

Songs of Franz Schreker

Mutterlieder

- 1) "O GLOCKEN, BÖSE GLOCKEN", op. 5/1 O bells, you somber bells (2:52)
- 2) "KENNT IHR DEN STURM" Do you know the storm (1:09)
- 3) "HEUTE NACHT, ALS ICH SO BANGE" When on this night, so full of dread (2:30)
- 4) "ICH HAB IN SORGEN" In sorrow and in pain (1:33)
- 5) "DURCH DIE FENSTER ZITTERN SACHT" Through the windows, softly pulsing (3:44)
- 6) "DASS ER GANZ EIN ENGEL WERDE", op. 5/2 That he may become an angel (2:42)

Ms. Haselböck

- 7) "IM GARTEN UNTER DER LINDE" In the garden under the linden tree (1:40)
- 8) "DAS HUNGERNDE KIND" The starving child (2:20)
- 9) "ÜBERWUNDEN" Conquered (2:11)
- 10) "IN ALTEN TAGEN", op. 3/1 In days of old (1:35)
- 11) "UMSONST", op. 3/5 In Vain (1:06)

Mr. Holzmaier

- 12) "SOMMERFÄDEN", op.2/1 Summer's Threads (3:37)

Ms. Haselböck

- 13) "STIMMEN DES TAGES", op. 2/2 Voices of day (3:52)

Mr. Holzmaier

- 14) "DIE ROSEN UND DER FLIEDER" Roses and lilac (2:57)
- 15) "EIN ROSENBLATT" A Rose Petal (2:06)
- 16) "ROSENGRUS", op. 7/7 A rose's greeting (1:46)
- 17) "ROSENTOD", op. 7/5 A rose's death (2:05)

- 18) "ACH, NOCH SO JUNG", op. 7/6 Ah, still so young (2:35)
- 19) "UNENDLICHE LIEBE", op. 4/2 Eternal Love (1:50)
- 20) "SPUK", op. 7/4 Spectre (1:45)
- 21) "DIE LIEBE ALS RECENSENTIN", op. 4/4 Love as Critic (:51)

Mr. Holzmaier

- 22) "WIEGENLIEDCHEN", op. 7/1 Lullaby (2:18)
- 23) "ZU SPÄTE REUE", op. 7/2 Belated remorse (1:18)
- 24) "TRAUM", op. 7/3 Dream (1:42)

Ms. Haselböck

- 25) "ENTFÜHRUNG" Abduction (3:31)
- 26) "DAS FEURIGE MÄNNLEIN" The Fiery Gnome (1:26)
- 27) "DIE DUNKELHEIT SINKT SCHWER WIE BLEI" Darkness falls heavy as lead (3:18)
- 28) "SIE SIND SO SCHÖN" They are so beautiful (2:55)
- 29) "EINST GIBT EIN TAG" Once a day will give (4:58)
- 30) "UND WIE MAG DIE LIEBE" And how may Love (1:53)

Mr. Holzmaier

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Franz Schreker's Lieder

Franz Schreker is best known as an opera composer but his songs offer significant insights into the particular nature of his dramatic gift. Schreker was a master of interior states and in his operas the protagonists are driven by emotional psychology rather than external events, ideas, or philosophical concepts. These are dramas that are essentially propelled by a lyric impulse; his characters sing because they must in order to express what they feel but cannot always clearly articulate in words. The voice is thus the primary expressive vehicle while the orchestra serves to explore unconscious motivation. Approaching the unconscious not through clearly defined motives, such as we find in Wagner, but through the more fluid agents of timbre and sonority, Schreker seeks to evoke rather than explain psychological states, and it is in his songs that he first developed this relationship between vocal expressivity and interpretive sonority that established his place in Viennese musical modernism.

In Lieder, where lyricism is contained and distilled, Schreker observes certain traditional parameters. Most of these songs are clearly structured, usually in a modified A B A' song form. Accompaniments are discreet with little use of word painting and there are few extended interludes. The focus is on the vocal line, which, in keeping with the metrical regularity and self-contained imagery of the texts he set, especially in the early songs, is more melodic than declamatory in character. The heart of Schreker's vocal expressiveness is in the elasticity of his phrasing, a quality that encourages interpretive flexibility on the part of the singer. The accompanist, on the other hand, must be precise, at times almost impassive, as if an agent of an indifferent, though all-knowing natural world. One finds this same balance in Schreker's operas: music of exquisite nuance in which a warmly expressive vocal line - which is always primary - is illuminated by subtle changes of texture, timbre, and harmonic color that open up an array of psychological moods and associations.

Nowhere are the seeds of this relationship between voice and accompaniment better illustrated than in Schreker's *Mutterlieder* (Songs of a Mother), a cycle of five settings of texts from a collection of the same name published by Mia Holm in 1897. Holm's poems cover all aspects of motherhood but Schreker selected only those having to do with the death of a child. It was a deeply personal subject for Schreker, whose own much loved younger sister, Henriette, had died of meningitis in 1890 at the age of nine and it is likely that he composed these songs with thoughts of her and of own mother's grief.

In each of these songs a short chordal introduction establishes key and mood, but quickly recedes to give precedence to the freely flowing vocal line. One example among many is the way Schreker expands the first line of "Kennt ihr den Sturm" from four to six bars by augmenting the note values of "Wehn, das unsre Seelen bricht" (the piano coda gives the more conventional four-bar reading of this phrase). In these songs the accompaniment generally underscores the vocal line through echo or anticipation but occasionally an abrupt shift of key and texture suggests an altered psychological state. In such instances Schreker's penchant for modulation through unmediated diatonic inflection rather than chromatic voice leading anticipates the bi-tonal sonorities of his later musical style. This is most striking in "Heute Nacht, als ich so bange," in which the otherworldly apparition of the dead child is suggested by a shift from D to B major that is introduced by a eerie falling pentatonic figure. This same figure returns in modified form with the child's reappearance in the last song, "Durch die Fenster zitternd sacht".

Like most of Schreker's songs, the *Mutterlieder* were probably written between 1898 and 1900, during the years when he studied with Robert Fuchs at the Vienna Conservatory. It is puzzling that he never attempted to publish this poignant cycle, choosing instead to revise the first song, "O Glocken, böse Glocken," and publish it

together with a further Holm setting, "Dass er ganz ein Engel werde," in 1905 as *Two Songs on the Death of a Child*, op. 5. Both these op. 5 songs show distinct advances over the unrevised *Mutterlieder*, including greater notational detail (especially regarding expression and phrasing), richer and more varied keyboard textures, and increased use of chromaticism. But as these songs are also more conventional in form and phrasing it is quite possible that, given the prevailing conservatism of Viennese musical tastes, Schreker withheld his *Mutterlieder* precisely because of their more unorthodox features. The present recording restores "O Glocken, böse Glocken" (in its revised version) to the head of cycle, while "Dass er ganz ein Engel werde" serves as a final benediction.

Schreker published only 33 of his 49 completed songs. The remainder, as well as an incomplete fragment, were published only in 2005, including the following three songs. These are among Schreker's earliest Lieder and reveal the range of his influences. "Im Garten unter der Linde," recorded here for the first time, was written in 1896, shortly before Schreker's eighteenth birthday. Its opening tonic seventh sonority has a bracing effect and the nearly unbroken succession of triplets in the accompaniment lend the song a propulsive drive and freshness, that is somewhat reminiscent of Schumann. "Das hungernde Kind" from *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*, a text also set by Mahler, was probably written around 1898 for a competition, although we have no further details. The strophic setting is straightforward but extremely effective with a surprising turn toward the tonic major at the end. "Überwunden," whose author remains unidentified, was written in 1897 as the second of two songs entitled simply *Liebeslieder* (Love Songs). This is one of Schreker's most ambitious early songs, though its blatant quotations from Saint-Saëns and Liszt and the pathos of its climax somewhat undercut its earnestness. Nonetheless, it is structurally interesting and the vocal line, with its obsessive dotted rhythm, unfolds toward the final outburst with convincing emotional logic.

Schreker's opus numbers, which he abandoned after op. 15, are an unreliable indication of either chronological or publishing order. His first published Lieder, five settings of Paul Heyse poems, appeared as op. 3 in 1901. It is likely that these accomplished songs were written toward the end of his studies with Fuchs as they are both notationally sophisticated and stylistically assured. "In alten Tagen," the first in published order, is to be sung "in the spirit of a folk song" but though the melodic line has a certain folk-like simplicity there are numerous details such as the unexpected parlando of "oder war es ein anderer" or the dissonant F# on the final word ("vergaß?") that underscore the singer's psychological disorientation. "Umsonst," the final song of op. 3, is a farewell of angry defiance that recalls Schumann's setting of Heine's "Ich grolle nicht".

Schreker's early text selection was seldom dictated by literary quality, but rather by the opportunities he saw for musical elaboration. A number of texts, including his op. 2, were written by poets with whom he was personally acquainted. Dora Leen (the pen name for Dora Pollak) was a neighbor in Döbling, a northern district of Vienna where Schreker's recently widowed mother had settled with her four children in 1888. For a time Schreker and Leen were engaged and in addition to providing texts for several songs and a major choral work she was the librettist for his first opera, *Flammen*. It was through Leen's father, the physician Sigmund Pollak, that Schreker met another Döbling neighbor, the distinguished Austrian poet and novelist Ferdinand von Saar.

The op. 2 songs, published in 1902, were probably written around 1900. They are considerably more complex than the op. 3 songs, more varied in tone and expansive in scope. The piano is also more thoroughly integrated into the song's motivic substance, its textures are more orchestral, and the transitions more seamless, though it is still the vocal line that is the center of attention. "Stimmen des Tages" is particularly impressive for the way Schreker conjures the waking day with a succession of ever

brightening keys and accelerating rhythmic figures. Here, in embryo, is the composer's gift for creating large-scale scenic structures such as the sunrise described by Carlotta at the end of first act of the opera *Die Gezeichneten* (1918).

Flowers are a classic poetic metaphor for the transience of beauty and of life itself and floral imagery figures prominently in the song texts Schreker set, as well as in his own librettos. This bouquet of rose songs includes two songs Schreker published in his op. 4 and op. 7 collections, and two others which remained unpublished. "Die Rosen und der Flieder," written in 1894, is Schreker's earliest surviving work. At the time he had not yet begun his composition studies and while there are many awkward features, including an unusually extended piano introduction, it is a charming, quasi through-composed song in which the voice and the piano continually vary and spin out the opening material.

In his will the Styrian poet Vincenz Zusner (1803-1874) left the Vienna Conservatory a bequest for two annual prizes for settings of his poetry. Schreker composed three Zusner texts and in 1900 "Ein Rosenblatt" took second place in that year's competition. Here, too, is a song with a decided folk-like character, though more in its rustic accompaniment than in its rhythmically supple melody. "Rosengruss," published in 1906 as part of the eight songs of op. 7, likewise combines beguiling simplicity with pliant phrasing and, in the middle section, teasing modal inflections. Finally, "Rosentod," one of the five songs of op. 4 published in 1902, is more self consciously an "art song". It was dedicated to the Court Opera singer Marie Gutheil-Schoder, with whose husband, the conductor Gustav Gutheil, Schreker was on friendly terms. Here, the introductory and concluding sections of the song are more declamatory, while the brief middle section blossoms into a flowing cantilene. Throughout the song there is an elegant interplay of motivic material between the piano and voice.

The songs of op. 4 and op. 7, all probably written before 1900, have long been among Schreker's most popular and frequently performed Lieder and these two opus numbers continue to mingle in the next group. "Ach, noch so jung..." is one of the few works in which the influence of both Brahms and Wagner are present, though there are also signs of Schreker's own emerging penchant for bi-tonal sonorities. In the modified strophic setting of the Tolstoy poem, "Unendliche Liebe," the surging piano part provides an apt evocation for the text's oceanic feeling. Both "Spuk" and "Die Liebe als Recensentin" are miniature narrative structures that provide the composer with an opportunity to display his gift for the kind of piquant characterization we find in Hugo Wolf and which is sprinkled throughout the secondary episodes of Schreker's own operas.

"Wiegendliedchen," which seems to begin *in medias res* with a dominant ninth sonority, is another modified strophic song, whose two verses, in turn, are each tripartite. Schreker's nuanced rhythmic and melodic alterations of the vocal line create a lullaby of unusual warmth and individuality. In "Zu späte Reue" the piano's hollow, syncopated right-hand chords underscore the hopeless immutability of the singer's predicament. Dora Leen's death in a concentration camp in the 1940s lends bitter irony to "stony path through storm and night" described in "Traum".

For every composer of stature there is a moment of breakthrough. While each of the early songs on this recital point to some aspect characteristic of Schreker's mature style it was only around 1908 that that distinctively individual voice emerged. In subsequent years he composed only eleven songs, six of which are recorded here. For all their differences these later works, which all set texts of high literary quality, share a new mastery in vocal characterization and a deepened partnership between voice and piano, whose significantly expanded resources draw freely upon Schreker's fertile orchestral imagination.

Three later songs were never published independently but appeared in periodicals or anthologies. Rilke's "Und wie mag die Liebe," a text also set by Alban Berg, appeared in 1919 in the *Leipziger Illustrierte Zeitung*. It is an exquisitely understated through-composed setting that culminates in a glorious cantilene. Curiously, the only known contemporary performance of this song was accompanied by Kurt Weill, who at that point hoped to study with Schreker.

Stefan George's "Entführung" was published a decade earlier in the Viennese cultural periodical, *Der Merker*. The slippery harmonic language of this modified strophic setting contains more than a hint of contemporary French music though it is uncertain what Schreker could have known at that time. "Das feurige Männlein" was written in 1915 and appeared in an Almanach published by the Austrian War Ministry. Alfons Petzold's text is anything but a paean to patriotic glory and Schreker's dissonant, jagged setting captures all the brutality and horror of war. This is music which flows directly into Schreker's *Irrelobe* (1924), an opera which contains numerous echoes of the trauma of the First World War.

Four of the *Five Songs for Low Voice* of 1909 (recorded here are numbers 3-5) set texts by the Viennese poet Edith Ronsperger, with whom Schreker was personally acquainted (her sister was the artist and book illustrator Mariette Lydis). Like the *Mutterlieder* it is a cycle of memory, loss, and death. The oppressive left-hand minor thirds and expanded tonality of "Die Dunkelheit sinkt schwer wie Blei" recall the first of Arnold Schoenberg's op. 11 piano pieces. It is also the same stifling black forest that envelops the protagonist of Marie Pappenheim's *Erwartung*. In "Sic sind so schön" falling darkness gives way to autumnal glow. This radiant song is written without meter or barlines; the voice alone, suspended between declamation and lyric cantabile, determines its flow. The dirge-like "Einst gibt ein Tag" is almost wholly declamatory in nature. As in the other songs there is a new relationship between the voice and the piano and it is not difficult to hear the colors Schreker would later

employ in his orchestral version of this cycle. There is a brief, sublime moment of transport in the song's visionary middle section. It is as if a camera pans out across the room to follow the wafted strands of heady incense before settling upon an open casket, a unsettling anticipation of Ronsperger's own rumored suicide in 1921.

Schreker wrote his *Five Songs* around the time he got to know Arnold Schoenberg and both composers were signed to general contracts with the Viennese publisher Universal Edition.* If, among Viennese modernists, it was Schoenberg who emancipated dissonance, one might argue that it was Schreker who emancipated consonance. By expanding the range and affective properties of triadic and bi-tonal sonorities and in according timbre an equal footing with harmony, melody, and rhythm Schreker explored another kind of Modernism with certain affinities to the more radical developments in pre-war French music. In truth, Schoenberg's jarring dissonances and Schreker's beguiling sonorities were but two paths toward the common goal of exploring the mysteries of the human psyche. The true miracle of Viennese musical modernism lies in the fact that within a single decade - roughly the ten years between Schreker's *Mutterlieder* and his *Five Songs* - one city produced such an astonishing array of compellingly individual compositional voices.

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*All of Schreker's songs are published by Universal Edition, Vienna, represented in the United States by European American Music.



Mutterlieder

von

Mia Holm

Mutterlieder (before 1900)
Mia Holm (1845-1912)

1) "O Glocken, böse Glocken", op. 5/1

O Glocken, böse Glocken,
haht schweren, dumpfen Klang;
ihr stöhnet meiner Süßen
den Totensang.

O Tod, du finstres Rätsel,
mit steinernem Gesicht,
wie sich am Fels die Woge,
an dir mein Denken bricht.

Die Tränen machen müde,
die Augen fallen zu:
O könnt ich schlafen, Kindchen,
so tief wie du.

2) "Kenn' Ihr den Sturm"

Kenn' ihr den Sturm, das eis'ge Wehn,
das unsre Seelen bricht?
Hab' ihr den graus'gen Tod gesehn
im liebsten Angesicht?

Ich sah ihn dort, er blickte kalt,
hat höh'nisch aufgelacht,
da sank ich hin, da ward ich alt,
in einer einz'gen Nacht.

3) "Heute Nacht, als ich so bange"

Heute Nacht, als ich so bange
meines fern'n Knaben dachte
und so hoffnungslos und lange
immer weinte, immer wachte -

Stieg mein kleines Mädchen leise,
mein gestorbn'es, zu mir nieder,
schloß nach alter, lieber Weise
mit den Händchen meine Lider,

Streichelte mir still die Wangen,
küßte zärtlich fort die Tränen,
und von ihrem Arm umfängen
lag ich ruhig, sonder Sehnen.

Langsam so, gemach entschliefen
dann auch Sorgen, Angst und Kummer
und ich selbst versank in tiefen,
festen, lieblich langen Schummer.

O bells, you somber bells

O bells, you somber bells,
your knell so dull and heavy,
you groan for my sweet child
a song of lament.

O death, you dark enigma,
with jagged, stony mien,
like waves against a boulder,
my thoughts crash up against you!

Tears have made me tired,
my eyes are falling shut:
O could I sleep, my child,
as deeply as you!

Do you know the storm

Do you know the storm, the icy gust
that breaks our soul in two?
Have you seen death's gruesome sneer
upon a dearest face?

I saw him there, his gaze was cold,
his laughter full of scorn,
then I collapsed, grown old and frail
within a single night.

When on this night, so full of dread

When on this night, so full of dread,
I thought about my distant boy
and so hopeless and so endless,
always crying, always waking,

softly came my little girl,
from death she came to me,
and as of old, so full of love,
closed my eyelids with her hand.

She quietly caressed my cheeks
and gently kissed away my tears
and cradled by her arm
I lay calmly without yearning.

Slowly thus I fell asleep,
freed of sorrow, fear and grief,
and I sank into a deep,
sweet, secure, protracted slumber.

4) "Ich hab in Sorgen"

Ich hab' in Sorgen, Schmerzen
mich todesmatt gedacht,
ich blicke zu den Sternen,
der Schönste löst sich sacht.

Er sinkt in meine Seele,
verseucht dort jeden Schmerz,
ein süßes Deingedenken
geht strahlend mir durchs Herz.

5) "Durch die Fenster zitternd sacht"

Durch die Fenster zitternd sacht
blasse Sterne scheinen,
plötzlich hör' ich durch die Nacht
unterdrücktes Weinen,
und ein Hauch wie kühler Wind
kommt in meine Kammer, --
Bist du da, mein liebes Kind?
Fühlst du meinen Jammer?

"Ich schlummerte friedlich im stillen Schrein,
da drang es wie Tränen zu mir herein,
da hat dein Schluchzen mich jäh geweckt,
dein jammern des Stöhnen mich aufgeschreckt."

Geh wieder ins Bettchen mein Töchterlein,
ich will deine artige Mutter sein,
will alles in Freuden und lächelnd tun,
du sollst wieder schlafen, in Frieden ruhn.

Nun leuchtet mein Auge, es lächelt mein Mund,
unstillbar der Jammer im tiefsten Grund,
unstillbar das brennende, fiebernde Schen
nun strömen und rinnen nach innen die Tränen,
die Tränen um dich, mein liebliches Kind:
mein Herzensauge vor Tränen blind.

6) "Daß er ganz ein Engel werde", op. 5/2

Daß er ganz ein Engel werde,
legt den kleinen Leib zur Ruh;
aber nicht mit schwerer Erde,
schüttet ihn mit Blumen zu!

Zarter Blume glich mein Kindchen,
halb noch träumend, kaum erweckt,
war gleich ihr vor jedem Windchen
rauh berührt und leicht erschreckt.

In sorrow and in pain

In sorrow and in pain
I worry unto death,
but as I look into the stars
the brightest gently breaks away.

It penetrates my soul
and there all pain is banished,
a sweet thought of you
goes shining through my heart.

Through the windows, softly pulsing

Through the windows, softly pulsing,
comes the pale, wan light of stars,
suddenly, through the night,
I hear a stifled sobbing.
Then a draft, like cooling wind,
wafts into my chamber, --
is it you, my dearest child?
Do you feel my anguish?

"I slumbered in peace in my quiet shrine
and then I thought I heard tears,
it was your sobbing that suddenly woke me,
your pitiful moaning that startled my sleep."

Go back to your bed, my dear little girl,
I want to be your good mother,
I'll do everything with joy and a smile,
go back to sleep, to sleep in peace.

My eyes now shine brightly, a smile on my face,
but deep within the pain is unending,
unending the burning, feverish yearning;
and my tears flow in streams within me,
the tears for you, my dearest child:
my heart's second sight is blinded by tears.

That he may become an angel

That he may become an angel
lay his little body to rest;
cover him not with heavy earth,
but shower him with flowers!

My child was like a tender flower,
still half dreaming, hardly awake
and like that flower, in every breeze,
roughly shaken and quick to fright.

7) "Im Garten unter der Linde" Ernst Becher (?-?)

Im Garten unter der Linde
hab' ich die stille Nacht
in süßem Deingedenken,
mein Liebchen, zugebracht.

Ich sah zum nächtigen Himmel,
zwei Sternlein glänzten so klar,
als schaut' ins schnende Herz
mir dein zaubrisch Augenpaar.

Und Wolken zogen darüber,
als schlossen dein' Augen sich zu.
Schlaf wohl, Herzlieb in der Ferne,
schlaf wohl, mein Engel du.

8) Das hungernde Kind (before 1900) Des Knaben Wunderhorn

"Mutter, Mutter! es hungert mich,
gib mir Brot, sonst sterb' ich!"
"Warte nur, mein liebes Kind,
morgen wollen wir säen."
Als es nun gesät war,
sprach das Kind noch immerdar:

"Mutter, Mutter! es hungert mich,
gib mir Brot, sonst sterb' ich!"
"Warte nur, mein liebes Kind,
morgen wollen wir schneiden."
Als es nun geschnitten war,
sprach das Kind noch immerdar:

"Mutter, Mutter! es hungert mich,
gib mir Brot, sonst sterb' ich!"
"Warte nur, mein liebes Kind,
morgen wollen wir Dreschen."
Als es nun gedroschen war,
sprach das Kind noch immerdar:

"Mutter, Mutter! es hungert mich,
gib mir Brot, sonst sterb' ich!"
"Warte nur, mein liebes Kind,
morgen wollen wir mahlen."
Als es nun gemahlen war,
sprach das Kind noch immerdar:

"Mutter, Mutter! es hungert mich,
gib mir Brot, sonst sterb' ich!"
"Warte nur, mein liebes Kind,
morgen wollen wir backen."
Als es nun gebacken war,
lag das Kind auf der Totenbahn.

In the garden under the linden tree

In the garden under the linden tree
I spent the quiet night
lost in sweet reflection,
thinking, my love, of you.

I looked to the evening sky,
and saw two bright, shining stars;
it was as if your magical eyes
peered into my longing heart.

And clouds drew over them
as if your eyes were closing.
Sleep well, my distant love,
sleep well, beloved angel.

The starving child

"Mother, mother! I'm so hungry,
give me bread or I will die!"
"Wait a bit, my dearest child,
tomorrow we will sow."
And when the sowing had been done,
the child spoke and said again:

"Mother, mother! I'm so hungry,
give me bread or I will die!"
"Wait a bit, my dearest child,
tomorrow we will reap."
And when the reaping had been done,
the child spoke and said again:

"Mother, mother! I'm so hungry,
give me bread or I will die!"
"Wait a bit, my dearest child,
tomorrow we will thresh."
And when the threshing had been done,
the child spoke and said again:

"Mother, mother! I'm so hungry,
give me bread or I will die!"
"Wait a bit, my dearest child,
tomorrow we will mill."
When the milling had been done,
the child spoke and said again:

"Mother, mother! I'm so hungry,
give me bread or I will die!"
"Wait a bit, my dearest child,
tomorrow we will bake."
When the baking had been done,
the child lay upon his bier.

9) Überwunden (1897)
Unidentified

Durch die Saiten ert es hin
bang wie Geisterklänge,
einziges Weib als ob dein Geist
mit dem meinen range.

Allgewaltig ist der Bann,
und ich soll dich meiden,
will mit dir zugrunde gehen
lieber noch als scheiden.

Laß die Saiten nur in Ruh,
ganz hab ich empfunden,
Du nur bist mein Lebensnerv,
ich bin überwunden.

10) "In alten Tagen", op. 3/1

Ich glaube in alten Tagen,
da liebt ich ein Mägdlein,
mein Herz ist krank und trübe
es mag' wohl ein Märchen sein.

Ich glaube in alten Tagen,
da sonnte sich einer im Glück,
war ich's oder war ein anderer --
vergebens sinn ich zurück.

Ich glaube in alten Tagen,
da sang ich, ich weiß nicht was,
hab' ich denn alles vergessen,
seitdem sie mich vergaß?

11) "Umsonst", op. 3/5

An Dich verschwendet hat mein Herz
sein bestes Gut und Blut,
sein Träumen, Lachen und Weinen,
sein Zagen und seinen Muth.

Und du - du gehst und blickst vorbei,
du stolze Königin,
Du weißt, und willst nicht wissen,
wie ganz verarmt ich bin,

Wie bettelarm, wie bettelstolz
ich meiner Straße zieh!
Zum Bettler bin ich geworden,
doch betteln werd' ich nie.

Conquered

Erring through the strings,
are fearful, ghostly sounds,
incomparable woman as if your spirit
were wrestling with mine.

All powerful is the spell
and I should avoid you,
but I would rather go to ruin
than to part with you.

Leave the strings in peace,
I have felt completely
you alone are my lifeblood
I am conquered.

From: Five Songs, op. 3 (before 1900)
Paul Heyse (1830-1914)

In days of old

I believe in days of old
I once loved a maiden.
My heart is sick and heavy,
it may well have been a fairytale.

I believe in days of old
there was one who basked in joy,
was it I or was it another --
in vain I try to remember.

I believe in days of old
I sang, I know not what;
have I then forgotten all,
since she has forgotten me?

In Vain

On you my heart has squandered
its very best fibre and blood,
its dreams, its laughter and tears,
its worries as well as bold courage.

And you, you go past and look away,
you proud queen,
you know and yet will not know,
how completely poor I've become!

Poor as a beggar, proud as a beggar,
I go along my way
and beggar though I have become,
I'll never stoop to begging!

12) "Sommerfäden.", op. 2/1 (before 1900)
Dora Leen (1880-194?)

Wenn die Sommerzeiten enden,
wandelt licht im Abendschein,
Herbsttrugseggen in den Händen,
still Frau Holde durch den Hain.

Und mit leisen Liebesreden
streut als lieblich holde Spur,
weiße, weiche Sommerfäden
weithin sie durch die Natur.

Sommerfäden zieh'n durch's Land,
leise nah'n sie und verschweben,
fromme Wünsche still gesandt,
mögen ihnen Weisung geben:

"Sommerfäden, schwebt dahin,
grüßt mir nah' und grüßt mir ferne
liebe, treue Augensterne,
Sommerfäden, schwebt dahin."

Und Frau Holde lächelt leise,
und die Sommerfäden zieh'n
ihre rätselhafte Reise
schimmernd zu dem Liebsten hin.

13) "Stimmen des Tages", op. 2/2 (before 1900)
Ferdinand von Saar (1833-1906)

Lang war die Nacht; wie auf stygischem Nachen
hab' ich schlaflos gerungen, gebüßt.
Seid jetzt, um mich her im ersten Erwachen,
seid mir ihr Stimmen des Tages, begrüßt!

Seid mir begrüßt, früh rasselnde Wagen,
einsige Schritte die Cassé entlang,
Du übertönt jetzt des Holzwurms Nagen,
weckender Morgenglockenklang.

Schon mit dem dämmernden Strahl vor dem Fenster
zwittert der Sperling fröhlichen Blut's,
Sonne, du nahst, verschleichend Gespenster,
heilige Quelle des Licht's und des Mut's!

Lang war die Nacht; wie auf stygischem Nachen
hab' ich in schweigenden Dunkel gebüßt.
Seid jetzt, um mich her im ersten Erwachen,
seid mir ihr Stimmen des Tages, begrüßt!

Summer's Threads

As the summer season ends,
she wanders in the evening glow,
autumn's blessings in her hands,
Lady Grace walks through the grove.

And with tranquil words of love
she strews along a gentle trail,
pale and mild summer threads
o'er ev'ry hill and dale.

Summer threads flow through the land,
floating past to disappear,
pious wishes, sent in stillness,
have these words for them to hear:

"Summer threads, soar through the sky,
greet the near and distant
loving, loyal orbs,
summer threads, soar through the sky."

And Lady Grace smiles softly,
and the summer threads unröll
on their enigmatic journey
resplendent to the lover's soul.

Voices of day

Long was the night; as if plying the Styx
I struggled in sleepless penance.
To you, around me in first awakening,
my greeting, you voices of day!

I greet you, first clattering wagon,
industrious steps, along the street.
You drown out the woodworm's gnawing,
you rousing morning church bells.

And with the first dawning beams at the window
twittert the sparrow's joyous song,
sun, you come to frighten off spirits,
oh holy source of courage and light!

Long was the night; as if plying the Styx
I have atoned in silent darkness.
To you, around me in first awakening,
my greeting, you voices of day!

14) "Die Rosen und der Flieder" (1894)
Otto Gruppe (1804-1876)

Die Rosen und der Flieder,
die Nelken und Jasmin,
die kommen alle wieder
und werden wieder blühn.

Nur nicht die Lieb und Treue,
wenn sie verloren ist,
und keimt kein Herz auf's Neue,
das schon gebrochen ist.

15) "Ein Rosenblatt" (before 1900)
Vincenz Zusner (1803-1874)

Als jüngst der Bach im Morgenglanze
den ersten Kuss der Rose gab,
da sank aus ihrem Blütenkranze
in seine Flut ein Blatt hinab.

Dies trägt er nun auf seinen Wellen
durch Wald und Flur um süßem Weh'
und wahr't es selbst an öden Stellen,
bis es verrauscht im tiefen See.

Wenn auch im bunten Weltgetriebe
schon unsre letzte Freude schwand,
das Rosenblatt der ersten Liebe,
umschwebt uns bis zum Grabesrand.

16) "Rosengruß", op. 7/7 (before 1900)
Ernst Scherenberg (1839-1905)

Heimlich durch's Fenster kam er geflohen,
schüchtern Liebe duftiger Gruß;
sicht sich der hoffende Werber betrogen,
sinnende Maid, warum zögert dein Fuß?

Durch des Gemaches verschwiegene Räume
fluret der Rosen bestrickender Hauch;
wiegt dich in süße, berausende Träume,
wecket den Frühling im Herzen dir auch.

Bald zu den Lippen wirst du ihn heben,
Rosen zu Rosen, o blühende Zeit!
Aber noch zagst du mir heimlichen Beben;
ahnst du die Dornen, ahnst du das Leid!

Roses and lilac

Roses and lilac,
carnations and jasmine,
all these reappear
to blossom once again.

But not love and devotion,
when they are lost,
and no heart sprouts anew
once it has been broken.

A Rose Petal

When in morning glow the brook
gave the rose its first kiss
there fell from its wreath of blossoms
a petal into the stream.

Upon its wave it's carried now
through forest and field in sweet pain
and preserves it even in desolate plains
until it passes away into the deep sea.

When in the colorful worldly bustle
even our last joy has disappeared
the rose petal of our first love
accompanies us to the edge of the grave.

A rose's greeting

Through the window with an unseen breeze
came fragrant greeting of timorous love;
is the anxious suitor deceived,
pensive young girl, why tarry you so?

In every one of the room's silent corners
flows the rose's bedazzling scent;
rocking you sweetly in enraptured dreams
awakening spring in your breast.

Soon you will lift it up to your lips,
roses to roses, o moment supreme!
But still you hesitate, with inner trembling;
in fear of the thorns, in fear of the pain!

17) Rosentod, op. 7/5 (before 1900)
Dora Leen

Du rote Rose,
die du in schimmernder Vase,
entgegenwelkest dem Tode;

weithin durch das nächtlich stille Gemach
lauchst sterbend du die letzten Däfte,
der Blumenseele Seufzer hin.

Und du vergehst,
eine in Purpurgewandete Klage,
weil dich nicht Liebe gepflückt,
weil dich nicht Liebe empfing.

18) "Ach, noch so jung", op. 7/6 (before 1900)
Ernst Scherenberg

Ach, noch so jung und schon so verblüht,
so weit noch der Weg und die Füße so müd',
in trostloser Wüste auf glühendem Sand
lieg' ich verlassen, bestaubt und verbrannt.

Wie zog ich aus mit jubelndem Mur,
das Herz war frisch, und der Weg war gut.
Doch jagt' ich verlockenden Bildern nach
und fand nur Täuschung und bittere Schmach.

Nun lieg' ich hier auf glühendem Sand,
in trostloser Wüste bestaubt und verbrannt;
ach, noch so jung und schon so verblüht,
der Weg noch so weit und die Füße so müd'.

19) "Unendliche Liebe", op. 4/2 (before 1900)
Leo Tolstoy (1828-1910)

Ich sehe Tränen im Aug' dir glänzen,
o häm' dich nicht, du bist mein höchstes Gut.
Denn meine Liebe kennt keine Grenzen,
umschließt den Erdball, wie des Weltmeers Flut.

O häm' dich nicht, bald wird dein Kleinmut schwinden,
du bist mein höchstes Gut!
Denn in der ew'gen Himmelsliebe Bahn
muß alle ird'sche Liebe münden,
wie alle Ströme in den Ocean.

A rose's death

You deep red rose,
held in a shimmering vase,
you fade away to your death.

Reaching out through the silent, darkened abode
you are breathing your last scented breath,
the sighs of a flower's soul.

And you will die,
clothed in a gown of deep purple lament,
for you were not picked in love,
nor were you welcomed in love.

Ah, still so young

Ah, still so young and fading so soon,
so far yet to go and so weary my step,
in desolate wasteland, on hot, glowing sand,
I lay forsaken in the merciless sun.

Once I set forth in jubilant spirits,
my heart was alive and my path full of promise.
But I chased after visions of enticing allure
and found only illusions and bitter disgrace.

And now here I lie on the hot, glowing sand,
in desolate wasteland in the merciless sun.
Ah, still so young and fading so soon,
so far yet to go and so weary my step.

Eternal Love

I see tears glistening in your eyes,
oh, do not grieve, you are my dearest treasure.
For my love knows no bounds,
encompasses the globe, like the ocean's waves.

Oh, do not grieve, your despair will soon be gone,
you are my dearest treasure!
For toward heaven's endless love
all earthly love must flow
like all rivers to the sea.

20) "Spuk", op. 7/4 (before 1900)
Dora Leen

Im Mondgeflimmer, im Zauberschimмер
führen die Elfen den Reigen;
fernher leise, frohliche Weise,
tönen klingende Geigen.

Zur Schenke hin mit stürmenden Sinn
eilt der Forstmann durch nächtlichen Wald.
Im Dorf bei Tanz und Kerzenglanz
jubelnde Freude erschallt.

Sehnsuchtsumstrickt, ein Mädchen blickt,
vom Tanze die Wangen so rot;
ein bleich' Gesicht im Mondenlicht,
küssen die lachenden Elfen zu Tod.

21) "Die Liebe als Recensentin", op. 4/4 (before 1900)
Julius Sturm (1816-1896)

Der Kukuk hat ein einzig Lied
für seinen Schatz erdacht,
das wird er nicht zu singen müd'
von früh bis in die Nacht.

Sein Schätzlein sitzt auf grünem Zweig
hört unermüdlich zu
und denkt: es singt im ganzen Reich
doch keiner wie mein Kukuk.

22) "Wiegenliedchen", op. 7/1 (before 1900)
Julius Sturm

Schlafe, mein Liebchen, ich decke dich zu,
Englein nah'n dir im Traum,
längst schon gingen Vöglein zu Ruh',
bargen ihr Köpfchen im Flaum.
Schlafe, mein Liebchen, ich decke dich zu,
Englein nah'n dir im Traum.

Schlafe die müden Äuglein dir klar,
bis die Sonne dich weckt;
hält die Liebe vor Leid und Gefahr
dich wie mit Flügeln bedeckt.
Schlafe die müden Äuglein dir klar,
bis die Sonne dich weckt.

Spectre

In moonlight glimmer, in magic shimmer
the elves start to dance in a ring;
faraway plays a tune of old days,
scraped on an old fiddle string.

And towards the inn with impatient mien
hastens the woodsman on nocturnal trails.
In town they dance as candle flames prance,
merriment sounds through the vale.

A young girl's gaze, her longing betrays,
from dancing her cheeks are so red;
in moonlight rays a pale young face
is kissed by the elves until dead.

Love as Critic

The cuckoo has a single song
created for his love,
he never tires of singing it
from morning until night.

His dearest love sits on a branch
and listens without tiring
and thinks: in all the realm
none equals my cuckoo's song.

Lullaby

Sleep, my dear child, I'll tuck you in,
angels surround you in dreams,
the birds have long gone to rest,
have buried their heads in their feathers.
Sleep, my dear child, I'll tuck you in,
angels surround you in dreams.

Sleep 'till your tired eyes shine brightly,
until the sun wakens you,
love shields you from sorrow and peril,
protecting you under its wings.
Sleep 'till your tired eyes shine brightly,
until the sun wakens you.

23) "Zu späte Reue", op. 7/2 (before 1900)
Julius Sturm

Da geht er wieder, der bleiche Knabe,
dem ich die Treue gebrochen habe;
und trägt noch immer, ob es auch bleichte,
am Hut das Röslein, das ich ihm reichte.

Weh', daß ich Schätze um Liebe tauschte,
mit eitlem Flimmer mein Herz herauschte!
was ist von allem mir treu geblieben,
als sein verschmähtes, verkanntes Lieben.

24) "Traum", op. 7/3 (before 1900)
Dora Leen

Mich grüßte erstrahlender Schein,
mich grüßte erblühendes Land,
in Träumen stand ich allein,
dem Schimmer zugewandt.

Aus dunkelndem Tore trat
die Liebe in leuchtender Pracht
und wies mir steinigen Pfad,
der führte durch Sturm und Nacht.

Da habe ich still von dem Schein,
mich still von den Blüten gewandt
und ging die Straße von Stein,
die Liebe an der Hand.

25) Entführung (c. 1909)
Stefan George (1868-1933)

Zieh mit mir, geliebtes Kind,
in die Wälder fernher Kunde
und behalt als Angebind
mir mein Lied in deinem Munde:

Baden wir im sanften Blau
der mit Duft umhüllten Gränzen:
werden uns're Leiber glänzen
klarer scheinen als wie Tau.

In der Luft so silberfein
Fäden uns zu Schleieren spinnen.
Auf dem Rasen bleichen Linnen
zart wie Schnee und Sternenschein.

Unter Bäumen um den See
schweben wir vereint uns freuend
sachte singend, Blumen streuend,
weiße Nelken, weißen Klee.

Belated remorse

Again there he is, the pale, young lad,
whose devotion I betrayed;
and in his hat, although it is faded,
he still wears the rose that I gave him.

Oh, that I traded treasures for love,
let my heart be swayed by vain trinkets!
What of all that remains faithful to me,
but his scorned, unrecognized love.

Dream

A vision of glittering light,
I saw a new blossoming land,
in dreams I stood all alone,
facing that splendour so grand.

From a dark door it appeared,
'twas Love resplendent and bright,
He showed me the rugged path
which led through stormy night.

I quietly turned from the light,
I turned from that blossoming land
and went along that rough path
to take in mine Love's hand.

Abduction

Come with me, beloved child,
into the forests of yore
and keep as a gift
only my song in your mouth.

We'll bathe in the soft blue
of the scented blossoms:
our bodies will glow
more clearly than the dew.

In the air, so silver fine,
threads are spun for us as veils.
On the grass linen bleaches
soft as snow and starlight.

Under trees around the lake
we float happily united
singing softly, strewing petals,
white carnations, white clover.

26) Das feurige Männlein (1915)
Alfons Petzold (1882-1923)

Ein feuriges Männlein reitet über die Welt,
zünd't an jeden Wald, zünd't an jedes Feld,
reißt die kreuz und quer durch die Dörfer und Städt' -
Ach, wenn nur das Männlein sein Rössel nit hätte!

Doch das Rössel ist eilig wie der stinkichste Blitz;
tät Menschenblut saufen, das berget viel Hitz,
tät Menschenfleisch fressen, das hält's in der Kräft,
auf dass es tausend Meilen an einem Tag schafft.

Wo sein Hufschlag tut klappern, da dörrt alles Kraut,
kein Weib und kein Kind mehr zur Sonn' hinauf schaut;
da ist alles Leben keinen Blechbarzen wert
und brinnen die Häuser wie Holz auf dem Herd.
Wehl schreien die Menschen, die Baum' und die Stein' -
und das feurige Männlein lacht grausig hinein.

From: Fünf Gesänge für tiefe Stimme (1909)

27) "Die Dunkelheit sinkt schwer wie Blei"
Edith Ronsperger (1880-1921)

Darkness falls heavy as lead,
Die Dunkelheit sinkt schwer wie Blei,
in totem grauen Einerlei
ersterben Farbe und Gestalt.
Das müde Schweigen stört kein Laut -
gleich einer schwarzen Mauer baut
zum Himmel sich der Wald.
In öde Leere riesengroß
streckt sich mein Leben hoffnungslos.
Es weht so dumpf und grabeskalt
der Atem dieser Nacht nich an,
ein Grauen kriecht an mich heran, -
o schlief' ich, schlief' ich bald!

28) "Sie sind so schön"
Edith Ronsperger

Sie sind so schön, die milden, sonnenreichen,
verträumten Tage früher Herbsteszeiten,
die über See, Gebirg' und Matten breiten,
ein Schimmern, Leuchten, Strahlen ungleichlichen.

Und grelle Lichter, tiefe Schatten weichen,
und aufgetan und klar sind alle Weiten.
Und du verstehst die tiefsten Heimlichkeiten,
des Sommers heiße Farben, sie verbleichen.

Mit einer Milde, die kein Wort dir nennt,
fühlst du des Sommers Hauch herüberwehen,
ein süß' Erinnerung, das von ihm geblichen.
Und was mein Herz seit langem lieb und kennt -
in neuem Licht seh' ich's vor mir erstehen
und lieb' es neu mit tieferm, reifer'm Lieben!

The Fiery Gnome

A fiery gnome rides out in the world,
ignites ev'ry wood, ignites ev'ry field,
Rides this way and that through village and town -
If only he had not his bloodthirsty mount.

But his stallion is fast like lightning in rage;
it swills human blood, its thirst to assuage,
it gnaws human flesh, to gather the strength,
for a day's journey of a thousand miles' length.

Wherever his hoof falls, all life is undone,
no woman or child looks up to the sun;
there's nothing to save, in whole or in part
and houses burn brightly like wood in the hearth.
Oh! cry the people, the trees and the stones -
at the hideous laughter of the fiery gnome.

Darkness falls heavy as lead

Darkness falls heavy as lead,
in the dead, grey monotony
color and shape die.
No sound disturbs the weary silence -
like a black wall
the forest rises up to heaven.
Into a huge barren emptiness
my life stretches, hopelessly.
Misty and cold as the grave
and breath of this night blows at me,
a terror creeps up to me, -
if only I could sleep, sleep soon!

They are so beautiful

They are so beautiful, the mellow, sun-rich,
dreamy days of early autumn,
which spread over lake, mountain and pastures,
an incomparable gleam, lustre and radiance.

And dazzling lights, deep shadows recede,
and all distances are opened up and clear.
And you understand the deepest secrets,
the hot colors of summer, they fade.

With a gentleness that no word can express to you,
you feel summer's breath blow by,
a sweet memory, that remained of it.
And that which my heart has loved and known long,
I see it rise again before me in a new light
and love it anew with a deeper, more mature love!

29) "Einst gibt ein Tag"
Edith Ronsperger

Einst gibt ein Tag mir alles Glück zu eigen,
das ich erträumt, erscheint in schweren Zeiten.
Da sind versunken alle Dunkelheiten -
und alle Stimmen tiefsten Leidens schweigen.
Aus hoben, schlanken Blumengläsern neigen
sich langgestielte Blüten, leise gleiten
die schweren Düfte durch des Raumes Weiten,
wie Säulen Rauch aus Opferschalen steigen.

Und hoher Kerzen Schein spielt an den Wänden -
und über all den bunten Blumenflören -
nun kam auch meines Glückes Stunde,
kein rauber Mißton wird sie mir zerstören -
Ich schlaf so tief, ein Strauß in meinen Händen,
und an der Stirn die kleine rote Wunde

30) Und wie mag die Liebe (1919)
Rainer Maria Rilke (1875-1926)

Und wie mag die Liebe dir kommen sein?
Kam sie wie ein Sonnen, ein Blütenstreich,
kam sie wie ein Beten? - Erzähle:

Das Glück löste leuchtend aus allen Himmeln sich los
und hing mit gefalteten Schwingen groß
an meiner blühenden Seele...

Once a day will give

Once a day will give me all happiness as my own
that I had dreamed of, longed for in difficult times.
Then all darkness will sink away -
and all the voices of deepest sorrow will fall silent.
From tall, slender flower vases
long-stemmed blossoms bend, quietly
the heavy scents glide through the room's expanse,
like columns of smoke rising from sacrificial bowls.

And the light of tall candles plays on the walls -
and above all the colorful floral carpets -
now the hour of my own happiness has arrived,
no harsh dissonance will destroy it for me -
I sleep so soundly, a bouquet of flowers in my hands,
and on my forehead the small red wound.

And how may Love

And how may love have come to you?
Did it come like a ray of sun, a rain of blossoms,
did it come like a prayer? - Tell:

Happiness broke radiantly from the heavens
and hung large with folded wings
above my flowering soul...



Hermine Haselböck, *mezzo-soprano*



Mezzo-soprano Hermine Haselböck, born in Melk Austria, studied at the University of performing Arts in Vienna under Rita Streich as well as the Hochschule für Musik Detmold in Germany under Ingeborg Ruß, qualifying both with performers' and vocal education diplomas. Master classes with Sena Jurinac, Marjana Lipovšek and Christa Ludwig provided her with the vital impetus to pursue an artistic career.

Hermine Haselböck has collaborated with conductors such as Gustav Kuhn, Nikolaus Harnoncourt, Fabio Luisi, Bertrand de Billy, Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos and Manfred Honeck and orchestras such as the MDR Sinfonieorchester, Chamber Orchestra of Europe, Wiener Symphoniker, RSO Wien, Camerata Salzburg and Dresdner Philharmonie.

International recital and concert performances have led her to Carnegie Hall - New York, Musikverein Vienna, Konzerthaus Vienna, Concertgebouw Amsterdam, Frauenkirche Dresden and the Teatro San Carlo Naples as well as to festivals such as the Styriarte, Klangbogen Vienna, Wiener Festwochen, Kunstfest Weimar, MDR Musiksommer Leipzig, Easter-festival of sacred Music in Brno and the Haydnfestival Eisenstadt.

Her comprehensive concert- and Lieder repertoire includes Bach (Magnificat, Matthew Passion, Christmas-, Easter-Oratorio), Beethoven (Missa Solemnis, Mass in C major, Symphony No. 9), Mozart (Requiem) and Mendelssohn (Elijah), as well as Mahler (Kindertoten-, Rückert-, Songs of a Wayfarer), Wolf (Italian Songbook, Goethe-Songs), Berg, Schönberg, Zemlinsky and Schreker. Her opera roles include Fiorilla (Il Turco in Italia / Rossini), Mrs. P. (The man who mistook his wife for a hat / M. Nyman), Hänsel (Hänsel und Gretel), Amore (Dafne in Lauro / Fux), 2. Dame (Magic flute), Mercedes (Carmen), Dorabella (Cosi fan tutte) and Frauenschatten (Die Flammen / Erwin Schulhoff). She has performed at opera houses such as the Wiener Volkoper, Theater an der Wien and the Grand Theatre de la Ville Luxemburg.

Hermine Haselböck was awarded the Radio Österreich 1 Pasticcio Prize for the CD "Songs by Zemlinsky" in 2004 and the International Alexander Zemlinsky Prize in 2005, presented to her at her recital debut in the Musikverein Vienna.

Russell Ryan, *piano*



Russell Ryan was born in North Dakota and began his piano studies at age six. A graduate of the San Francisco Conservatory, he also attended master classes at the Juilliard School and studied at Vienna's University for Music and the Performing Arts, graduating with honors in piano chamber music under Professor Georg Ebert. Mr. Ryan was an accompanist at the Wiener Singverein, and has been on the staff of the vocal department at the University for Music and the Performing Arts since 1985. He has instructed and accompanied master classes in Lieder, chamber music, opera and musical theatre. As soloist, accompanist and chamber musician, he has frequently appeared in Europe, Israel and Japan and the US; for four seasons, he served as both soloist and accompanist at the San Francisco Bach Festival. Mr. Ryan has also performed in many radio and television productions in Austria, Scandinavia, Japan and the US.

Wolfgang Holzmair, *baritone*



Wolfgang Holzmair was born in Vöcklabruck in Austria and studied at the Vienna Academy of Music and Dramatic Arts with Hilde Rössel-Majdan (voice) and Erik Werba (lied).

He performs in recital throughout the world with regular appearances in London, Lisbon, New York, Washington, at the Risør Festival (Norway), Bath Festival (UK), Menuhin Festival (Switzerland), Bregenz Festival and Carinthian Summer Festival (Austria), and in 2008 and 2009 again in London, New York, Washington, but also Southampton, The Hague, Salzburg, Graz, Linz, amongst others. Alongside his outstanding artistic relationship with the British pianist Imogen Cooper and his collaboration with a number of well-versed accompanists, his partners also include Till Felner, Andreas Haefliger, and Lars Vogt.

Holzmair is also active in the opera world. He recently appeared as Papageno in Dallas under Graeme Jenkins, Fainal in Der Rosenkavalier in Seattle under Asher Fish and in Hong Kong under Edo de Waart, Don Alfonso in Lyon under William Christie and in Toronto under Richard Bradshaw, the Music Master in Ariadne in Madrid under Jesús López-Cobos, and Wolfram Tannhäuser in Erfurt under Gugerbauer. Future plans include Eduard (Neues vom Tage by Hindemith) in Ancona, Eisenstein Die Fledermaus in Dallas, Demetrius A Midsummer Night's Dream in Toronto and a tour of Japan singing the Father Hansel and Gretel under Ozawa.

Equally in demand on the concert platform, he has sung with leading European and American orchestras, such as the Israel Philharmonic, Berlin Philharmonic, Vienna Symphony, Leipzig Gewandhaus, Cleveland and Concertgebouw Orchestras, the Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment, under eminent conductors including Blomstedt, Boulez, Chailly, von Dohnány, Frühbeck de Burgos, Haitink, Harnoncourt, Kreizberg, Norrington, Ozawa. Forthcoming engagements include Britten's War Requiem with Dresden Philharmonie under Hickox and 3rd Symphony by Carl Nielsen with the Orchestre Symphonique de la Monnaie.

Wolfgang Holzmair has an extensive discography, and his recordings have met with critical acclaim. His numerous recordings include lieder by Clara and Robert Schumann and Eichendorff songs by various composers, all with Imogen Cooper (Philips), various Schubert recordings with Gérard Wyss (Tudor), Pelléas et Mélisande with Haitink and the Orchestre National de France (Naive), and Brahms' Ein deutsches Requiem with Herbert Blomstedt (which won a Grammy award). For years he has also been a committed advocate of works, especially lieder, by formerly persecuted composers such as Krenek, Mittler and Zeisl (ORF, cpo). A Terezin recording is currently in preparation (Bridge Records).

Since 1998 he has taught lied and oratorio at the Mozarteum in Salzburg and given master classes in Europe and North America.

Produced and Engineered by Silas Brown (Legacy Sound)
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Musical Supervisor: Christopher Hailey
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Executive Producers: Becky and David Starobin

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For Bridge Records: Charlotte Albert, Barbara Bersito, Natalie Bersito,
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Robert Starobin, Sandra Woodruff

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O Gloden, böse Gloden,
Habt schweren, dumpfen Klang;
Ihr töhnet meiner Säßen
Den Totenklang.

O Tod, du hieltest Rattel
Mit keinemnem Geßicht,
Wie sich am Fels die Woge,
An die mein Denken bricht.

Die Thränen machen müde,
Die Augen fallen zu:
O könnt ich schlafen, Kündchen,
So tief wie du!



Daß er ganz ein Engel werde,
Legt den kleinen Leib zur Ruh:
Aber nicht mit schwerer Erde,
Schüttel ihn mit Blumen zu!

Sacker Blume glich mein Kündchen,
Halb noch träumend, kann erwedelt.
War gleich ihr von jedem Windchen
Kauh berührt und leicht erschreckt.





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