



SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Presents

**Reed Mullican, Tenor
Stephen Carey, Piano**

April 24th, 2021

5:30 pm

Virtual Recital

Program

Vier Lieder, Op. 2
Erwartung
Schenk mir deinen goldenen Kamm
Waldsonne
Arnold Schoenberg
(1874-1951)

St. Matthew Passion, BWV 244
Geduld
J.S. Bach
(1685-1750)

Vier Lieder, Op. 27
Heimliche Aufforderung
Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)

Intermission

Seven Elizabethan Lyrics, Op. 12
Weep No More
Roger Quilter
(1877-1953)

Semele, HWV 58
Where'er you walk
G.F. Handel
(1685-1759)

Judas Maccabeus, HWV 63
Sound an alarm!

Acis and Galatea, HWV 49
Would you gain the tender creature

Beau Soir
Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

Cinq Poèmes de Baudelaire, L. 64
Recueillement

This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for a Degree
in Major. Reed Mullican is a student of Twyla Robinson.

Program Notes

What are the elements of the “early” style of a composer? Some artists find their own personal voice almost immediately (Mozart, for example), while others make a sudden about-face in compositional method in an effort to break away from established norms. In Arnold Schoenberg’s case, who wrote his Op. 2 collection of songs in 1899, long before the atonality of *Pierrot Lunaire*, there are clear indications of the influence of Wagner and Brahms in his early style. “Schenk mir deinen goldenen Kamm” recalls a similar feeling of longing as *Tristan und Isolde* through its wandering chromaticism, while all of the songs involve Brahmsian motivic development, both in the vocal line and the accompaniment. All this would be amplified in Schoenberg’s breakout work *Verklärte Nacht* for string sextet, and he would absorb the ideas of Richard Strauss and Gustav Mahler in later works such as his orchestral tone-poem *Pelleas und Melisande*. On the other hand, there are moments in these songs that are not reducible to a collection of influences and are particularly striking, such as the dissonant chord that begins “Erwartung;” on its own, it would be right at home in Schoenberg’s most challenging works, but here it is logically incorporated into the key of Eb major. Perhaps it was this chord that provoked protests at the first public performances of these songs, even though they are hardly shocking today!

For me, these songs allow me to express the music in ways that my core repertoire does not usually allow. When building a vocal repertoire, a key component is finding songs and operatic roles appropriate for a given voice type, and for me, unfortunately, this closes off quite a bit of my favorite music, particularly the heavier roles in Wagner. Instead, I have had to discover a love for the coloratura, lightness, and elegance of the Baroque and Classical composers which suit my voice better. However, I occasionally

discover a set of art songs that fulfill my need for a darker and more complex experience while still sounding appropriate for my voice, and – as a lighter tenor whose bread and butter consists of Mozart and Handel – it is a treat to sing in a musical language that would otherwise be forbidden!

“Erwartung”

Aus dem meergrünen Teiche
Neben der roten Villa
Unter der toten Eiche
Scheint der Mond.

Wo ihr dunkles Abbild
Durch das Wasser greift,
Steht ein Mann und streift
Einen Ring von seiner Hand.

Drei Opale blinken;
Durch die bleichen Steine
Schwimmen rot und grüne
Funken und versinken.

Und er küßt sie, und
Seine Augen leuchten
Wie der meergrüne Grund:
Ein Fenster tut sich auf.

“Expectation”

The sea green pond,
beside the red villa
beneath the dead oak,
reflects the shining moon.

Where the oak’s dark reflection
reaches through the water,
there is a man and slips
a ring off his hand.

Three opals glint;
red and green gleams
from the pale gems
and submerges.

And he kisses the gems, and
his eyes shine
like the sea green bottom:
a window opens.

Aus der roten Villa
Neben der toten Eiche
Winkt ihm eine bleiche
Frauenhand.

From the red villa
beside the dead oak
beckons a pale
woman's hand.

Text by Richard Dehmel

Translation by Bertram Kottman (lieder.net)

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“Schenk mir deinen goldenen Kamm”

“Present me with your golden comb”

Schenk mir deinen goldenen Kamm;
Jeder Morgen soll dich mahnen,
Daß du mir die Haare küßtest.

Present me with your golden comb;
every morning shall remind you
That you kissed my hair.

Schenk mir deinen seidenen Schwamm;
Jeden Abend will ich ahnen,
Wem du dich im Bade rüstest,
O Maria!

Present me with your silken sponge;
every night I want to have an idea
for whom you prepare yourself in the bath,
O Mary!

Schenk mir Alles, was du hast;
Meine Seele ist nicht eitel,
Stolz empfang ich deinen Segen.
Schenk mir deine schwerste Last:
Willst du nicht auf meinen Scheitel
Auch dein Herz, dein Herz noch legen,
Magdalena?

Present me with everything you have;
my soul is without vanity
I receive your blessing with pride.
Bestow on me your heaviest burden:
don't you want to leay your heart -
also your heart – on my locks,
Magdalen?

Text by Richard Dehmel

Translation by Bertram Kottman (lieder.net)

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“Waldsonne”

“Sun in the forest”

In die braunen, rauschenden Nächte

In the brown, rushing night,

Flittert ein Licht herein,

a light shimmers,

Grüngolden ein Schein.

a green-golden sheen.

Blumen blinken auf und Gräser

Flowers shine forth and grass

Und die singenden, springenden Waldwässerlein,

and the singing, springing rivulets

Und Erinnerungen.

and memories.

Die längst verklungenen:

All your songs of joy

Golden erwachen sie wieder,

that faded away long ago:

All deine fröhlichen Lieder.

golden is their awakening again.

Und ich sehe deine goldenen Haare glänzen,

And I see your lustrous golden hair,

Und ich sehe deine goldenen Augen glänzen

and I see your bright golden eyes

Aus den grünen, raunenden Nächten.

shining through the green,

whispering nights.

Und mir ist, ich läge neben dir auf dem Rasen And I fancy I lie on the grass beside you

Und hörte dich wieder auf der glitzeblanken Syrinx

and hear you playing

the shiny Syrinx again

In die blauen Himmelslüfte blasen.

under azure skies

In die braunen, wühlenden Nächte

In the brown, rolling nights

Flittert ein Licht,

a light shimmers,

Ein goldener Schein.

a golden sheen.

Text by Johannes Schlaf

Translation by Bertram Kottman (lieder.net)

In contrast with Schoenberg's early style presented in his Op. 2 songs, "Geduld" features Bach at the height of his powers, the whole of the *St. Matthew Passion* being written in 1727. Bach had already served as Kantor of the Thomasschule at Leipzig for several years, and would remain there until his death in 1750. Unlike much of Bach's work, including the rest of the *St. Matthew Passion*, "Geduld" does not feature elaborate counterpoint; the original work consists of simply a vocal line and bass line, with the rest of the accompaniment filled out by a keyboard player according to the style of the day. With most composers at that time, such as Handel or Vivaldi, this filling-out, or "figured bass," would be relatively simple, with the right hand changing only occasionally to fit the harmony implied by the left hand. Bach, by contrast, demands such complex, chromatic harmony from the accompaniment (though of a much different temperament than the Schoenberg songs), and at such a rapid rhythm of chord changes, that the result can be just as rich and contrapuntally dense as many of his other works. It is likely that Bach, being a virtuosic, accomplished organ player, filled out this accompaniment himself, possibly improvising it on the spot. For modern performances, different realizations of the figured bass are provided by different published editions, which can vary in complexity and sometimes include themes to be sung later by the vocal line.

Because of this involvement in the accompaniment, “Geduld” exudes a kind of gravitas that goes beyond its modest premise of melody and bassline.

Aria (“Geduld”)

Geduld!	Patience!
Wenn mich falsche Zungen stechen.	Even if false tongues stab me.
Leid ich wider meine Schuld	If I should suffer contrary to my guilt
Schimpf und Spott,	Abuse and mockery
Ei, so mag der liebe Gott	Oh then may dear God
Meines Herzens Unschuld rächen.	Avenge the innocence of my heart

Translation by Francis Browne (bach-cantatas.com)

Richard Strauss eschews any of the religious seriousness of Bach, basking in the excess of post-Wagner German Romanticism. The Op. 27 songs, while originally written for piano and voice as a wedding gift to Strauss’s wife Pauline de Ahna in 1894, have an orchestral breadth and expansiveness. One could compare “Heimliche Aufforderung” with the first song of Mahler’s *Das Lied von der Erde*, though the tone is more genial and much less apocalyptic here, the “trinklied” being an invitation to love rather than to a musing on the depths of human sorrow. Compared to the unease and suggestion of future developments in the Schoenberg songs, Strauss’s lieder exudes comfort and nostalgia, even – perhaps especially – through its chromaticism and modulations. Though this song is from the same set as “Morgen” and is much less well-known, it is just as expressive and luxurious.

Heimliche Aufforderung

Auf, hebe die funkelnde Schale empor zum Mund

Und trinke beim Freudenmahle dein Herz gesund.

Und wenn du sie hebst, so winke mir heimlich zu,

Dann lächle ich und dann trinke ich still wie du...

Und still gleich mir betrachte um uns das Heer

Der trunknen Schwätzer -- verachte sie nicht zu sehr.

Nein, hebe die blinkende Schale, gefüllt mit Wein,

Und laß beim lärmenden Mahle sie glücklich sein.

Doch hast du das Mahl genossen, den Durst gestillt, But when you've savored the meal,

Dann verlasse der lauten Genossen festfreudiges Bild, Then quit the loud gathering's

Und wandle hinaus in den Garten zum Rosenstrauch, And wander out into the garden,

to the rosebush,

Secret Invitation

Up, raise the sparkling cup

to your lips,

And drink your heart's fill

at the joyous feast.

And when you raise it,

so wink secretly at me,

Then I'll smile and drink quietly,

as you...

And quietly as I,

look around the crowd

Of drunken revelers --

don't think too ill of them.

No, lift the twinkling cup,

filled with wine,

And let them be happy

at the noisy meal.

your thirst quenched,

joyful fest,

And wander out into the garden,

to the rosebush,

This was one of the first pieces I sang when I started taking voice lessons. Though I found it quite difficult in high school, I think its graceful simplicity is a nice foil to the more challenging repertoire I study now.

“Weep you no more”

Weep you no more, sad fountains;

What need you flow so fast?

Look how the snowy mountains

Heaven's sun doth gently waste!

But my sun's heavenly eyes

View not your weeping,

That now lies sleeping,

Softly now, softly lies

Sleeping.

Sleep is a reconciling,

A rest that peace begets;

Doth not the sun rise smiling

When fair at [e'en]3 he sets?

Rest you, then, rest, sad eyes!

Melt not in weeping,

While she lies sleeping,

Softly now, softly lies

Sleeping.

Text by an anonymous 16th century author

During his career in London, Handel was particularly known for his *Messiah* and other oratorios, but he also wrote secular works drawing from classical stories and mythology. Of these, *Acis and Galatea* and *Semele* are some of the most famous, invoking a pastoral feeling probably inspired by the English countryside. Both “Where’er you walk” and “Would you gain the tender creature” fit the genre of the pastorate perfectly, while still following the A-B-A format of the Italian operatic aria with which Handel was so familiar from his work in Italy. Also present is the influence of his German roots in the mobile bass lines, though they are certainly nowhere near the heaviness of Bach. The effect is one of lightness but solid craft, allowing the singer to portray the charm of the text without difficulty. The A section of each aria repeats verbatim, and I have enjoyed adding my own ornaments to express my own view of the piece and the text. “Sound an Alarm,” from the oratorio *Judas Maccabeus*, is a more declamatory and virtuosic work given its more serious tone, leaving little room for extensive ornamentation. When the A section repeats, it is slightly varied to give closure to the piece, perhaps anticipating the arias of Mozart.

“Where’er you walk”

Where'er you walk

Cool gales shall fan the glade.

Trees where you sit

shall crowd into a shade.

Where'er you tread

the blushing flowers shall rise

and all things flourish

Where'er you turn your eyes.

Text by William Congreve

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Aria (“Sound an Alarm!”)

Sound an alarm! Your silver trumpets sound!

And call the brave and only brave around!

Who listeth, follow to the field again!

Justice with courage is a thousand men!

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“Would you gain”

Would you gain the tender creature?

Softly, gently, kindly, treat her;

Suff'ring is the lover's part.

Beauty by constraint possessing,

You enjoy but half the blessing,

Lifeless charms without the heart.

Of all practitioners of art song, Debussy may have the best taste in poetry, only setting the most suggestive and imaginative of French poets. Interestingly, this may have been both a blessing and a curse for Debussy as a composer, particularly in his early

settings of Baudelaire in 1885-7; the poetry is in fact so striking, particularly in “Recueillement,” that it dominates the music, preventing Debussy from fully asserting his independence in the musical thought. This is not the only factor weighing upon the piece – the shadow of Wagner looms large, and Debussy has yet to find his own mature style in his ballet music *Prélude à l’après-midi d’un faune* – which, in its own way, is an abstract setting of a text by Mallarmé. Yet it is all these conflicts that make “Recueillement” special, giving it its grandeur and imaginative originality; Debussy allows the text to carry the form of the piece, bringing a new color to each verse. “Beau Soir” was written in 1883, an earlier and perhaps simpler time for Debussy, devoid of any Wagnerian rhetoric but full of pensive color and charm. If “Recueillement” is a grand landscape with a wide canvas, “Beau Soir” is an elegant still life painted in miniature.

“Beau Soir”

Lorsque au soleil couchant les rivières sont roses,
Et qu'un tiède frisson court sur les champs de blé,
Un conseil d'être heureux semble sortir des choses
Et monter vers le cœur troublé ;
Un conseil de goûter le charme d'être au monde,
Cependant qu'on est jeune et que le soir est beau,

“Fair Evening”

When rivers are pink
in the setting sun,
And a slight shiver runs
through fields of wheat,
A suggestion to be happy
seems to rise up from all things
And ascends toward the troubled heart;
A suggestion to taste
the charms of the world
While one is young
and the evening is fair,

Car nous nous en allons comme s'en va cette onde :

For we are on our way

just as this wave is:

Elle à la mer, -- nous au tombeau !

It is going to the sea, -- and we,

to the grave!

Text by Paul Bourget

Translation by Emily Ezust (lieder.net)

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“Recueillement”

“Meditative Calm”

Sois sage, ô ma Douleur, et tiens-toi plus tranquille.

Behave yourself, oh my Pain,

and be more tranquil

Tu réclamais le Soir ; il descend ; le voici :

You asked for Evening –

it is falling, it is here.

Une atmosphère obscure enveloppe la ville,

An atmosphere of darkness

envelops the city

Aux uns portant la paix, aux autres le souci.

Bringing peace to some

and worry to others.

Pendant que des mortels la multitude vile,

Now while the base multitude of mortals,

Sous le fouet du Plaisir, ce bourreau sans merci,

Whipped on by Pleasure,

that merciless tormentor,

Va cueillir des remords dans la fête servile,

Goes off to reap remorse

in servile entertainments,

Ma Douleur, donne-moi la main ; viens par ici,

Give me your hand, my Pain,

come this way,

Loin d'eux. Vois se pencher les défuntés Années,

Far from them.

Look, the dead Years are leaning

Sur les balcons du ciel, en robes surannées ;

At the sky's balconies,

in outmoded dresses;

Surgir du fond des eaux le Regret souriant ;

From the river's depths

Regret is rising with a smile;

Le Soleil moribond s'endormir sous une arche,

The moribund Sun is falling asleep

under an arch.

Et, comme un long linceul traînant à l'Orient,

And, like a long shroud

trailing in from the East,

Entends, ma chère, entends la douce Nuit qui marche.

Listen, my dear, listen

to the gentle Night approaching.

Text by Charles Baudelaire

Translation by Peter Low (lieder.net)

Works Consulted:

Gilliam, Bryan and Charles Youmans. "Strauss, Richard." *Grove Music Online*.

Hicks, Anthony. "Handel, George Frideric" *Grove Music Online*.

Langfield, Valerie. "Quilter, Roger." *Grove Music Online*.

Lesure, François and Roy Howat. "Debussy, Claude" *Grove Music Online*.

Neighbour, O.W. "Schoenberg [Schönberg], Arnold." *Grove Music Online*.

Wolff, Christoph and Walter Emery. "Bach, Johann Sebastian" *Grove Music Online*.

SOME NOTES ON THE FORMAT OF THIS RECITAL:

I think with the wide variation in style – from expressionism of Schoenberg to the pastoral scenes in Handel to the colorism of Debussy – this recital could be very effective with slideshows of paintings played over the music. For Schoenberg, for example, I could use Gustav Klimt; for the English composers, some Baroque landscapes; and for Debussy, J.M.W. Turner and Cezanne. For different parts of songs, I could use a different

painting to suggest the new mood. This might be particularly effective to differentiate the A and B sections of Handel arias.

