TWENTIETH PROGRAM

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 1, 2:15

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 2, 8:15

SOLOIST: MME. PAULINE STRAUSS DE AHNA

RICHARD WAGNER

VORSPIEL, "Die Meistersinger."

RICHARD STRAUSS
(The Composer Conducting)

TONE POEM, "Thus Spake Zarathustra," Opus 30.

    b. Liebesleid, Opus 32, No. 3.
    c. Morgen, Opus 27, No. 4.
    d. Giselle, Opus 27, No. 2.

INTERMISSION


SONGS: a. Meinem Kinde, Opus 37, No. 3.
    b. Muttertändelei, Opus 43, No. 2.
    c. Wiegenlied, Opus 41, No. 1.


STEINWAY PIANO USED

Advance Programs on Pages 33 and 35.

NOTE—On account of numerous complaints which have reached the office, the man-
gagement requests the ladies to observe the city ordinance by removing their hats. Ushers
have been instructed to direct attention to the foregoing.
This remarkable composition was inspired by certain passages in the "prose-poem" (as it is called by the translator, Alexander Tille) "Also Sprach Zarathustra" by the late Friedrich Nietzsche (1844-1900), a writer who acquired considerable notoriety in the musical world by first supporting Richard Wagner's cause (in 1872 and 1876) and afterward attacking it—some twelve years later, just prior to his mental collapse. On the fly-leaf of the score are found the following lines from Zarathustra's "Introductory Speech"—the preface to Nietzsche's poem:—

"Having attained the age of thirty, Zarathustra left his home and the lake of his birth and went into the mountains. There he rejoiced in his spirit and his loneliness, and for ten years did not grow weary of it. But at last his heart turned. One morning he got up with the dawn, stepped into the presence of the Sun and thus spake unto him: 'Thou great star! What would be thy happiness, were it not for those for whom thou shinest? For ten years thou hast come up here to my cave. Thou wouldst have got sick of thy light and thy journey, but for me, mine eagle and my serpent. But we waited for thee every morning, and receiving from thee thine abundance, blessed thee for it. Lo! I am weary of my wisdom, like the bee that hath collected too much honey; I need hands reaching out for it. I would fain grant and distribute until the wise among men could once more enjoy their folly, and the poor once more their riches. For that end I must descend to the depth, as thou dost at even, when sinking behind the sea, thou givest light to the lower regions, thou re-splendent star! I must, like thee, go down, as men say—men to whom I would descend. Thou bless me, thou impassive eye, that canst look without envy upon over-much happiness. Bless the cup which is about to overflow, so that the water golden-flowing out of it may carry everywhere the reflection of thy rapture. Lo! this cup is about to empty itself again, and Zarathustra will once more become a man.' Thus Zarathustra's going down began."

But—contrary to the purpose of most fly-leaf inscriptions, the above is not to be construed as a "program" of this composition, being apparently nothing more nor less than an introduction to the same, just as it is part of the introduction to Nietzsche's book; and sundry annotations made by the composer at intervals along through the score indicate that the music begins (not counting the short introduction) at the point where the quotation leaves off, or, in other words, with Zarathustra's "going down"—which latter, by the way, is not to be interpreted "downfall." In order to comprehend Strauss' tone-poem it is necessary to have a clear conception of Nietzsche's extraordinary work and the character he has drawn, a knowledge which may be best derived from some passages in Tille's preface to his translation:
PROGRAM NOTES—CONTINUED

"The work," says he, "takes its title from the mythological founder or reformer of the Avesta religion, Zarathustra, whose name, in its Greek mutilated form, Zarzávustra, is familiar to British readers. . . . Nietzsche had made some studies in oriental religious literature, . . . yet he either neglected Persian religious tradition or purposely in his prose poem made no use of any knowledge he possessed in that field. Though attracted by the solemn sound of the name, which, in a high degree pleased his musical ear, he declined to describe the life of his hero after the model of the Gáitas, which according to Professor Darmesteter, form the oldest part of the Avesta, though belonging, in their present form at least, to no earlier date than the first century of our era.

Nietzsche's Zarathustra is neither of the family of Spitama, nor is he the husband of Froheusha's daughter Huung, nor yet the father-in-law of Jainsapa, who had married Frourisha, Zarathustra's daughter; but he has been disentangled from the whole mythological circle, of which the Zarathustra of Persian sacred tradition is part. He is a solitary man, he has no relations, not even a sister. But, like Buddha, Christ, and old Zarathustra, he has a few disciples. . . . The modern Zarathustra is neither killed in the battle nor, when he might carry on his work after his death. He stands quite alone, his only permanent companions being two animals, an eagle and a serpent. He is neither an historical nor a mythical person, but a "ghost," as Nietzsche would have called him, a type existing nowhere, and yet the incorporation of wishes and aspirations; an ideal reflected in a human image; a man as man should be in Nietzsche's opinion, and as he would have liked to be himself. . . . The scene of Thus Spake Zarathustra is laid, as it were, outside of time and space, and certainly outside of countries and nations, outside of this age, and outside of the main condition of all that lives—the struggle for existence. Zarathustra has not to work for his bread, but has got it without effort. His eagle and his serpent provide him with all he needs, and whenever they are not with him he finds men who supply him. . . . True, in his story there appear cities and mobs, kings and scholars, poets and cripples, but outside of their realm there is a province which is Zarathustra's own, where he lives in his cave amid the rocks, and whence he thrice goes to men to teach them his wisdom, pointing away from all that unites and separates men at present. This New bread and New Helen, over which Nietzsche's imagination is supreme, is a province of boundless individualism, in which a man of mark has free play, unfettered by the tastes and inclinations of the multitude. . . . Thus Spake Zarathustra is a kind of summary of the intellectual life of the nineteenth century, and it is on this fact that its principal significance rests. It unites in itself a number of mental movements which, in literature as well as in various sciences, have made themselves felt separately during the last hundred years, without going far beyond them. By bringing them into contact, although not always into uncontradictory relation, Nietzsche transfers them from mere existence in philosophy, or scientific literature in general, into the sphere of the creed or Weltanschauung of the educated classes, and thus his book becomes capable of influencing the views and strivings of a whole age."

So Zarathustra "goes down" from the mountains and preaches to mankind:

"Arriving at the next town which lieth nigh the forests, Zarathustra found there many folk gathered in the market; for a performance had been promised by a rope-dancer. And Zarathustra thus spake unto the folk: 'I teach you beyond-man. Man is a something that shall be surpassed. . . . Beyond-man is the significance of earth. . . . I conjure you, my brethren, remain faithful to earth, and do not believe those who speak unto you of super-terrestrial hopes! . . . Once soul looked contemptuously upon body; that contempt then being the highest ideal, soul wished the body meagre, hideous, starved. Thus soul thought it could escape body and earth. Oh! that soul was itself meagre, hideous, starved; cruelty was the lust of the soul! Cruel it was also, my brethren, speak; what telleth your body of your soul? Is your soul not poverty and dirt and a miserable case? Verily a muddy sea is man. One
PROGRAM NOTES—CONTINUED

must be a sea to be able to receive a muddy stream without becoming unclean. Behold, I teach you beyond-man; he is that sea, in him your great contempt can sink. . . . Man is a rope connecting animal and beyond-man—a rope over a precipice. Dangerous over, dangerous on-the-way, dangerous looking backward, dangerous shivering and making a stand. What is great in man is that he is a bridge and not a goal; what can be loved in man is that he is a transition and a destruction. . . . It is time for man to mark out his goal. It is time for man to plant the germ of his highest hope. His soil is still rich enough for that purpose. But one day that soil will be impoverished and tame, no high tree being any longer able to grow from it.”

The form of Strauss’ composition is, of course, entirely free and rhapsodial; and, as such, admits of nothing more comprehensive than a general description—not a technical analysis. Some have affected to discern in it the struggle of a mind aspiring to freedom from doubt and uncertainty, finding in the “Delights and Passions” episode a restless endeavor to escape from mental torture; in the “Science” passage a despairing attempt to figure out existence and futurity; in the “Dance Song” the “beyond-man’s” expression of joy at his final emancipation, etc. But this is as it may be: the composer has made the annotations mentioned, and as they are literally the titles of certain chapters (or “speeches”) in Nietzsche’s book it seems reasonable to infer that the key to the music lies there. Wherefore, the following synopsis of these several annotations—together with as much as space allows of Nietzsche’s text relating thereto (as translated by Mr. Tille), is submitted by way of partial explanation:

First, an introduction in which the trumpets give out the following simple yet stately motive—

No. 1

\[ \text{Molto tenuto.} \]

leading straightforwardly to a mighty climax for the full orchestra and organ—evidently symbolical of the fly-leaf quotation: Zarathustra has not yet “gone down.” Then, immediately following this exhibition of tonal splendor, stands the heading “Of Back-Worlds-Man”—those who seek consolation in religion, and to whom Zarathustra has gone down to teach the “beyond-man.” Now, Zarathustra also once had been a dweller of the “back-world”—

“... Then the world seemed to me the work of a suffering and tortured God. A dream then the world appeared to me, and a God’s fiction; colored smoke before the eyes of a god-like discontented one. . . . As I, brethren, that God whom I created was man’s work and man’s madness, like all Gods! Man he was, and but a poor piece of man and the I. From mine own ashes and flame it came unto me, that ghost, ye verily! It did not come unto me from beyond! What happened, brethren? I overcame myself, the sufferer, and carrying mine own ashes unto the mountains invented for myself a brighter flame. And lo! the ghost departed from me.”
PROGRAM NOTES—CONTINUED

Then the heading "Of Great Longing"—wherewith the following theme presents itself:—

No. 2

"... O my soul, I understand the smile of thy melancholy. Thine over-great riches themselves now stretch out longing hands! Thy fulness gazeth over roving seas and seetheth and waiteth. The longing of over-abundance gazeth from the smiling heaven of thine eyes! And, verily, O my soul! who could see thy smile and not melt into tears? Angels themselves melt into tears because of the over-kindness of thy smile. Thy kindliness and over-kindness wanteth not to complain and cry! And yet, O my soul, thy smile longeth for tears, and thy trembling mouth longeth to sob. 'Is not all crying a complaining? And all complaining an accusing?' Thus thou speakest unto thyself, and therefore, O my soul, thou likest better to smile than to pour out thy sorrow. ... But if thou wilt not cry, nor give forth in tears thy purple melancholy, thou wilt have to sing, O my soul! Behold, I myself smile who foretell such things unto thee. ... O my soul, now I have giveth thee all, and even my last, and all my hands have been emptied by giving unto thee! My bidding thee sing, lo, that was the last thing I had!"

The next episode—"Of Delights and Passions," will be recognized from the following illustration, while the subjuncted quotation is an epigram of the "speech" to which Nietzsche gave this title:—

No. 3

Con moto.

Violins.

"My brother, when thou hast a virtue, and it is thy virtue, thou hast it in common with nobody. ... Once having passions thou calledst them evil. Now, however, thou hast nothing but thy passions: they grew out of thy passions. Thou hastest thy highest goal upon these passions: then they became thy virtues and delights. ... At last all thy passions grew virtues, and all thy devilish angels. ... And from this time forth, nothing evil groweth out of thee, unless it be the evil that groweth out of the struggle of thy virtues. My brother, if thou hast good luck, thou hast one virtue and no more: thus thou walkest more easily over the bridge. It is a distinction to have many virtues, but a hard lot; and many having gone to the desert killed themselves, because they were tired of being the battle and battlefield of virtues. ... Jealous is each virtue of the other, and a terrible thing is jealousy. Even virtues may perish from jealousy."

Next, "The Grave-Song"—at which point the oboe sings a melody similar to the one just quoted, in conjunction with the motive of "Great Longing" (2)—

"'Yonder is the island of graves, the silent. Yonder also are the graves of my youth. Thither will I carry an evergreen wreath of life.' Resolving this
PROGRAM NOTES—CONTINUED

in my heart I went over the sea. Oh, ye, ye visions and apparitions of my youth! Oh, all ye glances of love, ye divine moments! How could ye die so quietly for me? This day I think of you as my dead ones. From your direction, my dearest dead ones, a sweet odor cometh unto me, an odor setting free heart and tears... Still I am the richest and he who is to be envied most—I, the loneliest! For I have had you, and ye have me still...

"Of Science"—a fugal episode based on the theme first quoted:

"Thus sung the Wizard. And all who were there assembled, fell unaware like birds into the net of his cunning... Only the conscientious one of the spirit had not been caught. He quickly took the harp from the wizard, crying: 'Art thou not coming? The bell has rung! Let Zarathustra come in! Thou maketh this cave sullty and poisonous, thou hast old wizard! Thou seducest, thou false one, thou refined one, unto unknown desires and wilderness... Also, for all free spirits, who are not on their guard against such wizards! Gone is their freedom. Thou teachest and thereby allurest back into prison! We seem to be very different. And, verily, we speak and thought enough together... to enable me to know we are different. We seek different things... ye and I. For I seek more security... But, when I see the eyes ye make, methinketh almost ye seek more insecurity..."

Some distance further on—after a violent passage for the full orchestra, stands the caption "The Convalescent One"—

No. 4

ff

"One morning... Zarathustra jumped up from his couch like a madman. He cried with a terrible voice, and beheld as if some one else was lying on the couch and would not get up from it. And so Zorathustra's voice that his animals ran unto him in terror, and that from all caves and hiding places which were nigh unto Zorathustra's cave all animals hurried away... he fell down like one dead, and remained long like one dead. But, when he again became conscious he was pale and trembled and remained lying, and for a long while would neither eat nor drink. At last, after seven days, Zarathustra rose on his couch, tore a rose apple in his hand, smelt it, and found its odor sweet. Then his animals thought this time had come for speaking unto him... Speak not further, thou convalescent one... but go out where the world waiteth for thee like a garden. Go out unto the roses and bees and flocks of doves! But especially unto the singing birds, that thou mayest learn singing from them! For singing is good for the convalescent; the healthy one may speak. And when the healthy one wanteth songs also, he wanteth other songs than the convalescent one... Speak no further, rather, thou convalescent one, make first a lyre, a new lyre! For, behold, O Zarathustra! For thy new songs, new lyres are requisite. Sing and roam over, O Zarathustra, hear thy soul with new songs, that thou mayest carry thy great fate that hath not yet been any man's fate!... But Zarathustra did not hear... he lay still with his eyes closed, like one asleep, although he did not sleep. For he was communing with his soul..."

"The Dance-Song" is heralded by trilling passages in the wood-winds—

"One night Zarathustra went through the forest with his disciples, and when seeking for a well, behold! he came unto a green meadow which was surrounded by trees and bushes. There girls danced together. As soon as the girls knew Zarathustra, they ceased to dance; but Zarathustra approached them with a friendly gesture and spake these words: 'Cease not to dance, ye sweet girls..."
PROGRAM NOTES—CONTINUED

True, I am a forest and a night of dark trees, but he who is not afraid of my darkness, finds dark banks full of roses under my cypresses. And I think he will also find the tiny God whom girls like best. Beside the well he bath, still with his eyes shut. Verily, in broad daylight he fell asleep, the sluggard! Did he perhaps try to catch too many butterflies? Be not angry with me, ye beautiful dances, if I chaste the little tiny God! True, he will probably cry and weep; but even when weeping he causeth laughter! And with tears in his eyes shall he ask you for a dance; and I myself shall sing a song unto his dance:

And this is the song sung by Zarathustra, when Cupid and the girls danced together:

But when the dance was finished and the girls had departed, sad he grew."

"The Song of the Night-Wanderer" is ushered in with a heavy stroke of the bell:

No. 5

Twelve times the bell sounds, gradually dying away to the softest pianissimo

ONE!
O man! Lose not sight!

TWO!
What saith the deep midnight?

THREE!
"I lay in sleep, in sleep;

FOUR!
From deep dream I waked to light.

FIVE!
The world is deep.

SIX!
And deeper than ever dream thought it might.

SEVEN!
Deep is its woe,—

EIGHT!
And deeper still than woe—delight."

NINE!
Saith woe: "Peace, go!

TEN!
Eternity is sought by all delight,—

ELEVEN!
Eternity deep—by all delight!"

TWELVE!

Then, in conclusion, a short passage ending enigmatically on a mysterious discord—the violins and some of the wood-winds in B major, while the basses sound C natural pianissimo; as if Zarathustra had lost himself in perplexity, in the conviction that his philosophy, after all, had brought him nothing, and that he was no more master of the secrets of life in the end than at the beginning.
PROGRAM NOTES—CONTINUED

Songs.

DAS ROSENBAND.

Im Frühlingsglänzen fand ich sie,
Da huld ich sie mit Rosenblüten:
Sie fühlte es nicht und schälumrurt;
Ich schlich an: mein Leben ging
Mit diesem Blick an meinem Leben:
Ich fürchte, um und um, das steht es nicht.
Doch leicht die Angst sich an
Und verzweigt mit den Rosenblüten;
Da wacht sie ein Schönhaufen auf,
Sei auch mir, ihr Leben sing,
Mit diesem Blick an meinem Leben,
Und um uns ward's Elend.

FRIEDRICH GOTTFRIED KLOPFSTEIN.

LIEBESBETRUNN.

Hie! Jaenem Tag, der dich geboren,
Halb ihm, da ich, zuerst dich sah!
In deinen Augen, Glanz verloren.
Steh ich ein Schutze Träumer da,
Mir erscheint der Kranz aufgezogen,
Den ich von fern, noch gesehn,
Und eine Sorge, dass ich sein,
Dann, so bang, die Stimme nur geschlossen.
Oh hem, mein Baid in diesem Blick!
In deinem Blick mein Glück wie gross!
Und find ich auch, mich zu geniessen;\nO wele, wele wandert du.

KARL HANBERG.

MORGEN!

Und morgen wird die Sonne wieder scheinen,
Und auf dem Wege, den ich gehen werde,
Und wie die Glücklichen sie wieder sehen,
Und wenn der Sonnenuim erwachen werde,
Und in den Strahlen, dem weiten, wegen, blauen,
Wenn es still, und langsam niederliegen,
Stunden werden wir uns in der Augen schauen,
Und auf uns schauen des Glänzenden Schweben.

JOHN HENRY MACKAY.

GÖLLE.

Wenn du zur Abendstunde kamst, dass leuchtendes Gesicht,
Von Prismenbilden, von Wundern und rührend.
Mit deiner Gänseblümchen Auge im Auge und kennend,
Und das, was du wünschest, da hast du es noch nicht.

Wenn du zu wünschest, dass helliges Gesicht
In einsamen Nächten, unschöner vom Nebel,
Da Nie, dass es von Mondschein und Mond ein Gesicht
Wenn du zu wünschest, das heilt es noch nicht.

Wenn du zu wünschest, dass heilt es noch nicht.
Wenn es von der Gegenwürde, weil ich das noch nicht.
Zur Umgehung der Licht von solgen Hühner,
Wenn du zu wünschest, du hast mir nicht!

HUBERTUS BART.

THE ROSE-CHAIN.

I found her hid in rose bow's,
And bound her hands with rose bitters:
She stumble d on, a folded bow's,
I gazed on her, my life, it seemed
In that fond gait to hers, rose bitters:
I left it all, as though I dreamed.
I whisper'd soft in accents meet
And shook the fragrance rose bitters:
She woke from rose bitters sweet.
She gazed on me, her life, it seemed,
In that fond gait to hers, rose bitters;
We woke to delights, Freya,
(English words by John Bernhoff.)

LOVE'S PLEADING.

Hail to that day, the day it came.
Glad hour, when first I saw thy face!
Brother thy dark eyes glowing splendor.
Enraptured I stood, a dream and gaze.
Heaven's glories seem to open before me.
Which but in dreams this beauty mine.
My star of hope at last has risen,
Where love and nothing now entwined.
Mine image true these eyes reflecting.
Whose cause shall all my bliss embrace?
O, oh, not hide my prayer projecting:
Oh linger, linger still of grace.
(English words by John Bernhoff.)

TOMORROW!

To-morrow's sun will rise in glory beaming,
And in the pathway that my foot should lead.
We'll greet, forget the earth, and lost in dreaming.
Let Heaven's love a light that earth no more shall shed.
And towards that shore, its billows softly flowing.
Our hands entwined, our footsteps slowly wading.
Gaze in each other's eyes in love's soft shining.
My tears of joy and bliss never ending.
(English words by John Bernhoff.)

CELY.

If you but know, sweet, what 'tis to dream
Of fond, burning kisses, of wandering and resting
With the yellow d'one, grieving, melting and passing
Could I but tell you, your heart would assert.
If you but know, sweet, the anguish of waking
Through night's long and lonely, and rocked by the storm.
When the one is near to soothe and comfort
The smile would pass away
Could I but tell you, you'd come, sweet, to me.
If you but know, sweet, what living is
In the creative breath of God, Lord and Maker.
To hover, upborne on dove-like pinions to regions of light
Could I but tell you, you'd dwell, sweet, with me.
(English words by John Bernhoff.)
PROGRAM NOTES—CONTINUED

Rondo, Opus 28.
"Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks."

When this composition was first performed (at Cologne, November 5, 1895) the author was asked to furnish a synopsis of its contents, whereupon he replied: "It is impossible for me to furnish a program to Eulenspiegel; were I to put into words the thoughts which its several incidents suggested to me, they would seldom suffice and might even give rise to offense. Let me leave it, therefore, to my hearers to 'crack the hard nut' which the rogue has provided for them. By way of helping them to a better understanding, it seems sufficient to point out the two Eulenspiegel motives—

\[
\begin{align*}
\frac{4}{4} & \quad \frac{4}{4} \\
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\end{align*}
\]

which, in the most manifold disguises, moods and situations, pervade the whole up to the catastrophe, when—after he has been condemned to death, Till is strung up to the gibbet. For the rest let them guess at the musical joke which a rogue has offered them." Three days later, however, there appeared in the Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung the following analysis by Wilhelm Klatte (the translation—somewhat condensed, being reproduced from the London Crystal Palace program of October 29, 1898).

A strong sense of German folk-feeling (Des Volksthumlichen) pervades the whole work, the source from which the tone-poet drew his inspiration being clearly indicated in the introductory bars:

No. 1

Violins.

\[
\begin{align*}
\frac{4}{4} & \\
\text{p} & \\
\text{Bassoons.} & \text{Clar.}
\end{align*}
\]

To some extent this stands for the "Once upon a time" of the story-books. That what follows is not to be treated in the pleasant and agreeable manner of narrative poesy, but in a more sturdy fashion, is at once made apparent by the characteristic bassoon figure (1a) which breaks in *sferrato* upon the piano of the strings. Of equal importance, for the development of the piece, is the immediately following humorous horn theme:

No. 2

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{No. 2}
\end{align*}
\]
PROGRAM NOTES—CONTINUED

Conmemving quietly and gradually becoming more lively, it is at first heard against a tremolo of the divided violins, and then again in the first tempo (lento). This theme, or at least the kernel of it, is taken up in turn by the oboes, clarinets, violas, violoncellos and bassoons, and finally brought by the full orchestra—except trumpets and trombones, after a few bars crescendo, to a dominant half-close, fortissimo, in C. The thematic material, according to the main point, has now been fixed upon; the “malice” is given by which we are enabled to recognize the pranks and droll tricks which the scrofulous schemer is about to bring before our eyes, or, rather, before our ears. Here he is:—

No. 3

\[\begin{align*}
\text{Clar.} & \quad \text{Ob.} \\
& \quad \text{of Eng. Horn.}
\end{align*}\]

He wanders through the land as a thorough-going adventurer (4a):—

No. 4

\[\begin{align*}
\text{Eng. Horn. Viola} & \\
\text{Basses. Tromb.} & \quad \text{Cellos. Bassoons.}
\end{align*}\]

His clothes are tattered and torn; a queer fragmentary version of the Eulenspiegel motive (3) resounds from the horns. Following a merry play with this important leading motive, which directly leads to a short but brilliant tutti in which it again asserts itself, first in the first flutes, and then finally merges into a softly murmuring and extended tremolo for the violas, this same motive, gracefully phrased, reappears in succession in the basses, flutes, first violins, and again in the basses. The rogue, putting on his best manners, slyly passes through the gate, and enters a certain city. It is market day; the women sit at their stalls and prattle (flutes, oboes and clarinets). Hop! Eulenspiegel springs on his horse (indicated by rapid triplets extending through three bars from the low D of the bass clarinet to the highest A of the D clarinet), gives a smack of his whip, and rides into the midst of the crowd! Clink! clack! clatter! A confused sound of broken pots and pans, and the market women are put to flight! In haste the rascal rides away (as is admirably illustrated by a fortissimo passage for the trombones) and secures a safe retreat. This was his first merry prank; a second follows immediately:—

No. 5
PROGRAM NOTES—CONTINUED

Eulenspiegel has put on the vestments of a priest, and assumes quite an unctuous air. Though posing as a preacher of morals, the rogue peeps out from the folds of his mantle (the Eulenspiegel motive on the clarinet points to the imposture). He fears for the success of his scheme. The following figure, played by muted violins, horns and trumpets, makes it plain that he does not feel comfortable in his borrowed plumes. But soon he makes up his mind. Away with all scruples! He tears them off (solo violin, *glissando*). Again the Eulenspiegel theme (3) is brought forward in the previous lively tempo, but now subtly metamorphosed and elusively colored; Eulenspiegel has become a Don Juan, and waltz as pretty women:

No. 6

\[ \text{Horn, Cello.} \]

And, by Jove! one has bewitched him; Eulenspiegel is in love! Hear now how, glowing with love, the violins, clarinets and flutes sing—

No. 7

\[ \text{Vln. Fl. Clar.} \]

But in vain. His advances are received with derision, and he goes away in a rage. How can one treat him so slightly? Is he not a splendid fellow?

No. 8

\[ \text{fff} \]

Vengeance on the whole human race! Having thus given vent to his rage (in a *fortissimo* of the horns in unison), strange personages suddenly draw near:

No. 9

\[ \text{Cello.} \]
A troop of worthy Philistines! In an instant all his anger is forgotten! But it is still his chief joy to make fun of those lords and protectors of blameless decorum and to mock them, as is apparent from the lively accented fragments of the theme (2), now heard first in the horns, violins, violoncellos, and then in the trumpets, oboes and flutes. And now that Eulenspiegel has had his joke, he goes away, leaving the professors and doctors behind in thoughtful meditation. Fragments of No. 9 are here treated canonically. Suddenly the wood-winds, violins and trumpets project the Eulenspiegel theme (3) into their profound philosophy. It is as if the transcendent rogue were making faces at the big-wigs from a distance—again and again—and then waggishly running away. This is aptly characterized by a short episode in a hopping 2-4 rhythm which is followed by phantom-like tones from the wood-winds and strings, and then also from the trombones and horns. Has our rogue still no foreboding of what is good? Interspersed with theme 1, lightly indicated by the trumpets and the English horn, the following figure is developed from No. 2—

No. 10

This is first taken up by the clarinets and seems to express that the arch-villain again has the upper hand with Eulenspiegel and that he has relapsed into his old mode of life. From a formal point of view we have now reached the repetition of the principal theme (2). A merry jester, and always given to lying, Eulenspiegel goes wherever he can pass off a hoax. His insolence knows no bound. Aha! a sudden breach is made in his wanton humor! Hollow rolls the drum; the jailer drags the rascally prisoner before the criminal tribunal, which thunders forth a verdict of “guilty” upon the breasts of the know-nothing. To the threatening chords of the winds and lower strings his motive (3) quite calmly replies: Eulenspiegel lies! Again the threatening tones respond, but Eulenspiegel does not own his guilt. On the contrary, he boldly lies for the third time! It is all up with him. Fear seizes him. The fatal moment draws near; Eulenspiegel’s hour has struck! The descending leap of minor seventh in the bassoons, horns, trombones and tuba, betokens his death! And this he has met by hanging! A last struggle (indicated by the flutes), and his soul has taken its flight. Following the sad and tremulous pizzicato of the strings the epilogue is commenced. At first it is almost identical with the introductory bars (1) which are repeated in full; then the most essential parts of Nos. 2 and 3 are reverted to, and finally merge into the soft chord of the sixth upon A flat, sustained by the wood-winds and divided violins. Eulenspiegel has become a legendary personage; the folk relate their stories about him: “Once upon a time—” But that he was a merry rogue and a thorough devil of a fellow seems to be expressed by the final eight bars given out fortissimo by the full orchestra.

**Songs.**

**MEINEM KINDE.**

Du schliefst und saurte mir’s lach mich
Dauerlos beweinen und sauß dich.
Jeder behutsamer Atemzug
Ist ein schweifender Himmelssturz,
Ich einen weite wahr,
Ob nicht doch ein Sonntäten wär’,
Weine ohne Klage und Licht
Lebe sich ein (Glück)zweifel braucht,
Das sie gefahr demper tröge
Und dir auf’s weisse Dornen lacht.

**GUSTAV FALK.**

**TO MY BABY.**

Thou sleep’st, and I bend o’er thee, sweet,
O’er thy bed cradle a prayer repeat.
Each sweet breath is a prayer to Heav’n’s
That its blessing to thee be given,
Up to stars to starry height,
To the baby night,
Where each orb, a silver show’r,
Charmeth the soul with magic pow’r.
O may thy light brighten baby’s life
And shine thro’ this dark world of strife!

(English words by John Burdett.)

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PROGRAM NOTES—CONTINUED

MUTTERTLÄNDEREI.

Seht mir doch mein schönes Kind,
Mit goldenem Zeettelchecken,
Blauen Augen, roten Lippenfeuchten!
Lusten, hat es auch ein ein?
Lusten, nein, es hat kein!
Seht mir doch mein liebes Kind,
Fütter als ein liebes Schnecken!
Nüsse als ein Zuckerweckchen!
Lusten, hat es auch ein ein?
Lusten, nein, es hat kein!
Seht mir doch mein hohes Kind,
Nicht zu traurig, nicht zu wildge!
immer freundlich, immer frohlich!
Lusten, hat es auch ein ein?
Lusten, nein, es hat kein!
Seht mir doch mein fremdes Kind!
Keine bitterroten Stirnen!
Würd ihr Mütterchen so lieben.
Lusten, möchte es ein ein?
O, es bringt gewiss nie man!
Komm' einmal ein Kaufmann her!
Hungettannen blanke Thaler,
Alles Geld der Erde zahl er!
O, es bringt gewiss nie man!
Kauf' er sich wo anders eins!

GOTTFRIED AUGUST BÜRGER.

WIEGENLIED.

Träume, träume du, mein liebes Lieben,
Könnte man, ihn möchte man nicht.
Blätter schimmern auf, die leben,
Von dem Lieben, das seine Mutter singt.

Träume, träume, Kinde meiner Sorge,
Von dem Gänge, da die Blume sprießt.
Von der Silberhochzeit,
Da der Bräut' sich der Welt erschließt.

Träume, träume, Blüte meiner Liebe,
Von der stillen, von der heiligen Nacht,
Das die Blume seiner Liebe.
Diese Welt zum Hünnel mir zum Gebück.

RICHARD DRÜCKE.

MOTHER-LOVE.

Come and see my pretty child,
With cheeks ruddy like a cherry,
Hair so golden, eyes so merry—
Good folk, ha you such a one?
Good folk, no, you have none.

Come and see my darling child,
Fat as a milk, only fatter.
Sweet as a pudding of butter—
Good folk, ha you such a one?
Good folk, no, you have none.

Come and see my gentle child,
Never dainty, never snappy,
Always friendly, always happy.
Good folk, ha you such a one?
Good folk, no, you have none.

Come and see my angel child,
Angel—for I'm sure no other,
Could so dearly love his mother.
Good folk, would you like my pet?
Mine, good folk, you'll never get.

If a merchant comes this way,
Piles of silver in his coffers.
All the earth's gold let him offer—
Mine he will not get, I swear.
Let him go and try elsewhere.

(English words by ALFRED KALISCH)

LULLABY.

Dream dear, dream dear, for the earth is
Dreamer, Dream of Heaven and the flowers it brings.

To the song thy tender mother sings.

Dream dear, dream dear, ever since the
dawning
That brought my blossom here.
Thy dear care is all my joy and care.

Dream dear, dream dear, flow'r of my da-

Of that happy, that holy night,
When the head of his inspiration
Made my world as Heaven through its

Tone-Poem, Opus 24.
"Death and Transfiguration."

"Death and Transfiguration," the third of Strauss's "tone-
poems," was composed in 1890, and produced shortly afterward at
Eisenach—at a meeting of the Allgemeine Deutsche Verein.
The key to the structure of this elaborate composition is to be found in
some expressive verses by the Hungarian poet Nikolaus Lenau
(Niembich von Streletzian—1802—'50) which the author has inscribed
upon the fly-leaf of the score, and which are reprinted here as
PROGRAM NOTES—CONCLUDED

the safest guide to the meaning of the music—the latter being too
free in point of form and treatment to lend itself readily to con-
densed technical analysis:

In a small and humble chamber,
Where a candle dimly burns,
Lies a sick man on his pallet,
With a moment more to die,
Wildly, desperately has struggled,
Teased now he is, and sees,
While the ticking of the old clock—
Is the only sound that’s heard—
In the room whose calm appealing
Marks the near approach of death,
Over the wan and wasted features
Melancholy smiles oft pass;
Does he, at life’s very border,
Dream of childhood’s golden days?
Death, that still kept in abeyance,
Grants not repose long for dreams;
Crushed it shames its victim,
And again begins the struggle.
Life and death, in conflict dire,
Wrestle for supremacy.

Neither has the victory gained,
And again death stillness reigns—

Prostrate is the patient lying,
Sleepless, but delirium weaves
Forms and scenes almost forgotten—
Scenes of life as they have passed,
With his mind’s eye does he see them,
Childhood’s days—his life’s bright morn—
In their jocundities brilliantly beaming;
And again the sports of youth—
Feats achieved and oft attempted—
Till, to man’s estate matured,
He to gain life’s highest treasures
Passes his armor into flame,
Want to him seemed bright and pure,
To exalt it he endeavored;
This the impetus of his life
That has led him and sustained him.
Coldly, mockingly the world
Barrier upon barrier raises,
When to him the goal seems near,
Hindrance arise before him,
Still another round each barrier,
Onward, higher thou must climb!
Thus he strives, and thus overcomes,
Never swerving from the right.

What he strove for, what he sought,
With a yearning, heartfelt, deep,
Now he seeks in avenues of death,
Seeks it, ah! but not to find it.
Then more clear and near he sees it,
Then it wanes o’er before him,
Still his spirit cannot grasp it,
And can nevermore complete it.

Let one more and final blow
Grim, relentless Death is dealing;
Broken is the thread of life,
And the eyes are closed forever.

Ahh but mighty strains to him
From the regions of heaven are pealing,
Fond is what his soul has sought—
Blest release, transfiguration.

(English translation by Miss E. Buck.)