

Ga-Young Park
collaborative piano

Recital in partial fulfillment of the
Doctor of Musical Arts degree, 2025
Student of Cameron Stowe and Jonathan Feldman

with
Heechan Ku, cello
Jimin Park and Mara Riley, soprano

Sunday, April 23, 2023
12:00 noon
Keller Room

PROGRAM

Johannes Brahms
(1833–1897)

Cello Sonata No. 1 in E Minor, op. 38 (1865)

Allegro non troppo
Allegretto quasi Menuetto
Allegro

Heechan Ku, cello

Alban Berg
(1885–1935)

Sieben frühe Lieder (1907)

Nacht
Schilflied
Die Nachtigall
Traumgekrönt
Im Zimmer
Liebesode
Sommertage

Jimin Park, soprano

Schließe mir die Augen beide (1907)

Jimin Park, soprano

Schließe mir die Augen beide (1925)

Mara Riley, soprano

Arnold Schoenberg
(1874–1951)

from *Brettl Lieder (Cabaret Songs)* (1901)

Der genügsame Liebhaber

Gigerlette

Galathea

Arie aus dem Spiegel von Arcadien

Mara Riley, soprano

Brahms Cello Sonata No.1 in E minor, op.38

Johannes Brahms played a crucial role in German Romanticism, revitalizing the genre of chamber music. In contrast to many 19th century composers who were more interested in combining music with texts, Brahms focused more on instrumental music. In the early 1860s, Brahms wrote a String Sextet, two Piano Quartets, and a Piano Quintet in F minor. After completing these chamber pieces, Brahms composed his first duo piece for cello, the Cello Sonata in E minor, op.38, in 1862. In this piece, Brahms intersperses the musical elements from the Baroque and Classical periods with his new musical identity. Brahms uses a conventional structure: the first movement is sonata Allegro form in E minor; the second movement is minuet-trio, which recalls baroque dances; and the last movement is the combination of the fugue with sonata form. Especially in the last movement, Brahms uses melodic ideas from Bach's *The Art of Fugue*, Contrapunctus 13. However, in the Cello Sonata Brahms also applies his own rhythmical concepts, such as multiple layers, hemiola, and polyrhythms, creating ambiguity by breaking the expected pulse. As a result, unlike other 19th and 20th century composers and critics who considered Brahms "old-fashioned," the modernist Arnold Schoenberg regarded Brahms as a progressive composer who actually freed the conventional musical elements by using irregular and asymmetrical musical elements.

Berg *Sieben frühe Lieder* (1907)

Alban Berg and Arnold Schoenberg are representatives of late Romantic and German Expressionism in the 20th century. As both lived in *fin-de-siècle* Vienna, they felt the increasing anxiety of the Viennese society due to the approaching doom of the Habsburg Empire. Their music expresses the emotions of fear, isolation, and anxiety which are at the core of the artistic language of many modernists. Even though the Berg pieces I chose for today's recital are all about love, beneath the surface they express an underlying anxiety and insecurity.

Among Second Viennese School composers, Berg shows the most expressive lyricism in his music, especially in his nearly 150 art songs. Berg composed *Sieben frühe lieder* (1907) from 1905 to 1908. 1907 was an important year for Berg in that he met Helene Nahowski, who would later become his wife. They truly loved each other and remained married for the rest of their lives, 28 years. Berg considered her the archetype of perfect humanity; she was his shelter, support and security. Helene felt the same depth of feeling for Berg, writing in her memoir, "For twenty-eight years I lived in the paradise of his love."

Throughout his life, Berg expressed his love for her in his music and letters. Berg dedicated most of the pieces to Helene as gifts around 1907, including *Sieben frühe lieder* and the first setting of *Schließe mir die Augen beide*. In Berg's letters to her, he quoted poems, including *Traumgekrönt* and *Liebesode*. In a letter to her written on August 3rd, 1909, Berg described the perfect day he wanted to spend with her and referenced part of *Traumgekrönt*: "We should blissfully fall asleep in the arms of love..... Such a day would be worth the most miserable, tormented life; worth death itself."

Although the seven songs were written in his early period, they not only show his rich Romanticism, but also anticipate his late atonal style. Berg uses several conventional musical elements, such as settled tonality and simple ternary form, as well as contrapuntal texture with many voices which creates rich sounds. However, Berg also makes bold experiments through ambiguous chromaticism and whole tone sonorities.

Nacht

*Dämmern Wolken über Nacht und Tal.
Nebel schweben. Wasser rauschen sacht.
Nun entschleiern sich's mit einem Mal.
O gib acht! gib acht!*

*Weites Wunderland ist aufgetan,
Silbern ragen Berge traumhaft groß,
Stille Pfade silberlicht talan
Aus verborg'nem 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 Dürsterheit
Blinken Lichter auf in stummer Nacht.
Trinke Seele! trinke Einsamkeit!
O gib acht! gib acht!*

Carl Hauptmann

Schilflied

*Auf geheimem 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*

Night

Clouds loom over night and valley.
Mists hover, waters softly murmur.
Now at once all is unveiled.
O take heed! take heed!

A vast wonderland opens up,
Silvery mountains soar dreamlike tall,
Silent paths climb silver-bright valleywards
From a hidden womb.

And the glorious world so dreamlike pure.
A silent beech-tree stands by the wayside
Shadow-black – a breath from the distant
grove
Blows solitary soft.

And from the deep valley's gloom
Lights twinkle in the silent night.
Drink soul! drink solitude!
O take heed! take heed!

Reed Song

Along a secret forest path
I love to steal in the evening light
To the desolate reedy shore
And think, my girl, of you!

When the bushes then grow dark,
The reeds pipe mysteriously,
Lamenting and whispering,
That I must weep, must weep.

(The text continues on the following page. Please turn the page quietly.)

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

Nikolaus Lenau

Die Nachtigall

*Das macht, es hat die Nachtigall
Die ganze Nacht gesungen;
Da sind von ihrem süßen Schall,
Da sind in 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.*

*Das macht, es hat die Nachtigall
Die ganze Nacht gesungen;
Da sind von ihrem süßen Schall,
Da sind in Hall und Widerhall
Die Rosen aufgesprungen.*

Theodor Storm

Traumgekrönt

*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 im Traum an dich gedacht.
Du kamst, und leis wie eine Märchenweise
erklang die Nacht ...*

Rainer Maria Rilke

And I seem to hear the soft sound
Of your voice,
And your lovely singing
Drowning in the pond.

The Nightingale

It is because the nightingale
Has sung throughout the night,
That from the sweet sound
Of her echoing song
The roses have sprung up.

She was once a wild creature,
Now she wanders deep in thought;
In her hand a summer hat,
Bearing in silence the sun's heat,
Not knowing what to do.

It is because the nightingale
Has sung throughout the night,
That from the sweet sound
Of her echoing song
The roses have sprung up.

Crowned with dreams

That was the day of the white
chrysanthemums –
Its brilliance almost frightened me ...
And then, then you came to take my soul
at the dead of night.

I was so frightened, and you came sweetly
and gently,
I had been thinking of you in my dreams.
You came, and soft as a fairy tune
the night rang out ...

Im Zimmer

*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 ziehn! ...*

Johannes Schlaf

Liebesode

*Im Arm der Liebe schliefen wir selig ein.
Am offenen Fenster lauschte der Sommerwind,

und unsrer 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!*

Otto Erich Hartleben

Sommertage

*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.*

Paul Hohenberg

In the room

Autumn sunshine.
The lovely evening looks in so silently.
A little red fire
Crackles and blazes in the hearth.
Like this! – With my head on your knees. –
Like this I am content;
When my eyes rest in yours like this.
How gently the minutes pass!

Ode to Love

In love's arms we fell blissfully asleep.
The summer wind listened at the open
window,
and carried the peace of our breathing
out into the moon-bright night. –

And from the garden a scent of roses
came timidly to our bed of love
and gave us wonderful dreams,
ecstatic dreams – so rich in longing!

Summer days

Days, sent from blue eternity,
journey now across the world,
time drifts away in the summer wind.
The Lord at night now garlands
star-chains with his blessed hand
across lands of wandering and wonder.

In these days, O heart, what can
your brightest travel-song say
of your deep, deep joy?
The heart falls silent in the meadows' song,
words now cease when image after image
comes to you and fills you utterly.

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Berg *Schließe mir die Augen beide*

Berg composed two songs based on the same poem, *Schließe mir die Augen beide* by Theodor Storm, in 1907 and 1925. Berg's music style can be divided into three periods according to his varying compositional techniques: tonal (late Romanticism), atonal, and twelve-tone technique (dodecaphony). The two settings show how his musical style shifted. The first version exhibits Berg's late Romantic lyricism in tonal language with a simple chordal texture, while the second version is his first experiment using a twelve-tone technique.

While the first setting of *Schließe mir die Augen beide* is dedicated to Helene, the second setting is for another woman, Hanna Fuchs. Berg met Hanna in 1925, and she was a major part of the transformation of his life and music. In a letter to her on July 23rd, 1925, Berg wrote "For you must know: I am no longer myself since this greatest of events..... One thought alone animates me, one desire, one longing: you!" Their love story was discovered posthumously around fifty years after he died. Many scholars agree that most of the pieces written after 1925—including *Schließe mir die Augen beide*, *Lyric Suite*, and *Lulu*—were secretly dedicated to Hanna Fuchs. While after 1925 Berg's life revolved around Hanna, he also suffered from the guilt of this love affair. This insecure emotional turmoil affected his music a great deal.

In the second setting written in 1925, Berg experimented for the first time with the twelve-tone technique. The prime row is (F-E-C-A-G-D-Ab-Db-Eb-Gb-Bb-B), which recalls Hanna Fuchs's name: the first note (F) and the last note (B natural is H in German) are her initials.

Schließe mir die Augen beide

*Schließe mir die Augen beide
mit den lieben Händen zu!
Geht doch Alles, was ich leide,
unter deiner Hand zur Ruh.*

*Und wie leise sich der Schmerz
Well' um Welle schlafen leget,
wie der letzte Schlag sich reget,
füllest du mein ganzes Herz.*

Theodor Storm

Close both of my eyes for me

Close both of my eyes for me
with your beloved hands;
then everything that makes me suffer
will, beneath your hands, go silent.

And as the pain gently drifts,
wave by wave, off to sleep,
as the last surge ripples,
you fill my entire heart.

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Schoenberg *Brettl Lieder*

One of the fun parts of being a musician is learning something new about a composer which changes the way I perceive their work. Schoenberg is one who has surprised me a lot. My first impression of Schoenberg was that he was a serious person who composed dark, difficult, and complicated music and painted self-portraits with dark and gloomy colors. I was glad to realize I had misunderstood him. By chance I

discovered his *Brettl-Lieder* cabaret music score, which featured his colorful and unique paintings of playing cards. I also learned that he designed many crafts, including his own unique chess game, tape dispensers, and various useful tools.

His cabaret music itself was not dark and gloomy, but rather sexual, fun, and light. Eroticism was important for Viennese artists, including Schoenberg, Richard Strauss, Frank Wedekind, Gustav Klimt, Oskar Kokoschka, and Egon Schiele. Even though their ideas about women were not enlightened, they used sexual frankness, as well as their artistic language, to attack the conventional, repressive, and hypocritical *fin-de-siecle* Viennese culture.

Schoenberg wrote his *Brettl-Lieder* over six months in 1901, in his early period. Schoenberg was hired as kapellmeister by Überbrettl, which was the first German cabaret inspired by Le Chat, the French cabaret. This cabaret music presents Schoenberg's humor, simplicity, and sexuality in the tonal world. The poems of the *Brettl-Lieder* are bold, direct, and open about sexuality, and the music reflects this through detailed word painting and diverse piano articulation, such as trills and slurs that represent tickling and heavy breathing.

Der genügsame Liebhaber

*Meine Freundin hat eine schwarze Katze,
Mit weichem knisterndem Sammetfell,
Und ich, ich hab' eine blitzblanke Glatze,
Blitzblank und glatt und silberhell.*

*Meine Freundin gehört zu den üppigen Frauen,
Sie liegt auf dem Divan das ganze Jahr,
Beschäftigt das Fell ihrer Katze zu krauen,
Mein Gott, ihr behagt halt das sammtweiche Haar.*

*Und komm' ich am Abend die Freundin besuchen,
So liegt die Mieze im Schoße bei ihr,
Und nascht mit ihr von dem Honigkuchen,
Und schauert wenn ich leise ihr Haar berüh'r.*

*Und will ich mal zärtlich tun mit dem Schatze,
Und daß sie mir auch einmal 'Eitschi' macht,
Dann stülp' ich die Katze auf meine Glatze,
Dann streichelt die Freundin die Katze und lacht.*

The contented suitor

My girlfriend has a black cat
With soft, rustling, velvet fur,
And I, I have a shining bald pate,
Shining and smooth and silvery.

My girlfriend's one of those voluptuous
women,
She lies on the sofa all year round,
Busily stroking her cat's fur,
My God, how she loves that soft, velvet fur.

And when in the evening I visit my girlfriend,
Her pussy-cat's always on her lap,
Nibbling with her the gingerbread,
And trembling whenever I stroke its fur.

And if I become amorous with my love,
So that she might call me 'honey-bun',
I lift the cat onto my bald pate –
And my girlfriend strokes the cat and laughs.

Hugo Salus (1866-1929)

Gigerlette

*Fräulein Gigerlette
Lud mich ein zum Tee.
Ihre Toilette
War gestimmt auf Schnee;
Ganz wie Pierrette
War sie angetan.
Selbst ein Mönch, ich wette,
Sähe Gigerlette
Wohlgefällig an.*

*War ein rotes Zimmer,
Drin sie mich empfing,
Gelber Kerzenschimmer
In dem Raume hing.
Und sie war wie immer
Leben und Esprit.
Nie vergess ichs, nimmer:
Weinrot war das Zimmer,
Blütenweiß war sie.*

*Und im Trab mit Vieren
Fuhren wir zu zweit
In das Land spazieren,
Das heißt Heiterkeit.
Daß wir nicht verlieren
Zügel, Ziel und Lauf,
Saß bei dem Kutschieren
Mit den heißen Vieren
Amor hinten auf.*

Otto Julius Bierbaum (1865-1910)

Galathea

*Ach, wie brenn' ich vor Verlangen,
Galathea, schönes Kind,
Dir zu küssen deine Wangen,
Weil sie so entzückend sind.*

*Wonne die mir widerfahre,
Galathea, schönes Kind,
Dir zu küssen deine Haare,
Weil sie so verlockend sind.*

Nimmer wehr' mir bis ich ende,

Gigerlette

*Fräulein Gigerlette
Invited me to tea.
Her attire
Harmonized with snow;
She was dressed
Just like Pierrette.
Even a monk, I bet,
Would gaze on Gigerlette
With pleasure.*

*She received me
In a red room,
Yellow candlelight
Flickered in the air.
And she was, as ever,
Full of life and wit.
I'll not forget it, never,
The room was wine-red,
She was blossom-white.*

*And both of us rode off
In a carriage-and-four
Out into the Land
Of Mirth.
In order to reach our goal
And not stray without reins,
Cupid sat atop
At the back
Of our carriage-and-four.*

Galathea

*Ah, how I'm burning with desire,
Galathea, lovely child,
Just to kiss your cheeks,
Because they're so enchanting.*

*The rapture that I feel,
Galathea, lovely child,
Just to kiss your tresses,
Because they're so enticing.*

Never resist me, till I've finished,

*Galathea, schönes Kind,
Dir zu küssen deine Hände,
Weil sie so verlockend sind.*

*Ach, du ahnst nicht, wie ich glühe,
Galathea, schönes Kind,
Dir zu küssen deine Knie,
Weil sie so verlockend sind.*

*Und was tät ich nicht, du Süße,
Galathea, schönes Kind,
Dir zu küssen deine Füße,
Weil sie so verlockend sind.*

*Aber deinen Mund enthülle,
Mädchen, meinen Küßten nie,
Denn in seiner Reize Fülle,
Küßt ihn nur die Phantasie.*

Frank Wedekind (1864-1918)

Arie aus dem Spiegel von Arcadien

*Seit ich so viele Weiber sah,
Schlägt mir mein Herz so warm,
Es summt und brummt mir hier und da,
Als wie ein Bienenschwarm.*

*Und ist ihr Feuer meinem gleich,
Ihr Auge schön und klar,
So schlaget wie der Hammerstreich,
Mein Herzchen immer dar.
Bum, bum, bum, usw.*

*Ich wünschte tausend Weiber mir,
Wenn's recht den Göttern wär',
Da tanzt' ich wie ein Marmeltier,
In's Kreuz und in die Quer.*

*Das wär' ein Leben auf der Welt,
Da wollt' ich lustig sein,
Ich hüpfte wie ein Has' durch's Feld,
Und's Herz schlug immer drein.
Bum, bum, bum, usw.*

Galathea, lovely child,
Kissing your hands,
Because they're so enticing.

Ah, you do not sense how I burn,
Galathea, lovely child,
To kiss your knees,
Because they're so enticing.

And what wouldn't I do, my sweet,
Galathea, lovely child,
To kiss your feet,
Because they're so enticing.

But never expose your lips,
Sweet girl, to my kisses,
For the fullness of their charms
Can only be kissed in fantasy.

Aria from The Mirror of Arcadia

Since seeing so many women,
My heart beats so ardently,
It hums and buzzes here and there,
Just like a swarm of bees.

And if her ardour resembles mine,
And her eyes are lovely and limpid,
Then my heart, like a hammer,
Beats on and on.
Boom, boom, boom, etc.

I wish I could have a thousand women,
If it so pleased the gods,
I'd dance like a marmot
In every direction.

That would be a life worth living,
Then I'd have joy and fun,
I'd hop like a hare through the field,
And my heart would skip along.
Boom, boom, boom, etc.

(The text continues on the following page. Please turn the page quietly.)

*Wer Weiber nicht zu schätzen weiß,
Ist weder kalt noch warm,
Und liegt als wie ein Brocken Eis,
In eines Mädchens Arm.*

*Da bin ich schon ein anderer Mann,
Ich spring' um sie herum;
Mein Herz klopft froh an ihrem an
Und machet bum, bum, bum, usw.*

Emanuel Schikaneder (1751-1812)

A man who does not value women
Is neither cold nor warm,
And lies like a block of ice
In a young girl's arms.

I'm a different sort of man,
I circle women in a dance;
My heart beats happily against hers,
Going boom, boom, boom, etc.

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