

Richard Wagner (1813-1883)

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|---|--------|
| 1. Siegfried Idyll, E-dur / E Major (1870)  | 17'57" |
| Wesendonck-Lieder (1857-1858)<br>Fünf Gedichte / Five Poems Text: Mathilde Wesendonck |        |
| 2. Der Engel  | 3'05"  |
| 3. Stehe still  | 3'41"  |
| 4. Im Treibhaus   | 5'12"  |
| 5. Schmerzen  | 2'21"  |
| 6. Träume   | 4'32"  |
| Symphony, C-dur / C major (1832)  |        |
| 7. Sostenuto e Maestoso - Allegro con brio  | 12'26" |
| 8. Andante ma non troppo, un poco maestoso (Version 1878/1882)                        | 11'06" |
| 9. Allegro assai  | 5'57"  |
| 10. Allegro molto e vivace  | 6'42"  |

Helena Döse, soprano (2-6)

Swedish Chamber Orchestra  
Sixten Ehrling

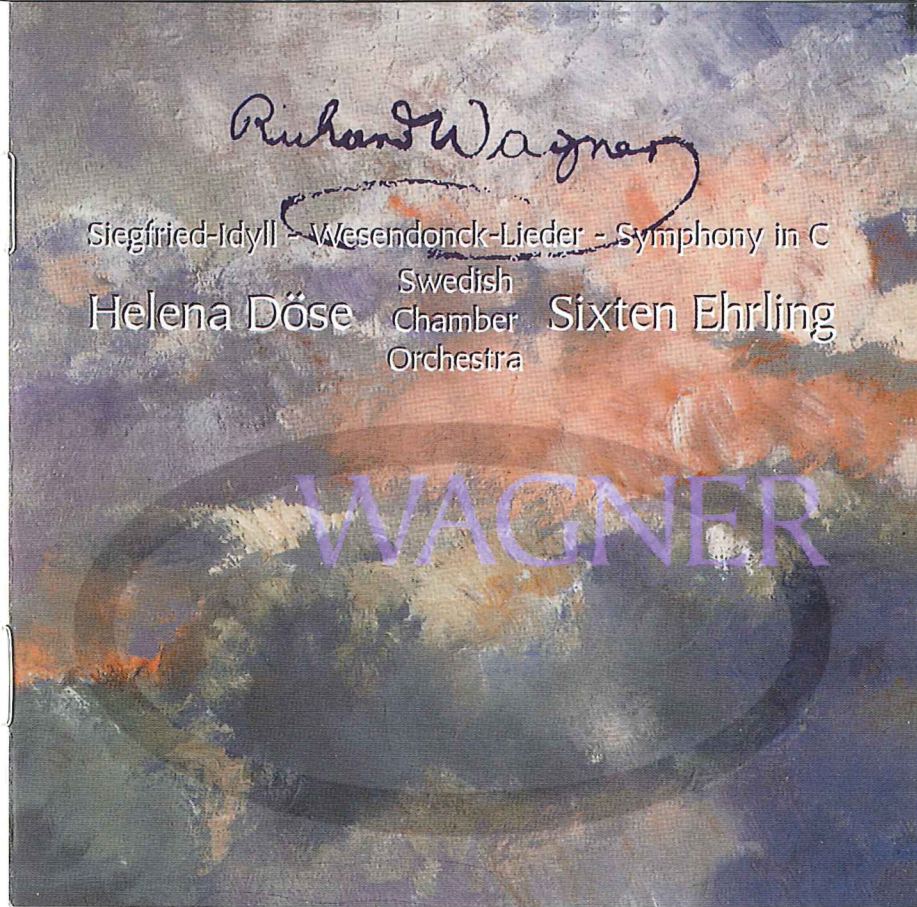
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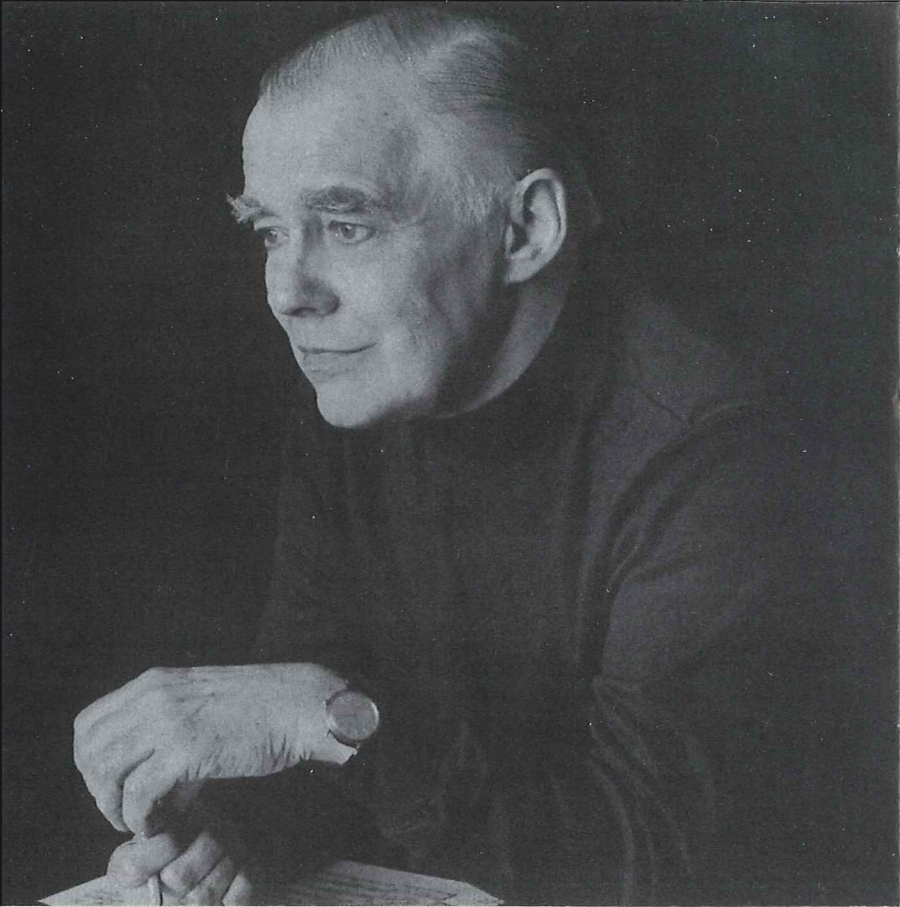
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### Sixten Ehrling

is generally considered one of Sweden's internationally best known orchestra conductors of this century. During a period of more than fifty years he has conducted virtually all major symphony orchestras in USA and other parts of the world, including ten years as Music Director of the Detroit Symphony (1963-73), followed by several assignments as Principal Guest Conductor and Musical Advisor in other American cities.

As opera conductor he was for many years Conductor in Chief at the Royal Opera House in Stockholm. During a five-year period he worked with the Metropolitan Opera in New York, conducting among other works Wagner's "Ring". He has also been in charge of operatic productions in San Francisco, Vienna, London, Hamburg a.o.

Sixten Ehrling taught orchestral conducting in Mozarteum, Salzburg (1954) and over a period of fifteen years (1973-88) at the Juilliard School of Music in New York. At present he is head of the Conducting and Orchestral Department at Manhattan School of Music.

### Richard Wagner

composed his Siegfried-Idyll in the beautiful surroundings of Tribschen near Lucerne during a period of long awaited family bliss and inner tranquillity. It was to be a birthday present to his wife Cosima, his son Siegfried's mother and this intimate and moving work with interwoven motives from the final scene of "Siegfried's" third act was performed on Christmas morning 1870 at the Master's home. This piece is written for a greatly reduced orchestra - a substantial contrast to the large orchestra in all Wagner's works.

Richard Wagner was not only a subversive when it came to musical creation, but also politically, and between 1857-58 he was forced into hiding in Zurich wanted for subversive activities. At the same time he became involved in a passionate romance with Mathilde Wesendonck, the wife of a well-to-do silk merchant. Wagner was hard at work on his opera Tristan and Isolde at the time, and he read aloud texts not only from the opera but also from other of his own prose works. She in turn wrote poems which are totally permeated by the spirit of Wagner's texts and it is several of these poems which he set to music in the Wesendonck-Lieder.



Wagner is for most people considered only as an opera composer, but in his early youth he composed a larger amount of other types of music. At the age of 17 he composed three overtures which are now lost and during the next two years a piano sonata in B major, the overture König Enzo and another work were produced. The grand piano sonata in A major and the impressive Symphony in C major were composed during the summer of 1832 and are usually held up as brilliant examples of Wagner's youthful creativity. It was with these compositions that he first came to the notice of a wider audience.

The Symphony was given its première in November 1832 in Prague, conducted by Dionys Weber and was given a new performance in January 1833 in the Gewandhaus in Leipzig. Clara Wieck attended an early performance and was greatly impressed by the 19 year old's work. She wrote a letter to her husband-to-be Robert Schumann, that Wagner had beaten Robert to the post with a symphony, and a symphony performed with the breakneck speed of a horse cart, but that the carriage had often landed in the ditch.

Stig Jacobsson, transl. Peter Shore

### Helena Döse's

breakthrough came when she, still a student, was called in to sing Aida under Sixten Ehrling's direction at the Scandinavium arena in Gothenburg. Since then she has made guest appearances at, among others, Covent Garden, the Paris Opera, the opera houses in Sydney, Vienna, Buenos Aires as well as the Glyndebourne festival. Among her roles are Mimi, Agatha, Guttrune, Aida, Donna Anna, the Countess in the Marriage of Figaro, Fiordiligi and Ariadne. She has also performed regularly at the Opera in Frankfurt. Outside the opera repertoire she has sung Verdi's "Requiem", Beethoven's "Missa Solemnis", Strauss' "Vier Letzte Lieder", Ravel's "Shéhérazade" a.o.

During the 1994-95 season Helena Döse has received major acclaim after singing Aida at the Royal Opera, Stockholm, Sieglinde in a new production of "Die Walküre" at the Opera in Frankfurt, Elsa in "Lohengrin" at the Vienna State Opera, and Senta in a new production of "The Flying Dutchman" at the Gothenburg Opera.



## Der Engel

In der Kindheit frühen Tagen  
Hört' ich oft von Engeln sagen,  
Die des Himmels hehre Wonne  
Tauschen mit der Erden Sonne,

Dass, wo bang ein Herz in Sorgen  
Schmachtet vor der Welt verborgen,  
Dass, wo still es will verbluten,  
Und vergehn in Tränenfluten,

Dass, wo brünstig sein Gebet  
Einzig um Erlösung fleht,  
Da der Engel nieder schwebt,  
Und es sanft gen Himmel hebt.

Ja, es stieg auch mir ein Engel nieder,  
Und auf leuchtendem Gefieder  
Führt er ferne jedem Schmerz,  
Meinen Geist nun himmelwärts!

## Stehe still!

Sausendes, brausendes Rad der Zeit,  
Messer du der Ewigkeit;  
Leuchtende Sphären im weiten All,  
Die ihr umringt den Weltenball;  
Ureilige Schöpfung, halte doch ein,  
Genug des Werdens, lass mich sein!

Halte an dich, zeugende Kraft,  
Urgedanke, der ewig schafft!  
Hemmet den Atem, stillt den Drang,

Schweiget nur eine Sekunde lang!  
Schwellende Pulse, fesselt den Schlag;  
Ende, des Wollens ew'ger Tag!

Dass in selig süßem Vergessen  
Ich mög' alle Wonnen ermessen!  
Wenn Aug' in Auge wonnig trinken,  
Seele ganz in Seele versinken;  
Wesen in Wesen sich wieder findet,  
Und alles Hoffens Ende sich kündigt;

Die Lippe verstummt in staunendem  
Schweigen,  
Keinen Wunsch mehr will das Inn're  
zeugen;  
Erkennt der Mensch des Ew'gen Spur,  
Und löst dein Rätsel, heil'ge Natur!

## Im Treibhaus

Hoch gewölbte Blätterkronen,  
Baldachine von Smaragd,  
Kinder ihr aus fernen Zonen,  
Saget mir warum ihr klagt?

Schweigend neiget ihr die Zweige,  
Malet Zeichen in die Luft,  
Und der Leiden stummer Zeuge,  
Steiget aufwärts süßer Duft.

Weit in sehndem Verlangen  
Breitet ihr die Arme aus,  
Und umschlinget wahnbefangen  
Öde Leere nicht'gen Graus.

Wohl ich weiss es, arme Pflanze:  
Ein Geschicke teilen wir,  
Ob umstrahlt von Licht and Glanze,  
Unsre Heimat ist nicht hier!

Und wie froh die Sonne scheidet  
von des Tages leerem Schein,  
Hüllet der, der wahrhaft leidet,  
Sich in Schweigens Dunkel ein.

Stille wird's, ein säuselnd Weben  
Füllet bang den dunklen Raum:  
Schwere Tropfen seh' ich schweben  
an der Blätter grünem Saum.

## Schmerzen

Sonne, weinest jeden Abend  
Dir die schönen Augen rot,  
Wenn im Meeresspiegel badend  
Dich erreicht der frühe Tod;

Doch ersteh'st in alter Pracht,  
Glorie der düstren Welt,  
Du am Morgen neu erwacht,  
Wie ein stolzer Siegesheld!

Ach, wie sollte ich da klagen,  
Wie, mein Herz, so schwer dich sehn,  
Muss die Sonne selbst verzagen,  
Muss die Sonne untergehn?

Und gebietet Tod nur Leben,  
Geben Schmerzen Wonnen nur:  
O wie dank' ich, dass gegeben  
solche Schmerzen mir Natur!

## Träume

Sag? welch wunderbare Träume  
Halten meinen Sinn umfängen,  
Dass sie nicht wie leere Schäume  
Sind in ödes Nichts vergangen?

Träume, die in jeder Stunde,  
Jedem Tage schöner blüh'n,  
Und mit ihrer Himmelskunde  
Selig durch's Gemüte ziehn?

Träume, die wie hehre Strahlen  
In die Seele sich versenken,  
Dort ein ewig Bild zu malen:  
Allvergessen, Eingedenken!

Träume, wie wenn Frühlingssonne  
Aus dem Schnee die Blüte küsst,  
Dass zu nie geahnter Wonne  
Sie der neue Tag begrüsst,

Dass sie wachsen, dass sie blühen,  
Träumend spenden ihren Duft,  
Sanft an deiner Brust verglühn,  
Und dann sinken in die Gruft.