denis Stevens said represented “a peak in the English tradition of decorous romanticism.”

Early in 1942, during the most dire time of World War II for Britain, Quilter's beloved nephew Arnold Vivian, a member of the Grenadier Guards and an avid singer of his uncle's songs, was posted to the Middle East. Arnold wrote to his uncle that he could not find any good companions among the other soldiers, and that he hated the “friction and constant bloodyness” of the conflict. Quilter began making sensitive settings of traditional songs from England, Ireland, Scotland and France that he hoped to post to his nephew to relieve his unhappiness, but Arnold was captured the following year in Tunisia. He managed to escape during his transport to Germany in 1944, but he was never heard from again. Quilter added five of his folk-song settings from the early 1920s (*Barbara Allen*, *Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes*, *The Jolly Miller*, *Over the Mountains* and *Three Poor Mariners*) to the 11 that he made during the war, and published the set as a memorial to his nephew that he titled *Arnold Book of Old Songs*.

Ye Banks and Braes [*slopes*] o' Bonnie Doon (a river in southwest Scotland) was printed in volume

4 (1792) of James Johnson's *The Scots Musical Museum*. Soon after issuing the first volume of his collections of traditional tunes in 1787, Johnson, Edinburgh's leading engraver of plates for music publications, met the celebrated Scottish poet Robert Burns and persuaded him to help with the editing. The patriotic Burns threw himself wholeheartedly into the work, collecting and editing songs, rewriting and restoring texts, and writing new words for many of the tunes himself. *The Scots Musical Museum*, Burns's principal creative outlet during the last decade of his life, came to include 600 songs in six volumes. According to its table of contents, the music for *Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon* is by one "M^r James Miller, Writer of Edin^r," though the melody may actually be of English origin; the words are by Robert Burns.

The Salley Gardens Arranged by Benjamin Britten

Benjamin Britten's only compositions based directly on folk music are *Mont Juic* of 1937 (a suite of Catalan dances, written in collaboration with Lennox Berkeley), the *Suite on English Folk Tunes* (his last orchestral composition, which he dedicated "lovingly and reverently" to Percy Grainger), choral arrangements of *The Holly and the Ivy* and *King Herod and the Cock*, and settings of 51 folk songs for voice accompanied by piano, guitar or harp that he gathered into seven volumes. Britten's first volume of *Folk Songs of the British Isles* dates from 1941, when he used them for his recitals with Peter Pears in the United States. ("They have been a 'wow' wherever performed so far," Britten boasted in a letter to a friend.) He made another set of folk song arrangements in 1942 for the soprano Sophie Wyss, though those seven melodies were not from Britain, but from France, an indication, perhaps, of Britten's strong sympathies with the Continent and its music. He added subsequent volumes in 1947 (British Isles), 1960 (*Moore's Irish Melodies*), 1961 (two: British Isles and, with guitar accompaniment, England) and 1976 (British, with harp). The tunes are scrupulously retained in these settings, but the accompaniment is given free rein,

though without ever cluttering or parodying the original melody.

The Leprechaun Arranged by Herbert Hughes (1882–1937)

Herbert Hughes was born and raised in Belfast, and took his formal music education at the Royal College of Music in London. He composed some chamber pieces and wrote music criticism for *The Daily Telegraph* for two decades, but his most memorable contributions to British music were his participation in founding the Irish Folksong Society in 1904 and publishing six volumes of traditional Irish songs between 1904 and 1936, many of which he collected and arranged himself. *The Leprechaun* was originally collected in Limerick in the 1850s by the eminent Irish folklorist P. W. Joyce, and published with an incomplete text in his *Irish Airs* in 1872 (Joyce admitted that he could only remember the first line); Hughes discovered the rest of the words and included the song in his own arrangement in the third volume of his *Irish Country Songs* (1934). Legend says that the mischievous title character, often depicted as a cobbler, can lead a person to a pot of gold as long as he never gets out of sight, when he will vanish in an instant.

Sidney Homer (1864–1953) Sing to Me, Sing

Sidney Homer is remembered today mostly as the uncle of Samuel Barber and the husband of one of the early 20th century's most illustrious operatic divas, but he was highly regarded in his day as one of America's finest composers of art songs. Born in Boston in 1864, the youngest child of deaf parents, Homer studied with George Chadwick in his hometown and with Joseph Rheinberger in Munich before returning to Boston in 1888 to set up his own studio to teach piano and theory. In 1890, he married the gifted contralto Louise Beatty, one of his first students, and went with her to Europe, where she completed her training; she became one of the brightest stars of the Metropolitan Opera's

Golden Age after the couple settled in New York in 1900. Homer wrote more than 100 songs, most carefully tailored to the range, power and warmth of his wife's magnificent voice. *Sing to Me, Sing* is Homer's setting of a passionate verse by the English poet, critic and editor William Ernest Henley (1849–1903).

Edwin MacArthur (1907–1987) Night

Edwin MacArthur was born in Denver in 1907, studied at Juilliard, and enjoyed a successful career working with many important singers, including Ezio Pinza, John Charles Thomas and, particularly, the Norwegian soprano Kirsten Flagstad, of whom he published a memoir in 1966; he became the first American-born conductor to lead a work at the Metropolitan Opera House when he joined Flagstad and Lauritz Melchior there for *Tristan und Isolde* in 1941. MacArthur was music director of the St. Louis Municipal Opera for 23 years, conductor of the Harrisburg Symphony from 1950 to 1974, and director of the Eastman School of Music Opera Department from 1967 to 1972. He was also a respected piano accompanist, vocal coach and composer of songs, among which is *Night*, a setting of a poem by Charles Hanson Towne (1877–1949), well known in his day as editor of several fashionable New York magazines (*Smart Set*, *McClure's*, *Harper's Bazaar*) and a prolific poet, novelist, playwright, essayist and lyricist.

Paul Sargent (b. 1910) Hickory Hill

Pianist, composer, teacher and accompanist Paul Sargent was born in Bangor, Maine, in 1910, studied at the Eastman School of Music and the École Normale de Musique in Paris, and worked for many years in the New York City area. His compositions include piano pieces as well as numerous songs, the best known of which is *Hickory Hill*, a setting of a nostalgic verse by the Pulitzer Prize-winning poet and Harvard professor Robert Hillyer (1895–1961).

Frank Bridge (1879–1941) Love Went A'Riding

Frank Bridge was one of the leading English musicians during the years between the two World Wars. Born in 1879 in Brighton, where he played violin as a boy in a theater orchestra conducted by his father, he entered the Royal College of Music as a violinist but turned to composition after winning a scholarship in 1899. Following his graduation, Bridge played in the Grimson, Joachim and English string quartets, and also earned a reputation as a conductor good enough for Thomas Beecham to appoint him as his assistant with the New Symphony Orchestra in 1906. Bridge thereafter conducted opera at the Savoy Theatre and at Covent Garden, and appeared at the Promenade Concerts and with such major orchestras as the London Symphony and the Royal Philharmonic. In 1923, he toured the United States as conductor of his own music, giving concerts in Boston, Cleveland, Detroit and New York. When he returned to England, he bought a small country house at Friston in Sussex, near Eastbourne, and spent most of his remaining years there, composing, accepting an occasional conducting engagement, and guiding the progress of his gifted student Benjamin Britten.

Love Went A'Riding is Bridge's impetuous setting of a poem by the British novelist, poet and teacher Mary Elizabeth Coleridge (1861–1907), great-grandniece of Samuel Coleridge Taylor and daughter of a cultured London household whose regular visitors included Robert Browning, Lord Alfred Tennyson, John Millais, Fanny Kemble and Jenny Lind.

Idabelle Firestone (1884–1954) If I Could Tell You

Idabelle Firestone, *née* Idabelle Smith in Jackson, Michigan, in 1884, learned to play piano and organ as a girl, was educated at Alma College in Ontario, and in 1895 married Harvey Firestone, who was

then running a small company in Columbus, Ohio, making rubber tires for carriages and five years later would found the corporation in Akron that still bears his name. Idabelle was mainly concerned with running the family's mansion in Akron and raising the couple's six children, but she also occasionally indulged her genuine talent for music by composing songs, two of which—*If I Could Tell You* and *In My Garden*—were used to open and close *The Voice of Firestone*, which graced American radio and television with some of the day's finest musical artists from 1928 until 1959. The text of *If I Could Tell You* is by Madeleine Marshall (1899–1993), a singing coach, concert pianist and accompanist who taught English diction at Juilliard for over half a century.

Frank La Forge (1879–1953) Hills

Frank La Forge was among America's most highly regarded piano accompanists, vocal teachers and art song composers during the first half of the 20th century. Born in Rockford, Illinois, in 1879, La Forge studied in Vienna with the celebrated Polish piano pedagogue Theodor Leschetizky and toured Europe as accompanist for Marcella Sembrich and Ernestine Schumann-Heink. He settled in New York in 1920, thereafter accompanying the Metropolitan Opera star tenor Richard Crooks and other noted artists, and teaching such renowned singers as Marian Anderson, Lucrezia Bori, Lawrence Tibbett, Lily Pons and Gladys Swarthout. La Forge died in New York City while performing at the Musicians' Club annual dinner and concert on May 5, 1953. Among his many songs is *Hills*, a setting of a poem by Arthur Guiterman (1871–1943), who was known for his often-humorous verses as well as editor of the *Woman's Home Companion* and the *Literary Digest*.

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Alban Berg Seven Early Songs

Nacht

Text: Carl Hauptmann

Dämmern Wolken über Nacht und Tal,
Nebel schweben, Wasser rauschen sacht.
Nun entschleiert sich's mit einemmal:
O gib acht! Gib acht!
Weites Wunderland ist aufgetan.
Silbern ragen Berge traumhaft gross,
stille Pfade silberlicht talan
aus verborg'nem Schoss;
und die hehre Welt so traumhaft rein.
Stummer Buchenbaum am Wege steht
schattenschwarz, ein Hauch vom fernen Hain
einsam leise weht.
Und aus tiefen Grundes Dürsterheit
blinken Lichter auf in stummer Nacht.
Trinke Seele! Trinke Einsamkeit!
O gib acht! Gib acht!

Schilffied

Text: Nikolaus Lenau

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

Wenn sich dann der Busch verdüstert,
rauscht das Rohr geheimnisvoll,
und es klaget und es flüstert,
dass ich weinen, weinen soll.

Und ich mein', ich höre wehen
leise deiner Stimme Klang,
und im Weiher untergehen
deinen lieblichen Gesang.

Die Nachtigall

Text: Theodor Storm

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

Night

Clouds gather over night and valley,
mists hover, waters ripple softly;
now all at once the veil is lifted:
O look! Look!
A broad wonderland is opened up:
silver mountains loom fancifully large
with, between them, silent paths
shining silver from earth's secret womb;
and the noble world, so pure in dream.
By the path a beech-tree stands mute,
a black shadow; a single breath
drifts gently from a distant grove.
And from the gloom of the low ground
twinkle lights in the silent night.
O drink up solitude, my soul!
O look! Look!

Song Amid the Reeds

By secret forest paths
I like to steal in the evening light
to the deserted reedy bank,
dear girl, and think of you.

When the thicket grows dark,
the reeds rustle secretly,
and there is whispered lament
that I have to weep and weep.

And I seem to hear the sound
of your voice softly wafted,
and your sweet song
sinking into the pond.

The Nightingale

It happens because the nightingale
has sung the whole night through:
from its sweet notes
echoing and re-echoing
the roses have burgeoned.

(Please turn the page quietly.)

Sie war doch sonst ein wildes Blut,
nun geht sie tief in Sinnen,
trägt in der Hand den Sommerhut
und duldet still der Sonne Glut,
und weiss nicht, was beginnen.

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

Traumgekrönt

Text: Rainer Maria Rilke

Das war wer Tag der weissen Chrysanthemens,
mir bangte fast vor seiner Pracht...
Un dann, dann kamst du mir
die Seele nehmen tief in der Nacht.
Mir war so bang, und du kamst lieb und leise,
ich hatte grad im Traum an dich gedacht.
Du kamst, und leis' wie eine Märchenweise
erklang die Nacht.

Im Zimmer

Text: Johannes Schlaf

Herbstsonnenschein.
Der liebe Abend blickt so still herein.
Ein Feuerlein rot
knistert im Ofenloch und loht.
So, mein Kopf auf deinen Knien,
so ist mir gut.
Wenn mein Auge so in deinem ruht,
wie leise die Minuten ziehn.

Liebesode

Text: Otto Erich Hartleben

Im Arm der Liebe schliefen wir selig ein.
Am offenen Fenster lauschte der Sommerwind,
und unserer Atemzüge Frieden trug er hinaus
in die helle Mondnacht.
Und aus dem Garten tastete zagend sich
ein Rosenduft an unserer Liebe Bett
und gab uns wundervolle Träume,
Träume des Rausches, so reich an Sehnsucht.

She was once a madcap;
now she walks deep in thought,
holding her sunhat in her hand,
quietly endures the sun's glow
and knows not what to begin.

It happens because the nightingale
has sung the whole night through:
from its sweet notes
echoing and re-echoing
the roses have burgeoned.

Crowned in Dreams

That was the day of the white chrysanthemums;
I was almost alarmed by their splendor...
and then, then in the depths
of night you came to take my soul.
I was so anxious, but you came sweetly and gently,
just as I had thought of you in dreams;
you came, and softly as in a fairy tale
the night resounded.

Indoors

Autumn sunshine.
The pleasant evening looks in quietly.
A small red fire
crackles and blazes in the stove.
So! My head on your knee,
I am happy;
when my eyes dwell on yours,
how gently the minutes pass.

Ode to Love

Blissful in love's arms we fell asleep.
The summer wind watched at the open window,
and bore out the peace of our every
breath to the moon-bright night.
And from the garden, feeling its timid way,
a scent of roses to our love bed came
and gave us wondrous dreams,
ecstatic dreams, so rich in longing.

Sommertage

Text: Paul Hohenberg

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

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

Richard Strauss

Ich liebe dich, Op. 37, No. 2

Text: Detlev von Liliencron

Vier adlige Rosse
voran unserm Wagen,
wir wohnen im Schlosse
in stolzem Behagen.

Die Frühlichterwellen
und nächstens der Blitz,
was all sie erhellen,
ist unser Besitz.

Und irrst du verlassen,
verbannt durch die Lande;
mit dir durch die Gassen
in Armut und Schande!

Es bluten die Hände,
die Füße sind wund,
vier trostlose Wände,
es kennt uns kein Hund.

Steht silberbeschlagen
dein Sarg am Altar,
sie sollen mich tragen
zu dir auf die Bahr',

Und fern auf der Heide
und stirbst du in Not,
den Dolch aus der Scheide,
dir nach in den Tod!

Summer Days

Now days sent from blue eternity
stretch over the world;
time drifts by on the summer wind.
Now at night the Lord weaves
wreaths of stars with His blessed hand
over the magic land we travel.

O heart, what in these days
can your gayest rambler's song
express of your deep, deep delight?
Before the meadows' song the heart falls silent:
words fail, where image upon image
greetes you and inspires you.

I Love You

Four noble horses
for our carriage,
we live in the castle
in proud comfort.

The early brightness
and the lightning at night—
everything that they shed light upon
belongs to us.

Although you wander forsaken,
an exile, through the world,
I am with you in the streets
in poverty and shame!

Our hands will bleed,
our feet will ache,
the four walls will be without comfort,
and no dog will know us.

If, fitted with silver,
your coffin will stand at the altar,
they shall bear me as well
on the bier to you.

And if, far away on the heath,
you die in anguish,
I shall draw my dagger from its sheath
and follow you in death!

(Please turn the page quietly.)

**Breit' über mein Haupt dein schwarzes Haar,
Op. 19, No. 2***Text: Adolf Friedrich von Schack*

Breit' über mein Haupt dein schwarzes Haar,
Neig' zu mir dein Angesicht!
Da strömt in die Seele so hell und klar
Mir deiner Augen Licht.

Ich will nicht droben der Sonne Pracht,
Noch der Sterne leuchtenden Kranz,
Ich will nur deiner Locken Nacht
Und deiner Blicke Glanz.

Befreit, Op. 39, No. 4*Text: Richard Dehmel*

Du wirst nicht weinen. Leise
Wirst du lächeln und wie zur Reise
Geb' ich dir Blick und Kuss zurück.
Unsre lieben vier Wände, du hast sie bereitet,
Ich habe sie dir zur Welt geweitet;
O Glück!

Dann wirst du heiss meine Hände fassen
Und wirst mir deine Seele lassen,
Lässt unsern Kindern mich zurück.
Du schenktest mir dein ganzes Leben,
Ich will es ihnen wieder geben;
O Glück!

Es wird sehr bald sein, wir wissen's beide,
Wir haben einander befreit vom Leide,
So gab' ich dich der Welt zurück!
Dann wirst du mir nur noch im Traum erscheinen
Und mich segnen und mit mir weinen;
O Glück!

**Benjamin Britten
Cabaret Songs***Texts: W. H. Auden***Calypso**

Driver drive faster and make a good run
Down the Springfield Line under the shining sun.

Fly like an aeroplane, don't pull up short
Till you brake for Grand Central Station, New York.

For there in the middle of that waiting-hall
Should be standing the one that I love best of all.

Spread Over My Head Your Raven Hair

Spread over my head your raven hair,
And bend your face to me!
Bright and clear into my soul
Pours the light of your eyes!

I do not seek the sun's splendor on high
Nor the radiant garland of the stars,
I only seek the night of your hair
And the radiance of your eyes.

Freed

You will not weep. Gently
you will smile, and as before a journey,
I will return your gaze and your kiss.
Our dear four walls you have helped build;
and I have now widened them for you into the world.
O joy!

Then you will warmly seize my hands
and you will leave me your soul,
leaving me behind for our children.
You gave me your entire life,
so I will give it again to them.
O joy!

It will be very soon, as we both know—
but we have freed each other from sorrow.
And so I return you to the world!
You will then appear to me only in dreams,
and bless me and weep with me.
O joy!

If he's not there to meet me when I get to town,
I'll stand on the side-walk with tears rolling down.

Driver, drive faster.
Driver, drive faster.

For he is the one that I love to look on,
The acme of kindness and perfection.

He presses my hand and he says he loves me,
Which I find and admirable peculiarity.

Driver, drive faster.
Driver, drive faster.
Driver, drive faster, drive faster.

The woods are bright green on both sides of the line;
The trees have their loves though they're different
from mine.

But the poor fat old banker in the sun parlor car
Has no one to love him except his cigar.

If I were the Head of the Church or the State,
I'd powder my nose and just tell them to wait.
Drive faster, faster, faster, faster, faster, faster,
faster, faster.

For love's more important and powerful than
Even a priest or a politician, faster, faster, faster,
faster, faster
Ah la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la
Faster, drive faster, drive faster, drive faster,
Drive faster, faster, faster, faster.

Tell Me the Truth About Love

Liebe, amor, amoris
Some say that love's a little boy,
And some say it's a bird,
Some say it makes the world go round,
And some say that's absurd,
And when I asked the man next-door,
Who looked as if he knew,
His wife got very cross indeed,
And said it wouldn't do.

Does it look like a pair of pyjamas,
Or the ham in a temperance hotel?
Does its odour remind one of llamas,
Or has it a comforting smell?
Is it prickly to touch as a hedge is,

(Please turn the page quietly.)

Or soft as eiderdown fluff?
Is it sharp or quite smooth at the edges?
O tell me the truth about love.

Our history books refer to it
In cryptic little notes,
It's quite a common topic on
The Transatlantic boats;
I've found the subject mentioned in
Accounts of suicides,
And even seen it scribbled on
The backs of railway-guides.

Does it howl like a hungry Alsatian,
Or boom like a military band?
Could one give a first-rate imitation
On a saw or a Steinway Grand
Is its singing at parties a riot?
Does it only like Classical stuff?
Will it stop when one wants to be quiet?
O tell me the truth about love.

I looked inside the summer-house;
It wasn't ever there:
I tried the Thames at Maidenhead,
And Brighton's bracing air.
I don't know what the blackbird sang,
Or what the tulip said;
But it wasn't in the chicken-run,
Or underneath the bed.

Can it pull extraordinary faces?
Is it usually sick on a swing?
Does it spend all its time at the races,
Or fiddling with pieces of string?
Has it views of its own about money?
Does it think Patriotism enough?
Are its stories vulgar but funny?
O tell me the truth about love.

When it comes, will it come without warning
Just as I'm picking my nose?
Will it knock on my door in the morning,
Or tread in the bus on my toes?
Will it come like a change in the weather?
Will its greeting be courteous or rough?
Will it alter my life altogether?
O tell me the truth about love.

Johnny

O the valley in the summer where I and my John
Beside the deep river would walk on and on
While the flowers at our feet and the birds up above
Argued so sweetly on reciprocal love,
And I leaned on his shoulder; "O Johnny, let's play":
But he frowned like thunder and he went away.

O that Friday near Christmas as I well recall
When we went to the charity Matinee Ball,
The floor was so smooth and the band was so loud
And Johnny so handsome I felt so proud;
"Squeeze me tighter, dear Johnny, let's dance till it's day":
But he frowned like thunder and he went away.

Shall I ever forget at the Grand Opera
When music poured out of each wonderful star?
Diamonds and pearls they hung dazzling down
Over each silver or golden silk gown;
"O John I'm in heaven," I whispered to say:
But he frowned like thunder and he went away.

O last night I dreamed of you, Johnny, my lover,
You'd the sun on one arm and the moon on the other,
The sea it was blue and the grass it was green,
Every star rattled a round tambourine;
Ten thousand miles deep in a pit there I lay:
But you frowned like thunder and you went away.

Funeral Blues

Stop all the clocks, cut off the telephone,
Prevent the dog from barking with a juicy bone,
Silence the pianos and with muffled drum
Bring out the coffin, let the mourners come.

Let aeroplanes circle moaning overhead
Scribing on the sky the message He is Dead.
Put crêpe bows round the white necks of the public doves,
Let the traffic policemen wear black cotton gloves.

He was my North, my South, my East and West,
My working week and my Sunday rest,
My noon, my midnight, my talk, my song;
I thought that love could last forever: I was wrong.

The stars are not wanted now; put out every one.
Pack up the moon and dismantle the sun,
Pour away ocean and sweep up the woods;
For nothing now can ever come to any good.

(Please turn the page quietly.)

Ye Banks and Braes*Arr. Roger Quilter (1877–1953)**Text: Robert Burns*

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
 how can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
 How can ye chant, ye little birds,
 and I sae weary, fu' o' care?

Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird
 that wantons thro' the flower thorn;
 thou minds me o' departed joys,
 departed, never to return.

Oft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon,
 to see the rose and woodbine twine;
 and ilk-a bird sang o' its love
 and fondly sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose
 fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
 but my fause lover stole the rose
 and ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

The Salley Gardens*Arr. Benjamin Britten**Text: William Butler Yeats*

Down by the Salley Gardens
 My love and I did meet,
 She passed the Salley Gardens
 With little snow white feet.
 She bid me take love easy
 As the leaves grow on the tree
 But I being young and foolish
 With her did not agree.

In a field by the river,
 My love and I did stand,
 And on my leaning shoulder
 She laid her snow white hand;
 She bid me take life easy
 As the grass grows on the wiers,
 But I was young and foolish,
 And now am full of tears.

The Leprechaun*Arr. Herbert Hughes**Text: Traditional Irish*

In a shady nook one moonlight night,
 a leprehaun I spied:

With scarlet cap and coat of green,
 A criuskeen [whisky bottle] by his side.
 'Twas tick tack tick, his hammer went,
 Upon a weeny shoe;
 And I laughed to think of a purse of gold;
 but the fairy was laughing too!

With tiptoe step and beating heart,
 Quite softly I drew nigh:
 There was mischief in his merry face;
 A twinkle in his eye.
 He hammered and sang with tiny voice,
 And drank his mountain dew,
 And I laughed to think he was caught at last;
 But the fairy was laughing too!

As quick as thought I seized the elf:
 "Your fairy purse," I cried.
 "The purse," he said, "'tis in her hand,
 That lady at your side."
 I turned to look: the elf was off!
 Then what was I to do?

O, I laughed to think what a fool I'd been;
 And the fairy was laughing too!

Sidney Homer**Sing to Me, Sing***Text: William Ernest Henley*

Sing to me, sing, and sing again,
 My glad, great-throated nightingale:
 Sing, as the good sun through the rain—
 Sing, as the home-wind in the sail!

Sing to me life, and toil, and time,
 O bugle of dawn, O flute of rest!
 Sing, and once more, as in the prime,
 There shall be naught but seems the best.

And sing me at the last of love:
 Sing that old magic of the May,
 That makes the great world laugh and move
 As lightly as our dream to-day!

Edwin MacArthur**Night***Text: Charles Hanson Towne*

Wherefore should darkness
 Terrify my soul?
 Night is the hope of day,

(Please turn the page quietly.)

The scabbard deep,
Where in the sword of sunlight
Fain would creep
After the warring shouts
That 'round us roll.

Dawn hath its glamour
Like pearls upon a shoal;
Noon hath its wonder
When it climbs the steep
Blue hills of light;
And yet we fall asleep, afraid,
Sometimes with fears
Beyond control.

O let the shadows fold us in our wings,
And when one long
Unstarlit night shall come,
Let us not go like poor sheep, driv'n and dumb,
But with a spirit that exultant sings;
For where the darkness trails the desolate sod,
He walks before.
Night, night is the shadow of God.

Paul Sargent
Hickory Hill

Text by Robert Hilmyer

The moon is aloft, the wind lies still,
Voices come soft from Hickory Hill
But there's nobody there to whisper a word,
No one to hear or be overheard.

I only remember the moon all white
on the clear November hill at night.

But the words we left that other year
Surely drift from the hillside there.
And no one would dare clear nights in the fall
To stand listening there, I least of all.

Frank Bridge
Love Went A'Riding

Text: Mary Elizabeth Coleridge

Love went a-riding,
Love went a-riding over the earth,
On Pegasus he rode...

The flowers before him sprang to birth,
And the frozen rivers flowed.
Than all the youths and the maidens cried,

"Stay here with us." "King of Kings."
But Love said, "No! for the horse I ride,
For the horse I ride has wings."

Love went a-riding...

Idabelle Firestone
If I Could Tell You

Text: Madeleine Marshall

If I could tell you
The thoughts I cherish
And all the ways you are dear to me.

A tender feeling
Of love revealing
When e're your smiling face I see.

If I could capture
The blue of heaven
That wondrous rapture
Within your eyes.

If I could tell you
Of my devotion
If I could pledge all my love so true.

Then my confession
Would find expression
In all the music my heart sings to you!

Frank La Forge
Hills

Text: Arthur Guiterman

I want my hills! Hills!
The trail that scorns the hollows
So let me hold my way by nothing halted
Until at close of day I stand exalted!
High on my hills to dream
Dear hills that know me.
And then how fair will seem the lands below me.
How pure at vesper time the far bells chiming God!
Give me hills to climb!
Hills! Hills!
And strength for climbing.



Grammy Award-winning American soprano **Christine Brewer**'s appearances in opera, concert and recital are marked with her own unique timbre, at once warm and brilliant, combined with a vibrant personality and emotional honesty

Christine Steiner

reminiscent of the great sopranos of the past. Her range, golden tone, boundless power and control make her a favorite of the stage as well as a sought-after recording artist.

Highlights of Ms. Brewer's 2009–2010 season are numerous and include performances of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony with the Boston Symphony Orchestra and James Levine, the New World Symphony and Michael Tilson Thomas, and the Dallas Symphony and Jaap van Zweden; Britten's *War Requiem* with the Toronto Symphony; and excerpts from Wagner operas with the BBC Philharmonic and Donald Runnicles, the Scottish Symphony Orchestra, the Saint Louis Symphony, and at the Ravinia Festival. In addition to premiering a new work by David Carlson with the Marin Symphony, Ms. Brewer will also sing Strauss's *Four Last Songs* with Jeffrey Kahane and the Colorado Symphony, and Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis* with the New York Philharmonic and its new music director, Alan Gilbert. This season also brings a highly anticipated reprisal of Ms. Brewer's critically acclaimed portrayal of Lady Billows in *Albert Herring* at Santa Fe Opera. An avid recitalist, Ms. Brewer will be heard on the stages throughout North America in venues such as Carnegie Hall's Zankel Hall, Cal Performances, the University of Florida, Spivey Hall, University Musical Society in Ann Arbor, the Schubert Club, the Baldwin-Wallace Art Song Festival, and in a presentation by the Los Angeles Philharmonic among many others.

On the opera stage, Ms. Brewer is highly regarded for her striking portrayal of the title role in Strauss's *Ariadne auf Naxos*, which she has

performed with the Metropolitan Opera, Opéra de Lyon, Théâtre du Châtelet, Santa Fe Opera, English National Opera and the Opera Theater of St. Louis. Garnering critical acclaim with each role, Ms. Brewer has performed Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde* at the San Francisco Opera, Gluck's *Alceste* with Santa Fe Opera, the Dyer's Wife in Strauss's *Die Frau Ohne Schatten* at the Lyric Opera of Chicago and the Paris Opera, and Lady Billows in Britten's *Albert Herring* at Santa Fe Opera. She is also celebrated for her work on lesser known operas, such as the title roles in Gluck's *Iphigénie en Tauride* with the Edinburgh Festival, the Rio de Janeiro Opera and Madrid Opera, and Strauss's *Die ägyptische Helena* with Santa Fe Opera. As a recitalist, in addition to her many appearances at Carnegie and Wigmore Halls, Ms. Brewer has graced Lincoln Center's "Art of the Song" series at Alice Tully Hall. Other appearances include the Kennedy Center in Washington DC, Spivey Hall in Georgia, the Concertgebouw in Amsterdam and the Mondavi Center in California. Her unique voice has been featured at the Gilmore, Ravinia and Cleveland Art Song festivals.

Ms. Brewer has worked with many of the most notable conductors of our day, including Pierre Boulez, James Conlon, Sir Colin Davis, Christoph von Dohnányi, Christoph Eschenbach, Valery Gergiev, Lorin Maazel, Sir Charles Mackerras, Kurt Masur, Zubin Mehta, Antonio Pappano, Yannick Nézet-Séguin, Sir Simon Rattle, Donald Runnicles, Robert Shaw, Esa-Pekka Salonen, Leonard Slatkin and Michael Tilson Thomas. Frequently sought after to sing the great symphonic works of Mozart, Brahms, Verdi, Mahler, Beethoven, Strauss, Wagner, Janáček and Britten, Ms. Brewer has sung with the philharmonics of New York and Los Angeles, and the orchestras of Cleveland, Philadelphia, Washington DC, St. Louis, San Francisco, Boston and Dallas. In Europe, she counts the Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment, London Symphony, BBC Symphony and Philharmonic, London Philharmonic, Orchestre de Paris, City of Birmingham Symphony, Scottish Chamber Orchestra, the Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Staatskapelle Berlin, Gewandhausorchester Leipzig and Toulouse Orchestra as regular

partners. In addition, she has made appearances with the Malaysia Philharmonic, the New World Symphony and the Toronto Symphony. Typical of this versatile artist, she has also been invited to perform in special engagements such as the re-opening of Covent Garden with Plácido Domingo for TRH Prince of Wales and Duchess of Cornwall, a concert of Handel with the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, and a gala performance of Górecki's Symphony No. 3 with the Atlanta Symphony Orchestra and long-time collaborator Donald Runnicles.

Ms. Brewer's recordings include a contribution to Hyperion's prestigious Schubert series with pianist Graham Johnson; the Janáček *Glágotitic Mass* and Dvořák *Te Deum* with Robert Shaw and the Atlanta Symphony Orchestra (Telarc); Dvořák *Stabat Mater* (Naxos); and two recital recordings entitled *St. Louis Woman* and *Music for a While*, produced and released by Opera Theatre of St. Louis. Recent recordings include a live recital disc from Wigmore Hall (Koch); Strauss's *Four Last Songs* with the *Liebestod* from *Tristan und Isolde*, Strauss opera scenes and Mozart's *Requiem* with Donald Runnicles and the Atlanta Symphony (Telarc); *Fidelio* in German with Sir Colin Davis and the London Symphony (LSO Live); Barber's *Vanessa* (Chandos) with the BBC Symphony and Bolcom's Grammy-winning *Songs of Innocence and Experience* (Naxos), both conducted by Leonard Slatkin; Mahler's Symphony No. 8 (EMI) with Sir Simon Rattle conducting the City of Birmingham Symphony; a disc of *lieder* with pianist Roger Vignoles for Hyperion's new Richard Strauss series; *Fidelio* in English and *Great Operatic Arias* (Chandos) with the London Philharmonic; and Britten's *War Requiem* with the London Philharmonic and Kurt Masur (LPO Live).



Christine Steiner

Pianist **Craig Rutenberg** has collaborated with many of the world's greatest vocalists and is recognized as one of the most distinguished accompanists on the stage today.

Having studied piano and interpretation with John Wustman, Geoffrey Parsons, Pierre Bernac and Miriam Solovieff, Mr. Rutenberg has appeared in recital with Denyce Graves, Sumi Jo, Harolyn Blackwell, Susanne Mentzer, Frederica von Stade, Angelika Kirchsclager and Dawn Upshaw, and frequently with Thomas Hampson, Ben Heppner and Jerry Hadley, as well as Olaf Baer, Simon Keenlyside and Stanford Olsen. He has performed with Mr. Hampson at the White House during the Clinton administration.

Mr. Rutenberg records for Deutsche Grammophon, EMI/Angel, BMG/RCA and Koch International. He has appeared regularly in concert on national and international television and radio, including numerous PBS specials.

Currently Head of Music Administration at the Metropolitan Opera, Mr. Rutenberg is also Guest Coach at Operan in Gothenburg and Operaen in Oslo. He has given master classes at the Chicago Lyric Opera for American Artists, the Pittsburgh Opera Center, Chicago Opera Theatre and the Vancouver Opera as well as the training programs at the Washington Opera and the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. Craig Rutenberg has also worked for the Opera Studio de Paris, the Glyndebourne Festival Opera, San Francisco Opera, Houston Grand Opera, Santa Fe Opera and Glimmerglass Opera.

In addition to his teaching activities in the 2009–2010 season, Mr. Rutenberg appears in recital with Christine Brewer, Vivica Genaux, Maria Guleghina, Teddy Tahu Rhodes and Thomas Hampson.

In summer 2009, he begins a recording project of the complete piano works of American composer and critic Virgil Thomson.