A vintage, sepia-toned portrait of a man and a woman. The man, on the left, has a mustache and is wearing a dark suit with a white shirt and tie. The woman, on the right, has her hair styled up and is wearing a dark dress with a light-colored, lace-like collar. They are both looking towards the camera with neutral expressions.

ARTUR SCHNABEL

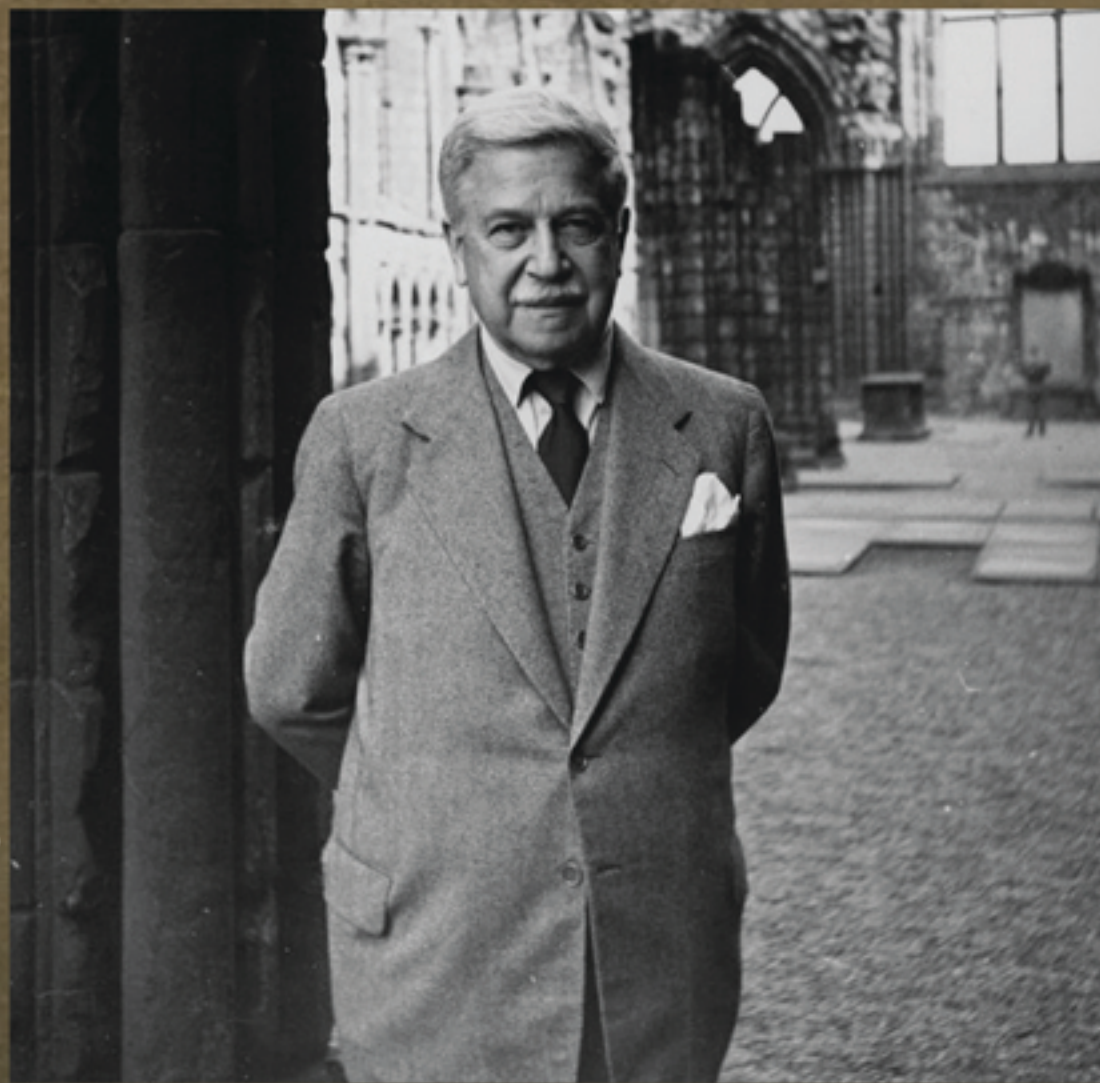
COMPLETE VOCAL WORKS

SARA COUDEN, CONTRALTO | JENNY LIN, PIANO



STEINWAY & SONS

Artur Schnabel, Edinburgh, 1947



ARTUR SCHNABEL

1882 - 1951

ARTUR SCHNABEL (1882 - 1951)

COMPLETE VOCAL WORKS

SARA COUDEN, CONTRALTO | JENNY LIN, PIANO

FIVE SONGS FOR VOICE AND PIANO* (1902-1906)

1. I. SPHÄRENGESANG 2:37
2. II. FRÜHLINGSGRUSS 1:16
3. III. MORGENGRUSS 2:03
4. IV. DAS MÄDCHEN MIT DEN
HELLEN AUGEN 4:29
5. V. ABFINDUNG 4:16

TEN SONGS FOR VOICE AND PIANO, OP. 11 (1899-1901/1902)

6. I. WUNDER 2:31
7. II. DANN 2:15
8. III. EIN FERNER FRAUENSANG 2:30
9. IV. MARIENLIED 1:44
10. V. DIESES IST EIN RECHTER MORGEN 1:38
11. VI. MANCHE NACHT 2:43
12. VII. SIEH MEIN KIND ICH GEHE 1:25
13. VIII. WALDNACHT 2:13
14. IX. DAS VEILCHEN AN
DEN SPANISCHEN FLIEDER 2:01
15. X. TANZLIED 1:16

SEVEN SONGS FOR VOICE AND PIANO, OP. 14 (1901-1902/1903)

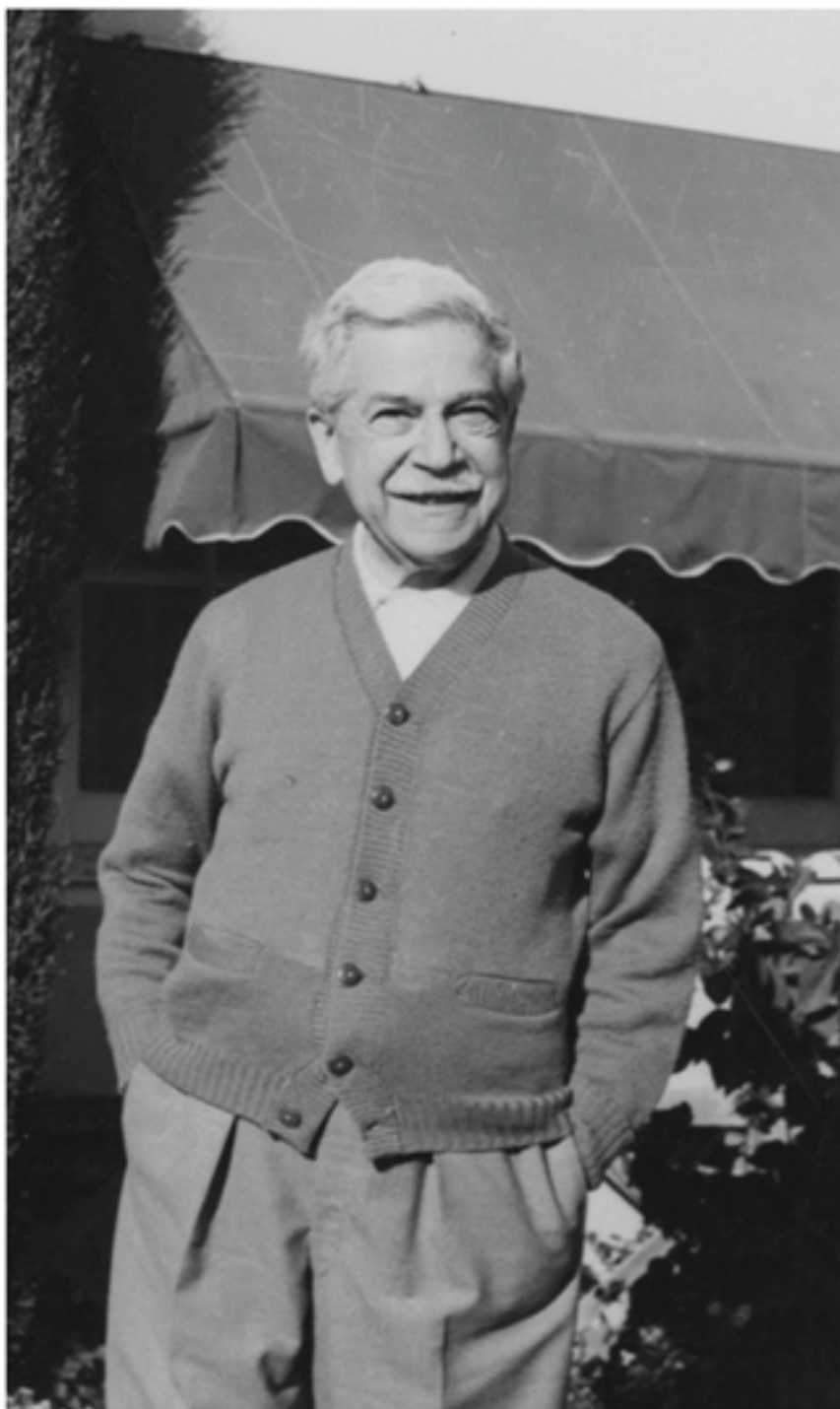
16. I. FRÜHLINGSDÄMMERUNG 3:49
17. II. OKTOBERLIED 3:21
18. III. ABENDSTÄNDCHEN 3:30
19. IV. ABENDLANDSCHAFT 1:54
20. V. HYAZINTHEN 3:55
21. VI. HEISST ES VIEL DICH BITTEN? 1:44
22. VII. DIE SPERLINGE 1:23
23. NOTTURNO FOR VOICE AND PIANO,
OP. 16 (1914) 22:42

*** WORLD PREMIERE RECORDINGS**

PLAYING TIME: 77:52

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support and guidance.**



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Sphärengesang

So lang die Sterne kreisen
Am Himmelszelt,
Vernimmt manch' Ohr den leisen
Gesang der Welt:

"Dem seligen Nichts entstiegen,
Der ewigen Ruh,
Um ruhelos zu fliegen –
Wozu? Wozu?"

Hieronymus Lorm (1821-1902)

Frühlingsgruss

Es steht ein Berg in Feuer,
In feurigem Morgenbrand,
Und auf des Berges Spitze
Ein Tannbaum überm Land.

Und auf dem höchsten Wipfel
Steh ich und schau vom Baum,
O Welt, du schöne Welt, du,
Man sieht dich vor Blüten kaum!

Joseph Freiherr von Eichendorff (1788-1857)

Morgengruss

Steig nur, Sonne,
Auf die Höhn!
Schauer wehn,
Und die Erde bebt vor Wonne.

Kühn nach oben
Greift aus Nacht

Song of the Spheres

As long as the stars circle
Around Heaven's dome,
Many ears will hear the soft
Song of the World:

"Risen from blessed nothingness,
From eternal peace,
To fly restlessly –
Why? Why?"

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Spring Greeting

A mountain is ablaze,
In flaming morning fire,
And on the mountain's peak
A fir tree above all the land.

And on the highest treetop
I stand and from the tree behold,
O World, you beautiful World, you,
Almost invisible in all the blossoms.

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Morning Greeting

Simply rise, oh Sun,
To the peaks!
Showers drift
And Earth quivers with joy.

Boldly upwards
Reaches from the night

Waldespracht,
Noch von Träumen kühl durchwoben.

Und vom hohen
Felsaltar
Stürzt der Aar
Und versinkt in Morgenlohen.

Frischer Morgen!
Frisches Herz,
Himmelwärts!
Laß den Schlaf nun, laß die Sorgen!
Joseph Freiherr von Eichendorff (1788-1857)

Das Mädchen mit den hellen Augen

Das Mädchen mit den hellen Augen
Die wollte keines Liebste sein;
Sie sprang und ließ die Zöpfe fliegen,
Die Freier schauten hinterdrein.

Die Freier standen ganz von ferne
In blanken Röcken lobesam.
"Frau Mutter, ach, so sprecht ein Wörtchen
Und macht das liebe Kindlein zahm!"

Die Mutter schlug die Händ' zusammen,
Die Mutter rief: "Du töricht Kind,
Greif zu, greif zu! Die Jahre kommen,
Die Freier gehen gar geschwind!"

Sie aber ließ die Zöpfe fliegen
Und lachte alle Weisheit aus;
Da sprang durch die erschrocknen Freier
Ein toller Knabe in das Haus.

Und wie sie bog das wilde Köpfchen,

Forest's splendor,
Cool interwoven still with dreams.

And from the high
Rock altar
Rushes the Aar*
And sinks into morning flames.

Fresh morning!
Fresh heart,
Heavenwards!
Now leave sleep, leave worries!

*Aar: river in Switzerland
Translation by Radha Upton. Copyright © by Peermusic III, Ltd.

The girl with the bright eyes

The girl with the bright eyes,
No one's lover she wanted to be;
She jumped with flying braids,
The suitors looking on.

The suitors stood far afar,
Finely polished and honorable.
"Lady Mother, oh, so say a word
And tame the lovely child."

The mother clasped her hands,
The mother exclaimed: "You silly child,
Choose now, choose! Years will come,
But suitors vanish oh so fast!"

But instead, she let her braids fly
And laughed at all wisdom;
When amidst the aghast suitors jumped
A wild lad into the house.

And when she bowed her wild little head,

Und wie ihr Füßchen schlug den Grund,
Er schloß sie fest in seine Arme
Und küßte ihren roten Mund.

Die Freier standen ganz von ferne,
Die Mutter rief vor Staunen schier:
"Gott schütz dich vor dem ungeschlachten,
Ohn Maßen groben Kavalier!"

Theodor Storm (1817-1888)

Abfindung

Wenn du mir nur manchmal schmeichelst,
Manchmal mich ein bisschen streichelst,
Mir dein Munde ein Wörtchen schenkt,
Werd' ich schon zufrieden bleiben,
Nebenher dich lassen treiben
Alles andre, was mich kränkt.

Friedrich Rückert (1788-1866)

TEN SONGS, OP. 11 | ARTUR SCHNABEL

Wunder

Das Haus ist fertig fast,
an dem so lange ich gebaut;
ich habe mich dir anvertraut
in einer freudewilden, wortestollen Hast.

Und du gabst keinen Laut.
Du gabst mir nur die Hand.
Ihr Zittern hat mich tief beglückt.
Wir gehn durchs Haus, der Welt entrückt;
und wie durch Zauber jede kalkgetünchte Wand
ein Wunderbildnis schmückt.

Werner Wolffheim (1877-1930)

And when her sweet little feet hit the ground,
He embraced her in his arms
And kissed her red mouth.

The suitors stood far afar,
The mother called in plain surprise:
"May God protect you from the crude,
Boundlessly rough Cavalier!"

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Acceptance

If only you sometimes flatter me,
You sometimes caress me,
Your mouth sometimes bestows a word on me,
I will be content,
Leaving you to do
Everything else that is hurtful to me.

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Miracle

The house is almost completed
That I have been building for so long;
I pledged myself to you
In a wildly joyous haste, fantastically full of
words.

And you made not a sound.
You only gave me your hand.
Its trembling made me deeply happy.
We walk through the house, lost to the world;
And, as if by magic, every white-washed wall
Is graced by a magical image.

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Dann

Wenn der Regen durch die Gosse tropft,
bei Nacht, du liegst und horchst hinaus,

kein Mensch kann in's Haus,
du liegst allein,
allein: O käm er doch! Da klopft

es, klopft, laut – hörst du? leise, schwach
tönt's im Uhrgehäuse nach;

dann tritt Totenstille ein.

Richard Dehmel (1863-1920)

Ein ferner Frauensang...

Ein ferner Frauensang träumt durch den Abend.

Sehnsüchtig haschen sich die Schatten,

und unsrer Wünsche jähes Treiben
zwingt uns in Schweigen.

Ein braunes Blatt dreht träg zu Boden.
Tot liegt ein Tag, und morgen wird ein neuer
sterben,
und wieder einer, wieder einer...
Ein Frauentraum ist ausgesungen.

Werner Wolffheim (1877-1930)

Marienlied

Ich sehe dich in tausend Bildern,
Maria, lieblich ausgedrückt,

Then

When the rain drips through the gutter
at night, you lie there and listen to what's going on
outside,

nobody can enter the house,
you lie alone,
alone: Oh if he would only come! Then there is
a knocking,

loud knocking – do you hear? Quietly, weakly
there is a sympathetic vibration in the casing of
the clock;

then a deathly silence falls.

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A distant singing of women...

A distant singing of women dreams through the
evening,

The shadows longingly play catch with each
other,

And the precipitous urges of our desires
Force us into silence.

A brown leaf spirals toward the ground.
The day lies dead, and tomorrow a new day
shall die,

And again another, again another...

A woman's dream has been sung to the end.

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Song of Mary

I see you in a thousand images,
Mary, sweetly portrayed,

doch keins von allen kann dich schildern,
wie meine Seele dich erblickt.

Ich weiss nur, dass der Welt Getümmel
seitdem mir wie ein Traum verweht,
und ein unnennbar süsser Himmel
mir ewig im Gemüthe steht.

Novalis (Friedrich von Hardenberg, 1772-1801)

Dieses ist ein rechter Morgen

Dieses ist ein rechter Morgen,
warmer Hauch um Baum und Bach
macht dein Ohr für süsse Schwüre
süsse Bitten schneller wach
die ich sorgsam dir verborgen.

Nicht mehr wär ich stumm und zag:
wandelten wir jetzo beide
an dem immergrünen Hag.
Spräche dir von meinem Eide
und vom Lob das dir gebühre.

Stefan George (1868-1933)

Manche Nacht

Wenn die Felder sich verdunkeln,
fühl' ich, wird mein Auge heller,
schon versucht ein Stern zu funkeln
und die Grillen klingen schneller,

jeder Laut wird bilderreicher,
das Gewohnte sonderbarer,
hintern Wald der Himmel bleicher,
jeder Wipfel hebt sich klarer,

und du merkst es nicht im Schreiten

but none of them can express
how my soul envisions you.

All I know is that the turmoil of the world
vanishes like a dream,
and an inexpressibly sweet heaven
is eternally in my mind.

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This is a proper morning

This is a proper morning,
A warm breeze around trees and brook
Makes your ear quicker to hear
Sweet vows and sweet pleadings,
Which I carefully concealed from you.

No more would I be mute and hesitant:
If we two at this moment wandered
Along the evergreen grove.
I would speak to you of my vow
And of the praise that is due to you.

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Some Nights

When the fields darken,
I feel that my eyes grow brighter;
Already a star is attempting to sparkle,
And the crickets sound more quickly.

Every sound becomes more picturesque,
The everyday things more unusual,
Behind the forest the sky becomes paler,
Every treetop lifts itself more clearly;

And in your striding you do not notice

wie das Licht ver Hundertfältigt
sich entringt den Dunkelheiten,
plötzlich stehst du überwältigt.

Richard Dehmel (1863-1920)

Sieh mein Kind ich gehe

Sieh mein Kind ich gehe.
Denn du darfst nicht kennen
nicht einmal durch Nennen
Menschen müh und wehe.

Mir ist um dich bange.
Sieh mein Kind ich gehe
dass von deiner Wange
nicht der Duft verwehe.

Würde dich belehren,
müsste dich versehren
und das macht mir wehe.
Sieh mein Kind ich gehe.

Stefan George (1868-1933)

Waldnacht

Ganz still ist's, - nur ein Rauschen
schwillt durch die Bäume sacht,
als ob sie flüsternd lauschen
dem Schlummerhauch der Nacht.

Und in dem grossen Schweigen -
da bin ich ganz allein,
da bin ich ganz mein eigen:
ganz nur Dein.

Richard Dehmel (1863-1920)

How the light, magnified a hundred times,
Struggles forth from the darknesses.
Suddenly you stand there, overwhelmed.

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See, my child, I depart

See, my child, I depart.
For you must not know,
Not even through their mentioning,
Of human pain and woe.

I fear for you.
See, my child, I depart
So that the scent
From your cheek is not blown away.

I would teach you,
Would be forced to injure you,
And that causes me pain.
See, my child, I depart.

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Woodland Night

It is completely quiet, - only a sighing
Swells gently through the trees,
As if they were listening with whispers
To the slumberous breeze of the night.

And in the great silence -
There I am completely alone,
There I am completely on my own:
Completely only yours.

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Das Veilchen an den spanischen Flieder

Ich weiss nicht, ist's des Frühlings Macht,
ist's, dass ich dich gesehn:
ich denke traurig Tag und Nacht
an's Wiedersehn.

Du wirst in Sommers Blütenpracht
noch leuchtend stehn;
ich muss im Reif der Winternacht
vergehn.

Die letzten Düfte entathm' ich sacht
im Frühlingswehn,
und sterbend denk ich in der Nacht
an's Wiedersehn.

Hanns Sachs (1881-1947)

Tanzlied

Es ist ein Reih'n geschlungen,
ein Reih'n auf dem grünen Plan.
Und ist ein Lied gesungen,
das hebt mit Sehnen an,

Mit Sehnen also süsse,
dass Weinen sich mit Lachen paart.
Hebt, hebt im Tanz die Füsse,
auf lenzeliche Art.

Otto Julius Bierbaum (1865-1910)

The Violet to the Spanish Lilac

I do not know whether it is the power of spring,
Whether it is because I saw you:
Day and night I sadly think
Of seeing you again.

You, in the splendour of summer blossoms,
Shall still stand radiantly;
But I, in the frost of the winter night,
Must perish.

I gently breathe out my last scents
In the breezes of spring,
And dying, I think in the night
Of seeing you again.

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Dancing Song

A roundelay is winding its course,
A roundelay on the green plain,
And a song is being sung,
A song that begins with longing,

With longing so sweet
That weeping is paired with laughter;
Lift, lift your feet in the dance
In a spring-like manner.

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SEVEN SONGS, OP. 14 | ARTUR SCHNABEL

Frühlingsdämmerung

In der stillen Pracht,
In allen frischen Büschen und Bäumen
flüstert's wie Träumen
die ganze Nacht.
Denn über den mondbeglänzten Ländern
mit langen weissen Gewändern,
ziehen die schlanken
Wolkenfrau'n wie geheime Gedanken,
senden von den Felsenwänden
hinab die behenden
Frühlingsgesellen, die hellen Waldquellen,
die's unten bestellen
an die duft'gen Tiefen,
die gerne noch schliefen.
Nun wiegen und neigen in ahnendem Schweigen
sich alle so eigen
auf Ähren und Zweigen,
erzählen's den Winden,
die durch die blühenden Linden
vorüber den grasenden Rehen,
säuselnd über die Seen gehen,
dass die Nixen verschlafen auftauchen
und fragen,
was sie so lieblich hauchen -
Wer mag es wohl sagen?

Joseph von Eichendorff (1788-1857)

Oktoberlied

Der Nebel steigt, es fällt das Laub;
schenk' ein den Wein, den holden!

Twilight of Spring

In hushed magnificence,
Through all the blossoming shrubs and trees
It whispers like dreams
The entire night.
Then, across the moon-drenched landscape
With long, white gowns,
Pass slender
Cloud women, like secret thoughts,
Sending down from rocky walls,
To the sprightly
Companions of spring, bright forest springs,
Called for below
In the aromatic depths,
Which contentedly still slumber.
Now rocking and nodding in expectant silence
Each so singular
With clusters and stems,
Telling it to the winds
That waft through blooming linden,
Past grazing deer,
Drifting across lakes,
Where drowsy mermaids appear
And ask,
What it is that they so lovingly whisper -
Who indeed can say?

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October Song

The rising fog, the falling leaves:
to wine we are beholden!

Wir wollen uns den grauen Tag
vergolden, ja vergolden!

Und geht es draussen noch so toll,
unchristlich oder christlich,
ist doch die Welt, die schöne Welt
so gänzlich unverwüstlich!

Und wimmert auch einmal das Herz –
Stoss an und lass es klingen!
Wir wissen's doch, ein rechtes Herz
ist gar nicht umzubringen.

Der Nebel steigt, es fällt das Laub;
schenk' ein den Wein, den holden!
Wir wollen uns den grauen Tag
vergolden, ja vergolden!

Wohl ist es Herbst; doch warte nur,
doch warte nur ein Weilchen!
Der Frühling kommt, der Himmel lacht,
es steht die Welt in Veilchen.

Die blauen Tage brechen an,
und ehe sie verfliessen,
wir wollen sie, mein wackrer Freund,
geniessen, ja geniessen!

Theodor Storm (1817-1888)

Abendständchen

Schlafe, Liebchen, weil's auf Erden
nun so still und seltsam wird!
Oben gehn die goldnen Herden,
für uns alle wacht der Hirt.

In der Ferne ziehn Gewitter,
einsam auf dem Schiffelein schwank,

The grayish day no longer grieves:
it's golden, yes, it's golden!

And if all madness be unfurled
(by church or temple polished),
this world, this most amazing world,
can never be demolished.

And even if the heart should smart
let glasses sound the meeting!
For all we know, a righteous heart
Will never stop its beating.

The rising fog, the falling leaves:
to wine we are beholden!
The grayish day no longer grieves:
it's golden, yes, it's golden!

Though it is fall, wait just a while,
just wait and keep consuming!
The spring arrives, the sky is blue,
the violets are blooming.

The days of blue shall be at hand,
and ere they all shall leave us,
we'll let the wine, my noble friend,
reprieve us, yes, reprieve us!

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Evening Serenade

Sleep, my darling, because on earth
It now becomes so quiet and strange!
Overhead travel the golden herds,
Over us all the shepherd watches.

In the distance there are thunderstorms;
Alone upon the agile little ship,

greif' ich draussen in die Zither,
weil mir gar so schwül und bang'.

Schlingend sich an Bäum' und Zweigen,
in dein stilles Kämmerlein
wie auf goldnen Leitern steigen
diese Töne aus und ein.

Und ein wunderschöner Knabe
schwebt hoch über Tal und Kluft,
rührt mit seinem goldnen Stabe
säuselnd in der lauen Luft.

Und in wunderbaren Weisen
singt er ein uraltes Lied,
das in linden Zauberkreisen
hinter seinem Schiffelein zieht.

Ach, den süssen Klang verführet
weit der buhlerische Wind,

und durch Schloss und Wand ihn spüret
träumend jedes schöne Kind.

Joseph von Eichendorff (1788-1857)

Abendlandschaft

Der Hirt bläst seine Weise,
von fern ein Schuss noch fällt,
die Wälder rauschen leise
und Ströme tief im Feld.

Nur hinter jenem Hügel
noch spielt der Abendschein -
O hätt' ich, hätt' ich Flügel,
zu fliegen da hinein!

Joseph von Eichendorff (1788-1857)

I strum the strings of my zither outside,
Because I feel so oppressed and anxious.

Winding themselves about trees and branches
Into your little chamber,
As upon golden ladders, climb
These sounds in and out.

And a wondrously beautiful lad
Sails high over valley and ravine,
With his golden staff he creates
A rustling in the warm breeze.

And in wondrous tunes
He sings an ancient song
That behind his little boat
Trails in gentle magical circles.

Ah, the sweet sounds are ensnared
And carried into the distance by the amorous
wind,

And through locks and walls they are discerned
Dreamily by every beautiful child.

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Evening Landscape

The shepherd pipes his lay,
In the distance a shot still rings out,
The forests sigh quietly
And the streams, deep in the fields.

Only behind that hill
The evening light stills plays -
Oh had I, had I wings
To fly into the evening light there!

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Hyazinthen

Fern hallt Musik; doch hier ist stille Nacht,
mit Schlummerduft anhauchen mich die Pflanzen;
ich habe immer, immer dein gedacht;
ich möchte schlafen; aber du musst tanzen.

Es hört nicht auf, es rast ohn' Unterlass;
die Kerzen brennen und die Geigen schreien,
es teilen und es schliessen sich die Reihen,
und alle glühen; aber du bist blass.

Und du musst tanzen;
fremde Arme schmiegen
sich an dein Herz; o leide nicht Gewalt!
Ich seh' dein weisses Kleid vorüberfliegen
und deine leichte, zärtliche Gestalt.

Und süsser strömend quillt der Duft der Nacht
und träumerischer aus dem Kelch der Pflanzen.
Ich habe immer, immer dein gedacht;
ich möchte schlafen; aber du musst tanzen.

Theodor Storm (1817-1888)

Heisst es viel dich bitten?

Heisst es viel dich bitten
wenn ich einmal still
nachdem ich lang gelitten
vor dir knieen mag?
Deine Hand ergreifen
leise drücken mag
und im Kusse streifen
kurz und fromm und still?
Nennst du es erhören
wenn gestreng und still

Hyacinths

Music echoes from afar, but here it is silent night,
with slumber-scents breathing from the flowers:
I have always, always thought of you;
I would sleep, but you must dance.

It will not stop, there is no rest;
the candles burn and the fiddles shrill,
the rows of dancers part and come close,
and everyone is flushed; but you are pale.

And you had to dance;
the arms of strangers are nestled
at your breast; o endure no more!
I see your white dress fly past,
and your light, delicate form.

And more sweetly streams the scents of night,
and more dreamily, from the chalices of flowers.
I have always, always thought of you;
I would sleep, but you must dance.

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Is it too much to ask of you?

Is it too much to ask of you
If I would like once, quietly,
After having suffered so long,
To kneel before you?
To take your hand,
Gently clasp
And lightly kiss it -
Briefly and reverently and softly?
Do you call it acknowledgment
If, sternly and silently,

ohne mich zu stören
dein Wink mich dulden mag?

Stefan George (1868-1933)

Die Sperlinge

Altes Haus mit deinen Löchern,
geiz'ger Bauer, nun adel
Sonne scheint, von allen Dächern
tröpfelt lustig schon der Schnee,
draussen auf dem Zaune munter
wetzen unsre Schnäbel wir,
durch die Hecken rauf und runter,
in dem Baume vor der Tür
tummeln wir in hellen Haufen
uns mit grossem Kriegsgeschrei,
um die Liebste uns zu raufen,
denn der Winter ist vorbei!

Joseph von Eichendorff (1788-1857)

NOTTURNO, OP. 16 | Artur Schnabel

So müd hin schwand es in die Nacht,
sein flehendes Lied, sein Bogenstrich,
und seufzend bin ich aufgewacht.
Wie hat er mich so klar gemacht,
so sanft und klar,
der Traum - und war
doch bis ins Trübste feierlich.

Hoch hing der Mond; das Schneeefeld
lag bleich und öde um uns her,
wie meine Seele grauenschwer.
Denn neben mir, so starr und wild,
so starr und kalt wie meine Not,

Without provoking me,
You tolerate me with a nod?

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Sparrows

Old house with your holes,
Puny cage, now farewell!
The sun is shining, from every roof
The snow is already merrily dripping,
Outside on the fence, happily
We whet our beaks,
Through the hedges, up and down,
Into the tree in front of the door
We clamor in teeming swarms,
We, with mighty war cries,
Squabble together for love,
Because winter is over!

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So wearily it disappeared into the night,
His pleading song, his bow-strokes,
And sighing I awakened.
How clear it made everything to me,
So soft and clear,
The dream - and yet
It was solemn to the depths of sorrow.

The moon hung high; the snowy expanse
lay pale and desolate about us,
Like my soul heavy with dread,
For beside me, so rigid and wild,
As rigid and cold as my suffering,

von mir gerufen voll Begehr,
saß stumm und wartete der Tod.

Da kam es her: wie einst so mild,
so müd und sacht,
aus ferner Nacht,
so kummerschwer
kam einer Geige Hauch daher,
kam dämmernd her des Freundes Bild.

Der mich umflochten wie ein Band,
daß meine Jugend nicht zerfiel,
und daß mein Herz die Sehnsucht fand,
die große Sehnsucht ohne Ziel:
da stand er nun im öden Land,
ein Schatten trüb und feierlich,
und sah nicht auf noch grüßte mich,
nur seine Töne ließ er irr'n
und weinen durch die kalte Flur,
und mir entgegen starrte nur
aus seiner Stirn,
als wär's ein Auge hohl und fahl,
der tiefen Wunde dunkles Mal.

Und trüber quoll das trübe Lied,
und quoll so heiß, und wuchs, und schwoll,
so heiß und voll
wie Leben, das nach Liebe glüht,
wie Liebe, die nach Leben schreit,
nach ungenossener Seligkeit,
so wehevoll,
so wühlend quoll
das strömende Lied und flutete,
und leise, leise blutete
und strömte mit

Called by me full of desire,
Death sat stiffly and waited.

Then it came wafting over as mildly as in the past,
So wearily and gently
From distant night,
So heavy with sorrow
The breath of a violin came,
Dimly the image of a friend came.

He who had woven himself about me like a ribbon
So that my youth did not fall apart,
And that my heart found that longing,
The great longing without an object:
There he stood now in the desolate land,
A pale and solemn shadow,
And neither looked up nor greeted me,
Only his musical sounds did he let drift
And weep through the cold meadow;
And only staring at me
From his brow,
As if it were an eye, hollow and pallid,
Was the dark mark of a deep wound.

And more drearily the dreary song poured forth,
And poured forth so fervidly and grew and swelled,
As hot and full
As life that glows for love,
As love that screams for life,
And for bliss not savoured,
Thus full of pain,
Thus raging poured forth
The streaming song and surged;
And quietly, quietly also bled
and flowed

ins öde Schneefeld, rot und fahl,
der tiefen Wunde dunkles Mal.

Und müder glitt die müde Hand,
und vor mir stand
ein bleicher Tag,
ein ferner, bleicher Jugendtag,
da starr im Sand
er selber ein Zerfallner lag,
da seine Sehnsucht sich vergaß
in ihrer Schwermut Übermaß
und ihrer Traurigkeiten müd
zum Ziele schritt;
und laut aufschrie das weinende Lied,
wie Todesschrei, und flutete,
und seiner Saiten Klage schnitt
und seine Stirne blutete
und weinte mit
in meine starre Seelennot,
als sollt ich hören ein Gebot,
als müßt ich jubeln, daß ich litt,
als möcht er fühlen, was ich litt,
mitfühlen alles Leidens Schuld
und alles Lebens warme Huld -
und weinend, blutend wandt' er sich
ins bleiche Dunkel, und verblich.

Und bebend hört' ich mir entgehn,
entfliehn sein Lied. Und wie es zart
und zarter ward,
der langen Töne fernes Flehn,
da fühlt' ich kalt ein Rauschen wehn
und grauenschwer
die Luft sich rühren um mich her,
und wollte bebend nun ihn sehn,

Into the desolate snow-field, red and wan,
The dark mark of the deep wound.

And even more wearily floated the weary hand,
And before me stood
A pale day,
A distant, pale day of youth,
When stiffly in the sand
He himself lay, a mouldering ruin,
When his yearning forgot itself
In the excesses of its depression
And tired of its sadness,
And strode toward the goal;
And the weeping song screamed loudly and suddenly,
Like a scream of death, and surged forth,
And the lament of his strings cut,
And his brow bled
And joined in the weeping
Into the frozen misery of my soul,
As if I should hear a command,
As if I should rejoice that I suffer,
As if he wanted to feel what I suffered,
Feel with empathy all the guilt of my suffering
And all the warm benevolence of life -
And weeping, bleeding he turned away
Into the pale darkness and perished.

And with trembling I heard his song
Evading me and fleeing from me. And as it
Became delicate and more delicate
The distant pleading of the long tones,
I felt the blowing of a cold wind
And laden with dread
I felt the air bestirring itself about me,
And trembling, I wanted now to see him,

ihn lauschen sehn,
der wartend saß bei meiner Not,
und wandte mich - : da lag es kahl,
das bleiche Feld, und fern und fahl
entwich ins Dunkel auch der Tod.
Hoch hing der Mond, und mild und müd
hin schwand es in die leere Nacht,
das flehende Lied,
und schwand und schied,
des toten Freundes flehendes Lied;
und dankbar bin ich aufgewacht.

Richard Dehmel (1863-1920)

To see him listening,
He, who sat waiting during my misery,
And I turned - there lay bleakly
The pale field, and distantly and wanly
Death too vanished into the darkness.
The moon hung high; and gently and wearily
It vanished into the empty night,
The pleading song,
And vanished and departed,
The pleading song of my dead friend;
And with gratitude I awakened.

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ARTUR SCHNABEL

COMPLETE VOCAL WORKS

The world has a habit of determining early on the path a professional of renown is expected to pursue, and to brook no deviation from that allotted role - never mind that an individual might find as much fulfillment in wayward ventures. In his day, and to posterity, Artur Schnabel (April 17, 1882 - August 15, 1951) was a pianist, first and foremost. In time, he would be recognized as a teacher and lecturer.

But in his heart, another option always existed. Recorded in "Music, Wit and Wisdom," an autobiography rooted in a series of public lectures delivered at the University of Chicago in 1945, Schnabel recalls a time early in his life - when he was all of seven years old - when he was introduced to the esteemed professor Hans Schmitt, and thereby to Viennese cognoscenti:

"Some other people heard me, too - musicians and music lovers - and declared unanimously that I had the equipment to become a professional musician. Thus, from my seventh year on, I was considered a professional musician, by the decision of my patrons and my parents. They made me a pianist. I had no choice. I might, otherwise, have become a composer. Officially I have remained a pianist, although secretly I always did and still do compose."

Hardly just any pianist: Schnabel was, and remains to the popular imagination, a superlative, even supreme interpreter of music composed by others. Chiefly Beethoven, with whose music Schnabel remains indelibly

associated. Mozart and Brahms, as well. And Schubert was a particular beneficiary of Schnabel's attention and artistry, at a time when that composer's music had yet to attain the primacy it now holds.

Still, Schnabel pursued composition throughout his career, and left behind a surprisingly robust oeuvre. His collected works include three symphonies, a piano concerto, five string quartets, chamber works for varying forces, and numerous pieces for solo keyboard—the last recorded in their entirety by the intrepid pianist Jenny Lin, for a collection to which this new volume serves as a welcome sequel.

From a certain perspective, all of these later triumphs were to some extent made possible by the songs compiled in this vital collection, which documents the fertile working relationship Schnabel developed with the German contralto Therese Behr (September 14, 1876 – January 30, 1959). The British writer and translator Edward Crankshaw, in his introduction to "My Life and Music" (Schnabel's lectures-turned-memoir, in its original form of publication), deems Behr "the most celebrated singer of Lieder in Germany before anyone had heard of Artur Schnabel." In his estimation:

"There are not many people who have the least idea either of the wonderful musicianship of Therese Behr Schnabel... or of the debt her husband owed to her. She was older than him by several years, and it was she who, after his infant prodigy days, forced him on the German public by insisting that he appear as her accompanist."

Lin, a skillful and versatile pianist known for her boundless curiosity and penchant for discovery, is keen to set the record straight for modern listeners by bringing to light the songs Schnabel wrote for Behr, who married her young accompanist in 1905. "Everyone knows Schnabel as a pianist; this is about Schnabel the composer, who really had a talent," Lin declares of her present venture. "Also Schnabel the husband, who wrote these songs for his wife, and Schnabel the chamber-music performer, who was so sensitive with all these things."

The vocal music, she observes, amounts to only enough music to fill a single CD, even with the inclusion of five unpublished songs presented here in their premiere outing. Still, Lin points out, you encounter a variety of styles, from the relatively conventional late-Romantic idiom encountered in Opp. 11 and 14, composed between 1899 and 1903, to the *Notturmo* of 1914, a Dehmel setting in a strikingly personal idiom akin to the modernist inventions of the Second Viennese School.

"I personally love *Notturmo*," Lin says, citing as a favorite rendition one recorded by the great German baritone Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau in 1985, with the composer Aribert Reimann at the piano. "I think it's really beautiful, and it should be in the repertoire for singers," she insists.

—

Of course, to claim that Schnabel's musical output has been wholly overlooked is inaccurate. Every reputable reference includes at least some footnote about his creative activity. Most allude to the challenging modernist language shown in his mature works.

"It is no secret that Artur Schnabel was a composer, only that he was a good composer," the eminent Los Angeles critic Mark Swed wrote in an article published in 1989 by *The Musical Times*. Swed speculates about why this should be so:

"He practically never played modern music in public, limiting himself instead to performing only a handful of great masters. Ultimately, Schnabel became so associated with the music of Beethoven, Mozart, Schubert and Brahms that it now requires almost a leap of faith to think of his as an inquiring mind. It hardly seems plausible that he would and could write adventurous visionary music in a modern medium; but he did."

Swed, incidentally, posits the seemingly advanced *Notturmo*, along with a subsequent Piano Quintet he describes as "Straussian," as ending Schnabel's apprentice-composer years. The String Quartet No. 1 (1918), a work that he terms "freely expressionistic," and the Sonata for solo violin (1919), an astonishing essay in five movements without barlines, are for Swed where Schnabel asserts his originality and mastery.

Even allowing for that viewpoint, the earlier works contained in this collection attest to qualities central to the Schnabel catalog: expressiveness and innovation, certainly, allied with a technical assurance that makes these scores ingratiating to the skillful singer and pianist, despite the challenges presented by an increasingly advancing musical vocabulary.

"He was a pianist, a very good one, so he knew what he was doing," Lin says. However wayward the melodies and harmonies might sound at times, the notes fall naturally under the performer's hands, she confirms.

And for the vocalist? The contralto Sara Couden not only was unfamiliar with the Schnabel oeuvre when she was enlisted to undertake this project, but also had not recorded previously. (No one could dare question her courage!) Lin, familiar from her previous Schnabel project, briefed her new partner on what to anticipate.

"I knew that there would be a range of styles in play... but I think I might have been surprised by how much of a range there was," Couden says, laughing. "The thing I responded to most strongly about the songs was how delicate and true and inspired Schnabel was with the texts, throughout the styles that he uses. You can always hear that he's putting together music around the meanings of the poems."

In selecting texts for his two published cycles, *Zehn Lieder*, Op. 11 (1899-1901/1902) and *Sieben Lieder*, Op. 14 (1901-1902/1903), Schnabel turned both to classic German sources – Hans Sachs, Novalis, Eichendorff – and to contemporaries Richard Dehmel and Stefan George. His music evokes the lineage to which he aspired, expressing common cause with the likes of Schubert and Brahms.

In these early songs, Couden hears a simplicity and directness, without naïveté, that reminds her of Clara Schumann. The way Schnabel combines clarity of setting with depth of interpretation, she adds, suggests Hugo Wolf.

What's fascinating about the five unpublished songs included that open this recording, which date from the end of the same period (1902-1906), is how they embrace, subtly but palpably, freer conceptions of sonority and structure, even as they adhere to the characteristic qualities of late Romantic song. Especially when sequenced as they are here for this program, these five settings – one of Hieronymus Lorm (Heinrich Landesmann), two of Eichendorff, one Theodor Storm, and one Friedrich Rückert – contain nascent seeds of what would follow.

In the wake of these succinct lyrical episodes, the scope and scale of *Notturmo* are ear-opening. The opening of that 1914 work is spare to the point of skeletal, a brittle perambulation that instantly transports a listener into Dehmel's rarefied world—and arguably does so as efficiently as had Arnold Schoenberg, a composer Schnabel admired greatly, in his own purely instrumental Dehmel setting of 1899, *Verklärte Nacht*.

Richard Strauss, too, composed a Dehmel setting titled *Notturmo*, adapting in 1899 the poem *Erscheinung* (*Apparition*). This same text would serve Schnabel, who employed a different edition of the poem, retaining portions that Strauss had excised.

But where Strauss had employed a fervent, virile musical vocabulary extending from Schubert's extended balladry, Schnabel in his grand 24-minute setting takes a stand at the fraying edges of tonal harmony. In his 1952 essay "On Artur Schnabel's Compositions," the idiosyncratic avant-garde composer Ernst Krenek details *Notturmo* with perceptive admiration:

"Although the work behaves like a gigantic rhapsodic improvisation generated by an uninhibited urge of emotional expression, its thematic substance is closely knit, since all its important developments, the terrific outcries of pain and the mystical, forlorn stretches of desolation as well, are derived from the opening phrase of the piano introduction."

Krenek likens the atmosphere of *Notturmo* to that of Schoenberg's watershed atonal work, *The Book of the Hanging Gardens* (1908-1909). But, he writes, "the work is an important milestone on Schnabel's road toward a personal style of his own."

Comparing Strauss and Schnabel is a foolish venture, given the extreme differences between the two composers and their respective settings. But Couden, now familiar with both, is willing to venture a preference for Schnabel, in purely personal terms.

Strauss, she explains, “very often sounds removed to me, like he is creating effects. The effects are often magnificent, and I’m sure he felt them in his heart. But I sense an intellectual distance in his musical language, particularly when I’m performing his longer and more effect-filled works.”

For Couden, here, Schnabel’s music perhaps paradoxically feels more emotionally straightforward. “With the despairing, intimate text of *Notturmo*, I really value his directness and simplicity—perhaps more than I should,” she says. “I think it’s telling that he used a different, gentler version of the text than Strauss did, as if he couldn’t bear to leave his speaker in such a dark place.”

Given that Schnabel was writing explicitly for his wife, Couden might very well be correct in her assessment of this extraordinary work. — Steve Smith

(Steve Smith is the Culture & Arts Editor for WNYC Radio and Gothamist. He previously wrote about music for *The New York Times* and *The New Yorker*, and worked as an editor at the *Boston Globe* and *Time Out New York*.)



American contralto **SARA COUDEN** is a premiere interpreter of opera, oratorio, chamber music, and art song. Praised by *Opera News* for her “unusually rich and resonant” voice, Sara has thrilled audiences worldwide on stages including the Metropolitan Opera, Carnegie Hall, the Los Angeles Philharmonic, the Cincinnati Symphony, the Philadelphia Orchestra, the Charleston Symphony, Philharmonia Baroque Orchestra and St. Petersburg Opera. Her vast operatic and concert repertoire encompasses works spanning six centuries of musical history, ranging in style from terrifying to tragic, sacred to sacrilegious, commanding to comedic.

Sara is an indefatigable champion of art song repertoire and sought-after recitalist. She brings a profound love of language and a deep respect for the intimate conversation between singer and pianist to every song she interprets. A true collaborator, Sara relishes any opportunity to explore, reflect upon and respond to the piano’s broad range of expressive possibilities, bringing art songs to life with her own palette of colors and vocal effects. She has been featured in recital at Lincoln Center, the Collaborative Arts Institute of Chicago, the Staunton Music Festival, the Philadelphia Chamber Music Society and the Brooklyn Art Song Society, among others.

This recording marks Sara’s debut interpretation of the music of Artur Schnabel. “The tonality Schnabel employs in his art songs is complex and often challenging for both singer and pianist, but I find his approach to his texts to be extremely delicate and beautiful. The range of feelings he evokes in the poems he sets about nature, love, and memory is incredible: the subject matter is narrow, but the nuance he finds in each poem, and then illuminates so specifically in each setting, makes his songs both richly varied and very human – an extremely impressive poetic and musical

achievement. It isn't every composer who works so intimately with the essence of his or her text. He always tells the story of the poem with directness, power, and a creativity stemming from sensitive comprehension. Despite the developing sophistication of Schnabel's compositional style and harmonic language as his life and career progressed, his intense dedication to his texts ensures that the heart of his songs never falters."

Sara is a graduate of the Lindemann Young Artist Program at the Metropolitan Opera and earned a master's degree with Honors in Opera from the San Francisco Conservatory of Music. Sara is also an early music enthusiast and holds an A.D. in Early Music, Chamber Music, and Oratorio from the Yale School of Music and Institute of Sacred Music.



JENNY LIN, a Steinway Artist, has made a name for herself on the world stage thanks to her "remarkable technical command" and "gift for melodic flow" (New York Times). The Washington Post has extolled her "confident fingers" and "spectacular technique," while Gramophone has hailed her as "an exceptionally sensitive pianist."

Born in Taiwan, raised in Austria, educated in Europe and the US, she has built an international reputation distinguished by inventive collaborations with a breadth of artists, and has performed widely with renowned orchestras and symphonies at the world's most notable concert halls.

Jenny has a close affinity with Philip Glass, whose Etudes she performs globally, and which inspired her to embark on a commissioning initiative, The Etudes Project. She is the featured pianist in Elliot Goldenthal's original motion picture score for Julie Taymor's 2020 film, *The Glorias*, and the central figure in *Cooking for Jenny* by Felix Cabez for Elemental Films, a musical documentary portraying her journey to Spain, among other media appearances such as CBS Sunday Morning, NPR's Performance Today.

Jenny recently recorded an album for the Steinway & Sons label with accordionist Guy Klucevsek (created in "contact-less" fashion) featuring the music of Giya Kancheli. Notable recordings in Lin's catalogue (which includes more than 30 albums on Steinway & Sons, Hänssler Classic, eOne, BIS, New World, Albany, etc.) include Artur Schnabel's complete solo piano music, Philip Glass's Etudes, the complete Chopin Nocturnes, an album of Broadway song arrangements titled *Get Happy*, her ingenious release of transcriptions of the songs of Chinese pop singer Teresa Teng, and *Melody's Mostly Musical Day*, an album, picture book, and multimedia children's concert, all released on the Steinway & Sons label.

Fluent in English, German, Mandarin, and French, Jenny holds a bachelor's degree in German Literature from The Johns Hopkins University and studied music at the Hochschule für Musik, and at the Peabody Conservatory. She resides with her family in New York City and serves on the faculty of the Mannes School of Music - The New School.

COMPLETE VOCAL WORKS

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Piano Technician: James Carney | Piano: Steinway Model D #131601

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Art Direction: Jackie Fugere

Design: Cover to Cover Design, Anilda Carrasquillo

Production Assistant: Renée Oakford

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Photos of Sara Couden: Veronique Kherian | Photos of Jenny Lin: Liz Linder

Translations for Ten Songs, Op. 11; Seven Songs, Op. 14; and Notturmo, Op. 16

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ARTUR SCHNABEL (1882 - 1951)

COMPLETE VOCAL WORKS



SARA COUDEN, CONTRALTO



JENNY LIN, PIANO

- 1 - 5 FIVE SONGS FOR VOICE AND PIANO 14:41 (WORLD PREMIERE RECORDING)
- 6 - 15 TEN SONGS FOR VOICE AND PIANO, OP. 11 20:16
- 16 - 22 SEVEN SONGS FOR VOICE AND PIANO, OP. 14 19:36
- 23 NOTTURNO FOR VOICE AND PIANO, OP. 16 22:42

PLAYING TIME: 77:52



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