



SCHOOL OF MUSIC
presents

Alex Koch, tenor
Stephen Carey, piano

Sunday, November 15th, 2020

7:00 PM

TCU School of Music

Wilkommen
From Cabaret

John Kander
(1927-Present)

Caro Mio Ben

Giuseppe Giordani
(1751-1798)

The Juices Entwine
From Service Provider

Christopher Weiss and John de los Santos
(1980-Present) (1981-Present)

For Forever
From Dear Evan Hansen

Benj Pasek and Justin Paul
(1985-Present) (1985-Present)

Time

Jeannie Miller
(1996-Present)

Love, Unrequited, Robs me of my Rest

W.S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan
(1836-1911) (1842-1900)

Sure on this Shining Night

Samuel Barber
(1910-1981)

Artwork by Elizabeth Gondolf

Les Chemins de l'amour

Francis Poulenc
(1899-1963)

Dance performed by Ali Honchell

Freundliche Vision

Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)

Artwork by Ian L.

Mr. Koch's portion of the recital is given in fulfillment of the requirements for Bachelor's in Music Performance degree. Mr. Koch is a student of Professor Twyla Robinson, Dr. Corey Trahan, and Professor David Gately. The use of recording equipment or taking photographs is prohibited.
Please silence all electronic devices.

Wilkommen

From *Cabaret*

John Kander
(1927 – Present)

Based off of the 1951 play by queer playwright John Van Druten, *Cabaret* was written and premiered in 1966 by John Kander, Fred Ebb, and Joe Masteroff. The play by Van Druten, titled *I Am a Camera*, was inspired by the 1939 novel by Christopher Isherwood, *Goodbye to Berlin*. This novel is important in the inception of *Cabaret* as well as *I Am a Camera*, as it gives the plot, the conflict, and the characters used throughout the play and the musical.

The novel comes from the perspective of the author, Isherwood, and describes his time while living in 1930's Berlin, right before the rise of the Nazis. Within the complete work are a compilation of short novellas, following the lives of different people living in Berlin. What makes this work so intriguing as well as important to the conception of both the play and the musical, is that it follows the stories of those who were most at risk of being taken during the rise of the Nazi regime. Isherwood highlights these people within the novellas, like Sally Bowles; a cabaret singer, or a rich young Jewish woman, and even a gay couple struggling with their relationship, as a way of showing how the beginnings of the Nazi regime and the collapse of German society in Berlin affected them.

This piece opens the musical, and you are first introduced to the flamboyantly homosexual/gender queer character of the Emcee. He opens the evening with this big group number as a way of getting the audience warm (both the musical audience and the audience in the *Cabaret*) for the show.

Willkommen

Text by Joe Masteroff

Willkommen! Bienvenue! Welcome!

Fremder, étranger, stranger

Glücklich zu sehen

Je suis enchanté

Happy to see you

Bleibe, reste, stay

Willkommen! And bienvenue! Welcome!

Im cabaret, au cabaret, to cabaret!

Meine damen und herren

Mes dames et messieurs

Ladies and gentlemen

Guten abend! Bon soir! Good evening!

Wie geht's? Comment sa va?

Do you feel good?

Ich bin eur confrencier!

Je suis votre compère

I am your host!

Und sage

Willkommen! And bienvenue! Welcome!

I'm cabaret, au cabaret, to cabaret!

Leave your troubles outside

So life is disappointing, forget it!

In here life is beautiful

The girls are beautiful

Even the orchestra is beautiful

Und sage

Willkommen! And bienvenue! Welcome!

Fremder, étranger, stanger

Glücklich zu sehen

Je suis enchanté

Happy to see you

Bleibe, reste, stay

Willkommen! And bienvenue! Welcome!

I'm cabaret

Au cabaret

To cabaret

Caro Mio Ben

Giuseppe Giordani
(1751 – 1798)

Giuseppe Giordani was a notable Classical Era Italian composer who was known for specifically his operatic works. Born into an aristocratic family in Naples, Giordani was exposed to music from a very young age. He displayed a musical aptitude and began training at the Conservatory in Naples, creating a name for himself by his early twenties and becoming the Maestro di Capella at Tesoro di San Gennaro.

After the success of his opera *L'Epponina* in Florence in 1779, his work took him to Bologna and Fermo where he found operatic success and secured the Maestro di Capella at Fermo Cathedral. While there, he began to shift his compositional work to oratorio, while still writing some operas. It was during this time (1780 to his death in 1789) that he gained notoriety within the Italian operatic community for his oratorio compositions. This was also the time in which, until recently, we believed he composed his most famous piece, *Caro Mio Ben* (1783).

Within the past five years, there has been an ongoing debate within the classical academic community as to whether or not *Caro Mio Ben* is Giuseppe Giordani's own composition. Some scholars argue that it could possibly be his father's original composition that Giordani recycled later on, his father passed away when he was only eighteen after all. The more plausible argument is that it was his possible older brother, Tommaso Giordani's composition. Unfortunately, there is still not enough evidence to prove or refute either claim.

Caro Mio Ben describes the love one feels for another, and how without them, the singer's heart languishes. The da capo aria is true to form, with the B section using new text to express the faithfulness of the singer and their desire for this loved one to cease the cruel severity of abandonment. The da capo aria was extremely popular within the baroque era preceding it, but does not use the elaborate ornamentation generally seen within the repeat of the A section. Its popularity comes from the Galant style in which it is written through the simple and elegant lines, and the lack of ornamentation.

Caro Mio Ben

Text by anonymous

Caro mio ben,
credimi almen,
senza di te
languisce il cor.

Il tuo fedel
sospira ognor.
Cessa, crudel,
tanto rigor!

My Dear Beloved

Translation by John Glenn Paton

My dear beloved,
believe me at least,
without you
my heart languishes.

Your faithful one
always sighs;
cease, cruel one,
so much punishment!

The Juices Entwine

Christopher Weiss

From Service Provider

(1980 – Present)

John de los Santos

(1981 – Present)

Premiered in 2015 at the American Opera Initiative with Washington National Opera, Service Provider is a one act opera that explores the difficulties of dating and marriage within the 21st century. In a raving review, Communities Digital News said:

“Of the three short operas premiered, “Service Provider” was for us at least the most fully realized in terms of plot, character, action and music.

In celebration of their third anniversary as a married couple, Beau has taken his wife Autumn to dinner at a fancy restaurant they’ve both apparently enjoyed before. But a big problem in their relationship becomes obvious almost from the start. Autumn seems physically conjoined with her smartphone, casually and thoughtlessly interrupting a supposedly romantic occasion again and again by giving primacy to whatever garbage demands her immediate response. Beau’s justifiable irritation continues to grow.

It’s at this point that librettist John de los Santos’ sophisticated and efficient narrative really takes off, as two more key characters are introduced: Dallas, the skilled, but condescending waiter and a sexy single diner named Charlene.

It’s a testament to Mr. de los Santos’ skill that he’s able to compact this all-too-familiar urban tale—including its additional complications—into a functional and satisfying plot. While his characters are a bit of a cliché, this is intentional as we’re dealing with a well-crafted satire in this opera and not simply a standard story line.

But Mr. de los Santos also contributes in two additional key areas. In a short period of time, he crisply and efficiently defines each character, while piling on additional characters and complications so quickly and efficiently that he's able to bring his story quickly to the boiling point leading to a decisive climax and a satisfying denouement. He also provides efficient dialogue and verse forms with plenty of vowels, giving composer-collaborator Christopher Weiss a load of great musical material to work with.

Not surprisingly, Mr. Weiss was in turn inspired to provide the snappiest, most sharply defined music of the evening, helping flesh out the opera's characters and providing the best single set piece of the night in which Dallas—in rapid-patter Gilbert & Sullivan mode—delivers a hymn of praise to food, to his chef and to his superior tableside skills. As astonishing as it is funny, it's written, composed and sung like a mini-version of Figaro's famous aria, "Largo al factotum."

Of the three mini-operas presented Wednesday, it's clear at least to this reviewer that "Service Provider" comes the closest by far in terms of being ready for prime time. Neither its story nor its hair-trigger characters ever flag; its instantly recognizable narrative remains humorously on target; the opera's pace has a way of auto-accelerating right on schedule; and perhaps most important, its score pumps up and defines each character and defines each plot twist in a way that proved satisfying to Wednesday's large and appreciative audience."

The aria itself is not only the comedic relief, but also the musical centerpiece of the opera. Weiss pulls out all of the artistic stops, requiring Dallas to be able to sing legato bel canto lines, fast patter, and fast paced staccato coloratura; all while emphasizing the witty dialogue written by de los Santos.

The Juices Entwine

Text by John de los Santos

Tonight we are offering a morcilla tortellini

with sundried tomatoes and Thai basil.

Smothered in a butter sage and blood orange sauce.

Mmm....

Exquisitely filling!

We're also serving swordfish!

An Atlantic swordfish fillet!

Lovingly grilled with zucchini and endive.

Drizzled in mouthwatering Madeira and anchovy vinaigrette.

It's a shame we can't, such a shame we can't,

We can't offer this prized catch all year round!

Finally, the chef's coup de grace!

A slow roasted pork belly,

A tender slow roasted Berkshire pork belly.

Enclosed in a pickled beet relish, and garlic sautéed spinach

The juices entwine transforming it into a tangy garden of harmonious delights!

Once the pork is finished I've caught more than one diner licking their plate,

Yes I've caught more than one diner licking their plate,

Yes they're licking, licking, licking, licking,

Licking their plate, yes their licking it, licking it!

Oh!

Licking their plate!

For Forever

Benj Pasek

From Dear Evan Hansen

(1985 – Present)

Justin Paul

(1985 – Present)

Dear Evan Hansen premiered in 2015 in Washington D.C. at the Arena Stage, before making its Broadway debut in December of 2016. Dear Evan Hansen follows the story of Evan, a socially awkward high school student who struggles in making friends. The musical opens with his therapist recommending he start writing himself little letters each day, with each one outlining what will be good about it. His mother is trying his best to support him after his father walked out, but is finding it difficult to connect with him.

After a series of coincidental interactions, a fellow classmate named Conner Murphy ends up with one of his latest letters. He commits suicide later that day, and when they find his body, they believe the letter was a suicide note that was addressed to Evan. Instead of telling the truth of the origins of the note, he lies and pretends that they were fast friends. For a time, everything is going Evan's way. He makes new friends, is invited into the Murphy's home, and even starts a relationship with Connor's sister, Zoe (which he had a big crush on.) He even starts a virtual fundraiser for Conner, as a way of preserving his memory or legacy.

But when others start to question his integrity (such as his mom or his friends,) he lies and gaslights them as a way of hiding the truth. After posting the "suicide note" online as a way of covering up more of his lies, people believe Connor committed suicide because of his parents. His mother recognizes the note as Evan's therapy assignment, and things become so ugly for the Murphy's that Evan comes clean to them.

For Forever happens in the first act, as Evan is invited over to the Murphy's for the first time since Conner's death. In this piece, he makes up a perfect day that he and Conner spent together at the abandon apple orchard, detailing how he broke his arm on that fateful day.

For Forever

Lyrics by Benj Pasek and Justin Paul

End of May or early June

This picture-perfect afternoon we shared

Drive the winding country road

Grab a scoop at À La Mode

And then we're there

An open field that's framed with trees

We pick a spot and shoot the breeze

Like buddies do

Quoting songs by our favorite bands

Telling jokes no one understands

Except us two

And we talk and take in the view

All we see is sky for forever

We let the world pass by for forever

Feels like we could go on for forever this way

Two friends on a perfect day

We walk a while and talk about

The things we'll do when we get out of school

Bike the Appalachian trail or

Write a book or learn to sail

Wouldn't that be cool?

There's nothing that we can't discuss

Like girls we wish would notice us but never do

He looks around and says to me

"There's nowhere else I'd rather be"

And I say, "me too"

And we talk and take in the view

We just talk and take in the view

All we see is sky for forever

We let the world pass by for forever

Feels like we could go on for forever this way, this way

All we see is light for forever

'Cause the sun shines bright for forever

Like we'll be alright for forever this way

Two friends on a perfect day

And there he goes

Racing toward the tallest tree

From far across the yellow field I hear him calling, "follow me" there we go

Wondering how the world might look from up so high

One foot after the other

One branch then to another

I climb higher and higher

I climb 'til the entire

Sun shines on my face

And I suddenly feel the branch give way

I'm on the ground

My arm goes numb

I look around

And I see him come to get me

He's come to get me

And everything's okay

All we see is sky for forever

We let the world pass by for forever

Buddy, you and I for forever this way, this way

All we see is light

'Cause the sun burns bright

We could be alright for forever this way

Two friends

True friends

On a perfect day

Time

Jeannie Miller

(1996 – Present)

Written by graduate student Jeannie Miller while she was in her undergraduate degree at TCU, I asked if she would share what this song means to her:

““Time” was the first song I ever wrote and is very dear to my heart. I began writing it in the summer of 2017 and completed it the following spring. From its conception, I knew I wanted to dedicate it to all my grandparents who have passed on (Memaw, Papa, Grandma Brammer, Grandpa Tiny, Nana, and Grandad) as a tribute to the memories and times we shared together. This song underscores the truth that we will never forget those loved ones who are no longer with us because we’ll always carry their memories in our hearts. It is an important reminder to spend our time here intentionally showing kindness, love, and compassion to one another. We may never know the impact one person can make until they are gone. “At the end of the day...every day has an end. But some sun’s never set...and some hearts never mend.” ~ Ranata Suzuki” – Ms. Miller

I chose this piece because I believe that at its core, music is about communication. When I first heard Jeannie sing this, I remember crying, not because it’s a “sad song,” but because I connected with her within that moment. Greif is something we will all inevitably experience at some point in our lives, and I believe this work encapsulates what that grieving process is like. I want to thank Jeannie for giving me the honor of performing this piece, it truly is special.

“Where words fail, music speaks.” ~ Hans Christian Andersen

Time

Poem by Jeannie Miller

Sometimes when I'm alone
And there's no one else around
I remember all those times
When all we had was time
For our imaginations and never-ending conversations
To sweep us off the ground and take us to the sky.

Those were the times,
The times of old,
A time of laughter and bliss,
The memories that I miss.
The time of you,
The time of me,
The time of love.

Seasons pass.
Summer ripens to gold,

And the plans we would dream

Have come and gone.

We used to say we'd see the world,

And now thoughts of you are my whole world.

You haunt my daydreams.

In my mind, you're right back here with me.

You hug me tight and say you'll never go away.

I close my eyes and dream that you're here.

You look at me with eyes of light like songs I cannot hear.

I reach to feel the hand that used to live inside my own,

But the only thing I'm feeling now is this emptiness alone.

You never said goodbye.

You never said you were leaving.

In a moment you were gone,

While the world kept right on spinning.

I know you're safe and happy now,

Even though you're far away.

I just wish you'd stayed a little longer

When there was so much left to say.

Love, Unrequited, Robs me of my Rest

W. S. Gilbert

(1836 – 1911)

From *Iolanthe*

Arthur Sullivan

(1842 – 1900)

Love, unrequited, also known as The Nightmare Aria takes place in Act Two of *Iolanthe*. The Lord Chancellor remarks on how the unrequited love of his ward, the beautiful Phyllis, keeps him up at night with horrible nightmares. The old man wishes to make his claim to marry her, but is afraid to do so. The result is a fast patter dream sequence detailing what he sees when he does finally go to sleep, and how he wished he would either be waking or for the daylight to come.

Iolanthe premiered at the Savoy Theater in London, on November 25th, 1882. It was the first show to premier at the new theater, and was also the first production in the entire world to be lit entirely by electricity. The Savoy Theater was a new state of the art theater that had been designed on the premise of using entirely electrical lighting for shows. It was also one of the few shows to also have a joint opening in New York City as well, and received such fame that they created touring companies in the United States, United Kingdom, and Australia. It was the seventh of fourteen operas written between the pair, and ran for three hundred and ninety eight performances.

Gilbert came up with the premise for the show, but struggled in the beginning to find the right material for the plot and dialogue. This libretto was one of the longest, taking him almost a year to complete, versus his general done in a couple of week's routine. At the same time, Sullivan was beginning to pull away from the idea of continuing to work with Gilbert, as he felt his artistic talents were squandered on this type of material. Due to a financial strain, and the success of *Iolanthe*, Sullivan then decided to sign another five year contract.

Love unrequited, robs me of me rest

Text by W. S. Gilbert

Love unrequited, robs me of me rest,
Love, hopeless love, my ardent soul encumbers,
Love, nightmare like, lies heavy of me chest,
And weaves itself into my midnight slumbers.

When you're lying awake with a dismal headache and repose is taboo'd by anxiety,
I conceive you may use any language you choose to indulge in, without impropriety;
For your brain is on fire, the bed-clothes conspire of usual slumber to plunder you:
First your counter-pane goes, and uncovers your toes, and your sheet slips demurely from under
you;
Then the blanketing tickles, you feel like mixed pickles, so terribly sharp is the pricking,
And you're hot and you're cross, and you tumble and toss 'til there's nothing 'twixt you and the
ticking.
Then the bed-clothes all creep to the ground in a heap and you pick 'em all up in a tangle;
Next your pillow resigns and politely declines to remain at it's usual angle!
Well, you get some repose in the form of a doze, with hot eye-balls and head ever aching,
But your slumbering teems with such horrible dreams that you'd very much better be waking;

For you dream you are crossing the Channel, and tossing about in a steamer from Harwich,

Which is something between a large bathing machine and a very small second class carriage,

And you're serving a treat (penny ice and cold meat) to a party of friends and relations,

They're a ravenous horde, and they all come on board at Sloane Square and South Kensington
Stations.

And bound on that journey you find your attorney (who set off this morning from Devon);

He's a bit undersiz'd and you don't feel surpris'd when he tells you he's only eleven.

Well you're driving like mad with this singular lad (by the bye the ship's now a four wheeler),

And you're playing round games, and he calls you bad names when you tell him that "ties pay the
dealer";

But this you can't stand so you throw up your hand, and you find you're as cold as an icicle;

In your shirt and your socks (the black silk with gold clocks) crossing Sal'sbury Plain on a
bicycle:

And he and the crew are on bicycles too, which they've somehow or other invested in,

And he's telling the tars all the particulars of a company he's interested in;

It's a scheme of devices, to get at low prices, all goods from cough mixtures to cables

(Which tickled the sailors), by treating retailers as though they were all vegetables;

You get a good spadesman to plant a small tradesman (first take off his boots with a boot tree),

And his legs will take root, and his fingers will shoot, and they'll blossom and bud like a fruit
tree;

From the green grocer tree you get grapes and green pea, cauliflower, pine apple and cranberries,

While the pastry cook plant cherry brandy will grant, apple puffs, and three corners, and
banburys;

The shares are a penny and ever so many are taken by Rothschild and Baring,

And just as a few are allotted to you, you awake with a shudder despairing

You're a regular wreck, with a crick in your neck,

And no wonder you snore, for your head's on the floor

And you've needles and pins from your soles to your shins,

And your flesh is acreep, for your left leg's asleep,

And you've cramp in your toes, and a fly on your nose,

And some fluff in your lung, and a feverish tongue,

And a thirst that's intense, and a general sense that you haven't been sleeping in clover;

But the darkness has pass'd, and it's daylight at last,

And the night has been long, ditto, ditto my song,

And thank goodness they're both of them over!

Sure On This Shining Night

Samuel Barber
(1910 – 1981)

Published in 1940 by G Schirmer, Sure on this Shining Night is the third song in the complete work of Four Songs Op. 13 by Samuel Barber. The text is based off of poetry from James Agee's poem collection from 1934, Permit Me Voyage. Barber would later be inspired to set another one of Agee's texts, which would then become his 1948 master work, Knoxville: Summer of 1915. Barber was a prolific composer of English art song, but Sure on this Shining Night remains to this day as his most frequently used piece for recitals and concert work.

The piece is set elegantly: long, beautiful lines of music strung together through text. The poetry set elegantly as well, with lyrical emphasis on the crests and falls of the phrase. Quintessential to Barber's style, the challenge lies in the metric changes, with it shifting meter often, and the piano isn't of much help as it's functioning as its own character. The text describes the scene in which the performer is seeing, and the piano paints it. Then there is the collective sigh of the rest (my personal favorite part of the whole piece,) a reminder of the music in silence, leading the listener to the final perfect authentic cadence.

The archives in the Library of Congress retell the story of an interview Barber once gave about the popularity of the piece:

“In 1979, Barber had just moved into a new apartment in New York City and needed to call home. He was trying to reach Gian Carlo Menotti, whom he knew was visiting the apartment. However, upon trying to dial the number from the telephone booth, Barber realized that he could not recall the newly established phone number. The composer contacted the operator for assistance who initially refused to provide Barber with the number, but confessed that she possessed a “weakness” for “Sure on this Shining Night” and requested that Barber sing the song's opening phrase to confirm his identity. Barber complied and was rewarded with his telephone number!”

Sure On This Shining Night

Poetry by James Agee

Sure on this shining night

Of star made shadows round,

Kindness must watch for me

This side the ground.

The late year lies down the north.

All is healed, all is health.

High summer holds the earth.

Hearts all whole.

Sure on this shining night I weep for wonder

Wand'ring far alone

Of shadows on the stars.

Les Chemins de l'amour

Francis Poulenc

(1899 – 1963)

Composed in 1940, *Les Chemins de l'amour* is a French chanson created as incidental music for the play *Leocadia*. Premiered on November 28th, 1940, *Leocadia* was written by famous French dramatist Jean Marie Lucien Pierre Anouilh. During this time in his career, Anouilh shifted his focus from contemporary works to classical subject matters. He began writing “black” and “pink plays,” with the first a tragedy dealing with similar classical themes and the latter a lighthearted mythical comedy.

Leocadia was a part of his early pink plays, and follows the story of a young prince in love with an opera singer named *Leocadia*. She dies in the beginning, strangled by her shawl, and because of that the prince lives in the memory of the three days he knew her. His aunt, in an attempt to get him to move on, orchestrates the precise events of those three days, with a poor peasant lookalike to *Leocadia* named *Amanda* to help seduce the prince. Through this process he realizes that his real fear is the fact that life can end at any moment, and after it does for you, life continues to move on for everyone else. He falls in love with who *Amanda* really is and moves on with his life.

During this time, Poulenc had just been demobilized from serving in the French Army during World War II. Due to the fact that he was openly homosexual, he was one of the more at risk individuals to the Nazi Party. He composed little music during 1940, and instead took the time to rework some of his earlier compositions.

Les Chemins de l'amour is incidental music placed at the beginning of the play, and was composed specifically for famed French singer and actress *Yvonne Printemps* (who played *Amanda* and *Leocadia*.) The poetry is broken up into three main ideas, with the form structured as A, B, A prime, and B again. The first A section is setting the scene and describing the three memorable days shared with *Leocadia*, with the first chorus a mournful commentary of a love lost. The second section is much more reflective in nature. Poulenc foreshadows the character arc of the young prince, and the A prime section is a commentary upon how life eventually will erase everything. His only wish is to remember that one strong love. The repeat of the B section

then takes on a different meaning, and instead of mourning over the loss of this path to love, he remembers that path with fondness and closure.

Les chemins de l'amour

Text by Jean Anouilh

Les chemins qui vont à la mer

Ont gardé de notre passage

Des fleurs effeuillées

Et l'écho sous leurs arbres

De nos deux rires clairs.

Hélas! des jours de bonheur,

Radieuses joies envolées,

Je vais sans retrouver traces

Dans mon coeur.

Chemins de mon amour,

Je vous cherche toujours,

The Paths of Love

English Translation by Richard Stokes

The paths that lead to the sea

Have retained from our passing

The flowers that shed their petals

And the echo beneath their trees

Of our clear laughter.

Alas! no trace of those happy days,

Those radiant joys now flown,

Can I find again

In my heart.

Paths of my love,

I search for you ceaselessly,

| | |
|--|---|
| Chemins perdus, vous n'êtes plus | Lost paths, you are no more |
| Et vos échos sont sourds. | And your echoes are muted. |
| Chemins du désespoir, | Paths of despair, |
| Chemins du souvenir, | Paths of memory, |
| Chemins du premier jour, | Paths of our first day, |
| Divins chemins d'amour. | Divine paths of love. |
| Si je dois l'oublier un jour, | If one day I must forget, |
| La vie effaçant toute chose, | Since life obliterates everything, |
| Je veux dans mon coeur qu'un souvenir | I wish for my heart to remember one thing, |
| Repose plus fort que l'autre amour. | More vivid than the other love, |
| Le souvenir du chemin, | To remember the path |
| Où tremblante et toute éperdue, | Where trembling and quite distracted, |
| Un jour j'ai senti sur moi brûler tes mains. | I one day felt on me your passionate hands. |

Freundliche Vision

Richard Strauss

(1864 – 1949)

Freundliche Vision Opus 48, number 1 is a German lieder composed by Richard Strauss in 1900. This is the first of a collection of 5 Lieder composed by Strauss, and the poetry itself is by Otto Julius Bierbaum. It was published in 1901 by Adolph Furstner in Berlin. At this time in Strauss's life, he was working on his first operas and was beginning to find success as a composer.

Following the failure of his first opera Guntram in 1894, Strauss turned his compositional focus to tone poems and arts songs until after the turn of the century. A reputable conductor at this time, he used his platform to premier these works with much success. By this point, he was seen as one of the figureheads for modernist compositional works. He also married his wife, Pauline De Ahna, on September 10th, 1894, and they had their only son by 1897.

This is the only piece within the five songs that has a different poet for the text, with the final four texts written by Karl Henckell. Otto Julius Bierbaum's primary job was as a journalist and writer, but was a close friend of Strauss and would write poetry for his musical works.

The text describes vision the singer had not in dreams, but during the daylight. Remembering the details of this beautiful place, he comes to recall that what was truly important about this friendly vision is that he walked with the one woman he loved. The closing line describes how they go off together in peace into the white house, full of beauty. This is symbolic of the final steps one takes at the end of their life. When you die, you become reunited with the ones you love that have passed before you, and they walk with you into the peaceful beauty that awaits.

Freundliche Vision

Poem by Otto Bierbaum

Nicht im Schläfe hab ich das geträumt,
hell am Tage sah ich's schon vor mir:
Eine Wiese voller Margeritten.
Teif ein weißes Haus in grünen Büschen;
Götterbilder leuchten aus dem Laube.
Und ich geh' mit einer, die mich lieb hat
Ruhigen Gemütes in die Kühle
Dieses weißen Hauses, in den Frieden,
Der voll Schönheit wartet, dass wir
kommen.

Und ich geh' mit einer die mich lieb hat
In den Frieden voll Schönheit!

Welcome Vision

Translation by Richard Stokes

I have not dreamt of it in my sleep,
I saw it in the bright daylight before me:
A meadow covered with daisies.
Deep amidst the green bushes and white
abode; Beautiful statues glimmering in the
garden.

And I walk with the one who loves me,
With a peaceful soul, into the coolness
Of this white abode, where peace,
Full of beauty awaits our coming.

And I walk with the one who loves me
Into the peace and beauty.