



**Western
Music**

Don Wright Faculty of Music

SCHOENBERG'S PIERROT LUNAIRE

Friday, January 26, 2024

8 p.m., von Kuster Hall

Pre-concert roundtable discussion at 7 p.m.

Pierrot Lunaire, op. 21

Arnold Schoenberg
(1874-1951)

Part I

1. Mondestrunken (Moondrunk)
2. Colombine
3. Der Dandy (The Dandy)
4. Eine blasse Wäscherin (A Chlorotic Laundry Maid)
5. Valse de Chopin (Chopin Waltz)
6. Madonna
7. Der kranke Mond (The Sickly Moon)

Part II

8. Nacht (Night)
9. Gebet an Pierrot (Prayer to Pierrot)
10. Raub (Theft)
11. Rote Messe (Red Mass)
12. Galgenlied (The Bony Strumpet)
13. Enthauptung (Beheading)
14. Die Kreuze (The Crosses)

Part III

15. Heimweh (Homesickness)
16. Gemeinheit (Mischievousness)
17. Parodie (Parody)
18. Der Mondfleck (The Moon Spot)
19. Serenade
20. Heimfahrt (The Journey Home)
21. O alter Duft (Oh Ancient Fragrance)

Patricia Green, mezzo-soprano

Stephen Tam, flute and piccolo

Jana Starling, clarinets

Scott St. John, violin and viola

Tom Wiebe, cello

Stéphan Sylvestre, piano

Pre-concert *Pierrot Lunaire* Roundtable Discussion | Jan. 26, 7 p.m., von Kuster Hall

featuring Western faculty Emily Ansari, Kevin Mooney, Omar Daniel, Genevieve de Viveiros, Tom Wiebe

ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS

Original French Text: Albert Giraud

German Translation: Otto Erich Hartleben

English Translation: Roger Marsh and Paul Mathews

1. Moondrunk

The wine we drink with our eyes
Flows nightly from the moon in torrents
And a spring-tide overflows
The silent horizon,

Desires shuddering and sweet
Ride the floods in countless number!
The wine we drink with our eyes
Flows nightly from the moon in torrents.

The poet, in ecstasy,
Drinks deeply from the holy chalice,
Heavenward, entranced, he lifts his
head, and reeling, quaffs and gulps down
The wine we drink with our eyes.

2. Colombine

Pallid blossoms of the moonlight
Pale and wondrous roses,
Bloom in the nights of July—
O could I pluck but one!

My fear and pain to ease,
I search by the dark river,
The pallid blossoms of moonlight
Wondrous pallid roses.

Stilled would be my longing
Could I thus secretly as in a fairy-tale
Blissfully and softly shed
On your brown tresses
The moonlight's pallid blossoms.

3. The Dandy

With a fantastical beam of light, the moon
Illumines all the crystalline flasks
On the black, most sacred wash-stand
Of the silent dandy of Bergamo.

In the resounding bowl of bronze
Laughs brightly the fountain's metallic sound.
With a fantastical beam of light the moon
Illumines all the crystalline flasks.

Pierrot with waxen countenance
Stands musing and thinks of
How he will paint tonight.
Aside he shoves the red and the green of the east

He paints his face in a dignified manner
With a fantastical moonbeam.

4. A Chlorotic Laundry Maid

A pallid laundress
Nightly washes bleached linen;
Naked, snow-white silvery arms
She stretches down in the current.

Through the clearing creeps wind,
Lightly it stirs the stream.
A pallid laundress
Nightly washes bleached linen.

And the tender maid of the heavens,
By the branches softly beloved,
Spreads on the dark meadows
All her light-woven linens.
A pallid laundress.

5. Chopin Waltz

As a pale drop of blood
Stains the lip of a consumptive,
So there lurks within this music
a morbid deathly charm.

Wild lusty chords disturb
Despair, the icy dream.
As a pale drop of blood
Stains the lip of a consumptive.

Hot and ecstatic, sweet and yearning,
Melancholic dark waltz,
Never leaves my senses
Like a pale drop of blood!

6. Madonna

Rise, O mother of all sorrows,
To the altar of my verses!
Blood from your withered breasts
Has by the raging sword been shed.

Your eternally fresh wounds
Like eyes, red and open.
Rise, O mother of all sorrows,
To the altar of my verses.

In your worn-out hands
You hold your son's corpse,

To show to all humanity—
But the gaze of humanity avoids,
You, O Mother of all sorrows!

7. The Sickly Moon

You nightly, death-stricken moon,
There on the sky's black cushion,
Your countenance, so feverishly enlarged,
Enchants me, like a strange melody.

An unhealing wound of love
Kills you, with longing, deeply smothered,
You nightly death-stricken moon,
There on the sky's black cushion.
The lover, who in sensual delirium
Indifferently to his lover goes
Delights in your beams' play,
Your bleached, agony-wrenched blood
You nightly death-stricken moon.

8. Night

Murky, black, giant butterflies
Massacred the sun's bright rays;
Like a closed book of spells
The horizon sleeps—in silence.
From the murks moldering of lost depths
Arises a scent, destroying memory.
Murky, black, giant butterflies
Massacred the sun's bright rays.
And from heaven earthward bound
Descending on heavy wings
Unseen, the monsters
To human hearts below
Murky, black giant butterflies.

9. Prayer to Pierrot

Pierrot! my laughter
Have I unlearned!
The picture of brilliance
Dissolved—dissolved!

Black waves the flag
Now from my mast.
Pierrot! my laughter
Have I unlearned!

O give me again,
Horse-doctor of the Soul,
Snowman of lyrics,
Lord of the Moon.
Pierrot! My laughter!

10. Theft

Red, princely rubies,
Bloody drops of ancient glory,
Slumber in the coffins

Down in the burial vaults.

Nights, with his drinking buddies
Pierrot climbs down—to rob,
Red, princely rubies,
Bloody drops of ancient glory.

But there—hair standing straight up
Pallid fear fixes them in place:
Through the darkness—as eyes!!
Glaring from the coffins of the dead
Red, princely rubies!

11. Red Mass

To a gruesome communion
With dazzling brilliance of gold,
With flickering shine of candles
comes to the altar—Pierrot!

The hand, consecrated by God,
Rips asunder the priestly attire,
To a gruesome communion
With a dazzling brilliance of gold.

Making the sign of the cross,
He shows the frightened souls
The gushing red host:
His Heart—in bloody fingers—
For a gruesome communion!

12. The Bony Strumpet

The bony strumpet,
With neck extended,
Will his last
Lover be!
In his brain
She sticks like a needle;
The bony strumpet
With neck extended.
Thin like a pine
on her neck a ribbon;
Lustfully will she
Embrace the scoundrel
--the bony strumpet!

13. Beheading

The moon a shining scimitar
Upon a black silken cushion,
Ghostly large—menaces down
Through sorrowful darkest night.

Pierrot roams about restlessly,
And stares upward in mortal terror
At the moon, a shining scimitar.
Upon a soft black silken cushion.

His knees rattling beneath him,
Swooning, he collapses completely.
He imagines it vengefully rushing
Towards his sinning neck
The moon—a shining scimitar.

14. The Crosses

Holy crosses
are the verses
on which poets
bleed in silence.

Struck blind by the vultures fluttering in a spectral
swarm!
Bodies by the sword devoured, now adorned by
blood's scarlet fever!

Holy crosses
are the verses
On which poets
bleed in silence.
Lifeless head, the
hair congealed.
Faint and distant
the roar of the
mob, slowly sinks
the fading sunset
like a crown of
royal crimson.

Holy crosses
are the verses.

15. Homesickness

Sweet lamenting—a crystalline sighing,
From Italy's ancient pantomime.
Echos down: that Pierrot's so wooden,
So fashionably sentimental has become.

And it sounds his heart's wasteland,
Sounds again, muffled, through all his senses.
Sweet lamenting—a crystalline sighing,
From Italy's ancient pantomime.

Then Pierrot forgets his tragic manner!
Up through the pale firelight of the moon,
Through the surge of light's ocean—
disperses the longing
Flying up bravely, rising to the homeland sky,
Sweet lamenting—a crystalline sighing.

16. Mischievousness

In the shining head of Cassander,
Whose screams inundate the air,
Bores Pierrot, with sincere affection—
Tenderly—a skull drill!

Thereafter he stuffs with his thumb
Leaves of genuine Turkish tobacco,
In the shining bald head of Cassander,
Whose screams inundate the air.

Then, screws a cherrywood pipestem
Behind the smooth bald head,
And contentedly smokes and puffs on
Leaves of genuine Turkish tobacco
In the shining head of Cassander!

17. Parody

Knitting needles gleaming and glistening,
In her greying hair,
Sits the Duenna muttering
In a red frock.
She waits in a bower,
She loves Pierrot with an aching heart.
Knitting needles gleaming and glistening
In her greying hair.
Then suddenly—listen!—a whisper!
A breeze snickers lightly.
The moon, the wicked mimic,
Imitates with its beams—
Knitting needles, brilliant and bright.

18. The Moon Spot

A white fleck of bright moon
On the back of his black coat,
As Pierrot strolls this temperate evening,
Searching for good fortune and adventure.

Suddenly something bothers him about his outfit:
He inspects himself
And finds he's quite right.
A white fleck of bright moon
On the shoulder of his black coat.

Wait! he thinks—That must be some plaster!
He wipes and wipes, but cannot remove it!
And so he goes further, tainted on his journey;
Rubbing and rubbing—until the early morning—
One white fleck of the bright moon.

19. Serenade

With a grotesque giant bow,
Scrapes Pierrot on his viola.
Like a stork on one leg,
He snaps forlornly a pizzicato.
Suddenly Cassander runs in
Furious about the nighttime virtuoso.
With a grotesque giant bow,
Scrapes Pierrot on his viola.
Now he throws down his viola;
With a delicate left hand

He seizes the badly by the collar—
Dreamily he plays upon the shiny dome
With a grotesque giant bow.

20. The Journey Home

The moonbeam is the rudder,
Water lily serves as boat,
Which carries Pierrot to the South,
With good sailing wind.

The stream hums low scales,
And rocks the light skiff.
The moonbeam is the rudder,
Water lily serves as boat.

To Bergamo, back home,
Returns Pierrot once more.

Faint dawns already, in the East,
The moonbeam is the rudder.

21. O Ancient Fragrance

O ancient fragrance of a fairy tale age,
Intoxicate once more my senses.
A host of entertaining pranks
Swirls through the tranquil air.
A favourable longing takes me cheerfully
To joys, which I long disdained
O ancient fragrance of a fairy tale age,
Once more intoxicate me.
All my ill humour is dispelled
And from my sun-framed window
I marvel over the dear world
And dream further to glorious reaches...
O ancient fragrance of a fairy tale age!

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