

The Smithsonian Associates Presents

# 20th CENTURY CONSORT

November 13, 1999

Marion and Gustave Ring Auditorium,  
Hirshhorn Museum and Sculpture Garden

The Smithsonian Associates  
presents

# 20th Century Consort

Christopher Kendall, Artistic Director and conductor

Elisabeth Adkins, violin  
Daniel Foster, viola  
David Hardy, cello  
Loren Kitt, clarinet  
Lisa Emenheiser Logan, piano  
Lucy Shelton, soprano  
Sara Stern, flute  
Rudolph Vrbsky, oboe  
Susan Schilperoort, manager  
Curt Wittig, electronics  
Marcus Wyche, stage manager



Saturday, November 13, 1999  
Pre-Concert Discussion 4:00 p.m.  
Concert 5:00 p.m.  
Marion and Gustave Ring Auditorium  
Hirshhorn Museum and Sculpture Garden

The 20th Century Consort's 1999-2000 performance series is sponsored by The Smithsonian Associates and funded in part by generous contributions from The Morris and Gwendolyn Cafritz Foundation, Sigrid Biow, The Aaron Copland Fund for Music, the National Endowment for the Arts and the Friends of the 20th Century Consort.



The Smithsonian Associates

## Pre-Concert Discussion

Christopher Kendall, Artistic Director, 20th Century Consort;  
Paul Schoenfield and Nicholas Maw

## Program

### "Looney Tunes"

Die Serenaden for Soprano, Oboe, Viola, and Cello, Op.35 . . . Paul Hindemith  
I. Barcarole - An Phyllis - Nur Mut  
II. Duett - Der Abend - Der Wurm am Meer  
III. Trio - Gute Nacht  
Mr. Foster, Mr. Hardy, Ms. Shelton, Mr. Vrbsky

Carolina Morning . . . . . Paul Schoenfield  
Ms. Adkins, Mr. Foster, Mr. Hardy, Ms. Logan

### Intermission

Pierrot lunaire, Op. 21 . . . . . Arnold Schoenberg  
Part I 1. Mondestrunken 5. Valse de Chopin  
2. Colombine 6. Madonna  
3. Der Dandy 7. Der kranke Mond  
4. Eine blasse Wäscherin  
Part II 8. Die Nacht 12. Galgenlied  
9. Gebet an Pierrot 13. Enthauptung  
10. Raub 14. Die Kreuze  
11. Rote Messe  
Part III 15. Heimweh 19. Serenade  
16. Gemeinheit! 20. Heimfahrt  
17. Parodie 21. O alter Duft  
18. Der Mondfleck

Ms. Adkins, Mr. Hardy, Mr. Kendall, Mr. Kitt, Ms. Logan, Ms. Shelton, Ms. Stern

This concert is dedicated to Sigrid Biow



The audience is invited to join the artists in the Plaza Lobby for an informal post-concert reception, sponsored by the Friends of the 20th Century Consort

# Program Notes

by Steven Ledbetter

PAUL HINDEMITH (1895-1963)

*Die Serenaden, Opus 35, Little Cantata on Romantic Texts*, for soprano, oboe, viola, and cello

When Hindemith composed this little secular cantata setting brief romantic texts mostly by inconsequential poets, he was regarded as one of the leading advanced composers of the day, one whose music was, more likely than not, calculated to shock, either by its level of dissonance or the cheeky iconoclasm with which he mixed jazz elements in what was supposed to be “serious” music (such as the *Kammermusik No. 1* of 1921, in which he had gone further by requiring the twelve performers to play the piece out of sight of the audience! But following a clutch of such wild and crazy pieces, Hindemith suddenly discovered a new balance in his music, a reaction against the egocentric sensitivity of late romantic music, a new emphasis on the abstract elements of music as something more architectural than confessional.

In 1923 he took six brief romantic texts and set them to music in a markedly non-romantic way, emphasizing clarity of line and counterpoint over passion or emotional excess. Hindemith employed his modest forces—singer, oboe, viola, and cello—to produce a considerable amount of variety, changing the number a selection of instruments to accompany each song. The songs themselves are presented in two groups of three songs each. Many of the songs have an accompaniment in a two-part texture of melody and independent moving bass line that gives it the texture and some of the feeling of an aria by J.S. Bach with the harmonies just a bit askew.

Oboe and cello create the quasi-Baroque texture at the very outset, continuing through the first song, *Barcarole*. The middle song of each group of three is accompanied by a solo instrument; a lively cello solo introduces and accompanies *An Phyllis*. *Nur Mut* features oboe and viola. The two stringed instruments introduce the second half of the cantata with an extended duet. *Der Abend* is virtually unaccompanied, with connecting oboe phrases between the free-flowing phrases of the voice. *Das Wurm am Meer* is the only number in the cantata in which all performers take part, and an instrumental trio continues when the singer has finished. This dies away slowly and delicately to *Gute Nacht*, in which only the violist provides a rustling undercurrent of accompaniment to the vocal line.

The first performance of *Die Serenaden* took place on April 15, 1925, at the home of Hindemith’s friend Werner Reinhart in Winterthur. The solo singer was his new wife Gertrude, to whom the score is dedicated. The cantata is a forerunner, both in its performing forces and its musical style of a new kind of music toward which Hindemith was aiming in the middle and later ‘Twenties, music of “the utmost orderliness,” as he wrote to his publisher, adding, “I hope you will have noticed that I have been striving in all my recent things for the highest degree of purity and orderliness.”

## Barcarole

Treibe, treibe, Schifflein, schnelle,  
durch die leicht bewegte Flut;  
Wiege, wiege, süsse Welle,  
in der Sterne goldner Glut.

Töne, Liedlein, durch die Nacht,  
wo die Liebe harrt und wacht.

Liebe, Liebe steht am Strande,  
neckend eilte sie voraus,  
breitet sehnsuchtsvoll vom Lande  
ihre treuen Arme aus.

Töne, Liedlein, durch die Nacht,  
wo die Liebe harrt und wacht.

—Adolf Licht

## An Phyllis

Phyllis, unter diesen Buchen  
will ich junge Veilchen suchen.  
Komm und suche sie mit mir.

Phyllis, müssen wir in finstern  
Gründen lange suchen, sie zu finden,  
dann so ruh’ ich auch mit dir.

—J. L. W. Gleim

## Nur Mut

Aus Wolken fällt die frohe Stunde,  
o Mensch, gesunde!

Lass Leiden fliehn und Bangigkeit,  
wenn Liebchens Kuss dein Herz  
erfreut.

## Barcarole

Onward, onward, little boat, quickly  
through the gently rocking tide;  
rock, rock, sweet wave,  
in the golden glow of the stars.

Ring, little song, through the night,  
where Love waits and watches.

Love, Love stands on the bank,  
she ran teasingly ahead  
to spread out her faithful arms  
longingly from the land.

Ring, little song, through the night,  
where Love waits and watches.

## To Phyllis

Phyllis, under these beeches  
I want to search for violets.  
Come and search with me.

Phyllis, we must seek long  
on the dark ground to find them,  
and there will I rest with you.

## Courage!

After stormclouds comes the happy  
time, O man, be well!

Let sorrows flee, and timidity,  
if your sweetheart’s kiss delights  
your heart.

In Küssen weht ein Zaubersegen,  
drum sei verwegen!  
Was fürchten, wenn der Donner rollt,  
wenn nur der rote Mund night  
schmollt!

—Ludwig Tieck

### Der Abend

Schweigt der Menschen laute Lust  
Rauscht die Erde wie in Träumen  
wunderbar mit allen Bäumen,  
was dem Herzen kaum bewusst,  
alte Zeiten, linde Trauer,  
und es schweiften leise Schauer  
wetterleuchtend durch die Brust.

—Joseph von Eichendorff

### Der Wurm am Meer

Wie dies Gewürm aus unermessnem  
Meer,  
taucht auch der Mensch aus deinem  
dunklen Schoss,  
Unendlichkeit, und ahnet nicht,  
woher!  
So klimmt er denn auf seinen  
Erdenkloss,  
von Tränen feucht, und tastet um  
sicher,  
ober ergreif ein wenig Gras und Moos  
für seinen Mund und er ergreift's so  
schwer.  
Der arme Mensch, wie trüb ist doch  
sein Los!  
Er ahnet nichts und mühet sich so  
sehr,  
da kommt die Flut, da wird die Welle  
gross,  
und er versinket wieder um ins Meer.

—J. W. Meinhold

In kissing there's a magic blessing,  
so be bold!  
Why fear that the thunder may  
rumble  
if only those red lips don't pout!

### Evening

Now man's noisy pleasures fall silent;  
the earth, as if in dreams,  
murmurs wondrous strange with all  
its trees  
what the heart scarcely knew:  
old times, gentle mourning,  
and gentle tremors pass through the  
breast  
illuminating like heat lightning.

### The Sea Serpent

Like this serpent out of the measure-  
less sea,  
man, too, dives forth from your dark  
womb,  
Infinity, and cannot guess whither!  
So he presses tight to his clod of  
earth,  
damp with tears, and gropes round  
about,  
reaches up to grasp a little grass or  
moss  
for his mouth, and apprehends it  
with such difficulty.  
Poor wretched Man, how sorrowful  
is his lot!  
He suspects nothing and labors so  
hard,  
then comes the flood, the wave  
swells high,  
and he sinks again into the sea.

### Gute Nacht

Gute Nacht!  
Liebchen sieh, mit goldner Pracht,  
rings umkränzt vom Heer der  
Sterne,  
blickt der Mond aus blauer Ferne  
traulich lächelnd auf uns zu:  
Gute Nacht und süsse Ruh!

Gute Nacht!  
Liebchen, ach, wie schön voll-  
bracht  
unter Scherz und Tanz und Singen  
flog der Tag auf goldnen Schwingen  
den verschwundnen Tagen zu!  
Gute Nacht und süsse Ruh!

Gute Nacht!  
Wie mich das so fröhlich macht,  
dass ich weiss, du bist die Meine,  
dass ich weiss, ich bin der Deine,  
Du und ich und ich und Du!  
Gute Nacht und süsse Ruh!

Gute Nacht!  
Liebchen, ruft mich bald die Nacht  
dir am Busen zu erwarmen?  
Ach, wann schliesst in meinen  
Armen  
sich dein blaues Auge zu?  
Gute Nacht und süsse Ruh!  
—S. August Mahlmann

### PAUL SCHOENFIELD *Carolina Morning*

Paul Schoenfield was born in Detroit on January 24, 1947. He is one of an increasing number of composers whose music is inspired by the whole world of musical experience—popular styles both American and foreign, vernacular and folk traditions, and the “normal” historical traditions of cultivated music-making, often treated with sly twists. He frequently mixes in a single piece ideas that grew up in entirely different worlds, making them talk to each other, so to speak, and delighting in the surprises their interaction evokes. For example, themes from Wagner's *Tannhäuser* turn up in his evocation of country fiddle

### Good Night

Good night!  
Sweetheart, look! In golden splendor,  
encircled by the hosts of stars,  
the looks down from the blue  
vastness  
smiling confidentially at us:  
Good night and sweet rest!

Good night!  
Sweetheart, ah! How perfectly  
amidst joking and dancing and singing  
did the day fly past on gold wings  
to join all the bygone days.  
Good night and sweet rest!

Good night!  
How happy that makes me!  
That I know that you are mine,  
that I know that I am yours—  
you and I and I and you.  
Good night and sweet rest!

Good night!  
Sweetheart, will the night soon  
summon me  
to rest, warm, on your bosom?  
Ah, when will your blue eyes  
close to sleep within the circle of my  
arms?  
Good night and sweet rest.  
—English translations by S.L.

music, the *Three Country Fiddle Pieces for violin and piano*, one of his first works to be recorded. Similarly in *Carolina Morning* we find elements of the 1922 song *Carolina in the Morning*, which Gus Kahn (words) and Walter Donaldson (music) wrote for a revue called *The Passing Show* of 1922.

Schoenfield is a pianist and composer who, he says, “ran away at 16” from his native town. He studied at Carnegie-Mellon Institute, where he became assistant to Nikolai Lopatnikoff; later he studied with Robert Muczynski at the University of Arizona. After living in Minnesota for about six years, he moved to Ohio, where he spent several years on the faculty of the University of Akron before moving to Israel. He recently returned to Ohio.

Schoenfield’s shorter chamber works with characteristic titles—*Three Country Fiddle Tunes*, *Vaudeville*, *Cafe Music*, and *Elegy, Rag, and Boogie*—and longer pieces such as the piano concerto often refer to popular styles of entertainment music and reflect his own Orthodox Jewish tradition, even though Schoenfield transmutes them clearly into concert works—serious compositions with a sense of humor.

The composer describes the impetus for the composition of *Carolina Morning*, and the work’s organization, as follows:

Frequently I have been asked if I ever use mathematical models or methodologies to compose music. The answer is no. (It seems that, in general, such procedures lead to bad music and bad mathematics.) However, it does happen occasionally that, after writing a piece of music, I notice a similarity between the piece and a mathematical concept I have studied. This occurred while perusing my quartet *Carolina Morning*.

There is a concept in algebra known as a “group presentation,” in which a specific number of elements (“generators”) are given, and a relation between them is defined. For example, the presentation  $(a, b: a^5, b^2=1, ba=ab)$  defines what is known to algebraists as  $D_6$ , the dihedral group with ten elements.

I started with the generators (musical motives) of the widely-known tune “Carolina in the Morning,” and formulated various relationships between them. This in turn generated new musical elements, and from this aggregate, all the material—melody, rhythm, harmony, and counterlines—emanated. Of course the process is hardly new. One could argue that the same technique is often found in classical Sonata-Allegro movements, and most likely, it shows the ubiquitousness of the group-theoretical concept, which has relevance in so many diverse fields.

The source material (i.e. “Carolina in the Morning”) is presented in its entirety only near the end of the work. However, apart from this

detour, *Carolina Morning* follows what is probably the most common classical variation procedure. That is, there is a gradual increase in tempo from one variation to the next, up to the penultimate one, which is written in a somewhat stuffy and scholastic style. This is followed by a lively finale, here a tarantella, which brings the work to a clamorous and joyful conclusion.

*Carolina Morning* was commissioned by Jack and Linda Hoeschler as a tribute to Dick and Maryan Schall. For many years Mr. Schall was a corporate mentor to Mrs. Hoeschler and has been a long-time friend of the Hoeschler family. Discussing the content of the work, the Hoeschlers proposed a list of songs significant to the Schalls. From the list I chose “Carolina in the Morning,” which seemed particularly well-suited to extended elaboration and development.

—Paul Schoenfield

#### ARNOLD SCHOENBERG

*Three Times Seven Songs* from Albert Giraud’s *Pierrot lunaire*

Words and music. Voice with instruments. These phrases suggest the art of the lyric singer in the bel canto tradition or the dramatic outburst of the musical theater. But singing—whether lyric or dramatic—is only one way in which the voice can be used, and composers in the twentieth century have been particularly inventive in trying new ideas, in “updating” the oldest musical instrument of all, the human voice. Our voices’ range of expression goes all the way from the guttural grunt of the cave to the primal scream, from normal speech to coloratura song. Only a very limited part of that broad range is normally used in western music. Arnold Schoenberg’s epoch-making *Pierrot lunaire*, one of the seminal works of our century, draws on and extends the tradition of the Berlin cabaret, heightening speech with pitched declamation.

*Pierrot lunaire* (“Moon-struck Pierrot,” or, perhaps, in the present context, “Looney Pierrot”) sets twenty-one of O. E. Hartleben’s German translations of modish French verses by Albert Giraud. The poems draw on images and characters from the *commedia dell’arte*, especially the pensive, white-faced clown Pierrot and his beloved Columbine (in whose costume the first performer of *Pierrot lunaire* was dressed), put into modern situations that range from the grotesque to the sentimental. The surprise here is that Schoenberg decided to have his vocal soloist recite on pitch, but not sing (except in a few carefully designated spots). He termed the device *Sprechstimme*, which means, literally, “speaking voice,” though the

speaking voice required here is by no means the usual one of normal conversation.

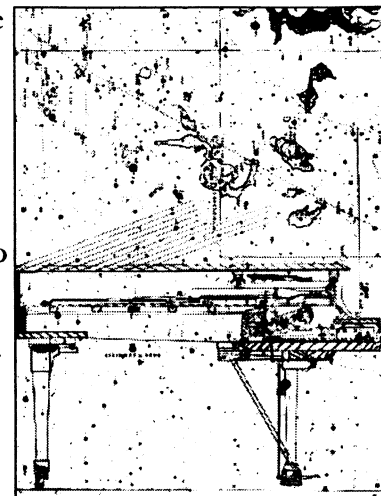
Composers had occasionally made use of spoken effects in 19th-century German opera, sometimes even employing a notation for it, as Schoenberg did. But in *Pierrot*, his source seems to be not so much the passionate outbursts of romantic opera as the cool distancing of the Berlin cabaret, in which a chanteuse, a woman dressed in a tuxedo, would sing (or half-sing or even speak) songs with texts written from a distinctly male point of view. The effect of *Sprechstimme* is, indeed, a distancing from too dramatic an emotional involvement, a light ironic tone overall. No doubt the kind of work Schoenberg wrote was affected by the fact that he composed it at the request of a non-singing actress, Albertine Zehme. Her evident commitment to the piece at the first performance (given on October 16, 1912, after more than forty rehearsals) was total; even the critics who did not care for *Pierrot* found her performance compelling.

The work itself became, as Stravinsky once remarked, “the solar plexus as well as the mind of early twentieth-century music.” Schoenberg had been struggling with ways to organize his musical material naturally and effectively without reference to the harmonic architecture that had shaped nineteenth-century music, the expressive value of which he felt to be exhausted. This struggle had led to a series of tiny pieces composed at great effort. But with *Pierrot*, Schoenberg suddenly recaptured the extraordinary fluency he had known earlier when writing such huge scores as *Verklärte Nacht*, the *String Quartet No. 1*, and *Gurrelieder* (the first two small in performing forces but huge in breadth and imaginative scope, the last-named huge in every respect). His best work almost always came at white heat, put down on paper almost as fast as he could write. Two-thirds of the 21 songs in *Pierrot lunaire* were composed in a single day each, and, except for nos. 14 and 15, the piece as a whole occupied the ten weeks from March 12 to May 30, 1912. (The two remaining songs were composed on June 6 and July 9.)

The ensemble called for in *Pierrot*—flute, clarinet, violin, cello, and piano, with vocalist (and with doubling on the related instruments viola, piccolo, and bass clarinet)—has become a standard instrumentation for contemporary music, much as the string quartet was the standard chamber medium of the late 18th and early 19th centuries. Many composers since Schoenberg have conceived their music in terms of the “*Pierrot* ensemble,” and permanent groups have been formed on that basis, confident of finding a substantial and varied repertory to play—one of the continuing legacies of *Pierrot*.

The twenty-one songs of *Pierrot* are arranged into three sets of

seven each, but the groupings show the greatest possible internal variety. Scoring changes from song to song (with certain obvious illustrative and parodistic elements, such as the “Serenade,” in which *Pierrot* “scratches on his viola with a grotesque giant bow”—and the cellist erupts in virtuoso display). Sooner or later just about every possible combination of instruments occurs. At the same time the various numbers draw upon or refer to a dizzying range of musical styles, sometimes for direct expression, at others with grotesque or parodistic intent.



Much of the music is built up out of tiny motives of three or four notes each—heard sometimes melodically, sometimes as chords. This intense motivic working is varied in many ways. No. 5 (“Valse de Chopin”), for example, has an obvious element of parody, but at the same time the waltz genre gives Schoenberg a reference point for rhythmic and melodic gestures, while emphasis on a particular chord creates a certain hierarchy. Some of the most famous movements are the most contrapuntal in conception: No. 8 (“Night”), a somber pas-sacaglia growing out of a tiny three-note motive elaborated with extraordinary ingenuity, and No. 18 (“The Moonfleck”), a canon in which the top two parts, at the midpoint of the piece, start running literally backwards, while their companion lines in the piano part continue running forward at half-speed. Indeed, each song forges its own expressive and technical adventure.

Of the fifty poems in Giraud’s original collection, Schoenberg chose slightly less than half to form the particular arrangement found in *Pierrot lunaire*. The songs may be seen to trace a progress through the depths from a divine intoxication and sexual longing to blasphemy and despair, finally emerging in a homecoming that offers some promise of healing. Whatever significance Schoenberg had in mind in making this arrangement seems to have been subconscious; certainly he expressed the thought in a letter, ten years after the premiere of *Pierrot*, that he had read the poems far more naively than some of his commentators: “Anyway,” he went on, “I am not responsible for what people insist on reading into the words. If they were musical, not one of them would give a damn for the words. Instead they would just go away whistling the tunes.”

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# About the Artists

ELISABETH ADKINS, violin, is Associate Concertmaster of the National Symphony Orchestra. She received her doctorate from Yale University, where she studied with Oscar Shumsky. A versatile musician, she is active as a recitalist, concerto soloist, and chamber musician. Recent appearances include concertos with the National Symphony, the Springfield Symphony, and the Eclipse Chamber Orchestra, and recitals at the Kennedy Center, the National Gallery, and the Phillips Collection. She is a founding member of the American Chamber Players; her recordings with the group can be heard on Koch International Classics. The daughter of noted musicologists, her seven siblings include three violinists, two cellists, and a soprano. The family chamber group, the Adkins String Ensemble, gave its debut concert in 1993 and has completed a CD recording. Ms. Adkins is on the faculty of the University of Maryland School of Music.

DANIEL FOSTER, Principal Violist of the National Symphony Orchestra, is also active as a soloist, chamber musician and teacher. Since capturing the First Prize in both the William Primrose and Washington International Competitions, he has appeared in recital and as soloist with orchestras in Washington, DC and throughout the United States. Mr. Foster has been a member of the Manchester Quartet since 1993, and spent four summers at the Marlboro Music Festival, touring the United States on two occasions with Music from Marlboro. Mr. Foster is on the faculty of the University of Maryland School of Music.

DAVID HARDY, cello, achieved international recognition in 1982 as the top American prize winner at the Seventh Annual Tchaikovsky Cello Competition in Moscow. Mr. Hardy is a graduate of the Peabody Conservatory of Music. He has studied with Laurence Lesser, Stephyn Kate's, Berl Senofsky and Mstislav Rostropovich, making his solo debut with the Baltimore Symphony at the age of 16. In 1981 he became the Assistant Principal Cellist of the National Symphony and the youngest member of that organization, and in 1994 he was appointed Principal Cellist. Mr. Hardy is on the faculty at the University of Maryland School of Music and is the cellist of the Opus 3 Trio. His playing can be heard on recordings under the Melodia, Educo, and Delos labels.

CHRISTOPHER KENDALL, Artistic Director and Conductor, is Director of the School of Music at the University of Maryland and founder and lutenist of the Folger Consort. From 1987 to 1992, he was Assistant, then Associate Conductor of the Seattle Symphony, and from 1993-1996 directed the music programs at Boston University and the Boston University Tanglewood Institute. Guest conducting engagements include the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, the Da Capo Chamber Players,

Boston's Collage and Dinosaur Annex, New York Chamber Symphony, Annapolis Symphony, Dayton Philharmonic, Santa Fe Chamber Music Festival and the Symphony, Orchestra and Chamber Orchestra of the Juilliard School. His performances can be heard on the Delos, CRI, Bard, ASV, and Smithsonian Collection labels.

LOREN KITT, clarinet, is Principal Clarinetist of the National Symphony Orchestra and a graduate of the Curtis Institute of Music. Prior to joining the National Symphony in 1970, he performed with the Buffalo Philharmonic and was Principal Clarinetist of the Milwaukee Symphony. He has also been a Professor of Music at Oberlin Conservatory and is currently on the faculty of the School of Music at the University of Maryland. Mr. Kitt was a featured artist with the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center. He is heard frequently in Washington with the Theater Chamber Players of the Kennedy Center and The Library of Congress Summer Music Festival, and is a regular guest performer with the Emerson String Quartet in their series at the Renwick Gallery.

LISA EMENHEISER LOGAN, piano, is a graduate of the Juilliard School, where she received both Bachelor and Master of Music degrees as a student of Ania Dorfmann. She has performed in recitals at Alice Tully Hall, Avery Fisher Hall, Carnegie Recital Hall, and appears frequently at the Kennedy Center and National Gallery. She has served as acting principal pianist for the National Symphony Orchestra, and has appeared as soloist with both the Baltimore and Richmond Symphonies. As an established chamber musician, Ms. Logan has performed across the globe with such artists as Julius Baker, Eugenia Zucherman, Ransom Wilson, Jean-Pierre Rampal and Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg. She has recorded for Pro Arte Records, VAI Audio, and Delos. Ms. Logan is the pianist of the Opus 3 Trio.

LUCY SHELTON, soprano, is an internationally recognized exponent of 20th century repertory. Numerous works have been composed for her by leading composers, including Stephen Albert, Joseph Schwantner, Oliver Knussen and Elliot Carter. She has performed widely in the U.S. and Europe with orchestras such as the Chicago Symphony, Los Angeles Philharmonic and London Symphony Orchestra, and has appeared in performances of chamber music with András Schiff, the Guarneri and Emerson String Quartets, the Da Capo Chamber Players, and Lincoln Center Chamber Music Society among many. Her performances can be heard on Bridge Records, Deutsche Grammaphone, Virgin Classics and others.

SARA STERN, flute, has performed much of this century's most important solo and chamber music and has premiered and recorded significant new compositions as solo flutist with the 20th Century Consort. Other positions she currently holds are Principal Flute with the Virginia Chamber Orchestra and the Washington Concert Opera. Ms. Stern's musical evolu-

tion has included such diverse turns as the Afro-Cuban "Kwane and the Kwanditos," the San Francisco street trio "Arcangelo," recitals at Carnegie Hall and the Terrace Theater, and guest artist appearances with the Emerson String Quartet and the American Chamber Players. She is also a member of the flute and harp duo "Stern and Levalier" with NSO Principal Harpist Dotian Levalier, and solo flutist with the woodwind-based "Eastwind Consort."

RUDOLPH VRBSKY, oboe, studied at Northwestern University with Ray Still, at the Curtis Institute with Sol Schoenbach, and coached extensively with Marcel Moyse. He has toured the United States as a member of the Aulos Wind Quintet (winners of the 1978 Naumberg Chamber Music Award), the Camerata Woodwind Quintet, and Music from Marlboro. As a soloist, he has appeared at the Spoleto Festival, and with the New York String Orchestra and the Brandenburg Ensemble conducted by Alexander Schneider. Principal oboist with the National Symphony Orchestra since September 1981, Mr. Vrbsky is on the faculty of the University of Maryland School of Music and teaches at the Peabody Institute.

## 20th Century Consort 1999–2000 Concert Series

### Upcoming Concerts

January 14–15, 2000 **"Hail Millennium!"**

*(special event at the Washington National Cathedral)*

Harbison	<i>Organum</i>
Kuss	<i>The Armed Man</i>
Vaughn Williams	<i>Five Variants</i>
Primosch	<i>Sacred Songs</i>

February 26, 2000 **"Tempus Fugit"**

Bartok	<i>Contrasts</i>
Jaffe	<i>Four' Songs</i>
Carter	<i>Piano Sonata</i>
Foss	<i>Time Cycle</i>

April 15, 2000

**"Simple Gifts"**

Cage	<i>Our Spring Will Come</i>
Adams	<i>Shaker Loops</i>
Copland	<i>Appalachian Spring</i>



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Dennis Deloria & Suzanne Thouvenelle	Sherry & Wilbert Mahoney Dorothy Marschak	Anne Simon Diane Smart
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Diane Epperson & Keith Roberts	Andrew & Janice Molchon Lanning Moldauer	Gail Wein Richard & Beatrice Wernick
Yana & Doug Feith Mary Lu & H.F. Freeman	Claire & Morris Moses Phyllis F. Namrow	Jean McC. Wilkins Frances Wright
David Froom & Eliza Garth Gerard & Jane Gold	Patricia L. Orend Victoria O'Reilly	Louise and Wendel Yale
Walter & Brent Goo	Alyce Rideout Mary Burr Paxton	Compiled October 1999

*Pierrot lunaire, Op. 21* • by Arnold Schoenberg

**PART I**

**1. Mondestrunken**

Den Wein, den man mit Augen trinkt,  
Giesst Nachts der Mond in Wogen nieder,  
Und eine Springflut überschwemmt  
Den stillen Horizont.

Gelüste, schauerlich und süß,  
Durchschwimmen ohne Zahl die Fluten!  
Den Wein, den man mit Augen trinkt,  
Giesst Nachts der Mond in Wogen nieder.

Der Dichter, den die Andacht treibt  
Berauscht sich an dem heiligen Tranke,  
Gen Himmel wendet er verzückt  
Das Haupt und taumelnd saugt und schlürft er  
Den Wein, den man mit Augen trinkt.

**2. Colombine**

Des Mondlichts bleiche Blüten,  
Die weissen Wunderrosen,  
Blühn in den Julinächten—  
O bräch ich eine nur!

Mein banges Leid zu lindern,  
Such ich am dunklen Strome  
Des Mondlichts bleiche Blüten,  
Die weissen Wunderrosen.

Gestillt wär all mein Sehnen,  
Dürft ich so märchenheimlich,  
So selig leis—entblättern  
Auf deine braunen Haare  
Des Mondlichts bleiche Blüten!

**3. Der Dandy**

Mit einem phantastischen Lichtstrahl  
Erleuchtet der Mond die krystallinen Flacons  
Auf dem schwarzen, hochheiligen Waschtisch  
Des schweigenden Dandys von Bergamo.

In tönender, bronzener Schale  
Lacht hell die Fontäne, metallischen Klangs.  
Mit einem phantastischen Lichtstrahl  
Erleuchtet der Mond die krystallinen Flacons.

Pierrot mit dem wächsernen Antlitz  
Steht sinnend und denkt: wie er heute sich schminkt?  
Fort schiebt er das Rot und des Orients Grün  
Und bemalt sein Gesicht in erhabenem Stil  
Mit einem phantastischen Mondstrahl.

**4. Eine blasse Wäscherin**

Eine blasse Wäscherin  
Wäscht zur Nachtzeit bleiche Tücher,  
Nackte, silberweisse Arme  
Streckt sie nieder in die Flut.

Durch die Lichtung schleichen Winde,  
Leis bewegen sie den Strom.  
Eine blasse Wäscherin

**PART I**

**1. Moondrunk**

The wine that one drinks with the eyes  
Pours down at night from the moon in waves,  
And a spring flood overruns  
The still horizon.

Lusts, frightful and sweet,  
Swim without number in the flood!  
The wine that one drinks with the eyes  
Pours down at night from the moon in waves.

The poet, driven by piety,  
gets well-oiled on the holy brew;  
rapt, he tilts up to Heaven  
his head, and, giddy, slurps and swills  
the wine that one drinks with the eyes.

**2. Columbine**

The moonlight's pale blossoms,  
the white miracle roses,  
bloom on July nights—  
O! could I pluck but one!

To soften my fearful pain  
I seek in the dark stream  
of the moonlight's pale blossoms  
the white miracle roses.

All my longing would be stilled  
if I could (as in a fairytale)  
in gentle bliss let fall  
onto your dark hair  
the moonlight's pale blossoms.

**3. The Dandy**

With a fantastic ray of light  
the moon illuminates the crystal flasks  
on the dark high altar, the washstand  
Of the silent dandy from Bergamo.

In the resonant bronze basin  
the fountain laughs brightly with metallic sound.  
With a fantastic ray of light  
the moon illuminates the crystal flasks.

Pierrot, with waxen face,  
stands pondering and thinks: what sort of makeup today?  
He pushes away the rouge and Orient green  
And paints his face in nobler style—  
With a fantastic moonbeam.

**4. A Pale Washerwoman**

A pale washerwoman  
washes at night her pale linen,  
stretches naked silver-white arms  
down into the flood.

Through the glade slip breezes;  
gently they agitate the stream.  
A pale washerwoman

Wäscht zur Nachtzeit bleiche Tücher.  
Und die sanfte Magd des Himmels,  
Von den Zweigen zart umschmeichelt,  
Breitet auf die dunklen Wiesen  
Ihre lichtgewobnen Linnen—  
Eine blasse Wäscherin.

### 5. Valse de Chopin

Wie ein blasser Tropfen Bluts  
Färbt die Lippen einer Kranken,  
Also ruht auf diesen Tönen  
Ein vernichtungssüchtger Reiz.  
Wilder Lust Accorde stören  
Der Verzweiflung eisigen Traum—  
Wie ein blasser Tropfen Bluts  
Färbt die Lippen einer Kranken.  
Heiss und jauchzend, süss und schmachkend,  
Melancholisch düstrer Walzer,  
Kommst mir nimmer aus den Sinnen!  
Haftest mir an den Gedanken,  
Wie ein blasser Tropfen Bluts!

### 6. Madonna

Steig, o Mutter aller Schmerzen,  
Auf den Altar meiner Verse!  
Blut aus deinen magren Brüsten  
Hat des Schwertes Wut vergossen.

Deine ewig frischen Wunden  
Gleichen Augen, rot und offen.  
Steig, o Mutter aller Schmerzen,  
Auf den Altar meiner Verse!

In den abgekehrten Händen  
Hältst du deines Sohnes Leiche,  
Ihn zu zeigen aller Menschheit—  
Doch der Blick der Menschen meidet  
Dich, o Mutter aller Schmerzen!

### 7. Der kranke Mond

Du nächtig todeskranker Mond  
Dort auf des Himmels schwarzem Pfühl,  
Dein Blick, so fiebernd übergross,  
Bannt mich wie fremde Melodie.

An unstillbarem Liebesleid  
Stirbst du, an Sehnsucht, tief erstickt,  
Du nächtig todeskranker Mond  
Dort auf des Himmels schwarzem Pfühl.

Den Liebsten, der im Sinnenrausch  
Gedankenlos zur Liebsten schleicht,  
Belustigt deiner Strahlen Spiel—  
Dein bleiches, qualgebornes Blut,  
Du nächtig todeskranker Mond.

washes at night her pale linen.  
And the mild maid of heaven,  
tenderly cajoled by the branches,  
spreads out on the dark meadows  
her bed linen woven of light—  
a pale washerwoman.

### 5. Valse de Chopin

As a pale drop of blood  
tints the lips of a sick man,  
so there rests upon these tones  
the joy of annihilation-seeking.  
Wild chords of desire disturb  
despair's icy dream—  
as a pale drop of blood  
tints the lips of a sick man.  
Hot and exultant, sweet and longing,  
Melancholy gloomy waltz,  
you never leave my mind!  
You cling to my every thought  
like a pale drop of blood!

### 6. Madonna

Mount, O Mother of all sorrows,  
up on the altar of my verses!  
Blood from your meager breasts  
spilled at the sword's rage.

Your eternally fresh wounds  
resemble eyes, red and staring.  
Mount, O Mother of all sorrows,  
up on the altar of my verses!

In your wasted hands  
you hold your son's corpse,  
to display him to all mankind—  
but the gaze of humanity avoids  
you, O Mother of all sorrows.

### 7. The Sick Moon

You nocturnal, death-sick moon  
there on the sky's black pillow,  
Your glance, so feverish and swollen,  
captivates me like a strange melody.

Of unquenched love-sorrow  
you die, of longing deeply suppressed,  
you nocturnal, death-sick moon  
there on the sky's black pillow.

To the lover who, in a rush of feeling,  
sneaks thoughtless to the beloved,  
the play of your beams is delight—  
your pale blood born of torture,  
you nocturnal, death-sick moon.

## PART II

### 8. Nacht (Passacaglia)

Finstre, schwarze Riesenfalter  
Töteten der Sonne Glanz.  
Ein geschlossnes Zauberbuch,  
Ruht der Horizont—verschwiegen.

Aus dem Qualm verlornen Tiefen  
Steigt ein Duft, Erinnerung mordend!  
Finstre, schwarze Riesenfalter  
Töteten der Sonne Glanz.

Und vom Himmel erdenwärts  
Senken sich mit schweren Schwingen  
Unsichtbar die Ungetüme  
Auf die Menschenherzen nieder...  
Finstre, schwarze Riesenfalter.

### 9. Gebet an Pierrot

Pierrot! Mein Lachen  
Hab ich verlernt!  
Das Bild des Glanzes  
Zerfloss — Zerfloss!

Schwarz weht die Flagge  
Mir nun vom Mast.  
Pierrot! Mein Lachen  
Hab ich verlernt!

O gieb mir wieder,  
Rossarzt der Seele,  
Schneemann der Lyrik,  
Durchlaucht vom Monde,  
Pierrot — mein Lachen!

### 10. Raub

Rote, fürstliche Rubine,  
Blutge Tropfen alten Ruhmes,  
Schlummern in den Totenschreinen,  
Drunten in den Grabgewölben.

Nachts, mit seinen Zechkumpanen,  
Steigt Pierrot hinab—zu rauben  
Rote, fürstliche Rubine,  
Blutge Tropfen alten Ruhmes.

Doch da—sträuben sich die Haare,  
Bleiche Furcht bannt sie am Platze:  
Durch die Finsternis—wie Augen!—  
Stieren aus den Totenschreinen  
Rote, fürstliche Rubine.

### 11. Rote Messe

Zu grausem Abendmahle,  
Beim Blendeglanz des Goldes,  
Beim Flackerschein der Kerzen,  
Naht dem Altar—Pierrot!

Die Hand, die gottgeweihte,  
Zerreißt die Priesterkleider  
Zu grausem Abendmahle,  
Beim Blendeglanz des Goldes.

## PART II

### 8. Night (Passacaglia)

Dark, black giant butterflies  
killed the sun's splendor.  
A sealed book of magic spells,  
the horizon rests—silent.

From fumes of lost depths  
rises a scent, murdering memory!  
Dark, black giant butterflies  
killed the sun's splendor.

And from heaven earthwards  
descending in heavy circles,  
invisible, the monstrous swarm  
sinks down upon men's hearts,  
dark, black giant butterflies.

### 9. Prayer to Pierrot

Pierrot! My laughter  
I have forgotten!  
The image of splendor  
dissolved — dissolved!

Black blows the flag  
from my mast now.  
Pierrot! My laughter  
I have forgotten!

O give me back—  
veterinarian of the soul,  
snowman of song,  
Your Highness of the Moon,  
Pierrot—my laughter!

### 10. Theft

Red, princely rubies,  
bloody drops of ancient fame,  
slumber in the caskets  
below in the sepulchers.

At night, with drinking pals,  
Pierrot breaks in—to steal  
red, princely rubies,  
bloody drops of ancient fame.

Yet there!—their hair's on end—  
ashen fear freezes them in place:  
Through the darkness—like eyes!—  
stare out from the caskets  
red, princely rubies.

### 11. Red Mass

At the gruesome Eucharist,  
amid the dazzle of gold,  
amid the flickering candlelight,  
to the altar comes—Pierrot!

His hand, sacred to God,  
tears his priestly vestments  
at the gruesome Eucharist,  
amid the dazzle of gold.

Mit segnender Geberde  
Zeigt er den bange Seelen  
Die triefend rote Hostie:  
Sein Herz—in blutigen Fingern—  
Zu grausem Abendmahle!

### 12. Galgenlied

Die dürre Dirne  
Mit langem Halse  
Wird seine letzte  
Geliebte sein.

In seinem Hirne  
Steckt wie ein Nagel  
Die dürre Dirne  
Mit langem Halse.

Schlank wie die Pinie,  
Am Hals ein Zöpfchen—  
Wollüstig wird sie  
Den Schelm umhalsen,  
Die dürre Dirne!

### 13. Enthauptung

Der Mond, ein blankes Türkenschwert  
Auf einem schwarzen Seidenkissen,  
Gespenstisch gross—dräut er hinab  
Durch schmerzsdunkle Nacht.

Pierrot irrt ohne Rast umher  
Und starrt empör in Todesängsten  
Zum Mond, dem blanken Türkenschwert  
Auf einem schwarzen Seidenkissen.

Es schlottern unter ihm die Knie,  
Ohnmächtig bricht er jäh zusammen.  
Er wähnt: es sause strafend schon  
Auf seinen Sünderhals hernieder  
Der Mond, das blanke Türkenschwert.

### 14. Die Kreuze

Heilige Kreuze sind die Verse,  
Dran die Dichter stumm verbluten,  
Blindgeschlagen von der Geier  
Flatterndem Gespensterschwarme!

In den Leibern schwelgten Schwerter,  
Prunkend in des Blutes Scharlach!  
Heilige Kreuze sind die Verse,  
Dran die Dichter stumm verbluten.

Tot das Haupt—erstarrt die Locken—  
Fern, verweht der Lärm des Pöbels.  
Langsam sinkt die Sonne nieder,  
Eine rote Königskrone.—  
Heilige Kreuze sind die Verse!

With a gesture of blessing  
he shows to the trembling souls  
the dripping crimson Host:  
His heart—in bloody fingers—  
at the gruesome Eucharist.

### 12. Gallows Ditty

The dried-up whore  
with the long neck  
will be his last  
lover.

Into his brain  
sticks like a nail  
the dried-up whore  
with the long neck.

Scrawny like the pine,  
with hank of hair,  
lasciviously she'll  
embrace the rogue,  
the dried-up whore!

### 13. Beheading

The moon, a bright scimitar  
on a black silk cushion,  
ghostly huge, hangs threatening down  
through pain-dark night.

Pierrot paces about without rest,  
and stares up in the fear of death  
at the moon, the bright scimitar  
on a black silk cushion.

His knees shake beneath him,  
he collapses in a faint,  
thinking: it's already whizzing in punishment  
down upon his sinful neck—  
The moon, the bright scimitar.

### 14. The Crosses

Verses are holy crosses  
on which poets mutely bleed to death,  
Eyes struck blind by the vultures'  
ghostly fluttering swarm.

Daggers caroused in their bodies,  
reveling in their blood's scarlet!  
Verses are holy crosses  
on which poets mutely bleed to death.

Lifeless the head—stiff the locks—  
far off the noise of the mob blows away.  
Slowly the sun sinks downward,  
a red royal crown.—  
Verses are holy crosses!

### PART III

#### 15. Heimweh

Lieulich klagend—ein kristallnes Seufzen  
Aus Italiens alter Pantomime  
Klingts herüber: wie Pierrot so hölzern,  
So modern sentimental geworden.

Und es tönt durch seines Herzens Wüste,  
Tönt gedämpft durch alle Sinne wieder,  
Lieulich klagend—ein kristallnes Seufzen  
Aus Italiens alter Pantomime.

Da vergisst Pierrot die Trauermienen!  
Durch den bleichen Feuerschein des Mondes,  
Durch des Lichtmeers Fluten—schweift die Sehnsucht  
Kühn hinauf, empor zum Heimathimmel,  
Lieulich klagend—ein kristallnes Seufzen!

#### 16. Gemeinheit!

In den blanken Kopf Cassanders,  
Dessen Schrein die Luft durchzertert,  
Bohrt Pierrot mit Heuchlermienen,  
Zärtlich—einen Schädelbohrer!

Darauf stopft er mit dem Daumen  
Seinen echten türkschen Taback  
In den blanken Kopf Cassanders,  
Dessen Schrein die Luft durchzertert!

Dann dreht er ein Rohr von Weichsel  
Hinten in die glatte Glatze  
Und behabig schmaucht und pafft er  
Seinen echten türkschen Taback  
Aus dem blanken Kopf Cassanders!

#### 17. Parodie

Stricknadeln, blank und blinkend,  
In ihrem grauen Haar,  
Sitzt die Duenna murmelnd,  
Im roten Röckchen da.

Sie wartet in der Laube,  
Sie liebt Pierrot mit Schmerzen,  
Stricknadeln, blank und blinkend,  
In ihrem grauen Haar.

Da plötzlich—horch!—ein Wispern!  
Ein Windhauch kichert leise:  
Der Mond, der böse Spötter,  
Öffnt nach mit seinen Strahlen—  
Stricknadeln, blink und blank.

#### 18. Der Mondfleck

Einen weissen Fleck des hellen Mondes  
Auf dem Rücken seines schwarzen Rockes,  
So spaziert Pierrot im lauen Abend,  
Aufzusuchen Glück und Abenteuer.

Plötzlich stört ihn was an seinem Anzug,  
Er beschaut sich rings und findet richtig—  
Einen weissen Fleck des hellen Mondes  
Auf dem Rücken seines schwarzen Rockes.

### PART III

#### 15. Homesickness

Gently keening, a crystalline sighing  
from Italy's old pantomime  
resounds: how Pierrot's grown so wooden,  
So sentimental in the modern mode.

And it sounds through the heart's wilderness  
sounds, muted, through all his senses,  
gently keening, a crystalline sighing  
from Italy's old pantomime.

Pierrot drops his sulky look;  
through the pale flame of moonlight,  
through floods of the sea of light his yearning soars  
boldly upward, up to his native skies,  
gently keening, a crystalline sighing.

#### 16. Vulgar Horseplay!

Into the shiny pate of Pantaloon,  
whose screams rend the air,  
Pierrot, with hypocritical mien, bores—  
tenderly!—with a surgeon's drill!

Then he tamps with his thumb  
his genuine Turkish tobacco  
into the shiny pate of Pantaloon,  
whose screams rend the air!

Then he screws a stem of cherrywood  
onto the polished pate behind  
and nonchalantly puffs away  
at his genuine Turkish tobacco  
out of the shiny pate of Pantaloon!

#### 17. Parody

Knitting needles, bright and shining,  
in her gray hair,  
the duenna sits there murmuring  
in her red dress.

She's waiting in the arbor,  
she loves Pierrot with painfully,  
knitting needles, bright and shining,  
in her gray hair,

Then suddenly—hark!—a whisper,  
a breath of wind titters:  
the moon, wicker mocker,  
is aping with his beams  
The knitting needles, bright and shining.

#### 18. The Moonfleck

With a white spot from the bright moon  
on the back of his black jacket,  
Pierrot strolls in the mild evening air,  
hunting for good fortune and adventure.

Suddenly something in his suite upsets him,  
He looks himself all over and finds, sure enough,  
a white spot from the bright moon  
on the back of his black jacket.

Warte! denkt er: das ist so ein Gipsfleck!  
Wischt und wischt, doch—bringst ihn nicht herunter!  
Und so geht er, giftgeschwollen, weiter,  
Reibt und reibt bis an den frühen Morgen—  
Einen weissen Fleck des hellen Mondes.

### 19. Serenade

Mit groteskem Riesenbogen  
Kratzt Pierrot auf seiner Bratsche,  
Wie der Storch auf einem Beine,  
Knipst er trüb ein Pizzicato.

Plötzlich naht Cassander—wütend  
Ob des nächtgen Virtuosen—  
Mit groteskem Riesenbogen  
Kratzt Pierrot auf seiner Bratsche.

Von sich wirft er jetzt die Bratsche:  
Mit der delikaten Linken  
Fasst den Kahlkopf er am Kragen—  
Träumend spielt er auf der Glatze  
Mit groteskem Riesenbogen.

### 20. Heimfahrt (Barcarole)

Der Mondstrahl ist das Ruder,  
Seerose dient als Boot:  
Drauf fährt Pierrot gen Süden  
Mit gutem Reisewind.

Der Strom summt tiefe Skalen  
Und wiegt den leichten Kahn.  
Der Mondstrahl ist das Ruder,  
Seerose dient als Boot.

Nach Bergamo, zur Heimat,  
Kehrt nun Pierrot zurück;  
Schwach dämmt schon in Osten  
Der grüne Horizont.  
—Der Mondstrahl ist das Ruder.

### 21. O alter Duft

O alter Duft aus Märchenzeit,  
Berauschest wieder meine Sinne!  
Ein närrisch Heer von Schelmerein  
Durchschwirrt die leichte Luft.

Ein glücklich Wunschen macht mich froh  
Nach Freuden, die ich lang verachtet:  
O alter Duft aus Märchenzeit,  
Berauschest wieder mich!

All meinen Unmut gab ich preis;  
Aus meinem sonnumrahmten Fenster  
Beschau ich frei die liebe Welt  
Und träum hinaus in selge Weiten...  
O alter Duft—aus Märchenzeit!

—Albert Giraud

German version by O. E. Hartleben

Phooey! he thinks: that's some white plaster!  
rubs and rubs, but can't get it off!  
And so goes on, his mood poisoned,  
rubs and rubs until early morning—  
a white spot from the bright moon.

### 19. Serenade

With a grotesquely giant bow,  
Pierrot scratches tunes on his viola.  
like a stork on one leg,  
he sadly plucks a pizzicato.

Suddenly Pantaloon draws near—furious  
at the nocturnal virtuoso—  
With a grotesquely giant bow,  
Pierrot scratches tunes on his viola.

Now he tosses away the viola;  
with his skilled left hand,  
he grabs the bald head by the collar—  
And dreamily plays upon his pate  
With grotesquely giant bow.

### 20. Homeward Journey (Barcarole)

The moonbeam is the rudder,  
a water lily serves as boat:  
On this Pierrot sails southward  
with a favorable wind.

The river hums deep-toned scales  
and rocks the light skiff,  
The moonbeam is the rudder,  
a water lily serves as boat.

To Bergamo, homeward,  
Pierrot now returns;  
Already in the glows twilight-pale  
the green horizon.  
—The moonbeam is the rudder.

### 21. O Ancient Scent of Yesteryear

O ancient scent of yesteryear,  
again you enchant my senses!  
A silly swarm of fancies  
hovers in the gentle air.

A fortunate wish makes me happy,  
a wish for joys that I long disdained:  
O ancient scent of yesteryear,  
again you enchant my senses!

I surrendered all my bitter mood;  
From my sun-framed window  
I look out freely upon the lovely world  
and dream away to blissful distances...  
O ancient scent yesteryear!

—English translation by S.L.