

Adrianne Pieczonka
sings

STRAUSS • WAGNER



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Brian Zeger, piano

RICHARD STRAUSS

Rote Rosen (*Red Roses*) • Begegnung (*Encounter*)

Die Nacht (*The Night*) • Einerlei (*Sameness*)

Befreit (*Released*) • Zueignung (*Dedication*)

Du meines Herzens Krönelein (*You, my Heart's Coronet*)

Ruhe, meine Seele! (*Rest, My Soul!*)

Traum durch die Dämmerung (*Dream into Dusk*)

Meinem Kinde (*To My Child*)

Nichts (*Nothing*) • Morgen! (*Tomorrow!*)

RICHARD WAGNER:

Wesendonck-Lieder

Der Engel (*The Angel*) • Stehe Still! (*Stand Still!*)

Im Treibhaus (*In the Greenhouse*)

Schmerzen (*Agonies*) • Träume (*Dreams*)

Total time: 51:22

SIX SONGS by RICHARD STRAUSS

1. Rote Rosen, WoO. 76 • *Red Roses* (2:08)
2. Begegnung, WoO. 72 • *Encounter* (1:52)
3. Die Nacht, Op. 10, No. 3 • *The Night* (2:54)
4. Einerlei, Op. 69, No. 3 • *Sameness* (2:35)
5. Befreit, Op. 39, No. 4 • *Released* (4:50)
6. Zueignung, Op. 10, No. 1 • *Dedication* (1:49)

RICHARD WAGNER

Wesendonck-Lieder, WWV 91

7. Der Engel • *The Angel* (3:14)
8. Stehe Still! • *Stand Still!* (3:34)
9. Im Treibhaus • *In the Greenhouse* (5:47)
10. Schmerzen • *Agonies* (2:26)
11. Träume • *Dreams* (4:27)

MORE SONGS by RICHARD STRAUSS

12. Du meines Herzens Krönelein, Op. 21, No. 2 • *You, my Heart's Coronet* (1:55)
13. Ruhe, meine Seele! Op. 27, No. 1 • *Rest, My Soul!* (3:18)
14. Traum durch die Dämmerung, Op. 29, No. 1 • *Dream into Dusk* (2:46)
15. Meinem Kinde, Op. 37, No. 3 • *To My Child* (2:19)
16. Nichts, Op. 10, No. 2 • *Nothing* (1:30)
17. Morgen! Op. 27, No. 4 • *Tomorrow!* (3:49)

Total time: 51:22

Adrienne Pieczonka, soprano
Brian Zeger, piano

Richard Strauss was one of Richard Wagner's foremost inheritors; his father Franz Strauss disapproved of Wagner, but the young Strauss became an ardent Wagnerian at an early age. These two men, born over fifty years apart, both pushed the language of music to new lengths, saturating their music with complex chromaticism and inventing novel tonal procedures; both men were obsessed with opera, and both wrote songs. But Strauss wrote many more Lieder over his long life than did the operatic genius who died when Strauss was only 18. The Lied was fundamental to him in ways it was not for Wagner, and he began composing songs when he was only 6 ½ years old. His aunt Johanna Pschorr was a gifted amateur mezzo-soprano, and his wife, Pauline de Ahna, was an accomplished professional soprano: vocal music ran in the family. "Actually, I like my songs best," Strauss would tell the great bass Hans Hotter, and he created 158 songs between 1885 and his death in 1949. In fact, his "last rose" (his tender term for his final composition) was the song "Malven," written some nine months before he died on September 8, 1949: songs were the bookends that frame either side of his

life and occupied him at crucial points in between.

By 1883, Strauss was going beyond the more Schubertian contours of his earliest songs; increasingly, we hear the elements of his own unique idiom in formation. In the summer of 1883, the 19-year-old Strauss went to the spa town of Bad Heilbrunn near Munich for ten days and there met Lotti Speyer, granddaughter of the song composer Wilhelm Speyer. Strauss clearly liked her: he wrote **Rote Rosen** expressly for her, and then followed it with "Die erwachte Rose," and "Begegnung," united by their common references to roses as the archetypal symbol of passion. These three songs were only discovered in 1958 and performed for the first time the next year by Elizabeth Schwarzkopf and Gerald Moore. "Rote Rosen" is a setting of a poem by the travel writer Karl Stieler, member of the famous Munich literary circle called Die Krokodile and son of Joseph Karl Stieler, who painted a famous portrait of Beethoven; in this work, we hear a dreamy, tender love song whose off-tonic beginning is typical of Strauss's songs from the time of first maturity onward. In the middle

section, the gentle, harp-like arpeggiated harmonies in the piano give way to throbbing chords indicative of more heated passion.

What a fascinating coincidence that two ardent “Wagnerianer”—Strauss and Hugo Wolf—each wrote a song entitled **Begegnung** about gleeful confessions of young love. Strauss’s is a setting of a poem by Otto Friedrich Gruppe, an anti-Hegelian philosopher, classicist (he discovered the poetry of a rather mysterious Augustan woman named Sulpicia), and poet whose poems were set by Brahms (“Das Mädchen spricht”) and Carl Loewe, among others. Here too, “a maiden speaks,” in a song whose refrains convey secrecy by means of Straussian trademark chromaticism, followed by a fermata that first sustains the crucial verb “kissed” and a tiny postlude or interlude that descends in three stages from the high treble down (the first words of the song are “Jumping down the stairs”), with a cross-relation between A-flat and A-natural to color the proceedings.

The songs of Op. 10—the composer’s first song opus—were created when Strauss

was working as assistant conductor of the ducal court orchestra in Meiningen; at the time, he was in love with a married woman, Dora Wihan, the wife of a cellist who was a colleague of his father’s. Strauss came to know the *Letzte Blätter* (Last Album-leaves) of the Austrian civil servant Hermann von Gilm zu Rosenegg—married at 49, a father at 50, dead at 51—through the auspices of his young friend and fellow composer Ludwig Thuille. In **Die Nacht**, night is represented as a thief of all beauty, but Strauss in October and November of 1885 mutes both the menace and the poet’s fear of losing the one he loves in order to bring to sounding life a lover’s nocturnal ecstasy.

The poet of **Einerlei** was one of the inventors of German Romanticism, the writer and folklorist Achim von Arnim (co-editor of the famous anthology *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*); here, he indulges in word-play on the similar sounds of “einerlei” (the same) and “mancherlei” (diverse) for a love-poem about the beloved’s simultaneous sameness and diversity. Strauss’s expansive piano introduction culminates with an exquisite coda featuring the first wordless appear-

ance of the refrain “O du liebes Einerlei, / Wie wird aus dir so mancherlei!” (O you dear sameness, the diversity that comes from you!)” in the left hand. Only Strauss could have composed this song, with its lyrical melisma on “derselbe” (the same) and its side-slipping tonal excursions in Strauss’s signature manner.

Richard Fedor Leopold Dehmél was a literary sensation in the last years of the 19th century and first two decades of the 20th century, with rapturous critics declaring that he was the greatest German lyric poet since Goethe—but now his name endures almost solely because Strauss, Schoenberg, Berg and others set his poems to music (the eroticism of certain poems drew fire from the legal system as pornography). He was not pleased with Strauss’s setting of **Befreit**; it was, he thought, “a little too soft for the poem.” A lover releases his beloved to the death they both know is coming; for this somewhat questionable “liberation,” Strauss devises a song that begins softly but builds to climaxes sufficient to thrill *us*, if not the picky poet.

Zueignung is the first song in his first Lied opus (Op. 10): we can hear it in one sense as the “dedication” at the start of his life on the stage of print as a song composer. Its poet was the German-Austrian writer Hermann von Gilm zu Rosenegg, whose *Jesuitenlieder* and *Zeitsonette* caused a stir for their political content—but here, the subject is love. The persona of this song invokes, first, the sufferings of love, then the freedom of his former single state, and finally the bliss of reciprocated love, each stanza concluding with the same fervent thanks to the beloved. Paeans of rapture are on display at the end.

In November 1856, Richard Wagner wrote Princess Marie von Sayn-Wittgenstein (the daughter of the Polish-born Princess Carolyne von Sayn-Wittgenstein, Liszt’s partner in life for 40 years) that while working on the opera *Siegfried*, he had slipped “unaware into *Tristan* . . . music without words for the present.” Wagner cared little for song composition after his student years in Leipzig and found no occasion to compose songs until 1857, when he was embroiled in an affair with a silk merchant’s wife, Mathil-

de Wesendonck who wrote these five sensual-ecstatic or sorrowful poems, two of which became studies for *Tristan*. Wagner first met Otto and Mathilde Wesendonck in February 1852: the 37-year-old Otto was a rich businessman from the Rhineland, a partner in a New York silk firm, while the 23-year-old Mathilde was the daughter of a leading financier. Otto was building a neo-Renaissance villa in Zurich, and when he learned that someone was planning to build a mental hospital next door, he swiftly bought up the land to prevent it. The land had a half-timbered house that the Wesendoncks offered to Richard Wagner and his wife Minna for nominal rent.

Wagner completed the score of act 1 of *Tristan* on April 3, 1858. Four days later, Minna intercepted a letter written in a state of high emotion from her husband to Mathilde, and the discovery precipitated a stormy scene. The idyll in the garden house was over, and the composer and Minna were now married in name only; Wagner left for Venice on August 17 and stayed there until March 1859. Wagner's original title for this work reads "Five Poems by an Amateur Set to Music for

a Woman's Voice by Richard Wagner." Since the idea was that Mathilde would accompany herself at the piano, Wagner orchestrated only one setting, "Träume," for her birthday in December 1857. (The orchestral versions of the other four songs most often heard are the work of Felix Mottl, rescored by Hans Werner Henze in 1977.)

It is a singularity in the history of the nineteenth-century lied that song should be so nakedly conceived as the servant to opera; Wagner himself was surprised by the success of the dual venture, telling Mathilde in a letter of 1861 (the affair was over, but they remained friends) that he had placed a copy of "Träume" next to the love duet: "As God is my witness, the song pleased me more than the noble scene! Heavens, it is more beautiful than everything else I've made!" One suspects him of exaggeration in order to flatter her as poet and Muse, but the songs are truly beautiful. In the first, **Der Engel**, we hear of legends told in childhood about angels whose special mission is to succor souls in sorrow by bearing them heavenwards. Even as the singer tells of souls in grief, the music darkening to minor at the first

invocation of pain, Wagner begins to lift the passage upward in three stages: “daß, wo bang ein Herz,” “daß, wo still es will verbluten,” and “daß, wo brünstig sein Gebet,” that we might hear celestial elevation enacted in sound. The triadic harmonies melting into one another in the first section of this song (G major, C major, F major, E major) return in the final section in reverse order; heaven and earth exchange places in an eternal circle, the harmonic symbolism extraordinarily moving. In **Stehe still!**, the poetic persona implores the cosmic wheel of Time to stop so that the lovers’ “Augenblick” (moment), when two souls fuse and become as one, might endure forever. For the “Rad der Zeit” (wheel of Time), we hear powerful wheeling, circling figures in the piano, with a majestically primal conclusion in C major, unlocking the secrets of “holy Nature.” The first *Tristan* study is **Im Treibhaus**: the major mode portion of the piano accompaniment recurs in the introduction to act 3 and the beginning of Tristan’s account of the “Weiten Reich der Weltennacht” (the wide realm of the world’s night). In this song, the persona compares herself to plants in a hothouse, bathed in light but far from their native

home and hence overcome with grief. “Mute witness of sorrows, sweet scent rises upwards,” Mathilde writes, and Wagner over and over bids phrases both in the piano and the vocal line rise upward in yearning. In mid-song, we hear the opening figures repeated over and over in the bass. Futile yearning becomes the very ground on which she walks. **Schmerzen** is a passionate outburst of gratitude for those sorrows that give birth to ecstasy, just as the sun’s “death” by night must precede the glory of its victorious dawning. The beginning and end of the final song, **Träume**, runs parallel to parts of the great love duet, “O sink hernieder, Nacht der Liebe” in act 2 of *Tristan*. This song is a distillation-in-a-nutshell of the tonal revolution Wagner brought into being, with its chromatic harmonies that refuse quiescence and resolution, enacting in dream-like motion the ongoing perpetuation of desire.

For the final group, we return to Strauss, whose tonal language is both original and yet inspired by Wagner’s revolution. Felix Dahn, the poet of **Du meines Herzens Krönelein**, was famous in his own day for historical novels about ancient Ger-

many's Ostrogoth empire in Italy, but he wrote poetry as well. Strauss entitled the five songs of Op. 21 "Schlichte Weisen" or "Simple Melodies," but this is artful (and relative) simplicity. The persona sings the praises of a beloved whose beauty is enhanced by utmost sincerity; Strauss creates a telling contrast between the dissonance-spiked depiction of those who seek love with false words and "thou . . . like a rose in the forest."

Unlike his contemporary Hugo Wolf, Strauss gravitated to poets of his own generation, including the Socialist Karl Henckell. When Strauss sent him a dedicatory copy of **Ruhe, meine Seele!**, Henckell responded, 'It seems to me that you have transcribed the verse, or absorbed it, or whatever the correct expression is, quite magnificently'. It is amusing to see a poet being flummoxed about the proper terminology for the transfer of poetry into music. Henckell invokes rest and peace for the soul in Nature's midst, whatever history's storms raging outside; complex harmonies right up to the final chord tell us how fragile, how threatened, this peace is. The ambiguous, dark, threatening harmonies of the beginning

only lighten at the very end of the song, which Strauss orchestrated much later in 1948, the year before his death. The words "Diese Zeiten sind gewaltig" (These times are violent) might well have had special meaning for him by then, in the wake of World War II.

According to Strauss, he was waiting for his wife Pauline one day in 1895 and put the twenty-minute wait to use by composing **Traum durch die Dämmerung**—an astonishing inception for one of his loveliest songs. We know his poetic contemporary Otto Julius Bierbaum best as the masterful translator of the Belgian poet Albert Giraud's *Pierrot lunaire*, from which Schoenberg selected the twenty-one texts for his pathbreaking 1912 song cycle, but this poem has nothing of grotesquerie about it. In Strauss's hands, the gently swaying, hovering harmonies and rhythms cast a spell right away.

Inspired by the approaching birth of his son Franz, Strauss composed **Meinem Kinde** for a singer and chamber group of ten instruments, but then rewrote the song for piano accompaniment. The rocking motion of the triplets in the right

hand part, the slower rocking in the bass, and the beautifully expansive vocal line make this an entrancing hymn to maternal love. When the poet fancies that Love searches in heaven for “ein Glückskräut,” “a herb of grace,” to lay on the baby’s coverlet, the music briefly flies away to other and distant tonal spheres, before coming home to coo once again at the sleeping child.

With **Nichts**, we return once more to Strauss’s first song opus and to another of Gilm’s “Sophienlieder,” inspired by his passion for a young woman named Sophie Petter. In high spirits, the persona compares his beloved to the sun as the source of all life and light, but of which we know—nothing. The song embodies *Schwung* (lilt); this is love as a force that warms and exhilarates.

John Henry Mackay, the poet of three of the four Op. 27 gems, including **Morgen**, was brought to Germany as an infant and remained there the rest of his life; his left-wing, even anarchistic leanings endeared him to the young Strauss, also a rebel against convention. But for his wedding gift to Pauline de Ahna, Strauss chose

not political verse but Mackay’s blissful vision of union on the “sun-breathing earth.” The touch of reverential darkness at the end, as the silence of love’s communion enfolds singer and listener alike, is heart-stopping: this is on everyone’s short list of Strauss’s most beautiful songs.

— Susan Youens

**SIX SONGS BY RICHARD STRAUSS
(1864-1949)**

Rote Rosen

WoO. 76

text by Karl Stieler (1842-1885), 1883

Weißt du die Rose, die du mir gegeben?
Der scheuen Veilchen stolze, heiße
Schwester;
Von deiner Brust trug noch ihr Duft das
Leben,
Und an dem Duft sog ich fest mich und
fester.

Ich seh' dich vor mir, Stirn und Schläfe
glühend,
Den Nacken trotzig, weich und weiß die
Hände,
Im Aug' noch Lenz, doch die Gestalt
erblühend
Voll, wie das Feld blüht um Sonnenwende.

Um mich webt Nacht, die kühle, wol-
kenlose,
Doch Tag und Nacht, sie sind in eins
zerronnen.
Es träumt mein Sinn von deiner roten Rose
Und von dem Garten, d'rin ich sie
gewonnen.

Red roses

Do you recall the rose you gave me?
The shy violets' proud, ardent sister,
Its fragrance still drew life from your
bosom,
And I imbibed that fragrance with ever
greater glee.

I see you before me, forehead and
temples ablaze,
Your nape defiant, your hands soft and
white,
Spring still in your eyes, but your figure
in full
Bloom, lie the meadow in midsummer.

Night, cool and cloudless, weaves itself
around me,
But day and night are blended into one.
I dream of your red rose
And of the garden where I won it.

Begegnung

WoO. 72

text by Otto Friedrich Gruppe (1804-
1876), 1880

Die Trepp' hinunter gesprungen
Komm ich in vollem Lauf,

Die Trepp' empor gesprungen
Kommt er und fängt mich auf;
Und wo die Treppe so dunkel ist,
Haben wir vielmals uns geküßt,
Doch niemand hat's gesehen.

Ich komm in den Saal gegangen,
Da wimmelt's von Gästen bunt,
Wohl glühten mir die Wangen,
Wohl glühte mir auch der Mund:
Ich meint' es sah mirs jeder an,
Was wir da mit einander getan, –
Doch niemand hat's gesehen.

Ich mußte hinaus in den Garten
Und wollte die Blumen sehn,
Ich konnt' es nicht erwarten
In den Garten hinaus zu gehn.
Da blühten die Rosen überall,
Da sangen die Vögel mit lautem Schall,
Als hätten sie's gesehn.

Encounter

Jumping down the stairs
I come at full speed;
Running upstairs
He takes me in his arms.
And where the stairs are darkest,
We exchanged many kisses,
But not a soul was watching.

I come into the room
That thronged and teemed with guests;
My cheeks were burning,
And my lips were burning too.
I imagined that, looking at me, all would
know
What we did there together,
But not a soul was watching.

I had to go out into the garden,
I wanted to look at the flowers,
I simply could not wait
To go out into the garden.
And the roses were blooming everywhere,
The birds were singing full-throatedly,
As if they'd been watching.

Die Nacht

from *Acht Gedichte aus 'Letzte Blätter'*,
Op. 10, No. 3
text by Hermann von Gilm zu Rosenegg
(1812-1864), 1885

Aus dem Walde tritt die Nacht,
Aus den Bäumen schleicht sie leise,
Schaut sich um in weitem Kreise,
Nun gib Acht!

Alle Lichter dieser Welt,
Alle Blumen, alle Farben
Löscht sie aus und stiehlt die Garben
Weg vom Feld.

Alles nimmt sie, was nur hold,
Nimmt das Silber weg des Stromes
Nimmt vom Kupferdach des Domes
Weg das Gold.

Ausgeplündert steht der Strauch:
Rücke näher, Seel' an Seele,
O die Nacht, mir bangt, sie stehle
Dich mir auch.

The night

Night steps from the woods,
Slips softly from the trees,
Gazes about her in a wide arc,
Now beware!

All the lights of this world,
All the flowers, all the colours
She extinguishes and steals the sheaves
From the field.

She takes all that is fair,
Takes the silver from the stream,
Takes from the cathedral's copper roof

The bush stands plundered:
Draw closer, soul to soul,
Ah the night, I fear, will steal
You too from me.

Einerlei,

Op. 69, No. 3

text by Karl Joachim (Achim) Friedrich
Ludwig von Arnim (1781-1831), 1918

Ihr Mund ist stets derselbe,
Sein Kuß mir immer neu,
Ihr Auge noch dasselbe,
Sein freier Blick mir treu;
O du liebes Einerlei,
Wie wird aus dir so mancherlei!

Sameness

Her mouth is always the same,
Its kiss is ever new,
Her eyes remain the same,
Their frank gaze true to me;
O you dear sameness,
The diversity that comes of you!

Befreit

Op. 39, No. 4

text by Richard Dehmel (1863-1920),
1898

Du wirst nicht weinen. Leise, 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 wiedergeben –
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!

Released

You will not weep. Gently, gently
you will smile; and as before a journey
I shall return your gaze and kiss.
You have cared for the room we love!
I have widened these four walls for you
into a world –
O happiness!

Then ardently you will seize my hands
and you will leave me your soul,
leave me to care for our children.
You gave your whole life to me,
I shall give it back to them –
O happiness!

It will be very soon, we both know it,
we have released each other from suf-
fering,
so I returned you to the world.
Then you'll appear to me only in dreams,
and you will bless me and weep with
me –
O happiness!

Zueignung

Op. 10, No. 1

text by Hermann von Gilm zu Rosenegg
(1812-1864), 1882-3

Ja du weißt es, teure Seele,
Daß ich fern von dir mich quäle,
Liebe macht die Herzen krank,
Habe Dank.

Einst hielt ich, der Freiheit Zecher,
Hoch den Amethysten-Becher
Und du segnetest den Trank,
Habe Dank.

Und beschworst darin die Bösen,
Bis ich, was ich nie gewesen,
Heilig, heilig an's Herz dir sank,
Habe Dank.

Dedication

Yes, dear soul, you know
That I'm in torment far from you,
Love makes hearts sick –
Be thanked.

Once, revelling in freedom, I held
The amethyst cup aloft
And you blessed that draught –
Be thanked.

And you banished the evil spirits,
Till I, as never before,
Holy, sank holy upon your heart –
Be thanked.

RICHARD WAGNER (1813-1883)**Wesendonck-Lieder, WWV 91
Fünf Gedichte für eine Frauenstimme
und Klavier
Five poems for woman's voice and
piano**

texts by Agnes Mathilde Wesendonck,
née Luckemeyer (1828-1902)
Translations by Richard Stokes from The
Book of Lieder (Faber, 2005)

Der Engel

In der Kindheit frühen Tagen
Hört ich oft von Engeln sagen,
Die des Himmels hehre Wonne
Tauschen mit der Erden-sonne,

Daß, wo bang ein Herz in Sorgen
Schmachtet vor der Welt verborgen,
Daß, wo still es will verbluten,
Und vergehn in Tränenfluten,

Daß, wo brünstig sein Gebet
Einzig um Erlösung fleht,
Da der Engel niederschwebt,
Und es sanft gen Himmel hebt.

Ja, es stieg auch mir ein Engel nieder,
Und auf leuchtendem Gefieder
Führt er, ferne jedem Schmerz,
Meinen Geist nun himmelwärts!

The angel

In the early days of childhood
I often heard tell of angels
Who exchanged heaven's pure bliss
For the sun of earth,

So that, when a sorrowful heart
Hides its yearning from the world,
And would silently bleed away
And dissolve in streams of tears,

And when its fervent prayer
Begs only for deliverance –
That angel will fly down
And gently raise the heart to heaven.

And to me too an angel has descended,
And now on shining wings
Bears my spirit, free from all pain,

Stehe still!

Sausendes, brausendes Rad der Zeit,
Messer du der Ewigkeit;
Leuchtende Sphären im weiten All,
Die ihr umringt den Weltenball;
Urewige Schöpfung, halte doch ein,
Genug des Werdens, laß mich sein!

Halte an dich, zeugende Kraft,
Urgedanke, der ewig schafft!
Hemmet den Atem, stillt den Drang,
Schweigend nur eine Sekunde lang!
Schwellende Pulse, fesselt den Schlag;
Ende, des Wollens ew'ger Tag!

Daß in selig süßem Vergessen
Ich mög alle Wonne ermessen!
Wenn Auge in Auge wonnig trinken,
Seele ganz in Seele versinken;
Wesen in Wesen sich wiederfindet,
Und alles Hoffens Ende sich kündet,
Die Lippe verstummt in staunendem
Schweigen,
Keinen Wunsch mehr will das Innre
zeugen:
Erkennt der Mensch des Ew'gen Spur,
Und löst dein Rätsel, heil'ge Natur!

Stand still!

Rushing, roaring wheel of time,
You that measure eternity;
Gleaming spheres in the vast universe,
You that surround our earthly sphere;
Eternal creation – cease:
Enough of becoming, let me be!

Hold yourselves back, generative powers,
Primal Thought that always creates!
Stop your breath, still your urge,
Be silent for a single moment!
Swelling pulses, restrain your beating;
Eternal day of the Will – end!

That in blessed, sweet oblivion
I might measure all my bliss!
When eye gazes blissfully into eye,
When soul drowns utterly in soul,
When being finds itself in being,
And the goal of every hope is near,
When lips are mute in silent wonder,
When the soul wishes for nothing more
Then man perceives Eternity's footprint,
And solves your riddle, holy Nature!

Im Treibhaus

Hochgewölbte Blätterkronen,
Baldachine von Smaragd,
Kinder ihr aus fernen Zonen,
Saget mir, warum ihr klagt?

Schweigend neiget ihr die Zweige,
Malet Zeichen in die Luft,
Und der Leiden stummer Zeuge
Steiget aufwärts, süßer Duft.

Weit in sehnendem Verlangen
Breitet ihr die Arme aus,
Und unmschlinget wahnbefangen
Öder Leere nicht'gen Graus.

Wohl, ich weiß es, arme Pflanze;
Ein Geschicke teilen wir,
Ob umstrahlt von Licht und Glanze,
Unsre Heimat ist nicht hier!

Und wie froh die Sonne scheidet
Von des Tages leerem Schein,
Hüllet der, der wahrhaft leidet,
Sich in Schweigens Dunkel ein.

Stille wird's, ein säuselnd Weben
Füllet bang den dunklen Raum:
Schwere Tropfen seh ich schweben
An der Blätter grünem Saum.

In the greenhouse

(Study for Tristan und Isolde)

High-arching leafy crowns,
Canopies of emerald,
You children who dwell in distant
climes,
Tell me, why do you lament?

Silently you bend your branches,
Inscribe your symbols on the air,
And a sweet fragrance rises,
As silent witness to your sorrows.

With longing and desire
You open wide your arms,
And embrace in your delusion
Desolation's awful void.

I am well aware, poor plant,
That we share a single fate,
Though bathed in gleaming light,
Our homeland is not here!

And just as the sun is glad to leave
The empty gleam of day,
The true sufferer veils himself
In the darkness of silence.

It grows quiet, a whirring whisper
Fills the dark room uneasily:

I see heavy droplets hanging
From the green edge of the leaves.

Schmerzen

Sonne, weinest jeden Abend
Dir die schönen Augen rot,
Wenn im Meeresspiegel badend
Dich erreicht der frühe Tod;

Doch erstehst in alter Pracht,
Glorie der düstren Welt,
Du am Morgen neu erwacht,
Wie ein stolzer Siegesheld!

Ach, wie sollte ich da klagen,
Wie, mein Herz, so schwer dich sehn,
Muß die Sonne selbst verzagen,
Muß die Sonne untergehn?

Und gebietet Tod nur Leben,
Geben Schmerzen Wonne nur:
O wie dank ich, daß gegeben
Solche Schmerzen mir Natur!

Agonies

Every evening, sun, you redden
Your lovely eyes with weeping,
When, bathing in the sea,
You die an early death;

Yet you rise in your old splendour,
The glory of the dark world,
When you wake in the morning
As a proud and conquering hero!

Ah, why should I complain,
Why should my heart be so depressed,
If the sun itself must despair,
If the sun itself must set?

If only death gives birth to life,
If only agony brings bliss:
O how I give thanks to Nature
For giving me such agony!

Träume

Sag, welch wunderbare Träume
Halten meinen Sinn umfassen,
Daß sie nicht wie leere Schäume
Sind in ödes Nichts vergangen?

Träume, die in jeder Stunde,
Jedem Tage schöner blühn,
Und mit ihrer Himmelskunde
Selig durchs Gemüte ziehn!

Träume, die wie hehre Strahlen
In die Seele sich versenken,

Dort ein ewig Bild zu malen:
Allvergessen, Eingedenken!

Träume, wie wenn Frühlingssonne
Aus dem Schnee die Blüten küßt,
Daß zu nie geahnter Wonne
Sie der neue Tag begrüßt,

Daß sie wachsen, daß sie blühen,
Träumend spenden ihren Duft,
Sanft an deiner Brust verglühen,
Und dann sinken in die Gruft.

Dreams

(Study for Tristan und Isolde)

Say, what wondrous dreams are these
Embracing all my senses,
That they have not, like bubbles,
Vanished to a barren void?

Dreams, that with every hour
Bloom more lovely every day,
And with their heavenly tidings
Float blissfully through the mind?

Dreams, that with glorious rays
Penetrate the soul,
There to paint an eternal picture:
Forgetting all, remembering one!

Dreams, as when the Spring sun
Kisses blossoms from the snow,
So the new day might welcome them
In unimagined bliss,

So that they grow and flower,
Bestow their scent as in a dream,
Fade softly away on your breast
And sink into their grave.

More Songs by RICHARD STRAUSS

Du meines Herzens Krönelein
from the *Schlichte Weisen*, Op. 21, No. 2
text by Felix Dahn (1834-1912), 1887-
1888

Du meines Herzens Krönelein, du bist
von lautrem Golde,
Wenn Andere daneben sein, dann bist
du noch viel holde.
Die Andern tun so gern gescheut, du
bist gar sanft und stille;
Daß jedes Herz sich dein erfreut, dein
Glück ist's, nicht dein Wille.

Die Andern suchen Lieb' und Gunst mit
tausend falschen Worten,

Du ohne Mund- und Augenkunst bist
wert an allen Orten,
Du bist als wie die Ros' im Wald, sie
weiß nichts von ihrer Blüte,
Doch Jedem, der vorüberwallt, erfreut
sie das Gemüte.

You, my heart's coronet

You, my heart's coronet, you are of pure
gold,
When others stand beside you, you are
more lovely still.
Others love to appear clever, you are so
gentle and quiet;
That every heart delights in you, is your
fortune not your will.

Others seek love and favours with a
thousand false words,
You, without artifice of mind or eye, are
esteemed in every place,
You are like the rose in the forest, know-
ing nothing of its flowers,
Yet rejoicing the heart of every passer-by.

Ruhe, meine Seele!

Op. 27, No. 1

text by Karl Henckell (1864-1929), 1894

Nicht ein Lüftchen,
Regt sich leise,
Sanft entschlummert
Ruht der Hain;
Durch der Blätter
Dunkle Hülle
Stiehlt sich lichter
Sonnenschein.
Ruhe, ruhe,
Meine Seele,
Deine Stürme
Gingen wild,
Hast getobt und
Hast gezittert,
Wie die Brandung,
Wenn sie schwillt!
Diese Zeiten
Sind gewaltig,
Bringen Herz und
Hirn in Not –
Ruhe, ruhe,
Meine Seele,
Und vergiß,
Was dich bedroht!

Rest, my soul!

Not even
A soft breeze stirs,
In gentle sleep
The wood rests;
Through the leaves'
Dark veil
Bright sunshine
Steals.
Rest, rest,
My soul,
Your storms
Were wild,
You raged and
You quivered,
Like the breakers,
When they surge!
These times
Are violent,
Cause heart and
Mind distress –
Rest, rest,
My soul,
And forget
What threatens you!

Traum durch die Dämmerung

Op. 29, No. 1

from *Drei Lieder nach Gedichten* von
Otto Julius Bierbaum

text by Otto Julius Bierbaum (1865-
1910), 1895

Weite Wiesen im Dämmergrau;
Die Sonne verglomm, die Sterne ziehn;
Nun geh' ich hin zu der schönsten Frau,
Weit über Wiesen im Dämmergrau,
Tief in den Busch von Jasmin.

Durch Dämmergrau in der Liebe Land;
Ich gehe nicht schnell, ich eile nicht;
Mich zieht ein weiches, samtenes Band
Durch Dämmergrau in der Liebe Land,
In ein blaues, mildes Licht.

Dream into dusk

Broad meadows in grey dusk;
The sun has set, the stars come out,
I go now to the loveliest woman,
Far across meadows in grey dusk,
Deep into the jasmine grove.

Through grey dusk into the land of love;
I do not go fast, I do not hurry;
I am drawn by a soft velvet ribbon

Through grey dusk into the land of love,
Into a gentle blue light.

Meinem Kinde

from *Sechs Lieder*, Op. 37, No. 3

text by Gustav Falke (1853-1916), 1898

Du schläfst und sachte neig' ich mich
Über dein Bettchen und segne dich.
Jeder behutsame Atemzug
Ist ein schweifender Himmelsflug,
Ist ein Suchen weit umher,
Ob nicht doch ein Sternlein wär',
Wo aus eitel Glanz und Licht
Liebe sich ein Glückskraut bricht,
Das sie geflügelt herniederträgt
Und dir aufs weiße Deckchen legt.

To my child

You sleep and softly I bend down
Over your cot and bless you.
Every cautious breath I take
Soars up towards heaven,
Searches far and wide to see
If there might not be some star,
From whose pure radiance and light
Love may pluck a herb of grace,
To descend with it on her wings
And lay it on your white coverlet.

Nichts

Op. 10, No. 2, from *Acht Gedichte aus
'Letzte Blätter' von Hermann von Gilm*
text by Hermann von Gilm zu Rosenegg
(1812-1864), 1885

Nennen soll ich, sagt ihr, meine
Königin im Liederreich!
Toren, die ihr seid, ich kenne
Sie am wenigsten von euch.

Fragt mich nach der Augen Farbe,
Fragt mich nach der Stimme Ton,
Fragt nach Gang und Tanz und Haltung,
Ach, und was weiß ich davon.

Ist die Sonne nicht die Quelle
Alles Lebens, alles Licht's
Und was wissen von derselben
Ich, und ihr, und alle? – nichts.

Nothing

You say I should name
My queen in the realm of song!
Fools that you are, I know
Her least of all of you.

Ask me the colour of her eyes,
Ask me about the sound of her voice,

Ask me about her walk, her dancing, her
bearing –

Ah! what do I know of all that.

Is not the sun the source
Of all life, of all light,
And what do we know about it,
I and you and everyone? – nothing.

Morgen!

Op. 27, No. 4
text by John Henry Mackay (1864-1933),
1894

Und morgen wird die Sonne wieder
scheinen
Und auf dem Wege, den ich gehen
werde,
Wird uns, die Glücklichen, sie wieder
einen,
Inmitten dieser sonnenatmenden Erde . . .

Und zu dem Strand, dem weiten, wogen-
blauen,
Werden wir still und langsam nieder-
steigen,
Stumm werden wir uns in die Augen
schauen,

Und auf uns sinkt des Glückes stummes
Schweigen . . .

Tomorrow!

And tomorrow the sun will shine again
And on the path that I shall take,
It will unite us, happy ones, again,
Amid this same sun-breathing earth ...

And to the shore, broad, blue-waved,
We shall quietly and slowly descend,
Speechless we shall gaze into each other's
eyes,
And the speechless silence of bliss shall
fall on us ...

Hailed for her “*impeccably pure and iridescent voice*” (*Financial Times*) Canadian soprano **Adrienne Pieczonka** has appeared on leading opera and concert stages in Europe, North America and Asia.

Critically acclaimed for her interpretation of Wagner's strong and tragic women, Adrienne's portrayals of Senta in *Der Fliegende Holländer* and Sieglinde in *Die Walküre* have taken her to some of the world's most famed houses – the Bayreuth Festspiele, Metropolitan Opera, the Canadian Opera Company, and the Opéra de Paris. She is equally renowned for her portrayals of Strauss roles including Chrysothemis in *Elektra* in Aix-en-Provence, London, Milan and Munich, Die Kaiserin in *Frau Ohne Schatten* in Florence and Vienna, the title roles of *Arabella* in Vienna and *Ariadne auf Naxos* in Vienna, Toronto, Tokyo, Valencia, Bilbao, and Munich, and as the Marschallin in *Der Rosenkavalier* in Salzburg, Vienna, and Munich.

Adrienne's discography includes the JUNO-Award winning recording *Adrienne Pieczonka Sings Puccini* (Orfeo), *Lohen-*



grin (Hänssler Classics) named 2010 BBC Magazine Disc of The Year/Opera Award, the JUNO-Award winning *Beethoven: Ideals of The French Revolution* (Analekta) featuring Paul Griffiths's tribute to Lieutenant-General Roméo Dallaire *The General* with l'Orchestre symphonique de Montréal and Kent Nagano, arias by Wagner and Strauss (Orfeo), *Falstaff* with Bryn Terfel and Claudio Abbado (DG), *Don Giovanni* (Naxos), *The Complete Orchestra Songs of Richard Strauss* (Nightingale), and *Die Fledermaus* (Nightingale). Adrienne can be seen on DVD as Chrysothemis in Strauss's *Elektra* from Aix-en-Provence (BelAir Classiques), as Amelia in the Metropolitan Opera's production of *Simon Boccanegra*, as the Marschallin in *Der Rosenkavalier* (TDK), and as Donna Elvira in *Don Giovanni* (TDK).

Adrienne is an Officer of the Order of Canada, the recipient of the Queen Elizabeth II Diamond Jubilee Medal, and was named a *Kammersängerin* by the Austrian government. She is an Honourary Fellow of The Royal Conservatory of Music and in 2014 she received an Opera Canada 'Rubies' award and the Paul de Hueck and Norman Walford Career Achievement Award.

Widely recognized as one of today's leading collaborative pianists, **Brian Zeger** has performed with many of the world's greatest singers including Marilyn Horne, Deborah Voigt, Anna Netrebko, Susan Graham, René Pape, Dame Kiri Te Kanawa, Frederica von Stade, Piotr Beczala, Bryn Terfel, Joyce DiDonato, Denyce Graves and Adrienne Pieczonka in an extensive concert career that has taken him to the premiere concert halls and important music festivals throughout the United States and abroad.

Among his recordings are *Dear Theo: 3 Song Cycles by Ben Moore* (Delos) with tenor Paul Appleby, soprano Susanna Phillips and baritone Brett Polegato; *All My Heart* (EMI Classics) - American songs with Deborah Voigt; *Portraits and Elegies* (Innova) - contemporary chamber music with violinist Frank Almond; and a recital disc with tenor Paul Appleby as part of *The Juilliard Sessions* debut series (EMI Classics).

Some of Zeger's critical essays and other writings have appeared in Opera News, The Yale Review and Chamber Music magazine. He has made frequent appearances on the Metropolitan Opera



radio broadcasts both on the opera quiz and as intermission host and performer and has the distinction of creating, narrating and performing in five intermission features devoted to art song, a first in the long history of the Met broadcasts.

In addition to his distinguished concert career, he also serves as Artistic Director of the Ellen and James S. Marcus Vocal

Arts Department at The Juilliard School, and the Executive Director of the Metropolitan Opera Lindemann Young Artists Development Program. Mr. Zeger holds a bachelor's degree in English Literature from Harvard College, a master's degree from The Juilliard School and a doctorate from the Manhattan School of Music.

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