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Music

in the

Pavilion



An Evening with Alma Mahler

Featuring Music Inspired by and Drawn from the Mahler-Werfel Papers

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An Evening with Alma Mahler

Meg Bragle, mezzo-soprano
Min-Young Kim, viola
Yu Xi Wang, piano


Zwei Gesänge (Op. 91)

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

Gestillte Sehnsucht
Geistliches Wiegenlied

Frauenliebe und-leben (Op.42) Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Seit ich ihn gesehen
Er, der Herrlichste von allen
Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben
Du Ring an meinem Finger
Helft mir, ihr Schwestern
Süßer Freund, du blickest
An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust
Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan





INTERMISSION

Fünf Lieder (1910)


Alma Mahler (1879-1964)

Die stille Stadt
In meines Vaters Garten
Laue Sommernacht
Bei dir ist es traut
Ich wandle unter Blumen

Sechs Gesänge nach Gedichten von Maurice Maeterlinck (Op. 13)

Alexander von Zemlinsky (1871-1942)

Die drei Schwestern
Die Mädchen mit den verbundenen Augen
Lied der Jungfrau
Als ihr Geliebter schied
Und kehrt er einst heim
Sie kam zum Schloß gegangen



⋮⋮⋮⋮ An Evening with Alma Mahler ⋮⋮⋮⋮

Program Curated by Meg Bragle and Devoted to the Musical World of Alma Mahler
Featuring Music Inspired by and Drawn from the Mahler-Werfel Papers,
Kislak Center for Special Collections, Rare Books and Manuscripts,
University of Pennsylvania (Ms. Coll. 575)

When I was first asked to put together a recital for the *Music in the Pavillion* series, I was thrilled and immediately set about compiling a program of music that I loved and hadn't performed in several years. I had a varied song program almost complete when I was introduced to the wonderful resource we have at the Van Pelt Library—the Kislak Center for Special Collections. With the assistance of John Pollack and April James, I was introduced to the Mahler-Werfel papers and spent several visits exploring Alma Mahler's diaries, manuscripts, and various memorabilia. My recital quickly turned into a project that would be centered around Alma Mahler, her life and music. What an interesting and challenging person she must have been! Reading excerpts from her diaries and contemporary accounts of her, one is left with more questions than answers, and a desire to challenge personally, the current perception of her and her music. Seeing her handwriting in the musical manuscripts brought home to me what a young woman she was when she married Gustav Mahler and ostensibly stopped composing. Do we all remember those heady days of our youth when everything seemed like a matter of life and death and nothing commonplace was to be tolerated? To be sure, there are aspects of her life that are not to be excused - her anti-Semitism certainly falls into this category. But in other ways, my reading of her diaries present a young woman of passion filled with thoughts and desires that were very much a product of those final heady days of the nineteenth century in Vienna.

Vienna at the turn of the twentieth century was a glittering melange of music and the arts. Straussian waltzes sat beside massive symphonies. The height of romanticism had been reached but was nearly exhausted and on the brink of a whole new musical language. Alma Mahler was immersed in this cultural milieu regularly interacting with the many members of the *Vereinigung Bildender Künstler Österreichs*—the Vienna Secession—of which her step-father, Carl Moll, was a founder. Musicians, writers, painters, sculptors, and architects all sought to form a non-hierarchical community whose purpose was to exhibit a feeling of freshness, modernity, and forward-thinking through multiple media. “Der Zeit ihre Kunst. Der Kunst ihre Freiheit.” (“To every age its art. To every art its freedom.”).

Tonight's program is a representation not only of Vienna at that dizzying time, but a framework for considering Alma Mahler's music. Tradition—represented by Brahms and Schumann—come face to face with the daring and modern, Zemlinsky and Mahler.

Meg Bragle

A brief overview on the Mahler-Werfel papers that inspired this evening's recital, excerpted from the exhaustive Finding Aid of the University of Pennsylvania Libraries devoted to the collection (Ms. Coll. 575), available at:

hdl.library.upenn.edu/1017/d/ead/upenn_rbml_MsColl575

The Mahler-Werfel Papers at the University of Pennsylvania contain materials from all phases of the long and varied life of Alma Mahler, as well as much valuable material pertaining to the literary work of Franz Werfel, including autograph manuscripts of most of his major prose and dramatic works, and of a significant portion of his poetry. The collection comprises 101 boxes of correspondence, writings, and memorabilia; 15 boxes of photographs; six boxes of audio recordings; and one box of oversized materials. Also included are 11 boxes of materials pertaining to Professor Adolf Klarmann's research and writing on Werfel; to Werfel scholarship contributed by other researchers; and to Klarmann's editorial work in producing the collected works of Werfel.

The series of Writings by Alma Mahler includes not only her handwritten diaries from her youth, which have now been published nearly in their entirety (including reproductions of Alma's drawings, as well as some of the inserted items), but also manuscripts of two different diary-style memoirs, which document her life through to the later years in the United States.

Musical compositions by Alma Mahler are located in the Oversized box. Most significant are three manuscripts of songs that remained unpublished in Alma's lifetime. Two of them are printed manuscripts with handwritten emendations; versions of these have recently been published. The third is an autograph manuscript that has not yet been published.

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Texts & Translations

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

Zwei Gesänge (Op. 91)

■■■■■■■ Gestillte Sehnsucht

Friedrich Rückert

*In goldnen Abendschein getaucht,
Wie feierlich die Wälder stehn!
In leise Stimmen der Vöglein hauchet
Des Abendwindes leises Wehn.
Was lispeln die Winde, die Vögelein?
Sie lispeln die Welt in Schlummer ein.*

*Ihr Wünsche, die ihr stets euch reget
Im Herzen sonder Rast und Ruh!
Du Sehnen, das die Brust beweget,
Wann ruhest du, wann schlummerst du?
Beim Lispeln der Winde, der Vögelein,
Ihr sehnenen Wünsche, wann schlaft ihr ein?*

*Ach, wenn nicht mehr in goldne Fernen
Mein Geist auf Traumgefieder eilt,
Nicht mehr an ewig fernen Sternen
Mit sehnedem Blick mein Auge weilt;
Dann lispeln die Winde, die Vögelein
Mit meinem Sehnen mein Leben ein.*

■■■■■■■ Geistliches Wiegenlied

Emanuel Geibel

*Die ihr schwebet
Um diese Palmen
In Nacht und Wind,
Ihr heil'gen Engel,
Stillet die Wipfel!
Es schlummert mein Kind.*

*Ihr Palmen von Bethlehem
Im Windesbrausen,
Wie mögt ihr heute
So zornig sausen!
O rauscht nicht also!
Schweiget, neiget
Euch leis' und lind;
Stillet die Wipfel!
Es schlummert mein Kind.*

■■■■■■■ Assuaged longing

English translation by Richard Stokes

Bathed in golden evening light,
How solemnly the forests stand!
The evening winds mingle softly
With the soft voices of the birds.
What do the winds, the birds whisper?
They whisper the world to sleep.

But you, my desires, ever stirring
In my heart without respite!
You, my longing, that agitates my breast—
When will you rest, when will you sleep?
The winds and the birds whisper,
But when will you, yearning desires, slumber?

Ah! when my spirit no longer hastens
On wings of dreams into golden distances,
When my eyes no longer dwell yearningly
On eternally remote stars;
Then shall the winds, the birds whisper
My life—and my longing—to sleep.

■■■■■■■ A sacred cradle-song

English translation by Richard Stokes

You who hover
Around these palms
In night and wind,
You holy angels,
Silence the tree-tops!
My child is sleeping.

You palms of Bethlehem
In the raging wind,
Why do you bluster
So angrily today!
O roar not so!
Be still, lean
Calmly and gently over us;
Silence the tree-tops!
My child is sleeping.

Der Himmelsknabe
Duldet Beschwerde,
Ach, wie so müd' er ward
Vom Leid der Erde.
Ach nun im Schlaf ihm
Leise gesänftigt
Die Qual zerrinnt,
Stillet die Wipfel!
Es schlummert mein Kind.

Grimmige Kälte
Sauset hernieder,
Womit nur deck' ich
Des Kindleins Glieder!
O all ihr Engel,
Die ihr geflügelt
Wandelt im Wind,
Stillet die Wipfel!
Es schlummert mein kind.

The heavenly babe
Suffers distress,
Oh, how weary He has grown
With the sorrows of this world.
Ah, now that in sleep
His pains
Are gently eased,
Silence the treetops!
My child is sleeping.

Fierce cold
Blows down on us,
With what shall I cover
My little child's limbs?
O all you angels,
Who wing your way
On the winds,
Silence the treetops!
My child is sleeping.

Robert Schumann (1810-1856) Frauenliebe und-leben (Op. 42)

||||||| *Seit ich ihn gesehen*
Adelbert von Chamisso

*Seit ich ihn gesehen,
Glaub ich blind zu sein;
Wo ich hin nur blicke,
Seh ich ihn allein;
Wie im wachen Traume
Schwebt sein Bild mir vor,
Taucht aus tiefstem Dunkel,
Heller nur empor.*

*Sonst ist licht- und farblos
Alles um mich her,
Nach der Schwestern Spiele
Nicht begehrt ich mehr,
Möchte lieber weinen,
Still im Kämmerlein;
Seit ich ihn gesehen,
Glaub ich blind zu sein.*

Since first seeing him |||||
English translation by Richard Stokes

Since first seeing him,
I think I am blind,
Wherever I look,
Him only I see;
As in a waking dream
His image hovers before me,
Rising out of deepest darkness
Ever more brightly.

All else is dark and pale
Around me,
My sisters' games
I no more long to share,
I would rather weep
Quietly in my room;
Since first seeing him,
I think I am blind.

Er, der Herrlichste von allen

Adelbert von Chamisso

Er, der Herrlichste von allen,
Wie so milde, wie so gut!
Holde Lippen, klares Auge,
Heller Sinn und fester Mut.
So wie dort in blauer Tiefe,
Hell und herrlich, jener Stern,
Also er an meinem Himmel,
Hell und herrlich, hehr und fern.

Wandle, wandle deine Bahnen;
Nur betrachten deinen Schein,
Nur in Demut ihn betrachten,
Selig nur und traurig sein!

Höre nicht mein stilles Beten,
Deinem Glücke nur geweiht;
Darfst mich niedre Magd nicht kennen,
Hoher Stern der Herrlichkeit!

Nur die Würdigste von allen
Darf beglücken deine Wahl,
Und ich will die Hohe segnen,
Viele tausendmal.

Will mich freuen dann und weinen,
Selig, selig bin ich dann;
Sollte mir das Herz auch brechen,
Brich, o Herz, was liegt daran?

Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben

Adelbert von Chamisso

Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben,
Es hat ein Traum mich berückt;
Wie hätt er doch unter allen
Mich Arme erhöht und beglückt?

Mir war's, er habe gesprochen:
„Ich bin auf ewig dein“—
Mir war's—ich träume noch immer,
Es kann ja nimmer so sein.

O lass im Traume mich sterben,
Gewieget an seiner Brust,
Den seligen Tod mich schlürfen
In Tränen unendlicher Lust.

He, the most wonderful of all

English translation by Richard Stokes

He, the most wonderful of all,
How gentle and loving he is!
Sweet lips, bright eyes,
A clear mind and firm resolve.
Just as there in the deep-blue distance
That star gleams bright and brilliant,
So does he shine in my sky,
Bright and brilliant, distant and sublime.

Wander, wander on your way,
Just to gaze on your radiance,
Just to gaze on in humility,
To be but blissful and sad!

Do not heed my silent prayer,
Uttered for your happiness alone,
You shall never know me, lowly as I am
You noble star of splendour!

Only the worthiest woman of all
May your choice elate,
And I shall bless that exalted one
Many thousands of times.

Then shall I rejoice and weep,
Blissful, blissful shall I be,
Even if my heart should break,
Break, O heart, what does it matter?

I cannot grasp it, believe it

English translation by Richard Stokes

I cannot grasp it, believe it,
A dream has beguiled me;
How, from all women, could he
Have exalted and favoured poor me?

He said, I thought,
'I am yours forever',
I was, I thought, still dreaming,
After all, it can never be.

O let me, dreaming, die,
Cradled on his breast;
Let me savour blissful death
In tears of endless joy.

||||||| **Du Ring an meinem Finger**

Adelbert von Chamisso

*Du Ring an meinem Finger,
Mein goldenes Ringelein,
Ich drücke dich fromm an die Lippen,
Dich fromm an das Herze mein.*

*Ich hatt ihn ausgeträumet,
Der Kindheit friedlich schönen Traum,
Ich fand allein mich, verloren
Im öden, unendlichen Raum.*

*Du Ring an meinem Finger
Da hast du mich erst belehrt,
Hast meinem Blick erschlossen
Des Lebens unendlichen, tiefen Wert.*

*Ich will ihm dienen, ihm leben,
Ihm angehören ganz,
Hin selber mich geben und finden
Verklärt mich in seinem Glanz.*

*Du Ring an meinem Finger,
Mein goldenes Ringelein,
Ich drücke dich fromm an die Lippen,
Dich fromm an das Herze mein.*

||||||| **Helft mir, ihr Schwestern**

Adelbert von Chamisso

*Helft mir, ihr Schwestern,
Freundlich mich schmücken,
Dient der Glücklichen heute mir,
Windet geschäftig
Mir um die Stirne
Noch der blühenden Myrte Zier.*

*Als ich befriedigt,
Freudigen Herzens,
Sonst dem Geliebten im Arme lag,
Immer noch rief er,
Sehnsucht im Herzen,
Ungeduldig den heutigen Tag.*

*Helft mir, ihr Schwestern,
Helft mir verscheuchen
Eine törichte Bangigkeit,
Dass ich mit klarem
Aug ihn empfangе,
Ihn, die Quelle der Freudigkeit.*

You ring on my finger |||

English translation by Richard Stokes

You ring on my finger,
My golden little ring,
I press you devoutly to my lips,
To my heart.

I had finished dreaming
Childhood's peaceful dream,
I found myself alone, forlorn
In boundless desolation.

You ring on my finger,
You first taught me,
Opened my eyes
To life's deep eternal worth.

I shall serve him, live for him,
Belong to him wholly,
Yield to him and find
Myself transfigured in his light.

You ring on my finger,
My golden little ring,
I press you devoutly to my lips,
To my heart.

Help me, my sisters |||

English translation by Richard Stokes

Help me, my sisters,
With my bridal attire,
Serve me today in my joy,
Busily braid
About my brow
The wreath of blossoming myrtle.

When with contentment
And joy in my heart
I lay in my beloved's arms,
He still called,
With longing heart,
Impatiently for this day.

Help me, my sisters,
Help me banish
A foolish fearfulness;
So that I with bright eyes
May receive him,
The source of all my joy.

Bist, mein Geliebter,
Du mir erschienen,
Giebst du mir, Sonne, deinen Schein?
Lass mich in Andacht,
Lass mich in Demut,
Lass mich verneigen dem Herren mein.

Streuet ihm, Schwestern,
Streuet ihm Blumen,
Bringet ihm knospende Rosen dar,
Aber euch, Schwestern,
Grüss ich mit Wehmut,
Freudig scheidend aus eurer Schar.

||||||| **Süsser Freund, du blickest**
Adelbert von Chamisso

Süsser Freund, du blickest
Mich verwundert an,
Kannst es nicht begreifen,
Wie ich weinen kann;
Lass der feuchten Perlen
Ungewohnte Zier
Freudig hell erzittern
In dem Auge mir!

Wie so bang mein Busen,
Wie so wonnevoll!
Wüsst ich nur mit Worten,
Wie ich's sagen soll;
Komm und birg dein Antlitz
Hier an meiner Brust,
Will in's Ohr dir flüstern
Alle meine Lust.

Weisst du nun die Tränen,
Die ich weinen kann,
Sollst du nicht sie sehen,
Du geliebter Mann?
Bleib an meinem Herzen,
Fühle dessen Schlag,
Dass ich fest und fester
Nur dich drücken mag.

Hier an meinem Bette
Hat die Wiege Raum,
Wo sie still verberge
Meinen holden Traum;
Kommen wird der Morgen,
Wo der Traum erwacht,
Und daraus dein Bildnis
Mir entgegen lacht.

Have you, my love,
Really entered my life,
Do you, O sun, give me your glow?
Let me in reverence,
Let me in humility
Bow before my lord.

Scatter flowers, O sisters,
Scatter flowers before him,
Bring him budding roses.
But you, sisters,
I greet with sadness,
As I joyfully take leave of you.

Sweet friend, you look |||||
English translation by Richard Stokes

Sweet friend, you look
At me in wonder,
You cannot understand
How I can weep;
Let the unfamiliar beauty
Of these moist pearls
Tremble joyfully bright
In my eyes!

How anxious my heart is,
How full of bliss!
If only I knew
How to say it in words;
Come and hide your face
Here against my breast,
For me to whisper you
All my joy.

Do you now understand the tears
That I can weep,
Should you not see them,
Beloved husband?
Stay by my heart,
Feel how it beats,
That I may press you
Closer and closer.

Here by my bed
There is room for the cradle,
Silently hiding
My blissful dream;
The morning shall come
When the dream awakens,
And your likeness
Laughs up at me.

||||||| **An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust**
Adelbert von Chamisso

*An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust,
Du meine Wonne, du meine Lust!*

*Das Glück ist die Liebe, die Lieb ist das Glück
Ich hab's gesagt und nehm's nicht zurück.*

*Hab überschwenglich mich geschätzt,
Bin überglücklich aber jetzt.*

*Nur die da säugt, nur die da liebt
Das Kind, dem sie die Nahrung giebt;*

*Nur eine Mutter weiss allein,
Was lieben heisst und glücklich sein.*

*O, wie bedaur' ich doch den Mann,
Der Mutterglück nicht fühlen kann!*

*Du lieber, lieber Engel, Du
Du schauest mich an und lächelst dazu!*

*An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust,
Du meine Wonne, du meine Lust!*

On my heart, at my breast |||
English translation by Richard Stokes

*On my heart, at my breast,
You my delight, my joy!*

*Happiness is love, love is happiness,
I've always said and say so still.*

*I thought myself rapturous,
But now am delirious with joy.*

*Only she who suckles, only she who loves
The child that she nourishes;*

*Only a mother knows
What it means to love and be happy.*

*Ah, how I pity the man
Who cannot feel a mother's bliss!*

*You dear, dear angel, you,
You look at me and you smile!*

*On my heart, at my breast,
You my delight, my joy!*

||||||| **Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan**
Adelbert von Chamisso

*Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan,
Der aber traf.*

*Du schläfst, du harter, unbarmherz'ger Mann,
Den Todesschlaf.*

*Es blicket die Verlassne vor sich hin,
Die Welt ist leer.*

*Geliebet hab ich und gelebt, ich bin
Nicht lebend mehr.*

*Ich zieh mich in mein Innres still zurück,
Der Schleier fällt,
Da hab ich dich und mein verlornes Glück,
Du meine Welt!*

Now you have caused me my first pain |||
English translation by Richard Stokes

*Now you have caused me my first pain,
But it struck hard,*

*You sleep, you harsh and pitiless man,
The sleep of death.*

*The deserted one stares ahead,
The world is void.*

*I have loved and I have lived,
And now my life is done.*

*Silently I withdraw into myself,
The veil falls,
There I have you and my lost happiness,
You, my world!*

INTERMISSION

Alma Mahler (1879-1964)

Fünf Lieder (1910)

Die stille Stadt

Richard Dehmel

Liegt eine Stadt im Tale,
ein blasser Tag vergeht.
es wird nicht lange dauern mehr,
bis weder Mond noch Sterne
nur Nacht am Himmel steht.

Von allen Bergen drücken
nebel auf die Stadt,
es dringt kein Dach, nicht Hof noch Haus,
kein Laut aus ihrem Rauch heraus,
kaum Türme noch und Brücken.

Doch als dem Wanderer graute,
da ging ein Lichtlein auf im Grund
und durch den Rauch und Nebel
begann ein leiser Lobgesang
aus Kindermund.

In meines Vaters Garten

Otto Erich Hartleben

In meines Vaters Garten-
blühe mein Herz, blüh auf-
in meines Vaters Garten
stand ein schattender Apfelbaum-
Süsser Traum-
stand ein schattender Apfelbaum.

Drei blonde Königstöchter-
blühe mein Herz, blüh auf-
drei wunderschöne Mädchen
schliefen unter dem Apfelbaum-
Süsser Traum-
schliefen unter dem Apfelbaum.

Die allerjüngste Feine-
blühe mein Herz, blüh auf-
die allerjüngste Feine
blinzelte und erwachte kaum-
Süsser Traum-
blinzelte und erwachte kaum.

Die zweite fuhr sich übers Haar-
blühe mein Herz, blüh auf-
sah den roten Morgentraum-
Süsser Traum-

The Silent Town

English translation by Richard Stokes

A town lies in the valley,
a pale day is fading;
it will not be long
before neither moon nor stars
but night alone will deck the skies.

From every mountain
mists weigh on the town;
no roof, no courtyard, no house
no sound can penetrate the smoke,
scarcely towers and bridges even.

But as fear seized the traveller,
a gleam appeared in the valley;
and through the smoke and mist
came a faint song of praise
from a child's lips.

In my father's garden

English translation by Richard Stokes

In my father's garden-
blossom, O my heart, blossom-
In my father's garden
grew a shady apple tree-
Sweet dream-
grew a shady apple tree.

Three blond princesses-
blossom, O my heart, blossom-
three wonderfully beautiful girls
slept beneath the apple tree-
Sweet dream-
slept beneath the apple tree.

The youngest of the three beauties-
blossom, O my heart, blossom-
the youngest of the three beauties
blinked and hardly awoke-
Sweet dream-
blinked and hardly awoke.

The second ran her hand through her hair-
blossom, O my heart, blossom-
Saw the red morning dream-
Sweet dream-

Sie sprach: Hört ihr die Trommel nicht-
blühe mein Herz, blüh auf-
Süsser Traum-
hell durch den dämmernden Traum?

Mein Liebster zieht in den Kampf-
blühe mein Herz, blüh auf-
mein Liebster zieht in den Kampf hinaus,
küssst mir als Sieger des Kleides Saum-
Süsser Traum-
küssst mir des Kleides Saum!

Die dritte sprach und sprach so leis-
blühe mein Herz, blüh auf-
die dritte sprach und sprach so leis:
Ich küsse dem Liebsten des Kleides Saum-
Süsser Traum-

ich küsse dem Liebsten des Kleides Saum.-
In meines Vaters Garten-
blühe mein Herz, blüh auf-
in meines Vaters Garten
steht ein sonniger Apfelbaum-
Süsser Traum-
steht ein sonniger Apfelbaum!

||||||| **Laue Sommernacht**
Gustav Falke

Laue Sommernacht: am Himmel
Stand kein Stern, im weiten Walde
Suchten wir uns tief im Dunkel,
Und wir fanden uns.

Fanden uns im weiten Walde
In der Nacht, der sternenlosen,
Hielten staunend uns im Arme
In der dunklen Nacht.

War nicht unser ganzes Leben
So ein Tappen, so ein Suchen?
Da: In seine Finsternisse
Liebe, fiel Dein Licht.

||||||| **Bei dir ist es traut**
Rainer Maria Rilke

Bei dir ist es traut:
Zage Uhren schlagen
wie aus weiten Tagen.
Komm mir ein Liebes sagen -
aber nur nicht laut.

Ein Tor geht irgendwo
draussen im Blütentreiben.
Der Abend horcht an den Scheiben.
Lass uns leise bleiben:
Keiner weiss uns so.

She said: 'Don't you hear the drums?
blossom, O my heart, blossom-
Sweet dream-
Brightly through the dawn?

My beloved is going to war
blossom, O my heart, blossom-
My beloved is going to war,
Kisses as victor the hem of my dress
Sweet dream-
Kisses the hem of my dress!

The third spoke, and spoke so quietly-
blossom, O my heart, blossom-
The third spoke and spoke so quietly:
I kiss the hem of my beloved's coat-
Sweet dream-

I kiss the hem of my beloved's coat.
In my father's garden-
blossom, O my heart, blossom-
In my father's garden
grew a shady apple tree-
Sweet dream-
grew a shady apple tree.

Mild summer night |||||
English translation by Richard Stokes

Mild summer night: in the sky
Not a star, in the deep forest
We sought each other in the dark
And found one another.

Found one another in the deep wood
In the night, the starless night,
And amazed, we embraced
In the dark night.

Our entire life--was it not
Such a tentative quest?
There: into its darkness,
O Love, fell your light.

I feel warm and close with you |||||
English translation by Richard Stokes

I feel warm and close with you:
clocks strike hesitantly,
like they did in distant days.
Say something loving to me -
but not aloud.

A gate opens somewhere
out in the burgeoning.
Evening listens at the window-panes.
Let us stay quiet,
no one knows us thus.

Ich wandle unter Blumen

Heinrich Heine

Ich wandle unter Blumen
Und blühe selber mit;
Ich wandle wie im Traume
Komm mir ein Liebes sagen -
Und schwanke bei jedem Schritt.

O, halt mich fest, Geliebte!
Vor Liebestrunkenheit
Fall' ich dir sonst zu Füßen,
Und der Garten ist voller Leut'.

I wander among flowers

English translation by Richard Stokes

I wander among flowers
And blossom with them;
I wander as in a dream
And sway with every step.
Und schwanke bei jedem Schritt.

O, hold me fast, beloved!
Or drunk with love
I'll fall at your feet -
And the garden is full of folk.

Alexander von Zemlinsky (1871-1942)

Sechs Gesänge nach Gedichten von Maurice Maeterlinck (Op. 13)

Die drei Schwestern

Maurice Maeterlinck

Die drei Schwestern wollten sterben,
Setzten auf die güldnen Kronen,
Gingen sich den Tod zu holen.
Wähten ihn im Walde wohnen:
„Wald, so gib uns, dass wir sterben,
Sollst drei güldne Kronen erben.“
Da begann der Wald zu lachen
Und mit einem Dutzend Küssen
Liess er sie die Zukunft wissen.

Die drei Schwestern wollten sterben,
Wähten Tod im Meer zu finden,
Pilgerten drei Jahre lang.
„Meer, so gib uns, dass wir sterben,
Sollst drei güldne Kronen erben.“
Da begann das Meer zu weinen,
Liess mir dreimal hundert Küssen
Die Vergangenheit sie wissen.

Die drei Schwestern wollten sterben,
Lenkten nach der Stadt die Schritte;
Lag auf einer Insel Mitte.
„Stadt, so gib uns, dass wir sterben,
Sollst drei güldne Kronen erben.“
Und die Stadt tat auf die Tore
Und mit heissen Liebesküssen
Liess die Gegenwart sie wissen.

The three sisters

English translation by Richard Stokes

The three sisters wished to die,
Put on their golden crowns,
Went out to discover death.
Imagined he dwelt in the forest:
'Forest, if you permit us to die,
You shall inherit three golden crowns.'
At which the forest began to laugh,
And with a dozen kisses
Revealed to them the future.

The three sisters wished to die,
Imagined they'd find death in the sea,
Pilgrimage for three years.
'Sea, if you permit us to die,
You shall inherit three golden crowns.'
At which the sea began to weep,
And with three hundred kisses
Revealed to them the past.

The three sisters wished to die,
Made their way towards a town
In the middle of an island.
'Town, if you permit us to die,
You shall inherit three golden crowns.'
And the town opened its gates,
And with passionate, loving kisses
Revealed to them the present.

Die Mädchen mit den verbundenen Augen
Maurice Maeterlinck

Die Mädchen mit den verbundenen Augen
(Tut ab die goldenen Binden!)

Die Mädchen mit den verbundenen Augen
Wollten ihr Schicksal finden.

Haben zur Mittagsstunde das Schloss
(Lasst an die goldenen Binden!)

Haben zur Mittagsstunde das Schloss
Geöffnet im Wiesengrunde.

Haben das Leben gegrüsst,
(Zieht fester die goldenen Binden!)

Haben das Leben gegrüsst,
Ohne hinaus zu finden.

Lied der Jungfrau
Maurice Maeterlinck

Allen weinenden Seelen,
Aller nahenden Schuld
Offn' ich im Sternenkranz
Meine Hände voll Huld.

Alle Schuld wird zunichte
Vor der Liebe Gebet,
Keine Seele kann sterben,
Die weinend gefleht.

Verirrt sich die Liebe
Auf irdischer Flur,
So weisen die Tränen
Zu mir ihre Spur.

Als ihr Geliebter schied
Maurice Maeterlinck

Als ihr Geliebter schied,
(Ich hörte die Türe gehn),
Als ihr Geliebter schied,
Da hab ich sie weinen gesehn.

Doch als er wieder kam,
(Ich hörte des Lichtes Schein),
Doch als er wieder kam,
War ein anderer daheim.

Und ich sah den Tod,
(Mich streifte sein Hauch),
Und ich sah den Tod,
Der erwartet ihn auch.

The girls with blindfolded eyes
English translation by Richard Stokes

The girls with blindfolded eyes
(Put away those golden bandages!)

The girls with blindfolded eyes
Wished to discover their destiny...

And at noon they opened
(Leave on those golden bandages!)

And at noon they opened
The castle gates in the meadow...

They greeted life
(Tighten those golden bandages!)

They greeted life
Without finding their way out.

Song of the virgin
English translation by Richard Stokes

To every weeping soul,
To all beset by guilt,
I, surrounded by stars,
Open my hands full of grace.

All guilt dissolves
Before the prayers of love,
No soul can die
That has entreated in tears.

If love goes astray
On the meadows of this earth,
Its tears will find
The way to me.

When her lover departed
English translation by Richard Stokes

When her lover departed,
(I heard the door close),
When her lover departed,
I saw her weeping...

But when he returned,
(I heard the lamp flare),
But when he returned,
Another man was there...

And I saw death,
(Breathing on me gently),
And I saw death,
Waiting for him too.

Und kehrt er einst heim

Maurice Maeterlinck

Und kehrt er einst heim,
Was sag ich ihm dann?
Sag, ich hätte geharrt,
Bis das Leben verrann.

Wenn er weiter fragt,
Und erkennt mich nicht gleich?
Sprich als Schwester zu ihm;
Er leidet vielleicht.

Wenn er fragt, wo du seist,
Was geb ich ihm an?
Mein' Goldring gib,
Und sieh ihn stumm an...

Will er wissen,
Warum so verlassen das Haus?
Zeig die offene Tür,
Sag, das Licht ging aus.

Wenn er weiter fragt,
Nach der letzten Stund'...
Sag, aus Furcht, dass er weint,
Lächelte mein Mund.

Sie kam zum Schloß gegangen

Maurice Maeterlinck

Sie kam zum Schloss gegangen
—Die Sonne erhob sich kaum—
Sie kam zum Schloss gegangen,
Die Ritter blickten mit Bangen
Und es schwiegen die Frauen.

Sie blieb vor der Pforte stehen,
—Die Sonne erhob sich kaum—
Sie blieb vor der Pforte stehen,
Man hörte die Königin gehen
Und der König fragte sie:

Wohin gehst du? Wohin gehst du?
—Gib acht in dem Dämmerchein!—
Wohin gehst du? Wohin gehst du?
Harrt drunten jemand dein?
Sie sagte nicht ja noch nein.

Sie stieg zur Fremden hernieder,
—Gib acht in dem Dämmerchein!—
Sie stieg zu der Fremden hernieder,
Sie schloss sie in ihre Arme ein.
Die beiden sagten nicht ein Wort
Und gingen eilends fort.

And if he returns one day

English translation by Richard Stokes

And if he returns one day,
What shall I tell him?
Tell him: I waited,
Till my life was spent.

If he asks more questions,
And fails at first to recognize me?
Talk to him as a sister;
Perhaps he'll be suffering...

If he asks where you are,
What answer shall I give?
Give him my golden ring,
And look at him in silence...

If he wants to know why,
The house is so deserted?
Show him the open door,
Say the light went out.

If he asks more questions,
About the final hour?
Say, lest he weep,
That I smiled.

She came to the castle

English translation by Richard Stokes

She came to the castle,
—The sun had hardly risen—
She came to the castle,
The knights looked on in fear,
And the ladies fell silent.

She halted in front of the gate,
—The sun had hardly risen—
She halted in front of the gate,
The queen could be heard pacing,
And the king asked her:

Where are you bound? Where are you bound?
—Be wary in this twilight—
Where are you bound? Where are you bound?
Does someone wait for you below?
She answered neither yes nor no.

She descended to the unknown woman,
—Be wary in this twilight—
She descended to the unknown woman,
Who clasped her in her arms.
Neither of them said a word
And swiftly they hurried away.

Biographies



Meg Bragle

Widely praised for her musical intelligence and “expressive virtuosity” (San Francisco Chronicle), Meg Bragle is quickly earning an international reputation as one of today’s most gifted mezzo-sopranos.

As a featured soloist with Sir John Eliot Gardiner and the English Baroque Soloists, she has made four recordings with the group, including Bach’s Easter and Ascension Oratorios—the vehicle for her BBC Proms debut—and the Bach Mass in B Minor. She has performed as soloist in North America and Europe with many of the world’s premiere early music ensembles: the Philharmonia Baroque Orchestra, English Baroque Soloists, Orchestre Révolutionnaire et Romantique, Tafelmusik Baroque Orchestra, Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment, Les Violons du Roy, Apollo’s Fire, Netherlands Bach Society, Arion Baroque Orchestra and the Dunedin Consort.

Recent orchestral highlights in the U.S. and Canada include engagements with the Houston, Cincinnati, Milwaukee, Indianapolis, Pacific, and Colorado Symphonies; the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra, the National Arts Center Orchestra and Calgary Philharmonic.

Among Ms. Bragle’s 2018/19 season highlights include her debut with the National Symphony Orchestra, return engagements with Philharmonia Baroque Orchestra, Tafelmusik and Calgary Philharmonic, recitals with the Walden Chamber Players and as Artist in Residence at the University of Pennsylvania.



Min-Young Kim

A founding member of the acclaimed Daedalus Quartet, violinist and violist Min-Young Kim enjoys a career that highlights her versatility as a performing musician. As first violinist of the Daedalus Quartet, she performs regularly throughout the U.S., Canada, Europe, and Asia, and has been presented by many of the world's leading musical venues including Carnegie Hall, Lincoln Center, the Library of Congress, the Musikverein in Vienna, the Mozarteum in Salzburg, and the Concertgebouw in Amsterdam.

In addition, she has toured with Musicians from Marlboro, Orpheus Chamber Orchestra and East Coast Chamber Orchestra (as guest leader), and performed in chamber music festivals across the U.S., and in France and Singapore. An advocate for the music of our time, Ms. Kim enjoys working closely with composers and has commissioned and premiered many new works including those of Fred Lerdahl, Anna Weesner, Huck Hodge, and Wolfgang Rihm. She can also be heard on historical violin in the baroque orchestras, Tempesta di Mare and Apollo's Fire, with whom she recorded and performed as a soloist.

A dedicated teacher, Ms. Kim holds degrees from Harvard, Juilliard and the Cleveland Institute of Music, and currently teaches at the University of Pennsylvania. She taught previously at Columbia University and the School for Strings in New York, and was one of the first recipients of the Morse Fellowship at Juilliard as a teaching artist, integrating engaged listening with classroom curriculum in a NYC public middle school. Her major teachers include Donald Weilerstein, Robert Mann, and Shirley Givens.



Yu Xi Wang

Pianist Yu Xi Wang made her Carnegie Hall debut in 2002 as the winner of the Artist International Competition, and subsequently released her debut CD in China under JSCP. As an avid soloist and chamber musician, Yu Xi has performed in venues such as New York's Alice Tully Hall, Jay Sharp Theatre of Lincoln Center, Beijing's Forbidden City Concert Hall, Rock Hall Auditorium at Temple University, Zoellner Arts Center at Lehigh University, and Gore Recital Hall at University of Delaware. Her interest in performing in unconventional venues has led to her appearances in concert series held in churches, libraries, schools, and patrons' homes. Highlights include an all-Chopin recital at World Financial Center's Winter Garden in 2010 (presented by Piano Culture for Chopin's bicentennial celebration), and an appearance at Philadelphia's Kimmel Center as part of the 2013 Philadelphia International Festival of the Arts (PIFA) event.

Yu Xi has been faculty at Curtis Institute of Music since 2013, teaching Keyboard Studies and Supplementary Piano. She also teaches piano at the Philadelphia International Music Festival and University of Pennsylvania.

A native of Beijing, China, Yu Xi began playing the piano at the age of three and later studied at the Central Conservatory of Music. After moving to the U.S., she studied at The Juilliard School where she obtained her bachelor's, master's, and doctoral degrees in piano performance. Her teachers include Hui-Su Chen, Herbert Stessin, Jerome Lowenthal, and Julian Martin.

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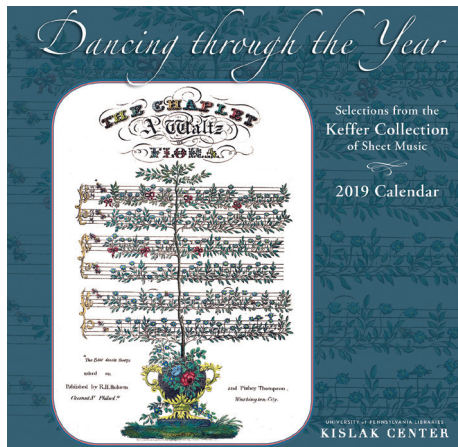
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