

THE LIVELY ARTS
Spring Semester 2003
Topic Guide

Topic # "Breaking up is hard to do": Styles of Classical Music
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Musical Characteristics

• **Melody**

smooth / jumpy
short / long
very high / high / middle / low / very low
gets higher or lower / stays steady

• **Rhythm / Tempo**

very fast/ fast / medium / slow / very slow
steady / changing

• **Dynamics (= volume)**

loud (forte)/ soft (piano)
steady or changing
gradual changes (crescendos, diminuendos) or sudden changes (terraced)

• **Form (= organization)**

repeats / no repeats
clear beginnings and endings/ continuous
short sections/ long sections
phrases balanced or uneven

• **Instruments**

small size group / medium size group/ large size group
one main instrument+ accompaniment / more than one main instrument / group only
homogenous sound / a few kinds of sounds / many kinds of sounds

I. BAROQUE (c.1600-c.1750)

Major Composers:

- Claudio Monteverdi (Italian, 1567-1643)
- Henry Purcell (English, c. 1659-1695)
- Antonio Vivaldi (Italian, 1678-1741)
- Johann Sebastian Bach (German, 1685-1750)

- George Friedrich Händel (German, 1685-1759)

Musical Examples:

- Handel, *Rinaldo*, "Cor ingrato" (1711)

Characteristics

II. CLASSIC (c.1750-c.1820)

Major Composers:

- Joseph Haydn (Austrian, 1732-1809)
- Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (Austrian, 1765-1791)
- Ludwig van Beethoven (German, 1770-1827)

Musical Example:

- Mozart, *The Marriage of Figaro*, "Aprite un po' quegli occhi" (1786)

Characteristics

III. ROMANTIC (c.1820-c.1900)

Major Composers:

- Franz Schubert (Austrian, 1797-1828)
- Hector Berlioz (French, 1803-1869)
- Frederic Chopin (Polish, 1810-1849)
- Richard Wagner (German, 1813-1883)
- Giuseppe Verdi (Italian, 1813-1901)
- Johannes Brahms (German, 1833-1897)
- Giacomo Puccini (Italian, 1858-1924)
- Gustav Mahler (Austrian, 1860-1911)

Musical Example:

- Verdi, *Otello*, Act III (1883)

Characteristics

IV. IMPRESSIONIST (c.1890-c.1920)

Major Composers:

- Claude Debussy (French, 1862-1918)
- Maurice Ravel (French, 1875-1937)

Musical Example:

- Debussy, *Pelleas et Melisande*, Act IV (1902)

Characteristics

V. EXPRESSIONIST (c.1905-c.1945)

Major Composers:

- Arnold Schoenberg (Austrian, 1874-1951)
- Anton Webern (Austrian, 1883-1945)
- Alban Berg (Austrian, 1885-1935)

Musical Example:

- Berg, *Wozzeck*, Act III, scene 2 (1925)

Characteristics

Texts and Translations

- Handel, *Rinaldo*, "Cor ingrato"

Cor ingrato, ti rammembri,
e non scoppii di dolor?
Ma se stupido rassembri,
ti risvegli il mio furor!

Ungrateful heart, can you call this to mind
and not collapse with grief?
But if you seem numbed,
then let my fury rouse you!

- Mozart, *The Marriage of Figaro*, "Aprite un po' quegli occhi"

Aprite un po' quegli occhi
Uomini incauti e sciocchi,
Guardate queste femmine,
Guardate cosa son.
Queste chiamate Dee
Dagli ingannati sensi,
A cui tributa incensi
La debole ragion.
Son streghe che incantano per farci penar,
Sirena che cantano per farci affogar;
Civette che allettano per trarci le piume,
Comete che billano per toglierci il lume;
Son rose spinose,
son volpi vezzose,
Son orse begnigne,
Colombe maligne,
Maestre d'inganni,
Amiche d'affani,
Che fingono, mentono,
Amore non sentono,
Non senton pietà.
Il resto nol dico
Già ognuno lo sa.

Open your eyes,
you rash and foolish men,
Look at these women,
see what they really are.
These so-called goddesses
by the intoxicated senses,
to whom tribute is offered
by feebled rationality.
They are witches who cast spells to torment us,
Sirens who sing to confuse us;
Coquettes who fascinate us to pluck our plumes,
Comets who dazzle to blind us;
They are thorny roses,
They are pretty foxes,
They are mild she-bears,
They are malicious doves,
Mistresses of intrigue,
Friends of anxiety,
Who pretend, lie,
They don't feel love,
They don't feel pity.
The rest I'm not saying
Everyone already knows it.

- Verdi, *Otello*, Act III

Desdemona: Dio ti giocondi, o sposo dell'alma mia
sovrano.

Desdemona: God rest you merry, O husband,
sovereign of my soul.

Otello: Grazie, madonna, datemi la vostra eburnea mano. Caldo mador ne irrorà la morbida beltà.

Desdemona: Essa ancor l'orme ignora del duolo e dell'età.

Otello: Eppur qui annida il demone gentil del mal consiglio, che il vago avorio allumina del piccioletto artiglio. Molemente alla prece s'atpeggia e al pio fervore...

Desdemona: And yet with this hand I gave you my heart. But I must speak to you again of Cassio. Otello: Ancor l'ambascia del mio morbo m'assale; tu la fronte mi fascia.

Desdemona: A te.

Otello: No; il fazzoletto voglio ch'io ti donai.

Otello: Desdemona, quai se lo perdi! guai! Una possente maga ne ordia lo stame arcano. Ivi è risposta l'alta malia d'un talismano. Bada! smarrirlo, oppur donarlo, è ria sventura!

Desdemona: Il vero parli?

Otello: Il vero parlo.

Desdemona: Mi fai paura!...

Otello: Che? l'hai perduto forse?

Desdemona: No...

Otello: Lo cerca.

Desdemona: Fra poco...Lo cercherò...

Otello: No, tosto!

Desdemona: Tu di me ti fai gioco, Storni così l'inchiesta di Cassio; astuzia è questa del tuo pensier.

Otello: Pel cielo! L'anima mia si desta! Il fazzoletto...

Desdemona: È Cassio l'amico tuo diletto.

Otello: Il fazzoletto!!

Desdemona: A Cassio perdona...

Otello: Il fazzoletto!!!

Desdemona: Grandio! nella tua voce v'è un grido di minaccia!

Otello: Alza quegli occhi!

Desdemona: Atroce idea!

Otello: Guardami in faccia! Dimmi chi sei!

Desdemona: La sposa fedel d'Otello.

Otello: Giura! Giura e ti dannà...

Desdemona: Otello fedel mi crede.

Otello: Impura ti credo.

Desdemona: Iddio m'aiuti!

Otello: Thank you, My Lady, give me your ivory hand. Warm moisture bedews it soft beauty.

Desdemona: It is still unaware of the stamp of grief and of age.

Otello: And yet the courteous demon of ill counsel nests here, Illuminating the lovely ivory of this little claw. Gently it assumes the attitude of prayer and pious fervor...

Otello: Again the pain of my illness attacks me; bandage my forehead.

Desdemona: (handing him a handkerchief) Here.

Otello: No, I want the handkerchief I gave you.

Desdemona: Non l'ho meco. Desdemona: I haven't got it with me.

Otello: Desdemona, woe, if you have lost it! Woe! . mighty sorceress disposed its secret weave. It contains the lofty magic of a talisman. Take care! To lose it, or to give it away, is terrible misfortune!

Desdemona: Are you speaking the truth?

Otello: I speak the truth.

Desdemona: You frighten me!...

Otello: What? Have you lost it perhaps?

Desdemona: No...

Otello: Look for it.

Desdemona: In a little while...I'll look for it...

Otello: No, at once!

Desdemona: You are teasing me, this way you don't discuss Cassio; this is the cleverness of your thinking.

Otello: By heaven! My soul is aroused! The handkerchief!

Desdemona: Cassio is your beloved friend.

Otello: The handkerchief!!

Desdemona: Forgive Cassio...

Otello: The handkerchief!!!

Desdemona: Great God! Your voice is a menacing cry!

Otello: Raise those eyes!

Desdemona: Horrible idea!

Otello: Look me in the face! Tell me who you are!

Desdemona: Othello's faithful wife.

Otello: Swear! Swear and damn yourself...

Desdemona: Othello believes me faithful.

Otello: I believe you impure.

Desdemona: God help me!

Otello: Corri alla tua condanna, Di' che sei casta.

Desdemona: Casta...io son...

Otello:Giura e ti dannam!!!

Otello: You are running to your damnation, say that you are chaste.

Desdemona: I am...chaste...

Otello: Swear and damn yourself!!!

• Debussy, *Pelléas et Mélisande*, Act IV

Pelléas: Écoute! Mon coeur est sur le point de m'etrangler...Viens! Ah, qu'il fait beau dans les tenèbres!

Mélisande: There is someone behind us...Pelléas: Je ne vois personne.Pelléas: I don't see anyone.Mélisande: J'ai entendu du bruit.

Pelléas: Je n'entends que ton coeur dans l'obscurité.

Mélisande: J'ai entendu craquer les feuilles mortes.

Pelléas: C'est le vent qui s'est tu tout à coup. Il est tombé pendant que nous nous embrassions.

Mélisande: Comme nos ombres sont grandes ce soir!

Pelléas: Elles s'enlacent jusqu'au fond du jardin! Ah!

Qu'elles s'embrassent loin de nous! Regarde! Regarde!

Mélisande: Ah! Il est derrière un arbre!

Pelléas: Qui?

Mélisande: Golaud!

Pelléas: Listen!, my heart almost chokes me.. Come!...Ah! It is so beautiful in the dark!

Mélisande: I heard a noise.

Pelléas: I only hear your heart in the darkness.

Mélisande: I heard the rustle of dead leaves.

Pelléas: It is the wind that stopped suddenly. It still while we kissed.

Mélisande: How big our shadows ar this evening!

Pelléas: They are entwined as far as the end of the garden! Ah! See how they kiss each other far away from us! Look! Look!

Mélisande: Ah! He is behind a tree!

Pelléas: Who?

Mélisande: Golaud!

• Berg, *Wozzeck*, Act III, scene 2

Wozzeck: Fürch'st Dich, Marie? Und bist doch fromm? Und gut! Und treu! Was Du für süsse Lippen hast, Marie! Den Himmel gäb' ich drum und die Seligkeit, wenn ich Dich noch oft so küssen dürft!

Aber ich darf nicht! Was zitterst?

Marie: Der Nachttau fällt.

Wozzeck: Wer kalt is, den friert nicht mehr! Dich wird beim Morgentau nicht frieren.

Marie: Was sagst Du da?

Wozzeck: Nix.

Marie: Wie der Mond rot aufgeht!

Wozzeck: Wie einblutig Eisen!

Marie: Was zitterst? Was willst?

Wozzeck: Ich nicht, Marie! Und kein Andrer auch nicht!

Marie: Hilfe!

Wozzeck: Tot!

Wozzeck: Are you afraid, Marie? And yet you are a believer? And good! And faithful! What sweet lips you have, Marie! I would give up heaven and all eternity if I could go on kissing you like this often.

But I can't! Why are you trembling?

Marie: The dew of night is falling.

Wozzeck: Those who are cold shiver no longer! You will not shiver in the morning dew.

Marie: What are you saying?

Wozzeck: Nothing.

Marie: How red the moon is!

Wozzeck: Like a blood-stained knife! (he pulls a knife)

Marie: Why are you trembling? What do you want?

Wozzeck: Nothing, Marie! And no one else can ha it either! (he stabs her)

Marie: Help!

Wozzeck: Dead!