

STEREO
"360 SOUND"

STEREO
M2S 736

M2L 336
COLUMBIA
MASTERWORKS

GLENN GOULD
THE MUSIC OF
ARNOLD
SCHOENBERG
VOL. 4

THE COMPLETE
MUSIC FOR
SOLO PIANO
SONGS FOR
VOICE & PIANO



opus 1 two songs Donald Gramm / opus 2 four songs Ellen Faull
opus 15 book of the hanging gardens Helen Vanni / piano accompaniments Glenn Gould

PRINTED IN U.S.A.



**THE
MUSIC
OF
ARNOLD
SCHOENBERG
VOLUME 4**



Produced by Thomas Frost
and Andrew Kazdin



M2L 336/M2S 736*

This volume is the fourth in a projected series. Previously recorded: Vol. I, M2L 279/M2S 679*; Vol. II, M2L 294/M2S 694*/Vol. III, M2L 309/M2S 709*.

Library of Congress catalog card number R62-1365 applies to M2L 336/R62-1366 applies to M2S 736.

© COLUMBIA RECORDS 1966/ALL RIGHTS RESERVED
© "COLUMBIA", "MASTERWORKS", MARCAS REG. PRINTED IN U.S.A.

*Stereo

**SONGS
FOR
VOICE & PIANO**



**Zwei Gesänge
Opus 1
Donald Gramm
Bass-
baritone**



**Vier Lieder
Opus 2
Ellen Faull
Soprano**



**Das Buch der
hängenden
Gärten
Opus 15
Helen Vanni
Mezzo-
soprano**



**Glenn Gould
Piano**



**THE
COMPLETE
MUSIC
FOR
SOLO PIANO**



**Drei
Klavierstücke*
Opus 11**



**Fünf
Klavierstücke
Opus 23**



**Sechs
kleine
Klavierstücke
Opus 19**



**Suite für
Klavier
Opus 25**



**Klavierstück
Opus 33a
Klavierstück
Opus 33b**



**Glenn Gould
Piano**



*Rechanneled for Stereo.

For the Record

by Gertrud Schoenberg

Have you ever had trouble opening a Swedish match-box and, thinking it was empty because it made no sound when you shook it, thrown it in disgust on the floor, where it burst open, scattering all the matches? That is exactly my situation when I have to write about Arnold Schoenberg. Too much, too personal, too disorganized!

Fortunately, I need not discuss Schoenberg's music, because posterity will be his best spokesman. But rather I will tell about various happenings in his life which are perhaps not known to others or have been misinterpreted. The assumption that great men, geniuses, scholars have to have notorious lives does not apply in Schoenberg's case, at least not to his private life. In the twenty-seven years we were married, we lived much the same as other families do, perhaps the only difference being that the balance of the scale dipped more deeply and more powerfully into intellectual matters than into social and material ones.

Schoenberg and I shared a sense of humor which, I believe, made it easier to cope with the difficulties and problems we encountered. In this connection, I will relate one incident in particular. In 1929, when we were living in Berlin, Schoenberg had composed a one-act opera, *Von Heute auf Morgen*, and was having difficulty getting it published and adequately performed. One day he received a phone call from a publisher who said that he would like to see the opera. An appointment was made, and the president of the firm turned up with his secretary, a typewriter and a contract form. He said, "This is the way business is done in America! Give me the opera, and sign this contract right away; I offer you 100,000 marks and the usual royalties." Then he added, "You may discuss the matter with your wife for a few minutes, if you like." When we were alone, we burst out laughing. We realized, of course, that this was a fantastic offer; but Schoenberg became serious and said, "I don't like the way he made the offer." I agreed, saying, "Anyone can accept 100,000 marks, but few would reject it. So let's call the whole thing off." And we did. The publisher and his secretary grabbed the contract and left, their expressions clearly suggesting that they thought we were out of our minds.

Perhaps it was a rather frivolous decision, but it may well have saved our lives. When the shadow of Hitler rose over Germany, our decision proved to be the right one. We so often deplored the fact that so many people lacked the courage and the foresight to leave the country when this was still a possibility. We were fortunate; we had no money to keep us there. My brother, Rudolf Kolisch, who was in Rome at the time, sent us a telegram which was instigated by Klemperer's concern for Schoenberg. The text was "*Luftveränderung dringend erwünscht*" ("Change of air [for you] urgently wished"). We left for Paris that very day.

One would have thought that as soon as it was known that Schoenberg was no longer at the Academy in Berlin,

offers would flow in from the great music centers of the world. Nothing of the kind happened. To be exact, there was one offer to teach in Turkey, after Hindemith had declined it, and one from Russia, which Schoenberg had to turn down as it gave only one room for both of us and our daughter Nuria to live in. Even so, Schoenberg was not worried. He was always more concerned about the fate of his friends and pupils. This often led to ironic situations, such as one that occurred when Furtwängler visited us in Paris. The conversation centered around Furtwängler's distress over his staying on in Germany, not around the fate of Schoenberg. But I must give him credit; Furtwängler later advocated, though unsuccessfully and at great personal risk, the honoring of Schoenberg's contract with the Academy.

After waiting in Paris for a suitable offer, we were very happy to accept a teaching position at the Malkin Conservatory in Boston. We were not aware that "conservatory" does not mean the same thing as it does in Europe until we arrived in New York. When Schoenberg then asked the director of the Conservatory how large his orchestra was, to his great surprise he found out that the whole institution consisted of a few rooms in a house and that it had a single private backer. Our unfamiliarity with the American language caused Schoenberg to turn down an invitation to lecture at the Juilliard School of Music, since "school" in the European sense means a very small establishment, not on the level of a *Konservatorium*. We were to trip over the American language often in the first few years, but sometimes the misunderstandings were pleasant, like our interpretation of someone's "You're welcome" (in response to our "Thank you") as a sign of their hospitality to us.

Neither the Boston position nor the Boston climate was invigorating. After one winter there, we went to southern California, primarily for Schoenberg's health, and stayed there for seventeen years, until his death in 1951. In Los Angeles, Schoenberg divided his time between composing, teaching and his hobbies.

Whenever he moved to new living quarters, Schoenberg's main concern was not for the space for his piano, but for enough wall space for his library and ample floor space in which to pace up and down while composing. In our Los Angeles home he had two workrooms. For composing he used a table not much bigger than a typewriter table and a wooden music stand behind it on which to tack up notes and sketches. Around this was his library of music and books. There was also a small upright piano, which he hardly ever used except to comply with the photographers' requests for the traditional pose of a composer, with the left hand on the keyboard and the right hand writing. In reality, he usually composed a whole piece in his head first, and no activity or noise whatsoever could distract him. On the contrary, he preferred to hear the telephone ring, the children play, the mailman arrive.

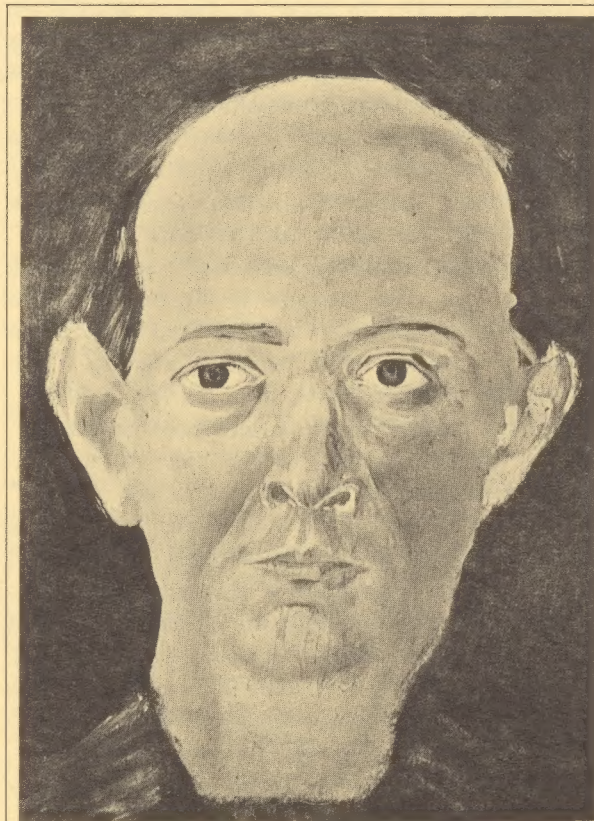
He was able to compose anywhere and carried a sketch-book with him in the car so he could compose while he was waiting for me to do the marketing.

Whatever he had to deal with, his inventive mind tried to find the best way to handle it, whether it was a serious problem or trying to find a shortcut for everyday chores. And he was ahead of his time, even in his minor inventions. He had the satisfaction of seeing the skirt hanger with clothespins which he made for me being sold many years later in every dime store, and on his desk there is a crude but effective wooden, handmade model of a scotch-tape dispenser which, in its metal, streamlined version, is now everyday equipment. Among his other inventions—none of which he ever exploited, incidentally—were a music typewriter, a compact music stand and an instrument for eye operations with a magnet. Had he lived, he would have been delighted to see the realization of a system of freeways which he had formulated on paper as far back as the early 1920's.

Schoenberg started to play tennis at the age of fifty and was extremely ambitious about it. When asthma, which had plagued him from early childhood, finally forced him to give up this activity, he transferred his enthusiasm to the spectator side, spending hours watching tennis matches, particularly those in which his son Ronny was playing. It did not hurt him but, on the contrary, amused him to be pointed out in tennis circles not as a famous composer, but as "Ronny Schoenberg's father." He also invented a system of symbols for the various aspects of the game (lob, serve, run to net, out, etc.) making it possible to write up a "score" of the whole match so you could read back and analyze the entire game later. Another invention of his consisted of a chess game that had a board ten squares by ten instead of the usual eight by eight. He called it Coalition-Chess and designed entirely new pieces for it out of papier mâché. He also worked out improvements for bus tickets and bank checks that turned out to be similar to types which later came into use. Another practical device was his artist's palette with a thumb from a leather glove inserted in the thumbhole to keep the artist from dirtying his hand.

Schoenberg's paintings have been made known to the public only recently in expositions of the expressionist movement in painting. His dramatic experiments are also practically unknown. Besides writing the texts for his operas *Moses und Aron* and *Die glückliche Hand* and for his oratorio *Die Jakobsleiter*, he wrote several plays. One of them, *Der biblische Weg*, which dates from 1926, describes an atom-bomb-like deus ex machina.

Little as yet has been said about Schoenberg's stature as a teacher, conductor and writer. This will be brought to the public in time. And luckily, even after so long a wait, when this information is finally brought to light, it will not be obsolete.



Arnold Schoenberg

The Early Vocal Works of Arnold Schoenberg

by Joseph Machlis
Professor of Music, Queens College of the City University of New York

Schoenberg began his career writing songs, and the lyricism of song remained one of the basic elements of his style. From the many songs he composed between 1898 and 1900, he chose twelve to publish as his Opus 1, Opus 2 and Opus 3. In 1900, when some of these songs were performed in a recital in Vienna, they created a furor in the concert hall. "And ever since then," Schoenberg later observed wryly, "the uproar has never ceased!"

In these songs Schoenberg deliberately established his position in the great tradition of German Romantic lyricism—that princely line extending from Schubert and Schumann to Brahms, Wolf, Mahler and Strauss. Yet it is fascinating to observe how, from the very outset, his writing was marked by the concentrated expressivity, rhythmic freedom, harmonic tension and richness of invention that became the hallmarks of his music.

In the closing years of the 19th century, the musical world of Vienna was split between the supporters of Wagner and the champions of Brahms. Schoenberg's earliest works contain elements derived from both masters. His piano writing, with its octave doublings, spread-out chords, thick textures and intricate motivic work, is highly reminiscent of Brahms. Indeed, a passage such as the following, from the final measures of Opus 1, No. 2 (*Abschied*), bears a startling resemblance to Brahms' piano music:

Ex. 1, meas. 84-87 (piano)



However, Brahms' influence was enriched and transformed by a strain of post-Wagnerian chromaticism that drew its sustenance from *Tristan und Isolde*. It was this chromaticism that pointed the way to Schoenberg's future development. In the opening measures of Opus 2, No. 1 (*Erwartung*), a simple E-flat-major triad is transformed, by a process of chromatic alteration, into a chord that can no longer be analyzed according to the rules of traditional—that is, triadic—harmony.

Ex. 2, meas. 1 (piano)



Here, Schoenberg employs harmonic innovations similar

to those which, unknown to him, were being utilized at this time by Scriabin and Debussy.

This rich chromaticism is marked by several traits which are characteristic of Schoenberg's later style. Already there is a highly developed polyphonic texture with animated movement in the inner parts, a rhythmic freedom independent of the barline, and an emphasis on notes foreign to the harmony. The young composer avoids exact repetitions and sequences, preferring a ceaseless variation of motives that foreshadows the seemingly inexhaustible invention of his later years. Coherence and unity are achieved through the working-out of pregnant motives. Most important of all for the future, in many passages the tonality is obscured.

At the same time, the vocal line begins to take on something of the nervous sensibility and dynamism of Schoenberg's mature style, and his melodies vividly interpret the text. Further, Schoenberg avoids the Wagnerian type of melody that so often was based on the chord. Already he uses a leap of an octave or a seventh in order to achieve and sustain tension. The vocal line of *Erwartung* shows, in its first two measures, the young composer's fondness for chromatic inflection. Notice the subtle variation of the rhythm when the motive is repeated.

Ex. 3, meas. 1-2 (voice)



The Romantic provenance of these early songs, however, is apparent from the indications scattered through the score: *leidenschaftlich bewegt* (passionately moving); *breit, pathetisch* (broad, with pathos); *sehr zart* (most tenderly); and—Schumann's favorite indication—*sehr innig* (most ardently).

The two songs of Opus 1—*Dank* (*Thanks*) and *Abschied* (*Parting*) are settings of two fairly long poems by Karl von Levetzow. They are strongly tonal in character, and the final cadence of each is altogether conventional. Much freer, both in harmonic idiom and in rhythm, are the four songs of Opus 2. The first three—*Erwartung* (*Expectation*), *Jesus bittet* (*Jesus Begs*) and *Erhebung* (*Exaltation*)—are settings of poems by Richard Dehmel, whose *Verklärte Nacht* gave its title and mood to the most celebrated work of Schoenberg's first period. These three songs continue in the vein of intense expressiveness that was so typical of German Romanticism at the end of the 19th century. The final song of this group, *Waldsonne* (*Forest Sun*), on a poem by Johannes Schlaf, has a charm, lightness and naïveté not ordinarily associated with Schoenberg's music.

Das Buch der hängenden Gärten, Opus 15

By using the art of music to express his emotions, Schoenberg reflected the tradition of 19th-century Ro-

manticism. "I write what I feel in my heart, and what finally comes on paper is what first coursed through every fiber of my body. A work of art can achieve no finer effect than when it transmits to the beholder the emotions that raged in the creator in such a way that they rage and storm also in him." Again and again he espoused the Romantic cause. "I warn you of the danger lurking in the die-hard reaction against Romanticism. The old Romanticism is dead; long live the new!"

The emotional and visionary elements in Schoenberg's personality were combined, however, with a strong taste for abstract speculation and intellectual discipline. He had the true German reverence for "the idea." Music to him was "not another amusement, but a presentation of musical ideas." For all his passion, he was an intellectual. "It is really only in the mental realm—where musical thought must be rich in variety—that an artistic expression is possible." His aim, above all, was "to join ideas with ideas." Here then is the dual nature of Schoenberg's music: a hyperexpressive content (descended from the turbulently chromatic idiom of *Tristan*) controlled by as rigidly intellectual a system of formal procedures as any artist ever devised.

The search for the perfect expression of "the idea" led Schoenberg into a new world of sound and structure. And his settings of Stefan George's fifteen poems from *Das Buch der hängenden Gärten* (*The Book of the Hanging Gardens*) represent a milestone in this artistic evolution. In 1908, when Schoenberg composed most of these settings, he was already leaving the old system of major-minor keys behind him; and for someone with Schoenberg's deep sense of artistic responsibility, the abandonment of tonality was not a step to be undertaken lightly. Indeed, he was fully aware of the hostility this move would cause. "In the George lieder," he wrote for the first performance of the song cycle, "I have succeeded for the first time in approaching an ideal of expression and form that had hovered before me for some years. Hitherto, I had not sufficient strength and sureness to realize that ideal. Now, however, that I have definitely set out on my journey, I may confess to having broken off the bonds of an outlived esthetic; and if I am striving toward a goal that seems to me to be certain, nevertheless I already feel the opposition that I shall have to overcome. I feel also with what heat even those of the feeblest temperament will reject my works, and I suspect that even those who believed in me up till now will not be willing to perceive the necessity of this development."

But necessary it was—and inevitable—in terms of his inner growth. And this despite his anticipation of the criticism from many quarters that he had turned to a new language because he had no talent for the old. "It is not lack of invention or of technical skill that has urged me in this direction. I am following an inner compulsion that is stronger than education and am obey-

ing a law that is natural to me, therefore more powerful than my artistic training."

In the public mind, the Schoenberg revolution has come to be associated with the term "atonality"—meaning "rejection of key." Schoenberg himself, however, deplored the use of this word. For him, it had another meaning: "'Atonal' can only signify something that does not correspond to the nature of tone. A piece of music will necessarily always be tonal insofar as a relation exists from tone to tone."

Despite his objections, "atonality" took root, for to most people it summed up the principal points of his musical philosophy. Yet in the Schoenbergian canon, it went hand in hand with other significant innovations. He restored counterpoint to the position of eminence it had lost in the 19th century, and he liberated dissonance by removing the distinction drawn in traditional harmony between the dissonant chord and the consonant. For the unifying power of tonality, he substituted a technique based on the perpetual variation of the motive, thereby achieving an unprecedented unity of structure and design. These developments, which reached their culmination years later in his lecture "Method of Composing With Twelve Tones" (1934), were already beginning to be felt in the works that ushered in Schoenberg's second, or atonal-expressionist, period. Among these works, *The Book of the Hanging Gardens* is one of the most important.

This song cycle had distinguished ancestors: Beethoven's *An die ferne Geliebte*, Schubert's *Die schöne Müllerin* and *Die Winterreise*, Schumann's *Frauenliebe und -leben* and *Dichterliebe*. The individual songs in Schoenberg's cycle, as in those of the earlier masters, become part of a series that evokes states of nature and the soul. Yet although *The Book of the Hanging Gardens* stems from the rich lieder tradition, it is an altogether novel work, since the songs in this cycle represent a turning away from the naturalistic word-painting of the past, in which the music mirrored the moods and scenes depicted in the poetry. From this point of view, Schoenberg's Opus 15 even represents a break with the methods of his earlier lieder.

George's poetry offered a perfect vehicle for the type of expression Schoenberg sought. George had turned away from what he regarded as the vulgar literalness of late-Romantic poetry. He was the first German fully to appreciate Baudelaire, whose works he translated. During a sojourn in Paris, he met and was influenced by such French symbolists as Mallarmé and Verlaine. His own highly symbolic verse, with its faintly exotic atmosphere, its aristocratic refinement and elegance, lent itself unusually well to Schoenberg's non-realistic treatment. The fusing of Schoenberg's music with George's poetry resulted in one of those extraordinary works that characterize and sum up an epoch.

The vocal part in these songs does not yet take on the

zigzag angularity displayed in Schoenberg's later works. Yet it moves without restriction from a low alto range to a high soprano. Because of its rigorous independence, the piano part offers very little help to the voice, and the singer must rely on her own sense of pitch. Voice and piano are two equal partners in a single whole. Sometimes they start out together, but soon each inexorably pursues its own path in a contrapuntal texture marked by the utmost invention, as in the opening of the third song:

Ex. 4, meas. 1-6

The postlude to this song demonstrates the rhythmic and harmonic subtlety with which Schoenberg manipulates his opening motive. Noteworthy too is the freedom (and triadic look) of the final cadence.

Ex. 5, meas. 20-26

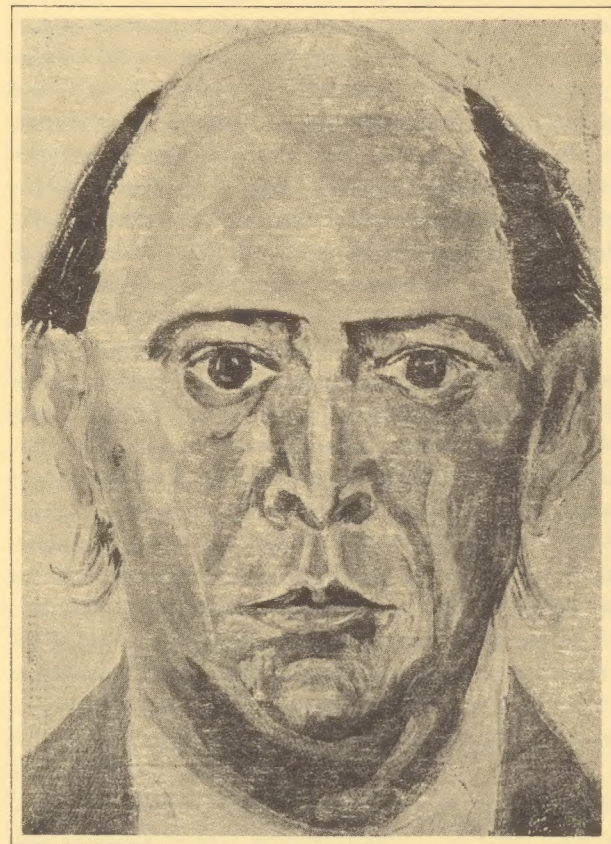
It is fascinating to observe how remnants of the tonal past coexist in these songs with anticipations of the atonal future. For example, at the end of the fifth song, the bass moves from D down to G, as it would in a conventional G-major cadence. However, one has only to observe the harmonies in the treble part to realize what a distance we have come from conventional G major:

Ex. 6, meas. 13-18

These six measures also show Schoenberg's extraordinary sensitivity to the needs of compositional unity. ("I was always occupied," he stated, "with the desire to base the structure of my music *consciously* on a unifying idea.") In the first measure, the pitches E-flat and A are associated in the opening chord played by the right hand. In the second measure, the two tones recur on the third beat, inverted, in the voice and in the bass of the piano part. In measure four, they are associated on the second beat, and in the following measure they return on the second beat, the A now an octave lower. Finally, it is with these notes that the voice part ends. In such relationships, we can observe the rigorous logic that was to culminate, many years later, in the twelve-tone method.

"The laws of nature in a man of genius," Schoenberg declared, "are but the laws of the future." His *Book of the Hanging Gardens* is one of the first works in which that future was made manifest.

Musical examples: Copyright renewal by Gertrud Schoenberg



OPUS 1
1. DANK (THANKS)
Karl von Levetzow

Grosses hast du mir gegeben in jenen Hochstunden,
Die für uns bestehen im Zeitlosen.
Grosses hast du mir gegeben: ich danke dir.
Schönheit schenkten wir uns im stets Wachsenden,
Was ich mir vorbehielt im Raumlosen.
Schönheit schenkten wir uns: ich danke dir!
Ungewollt schufst du mir noch das
Gewaltigste,
Schufst mir das Niergeahnte: den schönen Schmerz!
Tief in die Seele bohrtest du mir ein finstres Schwertweh,
Dumpf nächtig trennend und dennoch hell winterlich
leuchtend.
Schön! dreifach schön! denn von dir kam es ja!
Ungewollt schufst du mir noch das
Gewaltigste,
Schufst mir das Niergeahnte: ich danke dir!

You have given me greatness in those exalted hours
That exist for us in timelessness.
You have given me greatness: I thank you.
We gave each other ever-growing beauty,
Which I reserved for myself in the infinity of space.
We gave each other beauty: I thank you!
Unintentionally you created for me that which is most
powerful,
You created for me the unthinkable: beautiful sorrow!
Deep in my soul you pierced me with a sharp pain,
Separating us in the gloom of night and then shining with a
wintry brightness.
Beautiful! Thrice beautiful! Because it came from you!
Unintentionally you created for me that which is most
powerful,
You created for me the unthinkable: I thank you!

2. ABSCHIED (PARTING)
Karl von Levetzow

Aus den Trümmern einer hohen Schönheit
Lass mich bauen einen tiefen Schmerz.
Weinen lass mich aus den tiefsten Schmerzen eine Thräne,
Wie nur Männer weinen. Und dann geh!
Und nimm noch ein Gedenken heisser Liebe,
Freudig dir geschenkt;
Ewig mein bleibt, was du mir gelassen:
Meiner Wehmut sternenloses Dunkel. Und dann geh!
Und lass mich stumm erstarren;
Du zieh fürder deine helle Bahn,
Stern der Sterne! frage nicht nach Leichen!
Sieh', mir naht der hehr'ste Göttertröster,
Meine selbstgebor'ne Urgewalt.
Tief in mir die alte Nacht der Nächte
Weitet sich zur grossen Weltumnachtung.
Der Alleinheit schwere Trümmer,
Schmerzen wachsen, wachsen zur unendlichkeit.
Sieh! ich selber werde Nacht und Schönheit.
Allumfassend unbegrenztes Weh!
Ziehe weiter, heller Stern der Sterne.
Unerkannt, wie meine grosse Liebe:
Dunkel schweigend, wie die grossen Schmerzen,
Wo du wendest, wo du siegend leuchtest;
Stets umwoigt dich meine grosse Nacht!

Out of the ruins of an exalted beauty
Let me build a deep pain.
Let me shed a tear out of deepest pain,
As only men can weep. And then go!
And take with you but one more thought of burning love,
Given to you joyfully.
Forever mine will be what you have left me:
The starless darkness of my sorrow. And then go!
And leave me mutely frozen;
You go farther on your bright path,
Star of stars! Do not ask for corpses!
See, there comes to me the highest comforter of the gods,
My self-born primeval power.
Deep within me, the old night of nights
Expands into the darkening of the world.
From the oppressive wreckage of aloneness,
Sorrows grow, grow into eternity.
See! I myself become night and beauty,
All-embracing boundless pain!
Go farther, bright star of stars,
Unknown, as my great love:
Dark, silent, as the great sorrows,
Wherever you turn, wherever you shine in victory,
You will always be enfolded in my deep night!

OPUS 2
1. ERWARTUNG (EXPECTATION)
Richard Dehmel

Aus dem meergrünen Teiche neben der roten Villa
Unter der toten Eiche scheint der Mond.
Wo ihr dunkles Abbild durch das Wasser greift,
Steht ein Mann und streift einen Ring von seiner Hand.
Drei Opale blinken; durch die bleichen Steine
Schwimmen rot und grüne Funken und versinken.
Und er küsst sie, und seine Augen leuchten
Wie der meergrüne Grund: ein Fenster tut sich auf.
Aus der roten Villa neben der toten Eiche
Winkt ihm eine bleiche Frauenhand.

From the sea-green pond near the red villa,
Beneath the dead oak shines the moon.
Where her dark image gleams through the water,
A man stands and draws a ring from his hand.
Three opals glimmer; among the pale stones
Swim red and green sparks, and sink below.
And he kisses her, his eyes glowing
Like the sea-green depths. A window opens.
From the red villa near the dead oak,
A woman's pale hand waves to him.

2. JESUS BETTELT (JESUS BEGS)
Richard Dehmel

Schenk mir deinen goldenen Kamm; jeden Morgen soll dich
mahnen,
Dass du mir die Haare küsstest.
Schenk mir deinen seidenen Schwamm; jeden Abend will ich
ahnen,
Wem du dich im Bade rütest, o Maria.
Schenk mir alles was du hast, meine Seele ist nicht eitel,
Stolz empfang ich deinen Segen.
Schenk mir deine schwere Last; willst du nicht auf meinen
Scheitel
Auch dein Herz, dein Herz noch legen, Magdalena?

Give me your golden comb; every morning may it
remind you
To kiss my hair.
Give me your silken sponge; every evening I want
to be aware
When you prepare for your bath, O Mary.
Give me everything you have; my soul is not vain;
Proudly I receive your blessing.
Give me your heavy burden; do you not also wish
to lay your heart,
Your heart upon my head, Magdalene?

3. ERHEBUNG (EXALTATION)
Richard Dehmel

Gib mir deine Hand, nur den Finger,
Dann seh' ich diesen ganzen Erdkreis als mein Eigen an.
O wie blüht mein Land, sieh mich doch nur an!
Dass ich mit dir über die Wolken in die Sonne kann!

Give me your hand, only a finger,
And I will see this whole round earth as if it were my own.
Oh, how my land blossoms. Gaze upon me!
That I may go with you above the clouds into the sun!

4. WALDSONNE (FOREST SUN)
Johannes Schlaf

In die braunen, rauschenden Nächte flittert ein Licht herein,
Grüngolden ein Schein.
Blumen blinken auf und Gräser und die singenden,
springenden
Waldwässerlein, und Erinnerungen.
Die längst verklungenen: golden erwachen sie wieder,
All dein fröhlichen Lieder.
Und ich sehe deine goldenen Haare glänzen, und ich sehe
Deine goldenen Augen glänzen aus den grünen, raunenden
Nächten.
Und mir ist, ich läge neben dir auf dem
Rasen und hörte dich wieder
Auf der glitzblanken Syrinx in die blauen
Himmelslüfte blasen.
In die braunen, wühlenden Nächte flittert ein Licht,
Ein goldener Schein.

In the brown, rustling nights there flutters a light,
A green-golden gleam.
Flowers brightly wink, and grass, and the singing,
leaping
Little forest brook, and memories.
The long silent ones: golden, they awake again,
All your joyous songs.
And I see your golden hair glitter, and I see
Your golden eyes glitter out of the green,
murmuring nights.
And I feel as if I were lying next to you on
the lawn, hearing you once again
Blow on your sparkling, glistening pipes into
the blue air of heaven.
In the brown, turbulent nights there flutters a light,
A golden gleam.

OPUS 15

DAS BUCH DER HÄNGENDEN GÄRTEN (THE BOOK OF THE HANGING GARDENS)

Stefan George

1. Unterm schutz von dichten blätter gründen,
Wo von sternchen feine flocken schneien,
Sachte stimmen ihre leiden künden,
Fabeltiere aus den braunen schlünden
Strahlen in die marmorbecken speien,
Draus die kleinen bäche klagend eilen:
Kamen kerzen das gesträuch entzünden,
Weisse formen das gewässer teilen.

Under the protection of dense depths of leaves,
Where fine flakes snow down from stars,
Soft voices proclaim their sorrows,
Fabled animals from brown maws
Spew streams of water into marble basins,
From which, lamenting, the little brooks rush:
Candles came to illuminate the bushes,
White figures divided the waters.

2. Hain in diesen paradiesen
Wechselt ab mit blütenwiesen,
Hallen, buntbemalten fliesen.
Schlanker störche schnäbel kräuseln
Teiche, die von fischen schillern,
Vögel-reihen matten scheinens
Auf den schiefen firsten trillern
Und die goldnen binsen säuseln—
Doch mein traum verfolgt nur eines.

Groves in these paradises
Alternate with fields of flowers,
Porticos and gaily colored flagstones.
Beaks of slender storks ripple
Ponds that iridesce with fish,
Faintly gleaming rows of birds
Trill on the sloping gables,
And the golden rushes whisper—
Yet my dream pursues only one goal.

3. Als neuling trat ich ein in dein gehege;
Kein staunen war vorher in meinen mienen,
Kein wunsch in mir, eh ich dich blickte, rege.
Der jungen hände faltung sieh mit huld,
Erwähle mich zu denen, die dir dienen
Und schone mit erbarmender geduld
Den, der noch strauchelt auf so fremden stege.

As a neophyte I entered your sanctuary;
No wonder showed before in my face,
No wish stirred in me ere I saw you.
Look with favor upon my young clasped hands,
Choose me to be among your servants
And protect with merciful patience
The one still stumbling on so strange a path.

4. Da meine lippen reglos sind und brennen,
Beacht ich erst, wohin mein fuss geriet:
In andrer herren prächtiges gebiet.
Noch war vielleicht mir möglich, mich zu trennen,
Da schien es, dass durch hohe gitterstäbe
Der blick, vor dem ich ohne lass gekniet,
Mich fragend suchte oder zeichen gäbe.

Now that my lips are motionless and burning
I mark at last whither my steps have taken me:
To a realm of splendor ruled by others.
Perhaps I might still have had a chance to escape,
But then it seemed that through the high trellises
The glance, to which unceasingly I had knelt,
Looked questioningly at me or would give a sign.

5. Saget mir, auf welchem pfade
Heute sie vorüberschreite—
Dass ich aus der reichsten lade
Zarte seidenweben hole,
Rose pflücke und viole,
Dass ich meine wange breite,
Schemel unter ihrer sohle.

Tell me on which path
She may pass by today—
That from the richest store
I may fetch delicate woven silks,
And pluck roses and violets;
That I may make of my cheek
A stool under the sole of her foot.

6. Jedem werke bin ich fürder tot.
Dich mir nahzurufen mit den sinnen,
Neue reden mit dir auszuspinnen,
Dienst und lohn, gewährung und verbot,
Von allen dingen ist nur dieses not
Und weinen, dass die bilder immer fliehen,
Die in schöner finsternis gediehen—
Wann der kalte klare morgen droht.

To all labors I am henceforth dead.
Calling you close with my senses,
To spin new tales with you,
Service and reward, permission and denial,
Of all things only this is needed;
And weep that the visions always flee,
Which flourished in the beautiful dark—
When the cold, clear morning looms.

7. Angst und hoffen wechselnd mich beklemmen,
Meine worte sich in seufzer dehnen,
Mich bedrängt so ungestümes sehnen,
Dass ich mich an rast und schlaf nicht kehre,

Fear and hope in turn depress me,
My words expand into sighs,
Such stormy yearning besets me
That I care for neither rest nor sleep,

Dass mein Jager tränen schwebmen,
Dass ich jede freude von mir wehre,
Dass ich keines freundes trost begehre.

That tears flood my couch,
That I ward off every pleasure,
That I desire no friend's consolation.

8. Wenn ich heut nicht deinen leib berühre,
Wird der faden meiner seele reissen
Wie zu sehr gespannte sehne.
Liebe zeichen seien trauerflöre
Mir, der leidest, seit ich dir gehöre.
Richte, ob mir solche qual gebühre,
Kühlung spreng mir, dem fieberheissen,
Der ich wankend draussen lehne.

If I do not touch your body today,
The thread of my soul will break
Like an overstretched bowstring.
Let love tokens be mourning crepes
For me, who suffers, since I belong to you.
Consider whether I deserve such torture,
Spray cooling drops upon me, the fever-ridden,
Who, shaking, leans outside your door.

9. Streng ist uns das glück und spröde,
Was vermocht ein kurzer kuss?
Eines regentropfens guss
Auf gesengter bleicher öde,
Die ihn ungenossen schlingt,
Neue labung missen muss
Und vor neuen gluten springt.

Fortune is severe and coy with us.
Of what is one short kiss capable?
It is like one drop of rain, spilled
Upon a seared bleak desert,
Which swallows it unslaked,
Still seeking refreshment
And bursting with new fire.

10. Das schöne beet betracht ich mir im harren,
Es ist umzäunt mit purpurn-schwarzem dorne,
Drin ragen kelche mit geflecktem sporne
Und sammtgefederte, geneigte farren
Und flockenbüschel, wassergrün und rund
Und in der mitte glocken, weiss und mild—
Von einem odem ist ihr feuchter mund
Wie süsse frucht vom himmlischen gefild.

I stare and ponder at the pretty flower bed,
It is hedged with purple-black thorn,
From which rise chalices with speckled spurs
And velvet-feathered arched ferns
And cornflower clusters, water-green and round
And in the center bell-flowers, white and gentle—
From one breath their moist mouth is
Like sweet fruit from gardens in the sky.

11. Als wir hinter dem beblühten tore
Endlich nur das eigne hauchen spürten,
Warden uns erdachte seligkeiten?
Ich erinnere, dass wie schwache rohre
Beide stumm zu beben wir begannen
Wenn wir leis nur an uns rührten
Und dass unsre augen rannen—
So verbliebest du mir lang zu seiten.

When, beyond the flowered gate,
At last we felt no breathing but our own,
Did we then find imaginary raptures?
I remember that, like fragile reeds,
Both silent, we began to tremble
When we no more than lightly touched,
And that our eyes welled over with tears—
Thus you stayed, for a long time, by my side.

12. Wenn sich bei heiliger ruh in tiefen matten
Um unsre schläfen unsre hände schmiegen,
Verehrung lindert unsrer glieder brand:
So denke nicht der ungestalten schatten,
Die an der wand sich auf und unter wiegen,
Der wächter nicht, die rasch uns scheiden dürfen
Und nicht, dass vor der stadt der weisse sand
Bereit ist, unser warmes blut zu schlürfen.

When in blest repose in deep meadows
Round our temples our hands caress,
Reverence relieves the fire in our limbs:
So think not of the monstrous shadows
That, on the wall, rise and fall,
Nor of watchers who may part us in haste
Nor of the white sand beyond the town,
Ready to drink down our warm blood.

13. Du lehnst wider eine silberweide
Am ufer, mit des fächers starren spitzen
Umschirmest du das haupt dir wie mit blitzten
Und rollst, als ob du spieltest dein geschmeide.
Ich bin im boot, das laubgewölbe wahren,
In das ich dich vergeblich lud zu steigen—
Die weiden seh ich, die sich tiefer neigen
Und blumen, die verstreut im wasser fahren.

You rest against a silver willow
By the river bank; with the stiff ribs of your fan
You shield your head as if with lightning flashes
And roll your jewels as if playing.
I am in the boat, which leafy arches conceal,
Which I, in vain, invited you to board—
I see the willows bending lower
And scattered flowers drifting in the water.

14. Sprich nicht immer
Von dem laub,
Windes raub,
Vom zerschellen
Reifer quitten,
Von den trittern
Der vernichter
Spät im jahr.
Von dem zittern
Der libellen
In gewittern
Und der lichter,
Deren flimmer
Wandelbar.

Speak not always
Of the leaves,
The wind's prey,
Of the squashing
Of ripe quinces,
Of the tread
Of the destroyers
Late in the year.
Of the quivering
Of dragonflies
During storms
And of the lights,
Whose flames
Are inconstant.

15. Wir bevölkerten die abend-düstern
Lauben, lichten tempel, pfad und beet
Freudig—sie mit lächeln, ich mit flüstern—
Nun ist wahr, dass sie für immer geht.
Hohe blumen blassen oder brechen,
Es erblasst und bricht der weiher glas
Und ich trete fehl im morschen gras,
Palmen mit den spitzen fingern stechen.
Mürber blätter zischendes gewühl
Jagen ruckweis unsichtbare hände
Draussen um des edens fahle wände.
Die nacht ist überwölkt und schwül.

We peopled the evening-dusky
Arbors, bright temples, paths and flower beds
With joy—she with smiles, I with whispers—
Now it is true that she is going forever.
Tall flowers grow pale or break,
Paling and breaking is the glass of the ponds
And I flounder in marshy grass,
Palms prick with their sharp fingers.
Hissing showers of brittle leaves
Are driven, gust upon gust, by invisible hands
Outside, around the ash walls of Eden.
The night is overcast and sultry.

Notes on Schoenberg's Piano Music

by Glenn Gould

For Arnold Schoenberg, the piano was an instrument of convenience. He turned to it as a solo vehicle on five occasions—six, if one counts the *Piano Concerto*—and used it also in his lieder, as partner to the voice, and in certain of his instrumentally assorted chamber works. To some extent, then, it is possible to trace the development of Schoenberg's stylistic ideas through his writing for piano; and in doing so, one comes to the conclusion that with the appearance of each subsequent work, the piano per se meant less and less to him. Mind you, it would be unfair to imply that Schoenberg was unsympathetic to the mechanics of the instrument. There is not one phrase in all of his music for the piano which is badly conceived in terms of execution on a keyboard. There is certainly no trace of that excessively arbitrary anti-instrumental bias which increasingly marked Schoenberg's writing for the violin and which came to a remorseless conclusion in the congested figurations and impractical harmonics demanded of that instrument in the *Fantasy*, Opus 47.

Schoenberg does not write *against* the piano, but neither can he be accused of writing *for* it. There is not one phrase in his keyboard output which reveals the least indebtedness to the percussive sonorities exploited in an overwhelming percentage of contemporary keyboard music. Either Schoenberg recognized that the *moto ritmico barbarico* method was absolutely the dead end it has since been proved (an insight granted to few of his confreres) and that its heyday could endure only so long as the last tendon stayed unstretched; or, as I hold to be the case, he possessed almost from the outset of his career a very different opinion as to how the instrument might serve him best. He asks very little of the piano in terms of instrumental eccentricity. One might cite the pedal-harmonics in the first movement of Opus 11 (which almost invariably fail to carry beyond the first row) and the demonic metronome markings of the *Piano Concerto* (which his courteous foreword suggests be taken with a grain of salt) as indulgences, but there are precious few other instances in which Schoenberg demands of the instrument anything that goes against the grain of its sounding board. Though Schoenberg uses an instrumental equivalent of *Sprechgesang* in much of his fiddle music, there is no attempt to capitalize upon such extravagances in his writing for piano.

Schoenberg, of course, did not write or, at any rate, publish a composition for solo piano until he was ready to abandon the late-blooming tonal luxuriance of his first style. In his first period, however, he did produce masses of lieder, of which Opus 1 and Opus 2 are included in this album. And in the best of these, as well as in the songs of Opus 3 and Opus 6, Schoenberg managed to employ an accompanimental style which is, in my opinion, more original and indeed more suited to the instrument than the lieder accompaniments of Brahms or Hugo Wolf, and not less imaginative—which is saying a great

deal—than those of Richard Strauss. Indeed, I can think of no song by Strauss which exploits the quasi-symphonic resources of the contrapuntally employed piano to better effect than *Warnung* of Schoenberg's Opus 3 or *Verlassen* from his Opus 6. Perhaps one should conclude this brief comment on the pre-atonal keyboard style of Schoenberg with its increasingly complex polyphony by mentioning that the orchestral accompaniments of the *Six Songs*, Opus 8, were provided with piano reductions by no less an authority than Anton Webern, which for sheer ledger-line unplayability are equalled only by Eduard Steuermann's transcription of the *First Chamber Symphony* and by my own (mercifully unpublished and after-hours only) reduction of Anton Bruckner's *Eighth*.

In the *Second String Quartet* (1907-08) Schoenberg offered his last essay in chromatically extended tonality. (The quasi-tonal experiments of the late years, whatever their superficial similarity to his early style, have an altogether different harmonic focus, which I discussed in some notes to Volume 3 of "The Music of Arnold Schoenberg.") And in the final movement of this *Quartet*, he began, most tentatively, to explore the uncharted cosmos which he was sure existed beyond the gravitational pull of tonality.

It was at this time, about 1908, that Schoenberg began to use the piano as a solo instrument. Perhaps no other composition was as crucial to Schoenberg's future, and, if one accepts the eventualities of that future, then also to twentieth-century music, as the *Three Piano Pieces*, Opus 11. They were not his first atonal works, for besides the last movement of the *Second Quartet*, many of the songs in his magnificent cycle *Das Buch der hängenden Gärten*, Opus 15, predated Opus 11. But in terms of a sustained structure (the second of the *Three Piano Pieces* runs to nearly seven minutes), Opus 11 was the first major test of the possibilities of survival in a musical universe no longer dominated by a triadically centered harmonic orbit. And the survival potential was, on the basis of Opus 11, eminently satisfactory.

Opus 11, No. 1, is a masterpiece. Judged by any criteria, this glorious vignette must rank with the very best of Brahms' *Intermezzos*. Opus 11, No. 2, is not nearly so successful. It is a long, somewhat gawky construction that keeps posing sophisticated melodic utterances over a D-F ostinato which, in view of the speculative uncertainty of the harmonic universe into which Schoenberg now projected himself, was perhaps retained for that same degree of consolation and reassurance that *Peanuts'* Linus seeks in his blanket. Opus 11, No. 3, is the first example of those flamboyant studies in sonority with which Schoenberg experimented in these transition years and which he was shortly to employ in the *Five Orchestral Pieces*, Opus 16. If it is not quite so successful as Opus 11, No. 1, it is still perhaps the most courageous moment in Schoenberg's middle period.

I wonder if any group of pieces of comparable total duration (five-and-a-half minutes, give or take a *Luft-pause*) has ever elicited as much analytical scrutiny as Schoenberg's Opus 19. Ironically, these *Six Little Piano Pieces*, which were once described as having condensed a novel into a sigh, have been subject over the last fifty years to enough critical attention to fill a small encyclopedia. The first reaction to these pieces—the reaction of academics conditioned to think of breadth of outline, developmental sequence within a structure and coloristic largesse as inevitable concomitants of occidental musical tradition—was that they either annihilated the mainstream of 19th-century Romanticism or forever alienated Schoenberg from it. Either Schoenberg had indeed discovered a new way in which to order and direct musical progression, or he had declared himself emotionally bankrupt.

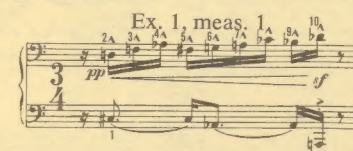
The truth, I think, lay somewhere in between. These are puzzling, even infuriating little pieces, and the initial reaction to them was not altogether unjustified. It is disconcerting to admit that Schoenberg, the creator of the colossal *Gurrelieder*, should be reduced to writing keyboard trifles. Furthermore, one is tempted to read these works in the light of their influence upon Schoenberg's disciples. The phenomenon of their brevity so fascinated the young composers under Schoenberg's tutelage that, with an apostolic fervor equalled in recent years only by the cult of the aleatoric or the curse of the reversible tape, these pieces reappeared almost instantly as Webern's Opus 9 and as Alban Berg's slightly more substantial Opus 5. Suddenly, the art of the miniaturist was prospering; pianissimos proliferated, and rests acquired fermatas. A new day of *Augenmusik* was at hand. It was, of course, an escape hatch, an emergency exit for the uncomfortable stowaways aboard the good ship post-Wagnerian Romanticism.

But Schoenberg was not of this company: his *Verklärte Nacht*, *Pelléas and Mélisande*, the *Quartet in D Minor* and the *Chamber Symphony in E* were never an appendix to the post-Romantic movement. They were, rather, its intense and resourceful culmination. Schoenberg had earned the right to experiment; however, Opus 19, despite being a stimulus to the pointillistic manner, was not, for Schoenberg, a profitable experiment. Shortly, he was to withdraw into a decade of reflection and meditation. To continue as a miniaturist was not to be his role. Indeed, the very best of his miniatures, the penultimate song from *The Book of the Hanging Gardens*, Opus 15, makes its effect not only because of pointillistic novelty, but also through the contrast implicit in its location within the spacious architecture of that last of the great Romantic song cycles.

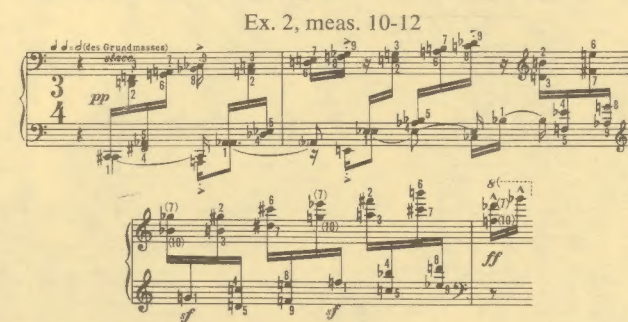
With Opus 23, composed in 1923, Schoenberg returned to a more conventional scale of duration. These *Five Piano Pieces* are not unlike Opus 11 in texture, but they

are infinitely more elaborate in terms of the motivic involvements. For Schoenberg was on the brink of his still-controversial technical breakthrough—the system of composition with rows consisting of twelve tones. The fifth piece of Opus 23 is the first legislated twelve-tone composition—a statistic for the record only, since in all other respects it is dwarfed by the superbly inventive, not quite totally organized composing process which produced Nos. 1 through 4. Schoenberg's method, while verging on the twelve-tone procedure, was an extension of the semi-systematized motivic variation which he used to great effect in such works of his atonal period as the monodrama *Erwartung*, Opus 17. It is a method by which a sequence of intervals recurs ad infinitum, the statements being distinguished from one another only by variables of rhythm, transposition and dynamic projection. For the continuance of these primary motivic groups (there need not, as in the early practice of the twelve-tone system, be only one group) such conceits of Classical-Romantic organization as first theme, secondary theme, episode and so forth become meaningless—or, at any rate, change their spots to match the dynamic, rhythmic and, if I may borrow a useful bit of Princetonian terminology, pitch-class conditions.

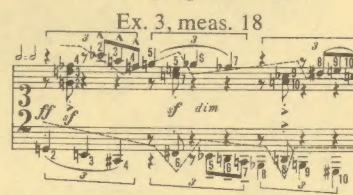
Consider this "thematic" passage from Opus 23, No. 2, a ten-tone row in which the last tone is the enharmonic equivalent of the first:



A sequential section that occurs later on in the piece employs tones one through nine:



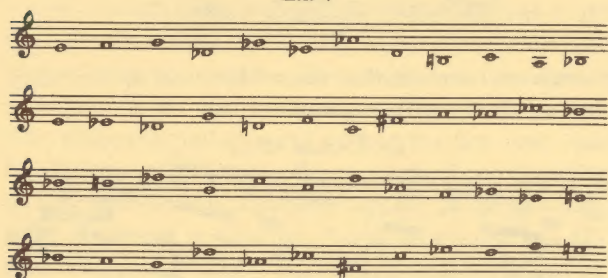
Finally, the row, minus the first tone, appears inverted in three simultaneous statements, the initial pitches of which—G, B, E-flat—are four semitones apart (B serving to inaugurate the triadic superpositions).



Of Opus 25, composed in 1925, I cannot speak without some prejudice. I can think of no composition for solo piano from the first quarter of this century which can stand as its equal. Nor is my affection for it influenced by Schoenberg's total reliance on twelve-tone procedures. The fact that some of Schoenberg's greatest works were produced in the last half of the 1920's is undoubtedly related to his use of the twelve-tone method. But indirectly! Schoenberg, the prophet who had fallen silent, had found his voice again. From out of an arbitrary rationale of elementary mathematics and debatable historical perception came a rare joie de vivre, a blessed enthusiasm for the making of music. And the *Piano Suite*, along with the other exuberant neo-Rococo essays of this period (*Serenade*, Opus 24; *Wind Quintet*, Opus 26, etc.) for all its reliance on binary dance forms and its sly digs at pre-Classical convention (the *French Musette's* pedal-ostinato is an insistent tritone) is among the most spontaneous and wickedly inventive of Schoenberg's works.

Actually, limitation is the key to Schoenberg's inventive capacity here. Not only did he follow his twelve-tone method strictly, but he deliberately selected row material that further restricted his intervallic choices. Throughout the *Piano Suite*, only four basic positions of the row are heard: the original and its inversion, beginning on E, and a transposition of these two forms beginning on B-flat. (Note the G-D-flat tritone common to all four, as well as the perhaps not quite accidental B-A-C-H motive formed, in reverse order, by tones 9 through 12.)

Ex. 4



The two pieces of Opus 33 (1929 and 1932) are a bit of a letdown. They make use of the harmonically subdivided row devices with which Schoenberg was increasingly preoccupied during the last two decades of his life. This is the technique that appeared in most of his twelve-tone works from the time of *Von Heute auf Morgen* and *Accompaniment to a Film Scene* (1929 and 1930) on. In somewhat modified form, it was to produce the haunting, quasi-tonal harmonies found in many of the late works (*Kol Nidre*, *Ode to Napoleon*, etc.) and also to encourage in the more conventional twelve-tone essays of the last period (*Piano Concerto*, *Violin Fantasy*, etc.) an exploitation of invertible hexachords as row material. In Opus 33, however, the vertical aspects of the tone-row technique had not yet been assimilated, and the result is

a somewhat pedestrian exposition of three- and four-tone superpositions decorated by what are, for Schoenberg, rather rigid melodic ideas.

Experiment was the essence of Schoenberg's musical experience, and we can be grateful that in carrying out his experiments, he turned on five occasions to the solo piano. Each of these compositions either inaugurates or shares in the inauguration of a new chapter in Schoenberg's development. And, given his pragmatic relationship to the instrument, it is not surprising that when, in his later years, he occupied himself with an experiment of conciliation between the twelve-tone method and harmonic structures reminiscent of his pre-atonal style, the piano, incidental to the symphonic vocabulary which he now recalled, was no longer suited to his purpose. But during the crucial moments of the most significant experiments of his career, during the years when Schoenberg was reworking the contemporary musical language, the piano—inexpensive to write for, instantly able to demonstrate the dangers and the possibilities of a new vocabulary—was his servant. Schoenberg repaid it with some of the great moments in its contemporary literature.

Musical examples 1-3: © 1923 & 1951 by Wilhelm Hansen, Copenhagen. By permission of the publishers.

THE SELECTIONS ARE FOLLOWED BY THEIR PUBLISHERS AND TIMINGS

SIDE I

ZWEI GESÄNGE, Op. 1—Free in U.S.A.14:43
 VIER LIEDER, Op. 2—Free in U.S.A.12:00

SIDE II

DAS BUCH DER HÄNGENDEN GÄRTEN,
 Op. 15—Arnold Schoenberg28:47

SIDE III

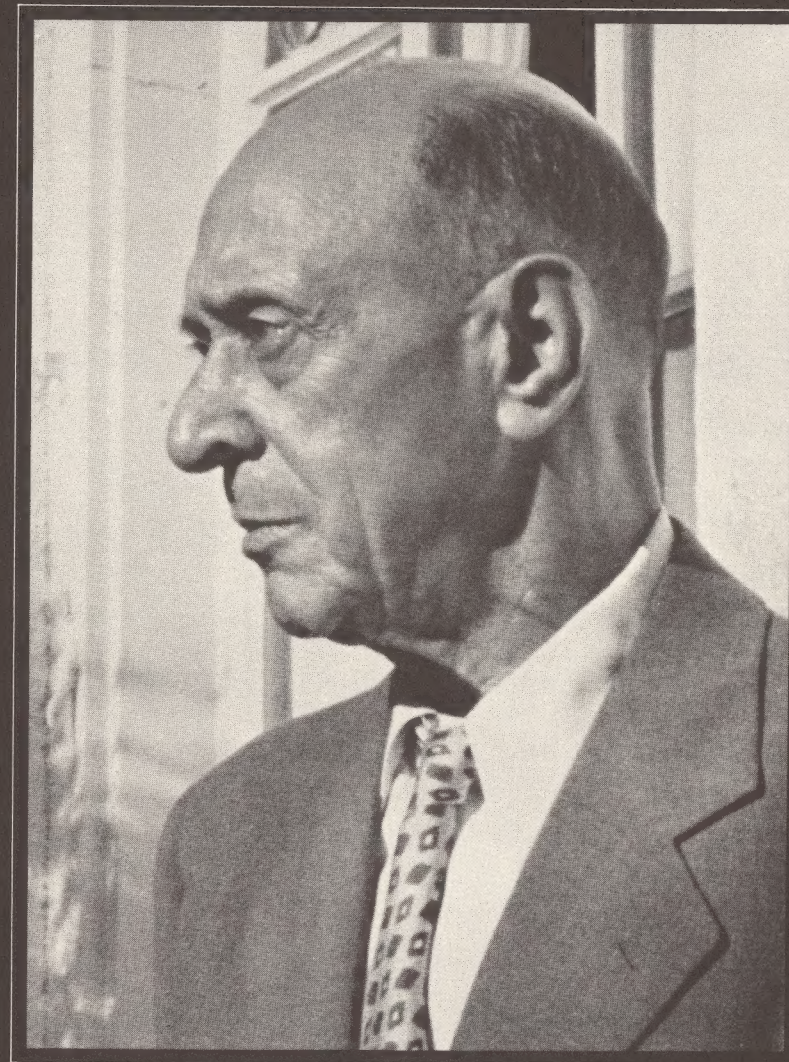
DREI KLAVIERSTÜCKE, Op. 11—
 Theodore Presser Co. (ASCAP)15:11
 FÜNF KLAVIERSTÜCKE, Op. 23—
 G. Schirmer, Inc. (Wilhelm Hansen)
 (ASCAP)14:50

SIDE IV

SECHS KLEINE KLAVIERSTÜCKE,
 Op. 19—Theodore Presser Co. (ASCAP)5:27
 SUITE FÜR KLAVIER, Op. 25—
 Mrs. Arnold Schoenberg (BMI)17:35
 KLAVIERSTÜCK, Op. 33a; KLAVIERSTÜCK,
 Op. 33b—Mrs. Arnold Schoenberg (BMI)7:03

Cover photo and self-portraits on p. 3 and p. 6 courtesy of Gertrud Schoenberg.

Inside back cover courtesy of Gerda Goedhart, Scheveningen, The Netherlands.



COLUMBIA
MASTERWORKS

THE MUSIC OF
ARNOLD SCHOENBERG,
VOL. 4
GLENN GOULD, Piano



M2S 736
MS 6816



SIDE 1
XSM 111565



1. ZWEI GESANGE, Op. 1
DONALD GRAMM, Bass-baritone

2. VIER LIEDER, Op. 2
ELLEN FAULL, Soprano

← "360 SOUND" →
"COLUMBIA", "MASTERWORKS", "STEREO" "360 SOUND" →
© "COLUMBIA", "MASTERWORKS", "MARCAS REG. PRINTED IN U.S.A."

XSM 111565-20

COLUMBIA
MASTERWORKS

THE MUSIC OF
ARNOLD SCHOENBERG,
VOL. 4
GLENN GOULD, Piano



M2S 736
MS 6816



SIDE 2
XSM 111566



DAS BUCH DER HÄNGENDEN GÄRTEN, Op. 15
HELEN VANNI, Mezzo-soprano

← "360 SOUND" →
© "COLUMBIA" "MASTERWORKS" "STEREO" "360 SOUND" →
MARCAS REG. PRINTED IN U.S.A.

COLUMBIA
MASTERWORKS

THE MUSIC OF
ARNOLD SCHOENBERG,
VOL. 4

GLENN GOULD, Piano



M2S 736
MS 6817



SIDE 1
XSM 111567



1. DREI KLAVIERSTÜCKE, Op. 11
2. FÜNF KLAVIERSTÜCKE, Op. 23

← "360 SOUND" STEREO "360 SOUND" →

© "COLUMBIA", "MASTERWORKS", MARCAS REG. PRINTED IN U.S.A.

COLUMBIA
MASTERWORKS

THE MUSIC OF
ARNOLD SCHOENBERG,
VOL. 4

GLENN GOULD, Piano



M2S 736
MS 6817



SIDE 2
XSM 111568



1. SECHS KLEINE KLAVIERSTÜCKE, Op. 19
2. SUITE FÜR KLAVIER, Op. 25
3. KLAVIERSTÜCK, Op. 33a
KLAVIERSTÜCK, Op. 33b

“360 SOUND” STEREO “360 SOUND”
©“COLUMBIA”, “MASTERWORKS”, MARCAS REG. PRINTED IN U.S.A.