

Voices

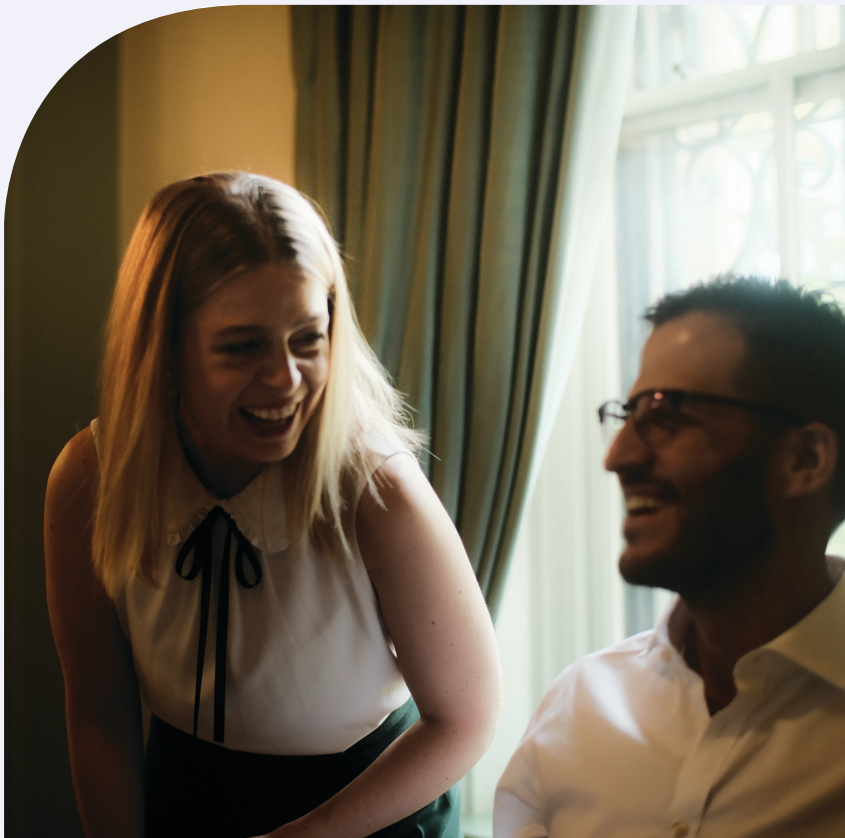
Songs by Richard Hageman

Siobhan Stagg - Soprano

Nico de Villiers - Piano



Ali^{ud}



Voices

Songs by Richard Hageman

Siobhan Stagg – Soprano

Nico de Villiers – Piano

Trois chansons françaises

- | | |
|--------------------------------|------|
| 1. Il passa* | 3'01 |
| 2. Ton cœur est
un tombeau* | 3'14 |
| 3. Nocturne* | 3'57 |

Five Robert Nathan Songs

- | | |
|------------------------|------|
| 4. A Lover's Song* | 2'26 |
| 5. So Love Returns* | 4'42 |
| 6. Fear Not The Night* | 3'24 |
| 7. Hush* | 2'12 |
| 8. Is It You?* | 3'33 |

Vier deutsche Gedichte

- | | |
|---|------|
| 9. Bettlerliebe* | 2'49 |
| 10. Die Stadt* | 2'58 |
| 11. O Welt, du bist
so wunderschön!* | 1'41 |
| 12. Am Himmelstor* | 3'16 |

Of Fables And Fantasy

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|------|
| 13. The Owl And
The Pussy-cat* | 3'13 |
| 14. The Fox And The Raven* | 3'55 |
| 15. The Rich Man | 1'57 |
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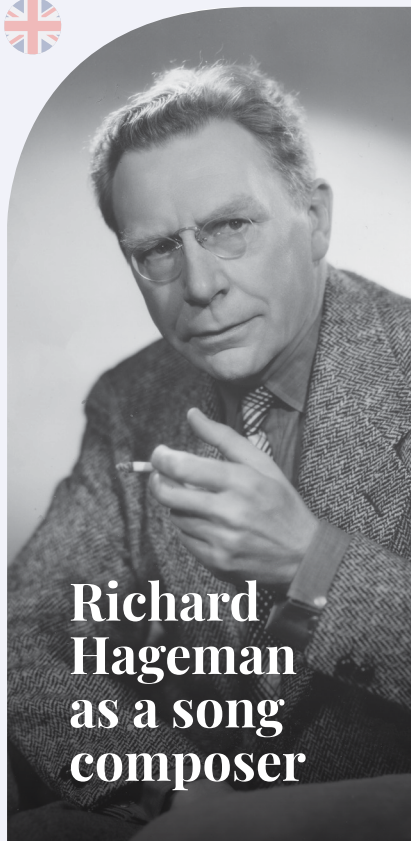
Songs from *The Gardener*

- | | |
|------------------------|------|
| 17. May Night* | 1'53 |
| 18. Do Not Go, My Love | 3'12 |
| 19. At The Well | 2'22 |

Of Hope And Memory

- | | |
|-------------------------|------|
| 20. The Little Dancers* | 2'58 |
| 21. Grandma's Prayer* | 2'10 |
| 22. Charity | 2'07 |
| 23. Mother* | 2'60 |
| 24. Voices* | 1'50 |
| 25. Miranda | 2'31 |

*World premiere recordings



Richard Hageman as a song composer

Renowned baritone Thomas Hampson considers Richard Hageman as “an American composer of the highest caliber [and] an important contributor to the arts in America” and yet VOICES is the first album ever to be dedicated solely to Hageman’s songs. This album assembles more than two dozen of Hageman’s songs, the majority of which are world premier recordings.

Born in Leeuwarden, the Netherlands, on July 9, 1881, Hageman studied, as a protégé of Queen Regent Emma, at the Conservatoire Royal in Brussels from 1893–1895 and thereafter at the Amsterdamsch Conservatorium.

Hageman conducted the Netherlands Opera in Amsterdam from 1898 until he moved to Paris in 1903. There he met Yvette Guilbert, the popular diseuse, whom Henri Toulouse-Lautrec immortalized in several paintings. After accompanying Guilbert on two US concert tours, Hageman moved to New York in 1908, to start a 13-year association with the Metropolitan Opera as coach and conductor. After returning to Europe in 1930, he completed and promoted his only opera, *Caponsacchi* (1931) in Germany and Austria.

In 1937, *Caponsacchi* was staged, for the last time, at the Metropolitan Opera.

Hageman moved to Hollywood in 1938, quickly establishing himself as an A-list composer. He scored films for directors such as John Ford and Frank Lloyd. Six of his film scores were nominated for an Academy Award, later known as an Oscar, winning with John Ford’s western, *Stagecoach* (1939). He conducted performances at the Hollywood Bowl and starred in several films, including *The Great Caruso* (1951) with Mario Lanza and *Rhapsody* (1954) with Elizabeth Taylor.

After retiring from Hollywood, Hageman continued to compose concert music until 1961. He died in Beverley Hills on March 6, 1966. His obituaries were greatly divergent, depending on where they were published. The *New York Times* celebrated Hageman as a “Composer, Conductor, Pianist” while the *Los Angeles Times* remembered him exclusively as a “Film Composer.”

Although Hageman was feted as a film composer in the latter part of his career, he started out as a song composer in the mid-1910s, an activity which steadily coursed

throughout his career. He published his first songs around the age of 35, a relatively late start compared to other composers such as Charles Ives or Samuel Barber who had already composed songs during their teens. When a *Musical Courier* journalist asked why Hageman had taken so long before taking up composition, he answered, “I felt that there was enough good music in the world without adding any poorer to it.” Hageman might be downplaying his own compositional ambitions here but by the 1930s he admitted that he was not a “champion of the ultra-Modernist school.” These comments suggest rather that he probably anticipated him drawing on the influences of those composers whose songs he played or whose works he conducted instead of following the lead of the avant garde composers who were gaining prominence between the two world wars. Consequently, to hear glimpses or musical suggestions of composers such as Duparc, Debussy, Tchaikovsky, and Richard Strauss echoed in some Hageman songs, is unsurprising.

The press noticed these echoes early on. When Hageman published his first settings of poems from Rabindranath



Tagore's *The Gardener* (1915), critics considered Hageman's best-known song "Do Not Go, My Love" (1917) to be "quasi-Tchaikovsky" or "quite à la Duparc." These reminiscences of other composers' sound worlds created a familiarity which at once elevated Hageman's songs above the realm of mere parlor songs while at the same time maintaining their appeal to a wider public. "Do Not Go, My Love" has become a classic within the American art song canon, appearing regularly on recital programs and recordings by artists such as Maggie Teyte, Kiri te Kanawa, and Thomas Hampson.

Although drawing parallels with other composers, critics also praised Hageman for his originality. *Musical America* highlighted the piano writing in "May Night" (1917) as "one of the most delightful piano accompaniments" published that season while *Musical Courier* suggested that the "many highly unusual points" in "At The Well" (1919) "simply cannot be described in words."

But perhaps the greatest praise came from Tagore himself: he considered Hageman's "At The Well" as the best musical setting of any of his poems.

As the musical landscape of Western classical music changed during the 1920s and 1930s, so the very qualities that made Hageman's songs popular in the earlier decade rendered them passé in the next. Hageman's musically retrospective style caused his works to be considered derivative in the avant garde concert halls of the 1930s. But concert musicians were sought after by the music directors in Hollywood's film studios and Hageman was happy to reinvent himself. Sheltered by the lush post-Romantic sound world of what would become the iconic sound of Hollywood's Golden Age, he found himself in a milieu where his musical nostalgia was appreciated in his film and concert music alike.

Hageman found an artistic kindred spirit in the novelist and poet Robert Nathan whose words resonated with Hageman's wistfulness. Of his own poetry, Nathan said, "I was often musical; and easy to read . . . What I wanted to do was to write some poems that people would love." This echoes Hageman's remarks at *Caponsacchi's* New York premiere more eloquently: "Opera . . . should appeal straight to the masses and not force problems on the ear while the eye is following the action." This meeting of minds becomes evident in Hageman's Nathan settings. The vocal writing's rich lyricism, the vivid tone painting, and the often multi-layered textures in the piano in songs such as "Fear Not The Night" (1944) and "Is It You?" (1951) encapsulate a finely nuanced apex in Hageman's song writing. In these songs, Hageman comes full circle: his Hollywood-influenced mature style blends elegantly with suggestions of the evocative sound worlds of his early influences.

As they are the poets who Hageman set most often and theirs are the texts that bookend his song oeuvre, Tagore and Nathan can be considered the poetic cornerstones of Hageman's 69-strong song output. These songs represent 51 writers, including realists such as Theodor Storm and Conrad F. Mayer, satirists like Franklin P. Adams and Guy Wetmore Carryl, and G. K. Chesterton's Edwardian mysticism. Through Hageman's songs, a diverse chorus of literary voices—often writers who are off the literary beaten track—display the iridescent spectrum of Hageman's eclectic style that ranges from the scintillating and pensive to the quirky and playful.

— Nico de Villiers

Song texts

Il passa

Il passa! J'aurais dû sans doute
Ne point paraître en son chemin,
Mais ma maison est sur sa route,
Et j'avais des fleurs dans ma mains.

Il parla! J'aurais dû peut-être
Ne point m'enivrer de sa voix;
Mais l'aube emplissait ma fenêtre,
Il faisait avril dans les bois.

Il m'aima: j'aurais dû sans doute
N'avoir pas l'amour aussi prompt;
Mais hélas! quand le cœur écoute,
C'est toujours le cœur qui répond.

Il partit: je devrais peut-être
Ne plus l'attendre et le vouloir;
Mais demain, l'avril va paraître,
Et sans lui, le ciel sera noir.

— *Hélène Vacaresco*

Ton cœur est un tombeau

Ton cœur est un tombeau
Dont les portes sont closes,
Où je viens chaque soir en silence prier,
Sur le seuil je répands des pétales de roses,
Quelques fleurs d'oranger et des brins de laurier.
Peut-être en te penchant pour admirer leurs charmes
Et de leurs doux parfums respirer la douceur,
Y retrouveras-tu quelques traces de larmes
Qu'en te les apportant y répandit mon cœur.
Ton cœur est un tombeau
Dont les portes sont closes.

— *Jacques Boria*

Nocturne

Toc toc, toc toc, – il cloue à coups pressés,
Toc toc, toc toc, – le menuisier des trépassés.
« Bon menuisier, bon menuisier,
Dans le sapin, dans le noyer,
Taille un cercueil très grand, très lourd,
Pour que j'y couche mon amour. »

Toc toc, toc toc, – il cloue à coups pressés,
Toc toc, toc toc, – le menuisier des trépassés.
« Qu'il soit tendu de satin blanc
Comme ses dents, comme ses dents;
Et mets aussi des rubans bleus
Comme ses yeux, comme ses yeux. »

Toc toc, toc toc, – il cloue à coups pressés,
Toc toc, toc toc, – le menuisier des trépassés.
« Là-bas, là-bas près du ruisseau,
Sous les ormeaux, sous les ormeaux,
À l'heure où chante le coucou,
Un autre l'a baisée au cou. »

Toc toc, toc toc, – il cloue à coups pressés,
Toc toc, toc toc, – le menuisier des trépassés.
« Bon menuisier, bon menuisier,
Dans le sapin, dans le noyer,
Taille un cercueil très grand, très lourd,
Pour que j'y couche mon amour. »
— *Jean Moréas*

A Lover's Song

Of seven virtues has my true love seven:
She is more cunning than the humming-bird,
More warm and rosy than the light of heaven,
More bright and changing than a poet's word.
The rose is not more velvet, not the rose,
The thrush at evening does not sing as sweet;
All gaiety and joy are where she goes,

They follow dancing at her dancing feet.
Yet of these virtues still another charm
Has bound my life to hers in gentle bands:
When from her eyes with love or alarm
The very soul looks out between her hands,
Then do I see, but for a moment's worth,
All that is good and kind upon the earth.

So Love Returns

Now blue October, smoky in the sun,
Must end the long, sweet summer of the heart.
The last brief visit of the birds is done;
They sing the autumn songs before they part.
Listen, how lovely – there's the thrush we heard
When June was small with roses, and the bending
Blossom of branches covered nest and bird,
Singing the summer in, summer unending –
Give me your hand once more before the night;
See how the meadows darken with the frost,
How fades the green that was the summer's light.
Beauty is only altered, never lost,
And love, before the cold November rain,
Will make its summer in my heart again.

Fear Not The Night

Be not afraid because
The sun goes down;
It brings the sunset and the plover's cry.
Before the colors of the evening drown,
The stars will make new colors in the sky.
Night is no enemy. She passes by,
And shows us silence for our own heart's good;
For while we sleep, the roses multiply,
The little tree grows taller in the wood.
Fear not the night; the morning follows soon.
Each has his task to make the earth more fair.
It is by these, by midnight and by noon,
That she grows riper and her orchards bear.
Her fields would wither in a sun too bright;
They need the darkness too. Fear not the night.

Hush

Hush, thou, beside my cheek,
And do not speak.
Love is not all, but let no other word
Than love be heard,
For as we older grow,
Wide wanders wisdom, but the heart beats slow,
Hush, thou, beside my cheek,
And do not speak.

Is It You?

Is it indeed your voice that whispers here,
Or my heart's own? For I have heard this said
In music most, or in the soundless, clear
Meadows of night by beauty visited.
Are these your words by which my mind is fed,
Or did I speak them? Love, I do not know;
They are my spirit's honey and bread —
Take them for yours, since you have made them so.
Let our two hearts, though dust of different earth,
Linked in one likeness since the world began,
Speak with a single voice; for what are worth
Laughter and tears and all the life of man,
But this? — that two who love shall be as one,
Till life and death and time itself are done.

— **Robert Nathan**

Bettlerliebe

O lass mich nur von ferne stehn,
Und hangen stumm an deinem Blick;
Du bist so jung, du bist so schön,
Aus deinen Augen lacht das Glück.
Und ich so arm, so möde schon,
Ich habe nichts was dich gewinnt.
O wär ich doch ein Königssohn,
Und du ein arm, verlornes Kind!

Die Stadt

Am grauen Strand, am grauen Meer,
Und seitab liegt die Stadt.
Der Nebel drückt die Dächer schwer,
Und durch die Stille braust das Meer
Eintönig um die Stadt.

Es rauscht kein Wald, es schlägt im Mai
Kein Vogel ohn Unterlass;
Die Wandergans mit hartem Schrei
Nur fliegt im Herbstesnacht vorbei,
Am Strande weht das Gras.

Doch hängt mein ganzes Herz an dir,
Du graue Stadt am Meer;
Der Jugend Zauber für und für
Ruht lächelnd doch auf dir,
Du graue Stadt am Meer.

— **Theodor Storm**

O Welt, du bist so wunderschön!

Nun bricht aus allen Zweigen
Das Maien frischen Grün,
Die ersten Lerchen steigen,
Die ersten Veilchen blüh'n;
Und golden liegen Tal und Höh'n.
O Welt, du bist so wunderschön
Im Maien!

Und wie die Knospen springen,
Da regt sich's allzumal;
Die muntern Vögel singen,
Die Quelle rauscht ins Tal;
Und freudig schallt das Lustgetön:
O Welt du bist so wunderschön
Im Maien!

Wie sich die Bäume wiegen
Im lieben Sonnenschein!
Wie hoch die Vögel fliegen,
Ich möchte hinterdrein;
Möcht jubeln über Tal und Höh'n:
O Welt, du bist so wunderschön
Im Maien!

— **Julius Rodenberg**

Am Himmelstor

Mir träumt, ich komm'
ans Himmelstor,
Und finde dich, die Süsse.
Du sassest bei dem Quell davor,
Und wuschest dir die Füße,
Du wuschest, wuschest ohne Rast,
Den blendend weissen Schimmer;
Beganst mit wunderlichen hast
Dein Werk von neuem immer.
Ich frug:
Was badest du dich hier
Mit Tränennassen Wangen?
Du sprachst:
Weil ich im Staub mit dir,
So tief im Staub gegangen.
— **Conrad F. Meyer**

The Owl And The Pussy-cat

The Owl and the Pussy-cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat:
They took some honey, and plenty of money
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
The Owl looked up to the stars above,
And sang to a small guitar.
“O lovely Pussy, O Pussy, my love,

What a beautiful Pussy you are,
you are, you are!
What a beautiful Pussy you are!”

Pussy said to the Owl,
“You elegant fowl,
How charmingly sweet you sing!
Oh! let us be married;
Too long we have tarried:
But what shall we do for a ring?”

They sailed away, for a year and a day,
To the land where the bong-tree grows:
And there in the wood a Piggy-wig stood,
With a ring at the end of his nose,
his nose, his nose,
With a ring at the end of his nose.

“Dear Pig, are you willing
To sell for one shilling
Your ring?”
Said the Piggy, “I will.”
So they took it away,
And were married next day
By the Turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined on mince and slices of quince,

Which they ate with a runcible spoon;
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,
They danced by the light of the moon,
The moon, the moon,
They danced by the light of the moon.
— **Edward Lear**

The Fox And The Raven

A raven sat upon a tree,
And not a word he spoke,
For his beak contained a piece of Brie,
Or maybe, it was Roquefort.
We'll make it any kind you please,
At all events it was a cheese.

Beneath the tree's umbrageous limb,
A hungry fox sat smiling;
He saw the raven watching him,
And spoke in words beguiling:
“Jadmire,” said he, “ton beau plumage...”
(The which was simply persiflage.)

“Sweet fowl!” he said,
“I understand you're more than merely natty,
I hear you sing to beat the band
And Adelina Patti.

Pray render with your liquid tongue
A bit from ‘Götterdämmerung’”
This subtle speech was aimed to please the crow,
And it succeeded;
He thought no bird in all the trees
Could sing as well as he did.
In flattery completely doused
He gave the “Jewel Song” from Faust.
But gravitation's law, of course,
As Isaac Newton showed it,
Exerted on the cheese its force,
And elsewhere soon bestowed it.

In fact, there is no need to tell what happened
When to earth it fell.
I blush to add that when the bird
Took in the situation
He said one brief emphatic word,
Unfit for publication.
The fox not famed for his guts
For once was bold and answered:
“Nuts!”
— **Guy Wetmore Carryl**

The Rich Man

The rich man has his motorcar,
His country and his town estate.
He smokes a fifty cent cigar.
And jeers at Fate.

He frivols through the live long day,
He knows not Poverty, her pinch.
His lot seems light, his heart seems gay,
He has a cinch.

Yet though my lamp burns low and dim,
Though I must slave for livelihood . . .
Think you that I would change with him?
You bet I would!

— **Franklin P. Adams (F. P. A.)**

The Donkey

When fishes flew and forests walked
And figs grew upon thorn,
Some moment when the moon was blood
Then surely I was born;
With monstrous head and sickening cry
And ears like errant wings,
The devil's walking parody
On all four-footed things
The tattered outlaw of the earth,

Of ancient crooked will;
Starve, scourge, deride me;
I am dumb, I keep my secret still.

Fools! . . . for I also had my hour;
One far fierce hour and sweet.
There was a shout about my ears,
And palms
Before my feet.

— **G. K. Chesterton**

May Night

I run as a musk-deer runs in the shadow of
the forest mad with his own perfume.
The night is the night of mid-May,
The breeze is the breeze of the south.
I lose my way and I wander,
I seek what I cannot get,
I get what I do not seek.

From my heart comes out and dances the
image of my own desire.
The gleaming vision flits on. I try to clasp
it firmly, it eludes me and leads me astray.
I seek what I cannot get,
I get what I do not seek.

Do Not Go, My Love

Do not go, my love, without asking my leave.
I have watched all night,
And now my eyes are heavy with sleep.
I fear lest I lose you when I am sleeping.
Do not go, my love, without asking my leave.

I start up and stretch my hands to touch you.
I ask myself, "Is it a dream?"
Could I but entangle your feet with my heart
And hold them fast to my breast!
Do not go, my love, without asking my leave.

At The Well

When the two sisters go to fetch water,
They come to this spot and they smile.
They must be aware of somebody
Who stands behind the trees
Whenever they go to fetch water.
The two sisters whisper to each other
When they pass this spot.
They must have guessed the secret of that
Somebody who stands behind the trees
Whenever they go to fetch water.

Their pitchers lurch suddenly,
And water spills when they reach this spot.
They must have found out that somebody's
Heart is beating who stands behind the trees
Whenever they go to fetch water.
The two sisters glance at each other when they
Come to this spot, and they smile.
There is a laughter in their swift-stepping
Feet, which makes confusion in somebody's mind
Who stands behind the trees whenever they go
To fetch water.

— **Rabindranath Tagore**

The Little Dancers

Lonely, save for a few faint stars, the sky
Dreams; and lonely, below, the little street
Into its gloom retires, secluded and shy.
Scarcely the dumb roar enters this soft retreat;
And all is dark, save where come flooding rays
From a tavern-window; there, to the brisk measure
Of an organ that down in an alley merrily plays,
Two children, all alone and no one by,
Holding their tattered frocks, through an airy maze
Of motion lightly threaded with nimble feet
Dance sedately; face to face they gaze,
Their eyes shining, grave
With a perfect pleasure.

— **Laurence Binyon**

Grandma's Prayer

I pray that, risen from the dead,
I may in glory stand,
A crown, perhaps, upon my head,
But a needle in my hand.
I've never learned to sing or play,

So let no harp be mine;
From birth unto my dying day,
Plain sewing's been my line.
Therefore, accustomed to the end
To plying useful stitches,
I'll be content if asked to mend
The little angels' breeches.
— *Eugene Field*

Charity

If I can stop one heart from breaking,
I shall not live in vain;
If I can ease one life the aching,
Or cool one pain,
Or help one fainting robin unto his nest again,
I shall not live in vain.
— *Emily Dickinson*

Mother

She always leaned to watch for us,
Anxious if we were late,
In winter by the window,
In summer by the gate;
And though we mocked her tenderly,
Who had such foolish care,
The long way home would seem more safe
Because she waited there.
Her thoughts were all so full of us,
She never could forget!
And so I think that where she is
She must be watching yet,
Waiting till we come home to her,
Anxious if we are late—
Watching from Heaven's window,
Leaning from Heaven's gate.
— *Margaret Widdemer*

Voices

O there were lights and laughter
And the motions to and fro
Of people as they enter
And people as they go. . .
And there were many voices
Vying at the feast,
But mostly I remember yours
Who spoke the least.
— *Witter Bynner*

Miranda

Do you remember an inn, Miranda,
Do you remember an inn?
And the tedding and the spreading
Of the straw for a bedding,
And the fleas that tease
In the High Pyrenees,
And the wine that tasted of tar?

And the cheers and the jeers
Of the young muleteers
Under the dark of the vine verandah?
Do you remember an inn, Miranda?
Do you remember an inn?
And the hammer at the doors and the din?
And the Hip! Hop! Hap!
Of the clap of the hands
To the twirl and the swirl
Of the girl gone chancing,
Glancing,
Dancing,
Backing and advancing,
Snapping of the clapper to the spin
Out and in
And the Ting Tong Tang Tang of the guitar!
Do you remember an inn, Miranda?
— *Hilaire Belloc*



Siobhan Stagg

Soprano

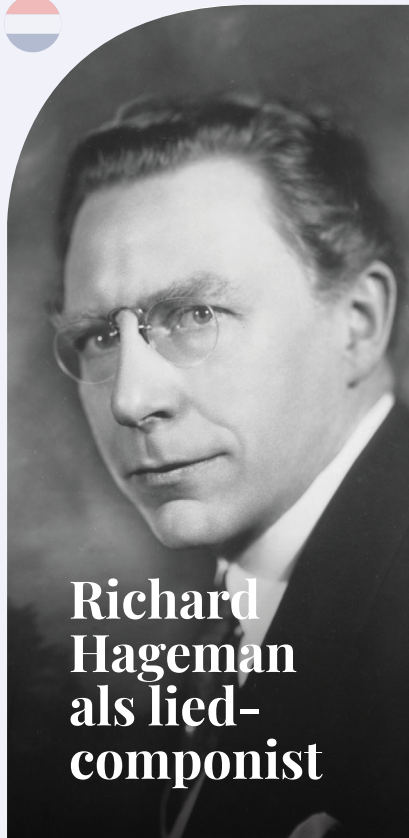
A voice described as “one of the most beautiful I’ve ever heard” by the legendary Christa Ludwig, Australian soprano Siobhan Stagg was a member of the Deutsche Oper Berlin from 2013–2019, and has appeared as a celebrated guest artist in major roles at the Royal Opera House Covent Garden, Lyric Opera of Chicago, Dutch National Opera, Opernhaus Zurich, Bayerische Staatsoper, and Festival d’Aix en Provence among others. Equally in demand on the concert platform, Siobhan has worked with the Berliner Philharmoniker, London Symphony Orchestra, Bayerische Rundfunk, Gewandhausorchester Leipzig, BBC Symphony, Staatskapelle Berlin, and in recital has appeared at the Wigmore Hall and Pierre Boulez Saal Berlin.

Nico de Villiers

Piano

South African pianist Nico de Villiers has performed as a concerto soloist and collaborative pianist at the Queen Elizabeth Hall and Royal Festival Hall, Southbank Centre in London, the Terrace Theatre, Kennedy Center in Washington D.C., the Kammermusiksaal, Bonn, and the Mozarteum Grosser Saal, Salzburg. Established as the authority on the life and music of Richard Hageman, Nico combines performances of Hageman’s music with scholarly research. His doctoral research was focused on Hageman’s songs and he published several articles, discussing Hageman’s songs and opera. Nico co-authored the groundbreaking critical biography *Richard Hageman: From Holland to Hollywood* (Peter Lang, 2020) with Kathryn Kalinak and Asing Walthaus.





Richard Hageman als lied-componist

De wereldberoemde bariton Thomas Hampson beschouwt Richard Hageman als een zeer getalenteerde Amerikaanse componist, die een belangrijke bijdrage heeft geleverd aan de kunst in Amerika. Toch is VOICES de eerste opname die uitsluitend is gewijd aan de liedkunst van Hageman. Deze opname omvat 25 van Hagemans liederen, waarvan de meeste nooit eerder zijn opgenomen.

Hageman werd geboren in Leeuwarden op 9 juli 1881 en studeerde van 1893 tot 1895 aan het Conservatoire Royal in Brussel; hij werd financieel ondersteund door koningin-regentes Emma. Daarna zette hij zijn studie voort aan het Amsterdamsch Conservatorium.

Hageman dirigeerde de Nederlandsche Opera in Amsterdam van 1898 totdat hij verhuisde naar Parijs in 1903. Daar ontmoette hij Yvette Guilbert, de populaire diseuse, die door Henri Toulouse-Lautrec onsterfelijk werd gemaakt in verscheidene portretschilderingen. Hij vergezelde haar twee keer tijdens concertreizen naar de Verenigde Staten. In 1908 verhuisde Hageman naar New York, waar hij een 13 jaar durende verbintenis

aanging met de Metropolitan Opera, als repetitor en dirigent. Na zijn terugkeer naar Europa in 1930 voltooide hij zijn opera *Caponsacchi* (1931), die in Duitsland en Oostenrijk een aantal keren werd uitgevoerd. In 1937 werd *Caponsacchi* voor het laatst opgevoerd door de Metropolitan Opera.

Hageman verhuisde naar Hollywood in 1938, waar hij snel naam maakte als A-componist. Hij componeerde de muziek voor films van regisseurs als John Ford en Frank Lloyd. Zes van zijn filmcomposities werden genomineerd voor een Academy Award, later bekend als een Oscar, waarvan John Fords western *Stagecoach* (1939) hem uiteindelijk deze felbegeerde prijs opleverde. Hij trad op als dirigent tijdens concerten in de Hollywood Bowl en speelde in diverse films, waaronder in *The Great Caruso* (1951) met Mario Lanza en in *Rhapsody* (1954) met Elizabeth Taylor.

Nadat hij zich uit Hollywood had teruggetrokken, bleef Hageman componeren tot 1961. Hij overleed in Beverly Hills op 6 maart 1966. In welke hoedanigheid hij werd herinnerd in de overlijdensadvertenties was nogal afhankelijk van waar ze verschenen. De *New York Times* roemde Hageman

als componist, dirigent en pianist, terwijl de *Los Angeles Times* hem uitsluitend als “Film Composer” herdacht.

Hoewel Hageman een gevierd componist van filmmuziek was in zijn latere leven, begon hij als liedcomponist in het midden van de jaren '10 van de vorige eeuw. Gedurende zijn hele carrière zou hij liederen blijven componeren. De eerste publiceerde hij rond zijn 35e, een relatief late start vergeleken met andere componisten zoals Charles Ives of Samuel Barber. Zij begonnen al in hun tienerjaren liederen te componeren. Toen een journalist Hageman vroeg waarom hij pas zo laat was begonnen met componeren, antwoordde hij: “Ik was van mening dat er genoeg goede muziek in de wereld was zonder dat daar slechtere aan toegevoegd hoefde te worden.” Het kan zijn dat Hageman hier zijn eigen ambities als componist heeft gebagatelliseerd, maar in de jaren '30 gaf hij toe dat hij “geen kampioen van de ultramoderne school was.” Deze opmerking geeft aan dat hij zich eerder liet inspireren door componisten wier werk hij vertolkte als pianist en als dirigent dan zich te laten leiden door de avant-gardecomponisten die meer



en meer aan bekendheid wonnen tijdens het interbellum. Het is daarom niet verrassend dat in de liederen van Hageman invloeden van componisten als Duparc, Debussy, Tsjaikovski en Richard Strauss doorklinken.

In de pers werden deze invloeden al van meet af aan opgemerkt. Toen Hageman zijn eerste toonzettingen van gedichten uit Rabindranath Tagore's *The Gardener* (1915) publiceerde, typeerden critici Hagemans bekendste lied "Do Not Go, My Love" als "quasi-Tsjaikovskiaans" of "geheel en al à la Duparc." Deze gelijkenis met de klankwereld van andere componisten zorgde voor een bepaalde vertrouwdeheid die Hagemans liederen meteen verhieven boven de gemiddelde salonliedjes en tegelijkertijd hun aantrekkingskracht wisten te behouden bij een breed publiek. "Do Not Go, My Love" is een klassieker geworden binnen het oeuvre van de Amerikaanse liedkunst en verschijnt regelmatig op recitalprogramma's en opnames door artiesten als Maggie Teyte, Kiri te Kanawa, en Thomas Hampson.

Ofschoon muziekcritici parallellen trokken met andere componisten, roemden ze ook Hagemans originaliteit. *Musical America* omschreef de pianopartij van "May Night" (1917) als "een van de betoverendste pianobegeleidingen", terwijl de *Musical Courier* concludeerde dat "de vele ongebruikelijke wendingen in 'At The Well' (1919) eenvoudigweg niet met woorden te omschrijven zijn." Maar het grootste compliment kwam van Tagore zelf: hij beschouwde Hagemans versie van "At The Well" als de beste van alle toonzettingen die er van zijn gedichten werden gemaakt.

Door verschuivingen in het muzikale landschap gedurende de jaren '20 en '30 maakten dezelfde kwaliteiten die Hagemans liederen populair hadden gemaakt in het voorgaande decennium, dat ze in het volgende decennium werden beschouwd als achterhaald. De avant-gardisten van de jaren '30 beschouwden de behoudende stijl van Hageman als afgedaan en zijn werk als artistiek bijproduct. Maar vakkundige musici waren gewild bij de muziekregisseurs in Hollywood en Hageman had er geen moeite mee zichzelf opnieuw uit te vinden.

In de luwte van het post romantische klankidoom, dat zou uitgroeien tot het iconische geluid van de gouden tijden van Hollywood, werd Hagemans muzikale nostalgie gewaardeerd in zowel zijn filmmuziek als zijn concertrepertoire.

Hageman vond een artistieke zielsverwant in de schrijver en dichter Robert Nathan, wiens woorden weerklink vonden in Hagemans nostalgische aard. Van zijn eigen werk zei Nathan: "mijn poëzie was vaak welluidend; en gemakkelijk te lezen... Ik wilde slechts gedichten schrijven waar men van zou houden." Hetzelfde sentiment resoneerde in Hagemans opmerkingen tijdens de première van *Caponsacchi* in New York: "opera... moet aanspreken bij de massa en mag geen aanslag plegen op het oor terwijl het oog de actie op de Bühne moet volgen." Deze geestverwantschap wordt duidelijk in Hagemans toonzettingen van het werk van Robert Nathan. De rijke lyriek van de zanglijnen, het levendige klankbeeld en de gelaagde structuur van de pianopartij in bijvoorbeeld "Fear Not The Night" (1944) en "Is It You?" (1951) vormen een hoogtepunt in Hagemans liedkunst. In deze liederen komen al Hagemans muzikale invloeden samen:

zijn door Hollywood beïnvloede, gerijpte stijl vermengt zich op elegante wijze met het suggestieve klankbeeld van zijn vroege werk.

Gezien Tagore en Nathan de dichters waren die het vaakst door Hageman getoonzet zijn, kunnen zij worden beschouwd als de poëtische hoekstenen – of de boekensteunen – van zijn 69 liederen tellende oeuvre. Deze liederen vertegenwoordigen 51 schrijvers, waaronder realisten als Theodor Storm en Conrad F. Mayer, satirici Franklin P. Adams en Guy Wetmore Carryl en de Edwardiaanse mystiek van G. K. Chesterton. Hagemans liederen – een veelkleurig palet van literaire stemmen, vaak van schrijvers die zich buiten de gebaande literaire paden begaven – laten een spectrum van stijlen horen die variëren van sprankelend tot peinzend, van eigenzinnig tot speels.

— Nico de Villiers, vertaling Ronald Slager



Siobhan Stagg

Sopraan

Haar stem werd door de legendarische Christa Ludwig omschreven als “een van de mooiste die ik ooit heb gehoord.” De Australische sopraan Siobhan Stagg was werkzaam bij de Deutsche Oper Berlin van 2013 tot 2019 en trad op als gastsolist in grote rollen in de Royal Opera House Covent Garden, de Lyric Opera of Chicago, het Opernhaus Zürich, de Bayerische Staatsoper, het Festival d'Aix en Provence en de Nationale Opera in Amsterdam. Op het concertpodium is ze eveneens een veelgevraagd artiest: Siobhan werkte met de Berliner Philharmoniker, de London Symphony Orchestra, de Bayerische Rundfunk, Gewandhausorchester Leipzig, de BBC Symphony, de Staatskapelle Berlin en zong recitals in Wigmore Hall in Londen en de Pierre Boulez Saal in Berlijn.

Nico de Villiers

Piano

De Zuid-Afrikaanse pianist Nico de Villiers is zowel solist als begeleider. In beide hoedanigheden trad hij op in de Queen Elizabeth Hall, de Royal Festival Hall, Southbank Centre in Londen, het Terrace Theatre, Kennedy Centre in Washington D.C., de Kammermusiksaal in Bonn en de Mozarteum Grosser Saal in Salzburg. Als gevestigde autoriteit op het gebied van het leven en werk van Richard Hageman combineert Nico uitvoeringen van Hagemans muziek met wetenschappelijk onderzoek. Zijn promotieonderzoek was gericht op Hagemans liederen en hij publiceerde verscheidene artikelen over Hagemans liedkunst en opera. Nico was medeauteur van de baanbrekende kritische biografie *Richard Hageman: From Holland to Hollywood* (Peter Lang, 2020) samen met Kathryn Kalinak en Asing Waltheus.



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