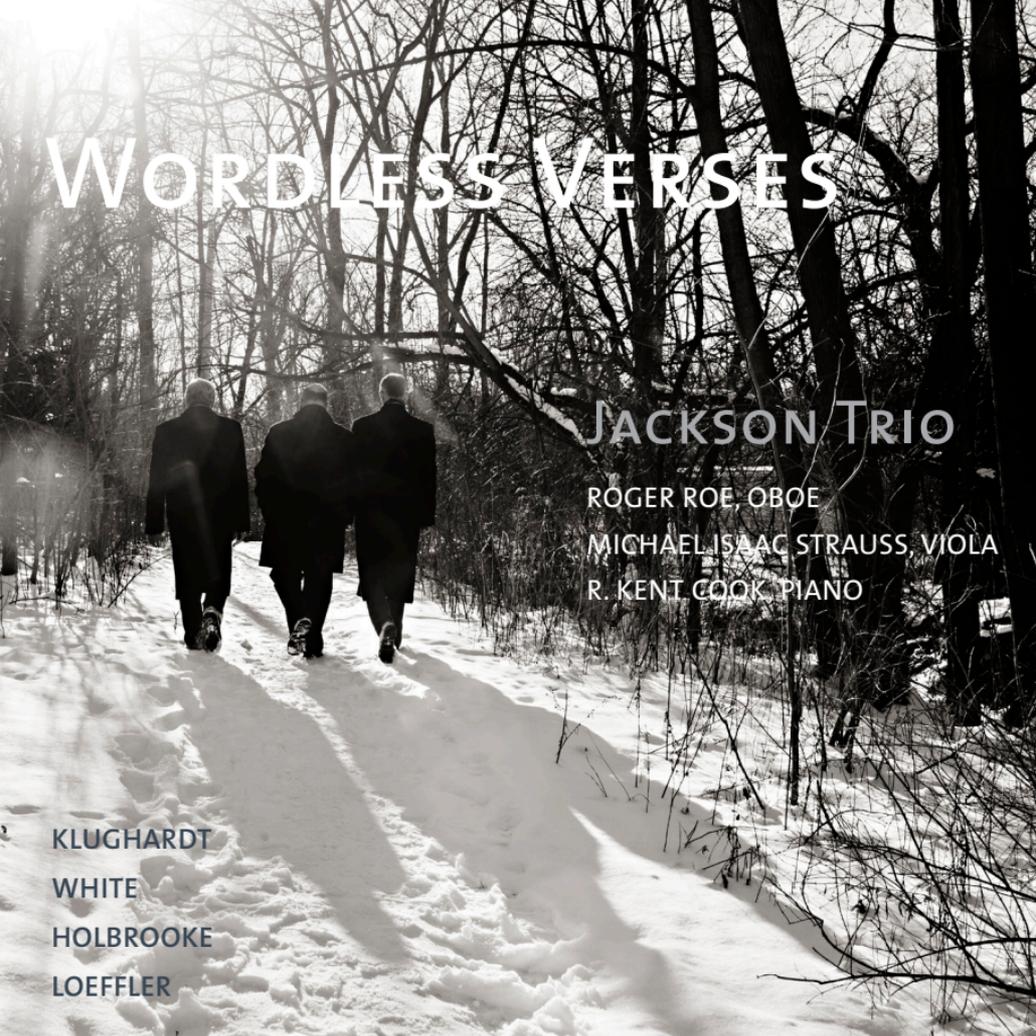


WORDLESS VERSES



JACKSON TRIO

ROGER ROE, OBOE

MICHAEL ISAAC STRAUSS, VIOLA

R. KENT COOK, PIANO

KLUGHARDT

WHITE

HOLBROOKE

LOEFFLER

WORDLESS VERSES

JACKSON TRIO

ROGER ROE, oboe MICHAEL ISAAC STRAUSS, viola R. KENT COOK, piano

AUGUST KLUGHARDT (1847-1902)

Schilflieder, Five Fantasy Pieces After Lenau's Poems

for oboe, viola, and piano, Op. 28 (1872)

- | | | |
|---|---------------------------------|------|
| 1 | Langsam, träumerisch | 3:44 |
| 2 | Leidenschaftlich erregt | 3:05 |
| 3 | Zart, in ruhiger Bewegung | 6:28 |
| 4 | Feurig | 3:10 |
| 5 | Sehr ruhig | 4:40 |

FELIX HAROLD WHITE (1884-1945)

- | | | |
|---|---|------|
| 6 | <i>The Nymph's Complaint for the Death of Her Fawn</i>
for oboe, viola, and piano (1921) | 8:21 |
|---|---|------|

JOSEF HOLBROOKE (1878-1958)

- | | | |
|---|---|-------|
| 7 | Nocturne: <i>Fairyland</i> for oboe, viola, and piano, Op. 57, No. 1 (1917) | 12:18 |
|---|---|-------|

CHARLES MARTIN LOEFFLER (1861-1935)

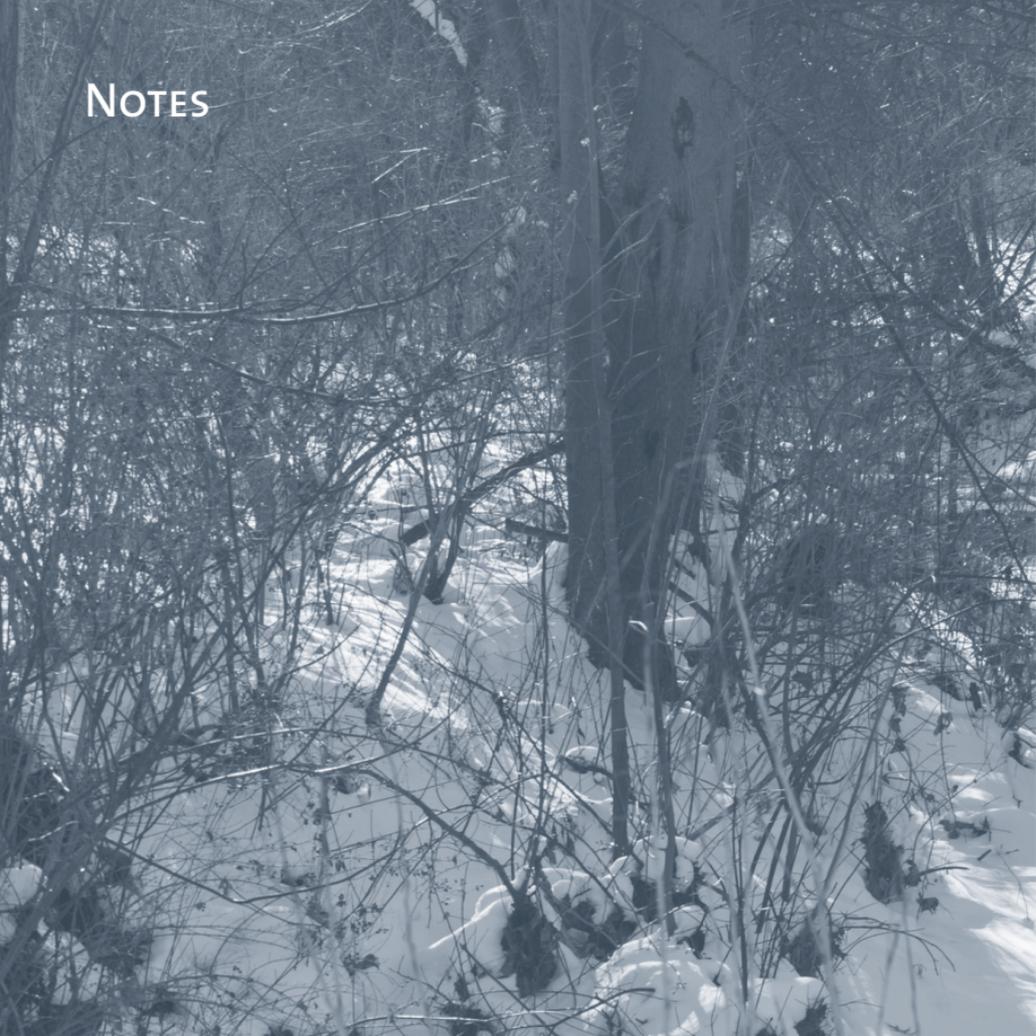
Deux Rhapsodies for oboe, viola, and piano (1901)

- | | | |
|---|--------------------|-------|
| 8 | L'Étang | 9:53 |
| 9 | La Cornemuse | 12:45 |

Total: 64:16

Twilight shrouds the trees in sadness,
Through the reeds mysterious go
Whispers that lament lost gladness,
Till my own tears start to flow.

—Nikolaus Lenau

The image is a black and white photograph of a winter scene. It shows a path or a clearing in a wooded area, heavily covered in snow. The trees are mostly bare, with their branches creating a complex, dark web against the lighter sky and snow. The overall mood is quiet and somewhat somber, typical of a winter day in a forest.

NOTES

The combination of oboe, viola, and piano is not exactly a frequent one in chamber music. Nor does it happen very often that a chamber work is directly inspired by a poem, with the connection explicitly acknowledged in the title or in a statement by the composer. All the more striking, then, to find four compositions using this rare scoring, each of which is also a musical commentary on a specific poem or poems. The composers, with the possible exception of Loeffler, are not necessarily household names today—a fact that serves to remind us how much more there is to music history than the canonic masters who so often dominate our concert programs. The present selection, with four works spanning about 50 years between the late 19th and the early 20th centuries, shows that while the great innovators of the time changed musical language in so many fundamental ways, a host of highly competent and cultivated composer-performers continued to work in a more traditional style, showing flawless technique and an extremely refined taste, and creating a large body of music that still gives great pleasure to players and listeners alike.

The oldest piece on this recording, *Schilflieder* (“Songs of the Reeds”), is by **August Klughardt** (1847-1902), a German composer, pianist, and conductor who had strong ties to Franz Liszt and Richard Wagner, the figureheads of the so-called New German School. The poet whose verse appears over the staves is Nikolaus Lenau (1802-50), an influential Romantic whose dramatic work inspired both Liszt (*Faust*) and Richard Strauss (*Don Juan*). Klughardt, by contrast, turned to a collection of lyric

poems by Lenau, also entitled *Schilflieder* (1832); he chose the first five poems from that once-popular volume for his five-movement suite. Written in 1872, the work was dedicated to Liszt.

In the poems, the protagonist laments his lost love by a reed-covered lake at night. By turns meditative, passionate, exuberant, and despondent, the poems interweave imagery of nature with a portrayal of the grieving man's changing psychological states. In spite of his New German connections, Klughardt was temperamentally closer to the Schumann-Mendelssohn tradition, and he attempted a synthesis between those two camps that most people at the time thought utterly incompatible. (The third movement was based on the same Lenau poem that Alban Berg later set as No. 2 from his *Seven Early Songs*.)

A lifelong Londoner, **Felix Harold White** (1884-1945) composed prolifically throughout the first half of the 20th century while working primarily as a pianist (for a while, he served as the keyboard player of the London Symphony Orchestra). His most successful work—one might almost say his *only* really successful one—was the present trio written in 1921 and inspired by a poem by Andrew Marvell (1621-78), a celebrated metaphysical poet in 17th-century England. *The Nymph's Complaint for the Death of her Fawn* is, on the surface, about a nymph grieving for her pet deer, which was killed by hunters. Yet the poem offers deeper emotional layers as well: The deer had been given to the nymph by her lover, who later betrayed and abandoned her. The nymph's meditations extend from the inconstancy of

men and the unconditional love of animals to philosophical meditations on justice, innocence, and retribution. The complexity of the poem is matched by the harmonic complexity of White's composition, which is filled with highly saturated chromatic sonorities. The work opens with an expressive descending minor second in the piano, a gesture long known as a "sigh." The plaintive Andante, with its isolated melodic gestures, eventually segues into a new passage in which the oboe and the viola seem to sing a love duet, marked *amoroso*. Suddenly, the love scene gives rise to a lighthearted fast section with a dance-like theme: This seems to correspond to the happy times the nymph had enjoyed, playing with her pet: "It was full of sport, and light/Of foot and heart, and did invite/Me to its game . . ." This is followed by a recapitulation, first of the "love duet" and then of the gloomy opening section.

English composer/conductor/pianist **Josef Holbrooke** (1878-1958) loved Edgar Allan Poe (1809-49) to the point of obsession; he produced more than 30 compositions based on works by the American poet—compositions he collectively called his "Poeana." The present "Nocturne" (written in 1911 and published in 1917) was inspired by *Fairy-Land*, one of Poe's earliest published poems (1829), a mysterious vision of the moon (one of many moons!) descending from the sky to illuminate a dark universe and causing the "things" in that universe to rise up toward the light. Holbrooke captured the fantasy-like atmosphere through some magical post-Romantic chord progressions, in a lilting 9/8 time that sometimes resembles a waltz and

sometimes a lullaby. The intensely lyrical melodies grow more passionate and then sink back into a more melancholy mood for the end.

Holbrooke allowed for several instrumental options for the woodwind part. Although the score mentions the oboe in first place, the part may also be played on the oboe d'amore, the clarinet, or the flute.

The last work on the recording was not only inspired by poetry, but is in fact a recasting of music originally intended to be sung. **Charles Martin Loeffler** (1861-1935) had composed three rhapsodies for voice, clarinet, viola, and piano in 1898, on texts by French poet Maurice Rollinat (1846-1903), who followed Baudelaire in growing exquisite “flowers of evil.” His most successful volume of poetry, from which Loeffler chose his texts, was entitled *Les Névroses*, or “Neuroses” (1883).

The three vocal rhapsodies were never performed in their original form (and not published until 1988), but when Loeffler arranged two of the rhapsodies for oboe, viola, and piano in 1901, this two-movement work became one of his best-known compositions. (The third rhapsody, “La villanelle du diable,” was rewritten for organ and large orchestra.)

German by birth and French by culture, Loeffler immigrated to the United States at the age of 20 and established himself first as a violinist (he was assistant concertmaster and soloist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra for many years). Eventually he also won great respect as one of the foremost American composers of his generation.

Rollinat’s “L’Étang” (“The Pond”) is a rather disconcerting nocturne that

became the source for a complex tone poem, the initial theme of which is taken through a number of character transformations as in many works by Liszt. It is, in essence, an ingenious set of variations in which the same melody first appears as a soulful *cantabile*, then in a more plaintive voice with brief ornamental figures. A more resolute variation is followed, after a truly “rhapsodic” piano cadenza, by a scherzo-like section into which a brief quote of the *Dies irae* sneaks in, played by the viola *sul ponticello* (near the bridge). The last variation, a kind of coda, is slow and wistful; it fades into silence on a lugubrious C-minor chord. “L’Étang” was dedicated in memory of Loeffler’s friend, Boston Symphony clarinetist Léon Pourtau, who perished when the ocean liner *La Bourgogne* sank in 1898. (Also a talented artist, Pourtau had made a drawing of Loeffler on which the incipit of the *Dies irae* was inscribed at the bottom.)

The second rhapsody, “La Cornemuse” (“The Pipes”), was dedicated to oboist Georges Longy (future founder of the Longy School of Music in Cambridge, Massachusetts), who gave the first performance in Boston in 1901, with Loeffler on viola and Heinrich Gebhard (later Leonard Bernstein’s teacher) on piano. The “bagpipe of death,” of which we read in Rollinat’s poem, is represented by a motif outlining a tritone (augmented fourth) that weaves through the entire piece, which contains many abrupt key and tempo changes. The music finally settles into a more sustained, lyrical section, dominated by a melody that is distantly related to the main theme of “L’Étang.” The sound of the bagpipe returns at the very end, with the piano now playing *una corda* (left pedal), as a distant memory.

—Peter Laki



POETRY

Songs of the Reeds

Nikolaus Lenau (1802-50)

translated by Winthrop H. Root

I.

The sun sinks beyond the sedges,
Weary day now falls asleep,
Drooping willows touch the edges
Of the lake, so still, so deep.

From my dearest love I'm parted:
Tears, my tears, pour forth and flow!
Willows rustle, sad, down-hearted:
Shivering reeds quake, breezes blow.

Through the sorrows that confound me
Your love, Sweet, shines from afar,
As through reeds and willow round me
Shines the lovely evening star.

II.

Through the dull skies clouds are flying,
On the earth the wild rains break:
Winds in loud lament are crying:
"Where is now your starlight, lake?"

What they ask is quenched forever
In the waters' storm-tossed flow:
Your love smiles upon me never,
Never smiles on my deep woe.

III.

Sweet at sunset time to wander
Where a hidden path slips through
To the reed-lined bayside yonder,
To my memories of you.

Twilight shrouds the trees in sadness,
Through the reeds mysterious go
Whispers that lament lost gladness,
Till my own tears start to flow.

And I think I hear the sighing
Of your voice hushed, soft and low,
Hear your lovely song, dear, dying,
Lost in the dark waters' flow.

IV.

Sunset, end of day,
Black clouds cross the sky;
Heavy with dismay
Sultry winds now fly.

Through the startled skies
Lightning flickers stark,
Fleeting mirrored lies
In the waters' dark.

Clear I see you there
As the lightning glows:
Loosened, free, your hair
In the wild wind blows.

V.

Motionless the lake reposes
Silvered by the moonlight's sheen,
Pallid roses interweaving
With the tall reeds' wreath of green.

On the hillside deer are straying,
Look up at the nighttime sky:
In the reeds the lake birds swaying,
Dreaming on the water lie.

Quick tears rise and blind my seeing,
In my deepest heart abide
Thoughts of you that fill my being
Like a prayer at eventide.

The Nymph's Complaint for the Death of Her Fawn

Andrew Marvell (1621-78)

The wanton troopers riding by
Have shot my fawn, and it will die.
Ungentle men! They cannot thrive
To kill thee! Thou ne'er didst alive
Them any harm, alas, nor could
Thy death yet do them any good.
I'm sure I never wish'd them ill,
Nor do I for all this, nor will;
But if my simple prayers may yet
Prevail with Heaven to forget
Thy murder, I will join my tears
Rather than fail. But oh, my fears!
It cannot die so. Heaven's King
Keeps register of everything,
And nothing may we use in vain.
Ev'n beasts must be with justice slain,
Else men are made their deodands;
Though they should wash their guilty
hands
In this warm life-blood, which doth part
From thine, and wound me to the heart,
Yet could they not be clean, their stain

Is dyed in such a purple grain.
There is not such another in
The world, to offer for their sin.

Unconstant Sylvio, when yet
I had not found him counterfeit
One morning (I remember well)
Tied in this silver chain and bell,
Gave it to me; nay, and I know
What he said then; I'm sure I do.
Said he, "Look how your huntsman here
Hath caught a fawn to hunt his dear."
But Sylvio soon had me beguil'd,
This waxed tame, while he grew wild;
And quite regardless of my smart,
Left me his fawn, but took his heart.

Thenceforth I set myself to play
My solitary time away
With this, and very well content
Could so mine idle life have spent;
For it was full of sport, and light

Of foot, and heart, and did invite
Me to its game; it seem'd to bless
Itself in me. How could I less
Than love it? O I cannot be
Unkind, t' a beast that loveth me.

Had it liv'd long, I do not know
Whether it too might have done so
As Sylvio did; his gifts might be
Perhaps as false or more than he.
But I am sure, for aught that I
Could in so short a time esp,ay,
Thy love was far more better than
The love of false and cruel men.

With sweetest milk and sugar first
I it at mine own fingers nurst.
And as it grew, so every day
It wax'd more white and sweet than they.
It had so sweet a breath! And oft
I blush'd to see its foot more soft,
And white, shall I say than my hand?
Nay, any lady's of the land.

It is a wond'rous thing, how fleet
'Twas on those little silver feet.

With what a pretty skipping grace,
It oft would challenge me the race;
And when 't had left me far away,
'Twould stay, and run again, and stay,
For it was nimbler much than hinds,
And trod, as on the four winds.

I have a garden of my own,
But so with roses overgrown
And lilies, that you would it guess
To be a little wilderness;
And all the springtime of the year
It only loved to be there.
Among the beds of lilies I
Have sought it oft, where it should lie;
Yet could not, till itself would rise,
Find it, although before mine eyes;
For, in the flaxen lilies' shade,
It like a bank of lilies laid.
Upon the roses it would feed,
Until its lips ev'n seemed to bleed,
And then to me 'twould boldly trip
And print those roses on my lip.
But all its chief delight was still
On roses thus itself to fill,
And its pure virgin limbs to fold

In whitest sheets of lilies cold.
Had it liv'd long it would have been
Lilies without, roses within.

O help, O help! I see it faint,
And die as calmly as a saint.
See how it weeps! The tears do come,
Sad, slowly dropping like a gum.
So weeps the wounded balsam, so
The holy frankincense doth flow;
The brotherless Heliades
Melt in such amber tears as these.

I in a golden vial will
Keep these two crystal tears, and fill
It till it do o'erflow with mine,
Then place it in Diana's shrine.

Now my sweet fawn is vanish'd to
Whither the swans and turtles go,
In fair Elysium to endure
With mild-white lambs and ermines
pure.
O do not run too fast, for I
Will but bespeak thy grave, and die.

First my unhappy statue shall
Be cut in marble, and withal
Let it be weeping too; but there
Th' engraver sure his art may spare,
For I so truly thee bemoan
That I shall weep though I be stone;
Until my tears, still dropping, wear
My breast, themselves engraving there.
There at my feet shalt thou be laid,
Of purest alabaster made;
For I would have thine image be
White as I can, though not as thee.

Fairy-Land

Edgar Allan Poe (1809-49)

Dim vales—and shadowy floods—
And cloudy-looking woods,
Whose forms we can't discover
For the tears that drip all over:
Huge moons there wax and wane—
Again—again—again—
Every moment of the night—
Forever changing places—
And they put out the star-light
With the breath from their pale faces.
About twelve by the moon-dial,
One more filmy than the rest
(A kind which, upon trial,
They have found to be the best)
Comes down—still down—and down
With its centre on the crown
Of a mountain's eminence,
While its wide circumference
In easy drapery falls
Over hamlets, over halls,
Wherever they may be—
O'er the strange woods—o'er the sea—
Over spirits on the wing—

Over every drowsy thing—
And buries them up quite
In a labyrinth of light—
And then, how, deep!—O, deep,
Is the passion of their sleep.
In the morning they arise,
And their moony covering
Is soaring in the skies,
With the tempests as they toss,
Like—almost any thing—
Or a yellow Albatross.
They use that moon no more
For the same end as before,
Videlicet, a tent—
Which I think extravagant:
Its atomies, however,
Into a shower dis sever,
Of which those butterflies
Of Earth, who seek the skies,
And so come down again
(Never-contented things!)
Have brought a specimen
Upon their quivering wings.

The Pond and The Pipes

Maurice Rollinat (1846-1903)

from *Les Névroses* translated by Richard Long

The Pond

Filled with aged fish struck blind,
the pond, beneath a laden sky rumbling
with muffled thunder,
lapping against centuries-old reeds,
spreads its awful obscurity.

Beyond, elves illumine other dark swamps,
ominous and feared,
but this one, in its abandoned spot,
is known only by the frightful croaking of
consumptive toads.

The moon, just now appearing,
seems mirrored there so oddly,
its ghostly face,

with flattened nose and strangely
vacant jaw,
like a death's head lit from within
come to gaze at itself in a darkened mirror.

The Pipes

His pipes wailed in the forest
like some grieving wind,
and never did baying stag
or branch or willow
cry like that voice.

Those sounds of flute and oboe
were like a woman's agony.
Ah! by the place of the crosses, his pipes!
He is dead. But under cold skies,
once eerie night has fallen,
still, in the depths of my soul,
in that corner where old fears lurk,
I hear, as of old, the keening of his pipes.

ARTISTS



Active as a performer in chamber, recital, and orchestral settings, **ROGER ROE** has served as English horn and assistant principal oboe of the Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra for 20 years. He also enjoys a vibrant teaching career at Indiana University's Jacobs School of Music, where his many students have gone on to jobs in major orchestras and other ensembles, as well as careers in many other fields.

Roe has appeared as soloist with Indianapolis and other orchestras on oboe, oboe d'amore, and English horn, as well as narrator and creative director for children's concerts. He has appeared in recent years in chamber music concerts in locations as far-flung as Israel and Bulgaria, as well as in recitals and master classes around the United States.

Roe champions new music for oboe and English horn, and has premiered several new pieces and commissioned new works. He is also interested in theatricality and improvisation in music and other arts, as well as the intersection of music and spirituality, enjoying recent collaborations with ministers, rabbis, dancers, actors, singers, poets, and others on various liturgical and scholarly projects.

He is a native Texan and graduate of Arts Magnet High School, Southern Methodist University, and the Cleveland Institute of Music. His major teachers included Eric Barr and legendary pedagogue John Mack, to whom he will be forever grateful.

Violist **MICHAEL ISAAC STRAUSS** performs around the world as a solo, chamber, and symphonic musician. His love for the intimate concert setting has led to performances on concert series, live radio broadcasts, and festival appearances across Europe, North America, and Asia, including Schleswig-Holstein, Bayreuth, Montpellier, LaJolla, Caramoor, Brevard, Banff, and Beijing International.

A former member of the distinguished Fine Arts Quartet, Strauss made several European and domestic concert tours with the ensemble, as well as a highly regarded Lyrinx SACD recording of Mozart's complete viola quintets. He can be heard on several other recordings in works of new music including the debut recording of Jennifer Higdon's Viola Sonata, as soloist in David Finko's Viola Concerto, and chamber music works by living composers with the Philadelphia-based Orchestra 2001. Strauss is the featured artist on Centaur's release of Stamitz's works for solo viola with orchestra, and in the Suzuki Viola School CDs, Volumes 8 and 9.

Since his solo debut with the Minnesota Orchestra in 1990, he has appeared as featured solo and recording artist with the Chamber Orchestra of Philadelphia, Orchestra 2001, Charleston Symphony, Camerata Chicago, and multiple dates with the Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra. Strauss was principal violist of the Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra for 20 years and has served on the faculty of Oberlin Conservatory of Music, Indiana University's Jacobs School of Music, Butler University, DePauw University, Swarthmore College, and Philadelphia's University of the Arts.

He is a graduate of the Curtis Institute of Music and performs on a viola attributed to Matteo Albani of Bolzano, Italy, in 1704.

R. KENT COOK is professor of piano and head of the keyboard department at Illinois Wesleyan University in Bloomington, Illinois. He is an active teacher, adjudicator, and performer, and his performance schedule as soloist and chamber musician has taken him to venues throughout the United States. Recent European appearances include concerts in Austria, Bulgaria, the Czech Republic, France, Germany, England, and Italy.

A native of Texas, Cook attended Baylor University. He continued his piano studies at Indiana University's Jacobs School of Music, where he earned master of music and doctor of music degrees. Among his mentors, he credits distinguished pianists and teachers Leonard Hokanson, Eteri Andjaparidze, James Tocco, Karen Shaw, and Roger Keyes. As a Fulbright Scholar, Cook also worked with Herbert Seidel at the Frankfurt Hochschule für Musik und Darstellende Kunst.

Recent performance highlights include solo recital appearances at the Kindred Arts Concert Association (Manteca, California) and at the Atlantic Music Center (Orlando, Florida). He has also appeared on guest artists series at Butler University, James Madison University, Towson University, Cleveland State University, and Oberlin Conservatory, for which ClevelandClassical.com praised Cook's "colorful and exquisitely-voiced playing."

Cook has served on piano faculties at DePauw University, the Indiana University Piano Academy, Illinois Chamber Music Festival, Blue Lake Fine Arts Camp, and the International Chamber Music Festival in Kyustendil, Bulgaria.

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