



University of North Texas
College of Music

GAC Recital | Saturday, April 5, 2025 | 3:30 p.m. | Paul Voertman Concert Hall

Rebecca Mugnolo, soprano
Willem van Schalkwyk, piano

from Lobegesang, Op. 52 (1840)Felix Mendelssohn
5. Ich harrete des Herrn (1809–1847)
Text from The Holy Bible
Lauren Salazar, mezzo-soprano

from Liederkreis, Op. 39 (1840)Robert Schumann
3. Waldesgespräch (1810–1856)
Text by Joseph von Eichendorff

Lorelei (1843) Clara Schumann
(1819–1896)
Text by Heinrich Heine

4 Lieder, Op. 27 (1894) Richard Strauss
1. Ruhe, meine Seele! (Text by Karl Henckell) (1864–1949)
2. Cäcilie (Text by Heinrich Hart)
3. Heimliche Aufforderung (Text by John Henry Mackay)
4. Morgen! (Text by John Henry Mackay)

-PAUSE-

Program four hundred forty-six of the 2024–2025 season
Photography and videography are prohibited

from 4 Lieder (1915)..... Alma Mahler
2. Waldseligkeit (1879–1964)
Text by Richard Dehmel

from Rückert-Lieder (1901) Gustav Mahler
1. Ich atmet' einen linden Duft (1860–1911)
Text by Friedrich Rückert

from 6 Einfache Lieder, Op. 9 (1911–1913)..... Erich Wolfgang Korngold
1. Schneeglöckchen (Text by Joseph von Eichendorff) (1897–1957)
3. Das Ständchen (Text by Joseph von Eichendorff)
4. Liebesbriefchen (Text by Elisabeth Honold)
6. Sommer (Text by Siegfried Trebitsch)

Ich bin verliebt, from *Clivia* (1933)..... Nico Dostal
(1895–1981)
Text by Charles Amberg

Mein Liebeslied muß ein Walzer sein,
from *Im Weißen Rössl* (1930) Robert Stolz
(1880–1975)
Text by Robert Gilbert

Program Notes

German composer **Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847)** has remained a lasting fixture of the early romantic period as well as the overall genre of classical music. Born to Jewish parents, Mendelssohn and his family were later baptized into the Lutheran church and adopted the last name of Bartholdy. His early career in Germany included work in renewing public interest in the music of J.S. Bach. An accomplished composer, pianist, conductor, and teacher, Mendelssohn wrote for almost every major genre of classical music, particularly piano and choral works.

Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang* (Hymn of praise) is an 11-movement Symphony-Cantata that was later renamed as *Symphony No. 2*. Composed in 1840, *Lobgesang* was written to commemorate the 400th anniversary of Gutenberg's printing press. Scored for two sopranos, tenor, choir, and orchestra, the text of *Lobgesang* is primarily taken from the Psalms. Arguably, the most well-known movement is the soprano duet with text from Psalm 40, "Ich harrete des Herrn" (I waited for the Lord).

Ich harrete des Herrn

und er neigte sich zu mir
und hörte mein Fleh'n.
Wohl dem, der seine Hoffnung
setzt auf den Herrn!
Wohl dem, der seine Hoffnung
setzt auf ihn!

I waited for the Lord

and He inclined to me
and heard my supplication.
Blessed is the man whose hope
is in the Lord!
Blessed is the man whose hope
is in Him!

Psalm 40

Often when we hear the name Schumann we first think of **Robert Schumann (1810-1856)**, and too often we only think of **Clara Wieck Schumann (1819-1896)** in terms of being his wife, rather than a fellow composer. In 1829 Robert Schumann began studying piano with renowned pianist Friedrich Wieck. However, it was not until 1840 that he would marry his teacher's daughter, despite Wieck's protestations. 1840 is famously known as the "Liederjahr" (year of song), where he wrote 138 songs.

Clara was not only Robert's wife and muse, but an accomplished pianist and composer. Despite the overwhelming popularity of Robert's compositions, Clara's works can stand in the same league as her husband's. She and Robert collaborated on *Zwölf Gedichte aus F. Rückerts Liebesfrühling*, a collection of 12 songs. This collection was published under a joint opus number so that no one would be able to tell who wrote each song. They wished to be united in all things. Though many of her works were forgotten until a resurgence in the late 20th century, Clara Schumann's compositions are full of vocal as well as instrumental gems.

Both selections by Clara and Robert center around the German legend of Lorelei. As the legend goes, a beautiful woman named Lorelei threw herself into the Rhine River after learning of her lover's unfaithfulness. She then transformed into a siren and used her charms to lure men to their deaths. Along the Rhine there stands a slate rock cliff called Lorelei that is known for the echo it produces as well as being a disaster site for ships and sailors.

Robert's "Waldesgespräch" is the third song in his famous song cycle, *Liederkreis, Op. 39*. It is characterized by a deceptively cheerful accompaniment and melody that mimics a galloping horse and horn calls. A man journeys through the forest when he comes across a beautiful woman riding alone in the woods. He offers to escort her home, but she begins to lament about the deceitfulness of men and how her heart is broken with grief. When he realizes who she is and the peril he's in, she seals his fate by declaring, "You shall never leave this forest again!"

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Clara's "Lorelei" immediately creates an atmosphere of anxiety as the narrator recalls the tales of Lorelei. The driving rhythm of the accompaniment adds to the unsettling story of a boatman in this instance. The song of the Lorelei eventually lures him to his death by drowning.

Waldesgespräch

Es ist schon spät, es ist schon kalt,
Was reit'st du einsam durch den Wald?
Der Wald ist lang, du bist allein,
Du schöne Braut! Ich führ' dich heim!

"Groß ist der Männer
Trug und List,
Vor Schmerz mein Herz gebrochen ist
Wohl irt das Waldhorn
her und hin,
O flieh! Du weißt nicht, wer ich bin."

So reich geschmückt ist Roß und Weib,
So wunderschön der junge Leib,
Jetzt kenn' ich dich—Gott steh' mir bei!
Du bist die Hexe Loreley.

"Du kennst mich wohl—
von hohem Stein
Schaut still mein Schloß tief in den Rhein.
Es ist schon spät, es ist schon kalt,
Kommst nimmermehr aus diesem Wald!"

**Text by Joseph von Eichendorff
(1788–1857)**

Lorelei

Ich weiß nicht, was soll es bedeuten,
Daß ich so traurig bin;
Ein Märchen aus alten Zeiten,
Das kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn.

Die Luft ist kühl und es dunkelt,
Und ruhig fließt der Rhein;
Der Gipfel des Berges funkelt
Im Abendsonnenschein.

Die schönste Jungfrau sitzet
Dort oben wunderbar,
Ihr goldnes Geschmeide blitzet,
Sie kämmt ihr goldenes Haar.

Sie kämmt es mit goldenem Kamme
Und singt ein Lied dabei,
Das hat eine wundersame,
Gewalt'ge Melodei.

Den Schiffer im kleinen Schiffe
Ergreift es mit wildem Weh;
Er schaut nicht die Felsenriffe,
Er schaut nur hinauf in die Höh'.

A forest dialogue

It is already late, already cold,
Why ride lonely through the forest?
The forest is long, you are alone,
You lovely bride! I'll lead you home!

"Great is the deceit and cunning
of men,
My heart is broken with grief,
The hunting horn echoes
here and there,
O flee! You do not know who I am."

So richly adorned are steed and lady,
So wondrous fair her youthful form,
Now I know you—may God protect me!
You are the enchantress Lorelei.

"You know me well—
from its towering rock
My castle looks silently into the Rhine.
It is already late, already cold,
You shall never leave this forest again!"

Translation by Richard Stokes

Lorelei

I do not know what it means
That I should feel so sad;
There is a tale from olden times
I cannot get out of my mind.

The air is cool, and twilight falls,
And the Rhine flows quietly by;
The summit of the mountains glitters
In the evening sun.

The fairest maiden is sitting
In wondrous beauty up there,
Her golden jewels are sparkling,
She combs her golden hair.

She combs it with a golden comb
And sings a song the while;
It has an awe-inspiring,
Powerful melody.

It seizes the boatman in his skiff
With wildly aching pain;
He does not see the rocky reefs,
He only looks up to the heights.

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Ich glaube, die Wellen verschlingen
Am Ende Schiffer und Kahn;
Und das hat mit ihrem Singen
Die Lorelei getan.

Text by Heinrich Heine (1797–1856)

I think at last the waves swallow
The boatman and his boat;
And that, with her singing,
The Lorelei has done.

Translation by Richard Stokes

Richard Strauss (1864-1949) achieved overwhelming success as an opera composer, horn player, and conductor, and is notably one of the few German composers who orchestrated his Lieder (including Gustav Mahler). His Lieder are quite operatic in nature but are equally exciting with solo piano or orchestra. During the 1930s and 40s, Strauss was considered the greatest living German composer and he is still regarded today as one of the great masters of German music.

Strauss composed his 4 *Lieder, Op. 27* as a wedding present to his wife, soprano Pauline de Ahna. "Ruhe, meine Seele!" is the first song in the set and also the most somber musically and textually. Set to text by Karl Henckell, this song bids the listener to take rest and to forget the storms of life that have distressed and threatened you. It may seem a darker choice to begin the set, but it seems to prepare the heart and soul for the joyful songs that follow.

The text of "Cäcilie" is by German author Heinrich Hart, who wrote this poem for his wife, Cäcilie. Strauss wrote this song the day before his wedding to Pauline. A passionate declaration of love, the sense of anticipation is created in both vocal and piano parts.

"Heimliche Aufforderung" may be the lesser-known of the four, but it is no less exciting than the preceding song. Scottish author and friend of Strauss, John Henry Mackay, wrote the poem that describes a couple connecting for a secret rendezvous at a party. It carries over the excitement and anticipation that "Cäcilie" created.

The final song in the set is the most famous of the four and one of the most famous German Lieder. Again with text by John Henry Mackay, "Morgen!" creates a peaceful scene with an extended piano introduction. The narrator enters as if continuing a thought they'd previously begun and paints a picture of contentment as one journeys through the days with the one they love. It is if they've found the rest that "Ruhe, meine Seele!" urged them to find.

1. Ruhe, meine Seele!

Nicht ein Lüftchen
Regt sich leise,
Sanft entschlummert
Ruht der Hain;
Durch der Blätter
Dunkle Hülle
Stiehlt sich lichter
Sonnenschein.

Ruhe, ruhe,
Meine Seele,
Deine Stürme
Gingen wild,
Hast getobt und
Hast gezittert,
Wie die Brandung,
Wenn sie schwillt.

1. Rest, my soul!

Not a breeze
is stirring lightly,
the woods lie
slumbering gently;
through the dark
cover of leaves
steals bright
sunshine.

Rest, rest,
my soul,
your storms
have gone wild,
have raged and
trembled,
like the surf,
when it breaks.

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Diese Zeiten
Sind gewaltig,
Bringen Herz
Und Hirn in Not –
Ruhe, ruhe,
Meine Seele,
Und vergiß,
Und vergiß,
Was dich bedroht!

Text by Karl Henckell (1864–1929)

2. Cäcilie

Wenn du es wüßtest,
Was träumen heißt von
brennenden Küssen,
Von Wandern und Ruhen mit
der Geliebten,
Aug in Auge,
Und kosend und plaudernd,
Wenn du es wüßtest,
Du neigtest dein Herz!

Wenn du es wüßtest,
Was bangen heißt in
einsamen Nächten,
Umschauert vom Sturm,
da niemand tröstet
Milden Mundes die
kampfmüde Seele,
Wenn du es wüßtest,
Du kämest zu mir.

Wenn du es wüßtest,
Was leben heißt, umhaucht von der
Gottheit Weltschaffendem
Zu schweben empor, lichtgetragen,
Zu seligen Höh'n,
Wenn du es wüßtest, Du lebstest mit mir!

Text by Heinrich Hart (1855-1906)

3. Heimliche Aufforderung

Auf, hebe die funkelnde Schale empor
zum Mund,
Und trinke beim Freudenmahle
dein Herz gesund.
Und wenn du sie hebst, so winke mir
heimlich zu,
Dann lächle ich und dann trinke ich still
wie du...

These times
are powerful,
bringing torment
to heart and mind–
Rest, rest,
my soul,
and forget,
and forget,
what is threatening you!

Translation by Emily Ezust

2. Cecily

If you only knew,
what it's like to dream of
burning kisses,
of wandering and resting with
one's beloved,
eye turned to eye,
and cuddling and chatting,
if you only knew,
you would incline your heart to me!

If you only knew,
what it's like to feel dread on
lonely nights,
surrounded by a raging storm,
while no one comforts
with a mild voice your
struggle-weary soul,
if you only knew,
you would come to me.

If you only knew,
what it's like to live, surrounded by
God's world-creating breath,
to float up, carried by the light,
to blessed heights,
if you only knew, you would live with me!

Translation by Emily Ezust

3. Secret Invitation

Up, raise the sparkling cup
to your lips,
drink your heart's fill at the
joyous feast.
And when you raise it, so wink secretly
at me,
Then I'll smile and drink quietly,
as you...

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Und still gleich mir betrachte um uns
das Heer
Schwätzer– verachte sie nicht
zu sehr.

Nein, hebe die blinkende Schale,
gefüllt mit Wein,
Und laß beim lärmenden Mahle
sie glücklich sein.

Doch hast du das Mahl genossen,
den Durst gestillt,
Dann verlasse der lauten Genossen
festfreudiges Bild,
Und wandle hinaus in den Garten
zum Rosenstrauch,
Dort will ich dich dann erwarten nach
altem Brauch,

Und will an die Brust dir sinken,
eh du's gehofft, eh du's gehofft,
Und deine Küsse trinken, wie ehmal's oft,
Und flechten in deine Haare
der Rosenpracht.
O komm', du wunderbare,
ersehnte Nacht!

**Text by John Henry Mackay
(1864–1933)**

4. Morgen

Und morgen wird die Sonne
wieder scheinen
Und auf dem Wege, den
ich gehen werde,
Wird uns, die Glücklichen,
sie wieder einen
Inmitten dieser sonnenatmenden Erde ...

Und zu dem Strand, dem weiten,
wogenblauen,
Werden wir still und langsam
niedersteigen,
Stumm werden wir uns in
die Augen schauen,
Und auf uns sinkt des Glückes
stummes Schweigen...

Text by John Henry Mackay (1864–1933)

And quietly as I, look around
the crowd
Of drunken revelers– don't think too ill
of them.

No, lift the twinkling cup,
filled with wine,
and let them be happy at
the noisy meal.

But when you savored the meal,
your thirst quenched,
then quit the loud gathering's
joyful fest,
and wander out into the garden, to
the rosebush,
There shall I await you,
as often of old,

And ere you know it shall
I sink upon your breast,
and drink your kisses, as so often before,
and twine the rose's splendor into
your hair.
Oh come, you wondrous,
longed-for night!

**Translation by Lawrence Snyder
and Rebecca Plack**

4. Tomorrow

And tomorrow the sun will
shine again
And on the path that
I shall take,
It will unite us, happy ones,
again,
Amid this same sun-breathing earth ...

And to the shore, broad,
blue-waved,
We shall quietly and slowly
descend,
Speechless we shall gaze into
each other's eyes,
And the speechless silence of bliss
shall fall on us...

Translation by Richard Stokes

Another famous pair of musical spouses consists of none other than Austrian composers, **Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)** and **Alma Mahler (1879-1964)**. Gustav was a titan of German symphonic music in the 20th century, though his music did not rise in popularity until close to 50 years after his death. Primarily known as a conductor while living, Gustav briefly served as director of The Metropolitan Opera and the New York Philharmonic. He was known to have a moody personality and a strange obsession with death, which he often reveals in his compositions.

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Gustav married pianist Alma Schindler in 1902. Unlike Robert and Clara Schumann, Alma and Gustav had a tumultuous marriage plagued by affairs, the death of a child, and Gustav's desire for Alma to quit composing. Only a year or two before his death, Gustav began to take a serious interest in Alma's compositions. She continued composing vocal and piano works after his death, but mostly stopped her efforts after 1915. In 1940, Alma and her third husband, Franz Werfel, moved to the United States where she continued to be an avid supporter of the arts. Although she does not possess an exhaustive catalogue of works, Alma's songs are still often performed today.

The text of "Waldseligkeit" by German writer and poet, Richard Dehmel, describes a person waiting in the woods in anticipation of her love as she listens to the sound of the wind through the trees. This text has been set many times by composers including Richard Strauss, Joseph Marx, and Max Reger. While interpretations such as Marx's create a joyful exuberance of emotion, Alma Mahler's setting is more subdued and reflective. The narrator anticipates with a sense of calm confidence while the piano creates the gentle rustling of the wind through the woods.

Gustav Mahler famously set texts by German poet and translator, Friedrich Rückert, which include *Kindertotenlieder* and *Rückert Lieder*. Keeping with the theme of love and foliage, Gustav Mahler's setting of "Ich atmet' einen linden Duft!" also creates an atmosphere of calm like Alma's "Waldseligkeit". However, instead of anticipation we are given a feeling of contentment in the knowledge of what was and what may be. The narrator finds a branch from a linden tree that was plucked by the person they love. Its scent fills them with the memory of their love.

Waldseligkeit Bliss in the woods

Der Wald beginnt zu rauschen,
den Bäumen naht die Nacht,
als ob sie selig lauschen,
berühren sie sich sacht.

Und unter ihren Zweigen,
da bin ich ganz allein,
da bin ich ganz mein eigen;
ganz nur Dein!

Text by Richard Dehmel (1863–1920)

Waldseligkeit Bliss in the woods

The wood begins to stir,
Night draws near the trees;
as if blissfully listening,
they gently touch each other.

And beneath their branches
I am utterly alone,
utterly my own;
utterly and only yours.

Translation by Richard Stokes

Ich atmet' einen linden Duft!

Im Zimmer stand
Ein Zweig der Linde,
Ein Angebinde
Von lieber Hand.
Wie lieblich war der Lindenduft!
Wie lieblich ist der Lindenduft!
Das Lindenreis
Brachst du gelinde;
Ich atme leis
Im Duft der Linde
Der Liebe linden Duft.

Text by Friedrich Rückert (1788-1866)

I breathed a gentle fragrance!

In the room stood
A spray of lime,
A gift
From a dear hand.
How lovely the fragrance of lime was!
How lovely the fragrance of lime is!
The spray of lime
Was gently plucked by you;
Softly I breathe
In the fragrance of lime
The gentle fragrance of love.

Translation by Richard Stokes

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Austrian composer **Erich Wolfgang Korngold (1897-1957)** is known for many instrumental and vocal works, but is often considered the originator of grand film music. Born in Brno, Czechia to the son of music critic, Julius Korngold, Erich was a child prodigy and became a notable composer as a preteen. He came to the United States in 1934 to arrange film scores and would eventually compose his own such as *The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex* (1939), *The Sea Hawk* (1940), and *The Adventures of Robin Hood* (1938) for which he would win an Academy Award. Both Gustav Mahler and Richard Strauss praised Korngold's talent while he was still mainly based in Europe. One of his most famous works is his opera *Die tote Stadt* (1920), which solidified his mastery of all the genres.

Korngold's 6 *Einfache Lieder*, op. 9 were composed between the ages of 14 and 16. Titled as "simple songs" they are far from simple as they are full of interesting harmonies and moments of grandeur.

The first two songs, "Schneeglöckchen" and "Das Ständchen" are settings of text by Joseph von Eichendorff. "Schneeglöckchen" speaks of the emergence of the snowdrops in the spring, but could also be interpreted as the coming of change.

"Das Ständchen" depicts the admiration of youth by an older person. There is excitement in both the piano and vocal parts as the narrator observes the joys of a youth in love. Towards the end of the song, there is a transition to a reminiscent atmosphere. The narrator recounts his youth and the experience of losing his love to either separation or death. As if woken from a dream, the opening theme suddenly returns and he bids the youth to sing on!

"Liebesbriefchen" depicts another separation of love, although tinged with fondness rather than a deep sadness. The simplest of Korngold's "simple songs," the text by Elizabeth Honold describes how the narrator, far from their beloved, continues to stay true. This is easily the simplest of Korngold's "simple songs."

The final song of the set is "Sommer" with text written by Siegfried Trebitsch who was a close friend of Korngold's father, Julius. Trebitsch was also the translator of the play *Die stille Stadt* that Korngold would adapt into his famous opera, *Die tote Stadt*. Similar to "Das Ständchen," "Sommer" is a reminiscence of one's life. The narrator sits in a peaceful observation of the surrounding nature until something jogs an unpleasant thought in his mind. He soon returns to his reverie and is caught in this web of dreams that reminds him of his mortality.

1. Schneeglöckchen

'S war doch wie ein leises Singen
In dem Garten heute nacht,
Wie wenn laue Lüfte gingen:
'Süße Glöcklein, nun erwacht,
Denn die warme Zeit wir bringen,
Eh's noch Jemand hat gedacht,' –
'S war kein Singen, 's war ein Küssen,
Rührt die stillen Glöcklein sach,
Daß sie alle tönen müssen
Von der künft'gen bunten Pracht.
Ach, sie konnten's nicht erwarten,
Aber weiß vom letzten Schnee
War noch immer Feld und Garten,
Und sie sanken um vor Weh.
So schon manche Dichter streckten
Sangesmüde sich hinab,
Und der Frühling, den sie weckten,
Rauschet über ihrem Grab.

**Text by Joseph von Eichendorff
(1788-1857)**

1. Snowdrop

There was a soft singing
In the garden last night,
As though warm breezes were blowing:
'Sweet snowdrops, wake up, now,
For we bring the warm days,
Before anyone could guess.' –
There was no singing but much kissing,
Gently shake your silent bells,
So that they all ring
With the bright splendour soon to be.
Ah, they couldn't wait,
But field and garden were still
White with the recent snow,
And they wilted with grief.
Thus have many poets laid themselves
Down, weary with singing,
And the Spring, which they awoke,
Rustles above their grave.

Translation by Richard Stokes

3. Das Ständchen

Auf die Dächer zwischen blassen
Wolken scheint der Mond herfür,
Ein Student dort auf den Gassen
Singt vor seiner Liebsten Tür.

Und die Brunnen rauschen wieder
Durch die stille Einsamkeit,
Und der Wald vom Berge nieder,
Wie in alter, schöner Zeit.

So in meinen jungen Tagen
Hab ich manche Sommernacht
Auch die Laute hier geschlagen
Und manch lust'ges Lied erdacht.

Aber von der stillen Schwelle
Trugen sie mein Lieb zur Ruh,
Und du, fröhlicher Geselle,
Singe, sing nur immer zu!

**Text by Joseph von Eichendorff
(1788–1857)**

4. Liebesbriefchen

Fern von dir
Denk' ich dein,
Kindlein,
Einsam bin ich,
Doch mir blieb
Treue Lieb'.

Was ich denk',
Bist nur,
Herzensruh.
Sehe stets
Hold und licht
Dein Gesicht.

Und in mir
Immerzu
Tönest du.
Bist's allein,
Die Welt
Mir erhellt.

Ich bin dein,
Liebchen fein,
Denke mein!

Text by Elisabeth Honold

6. Sommer

Unter spärlich grünen Blättern,
Unter Blumen, unter Blüten
hör' ich fern die Amsel schmettern
und die kleine Drossel wüten.

3. Serenade

From pallid clouds the moon
Looks out across the roofs,
here in the street a student sings
Before his sweetheart's door.

And again the fountains murmur
In the silent loneliness,
And the woods on the mountain
Murmur, as in good old times.

Likewise in my young days,
Often on a summer's night
I too plucked my lute here,
And composed some merry songs.

But from that silent threshold
My love's been taken to rest.
And you, my blithe friend,
Sing on, just sing on!

Translation by Richard Stokes

4. Love letters

Far from you,
I think of you,
Dear child,
I am lonely,
But my love
Has stayed true.

I think
Only of you,
O peace of my heart.
I always see,
H Fair and bright,
Your face.

And you sound
Within me
Always.
It is you alone
Who brightens
For me the world.

I am yours,
My sweetest,
Think of me!

Translation by Richard Stokes

6. Summer

Among meagre green leaves,
Among flowers, among blossom,
I hear the distant call of the blackbird
And the harsh cry of the small thrush.

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Auch ein Klingen fein und leise,
schneller Tage schneller Grüße,
eine wehe Sommerweise,
schwer von einer letzten Süße

Und ein glühendes Verbrennen
schwebt auf heißen Windeswellen,
taumelnd glaub' ich zu erkennen
ungeschriener Schreie Gellen.

Und ich sitze still und bebe,
fühle meine Stunden rinnen,
und ich halte still und lebe,
Während Träume mich umspinnen.

And also the soft and delicate sound
Of days and greetings quickly passing.
A sad summer melody,
Suffused with a final sweetness.

And a burning glow
Is borne on the waves of a parched wind;
Reeling, I seem to recognize
The ring of unuttered screams.

And I sit motionless and tremble,
Feel my hours on earth slip away,
And I stay still and live,
While dreams weave their web around me.

Text by Siegfried Trebitsch (1869-1956)

Translation by Richard Stokes

Austrian composer, **Nico Dostal (1895-1981)** was primarily known for his operettas and film music in the 1930s-60s. Dostal began his musical career as a church musician before shifting to secular music after World War I. He worked for a period of time as a freelance arranger for the operetta greats, Franz Lehár, Oscar Straus, and Robert Stolz. However, Dostal's big breakthrough as an operetta composer came with the premiere of *Clivia* in 1933.

Clivia follows Clivia Gray, a Hollywood film star who has come to South America to shoot a film in the fictitious country of Boliguay. The film is being financed by US industrialist HW Potterton, who is looking to start his own revolution in Boliguay. However, Potterton convinces Clivia that in order for them to obtain work permits, she must marry a Boliguayan citizen. She ends up marrying her new co-star, Juan Damigo, to obtain citizenship. Juan Damigo turns out to be General Juan Olivero, the people's president of Boliguay and leader of the revolution. Though their marriage starts as a sham, they eventually end up falling in love. Clivia sings the song, "Ich bin verliebt" in Act II about how happy she is to be in love.

Ich bin verliebt

Warum trieb das Schicksal mich hierher?
Warum ist mein armes Herz so schwer?
Meine Seele fühlt ein Bangen,
heiße Sehnsucht und Verlangen
und ich kenn' mich selbst nicht mehr.
Ich bin verliebt, bin so verliebt,
Ich weiß nicht wie mir geschah,
auf einmal war die Liebe da.

Ich bin verliebt, bin so verliebt,
Das wort klingt wie Melodie,
so glücklich war ich ja noch nie!

Was auch heut' geschieht,
das ist mir alles gleich.
Ich weiß nur das Eine
und das macht mich reich:
Ich bin verliebt, bin so verliebt,
nie war das Glück mir so nah
heut' ist es da!

I am in love

Why did fate drive me here?
Why is my poor heart so heavy?
My soul feels a fear,
a hot longing and desire,
and I know myself no longer.
I am in love, am so in love,
I know not how it happened to me,
suddenly love was there.

I am in love, am so in love,
The word rings like a melody,
I was never so happy!

What else happens today,
it is all the same to me.
I know only one thing
and that makes me rich:
I am in love, am so in love,
never was happiness so near to me,
heut' ist es da! today it is here!

continued on following page

Mancher sprach zu mir: "Oh werde mein!"
Aber ich, ich sagte immer: "Nein."
Dann ist aber er gekommen,
hat mein Herz in Sturm genommen.
Der nur kann der Rechte sein.

Text by Charles Amberg (1894-1946)

Some said to me: "Oh, be mine!"
But I, I always said: "No."
But then he came,
he took my heart by storm.
He only can be the right one.

Translation by Garrett Medlock

Austrian composer **Robert Stolz (1880-1975)** was born into a musical legacy. The son of a conductor and composer father and concert pianist mother, Stolz followed in the steps of his parents on all counts, but rose to prominence first as a conductor. Only after meeting Johann Strauss in 1899 did Stolz begin writing light music and operetta. In 1940 he came to the United States where he worked as a film composer and conductor, particularly specializing in Viennese music.

Im Weißen Rössl has been described as a singspiel, operetta, revue, and even an early form of musical theater. While the music is largely attributed to Ralph Benatzky, it includes the music of Bruno Granichstaedten, Robert Stolz, and Robert Gilbert who wrote the lyrics. Premiering in 1930, *Im Weißen Rössl* (The White Horse Inn) is a three-act comedy based on the play by Oscar Blumenthal.

The landlady of The White Horse Inn, Josepha, is a beautiful widow who continually dismisses the advances made by her head waiter, Leopold. Her attention is directed toward the wealthy Dr. Siedler, whose interest lies in Otilie, the daughter of manufacturer Giesecke. Romantic chaos ensues, but all is made right in the end with a little help from Emperor Franz Joseph II.

One of the most popular songs from the show, "Mein Liebeslied muss ein Walzer sein," is sung as a duet between Dr. Siedler and Otilie, but is often performed as a solo number. This lighthearted love song is a lovely example of the Viennese waltz style.

Mein Liebeslied muss ein Walzer sein

Was mein Herz zu sagen hat,
fühlst auch du,
Was die Uhr geschlagen hat,
weißt auch du!
Und hast du kein Ohr für mich,
finde ich keine Ruh,
Drum hör zu, drum hör zu!

Sag ich es in Prosa dir, klingt es kühl.
Das ist nicht das Rechte für mein Gefühl.
Aber wenn die Geigen zärtlich
für mich fleh'n,
Wirst du gleich mich versteh'n:

Mein Liebeslied muß ein Walzer sein
Voll Blütenduft und voll
Sonnenschein!
Wenn beim ersten Du ich mich
an dich schmiege',
Braucht mein Herz dazu süße
Walzermusik.

My love song must be a waltz

You too can feel what my heart
has to say.
You too can know
what time it is!
And if you have no ear for me,
I won't find peace.
So listen, so listen!

If I tell you in prose, it sounds cold.
That's not right for my feelings.
But when the violins tenderly
plead for me,
You'll immediately understand me:

My love song must be a waltz
Full of sweet fragrance and full of
sunshine!
When I snuggle up to you for
the first time,
my heart needs sweet
waltz music.

continued on following page

Mein Liebeslied muß ein Walzer sein,
Der süß berauscht, wie
Champagnerwein.
Und das Lied, das dir sagt,
"Ich bin dein!"
Kann doch nur ein Walzer sein.
Kann doch nur ein Walzer sein.
Und das Lied, das sagt, "Ich bin dein!"
Kann doch nur ein Wiener Walzer sein.

Wenn der Liebe Lust und Schmerz
einen packt,
Schlägt ein jedes Menschenherz
seinen Takt.
Jeder singt für sich partout
und auch der Text dazu,
Heisst: Chacun à son goût.

Einer gibt den größten
Reiz der Gavott',
Und der and're seinerseits
liebt's mehr flott.
Und es wechseln Moll und Dur,
ja c'est l'amour.
Aber ich sage nur:

Text by Robert Gilbert (1899-1978)

My love song must be a waltz
that sweetly intoxicates like
champagne.
And the song that tells you
"I am yours!"
Can only be a waltz.
Can only be a waltz.
And the song that tells you "I am yours!"
Can only be a Viennese waltz.

When the joy and pain of love
grips one,
Every human heart beats its
own rhythm.
Everyone sings for themselves,
And the lyrics too,
Say: To each his own taste.

One gives the gavotte
its greatest charm,
And the other, for his part,
Prefers it more briskly.
And minor and major alternate,
Yes, it's love.
But I'm only saying

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