

Gustav Mahler

“Das Lied von der Erde” (“The Song of the Earth”)

GUSTAV MAHLER WAS BORN IN KALISCHE (KALIŠTĚ) NEAR THE MORAVIAN BORDER OF BOHEMIA ON JULY 7, 1860, AND DIED IN VIENNA ON MAY 18, 1911. HE COMPOSED “DAS LIED VON DER ERDE” IN THE SUMMER OF 1908, GIVING IT THE SUBTITLE “A SYMPHONY FOR TENOR AND CONTRALTO (OR BARITONE) AND ORCHESTRA, AFTER HANS BETHGE’S ‘THE CHINESE FLUTE.’” THE PREMIERE DID NOT TAKE PLACE UNTIL SIX MONTHS AFTER HIS DEATH, WHEN BRUNO WALTER LED IT IN MUNICH ON NOVEMBER 20, 1911, WITH WILLIAM MILLER AND MME. CHARLES CAHIER AS SOLOISTS.

IN ADDITION TO THE TWO VOCAL SOLOISTS, THE SCORE OF “DAS LIED VON DER ERDE” CALLS FOR AN ORCHESTRA OF THREE FLUTES AND TWO PICCOLOS, TWO OBOES AND ENGLISH HORN, THREE CLARINETS, E-FLAT CLARINET, AND BASS CLARINET, THREE BASSOONS AND CONTRABASSOON, FOUR HORNS, THREE TRUMPETS, THREE TROMBONES AND TUBA, TWO HARPS, TIMPANI, GLOCKENSPIEL, TRIANGLE, CYMBALS, TAM-TAM, TAMBOURINE, BASS DRUM, CELESTA, MANDOLIN, AND STRINGS.

Das Lied von der Erde is one of the most poignantly expressive compositions in the entire literature of music—it is music of farewell from a man who knows that he has but a short time to live. Yet there is nothing dismal or dreary about the work. Mahler was a man who loved life, who had reveled in it actively, and his leave-taking is that of one who still recalls the pleasures and the beauties that he is soon no more to enjoy. Moreover, it is among his most beautifully crafted scores, delicate and rich in color, evocative in every detail. Like all of the greatest masterpieces, it seems to be inventing itself afresh at every performance, to be unfolding for the very first time. And, like most of the greatest musical settings of a text, its rhythms and contours, once heard, never leave the memory, but return to it whenever the words come to mind.

In 1906 Mahler had completed his largest work, the Symphony No. 8, during his summer vacation at Maiernigg, on the Wörthersee in Styria. When he returned to the same place the following summer, tragedy struck. The composer’s two daughters contracted scarlet fever, and the elder one died. Mahler and his wife Alma were shattered. Soon afterward, Alma’s mother, who came to help during this sad period, suffered a heart attack. The doctor who examined her also found that the strain had affected Alma’s heart. The composer, an athletic swimmer and ardent mountain climber, joked, “You might as well examine me, too.” Having done so, the doctor told him, “I would not be proud of a heart like that.” And thus he found himself suddenly under medical sentence of death, under which he lived for nearly four years.

Already in the summer of 1907 Mahler began to sketch some settings of eighty-three Chinese poems in a German rendering by Hans Bethge. Bethge’s book *The Chinese Flute*, a collection of translations of poems already a thousand years old, had been a gift from Theobald Pollak. This was a fateful gift, as it happened, because Mahler turned to it at a moment when he was particularly aware of his own mortality, and found poems that spoke directly to his condition. (In fact, Bethge did not himself directly translate the Chinese texts, but rather drew upon existing translations into various European languages.)

Mahler chose seven texts from Bethge’s collection, making a number of changes for the text of his own work, changes that emphasize the nostalgia of the whole, and setting them as six movements (the last movement is a setting of two poems separated by an orchestral interlude). The texts for movements 1, 3, 4, and 5 are from poems by Li-Tai-Po (702-763); movement 2 sets a text by Tschang-Tsi (c.800). The sixth poem combines 8th-century texts from Mong-Kao-Jen and Wang-Sei. The composition that resulted from Mahler’s discovery of these poems is symphonic in scope, though filled throughout with the character of song, for which reason it is sometimes referred to as a “song-symphony.” Alma Mahler recounted that her husband, superstitiously aware that no composer from Beethoven onward had completed more than nine symphonies, chose to give no number at all to this work, which could have been regarded as his ninth. Then, feeling that he had outsmarted the Grim Reaper, he gave the number 9 to his next symphony, which he jokingly referred to as his tenth. In the end, though, he did not live to hear either of his “Ninths”—the official or the unofficial one—and he never completed his Tenth.

There is a certain element of good storytelling about this legend (Alma was not above emphasizing Mahler’s psychological torments, and quite possibly overdoing them). Michael Kennedy is reluctant to accept the story, if only because Mahler would certainly have recognized that *Das Lied von der Erde* is really not a symphony, or is, in any case, hardly comparable to the numbered symphonies.

Perhaps it should be noted that the title is slightly misleading: there is no intimation that the earth itself is singing here; a fuller and more accurate title might have been “The Song of Life on This Earth,” for the six movements deal with human beings and their actions and perceptions in a world in which all is transient. The individual may deal with the inevitable passing of all things by choosing to drink and forget, by swathing oneself in sadness, by recalling (or envying) the joys of youth, by concentrating on the doleful fact that even beauty passes away, by developing a particularly acute sensitivity to natural beauty (which seems eternal, though it changes from day to day), or by means of a poignant and nostalgic leave-taking. All of these responses are to be found in the individual songs of the work, sometimes intertwined in the same text.

As in the Ninth Symphony, which is the companion piece to *Das Lied von der Erde*, Mahler’s textures are clear and transparently scored, but essentially polyphonic, with intertwining melodic lines that carry the progress of the music forward. These no doubt reflect his continuing absorption in the music of J.S. Bach. The sound of the score—varied throughout in shades of light and dark, though it is the light that lingers in the ear—often suggests a chamber ensemble, but one of enormous size. Often only a handful of instruments are playing, but many are at hand to lend a special tint to a given passage. The thematic kernels are, for the most part, the same that Mahler has used before for his expressive purposes—the assertive fourth, rising or falling (as at the opening in the horns—a summons challenging the singer’s mortality), the rising minor third, and—most eloquent of all—the descending second, a single downward step, which becomes utterly unforgettable in its yearning at the very end of the score. In addition, Mahler has sprinkled his score tastefully with the most delicate chinoiserie, pentatonic figures that provide color without ever seeming mere stage-painting.

Mahler arranges the numbers so that the tenor and his vocal partner—typically a contralto—alternate throughout, the former generally having the more “assertive” music and moods, the latter having the more “internalized” expression. On the title page of his score, Mahler actually specified the alternative of baritone in place of the female soloist; but with very rare exceptions, the low-voice role has almost always been taken by a woman.

1. Das Trinklied vom Jammer der Erde (The Drinking Song of the Earth’s Despair). (A minor) A horn fanfare and an outburst of orchestral laughter set the scene in some drinking resort, where the wine flows freely to drive off nagging thoughts of impending death. The solo line, with this powerful orchestration, requires a Heldentenor of Wagnerian stamina. The singer furiously defies his grief and mortality with more wine, and still more wine. Only when the text turns briefly to the blue firmament and spring’s eternal renewal does Mahler allow him a moment of yearning peace—but to no avail: “You, o Man—how long will you live?” Each stage of the opening song ends with the refrain “*Dunkel ist das Leben, ist der Tod*” (“Dark is life, dark is death”), each time appearing a semitone higher (G minor, A-flat minor, A minor) until achieving the home key.

2. Der Einsame im Herbst (The Lonely One in Autumn). (D minor) Autumn, of course, has always suggested not only the closing of the year but also the autumn of life. Over a gentle, muted scale figure in the violins, the oboe sings its yearning melody and the contralto, in weary, sustained lines, sings of the mists and the frosts. All is world-weariness, yearning for repose, though with enough energy left for a single outburst: “O Sun of love, will you never shine again to dry my bitter tears?”

3. Von der Jugend (Of Youth). (B-flat major) The poem depicts a scene of carefree young people enjoying their youth in a porcelain pavilion in the middle of a carp pond, a scene familiar from much Chinese art (and imitations thereof). It is a simple miniature, with the music of the opening stanza returning for the close.

4. Von der Schönheit (Of Beauty). (G major) This, too, is a delicate translation into music of a scene familiar from Chinese painting: as young women pick flowers on the riverbank, a group of horsemen gallops past, inspiring longing glances from the maidens.

5. Der Trunkene im Frühling (The Drunkard in Springtime). (A major) The poem praises drinking for its own sake, to excess, and Mahler’s music suggests that the tenor has been taking his own advice: it begins in the home key of A, but the tenor’s entrance, just three short measures later, lurches into B-flat. The inspired orchestration is filled with special effects suggesting the consequences of this over-indulgence, while the tenor is by turns assertive and sentimental, finally declaring his full intention of staying drunk.

6. Der Abschied (The Parting). (C minor/major) The sixth and most profound of the songs in *Das Lied von der Erde* lasts nearly half an hour, as much as the previous five put together. Here, with the most delicate and restrained of

orchestral treatments, Mahler intertwines thematic ideas that have been heard throughout the work. The text is filled with images of departure—the setting sun, the moon’s light, the sound of the brook at night, birds huddling for sleep, and the poet/singer longing to take a last farewell. Mahler treats all of this with the most exquisite delicacy—totally without sentimentality or dramatic posturing. An extended orchestral interlude functions as a quiet funeral march. As this builds to its climax and suddenly dies away, the final poem begins: a friend is saying farewell forever. It is not clear where he is going or why he has to go, but he must. In a hushed recitative over a sustained low C in the double basses, the singer sets the scene. The friend’s reply becomes warmer, more sustained, more richly accompanied by the orchestra until it blossoms into a softly shimmering C major with harps and violins as the singer evokes the endless rebirth of spring. Perhaps Mahler’s single most expressive stroke in the whole work is the final page for the contralto, who four times repeats “*ewig...ewig...*” (“forever...and forever...”) with a two-note melodic figure that moves from E to D but never completes the final step to the closing C; only the instruments of the orchestra, representing the endless blossoming of nature, are able to bring that final repose.

For many years, listeners and scholars accepted at face value the depiction of Mahler in Alma’s memoirs as a man who was obsessed with death, an emotional cripple. Yet any open-minded and openhearted listening to *Das Lied von der Erde* forces us to challenge this view. The music is, without question, valedictory. But it is, in John Donne’s phrase, a “valediction forbidding mourning,” a farewell from one who loved life and celebrated it in music that reminds us all how very precious it is.

Steven Ledbetter

STEVEN LEDBETTER was program annotator of the Boston Symphony Orchestra from 1979 to 1998. In 1991 his BSO program notes received an ASCAP/Deems Taylor Award. He now writes program notes for orchestras and other ensembles from Boston to California and for such concert venues as Carnegie Hall.

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Das Lied von der Erde

Texts from Hans Bethge’s “The Chinese Flute”

Translations by Jerome Rosen (Nos. 1, 2, 5, 6) and Marc Mandel (Nos. 3, 4)

I. Das Trinklied vom Jammer der Erde

Schon winkt der Wein im gold’nen Pokale,
Doch trinkt noch nicht, erst sing’ ich euch ein Lied!
Das Lied vom Kummer soll auflachend
in die Seele euch klingen.
Wenn der Kummer naht,
Liegen wüßt die Gärten der Seele.
Welkt hin und stirbt die Freude, der Gesang.
Dunkel ist das Leben, ist der Tod.
Herr dieses Hauses! Dein Keller birgt
die Fülle des goldenen Weins!
Hier diese Laute nenn’ ich mein!
Die Laute schlagen und die Gläser leeren,
Das sind die Dinge, die zusammen passen.
Ein voller Becher Weins zur rechten Zeit
ist mehr wert als alle Reiche dieser Erde!
Dunkel ist das Leben, ist der Tod!
Das Firmament blaut ewig, und die Erde
Wird lange fest steh’n und aufblüh’n im Lenz.
Du, aber, Mensch, wie lang lebst denn du?
Nicht hundert jahre darfst du dich ergötzen
An all dem morschen Tande dieser Erde!
Seht dort hinab! Im Mondschein auf den Gräbern
Hockt eine wild-gespentische Gestalt.
Ein Aff’ ist’s! Hört ihr, wie sein Heulen
Hinausgellt in den süßen Duft des Lebens!

Jetzt nehmt den Wein! Jetzt ist es Zeit, Genossen!
Leert eure gold'nen Becher zu Grund!
Dunkel ist das Leben, ist der Tod!

II. Der Einsame im Herbst

Herbstnebel wallen bläulich überm See,
Vom Reif bezogen stehen alle Gräser;
Man meint, ein Künstler habe Staub von Jade
über die feinen Blüten ausgestreut.
Der süsse Duft der Blumen ist verflogen;
Ein kalter Wind beugt ihre Stengel nieder.
Bald werden die verwelkten gold'nen Blätter
Der Lotosblüten auf dem Wasser zieh'n.
Mein Herz ist müde. Meine kleine Lampe
Erlösch mit Knistern, es gemahnt mich an den Schlaf.
Ich komm' zu dir, traute Ruhestätte!
Ja, gib mir Ruh, ich hab' Erquickung Not!
Ich weine viel in meinen Einsamkeiten.
Der Herbst in meinem Herzen währt zu lange.
Sonne der Liebe, willst du nie mehr scheinen.
Um meine bitteren Tränen mild aufzutrocknen?

III. Von der Jugend

Mitten in dem kleinen Teiche
Steht ein Pavillon aus grünem
Und aus weissem Porzellan.
Wie der Rücken eines Tigers
Wölbt die Brücke sich aus Jade
Zu dem Pavillon hinüber.
In dem Häuschen sitzen Freunde,
Schön gekleidet, trinken, plaudern,
Manche schreiben Verse nieder.
Ihre seidnen ärmel gleiten
Rückwärts, ihre seidnen Mützen
Hocken lustig tief im Nacken.
Auf des kleinen Teiches stiller
Wasserfläche zeigt sich alles
Wunderlich im Spiegelbilde.
Alles auf dem Kopfe stehend
In dem Pavillon aus grünem
Und aus weissem Porzellan;
Wie ein Halbmond steht die Brücke,
Umgekehrt der Bogen. Freunde,
Schön gekleidet, trinken, plaudern.

IV. Von der Schönheit

Junge Mädchen pflücken Blumen,
Pflücken Lotosblumen an dem Uferrande.
Zwischen Büschen und Blättern sitzen sie,
Sammeln Blüten in den Schoss und rufen
Sich einander Neckereien zu.
Gold'ne Sonne webt um die Gestalten,
Spiegelt sie im blanken Wasser wider.
Sonne spiegelt ihre schlanken Glieder,
Ihre süssen Augen wider,

Und der Zephir hebt mit
Schmeichelkosen das Gewebe
Ihrer ärmel auf, führt den Zauber
Ihrer Wohlgerüche durch die Luft.
O sieh, was tummeln sich für schöne Knaben
Dort an dem Uferrand auf mut'gen Rossen,
Weithin glänzend wie die Sonnenstrahlen;
Schon zwischen dem Geäst der grünen Weiden
Trabt das jungfrische Volk einher!
Das Ross des einen wiehert fröhlich auf,
Und scheut, und saust dahin,
Über Blumen, Gräser, wanken hin die Hufe,
Sie zerstampfen jäh im Sturm die
hingesunk'nen Blüten,
Hei! Wie flattern im Taumel seine Mähnen,
Dampfen heiss die Nüstern!
Gold'ne Sonne webt um die Gestalten,
Spiegelt sie im blanken Wasser wider.
Und die schönste von den Jungfrau'n sendet
Lange Blicke ihm der Sehnsucht nach.
Ihre stolze Haltung ist nur Verstellung.
In dem Funkeln ihrer grossen Augen,
In dem Dunkel ihres heissen Blicks
Schwingt klagend noch die Erregung
ihres Herzens nach.

V. Der Trunkene im Frühling

Wenn nur ein Traum das Leben ist,
Warum denn Müh' und Plag'!?
Ich trinke, bis ich nicht mehr kann,
Den ganzen, lieben Tag!
Und wenn ich nicht mehr trinken kann,
Weil Kehl' und Seele voll,
So tauml' ich bis zu meiner Tür
Und schlafe wundervoll!
Was hör' ich beim Erwachen? Horch!
Ein Vogel singt im Baum.
Ich frag' ihn, ob schon Frühling sei.
Mir ist als wie im Traum.
Der Vogel zwitschert: Ja!
Der Lenz ist da, sei kommen über Nacht!
Aus tiefstem Schauen lauscht' ich auf,
Der Vogel singt und lacht!
Ich fülle mir den Becher neu
Und leer' ihn bis zum Grund
Und singe, bis der Mond erglänzt
Am schwarzen Firmament!
Und wenn ich nicht mehr singen kann,
So schlaf' ich wieder ein.
Was geht mich denn der Frühling an!?
Lasst mich betrunken sein!

VI. Der Abschied

Die Sonne scheidet hinter dem Gebirge.
In alle Täler steigt der Abend nieder

Mit seinen Schatten, die voll Kühlung sind.
O sieh! Wie eine Silberbarke schwebt.
Der Mond am blauen Himmelssee herauf.
Ich spüre eines feinen Windes Weh'n
Hinter den dunklen Fichten!
Der Bach singt voller Wohllaut durch
das Dunkel.
Die Blumen blassen im Dämmerchein.
Die Erde atmet voll von Ruh' und Schlaf.
Alle Sehnsucht will nun träumen,
Die müden Menschen geh'n heimwärts,
Um im Schlaf vergess'nes Glück
Und Jugend neu zu lernen!
Die Vögel hocken still in ihren Zweigen.
Die Welt schläft ein!
Es wehet kühl im Schatten meiner Fichten.
Ich stehe hier und harre meines Freundes;
Ich harre sein zum letzten Lebewohl.
Ich sehne mich, O Freund, an deiner Seite
Die Schönheit dieses Abends zu genießen.
Wo bleibst du? Du lässt mich lang allein!
Ich wandle auf und nieder mit meiner Laute
Auf Wegen, die von weichem Grase schwellen.
O Schönheit! O ewigen Liebens-,
Lebens-trunk'ne Welt!

(Orchestral Interlude)

Er stieg vom Pferd und reichte ihm den
Trunk
Des Abschieds dar. Er fragte ihn, wohin
Er führe und auch warum es müsste sein.
Er sprach, seine Stimme war umflort:
Du, mein Freund,
Mir war auf dieser Welt das Glück nicht hold!
Wohin ich geh'? Ich geh', ich wand're in die Berge.
Ich suche Ruhe für mein einsam Herz!
Ich wandle nach der Heimat,
meiner Stätte.
Ich werde niemals in die Ferne schweifen.
Still ist mein Herz und harret seiner Stunde!
Die liebe Erde allüberall blüht auf im
Lenz und grünt
Aufs neu! Allüberall und ewig blauen
Licht die Fernen,
Ewig...ewig...!

I. The Drinking Song of the Earth's Despair

Now glimmers the wine in golden goblets,
but let's not drink, not yet—first I have a song!
The song of Sorrow will ring its laughter
through the soul.
When Sorrow comes near,
the soul's garden shrivels,
joy and song wither and die.
Dark is life, is death!

Master of the house! Your cellar
brims with golden wine.
But here, this lute is mine!
To pluck the lute, to empty the glasses,
these things go well together.
A full wine-glass at the right time
is worth more than all the empires of this earth!
Dark is life, is death!
The starry sky is eternal, the firm earth
long remains and even blooms again in springtime.
But thou, humankind! What art thou?
Not a hundred years hast thou to taste
the stinking fruit of this earth!
See there—there! In the moon-whitened graveyard
gibbers a spectral thing...
It is an ape! Hear him as he howls,
shrieks, sours the sweetness of our lives!
Now bring the wine! Now is the time, comrades!
Drain the golden vessels to the dregs!
Dark is life, is death!

II. The Lonely One in Autumn

Autumn mist wells blue upon the sea,
frost-covered stands the grass,
as if an artisan had sprinkled jade-dust
over all the leaves, all the fine-spun blossoms.
The flowers' sweet fragrance is gone;
a cold wind bends their stems earthward.
Soon the withered golden lotus petals
will scatter on the water.
My heart is weary. My little lamp
sputters low, I think of sleep...
I come to you, dear resting place!
Yes, give me peace, give me new life!
I weep in my loneliness;
autumn stays too long in my heart.
Loving sun, wilt thou never again shine on me
to gently dry my bitter tears?

III. Of Youth

In the center of the small pool
stands a pavilion of green
and white porcelain.
Like the back of a tiger
the bridge, of jade, arches
across to the pavilion.
In the little house friends sit,
finely clothed, drinking, chatting;
some write verses down.
Their silk sleeves slide backward,
their silken caps
hang carelessly back on their necks.
On the small pool's still surface
everything shows clearly,
magically, like a mirror image.

They all stand on their heads
in the pavilion of green
and white porcelain.
Like a half-moon stands the bridge,
its arch turned upside down. Friends,
finely clothed, drink and chatter.

IV. Of Beauty

Young maidens pick flowers,
pluck lotus flowers at the water's edge.
Among shrubs and leaves they're sitting,
gathering blossoms in their laps,
calling teasingly to one another.
Golden sunshine envelops their forms,
mirrors them in the shining water.
Sunshine mirrors their slender limbs,
their sweet eyes,
and the west wind, with flattering
caresses, lifts the fabric of their sleeves,
bears the magic of their sweet fragrance
through the air.
Now see those fair youths,
there on the shore, on spirited horses,
gleaming, from afar, like the sun's rays;
now through the green willow branches
those heady youths come trotting!
One youth's horse whinnies joyously,
shies, races forward,
over flowers, grass, its hooves trample;
they trample the fallen flowers
suddenly—it's like a storm—
Look! how it tosses its mane, in a frenzy,
its nostrils steaming hot!
Golden sunshine envelops their forms,
mirrors them in the shining water;
and the fairest of the maidens casts
long, longing glances toward him.
Her proud bearing is only a pretense:
in the flash of her large eyes,
in the darkness of her searing glance,
the troubled agitation in her heart
is still evident.

V. The Drunkard in Springtime

If life is no more than a dream
why then the shouts and tears!?
I'll drink until I cannot drink,
for days, for weeks, for years!
And when I can't drink any more,
when guts and soul are full,
I'll stagger to my own front door
and sleep—so wonderful!
What do I hear when waking? Hear!
A pretty bird who sings?
I'll ask him if the spring's here yet;

I must be dreaming things.
The birdie twitters, Yes, oh yes!
The spring came in last night.
I listen hard, he twitters, sings,
and laughs 'til morning light.
I fill my glass to start again;
I drain it: bottoms up!
I drink until the moon shines bright:
I'll snare it in my cup!
And when I tire of singing songs
I'll go right back to sleep.
Let spring go hang; what do I care!
I'd rather be a drunk!

VI. The Parting

The sun departs beyond the mountains.
Evening descends into the valleys
with its shadows cooling all.
Oh see! Like a silver ship
the moon soars on the blue sea of heaven.
I feel a gentle wind
wending through the darkling pines!
The brook sings gently
in the darkness.
The flowers fade in dusk-light.
The earth sighs, fully at peace, at rest.
All longings want to dream.
Weary humankind is going home,
to find better fortune in slumber,
to grow young again.
The birds lie quiet in the branches.
The world is dead asleep.
It is cool in the shadow of my pines.
Here I stand, waiting for my friend,
waiting on the last parting.
My friend, I long to savor with you
the beauty of evening in this place.
Where do you linger? You have left me too long alone!
I pace, I stroll and stroke my lute,
on the path overgrown with grass.
O beauty! O endless love,
life-drunken world!

He dismounted, and offered the
stirrup-cup, the cup of parting.
He asked him where
he would go, and why he must.
He spoke, and his voice was covered:
Thou, my friend,
in this world good fortune was not mine!
Where do I go? I go, go to wander in the mountains.
I seek peace for my lonely heart.
I wander toward my homeland,
my dwelling place.
No more will I roam the far country.
My heart is still, awaiting its own hour!

The loving earth, everywhere,
everywhere flowers in springtime,
becomes green again. Everywhere and
ever blue gleams the beyond,
forever...ever...!

THE FIRST AMERICAN PERFORMANCE of Mahler's "Das Lied von der Erde" was given by Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra on December 15, 1916, with soloists Johannes Sembach and Tilly Koenen.

THE FIRST BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA PERFORMANCES of Mahler's "Das Lied von der Erde" were given by Serge Koussevitzky on December 7 and 8, 1928, with soloists George Meader and Mme. Charles Cahier. (It was Mme. Cahier who had sung the world premiere under Bruno Walter in 1911, in Vienna.) Koussevitzky led the work again in December 1930 with Richard Crooks and Margaret Matzenauer; in November 1936 with Paul Althouse and Maria Ranzow; in February 1937 in New York with Althouse and Ranzow; and in August 1949 at Tanglewood with David Lloyd and Janice Moudry. Richard Burgin led BSO performances in December 1943 with Hans J. Heinz and Jennie Tourel; in April 1950 with David Garen and Tourel; and in April 1961 with David Lloyd and Eunice Alberts, subsequent BSO performances being given by William Steinberg with Jon Vickers and Maureen Forrester (January 1970); Joseph Silverstein with Nicholas di Virgilio and Lili Chookasian (the most recent Tanglewood performance, on July 28, 1973); Colin Davis with Richard Cassilly and Janet Baker (January 1975, in Boston, Washington, D.C., and New York); James Levine with Ben Heppner and Anne Sofie von Otter (November 1994); and, in October/November 1998, Seiji Ozawa with Ben Heppner, baritone Thomas Quasthoff, and soprano Jessye Norman (with Quasthoff singing three of the four Symphony Hall performances, and Norman singing one Symphony Hall performance and two performances at Carnegie Hall).

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