

STEREO  
M2S 752

STEREO  
"360 SOUND"



M2L 352  
2  
RECORD  
SET

*Six Songs for Irene Jordan, Soprano*  
*Soprano and The Columbia*  
*Orchestra, Op. 8 Symphony*  
*Suite for String Orchestra*  
*Orchestra 1934 The Columbia*  
*Brahms Schoenberg Symphony*  
*Piano Quartet in G Minor Strings*  
*Orchestrated by Schoenberg The Chicago*  
*Friede auf Erden, Op. 13* **ROBERT CRAFT** *Symphony Orchestra*  
**CONDUCTING** *Ithaca College*  
*Concert Choir*

# THE MUSIC OF ARNOLD SCHOENBERG / VOLUME 5

Stereo—M2S 752  
Mono—M2L 352



TEXTS  
ENCLOSED

## Suite for String Orchestra (1934)

The manuscript title additionally describes the work as "In Olden Style." Schoenberg was not in any sense aligning himself with the neo-classicism then in vogue; however, nor was he, of course, as was popularly supposed at the time, recanting his "method of composition with twelve tones." The declared aim of the *Suite* was loftily didactic. It was intended for American student orchestras, as the composer avows in a foreword to the score (not published as such) and in a letter to the late Fritz Reiner. Its didactic purposes were threefold: to demonstrate techniques of classical composition; to offer a model of instrumental writing and a vehicle for student orchestras; and to provide students with an introduction to, as the composer put it, "modern feeling" music. These considerations partly account for the Bach-period forms and the key signatures, the composer's first since 1907, since which time and until this *Suite*, the trajectory of his development had been admirably consistent. But in at least one of his aims Schoenberg signally failed: he could not compose *Gebrauchsmusik*. His overestimation of the capacities of student string players was so great that even now, thirty years later, few major ensembles can perform the piece.

No matter how low Schoenberg appears to set his sights, the target he hits is high above the advertised one. The *Suite* is underrated, I think, in the first place because of the composer's own references to it; in the second because it is virtually unknown, even as Schoenberg goes, and, finally, because it falls outside the evolutionary thesis usually put upon Schoenberg. But by the gauge of mere delectation (dangerous as that may be) the *Suite*, when discovered, will be treasured by musicians and laymen alike. I might add that Schoenberg obviously enjoyed composing it, and surely he had earned the right to a holiday from his evolution. The music flows as if it had been a long time suppressed or held in confines.

Now, having presented this brief for the defense, I must acknowledge that the music is the oddest Schoenberg ever wrote. I regret that the five movements do not stand in the chronological order of their composition, for it gives the lie to my own thesis of a progression in quality from beginning to end, with a marked upsurge after the *Adagio*, as if at that point the composer had suspended his hopes or, more likely, fears of reaching the public school system, and had really engrossed himself in the music. To me, anyway, the first movement is the least interesting, and the second the least successful (those disconcerting repetitions in the first violin part beginning at measure 182, the two-chords-too-long ending, and several rhythmically empty or attenuated passages), whereas the *Menuet* is a firmly made and attractive piece, and the *Gavotte* and *Gigue* are brilliant ones.

The oddity is not in these miscalculations, however, but in the fact that the music often appears to be evoking Tchaikovsky, a composer Schoenberg abominated. The *Suite* has even been dubbed Schoenberg's *Baiser de la fée*—albeit inaptly, Stravinsky braiding together where Schoenberg develops, and keeping to triadic centers like a compass needle where Schoenberg regards them largely as points of departure. Not only are some of Schoenberg's vaunted melodies Tchaikovskyan (see the third *Largo* section in the *Overture*, and all of the *Adagio*), but so are some of the figurations, such as the *pizzicato* episode in the *Adagio*.

Tchaikovskyan, too, is the pentatonic tune in the *Più mosso* of the *Gavotte*, but the coda of that movement, the serenest page Schoenberg ever composed, evokes a still stranger resemblance, that of Prokofiev's *Classical Symphony*. The demonstration of instrumental effects in the *Gavotte*, as for example the contrasting of subdivided string groups and solos with the full ensemble, and the varieties of modes of articulation—*spiccato*, *saltando*, *col legno*, *tremolo*, *pizzicato*—may have been didactic, but it hardly stops there and has none of that taint. Tchaikovsky's shadow still darkens the *Gigue* in one episode, but most listeners will be too involved in Schoenberg's art to notice, and if another composer comes to mind, it will be Beethoven rather than Tchaikovsky (I am thinking especially of the passage beginning at measure 514).

### Side 1:

#### SCHOENBERG: SUITE FOR STRING ORCHESTRA

(ASCAP)

Overture (5:50)

Adagio (4:55)

Menuet (4:20)

Gavotte (6:05)

Gigue (7:00)

ROBERT CRAFT Conducting  
THE COLUMBIA SYMPHONY STRINGS

### Side 2:

#### SCHOENBERG: SIX SONGS, Op. 8

Natur (5:57)

Nie ward ich, Herrin, müd' (4:26)

Voll jener Süsse (6:05)

Wenn Vöglein klagen (5:46)

Sehnsucht (1:32)

Das Wappenschild (4:05)

IRENE JORDAN, Soprano  
ROBERT CRAFT Conducting  
THE COLUMBIA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA



### Side 3:

#### SCHOENBERG: FRIEDE AUF ERDEN, Op. 13 (8:00—BMI)

ROBERT CRAFT Conducting the  
ITHACA COLLEGE CONCERT CHOIR

#### BRAHMS: PIANO QUARTET IN G MINOR, Op. 25 (Beginning) (ASCAP)

Orchestrated by Arnold Schoenberg  
Allegro (♩ = 132: Schoenberg's metronome) (12:20)

### Side 4:

#### BRAHMS: PIANO QUARTET IN G MINOR, Op. 25 (Conclusion)

Intermezzo: Allegro, ma non tanto (8:10)

Andante con moto (9:40)

Presto: Rondo alla Zingarese (7:50)

ROBERT CRAFT Conducting the  
CHICAGO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Produced by John McClure

Note: The new (1965) engraved edition of the score is less correct in several particulars than the 1935 photographic score of a handwritten copy (*cf.*, violas at measure 146 in the new and 1935 scores). Many changes of tempo are missing, though one of them, the ritard in measure 126, was correct in the 1935 score.

## Six Songs, Opus 8 (1904)

The neglect of these orchestral songs is even less accountable than that of the *Suite*. After all, they are an evolutionary link in the development of a composer whose influence is already pervasive and on whom, as it now seems, the future of music will continue to travel. To object that all six songs together are too much to digest, or that the orchestral codas seem disproportionately long, or that Schoenberg's thumbprint is blurred by Wagnerism is not to explain the general lack of curiosity about these works. In any case, these criticisms are outweighed, if not canceled, by at least three of the songs: *Voll jener Süsse*, *Wenn Vöglein klagen* and *Natur* are among the most beautiful representatives of the literature of the orchestral *lied*. A fourth, *Das Wappenschild*, contains the gene of genius that can be found in almost everything Schoenberg wrote and employs the whole-tone scale that was to saturate his next opus, the *Chamber Symphony*, but it is, I think, remarkably bad. The Wagnerisms, or Valkyrisms, are surprisingly unmodified by intervening refinements whether from Strauss, Debussy or Mahler (who stands closely behind another song, *Sehnsucht*), and they sound very gauche. Forecasts of one kind or another occur in all of the songs, most notably of the *Second Quartet* in the middle section of *Voll jener Süsse*; but then, as I said, the songs are "evolutionary." The order used on this record was established by Schoenberg for a concert in 1912.

## Friede auf Erden, Opus 13

The chorus *Friede auf Erden* (1907) is less rarely performed than the other music in the album, and is therefore less in need of a commentary. It is difficult music to sing *a capella*, even today, but the orchestral tuning-accompaniment supplied by the composer greatly weakens the effect of the piece.

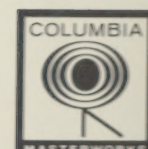
## Brahms: Piano Quartet in G Minor, Op. 25 Orchestrated by Schoenberg

This score, which dates from the late spring and summer of 1937, is the least known in the present album and, in fact, is not yet published (thirty years after performance!). It is, none the less, the most successful of Schoenberg's orchestral transcriptions, and it may still take its place in the repertory as "Brahms's Fifth," which is how Schoenberg once described it. He also defended his orchestration as Brahmsian, but up-to-date—an argument that has served as an apologia for some of the worst of contemporary orchestrations of the classics. The difference is not in Schoenberg's approach but in his imagination of genius and in his absolute orchestral mastery. Whether extensions of Brahms or not, Schoenberg's instrumental inventions do not violate the Brahmsian unity of the composition or, as they translate it to another medium, change the character of the Brahmsian expression. For the rest, we may remark that few other contemporary composers would have devoted so great an effort to the Hamburg master. That Schoenberg did so, and at the peak of his powers (boasting of his "fifty years of thorough acquaintance" as a qualification), is proof, if proof were needed, of how deeply he was steeped in Brahms's style. In our album, the quartet is intended to balance the *Six Songs*, Schoenberg stepping in almost equal measure from Wagner and Brahms. R.C.

This volume is the fifth in a series. Previously recorded:

Volume I . . . M2L 279/M2S 679\*  
Volume II . . . M2L 294/M2S 694\*  
Volume III . . . M2L 309/M2S 709\*  
Volume IV . . . M2L 336/M2S 736\*

\*Stereo



M2L 352/M2S 752

# THE MUSIC OF ARNOLD SCHOENBERG VOLUME 5

## SIX SONGS, OPUS 8

### NATUR (von Heinrich Hart)

Nacht fließt in Tag und Tag in Nacht  
Der Bach zum Strom, der strom zum Meer  
In Tod zerrinnt des Lebens Pracht,  
Und Tod zeugt Leben licht und hehr  
Und jeder Geist, der brünstig strebt,  
Dringt wie ein Quell in alle Welt,  
Was du erlebst, hab ich erlebt,  
Was mich erhellt, hat dich erhellt.

All' sind wir eines Baums Getrieb,  
Ob Ast, ob Zweig, ob Mark ob Blatt  
Gleich hat Natur uns alle lieb,  
Sie unser Aller Ruhestatt.

### NIE WARD ICH, HERRIN, MUD' . . . (Petrarca)

Nie ward ich, Herrin, müd',  
Um Euch zu minnen,  
Noch werd' ich's sein,  
Weil ich am Leben bleibe,  
Vom eignen Hass doch nun ans Land ich  
treibe,  
Und kraftlos macht der Tränen endlos  
Rinnen.  
Will lieber mir ein schön, weiss Grab  
gewinnen,  
Als dass zur Schmach man Euren Namen  
schreibe  
Auf Marmor mir, trennt sich mein Geist vom  
Leibe,  
Der wohl nun mehr ihm länger wohnt  
innen.  
Drum, kann ein Herz in Lieb und Treu  
erfahren,  
Euch ohn' ihm Qualen zu bereiten,  
Gnügen, lasst diesem Eure Gnade  
widerfahren.

Meint Euer Zorn auf andre Art zu siegen,  
Er irrt, und wird nie, was er denkt,  
gewahren;  
Das dank', o Lieb', ich mir und deinem  
Fügen!

### NATURE

Night flows into day and day into night,  
The brook into the river, the river to the sea.  
Life's splendor is no more in death  
And death begets life clear and sublime,  
And every spirit who ardently strives  
Pierces the whole world like a well.  
What you have experienced I have  
experienced,  
What enlightens me also has enlightened you.

We all are offshoots of one tree,  
Whether branch or twig or marrow or leaf;  
Nature loves us all well,  
She is the place of rest for us all.

### NEVER, MISTRESS, DID I GROW TIRED

Never, mistress, did I grow tired  
Of courting you,  
Nor will I do so  
While I am alive;  
Yet my own hatred drives me into the land  
And an endless flow of tears robs me of  
strength.  
I would rather gain for myself a beautiful,  
white grave  
Than have your name demeaned by having  
it written  
On marble for me when my spirit,  
Which still lives in it, leaves my body.  
So if a loving and true heart  
Suffices you and you'll not cause it torture,  
Let it feel your mercy.

If your ire believes in a victory of a different  
kind,  
You err and you will never achieve your goal;  
For that, dearest, I thank myself and what  
you have ordained.

### VOLL JENER SUSSE . . . (Petrarca)

Voll jener Süsse, die, nicht auszudrücken,  
Vom schönen Angesicht mein Aug'  
empfangen am Tag,  
Wo lieber blind ich war gegangen,  
Um nimmer klein're Schönheit zu erblicken,  
Liess ich, was mir das Liebst';  
Und mit Entzücken ist ganz in ihr  
Des Geistes Blick befangen,  
Der, was nicht sie ist,  
Wie aus einer langen Gewohnheit  
Hasst und ansieht mit dem Rücken.

In einem Tale rings umher verschlossen,  
Das meinen müden Seufzern Kühlung  
spendet,  
Kam langsam, liebesinnend ich zur Stelle,  
Da sah ich Frauen nicht, doch Fels und  
Quelle

Und jenes Tages Bild,  
Das unverdrossen mein Geist mir malt,  
Wohin mein Blick sich wendet.

### WENN VOGLEIN KLAGEN . . . (Petrarca)

Wenn Vöglein klagen und in grünen  
Zweigen  
Mit lindem Säuseln Sommerlüftchen beben,  
Wenn dumpfen Murmels lichte Wellen  
steigen  
Und um beblünte, frische Ufer weben,  
Sitz ich und schreib in Liebe hingegeben  
Und die der Himmel uns geruht zu zeigen,  
Die Erde barg, seh ich dann noch am Leben  
Und fernher meinen Seufzern hold sich  
neigen  
„Warum ach! vor der Zeit dich so  
verbluten?“  
Spricht sie voll Mitleids.  
Warum nur Vergiessen aus trüben Augen  
Schmerzsvolle Fluten?

Nicht klag' um mich, ich starb um zu  
geniessen

### FULL OF THAT SWEETNESS

Full of that inexpressible sweetness  
My eyes received from your beautiful face  
on that day  
When I should have preferred blindness  
To avoid seeing lesser beauty,  
I left what I loved most;  
And overjoyed the spirit's eye  
Is utterly enchanted.  
If it is not her  
The mind's eye hates and turns its back on  
her  
As if in long acquired habit.

In a surrounded valley,  
Where my tired sighs find coolness,  
I slowly, thinking of love, came to a place  
Where I saw no women, but rocks and  
spring  
And the picture of that day,  
Which, never letting up, my spirit paints for  
me  
No matter where I look.

### ELEGY OF LITTLE BIRDS

When little birds wail and in green branches,  
With soft sighs, summer zephyrs tremble,  
When muted murmurs' lucid waves rise  
And weave around flowery, fresh shores,  
I sit and write, to love surrendering,  
And that which heaven deigns to show us  
And the earth had hidden I still observe as  
life.  
And from far off, bowing graciously to my  
sighs  
"Oh! Why then bleed to death before one's  
time?"  
She speaks, full of pity.  
Why flood your dimmed eyes  
With painful tears?

Do not mourn for me; I have died to enjoy  
Eternal presence,

Ein ewig Dasein,  
Und in engen Gluten erschloss mein Aug'  
ich,  
Da ich's schien zu schliessen.

### SEHNSUCHT (Aus "Des Knaben Wunderhorn")

Schwer, langweilig ist mir mein Zeit,  
Seit ich mich täte scheiden von Dir,  
Mein Schatz und höchste Freud,  
Ich merk', dass ich muss leiden,  
Ach weh der Frist zu lang sie ist,  
Wird mir zu lang in Schmerzen,  
Dass ich oft klag,  
Es scheint kein Tag  
Des wird gedacht im Herzen.

### DAS WAPPENSCHILD (Fliegendes Blatt aus "Des Knaben Wunderhorn")

Stürmt, reisst und rast, ihr Unglückswinde,  
Zeigt eure ganze Tyrannei,  
Zerbrecht, zerschlägt so Zweig' als Rinde  
Und werft den Hoffnungsbaum entzwei;  
Dies Hagelwetter trifft Stamm und Blätter,  
Die Wurzel bleibt, bis Sturm und Regen ihr  
Wüten legen,  
Dass sie von neuem grünt und Äste treibt.

Mein Herz gibt keinem Diamanten,  
Mein Geist der Eiche wenig nach;  
Wenn Erd' und Himmel mich verbannten,  
So trotz' ich doch dem Ungemach;  
Weicht falsche Freunde,  
Schlagt, bitt're Feinde,  
Mein Heldenmut ist nicht zu dämpfen;  
Drum will ich kämpfen und sehn,  
Was die Geduld für Wunder tut.

Die Liebe schenkt aus goldnen Schalen  
Mir einen Wein zur Tapferkeit,  
Verspricht mir guten Sold zu zahlen

And in lightening glow I opened wide my  
eyes,  
Which it seemed that I had closed.

### LONGING

Time hangs heavy and boring on my hands  
Since I parted from you,  
My treasure and greatest delight,  
I feel that I must suffer;  
Ah, woe is me, the delay is too long,  
It becomes too long for me in my suffering  
That often I lament.  
There's no day  
That in my heart I do not think of it.

### THE ESCUTCHEON

Rage, rant and rave, you winds of  
misfortune,  
Show all your tyranny.  
Break, smash to pieces branches and bark  
And break in two the tree of hope.  
This hailstorm strikes the trunk and leaves,  
The roots remain 'til storm and rain have  
ceased their fury,  
And then anew the green will show and  
boughs will grow.

My heart does not yield to any diamond,  
My spirit but a little to the rock;  
If I be banished from heaven and earth  
I yet defy calamity;  
Give way, false friends,  
Castigate me, malevolent enemies,  
You can not quell my courage.  
Thus I will struggle and see  
What miracles and patience can do.

Love from a golden chalice  
Offers me wine to fill me with courage,  
Promises to pay me well

Und führt mich mutig in den Streit;  
Da will ich siegen, hier will ich kriegen;  
Ein grünes Feld dient meinem Schilde zum  
Wappenschild,  
Allwo ein Palmenbaum zwei Anker hebt.

### FRIEDE AUF ERDEN, OPUS 13

Da die Hirten ihre Herde  
Liessen und des Engels Worte  
Trugen durch die niedre Pforte  
Zu der Mutter mit dem Kind,  
Fuhr das himmlische Gesind  
Fort im Sternenraum zu singen,  
Fuhr der Himmel fort zu klingen:  
„Friede, Friede! auf der Erde!“

Seit die Engel so geraten,  
O wie viele blut'ge Taten  
Hat der Streit auf wildem Pferde,  
Der geharnischte vollbracht!  
In wie mancher heil'gen Nacht  
Sang der Chor der Geister zingend,  
Dringlich flehend, leis verklagend:  
„Friede, Friede . . . auf der Erde!“

Doch es ist ein ew'ger Glaube,  
Dass der Schwache nicht zum Raube  
Jeder frechen Mordgebärde  
Werde fallen allezeit:  
Etwas wie Gerechtigkeit  
Webt und wirkt in Mord und Grauen  
Und ein Reich will sich erbauen,  
Das den Frieden sucht der Erde.

Mählich wird es sich gestalten,  
Seines heil'gen Amtes walten,  
Waffen schmieden ohne Fährde,  
Flammenschwerter für das Recht,  
Und ein königlich Geschlecht  
Wird erblühn mit starken Söhnen,  
Dessen helle Tuben dröhnen:  
Friede, Friede auf der Erde!

And bravely leads me to the fight;  
There I will be victorious, here I will make  
war.  
A green field serves my shield as escutcheon,  
Where a palm tree lifts two anchors.

Translated from the German by Frank Freudenthal

### PEACE ON EARTH

Through the eastern night of glory,  
While the shepherds watch were keeping,  
Came to man the Angel's story  
Of the Mother and the Child.  
Through the empyrean swelling,  
To (all) those in darkness dwelling,  
Came the heav'nly voice foretelling  
Goodwill, Peace on Earth towards men!

Since that hour of hope reviving,  
Deeds of blood and baleful striving,  
Deeds of rapine, pillage, slaughter  
Have defiled the souls of men.  
Through night's stillness hear ye then!  
Hear the Angel voices pleading,  
Hear them, suppliant, interceding,  
Goodwill, Peace on Earth to men!

Now to those in shadow grieving,  
Comes the Sun, their gloom relieving,  
Comes deliv'rance banning sorrow.  
Hail the Day-Spring from on High  
All ye who in darkness lie!  
Truth and justice wrong redressing,  
When God's Kingdom, all confessing,  
Brings a brighter, gladder morrow.

Surely bringing consolation  
Speeds the news of man's salvation,  
Spreads the message of the Christ-birth.  
Lo! He comes to crown the right,  
Faith at last is lost in sight!  
Lazon forth to ev'ry nation  
Jesus bringeth man salvation,  
Hear the joyful proclamation:  
Peace, Goodwill, to men on Earth!

Conrad Ferdinand Meyer

Arthur Fagge

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XSM 114216-3



THE MUSIC OF  
ARNOLD SCHOENBERG, VOL. 5  
ROBERT CRAFT Conducting

M2S 752  
MS 6922

SIDE 1  
XSM 114216

SUITE FOR STRING ORCHESTRA

- 1. I - Ouverture
- 2. II - Adagio
- 3. III - Menuet
- 4. IV - Gavotte
- 5. V - Gigue

THE COLUMBIA SYMPHONY  
STRINGS

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THE MUSIC OF  
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SIDE 4  
XSM 114219

BRAHMS: PIANO QUARTET IN G MINOR, Op. 25  
(Conclusion)  
Orchestrated by Arnold Schoenberg

1. II - Intermezzo: Allegro, ma non tanto
2. III - Andante con moto
3. IV - Presto: Rondo alla Zingarese

CHICAGO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

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**THE MUSIC OF  
ARNOLD SCHOENBERG, VOL. 5**  
ROBERT CRAFT Conducting

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MS 6923

SIDE 2  
XSM 114217

SIX SONGS, Op. 8

- 1. I - Natur
- 2. IV - Nie ward ich, Herrin, müd'
- 3. V - Voll jener Süsse
- 4. VI - Wenn Vöglein Klagen
- 5. III - Sehnsucht
- 6. II - Das Wappenschild

IRENE JORDAN, Soprano  
THE COLUMBIA SYMPHONY  
ORCHESTRA

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**THE MUSIC OF  
ARNOLD SCHOENBERG, VOL. 5**  
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SIDE 3  
XSM 114218

1. FRIEDE AUF ERDEN, Op. 13  
ITHACA COLLEGE CONCERT CHOIR  
BRAHMS: PIANO QUARTET IN G MINOR, Op. 25  
(Beginning)  
Orchestrated by Arnold Schoenberg  
2. I - Allegro  
CHICAGO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

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