

Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra
2016-2017 Mellon Grand Classics Season

June 23, 24 and 25, 2017

MANFRED MARIA HONECK, CONDUCTOR
MATTHIAS GOERNE, BARITONE

GUSTAV MAHLER
AND ORCHESTRA

SEVEN SONGS FROM *DES KNABEN WUNDERHORN* FOR BARITONE

- I. Rheinlegendchen
- II. Wo die schönen Trompeten blasen
- III. Das irdische Leben
- IV. Urlicht
- V. Des Antonius von Padua Fischpredigt
- VI. Revelge
- VII. Der Tambourg'sell

Mr. Goerne

INTERMISSION

LUDWIG VAN
BEETHOVEN

SYMPHONY NO. 6 IN F MAJOR, OPUS 68, "PASTORAL"

- I. Awakening of Cheerful Feelings on Arriving
in the Country: Allegro ma non troppo
- II. Scene by the Brook: Andante molto mosso
- III. Merry Gathering of Country Folk: Allegro —
- IV. Thunderstorm: Allegro —
- V. Shepherd's Song: Happy, Grateful Feelings
after the Storm: Allegretto

PROGRAM NOTES BY DR. RICHARD E. RODDA

GUSTAV MAHLER

Des Knaben Wunderhorn for Baritone and Orchestra (1892-1901)

Gustav Mahler was born in Kalischt, Bohemia on July 7, 1860, and died in Vienna on May 18, 1911. He composed *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* (“*The Youth’s Magic Horn*”) over between 1892 and 1901. The twelve songs (seven will be performed this weekend) are all based on a collection of German folk poems. The individual songs were premiered at various times during the composition period in Vienna, Berlin, and Hamburg under the composer’s direction. The Pittsburgh Symphony premiered the complete songs in Carnegie Hall (New York) on February 19, 1969, followed by two performances at the Syria Mosque on February 21 & 23, 1969 sung by soprano Janet Baker and baritone Tom Krause, under the direction of William Steinberg. Most recently, James Levine led a performance on November 30, 1975, with soprano Maria Ewing and baritone Richard Stilwell. The score calls for piccolo, two flutes, two oboes, two English horns, E-flat clarinet, two clarinets, bass clarinet, three bassoons, contrabassoon, four horns, two trumpets, trombone, tuba, timpani, percussion, harp and strings. Performance time: approximately 36 minutes

Des Knaben Wunderhorn (“*The Youth’s Magic Horn*”) is a collection of some 700 German folk poems that Achim von Arnim and Clemens Brentano published in three volumes in Heidelberg and Frankfurt between 1805 and 1808. Brentano (1778-1842) was a talented poet, novelist, dramatist and medieval scholar whose troubled nature led him away from traditional university studies and into a restlessly wandering creative life; Arnim (1781-1831), a folklorist, dramatist, poet and storywriter, was the disciplined son of an aristocratic Russian family. They first met around the turn of the 19th century when Arnim was a student at the University of Heidelberg, and discovered a mutual dedication to German folklore. Arnim also discovered Brentano’s sister, Bettina, a gifted artist, writer, composer and singer, a friend of Beethoven, a regular correspondent of Goethe, and a frequent participant in their folklore researches. She and Arnim were married in Berlin in 1811, and she published a fourth book of *Wunderhorn* poems in 1854 based on their notes. Brentano and Arnim freely edited the traditional verses, some of which date to the Middle Ages, to improve what Arnim called their “authentically historical discords,” but their publication came at a critical time for the German nation — the Prussians suffered 25,000 casualties and a stunning defeat at the hands of Napoleon’s forces at the Battle of Jena, forty miles southwest of Leipzig, in October 1806 — and *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* became one of the seminal documents of the nationalism that was to inspire the unification of the country under Bismarck 65 years later.

Gustav Mahler had come to know *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* by 1887, and during the next four years he set nine of the poems for voice and piano. He returned to the collection in 1892, and over the following decade made songs with orchestral accompaniment from fifteen additional *Wunderhorn* texts. Three of them became vocal movements in his symphonies — *Urlicht* (“*Primal Light*”) as the alto solo in the Symphony No. 2 (which also took another *Wunderhorn* song, *Des Antonius von Padua Fischpredigt*, as the thematic basis of its scherzo), *Es sungen drei Engel* (“*Three Angels Sang*”) as the chorus with soloist in the Symphony No. 3, and *Das himmlische Leben* (“*The Heavenly Life*”) as the finale for soprano of the Symphony No. 4 — and the remaining dozen were published for concert performance in whole or in excerpt. Mahler said that the *Wunderhorn* poems were “essentially different from all kinds of ‘literary’ poetry, being more nature and life — that is, the sources of all poetry — than art.” The late musicologist Edward Downes also noted a deep-seated personal need in Mahler’s interest in these simple peasant verses: “Like most German Romantic artists, Mahler felt a love for folk art amounting almost to worship. In part, this may have been the nostalgia of the complex intellectual city-dweller for an Eden of lost innocence, of freshness, of naïveté.”

Mahler reflected the horrifying tale of mother and child recounted in *Das irdische Leben* (“*The Earthly Life*”) with music of sliding harmonies and sudden outbursts.

Rheinlegendchen (“*Little Rhine Legend*”) is in the style of a *Ländler*, the seductively swaying Austrian folk dance for which Mahler found a place in just about all of his symphonies.

The original text of *Wo die schönen Trompeten blasen* (“*Where the Splendid Trumpets Are Sounding*”) told of a simple tryst between lovers, but Mahler altered the poem to make this song into a

masterful evocation of the eerie midnight encounter of a young girl and the ghost of her dead sweetheart, killed in battle.

Mahler reflected the horrifying tale of mother and child recounted in *Das irdische Leben* ("The Earthly Life") with music of sliding harmonies and sudden outbursts.

The surpassingly beautiful *Urlicht* envisions a "primal light" leading the soul out of the darkness of death: *God will give me a lamp, will light me unto the life of eternal bliss!*

Des Antonius von Padua Fischpredigt ("Anthony of Padua's Fish Sermon") is a cynical poem about St. Anthony preaching a sermon to the fishes, who, like some human congregations, return to their fleshly ways as soon as the holy man finishes his lesson.

In *Revelge* ("Reveille") and *Der Tambour'sell* ("The Drummerboy"), Mahler created two of his most powerful and ironic vocal utterances through the medium of the symphonic march with voice. He told his friend and informal biographer Natalie Bauer-Lechner in 1901 that "he felt sorry for the world that would one day have to hear them, so terribly sad was their content." Mahler authority Donald Mitchell wrote of them, "The intensity of this music has few parallels, even elsewhere in Mahler. The *Wunderhorn* settings remind us of one central truth about his approach to texts, that for him the poems were not artificial evocations or revivals of a lost age of chivalry and German Romanticism, but were vivid enactments of reality, of sorrow, heartbreak, terror and pain. The *Wunderhorn* songs often tell a chilling truth about the human condition."

Rheinlegendchen ("Little Rhine Legend")

Bald gras' ich am Neckar,
bald gras' ich am Rhein;
bald hab' ich ein Schätzle,
bald bin ich allein!
Was hilft mir das Gras,
wenn d'Sichel nicht schneid't!
Was hilft mir ein Schätzle,
wenn's bei mir nicht bleibt!

I mow by the Neckar,
I mow by the Rhine;
at times I've a sweetheart,
at times I'm alone.
What good is it mowing,
if the sickle won't cut?
What good is a sweetheart,
if she won't stay with me?

So soll ich denn grasen
am Neckar, am Rhein,
so werf' ich mein goldenes
Ringlein hinein.
Es fließt im Neckar
und fließt im Rhein,
soll schwimmen hinunter
ins Meer tief hinein.

So if I'm to mow
by the Neckar, the Rhine,
I'll throw in their waters
my little gold ring.
It'll flow down the Neckar
and flow down the Rhine,
and float right away
to the depths of the sea.

Und schwimmt es, das Ringlein,
so frisst es ein Fisch!
Das Fischlein soll kommen
auf's Königs sein Tisch!
Der König tat fragen:
wem's Ringlein sollt' sein?
Da tat mein Schatz sagen:
Das Ringlein g'hort mein.

And floating, the ring will
be gulped by a fish!
The fish will arrive
as a dish for the King.
The King will enquire
whose ring it may be;
my sweetheart will say
that the ring belongs to me.

Mein Schätzlein tät springen
Berg auf und Berg ein,
tät mir wied'rum bringen
das Goldringlein mein!
"Kannst grasen am Neckar,
kannst grasen am Rhein!
Wirf du mir nur immer
dein Ringlein hinein!"

My sweetheart will bound
over hill, over dale,
and will bring back to me
my own little gold ring.
"You can mow by the Neckar,
and mow by the Rhine,
if you'll only keep throwing
your ring in for me!"

Wo die schönen Trompeten blasen ("Where the Splendid Trumpets Are Sounding")

“Wer ist denn draussen und wer klopfet an,
der mich so leise, so leise wecken kann?”

“Das ist der Herzallerliebste dein,
steh’ auf und lass mich zu dir ein!
Was soll ich hier nun länger steh’n?
Ich seh’ die Morgenröt’ aufgeh’n,
die Morgenröt’, zwei helle Stern’.
Bei meinem Schatz da wär’ ich gern,
bei meinem Herzallerliebste!”

Das Mädchen stand auf und liess ihn ein;
sie heisst ihn auch willkommen sein.
“Willkommen, lieber Knabe mein,
so lang hast du gestanden!”
Sie reicht ihm auch die schneeweisse Hand.

Von Ferne sang die Nachtigall;
das Mädchen fing zu weinen an.

“Ach weine nicht, du Liebste mein,
ach weine nicht, du Liebste mein,
aufs Jahr sollst du mein Eigen sein.
Mein Eigen sollst du werden gewiss,
wie’s keine sonst auf Erden ist!
O Lieb’ auf grüner Erden.
Ich zieh’ in Krieg auf grüne Haid’,
die grüne Haide, die ist so weit.
Allwo dort die schönen Trompeten blasen,
da ist mein Haus, mein Haus von grünem Rasen.”

“Who’s that outside there that knocks
at my door,
and who so gently, so gently wakens me?”

“It is your own true dearest love,
arise, and let me in to you!
Why leave me longer waiting here?
I see the pale red dawn appear,
the pale red dawn, and two bright stars.
Were I but only with my love,
with my own dearest beloved!”

The girl got up and let him in,
and gladly does she welcome him.
“O welcome, dearest lad of mine,
so long you’ve been waiting!”
She gives to him her snow-white hand.

From far off sang the nightingale;
the girl began to weep.

“Ah do not weep, my dearest love,
ah do not weep, my dearest love,
within a year you shall be mine.
You shall be mine, my own for sure,
as no-one else upon the earth!
O love on the green earth.
I’m going to war on the green heath,
the green heath, so far away.
And there where the splendid trumpets
are sounding,
there is my home, my home of green turf.”

Das irdische Leben (“Earthly Life”)

“Mutter, ach Mutter, es hungert mich!
Gib mir Brot, sonst sterbe ich.”
“Warte nur! Warte nur, mein liebes Kind!
Morgen wollen wir ernten geschwind!”

Und als das Korn geerntet war,
rief das Kind noch immerdar:
“Mutter, ach Mutter, es hungert mich!
Gib mir Brot, sonst sterbe ich!”
“Warte nur! Warte nur, mein liebes Kind!
Morgen wollen wir dreschen geschwind!”

Und als das Korn gedroschen war,
rief das Kind noch immerdar:
“Mutter, ach Mutter, es hungert mich,
gib mir Brot, sonst sterbe ich!”
“Warte nur! Warte nur, mein liebes Kind!
Morgen wollen wir backen geschwind.”

Und als das Brot gebacken war,
lag das Kind auf der Totenbahn!

“Mother, oh mother, how hungry I am!
Give me bread, or I shall die.”
“Wait awhile, wait awhile, my darling child!
Tomorrow the reaping will be done.”

But when at last the grain was reaped,
still the child cried on and on:
“Mother, oh mother, how hungry I am!
Give me bread, or I shall die!”
“Wait awhile, wait awhile, my darling child!
Tomorrow the threshing will be done.”

But when at last the grain was threshed,
still the child cried on and on:
“Mother, oh mother, how hungry I am!
Give me bread, or I shall die!”
“Wait awhile, wait awhile, my darling child!
Tomorrow the baking will be done.”

But when at last the bread was baked,
the child lay dead upon the bier!

Urlicht (“Primal Light”)

O Röschen rot!
Der Mensch liegt in grösster Not!
Der Mensch liegt in grösster Pein!
Je lieber möcht' ich im Himmel sein!

Oh red rose!
Man lies in deepest need,
Man lies in deepest pain.
Much would I rather be in heaven!

Da kam ich auf einen breiten Weg:
Da kam ein Engelein und wollt' mich abweisen!
Ach nein! Ich liess mich nicht abweisen!
Ich bin von Gott und will wieder zu Gott!
Der liebe Gott wird mir ein Lichtchen geben,
Wird leuchten mir in das ewig selig Leben!

Then I came onto a broad path:
An angel came and wanted to send me away.
Ah, no! I would not be sent away.
I am from God and will return to God!
Dear God will give me a light,
Will illumine me to eternal, blessed life!

Des Antonius von Padua Fischpredigt ("Anthony of Padua's Fish Sermon")

Antonius sur Predigt
Die Kirche find't ledig.
Er geht zu den Flüssen
Und predigt den Fischen;
Si schlag'n mit den Schwänzen,
Im Sonnenschein glänzen.

Anthony, for his sermon,
finds the church empty.
To the rivers he goes
and addresses the fish
who whisk their tails
and gleam in the sun.

Die Karpfen mit Rogen
Sind all'hierher zogen,
Hab'n die Mäuler aufrissen,
Sich Zuhörns beflissen:
Kein Predigt niemalen
Den Fischen so g'fallen

the spawning carp
who have all of them come,
have mouths gaping open,
attentive and rapt.
Never was a sermon
so pleasing to fish.

Sptizgoschete Hechte,
Die immerzu fechten,
Sind eilends herschwommen
Zu hören den Frommen.

Sharp-of-mouth pike,
continually fighting,
come hastily swimming
this devout man to hear.

Auch jene Phantasen
Die immerzu fasten:
Die Stockfisch' ich meine,
Zur Predigt erscheinen:
Kein Predigt niemalen
Den Stockfisch' so gefallen.

Those oddities even,
perpetually fasting,
the stockfish, I mean
for the sermon appear.
Never was a sermon
so pleasing to stockfish.

Gut Aale und Hausen,
Die Vornehme schmausen
Die selbst sich bequemen,
Die Predigt vernehmen.

The good eels and sturgeons
who banquet like lords,
even they condescend
to lend this sermon ear.

Auch Krebse, Schildkröten,
Sonst langsame Boten,
Steigen eilig vom Grund,
Zu hören diesen Mund:
Kein Predigt niemalen
Den Krebsen so g'fallen.

Crabs even, and turtles,
slow coaches at most times,
shoot up from below
to hark to this voice.
Never was a sermon
so pleasing to crabs.

Fisch' grosse, Fisch' kleine,
Vornehm' und gemeine,
Erheben die Köpfe
Wie verständ'ge Geschöpfe:
Auf Gottes Begehren
Die Predigt an hören

Fish great and fish small
distinguished and vulgar,
cock their heads back
like intelligent creatures,
at God's behest
to give this sermon ear.

Die Predigt geendet,
Ein jeder sich wendet,
Die Hechte bleiben Diebe,
Die Aale viel lieben:
Die Predigt hat g'fallen
Die bleiben wie allen.

The sermon concluded,
away they each turn,
the pike remain thievish,
the eels very loving,
The sermon was pleasing,
they all stay as they were.

Die Krebs' geh'n zurücke,
Die Stockfisch' bleiben dicke
Die Karpfen viel fressen,
Die Predigt vergessen.
Die Predigt hat g'fallen
Die bleiben wie allen.

The crabs proceed backwards
the stockfish stay fat,
the carp, they feed amply,
the sermon forgotten.
The sermon was pleasing,
they all stay as they were.

Revelge ("Reveille")

Des Morgens zwischen drein und vieren
Da müssen wir Soldaten marschieren
das Gässlein auf und ab;
Tralali, Tralalei, Tralala
Mein Schätzel sieht herab.

Between three and four in the morning
we soldiers have to march
up the street and down;
Tralali, Tralalei, Tralala
my darling gazes down.

"Ach, Bruder, jetzt bin ich geschossen,
Die Kugel hat mich schwer getroffen,
Trag mich in mein Quartier,
Tralali, Tralalei, Tralala
Es ist nicht weit von hier."

"Ah brother, now I'm shot,
the ball has wounded me sore,
to my billet carry me,
Tralali, Tralalei, Tralala
it is not far from here."

"Ach, Bruder, ich kann dich nicht tragen,
Die Feinde haben uns geschlagen,
Helf dir der liebe Gott;
Tralali, Tralalei, Tralala
Ich muss marschieren in Tod."

"Ah brother, I cannot carry you,
we are routed by the foe,
may the good God help you;
Tralali, Tralalei, Tralala
to my death I've got to go.

"Ach Brüder! ihr geht ja an mir vorüber,
Als wär es mit mir schon vorüber,
Ihr Lumpenfeind seid da;
Tralali, Tralalei, Tralala
Ihr tretet mir zu nah."

"Ah, brothers, you march by me,
as if I were already finished,
villainous foe, you're here,
Tralali, Tralalei, Tralala
too close at hand."

"Ich muss wohl meine Tromme rühren,
Sonst werde ich mich ganz verlieren;
Die Brüder dick gesät,
Tralali, Tralalei, Tralala
Sie liegen wie gemäht."

"My drum I must sound,
lest I quite give way;
my brothers, thickly sown,
Tralali, Tralalei, Tralala
lie as if mown."

Er schlägt die Trommen auf und nieder,
Er wecket seine stillen Brüder,
Sie schlagen ihren Feind,
Tralali, Tralalei, Tralala
Ein Schrecken schlägt den Feind.

Up and down he sounds his drum
rousing his silent brothers,
they rout their foe,
Tralali, Tralalei, Tralala
the foe is struck with horror.

Er schlägt die Trommel auf und nieder,
Da sind sie vor dem Nachtquartier
schon wieder,
Ins Gässlein hell hinaus,
Tralali, Tralalei, Tralala
Sie ziehn vor Schätzleins Haus.

Up and down he sounds his drum,
they're by their night billets again,
it's out into the bright street,
Tralali, Tralalei, Tralala
they march by his darling's house.

Des Morgens stehen da die Gebeine
In Reih und Glied wie Leichensteine,
Die Trommel steht voran,
Tralali, Tralalei, Tralala
Dass sie ihn sehen kann.

There, at morning stand their bones,
in rank and file like tombstones,
drum at the head,
Tralali, Tralalei, Tralala
for her to see.

Der Tambourg'sell ("The Drummerboy")

Ich armer Tambourgesell
Man führt mich aus dem Gewölb
Wär ich ein Tambour blieben,
Dürft ich nicht gefangen liegen.

Poor drummer that I am
being led from the vault.
Had I stayed a drummer,
a prisoner I'd not be.

O Galgen, du hohes Haus,
Du siehst so furchtbar aus.
Ich schau dich nicht mehr an,
weil i weiss, i gehör daran.

O gallows, tall house,
so fearful you look,
on you I'll gaze no more,
for I know that's where I go.

Wenn Soldaten vorbeimarschieren,
Bei mir nit einquartieren
Wann sie fragen, wer i gwesen bin:
Tambour von der Leibkompanie.

When soldiers marching by
aren't billeted with me,
and ask who I was:
Drummer, No.1 Company.

Gute Nacht, ihr Marmelstein,
Ihr Berg und Hügelein.
Gute Nacht, ihr Offizier,
Korporal und Musketier.

Good night, marble stone,
your mountain and hills.
Good night, officers,
corporals and musketeers.

Gute Nacht, ihr Offizier,
Korporal und Grenadier,
ich schrei mit heller Stimm
Von euch ich Urlaub nimm.

Good night, you officers,
corporals and grenadiers
Loud and clear I cry,
From you I'm off on leave.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN

Symphony No. 6 in F major, Opus 68, "Pastoral" (1807-1808)

Ludwig van Beethoven was born in Bonn on December 16, 1770, and died in Vienna on March 26, 1827. He composed his Sixth Symphony between 1807 and 1808, and it was premiered in Vienna at the Theater-an-der-Wien on December 22, 1808, with Beethoven conducting. The Pittsburgh Symphony premiered the work at Carnegie Music Hall on April 9, 1896, with Frederic Archer conducting. Most recently, Christoph König led the work on January 17, 2016. The score calls for woodwinds in pairs plus piccolo, two each of horns, trumpets and trombones, timpani and strings.
Performance time: approximately 44 minutes

There is a fine and often fluid line that separates program and absolute music. Usually composers intend their work to be heard either with some extra-musical reference or as a universe unto itself, but Beethoven tried to link both worlds in his "Pastoral" Symphony. This work, with its birdcalls and its horn calls, its thunder, wind and rain, its peasant dances and babbling brooks, is decidedly and lovably programmatic. Yet the composer insisted that the Symphony is "more an expression of feeling than painting" — that it is more pure, abstract emotion than mere imitations of various familiar country noises. It is, in truth, both.

The extra-musical associations of the "Pastoral" Symphony run far deeper than its simulations of nightingales and thunderstorms. Actually, there are at least three simultaneous levels of "meaning" here. The first and most obvious of these three is the evocation of natural noises, but this was only a point of

departure for Beethoven into the second degree of reference in this work, since these woodland sounds were simply the external manifestations of what was, for him, a much deeper reality: that the deity was to be found in every tree, in every brook; indeed, that the deity and nature are, if not the same, certainly indivisible. The third plane on which the "Pastoral" Symphony exists is heavily influenced by the other two. This third level, the purely musical, reflects the stability, the calm and the sense of the infinite that Beethoven perceived in Nature. "Oh, the sweet stillness of the woods!" he wrote. The "Pastoral" Symphony, the most gentle and child-like work that Beethoven ever composed, grants us not only a deeper understanding of the great composer, but also, through his vision, a heightened awareness of ourselves and the world around us.

Beethoven gave each of the five movements of the "Pastoral" Symphony a title describing its general character. The first movement, filled with verdant sweetness and effusive good humor, is headed *The Awakening of Cheerful Feelings at the Arrival in the Country*. The violins present a simple theme that pauses briefly after only four measures, as though the composer were alighting from a coach and taking a deep breath of the sparkling, fragrant air before beginning his brisk walk along a shaded path. The melody grows more vigorous before it quiets to lead almost imperceptibly to the second theme, a descending motive played by violins over a rustling string accompaniment. Again, the spirits swell and then relax before the main theme returns to occupy most of the development. To conclude the first movement, the recapitulation returns the themes of the exposition in more richly orchestrated settings. It is worth noting that the textural figuration Beethoven supplied for this movement, and for most of this Symphony, contributes an aura of relaxed yet constant motion to the music. Indeed, the "background" throughout this Symphony is of unflinching interest and is as important as the themes in defining the sylvan character of the music. There is a fascination in listening to these inner voices, of perceiving the multiple planes of the texture, an experience comparable in the visual world to discerning the play of light and shade in the layers of foliage of a great tree or spying a darting fish beneath the shimmering surface of a rushing stream. There is even one extended section in the finale (noted below) where Beethoven dispensed with the "melody" completely and continued with only the "accompaniment."

The second movement, *Scene by the Brook*, continues the mood and undulant figuration of the preceding movement. The music of this movement is almost entirely without chromatic harmony, and exudes an air of tranquility amid pleasing activity. The form is a sonata-allegro whose opening theme starts with a fragmentary idea in the first violins above a rich accompaniment. The second theme begins with a descending motion, like that of the first movement, but then turns back upward to form an inverted arch. A full development section utilizing the main theme follows. The recapitulation recalls the earlier themes with enriched orchestration, and leads to a most remarkable coda. In the closing pages of this movement, the rustling accompaniment ceases while all Nature seems to hold its breath to listen to the songs of three birds — the nightingale, the dove and the cuckoo. Twice this tiny avian concert is performed before the movement comes quietly to its close. When later Romantic composers sought stylistic and formal models for their works it was to Beethoven that they turned, and when program music was the subject, this coda was their object.

Beethoven titled the scherzo *Merry Gathering of the Country Folk*, and filled the music with a rustic bumptiousness and simple humor that recall a hearty if somewhat ungainly country dance. The trio shifts to duple meter for a stomping dance before the scherzo returns. The festivity is halted in mid-step by the distant thunder of a *Thunderstorm*, portrayed by the rumblings of the low strings. Beethoven built a convincing nature scene here through the tempestuous use of the tonal and timbral resources of the orchestra that stands in bold contrast to the surrounding movements of this Symphony. As the storm passes away over the horizon, the silvery voice of the flute leads directly into the finale, *Shepherd's Song: Happy, Grateful Feelings after the Storm*. The clarinet and then the horn sing the unpretentious melody of the shepherd, which returns, rondo-fashion, to support the form of the movement. It is at the expected third hearing of this theme that the melody is deleted, leaving only the luxuriant accompaniment to furnish the background for imagining the rustic tune. The mood of well-being and contented satisfaction continues to the end of this wonderful work.