

Networks of Influence

By

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A dissertation submitted in partial fulfillment
of the requirements for the degree of
Doctor of Musical Arts
(Music Performance)
in The University of Michigan
2019

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DEDICATION

To all my dissertation committee members.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I would like to give special thanks to Professor Anthony Elliott, Professor Martin Katz, Professor Richard Aaron, Professor Scott Piper, Professor Ramon Satyendra, Professor Amy Cheng, Wayne Petty, and Alejandro Uribe.

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ABSTRACT

In lieu of a dissertation, three cello recitals were presented. The first dissertation recital, *Transcriptions for Cello and Voice and Chamber Works of the 2nd Viennese School*, took place on October 20th, 2018, 5:30 pm at Stamps Auditorium, involving collaborations with SMTD faculty members Amy Cheng, Matthew Bengtson as pianists; Matt Albert, Kathryn Votapek as violists and Aaron Berofsky, Eliot Heaton as violinists. The program included a Wagner excerpt *Amfortas, Die Wunde!* from *Parsifal*; Hugo Wolf: *Seufzer* from *Moerike Lieder*; Alban Berg: *Schilflied* from *Sieben fruehe Lieder*, *Schlafend traegt man sich*, Op. 2, No. 2; Four Pieces for Clarinet and Piano, Op.5; Anton Webern: Op. 4, No. 4 (1908); 4 pieces for Violin and Piano, Op. 7 (1910); *Dies ist ein Lied fur dich allein*, Op. 3 (1908); *Drei Kleine Stuecke*, Op. 11 (1914); *Gleich und Gleich*, Op. 12 (1915-17); Cello sonata (1914); *Wie bin ich froh*, Op. 25 (1934); String Trio, Op. 20 (1926) and Arnold Schoenberg: *So tanzen die Engel* from *Gurrelieder* (1900), *Tot* (1933) and the String Trio, op. 45 (1946).

The second dissertation recital, *Paraphrases of Richard Wagner transcribed for Cello, Voice and Piano*, took place on February 25th, 2019, 7:30pm in Britton Recital Hall, featuring collaboration with Professor Amy Cheng as pianist. The program included paraphrases on *Die Walkuere*, and *Tristan und Isolde*. The final dissertation recital, *Winterreise transcribed for Cello, Voice and Piano*, took place on April 20th, 2019, 7:30 pm at the McIntosh Theatre, featuring collaboration with Professor Martin Katz as pianist. The program included the entire work of *Winterreise* by Franz Schubert, and I transcribed it for cello, voice and piano.

Dissertation Recital No. 1
Transcriptions for Cello and Voice and Chamber Works of
the 2nd Viennese School

Nathaniel Pierce, Cello & Tenor

Amy Cheng & Matthew Bengtson, Piano
Aaron Berofsky & Eliot Heaton, Violins
Matthew Albert & Kathryn Votapek, Violas

Saturday, October 20, 2018
Walgreen Drama Center, Stamps Auditorium

5:30 pm

Parsifal (1882)

Act 2: "Amfortas, Die Wunde!"

Richard Wagner (1813–1883)

arr. Nathaniel Pierce

Mörike Lieder (1888)

Seufzer

Hugo Wolf (1860–1903)

arr. Nathaniel Pierce

Amy Cheng, piano

Sieben frühe Lieder (1905–1908)

II. Schilflied

Alban Berg (1885–1935)

arr. Nathaniel Pierce

4 Gesänge, op. 2 (1910)

II. "Schlafend trägt man mich in mein Heimatland"

Four Pieces for Clarinet and Piano, op. 5 (1913)

Mässig—Langsam

Sehr langsam

Sehr rasch

Langsam

Amy Cheng, piano

Intermission

5 Lieder nach Gedichten von Stefan George, op. 4 (1908–1909)

IV. "So ich traurig bin"

Anton Webern
(1883–1945)
arr. Nathaniel Pierce

Four pieces for Violin and Piano, op. 7 (1910)

Sehr Langsam

Rasch

Sehr Langsam

Bewegt

5 Lieder aus Der siebente Ring, op. 3 (1908)

I. "Dies ist ein Lied für dich allein"

Drei Kleine Stücke, op. 11 (1914)

Mäßige Achtel

Sehr Bewegt

Äusserst Ruhig

Anton Webern

Vier Lieder, op. 12 (1915–1917)

IV. Gleich und gleich

arr. Nathaniel Pierce

Cello Sonata (1914)

Sehr bewegt

Matthew Bengtson, piano

3 Lieder nach Gedichten von Hildegard Jone, op. 25 (1934)

I. "Wie bin ich froh"

Matthew Bengtson, piano

Anton Webern
arr. Nathaniel Pierce

String Trio, op. 20 (1926)

I. Sehr langsam

II. Sehr getragen und ausdrucksvoll

Aaron Berofsky, violin

Kathryn Votapek, viola

Gurrelieder (1900)

"So tanzen die Engel"

Arnold Schoenberg
(1874–1951)
arr. Alban Berg/Pierce

3 Lieder, op. 48 (1933)

II. Tot

arr. Nathaniel Pierce

Matthew Bengtson, piano

String Trio, op. 45 (1946)

Arnold Schoenberg

Part 1

1st Episode

Part 2

2nd Episode

Part 3

Eliot Heaton, violin
Matthew Albert, viola

Program Notes

Transcriptions for Cello and Voice and Chamber works of the 2nd Viennese School

In line with the fascination of the unconscious that the expressionistic movement brought, I have chosen to link works in tonight's program that expose perhaps a pattern of subconscious influence. I suggest this influence is present in the works and felt by the composer, and if the listener were not to read on, then these links might remain subconscious as well.

I start with a work that represents an important influence on the musical lives of the 2nd Viennese School. Schoenberg, Webern and Berg were great admirers of Richard Wagner, especially in their youth. Hugo Wolf who has been named a predecessor to the 2nd Viennese school was a Wagnerian himself. Berg's *Schilflied*, and Schoenberg's *Gurrelieder* are their contributions to the Wagnerian tradition. Berg grew up with his brother sitting at the piano and playing and singing through entire Wagner operas.

The program will feature my own transcriptions of Berg's *Four pieces for Clarinet and Piano*, and Webern's *Pieces for Violin and Piano op. 7*. Some controversy surrounds the third movement of this work. If it weren't for the murder of Archduke Ferdinand of Austria, the piece would have been published in 1914. According to the "Act of God" policy the publisher was not forced to publish the work in the case of a great catastrophe such as World War I, which ensued after the murder and halted the publishing of the work until 1922. This is significant because it is ambiguous when exactly Webern made a crucial revision to the work through which the piece becomes the best representation of his famous words from a 1932 lecture "When all the 12 tones had sounded, the piece is over."¹ If the piece had been published in 1914, Webern might have received more credit for the invention of the 12 tone technique.

The E/F Dyad

Patrick McCreless makes a compelling argument how the E/F dyad appears in many of the significant moments in the opera *Parsifal*.² The appearances happen through various keys and different voicing and instrumentation. Is this another instance of the same flaw that allows too many ways to find meaningful numbers in numerology? Ascribing poetic significance and

¹ Wayne Alpern writes "Webern uttered what is undoubtedly his most famous remark during a 1932 lecture when he recalled that over twenty years earlier in 1911, while composing the Bagatelles op. 9, he "had the feeling 'when all twelve notes have gone by, the piece is over.'"

"Aggregation, Assassination, and an 'Act of God': The Impact of the Murder of Archduke Ferdinand Upon Webern's Op. 7 No. 3," *Theory and Practice* 21 (1996): P. 2-4, 19

² McCreless, Patrick. "Motive and Magic: A Referential Dyad in 'Parsifal'." *Music Analysis* 9, no. 3 (1990): 227-65. doi:10.2307/853979. P. 227-229

meaning to this phenomenon could face more opposition, as one would feel inclined to comprehensively count all the dyad's in the work. What makes this dyad unique? All I can come up with is that it defines the passagio of the tenor, and that it has along with B/C only a semitone without requiring a sharp or flat. Metaphorically this gives the two pitches a kind of closeness. One example of the dyad is found in the aria tonight, "Amfortas, Die Wunde!" The excerpt begins with the Tristan Chord with an E # (F) in the bass that moves in the same way to an E dominant 7th chord. The moment the voice enters, the piano strikes a chord containing both E and F in the outer voices, that gives the most utterly pained character. Out of this Parsifal cries out Amfortas's name, also on F/E. (Example 1, 5)

When studying Wolf's song, "Seufzer", I was reminded of this clashing dissonant chord. I began to wonder whether the problem of finding a good closing in the Wagner excerpt could be solved by joining the Wolf at its end (Example 1). The salient features include a rising chromatic string of yearning gestures in the upper voice. The melody resides in the bass. The logical result of this chromatic rise begins "Seufzer ", but the deceptive cadence to C major is interrupted by the E/F clashing chord. This chromatic rise and fall in the Wolf recalls *Tristan*, but the guilt and shame associated with this song reminds one greatly of the emotions of *Parsifal* (Example 1).

Just for fun, how many more moments of E/F can one notice in the works tonight?

Several of the songs contain chords with clashing E/F sonorites, however more disguised. "So tanzen die Engel " begins this way (Example 7). "So Ich traurig bin " starts with F/E (Example 3). "Dies ist ein Lied" op. 3 ends with lots of E/F (Example 9). The middle of "Gleich und gleich" has a repeated F/E gesture passed from voice to piano(cello) and back to voice (Example 12). *Drei Kleine Stuecke* begins with a chord in the piano containing E and F. (Example 9) The last movement juxtaposes E/F between cello and piano in the center of the movement (Example 9). The violin pieces echo *Tristan and Isolde* with a similar gesture in the bass containing E/F (Example 7). *Schilflied* starts with the E/F dyad alone clashing as part of a sequence (Example 3). Berg "Schlafend traegt man mich" alludes to *Tristan* at pitch with E/F (Example 8). Is it possible this is what happens when you only see what you want to see? Nevertheless, do those pitches stay with the listener through out the recital? Depending on your pitch memory and sensitivity, perhaps it is a subconscious phenomenon. The idea of leitmotiv was influential to composers after Wagner. For listener's of *Parsifal*, did the E/F dyad make its way into their subconscious? My guess, is I just started looking for it after reading the McCreless article, and with the help of some coincidence, and cherry picking.

Webern is known to use the palindrome. It is used in his song "Wie bin ich froh." The ending of the song nearly reverses the beginning. Webern's string trio also opens with a palindrome. Both works are constructed by very similar 12 tone rows, through the use of semitone dyads (Example 10). The string trio has two significant moments where the cello plays alone where the E/F dyad is played (Example 2). A similar moment occurs in the op. 3 song, here played by the cello (Example 2). The string trio has been named Webern's most difficult piece to grasp.²

A song within a song

In tonight's program it was my intent to prelude an instrumental work with a song that could be imagined as an introduction. Some of the songs carry a significant amount of common tones to its paired instrumental piece, where as some works connect motivically. In the case of Berg op. 2 which carries a number of allusions to *Tristan* (motive, pitches), and *Walkuere* (modified omnibus) the final passage is a chromatic descending line in the soprano. The next logical note of the sequence is the first note of the clarinet pieces (Example 6). "Gleich und gleich" ends with a four note motive, that begins Webern's cello sonata (Example 11). The tempo we decided for the beginning of the sonata coincidentally made the 4 note figure match tempo for both works. "So ich traurig bin " contains many common tones to the first chord of the violin pieces (Example 7). The same is true for "Dies ist ein Lied" which contains both common tones in the transition, as well as a two note sighing gesture (Example 9). Here the listener could imagine the added cello part being the song that is carried through gardens, as well as the *Three Small Pieces* op. 11 carrying on that song. Example 4 shows the transition from Schoenberg's "Tot" to the string trio, a programmatic work about Schoenberg's near death experience suffering a heart attack. Both works use tone rows. While published in close proximity, the song was composed shortly before Schoenberg fled to the US. While the trio recounts the horrors, delusions, and dreams from the experience of a heart attack through fragments and eerie waltzes,³ the song had been forgotten and was only discovered by friends of Schoenberg. The connecting motive brought out by the cello is a low note/high harmonic note syncopated gesture that appears in the song, and ends the song in augmentation. This motive starts the string trio with common tones from the end of the song (Example 4).⁴

All of the songs and the Wagner are arranged to include a cello, borrowing material from the piano part or adding lines from the orchestra. I want to thank Professor's Bengtson and Amy Cheng for their collaboration in arranging the vocal works. I want to thank Professors Anthony Elliott, Martin Katz, and Scott Piper for their commitment to teaching. I want to thank all of the artists for tonight's recital for their passionate work on this difficult repertoire. I want to thank the members of the committee Professors Anthony Elliott, Martin Katz, Richard Aaron, Ramon Satyendra, and Alejandro Uribe for their guidance and support. Looking ahead to the next recitals, the E/F dyad will return at the first and last notes sung of *Winterreise*, and at the beginning of *Tristan's* prelude.

³ Michael Cherlin, "Memory and Rhetorical Trope in Schoenberg's String Trio," *Journal of the American Musicological Society* 51, no. 3 (2001): P. 591

⁴ Ethan Haimo, "Secondary and Disjunct Order-Position Relationships in Webern's Op. 20," *Perspectives of New Music* 24, no. 2 (1986): P. 27-29

Text Translations

Wagner, *Parsifal*: Amfortas, Die Wunde!

Now her head is directly above his and she presses her lips to his mouth in a long kiss. Suddenly Parsifal breaks free with an expression of extreme terror; from his demeanor it seems that some terrible change has come over him; he presses his hands convulsively to his heart, as if to control an agonizing pain.

Amfortas! Die Wunde! Die Wunde!
Sie brennt in mir zur Seite! O, Klage! Klage!
Furchtbare Klage!
Aus tiefstem Herzen schriet sie mir auf.
Oh! Oh! Elender! Jammervollster!
Die Wunde sah ich bluten;
nun blutet sie in mir.
Hier – hier!
Nein! Nein! Nicht die Wunde ist es.
Fliesse ihr Blut in Stroemen dahin!
Hier! Hier! Im Herzen der Brand!
Das Sehnen, das furchtbare Sehnen,
das alle Sinne mir fasst und zwingt!
O! Qual der Liebe! Wie alles schauert,
bebt und zuckt in suendigem Verlangen!

Amfortas! The wound! The wound!
It burns in my side! Oh wailing! wailing!
A terrible wailing
Cries from the depths of my heart.
Oh! Oh wretch! Most miserable!
The wound I saw bleeding,
And now it bleeds in me!
Here - here!
No! No! 'Tis not the wound.
May its blood pour forth in streams!
Here! Here, the torch in my heart!
The longing, the terrible longing
That seizes me in all my being and compels!
Oh torment of love! How everything shudders,
Quakes and twitches in sinful desires!

As Kundry stares at Parsifal in terror and amazement, he falls completely into a trance.

Wolf: Seufzer- Sigh (Moerike)

Es starrt der Blick dumpf auf das
Heilsgefaess - das heil'ge Blut erglueht;
erloesungswonne, goettlich mild,
durchzittert weithin alle Seelen;
nur hier, im Herzen, will die Qual nicht
weichen. Des
Heilands Klage da vernehm ich,
die Klage - ach! Die Klage
um das entweihte Heiligtum.
"Erloese, rette mich
aus schuldbefleckten Haenden!"
So rief die Gottesklage furchtbar laut mir
in die Seele.
Und ich - der Tor, der Feige,
zu wilden Knabentaten floh ich hin!
Erloeser! Heiland! Herr der Huld!
Wie buess ich, Suender, meine Schuld?

Dein Liebesfeuer,
ach Herr! wie teuer
wollt' ich es hegen,
wollt' ich es pflegen!
Hab's nicht geheget
und nicht gepfleget,
bin tot im Herzen
o Höllenschmerzen!

My gaze is fixed upon the Holy Cup:
The Holy Blood glows:
Redemption's bliss, divinely mild,
Thrills every soul, far and near:
Only in this heart will the torment not yield.
I hear the Saviour's lament,
The lament, oh the lament
O'er the desecrated sanctuary:
"Deliver, rescue me
From guilt-stained hands!"
Thus cried the godly lament
Thundering loud to my soul.
And I, the fool, the coward,
I fled to wild and childish deeds!
Despairingly he throws himself upon his knees.
Redeemer! Saviour! Lord of Grace!
How may I, sinner, erase my guilt?

The fire of your love
Oh Lord, how dearly I wanted
to kindle it
and to keep it burning.
I didn't kindle it
I didn't keep it burning,
I am dead in my heart.
Oh pains of hell!

Berg: Schilflied- Song amid the reeds (Nikolaus Lenau)

Auf geheimem Waldespfade
Schleich' ich gern im Abendschein
An das öde Schilfgestade,
Mädchen, und gedenke dein!

Along a secret forest path
I like to creep in the evening light;
I go to the desolate, reedy banks,
and think, my maiden, of you!

Wenn sich dann der Busch verdüstert, Rauscht
das
Rohr geheimnisvoll,
Und es klaget und es flüstert,
Daß ich weinen, weinen soll.

As the bushes grow dark,
the reeds hiss mysteriously,
and lament and whisper,
and thus I have to weep and weep.

Und ich mein', ich höre wehen
Leise deiner Stimme Klang,
Und im Weiher untergehen
Deinen lieblichen Gesang.

And I think that I hear wafting
the gentle sound of your voice,
and down into the pond sinks
your lovely song.

Berg. Op. 2 No. 2 Schlafend trägt man mich - Sleeping, I am carried

Schlafend trägt man mich
in mein Heimatland.
Ferne komm' ich her,
über Gipfel, über Schlünde,
über ein dunkles Meer
in mein Heimatland.

Sleeping, I am carried
to my homeland.
I come from afar,
over peaks, over chasms,
over a dark ocean
to my homeland.

Webern: So ich traurig bin – When I am sad Stefan George

So ich traurig bin
Weiß ich nur ein ding:
Ich denke mich bei dir
Und singe dir ein lied.

When I am sad
I know only one thing [to do]:
I imagine that I am with you
And sing you a song.

Fast vernehme ich dann
Deiner stimme klang ·
Ferne singt sie nach
Und minder wird mein gram.

I almost perceive then
The sound of your voice ·
Far away it echoes me
And my misery is lessened.

Webern op. 3 Dies ist ein Lied (George)

Dies ist ein Lied	This is a song
Für dich allein:	for you alone:
Von kindischem Wähnen	of childish beliefs,
Von frommen Tränen...	of pious tears...
Durch Morgengärten klingt es	through morning gardens it floats
Ein leichtbeschwingtes.	on light wings.
Nur dir allein	Only for you
Möcht es ein Lied	would it like to be a song
Das rühre sein.	that moves the soul.

Webern op 12. "Gleich und Gleich" (Goethe)

Ein Blumenglöckchen	A little flower-bell
Vom Boden hervor	had sprouted early
War früh gesprossset	from the ground
In lieblichem Flor;	with a lovely little flourish;
Da kam ein Bienchen	There came a little bee
Und naschte fein: --	and sipped it delicately:
Die müssen wohl beide	they must have been made
Für einander sein.	for each other

Schoenberg *Gurrelieder*: “So tanzen die Engel” - “Thus dance the angels”

Waldemars: So tanzen die Engel vor Gottes
Thron nicht,
wie die Welt nun tanzt vor mir.
So lieblich klingt ihrer Harfen Ton nicht,
wie Waldemars Seele dir.
Aber stolzer auch saß neben Gott nicht Christ
nach dem harten Erlösungsstreite,
als Waldemar stolz nun und königlich ist
an Toveliles Seite.
Nicht sehnlicher möchten die Seelen
gewinnen den Weg zu der Seligen Bund,
als ich deinen Kuß, da ich Gurre's Zinnen
sah leuchten vom Öresund.
Und ich tausch' auch nicht ihren Mauerwall
und den Schatz, den treu sie bewahren,
für Himmelreichs Glanz und betäubenden
Schall und alle der
heiligen Schaaren!

Waldemars: Thus dance the angels not in front
the throne of God,
as now dances the world for me.
Lover sings not the harp's song,
than Waldemar's soul to you.
But prouder not sat Christ beside his father
his fight for salvation over,
than Waldemar proud now and royal is
at Tovelile's side.
The blessed couldn't more fervently crave to
find the heavenly ground,
than I your kiss, as I saw shining
Gurre's battlements from Oeresund.
And I would never give the treasure by
battlements faithfully guarded
in exchange for heaven's splendour and
entrancing sound
and all the heavenly hosts!

Schoenberg “Tot” op. 48 – “Death” (Jakob Haringer)

Ist alles eins, was liegt daran!
Der hat sein Glück, der seinen Wahn.
Was liegt daran!
Ist alles eins, der fand sein Glück und ich fand
keins.

It's all the same, what does it matter!
One has his luck, one his delusion.
What does it matter!
It's all the same, one found his luck and I
found none.

Musical Examples

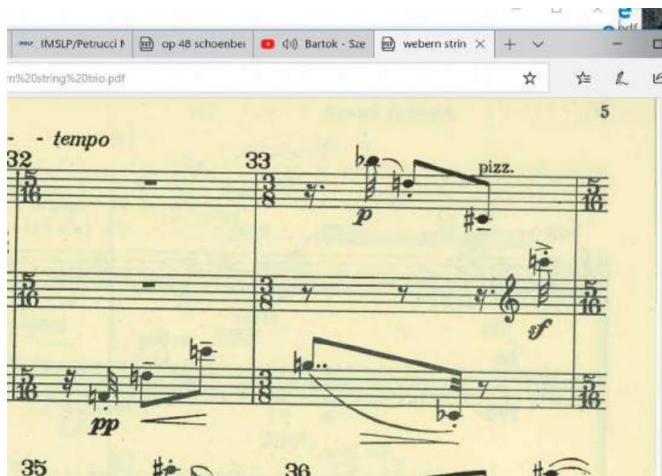
Example 1

Wagner *Parsifal*, “Amfortas, Die Wunde!” transition to Wolf “Seufzer”, outcome of chromatic line. E/F chord in Wolf



Example 2

E/F dyad in Webern string trio in solo cello moments (Tristan quote), F/E in op. 3



Example 3

E/F dyad in Webern op. 4 and Berg “Schilflied” at song opening

Sehr fließend und zart (♩ = ca 112)
pp
 So ich trau - rig bin weiß ich nur ein

The image shows the opening of Berg's "Schilflied" from Op. 4. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked "Sehr fließend und zart" with a quarter note equal to approximately 112 beats per minute. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The vocal line begins with the lyrics "So ich trau - rig bin weiß ich nur ein". The piano part features a prominent E/F dyad in the bass clef.

Example 4

Schoenberg Tot op. 48 transition to string trio, common tones, and motivic tie
 Penultimate bar contains both Bb/B natural and E/F dyad juxtapositions as in first bar of trio. (Top/bottom voice in piano part in bass clef)

1 ♩ = 60
 Violin *quasi trill* *simile*
pp *sfpp*
 Viola *quasi trill* *simile*
pp *sfpp*
 Cello *pp*

The image shows the transition to the string trio in Schoenberg's "Tot" from Op. 48. It features Violin, Viola, and Cello parts. The tempo is marked "1 ♩ = 60". The Violin and Viola parts have markings for "quasi trill" and "simile". The Cello part is marked "pp". The penultimate bar contains both Bb/B natural and E/F dyad juxtapositions.

Example 5

E/F dyad in Wagner, Tristan progression, and yearning motive. E/F chord

The left excerpt shows a vocal line with the lyrics "er - sten Kuss! Sehr langsam." and piano markings "ppp" and "pp". The right excerpt shows a vocal line with the lyrics "etwas drängend" and "Schnell. Am-for - tas!..." and piano markings "ff" and "ff".

Example 6

Berg transition op 2 to op.5, chromatic descent outcome.

The excerpt shows a vocal line with the lyrics "in mein Hei - mat - land." and piano markings "rit. pp" and "p". The score is marked "a tempo (I)" and "rit. pp".

The excerpt shows a vocal line with the lyrics "Mäßig. (♩ = ca. 76)" and piano markings "p leicht". The score is marked "Droits d'exécution réservés".

Example 7

Transition from Webern op.4 to op. 7. Common tones in Chords (A,F,C#,G#) B,E omitted, E flat introduced. E/F dyad in Webern op 7, and Webern op. 4 in final chord.

The image displays two pages of a musical score. The left page features a vocal line with the instruction "poco rit." and the lyrics "der wird mein Gram." The right page shows a piano and violin arrangement. The violin part is marked "Sehr langsam (♩: ca 50)" and "mit Dämpfer". The piano part is marked "ppp". The score illustrates the transition from Webern op.4 to op.7, focusing on common tones and the introduction of an E flat.

Example 8

E/F Dyad Berg op 2 no. 2 (melodically) *Tristan* association. Schoenberg *Gurrelieder* (vertical)

The image displays two pages of a musical score. The left page is marked "Rasch" and "f". The right page is marked "Alban B" and "ein wenig de". The score illustrates the E/F dyad association between Berg op.2 no.2 and Schoenberg's *Gurrelieder*.

Example 9

F/E to end song op. 3. Common tones in transition to op. 11 (G#,E,F,D) Bb omitted.
Ab moves to A. Recurring F/E in Webern op. 3 and *Drei Kleine Stuecke* (m. 1,2,6)

The left image shows a musical score for a voice and piano. The vocal line has the lyrics "das ruh-re sein." and is marked with a piano (ppp) dynamic. The piano accompaniment features a series of chords. The right image is a piano score titled "Außerst ruhig (♩ = ca 50) mit Dämpfer am Steg". It shows a sequence of chords with fingerings 1-7, marked with piano (ppp) and mezzo-forte (mf) dynamics.

Example 10

Palindrome, Row similarities, and transition from Webern op. 25 to String trio

The left image shows a musical score for voice and piano. The vocal line has the lyrics "und bin auf Er-den." and is marked with a piano (pp) dynamic. The piano accompaniment features a series of chords. The right image is a string trio score titled "I für Geige, Bratsche und Violoncell ANTON WEBERN Op. 25 (1883 - 1945)". It shows a sequence of chords with fingerings 1-7, marked with piano (pp) and mezzo-forte (mf) dynamics.

Example 11

Transition from Webern op. 12 to Cello Sonata, and motivic tie. Triplet plus dotted note gesture followed by chord

The image shows a musical score for Example 11. It features a piano part (left) and a cello part (right). The piano part has a tempo marking 'tempo' and a dynamic marking 'pp'. The cello part has a dynamic marking 'ff'. The score includes a triplet plus dotted note gesture followed by a chord. The page number '57' is visible at the bottom left.

Example 12

E/F passage in op 12. Voice, and tenor in piano.

The image shows a musical score for Example 12. It features a voice part (left) and a tenor part (right). The voice part has a tempo marking 'rit' and a dynamic marking 'frei pp'. The tenor part has a dynamic marking 'ppp'. The lyrics are 'in lieb - li - chem' and 'da kam ein Bien'. The score includes an E/F passage.

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Dissertation Recital No. 2
Paraphrases of Richard Wagner transcribed for Cello,
Voice and Piano

Nathaniel Pierce, Cello & Tenor

Amy Cheng, Piano

Monday, February 25th, 2019
Earl V Moore Building, Britton Recital Hall

7:30 pm

Paraphrase on Die Walküre (1856)

Act 1: Prelude
Act 1, Scene 1: "Kühlende Labung"
Act 1, Scene 3: "Ein Schwert verhiess mir der Vater"
Act 1 : "Winterstürme wichen dem Wonnemond"
Act 3: Ride of the Valkyries
Act 3: Wotan's Farewell

Richard Wagner
(1813–1883)
arr. Nathaniel Pierce

Intermission

Paraphrase on Tristan und Isolde (1859)

Act 1: Prelude
Act 2, Scene 2 "O sink hernieder"
Act 2, Scene 2 "Habet acht! Habet acht!"
Act 3: Prelude
Act 3, Scene 1: "Muss ich dich so verstehn"
Act 3, Scene 1: "Dünkt ich das"
Act 3: Liebestod

Richard Wagner
arr. Nathaniel Pierce

Program Notes

Paraphrases of Richard Wagner transcribed for Cello, Voice and Piano.

Nathaniel Pierce, Cello, Tenor
Amy Cheng, piano

Today's program features two largely reduced transcriptions of *Die Walküre* (1856) and *Tristan und Isolde* (1859) by Richard Wagner (1813-1883). I was trying to think of the most appropriate name for these arrangements. The name 'Paraphrase' has been used by Liszt and Tausig in similar works transcribed for solo piano. Each of my paraphrases includes the prelude and postlude of the opera, and a number of selections from the featured tenor moments (Siegmond for *Walküre* and Tristan for *Tristan und Isolde*). However, other characters, like Wotan in *Walküre*, and Isolde, Kurwenal and Brangäne, are represented as well, either sung (Wotan, Kurwenal) or played by the cello or piano (Isolde, Brangäne).

These notes don't set out to give a detailed recounting of the performance history or entire synopsis of the opera. Wagner is a controversial figure and these notes do not attempt to make a meaningful contribution to the important ongoing debate of the ethics of performance. Below I will provide Wagner's libretto, and point out key narrative points. I have retained the original order, except that in Tristan "Dünkt dich das" originally comes before "Muss ich dich so versteh'n."

My intent is for the cello to carry an equal role to that of that of the voice. I am suggesting that the cello has its fair share of prominent moments, and does not remain secondary to the voice, because this is after all a cello recital. In fact in making the arrangements I very much kept in mind that this is a cello recital, and that the audience should experience and perceive it that way. There are long stretches without voice in all the instrumental selections, and transcriptions of Isolde's "Liebestod" and Brangaene's "Wacheruf". In the 2nd Act Love Duet of Tristan and Isolde the cello again plays the role of Isolde, not the secondary yet important bass line, for example.

Within the context of these arrangements I hope I will be granted the artistic license to sing some of Wotan's farewell music, fully aware that my tenor voice is as close to representing Wotan as my cello is to representing an Isolde, an English horn, or a trumpet playing the Sword motive. Even though I am a tenor, I am not even claiming to be a worthy Siegmund or Tristan ready to be hired and staged, rather I am trying to bring this music alive through the genre of chamber music. In doing so, we are embarking on a project of imitation, and a reading of the work that uses the cello as a tool to represent salient features, and through collaboration with the pianist show a dialogue of musical voices perhaps missed in the context of a full production.

The operas are monuments which require huge orchestras, powerful dramatic voices, and which last many hours. *Der Ring der Nibelungen* took 25 years to write. The paraphrases however delve into the more intimate nature of these works. The theater Wagner built in Bayreuth allows singers to sing without forcing, as the pit is shaped so that the orchestra sound bounces back and directed towards the stage. I want to sincerely thank Professors Elliott and

Cheng for their abundant input in bringing these arrangements alive, and Professor Cheng for her generous collaboration.

Act 1: Prelude

The curtain rises. The inside of a dwelling place; an apartment built of wood surrounds the stem of a great ash tree standing in the center. On the right, in the foreground, is the hearth, behind it the storeroom; at back, the great entrance door; on the left, at back, steps lead up to an inner room; lower down, on the same side, a table with a broad bench behind it, fixed to the wall; some wooden stools in front of it. The stage remains a while empty; storm without, just subsiding. Siegmund opens the entrance door from without and enters. He holds the latch in his hand and looks round the room: he appears exhausted with over- exertion: his dress and appearance show that he is in flight. Seeing no one, he closes the door behind him, walks, as with the last efforts of an exhausted man, to the hearth, and there throws himself down on a rug of bearskin.

Siegmund

Wess' Herd diess auch sei,
hier muß ich rasten.

Siegmund

Who'er owns this hearth,
here must I rest me.

He sinks back and remains stretched out motionless. Sieglinde enters from the inner chamber, thinking that her husband has returned. Her grave look shows surprise when she finds a stranger stretched on the hearth. Siegmund drinks and gives the horn back. As he signs his thanks with his head, his eyes fix themselves on her with growing interest.

Act 1, Scene 1: Kühllende Labung

Siegmund arrives at a house and is met by Sieglinde who offers him much needed water (der Quell)

Siegmund

Kühllende Labung gab mir der Quell,
des Müden Last machte er leicht:
erfrischt ist der Muth, das Aug' erfreut
des Sehens selige Lust.

Siegmund

Cooling relief the water has wrought,
my weary load now is made light:
refreshed is my heart, mine eyes are gladdened
by blissful raptures of sight.

Act 1, Scene 3: Ein Schwert verhiess mir der Vater

Also called the “Schwerterzählung” featuring the famous “Wälserufe”, where Siegmund calls upon Wotan to summon the sword. The sword motive upon its arrival in C major is played throughout by the cello.

Scene Three

Siegmund alone. It has become quite dark. The hall is only lighted by a dull fire on the hearth. Siegmund sinks on a bench by the fire and broods silently for some time in great agitation.

Siegmund

Ein Schwert verhiess mir der Vater,
ich fänd' es in höchster Noth.
Waffenlos fiel ich in Feindes Haus;
seiner Rache Pfand, raste ich hier:
ein Weib sah' ich, wonnig und hehr:
entzückend Bangen zehrt mein Herz.
Zu der mich nun Sehnsucht zieht,
die mit süßem Zauber mich sehrt,
im Zwange hält sie der Mann,
der mich wehrlosen höhnt.
Wälse! Wälse! Wo ist dein Schwert?
Das starke Schwert,
das im Sturm ich schwänge,
bricht mir hervor aus der Brust,
was wüthend das Herz noch hegt?
Was gleißt dort hell im Glimmerschein?
Welch' ein Strahl bricht aus der Esche
Stamm,
Des Blinden Auge leuchtet ein Blitz:
lustig lacht da der Blick.
Wie der Schein so hehr das Herz mir sengt!
Ist es der Blick der blühenden Frau,
den dort haftend sie hinter sich ließ,
als aus dem Saal sie schied?
*(Von hier an verglimmt das Herdfeuer
allmählich.)*
Nächtiges Dunkel deckte mein Aug',
ihres Blickes Strahl streifte mich da:
Wärme gewann ich und Tag.
Selig schien mir der Sonne Licht;
den Scheidel umglaß mir ihr wonniger
Glanz,
bis hinter Bergen sie sank.
*(Ein neuer schwacher Aufschein des
Feuers.)*
Noch einmal, da sie schied,
traf mich Abends ihr Schein;
selbst der alten Esche Stamm
erglänzte in gold'ner Gluth:

Siegmund

A sword, my father foretold me,
should serve me in sorest need.
Swordless I come to my foe-man's house;
as a hostage here helpless I lie:
a wife saw I, wondrous and fair,
and blissful tremors seized my heart.
The woman who holds me chained,
who with sweet enchantment wounds,
in thrall is held by the man
who mocks his weaponless foe.
Wälse! Wälse! Where is they sword?
The trusty sword,
that in fight shall serve me,
when from my bosom outbreaks
the fury my heart now bears?
What gleameth there from out the gloom?
What a beam breaks from the ash tree's
stem!
The sightless eye beholdeth a flash:
gay as laughter its light!
How the glorious gleam doth pierce my
heart!
Is it the glance of the woman so fair
that there clinging behind her she left
as from the hall she passed?
(The fire now gradually sinks.)
Darkening shadow covered mine eyes,
but her glance's beam fell on me then:
bringing me warmth and day.
Blessing came with the sun's bright rays;
the gladdening splendor encircled my
head,
till behind mountains it sank.
(Another faint gleam from the fire.)
Once more, ere day went hence,
fell a gleam on me here;
e'en the ancient ash tree's stem
shone forth with a golden glow:
now pales the splendor, the light dies out;

da bleicht die Blüthe, das Licht verlischt;
nächtiges Dunkel deckt mir das Auge:
tief in des Busens Berge glimmt nur noch
lichtlose Gluth

darkening shadow gathers around me:
deep in my breast alone yet glimmers a
dim,
dying glow.

The fire is quite extinguished: complete darkness. The door at the side opens softly. Sieglinde, in a white garment, comes out and advances lightly but quickly toward the hearth.

Act 1: Winterstürme wichen dem Wonnemond

The poetic declaration of love Siegmund sings to his sister, Sieglinde!

Siegmund

(in leiser Entzückung)

Keiner ging, doch Einer kam:
siehe, der Lenz lacht in den Saal!
*(Siegmund zieht Sieglinde mit sanfter Gewalt
zu sich auf das Lager, so daß sie neben ihm zu
sitzen kommt. Wachsende Helligkeit des
Mondscheines.)*

Winterstürme wichen dem Wonnemond,
in mildem Lichte leuchtet der Lenz;
auf linden Lüften, leicht und lieblich,
Wunder webend er sich wiegt;
durch Wald und Auen weht sein Athem,
weit geöffnet lacht sein Aug':
aus sel'ger Vöglein Sange süß ertönt,
holde Düfte haucht er aus:
seinem warmen Blut entblühen wonnige
Blumen,
Keim und Sproß entspringt seiner Kraft.
Mit zarter Waffen Zier bezwingt er die Welt;
Winter und Sturm wichen der starken Wehr:
wohl mußte den tapfern Streichen
die strenge Thüre auch weichen,
die trotzig und starr uns trennte von ihm.
Zu seiner Schwester schwang er sich her;
die Liebe lockte den Lenz:
in uns'rem Busen barg sie sich tief;
nun lacht sie selig dem Licht.
Die bräutliche Schwester befreite der Bruder;
zertrümmert liegt was je sie getrennt;
jauchzend grüßt sich das junge Paar:
vereint sind Liebe und Lenz!

Siegmund

(in gentle ecstasy)

No one went, but one has come:
laughing, the spring enters the hall!
*(Siegmund draws Sieglinde to him on the
couch with tender vehemence, so that she sits
beside him. Increasing brilliance of the
moonlight.)*

Winter storms have waned in the moon of
May, with tender radiance sparkles the spring;
on balmy breezes, light and lovely,
weaving wonders, on he floats;
o'er wood and meadow wafts his breathing,
widely open laughs his eye:
in blithesome song of birds resounds his
voice,
sweetest fragrance breathes he forth:
from his ardent blood bloom out all joy-giving
blossoms,
bud and shoot spring up by his might.
With gentle weapons' charm he forces the
world; winter and storm yield to his strong
attack: assailed by his hardy strokes now
the doors are shattered that, fast and
defiant, once held us parted from him.
To clasp his sister hither he flew;
'twas love that lured the spring:
within our bosoms deeply she hid;
now gladly she laughs to the light.
The bride and sister is freed by the brother;
in ruin lies what held them apart;
joyfully greet now the loving pair:
made one are love and spring!

Siegmond

Im Lenzesmond
leuchtest du hell;
hehr umwebt dich das Wellenhaar:
was mich berückt errath' ich nun leicht
denn wonnig weidet mein Blick.

Siegmond

Beneath spring's moon
shinest thou bright;
wrapped in glory of waving hair:
what has ensnared me now well I know
in rapture feasteth my look.

Act 3: Ride of the Valkyries**Act Three****Act 3: Wotan's Farewell**

Wotan summons Loge ,the fire god, to create a ring of fire around Brünnhilde. As Wotan declares his final words that only the man who knows no fear will step through the fire, the leitmotiv of Siegfried, and later fate is heard, thereby predicting the next opera.

Scene One

The curtain rises. On the summit of a rocky mountain. On the right a pinewood encloses the stage. On the left is the entrance to a cave; above this the rock rises to its highest point. At the back the view is entirely open; rocks of various heights form a parapet to the precipice.)

Occasionally clouds fly past the mountain peak, as if driven by storm. Gerhilde, Ortlinde, Waltraute and Schwert leite have ensconced themselves on the rocky peak above the cave: they are in full armor.

Wotan

[Denn Einer nur freie die Braut]
der freier als ich, der Gott!

Wotan

For one alone winneth the bride;
one freer than I, the god!

Brünnhilde, deeply moved, sinks in ecstasy on Wotan's breast: he holds her in a long embrace. She throws her head back again and, still embracing Wotan, gazes with deep enthusiasm in his eyes.

Denn so kehrt der Gott sich dir ab, *(He clasps her head in his hands.)*
so küßt er die Gottheit von dir! For so turns the god now from thee,
so kisses thy godhood away!

He kisses her long on the eyes. She sinks back with closed eyes, unconscious, in his arms. He gently bears her to a low mossy mound, which is overshadowed by a wide-spreading fir tree, and lays her upon it. He looks upon her and closes her helmet: his eyes then rest on the form of the sleeper, which he now completely covers with the great steel shield of the Valkyrie. He turns slowly away, then again turn around with a sorrowful look. He strides with solemn decision to the middle of the stage and directs the point of his spear toward a large rock.

Loge hör'! lausche hieher!

Wie zuerst ich dich fand, als feurige Gluth, wie
dann einst du mir schwandest, als schweifende
Lohe; wie ich dich band, bann' ich dich
heut'! Herauf, wabernde Lohe, umlod're mir
feurig den Fels!

Loge, hear! List to my word!

As I found thee of old, a glimmering flame,
as from me thou didst vanish,
in wandering fire;
as once I stayed thee, stir I thee now!
Appear! come, waving fire,
and wind thee in flames round the fell!

(During the following he strikes the rock thrice with his spear.)

Loge! Loge! hieher!

Loge! Loge! appear!

A flash of flame issues from the rock, which swells to an ever-brightening fiery glow. Flickering flames break forth.)(Bright shooting flames surround Wotan. With his spear he directs the sea of fire to encircle the rocks; it presently spreads toward the background, where it encloses the mountain in flames.

Wer meines Speeres Spitze fürchtet
durchschreite das Feuer nie!

He who my spearpoint's sharpness feareth
shall cross not the flaming fire!

He stretches out the spear as a spell. He gazes sorrowfully back on Brünnhilde. Slowly he turns to depart. He turns his head again and looks back. He disappears through the fire. The curtain falls.

Prelude -*Tristan und Isolde*

Act One: At sea, on the deck of Tristan's ship, during the crossing from Ireland to Cornwall.

Act 2, Scene 2 "O sink hernieder"

In King Mark's royal castle in Cornwall. Tristan and Isolde's iconic excerpt from their long love duet, in which they are learning to be eternally united wishing for the night never to end and to die together.

BEIDE

O sink hernieder,
Nacht der Liebe,
gib Vergessen,
dass ich lebe;
nimm mich auf
in deinen Schoss,
löse von
der Welt mich los!

TRISTAN

Verloschen nun
die letzte Leuchte;

ISOLDE

was wir dachten,
was uns deuchte;

TRISTAN

all Gedenken -

ISOLDE

all Gemahnen -

BEIDE

heil'ger Dämm'rung
hehres Ahnen
löscht des Wähnens Graus
welterlösend aus.

ISOLDE

Barg im Busen
uns sich die Sonne,
leuchten lachend
Sterne der Wonne.

TRISTAN

TOGETHER

Descend,
O Night of love,
grant oblivion
that I may live;
take me up
into your bosom,
release me from
the world!

TRISTAN

Extinguished now
the last glimmers;

ISOLDE

what we thought,
what we imagined;

TRISTAN

all thought

ISOLDE

all remembering,

TOGETHER

the glorious presentiment
of sacred twilight
extinguishes imagined terrors,
world-redeeming.

ISOLDE

The sun concealed
itself in our bosom,
the stars of bliss
gleam, laughing,

Von deinem Zauber
sanft umspinnen,
vor deinen Augen
süss zerronnen;

ISOLDE

Herz an Herz dir,
Mund an Mund;

TRISTAN

eines Atems
ein'ger Bund; -

BEIDE

bricht mein Blick sich
wonn'-erblindet,
erbleicht die Welt
mit ihrem Blenden:

ISOLDE

die uns der Tag
trügend erhellt,

TRISTAN

zu täuschendem Wahn
entgegengestellt,

BEIDE

selbst dann
bin ich die Welt:
Wonne-hehrstes Weben,
Liebe-heiligstes Leben,
Niewiedererwachens
wahnlos
hold bewusster Wunsch.

TRISTAN

softly entwined
in your magic,
sweetly dissolved
before your eyes;

ISOLDE

heart on your heart,
mouth on mouth;

TRISTAN

the single bond
of a single breath;

TOGETHER

my glance is deflected,
dazzled with bliss,
the world pales
with its blinding radiance:

ISOLDE

lit by Day's
guileful deception,

TRISTAN

standing firm against
deceitful delusion,

TOGETHER

then am I
myself the world;
floating in sublime bliss,
life of love most sacred,
the sweetly conscious
undeluded wish
never again to waken

Act 2, Scene 2 "Habet acht! Habet acht!"

Brangäne warns the lovers that King Mark will be returning soon.

BRANGÄNES STIMME

(von der Zinne her)

Einsam wachend
in der Nacht,
wem der Traum
der Liebe lacht,
hab der einen
Ruf in acht,
die den Schläfern
Schlimmes ahnt,
bange zum
Erwachen mahnt.
Habet acht!
Habet acht!
Bald entweicht die Nacht.

THE VOICE OF BRANGAENE

(from the tower)

You upon whom
love's dream smiles,
take heed of
the voice of one
keeping solitary
watch at night,
foreseeing evil
for the sleepers,
anxiously urging
you to waken.
Beware!
Beware!
Night soon melts away.

Act 3: Prelude

KURWENAL

(schüttelt traurig mit dem Kopf)

Erwachte er,
wär's doch nur
um für immer zu verschneiden:

KURWENAL

(sadly shaking his head)

Were he to waken
it would only be
to depart for ever,

In this excerpt the cello plays the famous English horn solo as a quasi solo cello cadenza. The vocal entries from Kurwenal are not originally in the Prelude but inserted from later music similar to the prelude.

Act 3, Scene 1: "Muss ich dich so verstehn"

Tristan recalls an old tale about a Shepherd's boy who lost his parents. The English horn solo continues to be heard.

Act 3, Scene 1: Dünkt ich das"

Tristan wakes in a delirious state after having been stabbed at the end of Act 2. He wishes to be reunited with Isolde in death. He understands Isolde being caught in the realm of day and light, and calls for her return to the night.

TRISTAN

(nach einem kleinen Schweigen)

Dünkt dich das?

Ich weiss es anders,
doch kann ich's dir nicht sagen.

Wo ich erwacht, -

weilt' ich nicht;

doch, wo ich weilte,
das kann ich dir nicht sagen.

Die Sonne sah ich nicht,
noch sah ich Land und Leute:
doch, was ich sah,
das kann ich dir nicht sagen.

Ich war,

wo ich von je gewesen,

wohin auf je ich geh':

im weiten Reich
der Weltennacht.

Nur ein Wissen

dort uns eigen:

göttlich ew'ges

Urvergessen!

Wie schwand mir seine Ahnung

Sehnsücht'ge Mahnung,

nenn' ich dich,

die neu dem Licht

des Tags mich zugetrieben?

Was einzig mir geblieben,

ein heiss-inbrünstig Lieben,

aus Todeswonne-Grauen

jagt's mich, das Licht zu schauen,

das trügend hell und golden

noch dir, Isolden, scheint!

Isolde noch
im Reich der Sonne!

TRISTAN

(after a brief silence)

Is that what you think?

I know differently
but I am not able to tell you.

Where I awoke,

there I was not,

but where I was

I cannot tell you.

I did not see the sun,
nor did I see land and people;

but what I did see

I cannot tell you.

I was

where I had been before I was

and where I am destined to go,

in the wide realm
of the Night of the world.

But one certain knowledge

is ours there:

divine, eternal

utter oblivion.

How did I cease to perceive it?

Yearning remembrance

did I call you,

driving me on anew

towards the light of Day.

The one thing that I remembered,

a warm and ardent love

drives me from the terror of Death's bliss
to see the Light,

which, deceiving, bright and golden,

still shines about you, Isolde!

*(Kurwenal, in the grip of terror,
hides his face. Tristan
gradually raises himself up)*

Isolde still
in the realm of the Sun!

Im Tagesschimmer
noch Isolde!
Welches Sehnen!
Welches Bangen!
Sie zu sehen,
welch Verlangen!
Krachend hört' ich
hinter mir
schon des Todes
Tor sich schliessen:
weit nun steht es
wieder offen,
der Sonne Strahlen
sprengt' es auf;
mit hell erschlossnen Augen
muss ich der Nacht enttauchen,
sie zu suchen,
sie zu sehen;
sie zu finden,
in der einzig
zu vergehen,
zu entschwinden
Tristan ist vergönnt.
Weh, nun wächst,
bleich und bang,
mir des Tages
wilder Drang;
grell und täuschend
sein Gestirn
weckt zu Trug
und Wahn mir das Hirn!
Verfluchter Tag
mit deinem Schein!
Wachst du ewig
meiner Pein?
Brennt sie ewig,
diese Leuchte,
die selbst nachts
von ihr mich scheuchte?
Ach, Isolde,
süsse Holde!
Wann endlich,
wann, ach wann
löschest du die Zünde,
dass sie mein Glück mir künde?
Das Licht - wann löscht es aus?

In the shimmer of Day
still, Isolde!
What longing!
What fearing!
To see her,
what desire!
The crash that I heard
behind me
was Death's
door closing:
now once more it stands
wide open,
the sun's beams
have burst it open;
with wide open eyes
I had to emerge from Night
to seek her,
to see her;
to find her,
in her alone
to expire,
to vanish
has it been granted to Tristan.
Alas, there now rise up
within me,
pale and fearful,
Day's wild urgings;
baleful and deceiving
its orb
rouses my mind
to deceit and folly!
Accursed Day
with your light!
Will you for ever
be witness to my anguish?
Will it burn for ever,
this Light,
which even at night
kept me from her?
Ah, Isolde,
sweet beauty!
When at last,
when, oh when
will you extinguish the spark,
that I may know my fortune?
The light - when will it be extinguished?

(Er sinkt erschöpft leise zurück)

Wann wird es Nacht im Haus?

(He sinks back, exhausted)

When will Night come to the house?

Act 3: Liebestod

After Tristan's death, this is Isolde's response and the moment of transcendence where she supposedly joins Tristan.

BRANGÄNE

Hörst du uns nicht?

Isolde! Traute!

Vernimmst du die Treue nicht?

BRANGÄNE

Can you not hear us?

Isolde! Dearest!

Can you not hear your faithful Brangaene?

(Isolde, aware of nothing round about her, fixes her gaze with mounting ecstasy upon Tristan's body)

ISOLDE

Mild und leise

wie er lächelt,

wie das Auge

hold er öffnet, -

seht ihr's, Freunde?

Säh't ihr's nicht?

Immer lichter

wie er leuchtet,

sternumstrahlet

hoch sich hebt?

Seht ihr's nicht?

Wie das Herz ihm

mutig schwillt,

voll und hehr

im Busen ihm quillt?

Wie den Lippen,

wonnig mild,

süßer Atem

sanft entweht: -

Freunde! Seht!

Fühlt und seht ihr's nicht?

Hör ich nur

diese Weise,

die so wunder-

ISOLDE

How softly and gently

he smiles,

how sweetly

his eyes open -

can you see, my friends,

do you not see it?

How he glows

ever brighter,

raising himself high

amidst the stars?

Do you not see it?

How his heart

swells with courage,

gushing full and majestic

in his breast?

How in tender bliss

sweet breath

gently wafts

from his lips -

Friends! Look!

Do you not feel and see it?

Do I alone hear

this melody

so wondrously

voll und leise,
Wonne klagend
alles sagend,
mild versöhnend
aus ihm tönend,
in mich dringet,
auf sich schwinget,
hold erhallend
um mich klinget?
Heller schallend,
mich umwallend,
sind es Wellen
sanfter Lüfte?
Sind es Wogen
wonniger Düfte?
Wie sie schwellen,
mich umrauschen,
soll ich atmen,
soll ich lauschen?
Soll ich schlürfen,
untertauchen?
Süss in Düften
mich verhauchen?
In dem wogenden Schwall,
in dem tönenden Schall,
in des Weltatems
wehendem All, -
ertrinken,
versinken, -
unbewusst, -
höchste Lust!

and gently
sounding from within him,
in bliss lamenting,
all-expressing,
gently reconciling,
piercing me,
soaring aloft,
its sweet echoes
resounding about me?
Are they gentle
aerial waves
ringing out clearly,
surging around me?
Are they billows
of blissful fragrance?
As they seethe
and roar about me,
shall I breathe,
shall I give ear?
Shall I drink of them,
plunge beneath them?
Breathe my life away
in sweet scents?
In the heaving swell,
in the resounding echoes,
in the universal stream
of the world-breath -
to drown,
to founder -
unconscious -
utmost rapture!

Isolde sinks gently, as if transfigured, in Brangaene's arms, on to Tristan's body. Those standing around are awed and deeply moved. Mark blesses the bodies. - The curtain falls slowly.

Libretto by Richard Wagner, translation by *Dmitry Murashev*.

Dissertation Recital No. 3

Franz Schubert's *Winterreise* transcribed for Cello, Voice and Piano

Nathaniel Pierce, Cello & Tenor

Martin Katz, Piano

*Saturday, April 20, 2019
Earl V. Moore Building, McIntosh theatre
7:30 pm*

***Winterreise* (1827)**

Gute Nacht
Die Wetterfahne
Gefrorene Tränen
Erstarrung
Der Lindenbaum
Wasserflut
Auf dem Flusse
Rückblick
Irrlicht
Rast
Frühlingstraum
Einsamkeit
Die Post
Der greise Kopf
Die Krähe
Letzte Hoffnung
Im Dorfe
Der stürmische Morgen
Täuschung
Der Wegweiser
Das Wirtshaus
Mut!
Die Nebensonnen
Der Leiermann

Franz Schubert
(1797–1828)
trans. Nathaniel Pierce

Program Notes - Franz Schubert - *Winterreise*

Winterreise (*Winter Journey*) (D. 911, published as Op. 89 in 1828) is a song cycle that was composed in two parts in 1827. It is Schubert's second song cycle, that he sets to the poetry of Wilhelm Müller. The song order evolved from Mueller's original published text.

The cycle notably has been transcribed in the past for solo piano (Liszt), string quartet, as well as chamber orchestra. Our transcription is a result of a collaborative effort with Professor Martin Katz. Originally written by Schubert for tenor and piano, in this transcription, a cello part has been added, largely by extracting material from the piano part, and often from the vocal part when the text is repeated, or where there are multiple verses. The intent was also to explore stripping away instruments, therefore leaving one song without voice, one song without cello, and one song without piano.

In her book, *Retracing A Winter's Journey*, Susan Youens suggests Mueller did not project his own life into the story of a wandering man excluded from society, but, the landscapes depicted in the cycle may well have been familiar to him, as he passed through nature on his way to work as a librarian in Dessau. At the time Schubert wrote his *Winter Journey*, he might have had more in common with the protagonist of the story due to his impending demise from syphilis or mercury poisoning. After composing the cycle, it was the following summer of 1828 when his physician confirmed that he would die soon. One common interpretation is that the "Wanderer's" fate is death, even if it is certainly less overtly implied as in Mueller's first cycle *Die Schoene Muellerin*. However, Youens suggests a different reading, that death in fact would come as a relief as hinted by in "Lindenbaum" and "Der Greise Kopf", but is ultimately denied in "Das Wirtshaus."

The jilted "Wanderer" making this journey is possibly an atheist (Mut!) and even perhaps a musician (Der Leiermann), as suggested by Youens. Her claim is that Mueller has created an original story of the romantic convention of emerging artist in attaining musicianship and artistry through an unwanted path. For the Wanderer the path he must take (Wegweiser) pointed to by the signpost is of the artist. The only way of reconnecting to a community is by becoming a musician. Only in the last song, does the Wanderer reconnect with a human: a hurdy gurdy player, who mirrors his outcast state and offers a way to bond through nothing else but their music.

The trope of the 'romantic fragment' can also be invoked, as each solitary song truly only comes to life in the context of the whole. Novalis's idea of 'romantic distance' can be seen as well, as Hoeckner writes about in his essay on Romantic Distance. As he travels, his loved one most saliently is distant emotionally, spatially, and temporally to varying degrees. 'Man vs. Nature' is a theme throughout the cycle as the animals and landscapes that he may have relied on in the past, are not as consoling anymore and serve to further his isolation. Youens also argues that *Winterreise* is written by Mueller as a realist work, as at no point the audience is meant to believe that the animals can speak to the protagonist, nor does the protagonist lose his mind to hallucinations and dreams as some suggest. His melancholy and straying mind are always brought back to his harsh reality.



Example 13 (Wandering motive)

Youens has suggested that the Wandering Motive (Example 13: four staccato notes of equal rhythmic/pitch value connected by slur) is a unifying factor that appears in a number of songs throughout the cycle, most overtly in the first, and twentieth songs. I have assigned the motive to the cello part in some of the more obscure cases to highlight this interpretation.

I want to thank the members of the committee, and my mentors, Professors Anthony Elliott, Martin Katz and Scott Piper, for their support and help in putting this project together, and for all their support and guidance throughout the course of the degree. I also want to thank Taylor Flowers for generous his help, and Martin Katz for his collaboration.

Translations by John Charles Pierce

1. Good Night

As a stranger I arrived
As a stranger I depart
The month of May was good to me
With many bouquets of flowers.

The maiden spoke of love
The mother even of marriage,
Now the world is so dark
The path covered in snow.

For my travels
I cannot choose the time
I must find my own way
In this darkness.

A moon-shadow travels with me
As my companion,
And in the white fields
I seek the tracks of wild animals.

Why should I wait longer
Until they drive me away?
Let stray dogs howl
Before her master's house;

The dear one loves to wander
God made her that way.
From one man to another
Dear beloved, good night!

I don't want to bother your dreams
It would be a shame to disturb your rest
You shall not hear my steps
Softly, softly close the door!

I write on the gate as I pass
"Good night,"
That you may see
I thought of you.

2. The Weather-Vane
The wind plays with the weather-vane
On the house of my beloved.
And I thought in my delusion
That it whistled at the poor fugitive.

He should have noticed it earlier
That house's sign
Then he would never have sought
A faithful woman in that house.

Inside the wind plays with hearts
As on the roof, but not as loudly.
Why do they ask about my pain?
Their child is a rich bride.

3. Frozen Tears
Frozen tears fall
From my cheeks:
Could it be that I didn't notice
That I wept?
Oh tears, my tears
Are you so lukewarm
That you freeze to ice

Like cool morning dew?

And you rush up from the well
Of my breast so glowing hot,
As if you wished to melt
The entire winter's ice.

4. Stiffness

I seek in vain in the snow
Looking for her footsteps
Where she, on my arm
Traversed the green meadow.

I want to kiss the ground
Press through the ice and snow
With my hot tears
Until I can see the earth.

Where can I find a blossom?
Where can I find green grass?
The flowers are dead
The lawn is so pale.

Shall I take no souvenir
With me from here?
If my sorrows are mute
Who will speak to me of her?

My heart is frozen,
Her image frozen inside it
If my heart ever thaws again,
Her image, too, will melt away!

5. The Linden Tree

By the well, before the gate
Stands a linden tree;
In its shade I dreamt
Many a sweet dream.

Into its bark I etched
Many a loving word;
In joy and in suffering
I was always drawn to it.
Today, also, I had to wander
By it, in the deep night,
And despite the darkness

I closed my eyes.

And its branches rustled
As if calling to me;
“Come here to me, friend,
Here you will find your rest!”
The cold winds blew
Directly into my face
My hat flew from my head
I did not notice.

Now I am several hours
Away from that place,
And still I hear it rustle,
“You would have found rest there!”

6. Flood

Many a tear from my eyes
Has fallen into the snow;
Its cold flakes thirstily absorb
The hot pain.

When the grasses sprout
A warm wind will blow
And the ice will break into pieces
And the soft snow will flow away.

Snow, you know of my longing,
Tell me, where are you flowing?
Follow after my tears,
Soon the brook will pick you up.

With it you will travel through the city,
In and out of the cheerful streets;
When you feel my tears glow,
There is my beloved's house.

7. On the River

You who rushed so joyfully
You bright, wild river,
How still you have become,
You give no parting goodbye.

With a hard, cold shell
You have covered yourself,
You lie cold and unmoving

Stretched out in the sand.

In your blanket I engraved
With a sharp stone
The name of my beloved
And the day and hour:

The day of our first meeting
The day on which I left
Around the name and numbers winds
A broken ring.

My heart, in this brook
Do you recognize your own image?
Could it be that under its shell
It also rages and swells?

8. Backward Glance

The soles of my feet are burning
Though I step on ice and snow
I do not want to breathe again
Until I can no longer see the towers.

I stubbed against every stone
As was I rushing out of the city
The crows threw snow and ice
Onto my hat from every house.

How differently you received me
You city of fickleness!
At your empty windows sang
Larks and nightingales in a contest.

The round linden trees bloomed,
The clear fountains gurgled brightly
And oh, two maiden's eyes glowed
There it happened to you, my friend!

When the day comes into my thoughts
I want to look backwards once again
I want to turn around and walk back
And stand still in front of her house.

9. Will-o-the-wisp

Into the deepest rocky chasms

A will-o-the-wisp lured me:
How I would find a way out
Did not much concern me.

I'm used to aimless wandering,
Every path will lead to the goal:
Our joys, our miseries,
All are a game of the Will-o-the-wisp!

10. Rest

Now I finally realize how tired I am,
So I will lay down to rest:
Wandering had kept me awake
on the inhospitable paths.
My feet did not ask for a break
It was too cold to stand still
My back felt no burden,
The storm blew me along.

In a charcoal maker's narrow hut
I found shelter;
Yet my limbs would not recover,
Such was the burning of their wounds.
Also you, my heart, in fights and storms
So wild and so daring,
Only in the quiet do you feel the worm
stir with a hot stabbing!

11. Spring Dream

I dreamt of colorful flowers,
As they would bloom in May;
I dreamt of green meadows,
and happy bird shrieks.

And as the cocks crowed,
My eyes woke up;\nIt was cold and dark,
The ravens screamed on the roof.

Yet an the window panes,
Who painted the leaves there?
You are surely laughing at the dreamer
Who sees flowers in winter.

12. Loneliness

Like a dark cloud travels through a clear sky,

like a little wisp of a breeze wafts through the pine peaks,
So do I make my way with heavy feet,
through a bright, happy life, alone and without greeting.

Oh, the air is so calm! Oh, the world is so bright!
As the storms were still raging,
I was never this miserable!

13. The Postman

From the street over there a posthorn rings,
Why is it that my heart springs up?
The postman brings you no letter,
then why is my heart beating faster?

Of course, the postman comes from the city,
where I had a loved one.
You want to go over there
and ask her how it's going, my heart?

14. The Aged Head

Frost has put a white sheen
On my head;
I believed I was already an old man
And rejoiced.

But soon it thawed away,
I have black hair again,
My youth makes me shudder
How much longer to the coffin?

From sunset to morning light
Many a head has turned grey,
Who would believe it? Mine did not
On this entire journey!

15. The Crow

A crow accompanied me from the city.
It has until today flown around my head.
Crow! Strange animal, don't you want to leave me?
You think you will soon feast on my body?
It won't go much longer with the walking stick.
Crow, let me finally see faithfulness unto the grave!

16. Last Hope

Here and there on the trees
Several colorful leaves can be seen.

And I stand before the trees
Often lost in thought.

I look at the one leaf,
Hang my hope on it;
The wind plays with my leaf,
I tremble violently.

Oh, and the leaf falls to the ground,
With it my hope falls away;
I fall to the ground with it,
And weep on the grave of my hope.

17. In the village
The dogs are barking,
The chains are rattling;
The people are sleeping in their beds,
dreaming of something they don't have,
Refreshing themselves in good and bad;
And tomorrow morning it all melts away.

They have had their fair share,
and hope what they left behind
to find on their pillows.

Bark away, watch dogs!
Don't leave me alone in the wee hours!
I am at an end with dreaming.
Why should I waste time with sleepers?

18. The Stormy morning
How the storm tore through the gray dress of heaven!
The shreds of clouds flap around in a dull battle.
And red flames move between them.
That's what I call a morning!
My heart sees it's own picture in heaven,
It is nothing but the winter,
The winter, cold and wild!

19. Deception
A light danced nicely in front of me,
I followed every which way.
I follow it gladly,
and realize that it is tempting the wanderer.
Oh, one who's as miserable as I
gladly submits to this ploy,

that shows him, behind ice and night and horror,
a bright, warm house, and a loving soul within,
Deception is my only prize!

20. The Signpost

Why do I avoid the paths the other travelers use,
look for hidden bridges through snow-covered rocky heights?
I have done nothing to have to avoid people.
What senseless longing drives me into the wastelands?
Signposts stand on the paths, point to the cities,
and I wander on relentlessly with out peace, searching for peace.
I see one signpost standing plainly in front of me.
There is one street I must take from which no one has returned.

21. The Inn

I found my way to a graveyard.
Here's where I will stay, I thought to myself.
You green funeral wreaths could be the sign
that invites tired travelers into the cool inn.
Are then all the rooms occupied here?
I am tired enough to drop, am deathly wounded.
Oh, you ruthless inn, you still send me away?
Then onward, always onward with my faithful walking stick.

22. Courage

When the snow flies in my face
I shake it off.
When my heart speaks in my chest
I sing brightly and cheerfully.
I don't hear what it says.
I don't have any ears.
I don't feel its complaints.
Complaining is for fools.
Merrily into world against wind and weather,
If no God wants to be on earth, we are ourselves gods.

23. Rival Suns

I saw 3 suns in the sky. I looked at them for a long time.
And they stood there stubbornly, as if they didn't want to leave me.
Oh, you are not my suns. Look in someone else's faces.
Yes, recently I also had 3. Now the best 2 are set.
If only the 3rd will also set. I'll feel better in the dark.

24. Organ Grinder

Over there in the village stands a hurdy-gurdyist.
And with stiff fingers, he plays what he can.

Barefoot in the ice, he sways back and forth.
And his little plate is always empty.
No one wants to hear him, no one looks at him
And the dogs growl at the old man.
And he lets it all happen as it will.
Turns away, and his music is never still.
Strange old man, should I go with you?
Would accompany me with my songs?

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