

"Das Verklärte Jahr." "The interpretation of the Year". Represents a Song-Cycle, composed for Voice and Symphonic Orchestra by the well-known Austrian Composer, Joseph Marx.

The Songs represent the four Seasons of the Year, and in these songs, the Composer portrays his own life.

1. "Abschied" "Farewell". Words by Pefanow, symbolises the Autumn and the passing of his Youth, the leafless trees and the blossomless flower-stems, the pale Moon, and in the loneliness of Nature he feels regret and sorrow, comparable only to the unknown pain, that Adam must have felt, as the Gates of Paradise (Eden) were closed to him.

2. "Dezember" "December". The Words by Kernstock. The composer tells of the time when he was poor and hungry. It is Christmas Eve. He hears a tapping on his window and sees the sweet face of his mother gazing at him with loving eyes. He hears her voice calling him, as when a child, "to see the laden Christmas tree, telling him "The Christ-child is here...". His joy overflows - suddenly he realizes it is only a branch tapping on the pane and the night wind callingIn his bitterness he cries out, "Go to sleep, you fool!" No Christ-child will visit you, and the dead, do not return".

3. "Lieder" "Songs" Represents the Spring, his friend Christian Morgenstern, wrote the words. ~~Veress-~~ Songs everywhere, in the voices of young girls calling to each other as they dance among the hills, the Song of the broad blue river, an Eagle circling on high, Songs in the Sunshine, in the green grass, in the Valley and in the Forest.

4. "In meiner Traume Heimat" "In the home-land of my dreams". The words are by Carl Hauptmann. The composer takes the Summer to represent his return to his Native land. Peace is here and happiness and his beloved. The beautiful fields and meadows. He tells her that in this land of his dreams, nothing perishes, her voice sounds for ever, her Songs are never lost and the flowers are fadeless...for it remains for ever, everlasting Spring.

"Auf der

5. "In-the Campagna" "In the Campagna. Here Joseph Marx writes his own poem in Rome, to express his philosophy of life. He finds in the beauties of Nature, a balm for his Soul, the contemplation of flowers, old Marble, so full of history, blue sky, white clouds, the happiness of life-human joys, to know that tomorrow will be as yesterday and yet also fade, but still return, with the Spring, the great works done by man, never lost, if faithfully dedicated to the Gods, always blossoming into new life. So he greets Campagna, the holy and everlasting enigma, the native land of his Soul and the Infinite. For in Nature echoes the Song of Eternity, of suffering and of Love... He is grateful for the joy of Longing, never-ending Desire, to humbly approach the Feast of the Gods, to say Farewell and then perish, while the nymphs are softly dancing their roundelay and the stars are shining in the dew of the night.