

PROGRAM

ONE HUNDRED TWENTY-FIRST SEASON

Chicago Symphony Orchestra

Riccardo Muti Music Director

Pierre Boulez Helen Regenstein Conductor Emeritus

Yo-Yo Ma Judson and Joyce Green Creative Consultant

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Thursday, October 27, 2011, at 8:00

Friday, October 28, 2011, at 8:00

Saturday, October 29, 2011, at 8:00

Bernard Haitink conductor

Klara Ek soprano

Ian Bostridge tenor

Hanno Müller-Brachmann bass-baritone

Chicago Symphony Chorus

Duain Wolfe director

Haydn

The Creation

Part 1

INTERMISSION

Part 2

Part 3

GABRIEL: KLARA EK

URIEL: IAN BOSTRIDGE

RAPHAEL: HANNO MÜLLER-BRACHMANN

EVE: KLARA EK

ADAM: HANNO MÜLLER-BRACHMANN

Continuo:

James Johnstone, *fortepiano*

John Sharp, *cello*

These concerts are endowed in part by the League of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra Association.

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Josef Haydn

Born March 31, 1732, Rohrau, Lower Austria.

Died May 31, 1809, Vienna, Austria.

The Creation

Joseph Haydn, seventy-five years old, in poor health, and as celebrated as any man alive, appeared in public for the last time on March 27, 1808, at a performance of *The Creation*, his single greatest work. Trumpet fanfares greeted his entrance; he was surrounded by high society (and seated next to Princess Esterházy); Beethoven, who once said he learned nothing from Haydn, is said to have knelt down to kiss the hand of his former teacher. At the passage beginning “And there was light,” when the music famously bursts forth, the audience stopped the performance

with wild applause. Tears filled Haydn’s eyes and, in the words of an observer, the composer “raised his trembling arms to heaven, as if in prayer to the Father of Harmony.”

At the time of the premiere ten years earlier, Haydn had kept that page of the score hidden, even from his closest associates, until the first rehearsal in April 1798. “I think I see his face even now,” his friend Frederik Samuel Silverstolpe later remembered, “as this part sounded in the orchestra. Haydn had the expression of someone who is thinking of biting his lips, either

COMPOSED

1796–1798

FIRST PERFORMANCES

April 30, 1798, Vienna, Austria (private)
 March 19, 1799, Vienna, Austria (public)

FIRST CSO PERFORMANCE

April 6, 1899 (special concert), Auditorium Theatre. Helen Buckley, Mary Couch Price, Ben Davies, and Joseph Baernstein, soloists; Apollo Chorus; Harrison M. Wild conducting

MOST RECENT

CSO PERFORMANCE

November 2, 1993, Orchestra Hall. Ruth Ziesak, Herbert Lippert, Anton Scharinger, and René Pape, soloists; Chicago Symphony Chorus; Sir Georg Solti conducting

INSTRUMENTATION

soprano, tenor, and bass soloists, mixed chorus, and an orchestra consisting of three flutes, two oboes, two clarinets, two bassoons and contrabassoon, two horns, two trumpets, three trombones, timpani, strings, and continuo consisting of fortepiano and cello

APPROXIMATE

PERFORMANCE TIME

99 minutes, plus intermission

CSO RECORDING

1981. Norma Burrowes, Sylvia Greenberg, Rüdiger Wohlers, James Morris, and Siegmund Nimsgern, soloists; Chicago Symphony Chorus; Sir Georg Solti conducting. London

1993. Ruth Ziesak, Herbert Lippert, Anton Scharinger, and René Pape, soloists; Chicago Symphony Chorus; Sir Georg Solti conducting. London

to conceal his embarrassment or to conceal a secret. And in that moment when light broke out for the first time, one would have said that rays darted from the composer's burning eyes."

That rehearsal and the first performances, all by invitation only, were awaited with extraordinary excitement. At sixty-five, Haydn was at the peak of his powers and fame; he was the most popular composer alive. No previous work of his—and nothing by his great contemporary Mozart, dead just six years—had created such a stir. (And Beethoven, in the years to come, would never know such celebrity.) The first public performance of *The Creation* a year later broke all box-office records in Vienna. A visitor from Sweden, Johan Frederik Berwald (a cousin of the composer Franz Berwald), remembered that the theater was teeming with crowds three hours before the concert, and that tumultuous applause broke out between the sections of the piece. "During each section, however, it was as still as the grave." *The Creation* conquered Vienna at once; Haydn led performances there every year until he was no longer able to do so. Throughout Europe, the splendor and joy of the music and the comfort of its message touched people of all classes and reunited countries divided by war.

Haydn was first struck by the idea of writing *The Creation* in the early 1790s, during his famous trips to London, where he was treated like a king and known as the Shakespeare of music. Haydn loved

London: he marveled at everything from the availability of fresh fruit ("oranges from Portugal arrive in the middle of November") to the current rage for Handel's music, astonishing for a composer dead more than thirty years. Haydn attended a performance of the *Messiah* in Westminster Abbey in 1791 and was overwhelmed; when he saw King George III stand up, followed by the entire audience, for the Hallelujah Chorus—the custom we needlessly uphold today—he wept like a child and cried out: "[Handel] is the master of us all."

With more than a hundred symphonies under his belt, Haydn found the opulence of the Handel oratorio an invitation to try something new on a grand scale. According to popular legend, Haydn had no particular subject in mind until his friend François Barthélemon handed him a Bible and said, "There you are, take it, and start with the beginning." We know that when Haydn returned to Vienna in the early autumn of 1795 he carried with him a libretto on this subject—it may originally have been prepared for Handel—that was given to Haydn by Johann Peter Salomon, the man who had arranged his two triumphant visits to London. In Vienna, Haydn had the text translated into German by Gottfried van Swieten, the head of the court library, an amateur composer (Haydn said his symphonies were "as stiff as he"), and the man who organized the famous performances of Handel's oratorios in Vienna in the 1780s. (It was Swieten who commissioned

Mozart to make an arrangement of the *Messiah*.)

We hear nothing of Haydn's progress until December 1796, when Ludwig van Beethoven received a birthday greeting from Johann Georg Albrechtsberger, who had succeeded Haydn as his teacher. "Yesterday Haydn came to me," Albrechtsberger wrote. "He is carrying round in his head the idea of a big oratorio which he intends to call 'The Creation' and hopes to finish it soon. He improvised some of it for me and I think it will be very good." The next summer, Frederik Silverstolpe went to visit Haydn and found the composer lost in thought on *The Creation* (Haydn's parrot cried "Papa Haydn!" when Silverstolpe entered the room). Haydn showed his guest the great bass aria, "Rolling in foaming billows," on which he was then working, and pointed out how the colorful and stormy music depicts the waves breaking on the shore. "One has to have some amusement when one has been serious for so long," Haydn remarked, with obvious delight at his newest undertaking. Silverstolpe was particularly struck by the sight of Haydn "as he sat at the piano and sang with a simplicity that went straight to the heart."

Normally, Haydn did not put music on paper until he was fairly certain of what he wanted to say. But more pages of sketches have survived for *The Creation* than for any other of Haydn's compositions. The work not only commanded his fullest concentration, but apparently stretched his talents in new directions as he sought a more

expressive language as well as a greater simplicity. For the opening of the oratorio, which depicts the chaos that existed before the creation, Haydn discarded pages of sketches, studies, even fully executed versions, before he was satisfied; the result is one of the most remarkable passages in all music.

For the only time in Haydn's career, and the first time in music history, the music was conceived to fit texts in both German and English. (At these concerts, the original English is sung.) Haydn favored the German words because he was so much more comfortable with the language, but he continually gave consideration to the inflections of the English as well. (He did not always get it right: "cattle" gets one note, "stately" three.) Haydn designed the work to be performed in either language, and he insisted that it be published with both, an extraordinary and unprecedented move. The text Haydn brought home from England is drawn from several sources: the book of Genesis; complementary passages in Milton's *Paradise Lost*; the Psalms; and James Thomson's grand ode to nature, *The Seasons*. The unknown author details the six days of the creation of the universe and paints a vision of an untroubled world and a contented people. It was the ideal picture for Haydn's day, and it was this timeliness that made it enormously popular then, just as its timelessness keeps it alive today.

Haydn adopts the three-part form familiar from the English

oratorio tradition. Parts 1 and 2 describe the biblical creation as told by three narrators: Gabriel, a soprano; Uriel, a tenor; and Raphael, a bass. (Swieten took their names from Milton.) Each day is announced by a soloist in plain recitative (accompanied only by the continuo instruments), followed by a description of that day in song or orchestrally accompanied recitative, and completed by a chorus of praise and thanks. Part 3 is devoted to the seventh day, the day of rest, and depicts Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden. (In Haydn's time, the singers for Raphael and Gabriel doubled as Adam and Eve.) In part 3, the agenda is looser; Haydn freely mixes recitative, aria, duet, and chorus.

The great variety of solo music in *The Creation* allows Haydn a wide range of narrative options, from straight reporting to editorial commentary. The chorus is reserved for general praise, in the tradition of the Hallelujah Chorus. (Haydn thought that "Handel was great in his choruses, but mediocre in his song.") In London, Haydn had responded not only to Handel's music, but to the thrill of hearing it performed by monster forces—vast massed choirs and lavishly padded orchestras (1,068 performers took part in the 1791 festival at Westminster Abbey). The memory of that sound inspired him to expand his normal orchestra to proportions that would become standard for the nineteenth century until Wagner.

At sixty-five, an advanced age by eighteenth-century standards,

Haydn rejoiced in depicting the things he knew he would soon leave behind. Perhaps only a mature man could have written music so simple and satisfying to describe the sun, moon, and stars, in the fourth day of creation, or the animals of the fifth. (Throughout *The Creation*, the orchestra illustrates and anticipates the vocal text.) Haydn's descriptive powers were never keener; like any great illustrator, he quickly captures the essence of his subject, whether it is the lion's roar and the leaping tiger in the bass recitative "Straight opening her fertile womb" or the bad weather that opens the second day. Haydn also moves beyond mere show and tell by making his pictorial writing part of the musical structure: in Gabriel's "On mighty pens uplifted soars," the bird calls are absorbed into the solo line and the accompaniment.

The most forward-looking music in *The Creation* comes first: The Representation of Chaos that opens the oratorio is as unruly and formless as the elegant and orderly classical style permitted. Phrases are left hanging, melodies seem fragmented, accents fall where we least expect them, and harmonies do not lead where our ears predict. Haydn even anticipates Wagner's notorious *Tristan* chord. It must have sounded like sheer madness in 1798; it still seems astonishingly original today.

In two centuries, *The Creation* has been pruned and plundered and badly treated, but it has never gone completely out of favor. Listeners have always found something in it they cannot resist, something that

touches them deeply, or makes them glad to be alive. Although Haydn was not a well-traveled man, he had an unusual awareness of the world beyond Eisenstadt, where he worked as the prince's resident composer for thirty years, and the suburbs of Vienna, where he ultimately retired. When Haydn was planning to go to London, Mozart told him he was not prepared for

the greater world, and that he spoke too few languages. Haydn replied, "My language is understood all over the world." *The Creation* quickly proved how right he was. ■

Phillip Huscher is the program annotator for the Chicago Symphony Orchestra.

Symphony Center Information



The use of still or video cameras and recording devices is prohibited in Orchestra Hall.



Latecomers will be seated during designated program pauses.



Please use perfume, cologne, and all other scented products sparingly, as many patrons are sensitive to fragrance.



Please turn off or silence all personal electronic devices (pagers, watches, telephones, digital assistants).



Please note that Symphony Center is a smoke-free environment.

Your cooperation is greatly appreciated.

Note: Fire exits are located on all levels and are for emergency use only. The lighted Exit sign nearest your seat is the shortest route outdoors. Please walk—do not run—to your exit and do not use elevators for emergency exit.

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THE CREATION

PART 1

Introduction: The Representation of Chaos

Recitative: Raphael

In the beginning God created the heaven, and the earth; and the earth was without form and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep.

Chorus

And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters; and God said: Let there be Light, and there was Light.

Recitative: Uriel

And God saw the Light, that it was good: and God divided the Light from the darkness.

Aria: Uriel with Chorus

Now vanish before the holy beams
the gloomy, dismal shades of dark;
the first of days appears.
Disorder yields to order fair the place.

Affrighted fled hell's spirits black in throngs;
down they sink in the deep of abyss
to endless night.

Despairing, cursing rage
attends their rapid fall.
A new created world
springs up at God's command.

Recitative: Raphael

And God made the firmament, and divided the waters, which were under the firmament, from the waters, which were above the firmament, and it was so.

Outrageous storms now dreadful arose;
as chaff by the winds are impelled the clouds.
By heaven's fire the sky is enflamed
and awful rolled the thunders on high.

Now from the floods in steams ascend
reviving showers of rain,
the dreary wasteful hail,
the light and flaky snow.

Chorus with Solo: Gabriel

The marv'lous work beholds amaz'd
the glorious hierarchy of heav'n
and to th' ethereal vaults resound
the praise of God,
and of the second day.

Recitative: Raphael

And God said: Let the waters under the heaven be gathered together unto one place, and let the dry land appear; and it was so. And God called the dry land: Earth, and the gathering of waters called he seas; and God saw that it was good.

Aria: Raphael

Rolling in foaming billows
uplifted roars the boist'rous sea.
Mountains and rocks now emerge;
their tops into the clouds ascend.
Thro' th' open plains outstretching wide
in serpent error rivers flow.
Softly purling glides on
thro' silent vales the limpid brook.

Recitative: Gabriel

And God said: Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself upon the earth; and it was so.

Aria: Gabriel

With verdure clad the fields appear delightful to the ravish'd sense;
by flowers sweet and gay
enhanced is the charming sight.
Here vent their fumes the fragrant herbs;
here shoots the healing plant.
By load of fruits th' expanded boughs are press'd;
to shady vaults are bent the tufty groves;
the mountain's brow is crown'd with closed wood.

Recitative: Uriel

And the heavenly host proclaimed the third day, praising God and saying:

Chorus

Awake the harp, the lyre awake!
In shout and joy your voices raise!
In triumph sing the mighty Lord!
For he the heavens and earth has clothed in stately dress.

Recitative: Uriel

And God said: Let there be lights in the firmament of heaven to divide the day from the night, and to give light upon the earth; and let them be for signs and for seasons, and for days, and for years. He made the stars also.

Recitative: Uriel

In splendor bright is rising now
the sun and darts his rays;
an am'rous, joyful, happy spouse,
a giant proud and glad
to run his measur'd course.

With softer beams and milder light steps on
the silver moon thro' silent night.

The space immense of th' azure sky
innum'rous host of radiant orbs adorns,
and the sons of God announced the fourth day in song divine,
proclaiming thus his power:

Chorus with Trio: Gabriel, Uriel, Raphael

The heavens are telling the glory of God.
The wonder of his works displays the firmament.
Today, that is coming, speaks it the day;
the night, that is gone, to following night.

The heavens are telling, *etc.*

In all the lands resounds the word,
never unperceived, ever understood.

The heavens are telling, *etc.*

INTERMISSION

PART 2

Recitative: Gabriel

And God said: Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life, and fowl, that may fly above the earth in the open firmament of heaven.

Aria: Gabriel

On mighty pens uplifted soars
the eagle aloft, and cleaves the sky
in swiftest flight to the blazing sun.
His welcome bids to morn the merry lark,
and cooing, calls the tender dove his mate.
From ev'ry bush and grove resound
the nightingale's delightful notes.
No grief affected yet her breast,
nor to a mournful tale were tun'd
her soft enchanting lays.

Recitative: Raphael

And God created great whales, and ev'ry living creature that moveth, and God blessed them, saying:

Be fruitful all, and multiply!
Ye winged tribes, be multiplied,
and sing on ev'ry tree!
Multiply, ye finny tribes,
and fill each wat'ry deep!
Be fruitful, grow, and multiply!
And in your God and Lord rejoice!

Recitative: Raphael

And the angels struck their immortal harps, and the wonders of the fifth day sung.

Trio: Gabriel, Uriel, Raphael

Most beautiful appear,
with verdure young adorn'd,
the gently sloping hills.
Their narrow, sinuous veins
distill in crystal drops
the fountain fresh and bright.

In lofty circles plays
and hovers thro' the sky
the cheerful host of birds.
And in the flying whirl,
the glitt'ring plumes are dy'd,
as rainbows by the sun.

See flashing thro' the wet
in thronged swarms the fry
on thousand ways around.
Upheaved from the deep,
th' immense Leviathan
sports on the foaming wave.

How many are thy works, O God!
Who may their numbers tell?
Who? O God!
Who may their numbers tell?

Chorus with Trio: Gabriel, Uriel, Raphael

The Lord is great, and great his might.
his glory lasts forever and for evermore.

Recitative: Raphael

And God said: Let the earth bring forth the living creature after his kind; cattle
and creeping thing, and beasts of the earth after their kind.

Recitative: Raphael

Strait opening her fertile womb,
the earth obey'd the word, and teem'd creatures numberless,
in perfect forms and fully grown.
Cheerful, roaring, stands the tawny lion.
In sudden leaps the flexible tiger appears.
The nimble stag bears up his branching head.
With flying mane and fiery look,
impatient neighs the sprightly steed.
The cattle in herds already seeks
his food on fields and meadows green.
And o'er the ground, as plants, are spread
the fleecy, meek, and bleating flock.
Unnumber'd as the sands
in whirl arose the host of insects.
In long dimensions creeps
with sinuous trace the worm.

Aria: Raphael

Now heav'n in fullest glory shone;
earth smiles in all her rich attire.

The room of air with fowl is fill'd;
the water swell'd by shoals of fish;
by heavy beasts the ground is trod.

But all the work was not complete.
There wanted yet that wond'rous being,
that grateful should God's pow'r admire,
with heart and voice his goodness praise.

Recitative: Uriel

And God created man in his own image. In the image of God created he him.
Male and female created he them. He breathed into his nostrils the breath of life
and man became a living soul.

Aria: Uriel

In native worth and honour clad,
with beauty, courage, strength adorn'd,
to heav'n erect and tall, he stands a man,
the Lord and King of nature all.

The large and arched front sublime
of wisdom deep declares the seat,
and in his eyes with brightness shines the soul,
the breath and image of his God.

With fondness leans upon his breast
the partner for him form'd,
a woman fair and graceful spouse.

Her softly smiling virgin looks,
of flow'ry spring the mirror,
bespeak him love, and joy, and bliss.

Recitative: Raphael

And God saw ev'rything that he had made; and behold, it was very good; and the
heavenly choir in song divine thus closed the sixth day.

Chorus

Achieved is the glorious work;
the Lord beholds it and is pleas'd.
In lofty strains let us rejoice!
Our song let be the praise of God.

Trio: Gabriel, Uriel, Raphael

On thee each living soul awaits;
from thee, O Lord, they beg their meat.
Thou openest thy hand,
and sated all they are.

But as to them thy face is hid,
with sudden terror they are struck.
Thou tak'st their breath away;
they vanish into dust.

Thou lett'st thy breath go forth again,
and life with vigour fresh returns.
Revived earth unfolds
new force and new delights.

Chorus

Achieved is the glorious work.
Our song let be the praise of God.
Glory to his name forever;
he sole on high exalted reigns,
hallelujah.

PART 3

Recitative: Uriel

In rosy mantle appears,
by tunes sweet awak'd,
the morning young and fair.
From the celestial vaults
pure harmony descends on ravished earth.
Behold the blissful pair,
where hand in hand they go!
Their flaming looks express
what feels the grateful heart.
A louder praise of God
their lips shall utter soon.
Then let our voices ring,
united with their song!

Eve, Adam, Chorus

By thee with bliss, O bounteous Lord,
the heav'n and earth are stor'd.
This world, so great, so wonderful,
thy mighty hand has fram'd.
Forever blessed be his pow'r!
His name be ever magnify'd!

Of stars the fairest, o how sweet
thy smile at dawning morn!
How brighten'st thou, O sun, the day,
thou eye and soul of all!
Proclaim in your extended course
th' almighty pow'r and praise of God!

And thou, that rules the silent night,
and all ye starry host,
spread wide and ev'rywhere his praise
in choral songs about!

Ye strong and cumbrous elements,
who ceaseless changes make,
ye dusky mists and dewy steams,
who raise and fall thro' th' air:
Resound the praise of God our Lord!
Great his name, and great his might.

Ye purling fountains, tune his praise,
and wave your tops, ye pines!
Ye plants, exhale, ye flowers breathe
at him your balmy scent!
Ye that on mountains stately tread,
and ye, that lowly creep,
ye birds that sing at heaven's gate,
and ye, that swim the stream,
ye living souls, extol the Lord!
Him celebrate, him magnify!

Ye valleys, hills, and shady woods,
our raptur'd notes ye heard;
from morn to ev'n you shall repeat
our grateful hymns of praise.
Hail, bounteous Lord! Almighty, hail!
Thy word call'd forth this wond'rous frame.
Thy pow'r adore the heav'n and earth:
we praise thee now and evermore.

Recitative: Adam, Eve

Our duty we performed now,
in off'ring up to God our thanks.
Now follow me, dear partner of my life!
Thy guide I'll be, and ev'ry step
pours new delights into our breast,
shews wonders ev'rywhere.
Then may'st thou feel and know
the high degree of bliss
the Lord allotted us,
and with devoted heart
his bounty celebrate.
Come, follow me! Thy guide I'll be.

O thou, for whom I am!
My help, my shield, my all!
Thy will is law to me.
So God, our Lord, ordains,
and from obedience grows
my pride and happiness.

Duet: Adam, Eve

Graceful consort! At thy side
softly fly the golden hours.
Ev'ry moment brings new rapture,
ev'ry care is put to rest.

Spouse adored! At thy side
purest joys o'erflow the heart.
Life and all I am is thine;
my reward thy love shall be.

The dew-dropping morn,
o how she quickens all!
The coolness of ev'n,
o how she all restores!

How grateful is
of fruits the savour sweet!
How pleasing is
of fragrant bloom the smell!
But without thee, what is to me
the morning dew,
the breath of ev'n,
the sav'ry fruit,
the fragrant bloom?

With thee is ev'ry joy enhanced,
with thee delight is ever new;
with thee is life incessant bliss;
thine it whole shall be.

Recitative: Uriel

O happy pair, and always happy yet,
if not, misled by false conceit,
ye strive at more, as granted is,
and more to know, as know ye should!

Chorus with Soloists

Sing the Lord, ye voices all!
Utter thanks ye all his works!
Celebrate his pow'r and glory!
Let his name resound on high!
The Lord is great; his praise shall last for aye.
Amen.