

**ALBAN BERG: sieben frühe Lieder (1907)**

See attached sheets for texts and translations.

**ROBERT SUDERBURG: SOLO MUSIC I (1971)**

Commissioned by Irwin Eisenberg in 1969, Solo Music I is a four movement work devoted to the particular qualities of the violin "to make tunes, provide occasions to dance, and to dazzle the sense." While offering the violinist a total technical challenge, the work's primary quality remains unabashed music-making, all challenges being subservient to the play of it all.

**MANUEL DE SICA: VOICE (1971)**

"VOICE" was written for Mr. Smith during the summer of 1971 while Mr. De Sica was studying with him at the American Academy in Rome. It is written in a fantasy-like style and employs multiple stops, percussive effects and other devices developed by the performer. Mr. De Sica has written chamber music, choral music and, most recently, a ballet which was performed at last summer's Spoleto Festival.

**ROBERT SUDERBURG: CHAMBER MUSIC III (1972)**

(Night-set for trombone and piano).

The son of a jazz and club trombonist the childhood of the composer was filled with the comings and goings of all types of musicians at all varieties of hours. Most of all, however, it guaranteed that the instrument itself, what sound and sight images it produced, would never be forgotten. When commissioned by Stuart Dempster for CHAMBER MUSIC III, the composer states that "the musical-occasion was offered to let out those licks, those sliding styles, which had wandered from outdoor bandstand to indoor dance-hall, from club to stage-show, living again, at least in a certain manner, all stimulated and nurtured by Dempster's performance art. As a result, this night set has a bit of the Devil and a bit of memory, both fused via forces of sweetness and satire, both reaching back through the forties to the late thirties. The work is dedicated, therefore, to my father, trombonist R. A. Suderburg who, along with Stuart Dempster, should take a bow, at least for those portions which may please, move or amuse."

**TONA SCHERCHEN: SUN (1968)**

Tona Scherchen, daughter of conductor Hermann Scherchen and Hsiao Shu-sien, formerly a professor at the Central Music Conservatory of Peking, has in past seasons achieved the role of one of the leaders of the European avant-garde. She studied Chinese music and literature and the classic Chinese instrument Pi-Pa at the Conservatories of Peking and Shanghai; studied dodecaphonic music with Hans Werner Henze from 1961-63, followed by studies in Paris with Olivier Messiaen (1963-65) and at the Studio de la Musique Concrete with Pierre Schaeffer, together with studies with Gyorgy Ligeti in Vienna, 1966-67.

The performance of SUN, 1968, will be the first performance of a work by Ms. Scherchen's in the United States.

Alban Berg

Sieben Frühe Lieder (Seven Early Songs)

1. *Nacht* (Carl Hauptmann)

Dämmern Wolken über Nacht und Tal,  
Nebel schweben, Wasser rauschen sacht  
Nun entschleiert sich's mit einem-mal:  
O gib acht! Gib acht!  
Weites Wunderland ist aufgetan.  
Silbern ragen Berge traumhaft gross,  
stille Pfade silberlicht talan  
aus verborgnem Schoss;  
Und die hehre welt so traumhaft rein.  
Stummer Buchenbaum am Wege steht  
schattenschwarz, ein Hauch vom fernen Hain einsam leise weht.  
Und aus tiefen Grundes Dusterheit  
blinken Lichter auf in stummer Nacht.  
Trinke Seele! Trinke Einsamkeit!  
O gib acht! Gib acht!

2. *Schilflied* (Nikolaus Lenau)

Auf geheimen Waldespfade  
schleich ich gern im Abendschein  
an das öde Schilfgestade,  
Mädchen, und gedenke dein.  
Wenn sich dann der Busch verdüstert,  
rauscht das Rohr geheimnisvoll;  
und es klaget, und es flüstert,  
dass ich weinen, weinen soll.  
Und ich mein', ich höre wehen  
leise deiner Stimme Klang  
und im Weiher untergehen  
deinen lieblichen Gesang.

3. *Die Nachtigall* (Theodor Storm)

Das Macht, es hat die Nachtigall  
die ganze Nacht gesungen;  
da sind von ihrem süssen Schall,  
da sind im Hall und Widerhall  
die Rosen aufgesprungen.  
Sie war doch sonst ein wildes Blut,  
nun geht sie tief in Sinnen,  
trägt in der Hand den Sommerhut  
und duldet still der Sonne Glut  
und weiss nicht was beginnen.

4. *Traumgekrönt* (Rainer Maria Rilke)

Das war der Tag der weissen Chrysanthemem,  
mir bangte fast vor seiner Pracht . . .  
Und dann, dann kamst du mir die Seele  
nehmen tief in der Nacht.  
Mir war so bang, und du kamst lieb und leise,  
ich hatte grad in Traum an dich gedacht.  
Du kamst, und leis' wie eine Märchenweise erklang die Nacht.

5. *Im Zimmer* (Johannes Schlaf)

Herbstsonnenschein. Der liebe Abend blickt so still herein.  
Ein Feuerlein rot knistert im Ofenloch und loht.  
So! Mein Kopf auf deinen Knie'n so ist mir gut.  
Wenn mein Auge so in deinem ruht,  
wie leise die Minuten zieh'n.

*Night*

Twilight floats above the valley's night,  
mists are hanging, there's a whispering  
Now the covering veil is lifted quite:  
Come and look, oh look.  
See the magic land before our gaze:  
tall as dreams the silver mountains stand,  
crossed by silent silver paths  
shining from a secret land  
Noble, pure, the dreaming country sleeps,  
By the path the shadow black and  
high of a beech; a wisp of darkening sky.  
Where the valley is the darkest hue'd  
Countless little lights shine silently.  
Oh my soul, Drink of solitude!  
Come and see! Oh see!

*Song Amongst the Reeds*

Through green secret paths I wander  
to the ready pool's quiet brink,  
in the evening there to ponder,  
sweet girl, there of thee to think.  
Soon the sun's rays will be dying,  
rustling reeds speak secretly,  
ever moaning, ever sighing,  
telling me to weep for thee.  
and it seems the breezes blowing  
in the air your voice retain,  
and in the water scarcely flowing,  
brings your song to me again.

*The Nightingale*

The nightingale which sings to thee  
throughout the night,  
discloses in gardens its sweet melody,  
heard echoing from tree to tree  
that bears a thousand roses.  
She used to be a wild young maid,  
now she in meditation  
walks in the sun and scorns the shade,  
nor of the wind and rain afraid;  
is it pain or exaltation?

*A Crown of Dreams*

The white chrysanthemums did bloom as never:  
I almost feared their brilliant light,  
and then, and then you came my soul  
to gather deep in the night.  
I was afraid, and you came softly to me,  
As I'd just hoped in dreaming you might.  
You came, and softly like an old, old story we heard the night.

*Indoors*

An autumn night,  
The evening looks with its dying light.  
A fire gaily burns, crackles and brightly glows by turns,  
So, my head upon your knee: that's happiness!  
When my eyes your lovely face caress,  
how silently the minutes flee.

6. *Liebesode* (Otto Erich Hartleben)

Im Arm der Liebe schliefen wir selig ein.  
Am offenen Fenster lauschte der Sommerwind,  
und unserer Atemzüge Frieden trug er  
hinaus in die helle Mondnacht.  
Und aus dem Garten tastete zagend sich  
ein Rosenduft an unserer Liebe Bett  
und gab uns wundervolle Träume,  
Träume des Rausches, so reich an Sehnsucht.

7. *Sommertage* (Paul Hohenberg)

Nun ziehen Tage über die Welt,  
gesandt aus blauer Ewigkeit,  
im Sommerwind verweht die Zeit.  
Nun windet nächstens der Herr  
Sternenkränze mit seliger Hand  
über Wander-und Wunderland.  
O Herz, was kann in diesen Tagen  
dein hellstes Wanderlied denn sagen  
von deiner tiefen, tiefen Lust:  
Im Wiesensang verstummt die Brust,  
nun schweigt das Wort, wo Bild um Bild  
zu dir zieht und dich ganz erfüllt.

*Lover's Ode*

Embraced by love we blissfully fall asleep.  
A breeze of summer stood by the garden door,  
waiting to bear our peaceful breathing out  
to the night that was bathed in moonlight.  
And from the garden came to us timidly the  
roses' fragrance blessing our bed of love  
and bringing wonderful sweet dreaming  
dreaming in rapture, and filled with longing.

*Summer Days*

Now days of summer ride through the world,  
heralds of blue eternity;  
on gentler winds the hours flee.  
By night the Lord gently weaves  
starry posies with His blessed Hand,  
hangs them over his magic land.  
My heart, in these days summer's  
bringing what can you say of all  
your singing of what you deeply deeply feel?  
For beauty all your words doth steal,  
and comes in silence with the view of eventide, and filleth you.

English versions by Eric Smith