

April 28, 2016 at 8:00pm

Richardson Auditorium in Alexander Hall
Preview Event featuring the winners of the 2016 Creative Reactions Contest at 7:00pm

Matthias Goerne, *Baritone*
Alexander Schmalcz, *Piano*

FRANZ SCHUBERT

(1797-1828)

Die schöne Müllerin, D. 795, Op. 25 Nos. 1 - 20
songs after poems by Wilhelm Müller

-sung without intermission-

Das Wandern

Wohin?

Halt!

Danksagung an den Bach

Am Feierabend

Der Neugierige

Ungeduld

Morgengruß

Des Müllers Blumen

Tränenregen

Mein!

Pause

Mit dem grünen Lautenbande

Der Jäger

Eifersucht und Stolz

Die liebe Farbe

Die böse Farbe

Trockne Blumen

Der Müller und der Bach

Des Baches Wiegenlied

Please join the artists to celebrate the close of our season at a reception in the Richardson Lounge following the performance.

ABOUT MATTHIAS GOERNE



Matthias Goerne is one of the most internationally sought-after vocalists and a frequent guest at renowned festivals and concert halls. He has collaborated with leading orchestras all over the world. Conductors of the first rank as well as eminent pianists are among his musical partners.

Matthias Goerne has appeared on the world's principal opera stages, including the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden in London; Teatro Real in Madrid; Paris National Opera; Vienna State Opera; and the Metropolitan Opera in New York. His carefully chosen roles range from Wolfram, Amfortas, Kurwenal, Wotan and Orest to the title roles in Alban Berg's *Wozzeck*, Béla Bartók's *Duke Bluebeard's Castle*, and Paul Hindemith's *Mathis der Maler*.

Goerne's artistry has been documented on numerous recordings, many of which have received prestigious awards, including four Grammy nominations, an ICMA award, and only recently the Diapason d'or arte. After his legendary recordings with pianists

Vladimir Ashkenazy and Alfred Brendel for Universal Music, he recently recorded a series of selected Schubert songs on 11 CDs for Harmonia Mundi (The Goerne/Schubert Edition) with pianists including Christoph Eschenbach and Elisabeth Leonskaja.

From 2001 through 2005, Matthias Goerne taught as an honorary professor of song interpretation at the Robert Schumann Academy of Music in Düsseldorf. In 2001, he was appointed an Honorary Member of the Royal Academy of Music in London. A native of Weimar, he studied with Hans-Joachim Beyer in Leipzig, and later with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf and Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau.

Highlights in the 2015/16 season include concerts with the St. Petersburg Philharmonic (Yuri Temirkanov), Orchestre de Paris, London Philharmonic (Christoph Eschenbach), Concertgebouw Orchestra - Amsterdam (Manfred Honeck), New York Philharmonic (Christoph von Dohnányi), Leipzig Gewandhaus Orchestra, Tonhalle Orchestra - Zurich (Lionel Bringuier), Swedish Radio Symphony (Daniel Harding), and NHK Symphony (Paavo Järvi), as well as a series of song recitals with pianists Daniil Trifonov, Markus Hinterhäuser, Alexander Schmalcz, and the Quatuor Ebène at New York City's Lincoln Center, the San Francisco Opera, Wigmore Hall London, Opéra de Lille, the new Philharmonie de Paris, the Beaux-Arts in Brussels, Gulbenkian in Lisbon, in Abu Dhabi, at the Schubertiade Hohenems, and the Sidney Festival. Matthias Goerne will sing Orest in Strauss' *Elektra* at the Vienna State Opera and make his debut as Wotan in a concert version of Richard Wagner's *Walküre* with the Hong Kong Philharmonic under Jaap van Zweden.

This concert marks Mr. Goerne's Princeton University Concerts debut.

Enjoy a Sweet Nibble...

We are pleased to thank our community partner

MCCAFFREY'S FOOD MARKET

for the donation of the cookies, free to patrons in the lobby after tonight's concert.

ABOUT ALEXANDER SCHMALCZ

From early on, pianist Alexander Schmalcz worked with legendary singers such as soprano Edita Gruberova, mezzo-soprano Grace Bumbry, soprano Anna Tomowa-Sintow, and tenor Peter Schreier. A close collaboration with Matthias Goerne as well as numerous performances with singers such as tenor Daniel Behle, bass-baritones Konstantin Wolff and Stephan Loges, sopranos Inessa Galante and Eva Mei, and mezzo-soprano Rachel Frenkel have shaped his career. His chamber music partners include oboists Céline Moinet and Albrecht Mayer, clarinetist Dimitri Ashkenazy, violist Tatjana Masurenko, and The King's Singers, among others.

As a sought-after song accompanist, Alexander Schmalcz can be heard regularly in important cultural centers of Europe, the Americas, Japan and Korea and he performs at international festivals such as the Salzburg Festival, Schleswig-Holstein Music Festival, Tanglewood Festival, and the Prague Spring Festival. He appears at Teatro alla Scala Milan, Wiener Staatsoper, Staatsoper München, Théâtre du Châtelet, Amphithéâtre of Opera Bastille, Concertgebouw Amsterdam, Kölner Philharmonie, Gewandhaus Leipzig, Wigmore Hall London, Seoul Arts Center, Tokyo Opera City Hall and KIOI Hall Tokyo.

His comprehensive repertoire is documented on numerous CDs and broadcasts for German, British, Austrian, Dutch and Japanese radio and TV stations. Alexander Schmalcz has also orchestrated songs by Franz Schubert, which were commissioned by Matthias Goerne. The transcriptions have enjoyed great acclaim with performances at the Mostly Mozart Festival in New York, the Wiener Symphoniker Frühlingkonzert at the Musikverein in Vienna as well as with Dresdner Kapellsolisten at the Frauenkirche Dresden.

Alexander Schmalcz received his first piano lessons as a chorister in the Dresden Kreuzchor. He studied at Musikhochschule Dresden and Utrecht Conservatorium before finishing his studies at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama in London with Iain Burnside and Graham Johnson. Alexander Schmalcz is a professor for song interpretation at the Leipzig Musikhochschule and gives international master classes.

ABOUT THE PROGRAM

By Peter Laki, ©2016

FRANZ SCHUBERT

(Himmelfortgrund, nr. Vienna [now part of the city], 1797 – Vienna, 1828)

Die schöne Müllerin (“The Miller’s Beautiful Daughter”) D. 795 (1823)

poems by Wilhelm Müller (Dessau, 1794 –1827)

“Two little words make up the entire world to me,” sings the protagonist of Schubert’s *Schöne Müllerin* (Song No. 6, “The Curious One”). In a way, something similar could be said of the cycle as a whole. The rather meager story, about an over-sensitive and, yes, somewhat nerdy young man, the object of his affections (whom we hardly get to know as a person) and his more successful rival, does make up an entire world—the protagonist sets out on a journey, finds love and ultimately death.

Wilhelm Müller (a German contemporary of Schubert’s who, like him, died in his early thirties) is remembered today chiefly because Schubert based his two great song cycles, *Die schöne Müllerin* and *Winterreise*, on his work. Critics have sometimes been quick to dismiss Müller as a poet; yet his poetic images are often rich and evocative. In the *Müllerin* cycle, his portrayal of the protagonist’s feelings is full of keen psychological insights, and in *Winterreise*, he depicted existential despair in a way not seen before in Romantic literature. Yet it is undeniable that without Schubert’s settings, these poems would never have the effect they produce in conjunction with the music, which transports them into a completely different realm, adding whole new layers of meaning through an incredibly sensitive musical treatment of the texts.

Ever since I first got to know these songs as a child, I have never ceased to marvel at such details as the sudden turn to the minor mode in Song No. 10, at the very moment when it starts raining and the girl decides to go home just when the two of them might have begun to get a little closer (hence the title “Rain of Tears”). The cycle contains some of the most compelling depictions of happiness (Song No. 11, “Mine!”) and despair (Song No. 17, “The Hateful Color”) in the entire art-song repertoire. And how about the gripping image of the sobbing angels in Song No. 19 (“The Miller and the Brook”) which Heinrich Heine, no less, found worth picking up? (The image shows up in one of the poems Schumann included in *Dichterliebe*.) Schubert’s melodic line, complete with that eternal

musical symbol of grief, the Neapolitan sixth, is unforgettable. Each one of the twenty songs is a perfect depiction of a state of mind or a particular place where the events unfold. One song (No. 5, “In the Evening of Rest”) offers a whole dramatic mini-scene, where the protagonist, the old miller and his daughter are all present. When the daughter wishes everyone a good night, Schubert’s melodic line emphasizes the word “everyone” with a long-held high note, making us feel the young man’s bitter disappointment at not being specifically singled out in this friendly gesture.

The entire cycle moves from an upbeat, carefree folksong at the beginning to utter transcendence in the final lullaby/dirge. The cycle begins in B-flat Major and ends in E Major; these two keys are as far removed from one another as they can possibly be in the classical tonal system. Together, they truly encompass an entire world—even in a musical sense.

TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

Poems by Wihelm Müller; Translations By Anna Leader '18

Anna Leader is a sophomore at Princeton and a First Prize-winner of our 2016 Creative Reactions Contest. After learning more about her through the contest, we found out that in addition to being a superb writer, she also has a serious interest in literary translation, working from both French and German. She translated tonight's poetry on two days notice! This summer she will meet one of her favorite contemporary poets - Jan Wagner - who reached out to her after he read her prize-winning translation of one of his poems. We are so pleased to have discovered Anna Leader's work through our Creative Reactions Contest and to be able to extend a student's personal interaction with our concerts even further by including her translation in tonight's program.

Das Wandern

Das Wandern ist des Müllers Lust,
Das Wandern!
Das muß ein schlechter Müller sein,
Dem niemals fiel das Wandern ein,
Das Wandern.

Vom Wasser haben wir's gelernt,
Vom Wasser!
Das hat nicht Rast bei Tag und Nacht,
Ist stets auf Wanderschaft bedacht,
Das Wasser.

Das sehn wir auch den Rädern ab,
Den Rädern!
Die gar nicht gerne stille stehn,
Die sich mein Tag nicht müde drehn,
Die Räder.

Die Steine selbst, so schwer sie sind,
Die Steine!
Sie tanzen mit den muntern Reihn
Und wollen gar noch schneller sein,
Die Steine.

O Wandern, Wandern, meine Lust,
O Wandern!
Herr Meister und Frau Meisterin,
Laßt mich in Frieden weiterzieh'n
Und wandern.

Wandering

Wandering is the miller's joy,
Wandering!
A poor, sad miller it must be
Who has never thought of wandering,
Wandering.

We learned wandering from the water,
From the water!
It never rests in day or night,
It's always dreaming of its travels,
The water.

We observe it also in the wheels,
The wheels!
That never want to just stand still,
That never tire as they turn,
The wheels.

The stones themselves, though they are heavy,
The stones!
They join the dance in lively rows
And long to go even faster,
The stones.

O wandering, wandering, my joy,
O wandering!
Lord Master and Lady Mistress,
Let me continue now in peace
And wander.

(please turn the page quietly)

Wohin?

Ich hört' ein Bächlein rauschen
 Wohl aus dem Felsenquell,
 Hinab zum Tale rauschen
 So frisch und wunderhell.

Ich weiß nicht, wie mir wurde,
 Nicht, wer den Rat mir gab,
 Ich mußte auch hinunter
 Mit meinem Wanderstab.

Hinunter und immer weiter
 Und immer dem Bache nach,
 Und immer frischer rauschte
 Und immer heller der Bach.

Ist das denn meine Straße?
 O Bächlein, sprich, wohin?
 Du hast mit deinem Rauschen
 Mir ganz berauscht den Sinn.

Was sag ich denn vom Rauschen?
 Das kann kein Rauschen sein:
 Es singen wohl die Nixen
 Tief unten ihren Reihn.

Laß singen, Gesell, laß rauschen
 Und wandre fröhlich nach!
 Es gehn ja Mühlenräder
 In jedem klaren Bach.

Where to?

I heard a small stream rushing
 Straight from the rocks' spring,
 It flowed into the valley
 So fresh and wonder-bright.

I know neither how I felt it,
 Nor who gave me this advice;
 I had to go down too
 With my wanderer's staff.

Down there and always farther
 And always by the stream,
 And always rushing freshly
 The ever-shining stream.

Is this one here my road, then?
 O, tell me, stream: where to?
 Your rushing has intoxicated
 My senses now completely.

But why do I call it 'rushing'?
 Rushing cannot be what it is:
 The mermaids must be singing
 Their canons in the deep.

Let it sing and rush, my friend,
 And gladly wander after!
 The mill-wheels are turning
 In every small clear stream.

Halt!

Eine Mühle seh ich blinken
 Aus den Erlen heraus,
 Durch Rauschen und Singen
 Bricht Rädergebraus.

Ei willkommen, ei willkommen,
 Süßer Mühlengesang!
 Und das Haus, wie so traulich!
 Und die Fenster, wie blank!

Und die Sonne, wie helle
 Vom Himmel sie scheint!
 Ei, Bächlein, liebes Bächlein,
 War es also gemeint?

Danksagung an den Bach

War es also gemeint,
 Mein rauschender Freund?
 Dein Singen, dein Klingen,
 War es also gemeint?

Zur Müllerin hin!
 So lautet der Sinn.
 Gelt, hab' ich's verstanden?
 Zur Müllerin hin!

Hat sie dich geschickt?
 Oder hast mich berückt?
 Das möchte ich noch wissen,
 Ob sie dich geschickt.

Nun wie's auch mag sein,
 Ich gebe mich drein:
 Was ich such', hab' ich funden,
 Wie's immer mag sein.

Nach Arbeit ich frug,
 Nun hab ich genug
 Für die Hände, fürs Herze
 Vollauf genug!

Halt!

I see a mill that shines
 Out from the alder trees;
 Through rushing and singing
 Bursts the roaring of the wheels.

Oh, welcome, oh welcome!
 Sweet song of the mill!
 And the house, how cosy!
 And the windows, how clean!

And the sun, how brightly
 It shines down from the sky!
 Oh, stream, dearest stream,
 Was this then your meaning?

Thanking the Stream

Was this, then, your meaning,
 My rushing friend?
 Your singing, your ringing –
 Was this, then, its meaning?

To the Millermaid now!
 It seems to be saying.
 Have I understood right?
 To the Millermaid now!

Did she send you to me?
 Or have you beguiled me?
 I would still like to know,
 Whether she sent you.

Now, whatever may be,
 I commit myself to it:
 What I sought, I have found,
 Whatever may be.

I asked for work,
 Now I have enough
 For my hands, for my heart,
 Altogether enough!

(please turn the page quietly)

Am Feierabend

Hätt ich tausend
Arme zu rühren!
Könnt ich brausend
Die Räder führen!
Könnt ich wehen
Durch alle Haine!
Könnt ich drehen
Alle Steine!
Daß die schöne Müllerin
Merkte meinen treuen Sinn!

Ach, wie ist mein Arm so schwach!
Was ich hebe, was ich trage,
Was ich schneide, was ich schlage,
Jeder Knappe tut mir's nach.
Und da sitz ich in der großen Runde,
In der stillen kühlen Feierstunde,
Und der Meister spricht zu allen:
Euer Werk hat mir gefallen;
Und das liebe Mädchen sagt
Allen eine gute Nacht.

Der Neugierige

Ich frage keine Blume,
Ich frage keinen Stern,
Sie können mir alle nicht sagen,
Was ich erfürh so gern.

Ich bin ja auch kein Gärtner,
Die Sterne stehn zu hoch;
Mein Bächlein will ich fragen,
Ob mich mein Herz belog.

O Bächlein meiner Liebe,
Wie bist du heut so stumm?
Will ja nur eines wissen,
Ein Wörtchen um und um.

Ja, heißt das eine Wörtchen,
Das andre heißet Nein,
Die beiden Wörtchen schließen
die ganze Welt mir ein.

In the Evening of Rest

If only I had a thousand
Arms I could move!
Then I could turn
All the loud wheels!
Then I could blow
Through all of the groves!
Then I could spin
Every stone!
If only the pretty Millermaid
Saw my devotion!

Ah, why is my arm so weak?
What I lift, what I carry,
What I chop, what I strike,
Every boy does it just as well.
And I sit there in the big circle,
In the quiet, cool hour of rest,
And the master speaks to us all:
Your work has pleased me;
And the lovely maiden wishes
Everyone goodnight.

The Curious One

I do not ask a flower,
I do not ask a star;
Not one of them can tell me,
What I so dearly want to know.

I am certainly no gardener,
The stars stand too high;
I want to ask my stream
If my heart has lied to me.

O stream of my love,
Why so silent today?
I just want to know one thing:
One whole little word.

The little word is Yes;
The other is No,
These two small words make up
My entire world.

O Bächlein meiner Liebe,
Was bist du wunderlich!
Will's ja nicht weitersagen,
Sag, Bächlein, liebt sie mich?

O stream of my love,
How whimsical you are!
I won't spread the news around;
Tell me, stream, does she love me?

Ungeduld

Ich schnitt es gern in alle Rinden ein,
Ich grub es gern in jeden Kieselstein,
Ich möcht es sä'n auf jedes frische Beet
Mit Kressensamen, der es schnell verrät,
Auf jeden weißen Zettel möcht ich's schreiben:
Dein ist mein Herz und soll es ewig bleiben.

Impatience

I would like to carve it into every tree's bark,
I would like to chisel it into each pebble,
I want to sow it in each fresh flower-bed
With water-cress seeds that would quickly reveal it;
On each sheet of white paper I would like to write:
Yours is my heart and it shall always stay mine.

Ich möcht mir ziehen einen jungen Star,
Bis daß er spräch die Worte rein und klar,
Bis er sie spräch mit meines Mundes Klang,
Mit meines Herzens vollem, heißem Drang;
Dann säng er hell durch ihre Fensterscheiben:
Dein ist mein Herz und soll es ewig bleiben.

I would like to raise a young starling,
Until he speaks pure and clear words,
Until he speaks them with my mouth's sound,
With my heart's full, heated urge;
Then he could sing brightly through her window:
Yours is my heart and it shall always stay mine.

Den Morgenwinden möcht ich's hauchen ein,
Ich möcht es säuseln durch den regen Hain;
Oh, leuchtet' es aus jedem Blumenstern!
Trüg es der Duft zu ihr von nah und fern!
Ihr Wogen, könnt ihr nichts als Räder treiben?
Dein ist mein Herz und soll es ewig bleiben.

I would like to breathe it into the morning winds,
I would like to whisper it through the stirring grove;
Oh, if only it shone out from each flower-star,
And brought her the fragrance from near and far!
You waves, can you turn nothing but wheels?
Yours is my heart and it shall always stay mine.

Ich meint, es müßt in meinen Augen stehn,
Auf meinen Wangen müßt man's brennen sehn,
Zu lesen wär's auf meinem stummen Mund,
Ein jeder Atemzug gäb's laut ihr kund,
Und sie merkt nichts von all dem bangen Treiben:
Dein ist mein Herz und soll es ewig bleiben.

I thought that it must be clear in my eyes,
On my cheeks one must see it burning;
It must be easy to read on my mute lips,
With every breath it must announce itself loudly,
And yet she does not notice my anxious yearning.
Yours is my heart and it shall always stay mine.

(continued on page 14 - please turn the page quietly)

ANNOUNCING THE 2016-2017 SEASON

CONCERT CLASSIC SERIES [9 concerts]

Thursday, October 6 8 pm
JAMIE BARTON,* *Mezzo-soprano*
JAMES BALLELIEU,* *Piano*
Songs by Turina, Brahms, Dvorak, Ives

“... one of the greatest {mezzos} I’ve heard.”
– *Mezzo-soprano Marilyn Horne*

Thursday, October 13 8 pm
BELCEA STRING QUARTET*
Schubert, Brahms

“a spiritual depth and expressive urgency
that leaves you eager to hear more.”
– *The New York Times*

Thursday, October 27 8 pm
SERGEI BABAYAN,* *Piano*
DANIIL TRIFONOV,* *Piano*
Schumann, Schubert, Brahms, Rachmaninoff

“{Trifonov} has everything and more.
I’ve never heard anything like it.”
– *pianist Martha Argerich*

Thursday, November 17 8 pm
TAKÁCS STRING QUARTET
All-Beethoven

Thursday, February 9 8 pm
**ESTONIAN PHILHARMONIC
CHAMBER CHOIR***
Kaspars Putnins, *Artistic Director*
“Northern Land & Spirit,” Pärt,
Tchaikovsky, Tormis, Sibelius

“the choir’s performances
inspire a transporting awe.”
– *The Washington Post*

*Princeton University Concerts debut

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY
CONCERTS



Thursday, March 2 8 pm
HAGEN STRING QUARTET
Schumann, Dvorak, Brahms

“Nothing as it seems. And it is certainly
not as we thought we knew it.”
– *Hamburger Abendblatt*

Thursday, March 16 8 pm
TAKÁCS STRING QUARTET
All-Beethoven

Thursday, April 13 8 pm
PAMELA FRANK,* *Violin*
CHRISTIAN TETZLAFF, *Violin*
Prokofiev, Leclair, Bach, Bartók

“a big, rich sound ... that breathes with purpose.”
– *Philadelphia Inquirer on Pamela Frank*

Thursday, May 11 8 pm
MURRAY PERAHIA, *Piano*

“His place among the great pianists of our time
is not disputed.” – *The Guardian (London)*



ALL IN THE FAMILY

Chamber music concerts for kids ages 3 & up
and their families

Saturday, November 5 1pm
BABY GOT BACH



Back by popular demand, pianist Orli Shaham
will introduce pre-school-aged kids to the joy
of live classical music played by renowned
musicians.

Saturday, March 11 1pm
MEET THE MUSIC



The musicians of The Chamber Music Society of
Lincoln Center and host Bruce Adolphe return
on Pi Day Weekend with a program that honors
Princeton’s own Albert Einstein.

SPECIAL EVENT

In a season anchored by timeworn masterworks here at Princeton, Fleck and Washburn offer a slightly different perspective in the mix, drawing from the great vernacular music of Appalachia.

Thursday, April 20 7:30 pm

BÉLA FLECK,* Banjo
ABIGAIL WASHBURN,* Banjo/Voice

“Béla Fleck is surely the finest banjo player on the planet, a virtuoso who can switch from bluegrass to classical, jazz and African styles, while his wife, Abigail Washburn, is also an impressive banjo performer, influenced by China as well as Appalachia.”

– *The Guardian (London)*

THE COMPLETE BEETHOVEN STRING QUARTET CYCLE

played by the

TAKÁCS STRING QUARTET

Over six performances, we are treated to the ultimate thrill of seeing the blueprint of Beethoven's artistic development unfold before our eyes, even more relevant in 2016 than on the day of Beethoven's death in 1827. Concerts will be hosted by Professor Scott Burnham.

Tuesday, November 15 8 pm

Thursday, November 17 8 pm

Wednesday, January 18 8 pm

Thursday, January 19 8 pm

Wednesday, March 15 8 pm

Thursday, March 16 8 pm

“It is impossible to think of a more compelling window onto Beethoven, onto the genre of the string quartet, or even onto the entire multifarious pageant of chamber music in the modern West.”

– *Professor Scott Burnham*

RICHARDSON CHAMBER PLAYERS [3 concerts]

Our resident ensemble of performance faculty, distinguished guest artists and supremely talented students.

Sunday Afternoons at 3 pm

October 16 February 19 April 9

PUC125 PERFORMANCES UP CLOSE [4 concerts]

Our new series continues to explore the future of chamber music. Experience classical music more directly, more viscerally than ever before in these one hour concerts in-the-round on the stage of Alexander Hall. Concerts feature an eclectic mix of artists and programs that reflect the voices of a new generation.

Thursday, September 29 6 pm & 9 pm

AUGUSTIN HADELICH,* Violin
PABLO SÁINZ VILLEGAS,* Guitar
Piazzolla, De Falla, Ysaÿe

“Hadelich's playing combined impressive technical command with plush, rich-textured sound. And with magisterial poise and serene control.”

– *The New York Times*

Sunday, February 12 2 pm & 5 pm

COLIN CURRIE,* Percussion
Norgaard, Hosokawa, Stockhausen, Xenakis

“Surely the world's finest and most daring percussionist.”

– *The Spectator (London)*

Thursday, March 30 6 pm

**BENJAMIN BAGBY,*
Voice & Anglo-Saxon Harp**
Beowulf, the epic book in performance

“a double tour de force of scholarly excavation and artistic dynamism.”

– *San Francisco Chronicle*

Sunday, April 30 5 pm & 7:30 pm

PEKKA KUUSISTO,* Violin
NICO MUHLY,* Piano
Bach, Glass, Pärt, Muhly, Finnish folksongs

“Kuusisto & Muhly brought a sense of such intimacy and spontaneity that a listener felt more a participant than a passive recipient. More concerts should feel this way.”

– *The Washington Post*

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Morgengruß

Guten Morgen, schöne Müllerin!
 Wo steckst du gleich das Köpfchen hin,
 Als wär dir was geschehen?
 Verdrießt dich denn mein Gruß so schwer?
 Verstört dich denn mein Blick so sehr?
 So muß ich wieder gehen.

O laß mich nur von ferne stehn,
 Nach deinem lieben Fenster sehn,
 Von ferne, ganz von ferne!
 Du blondes Köpfchen, komm hervor!
 Hervor aus eurem runden Tor,
 Ihr blauen Morgensterne!

Ihr schlummertrunknen Äugelein,
 Ihr taubetrübten Blümelein,
 Was scheuet ihr die Sonne?
 Hat es die Nacht so gut gemeint,
 Daß ihr euch schließt und bückt und weint
 Nach ihrer stillen Wonne?

Nun schüttelt ab der Träume Flor
 Und hebt euch frisch und frei empor
 In Gottes hellen Morgen!
 Die Lerche wirbelt in der Luft,
 Und aus dem tiefen Herzen ruft
 Die Liebe Leid und Sorgen.

Morning Greetings

Good morning, pretty millermaid!
 Why do you quickly turn your head,
 As if something had happened to you?
 Do my greetings annoy you so much?
 Does my gaze disturb you so much?
 Then I must go away again.

O let me only stand at a distance,
 Watching your dear window,
 From a distance, from quite far away!
 Blonde little head, come out!
 Come out from your round gate,
 You blue morning stars!

You small sleep-drunk eyes,
 You dew-dampened flowers,
 Why shun the sun?
 Has night been so good to you
 That you close yourselves and bow and weep
 For her quiet bliss?

Now shake off the veil of dreams
 And raise yourselves up fresh and free
 In God's bright morning!
 The lark warbles in the sky,
 And from the heart's depths
 Love casts out pain and fear.

Des Müllers Blumen

Am Bach viel kleine Blumen stehn,
 Aus hellen blauen Augen sehn;
 Der Bach, der ist des Müllers Freund,
 Und hellblau Liebchens Auge scheint,
 Drum sind es meine Blumen.

Dicht unter ihrem Fensterlein,
 Da will ich pflanzen die Blumen ein,
 Da ruft ihr zu, wenn alles schweigt,
 Wenn sich ihr Haupt zum Schlummer neigt,
 Ihr wißt ja, was ich meine.

Und wenn sie tät die Äuglein zu
 Und schläft in süßer, süßer Ruh,
 Dann lispelt als ein Traumgesicht
 Ihr zu: Vergiß, vergiß mein nicht!
 Das ist es, was ich meine.

Und schließt sie früh die Laden auf,
 Dann schaut mit Liebesblick hinauf:
 Der Tau in euren Äugelein,
 Das sollen meine Tränen sein,
 Die will ich auf euch weinen.

The Miller's Flowers

Many small flowers grow by the stream;
 They see out of bright blue eyes;
 The stream is the miller's friend,
 And my darling's eyes shine bright blue;
 That's why they are my flowers.

Just below her little window,
 Is where I want to plant these flowers,
 There you will call to her, when all is quiet,
 When her head bends itself to sleep,
 You know what I want you to say.

And when she closes her little eyes,
 And sleeps in sweet, sweet peace,
 Then whisper like a vision in a dream
 To her: Forget, forget me not!
 That's what I want you to say.

And when she opens the shutters at dawn,
 Gaze up at her with a look of love:
 The dew in your eyes
 Shall be my tears,
 Which I will shed upon you.

(please turn the page quietly)

Tränenregen

Wir saßen so traulich beisammen
 Im kühlen Erlendach,
 Wir schauten so traulich zusammen
 Hinab in den rieselnden Bach.

Der Mond war auch gekommen,
 Die Sternlein hinterdrein,
 Und schauten so traulich zusammen
 In den silbernen Spiegel hinein.

Ich sah nach keinem Monde,
 Nach keinem Sternenschein,
 Ich schaute nach ihrem Bilde,
 Nach ihren Augen allein.

Und sahe sie nicken und blicken
 Herauf aus dem seligen Bach,
 Die Blümlein am Ufer, die blauen,
 Sie nickten und blickten ihr nach.

Und in den Bach versunken
 Der ganze Himmel schien
 Und wollte mich mit hinunter
 In seine Tiefe ziehn.

Und über den Wolken und Sternen,
 Da rieselte munter der Bach
 Und rief mit Singen und Klingen:
 Geselle, Geselle, mir nach!

Da gingen die Augen mir über,
 Da ward es im Spiegel so kraus;
 Sie sprach: Es kommt ein Regen,
 Ade, ich geh nach Haus.

Rain of Tears

We sat together so at ease
 Under the cool alders' roof,
 Together we gazed, at ease,
 Down at the trickling brook.

The moon came out as well,
 The stars followed after her,
 And we gazed, so easy together,
 Into the silver mirror.

I was not looking for a moon,
 Nor for the light of the stars;
 I was looking at her image,
 At her eyes alone.

And I saw her nod and gaze
 Up from the blissful stream,
 The blue flowers on the bank
 Nodded and gazed back at her.

And sunken in the stream
 Appeared the entire sky;
 And wished to pull me down
 Into its depths as well.

And over the clouds and the stars,
 The stream trickled cheerfully
 And called with its singing and ringing:
 Friend, friend, follow me!

Then my eyes filled with tears,
 And made ripples in the mirror:
 She said: 'The rain is coming.
 Farewell, I shall go home.'

Mein!

Bächlein, laß dein Rauschen sein!
 Räder, stell euer Brausen ein!
 All ihr muntern Waldvögelein,
 Groß und klein,
 Endet eure Melodein!
 Durch den Hain
 Aus und ein
 Schalle heut ein Reim allein:
 Die geliebte Müllerin ist mein!
 Mein!
 Frühling, sind das alle deine Blümelein?
 Sonne, hast du keinen hellern Schein?
 Ach, so muß ich ganz allein
 Mit dem seligen Worte mein
 Unverstanden in der weiten Schöpfung sein!

Pause

Meine Laute hab ich gehängt an die Wand,
 Hab sie umschlungen mit einem grünen Band -
 Ich kann nicht mehr singen, mein Herz ist zu voll,
 Weiß nicht, wie ich's in Reime zwingen soll.
 Meiner Sehnsucht allerheißesten Schmerz
 Durft ich aushauchen in Liederschmerz,
 Und wie ich klagte so süß und fein,
 Glaubst' ich doch, mein Leiden wär' nicht klein.
 Ei, wie groß ist wohl meines Glückes Last,
 Daß kein Klang auf Erden es in sich faßt?

Nun, liebe Laute, ruh an dem Nagel hier!
 Und weht ein Lüftchen über die Saiten dir,
 Und streift eine Biene mit ihren Flügeln dich,
 Da wird mir so bange, und es durchschauert mich.
 Warum ließ ich das Band auch hängen so lang?
 Oft fliegt's um die Saiten mit seufzendem Klang.
 Ist es der Nachklang meiner Liebespein?
 Soll es das Vorspiel neuer Lieder sein?

Mine

Little stream, stop your rushing!
 Wheels, cease your roaring!
 All you cheerful woodbirds,
 Large and small,
 Finish your songs!
 Through the grove,
 Out and in,
 Only one song will ring out today:
 The beloved millermaid is mine!
 Mine!
 Spring, are those all of your flowers?
 Sun, do you have no brighter shine?
 Ah, so I must be all alone
 With my blissful word,
 Understood by nothing on Earth!

Pause

I've hung my lute upon the wall,
 I tied it there with a green ribbon -
 I can't sing anymore, my heart's too full;
 I don't how to force it to make rhymes.
 The hottest torment of my yearning
 I once could breathe into blithe songs;
 And I complained so sweetly, prettily,
 That my suffering did not seem small to me.
 Ah, but how great is the weight of my joy now,
 That no sound on Earth can contain it?

Now, dear lute, rest here on this nail!
 And if a breeze flutters over your strings,
 And if a bee brushes you with its wings,
 It makes me so anxious, and a shudder
 runs through me.
 Why did I leave that ribbon hanging so long?
 It often flits over the strings as if sighing.
 Is it the echo of my lovelorn pining?
 Might it be the prelude to new songs?

(please turn the page quietly)

Mit dem grünen Lautenbände

“Schad um das schöne grüne Band,
 Daß es verbleicht hier an der Wand,
 Ich hab das Grün so gern!”
 So sprachst du, Liebchen, heut zu mir;
 Gleich knüpf ich’s ab und send es dir:
 Nun hab das Grüne gern!

Ist auch dein ganzer Liebster weiß,
 Soll Grün doch haben seinen Preis,
 Und ich auch hab es gern.
 Weil unsre Lieb ist immergrün,
 Weil grün der Hoffnung Fernen blühn,
 Drum haben wir es gern.

Nun schlinge in die Locken dein
 Das grüne Band gefällig ein,
 Du hast ja’s Grün so gern.
 Dann weiß ich, wo die Hoffnung wohnt,
 Dann weiß ich, wo die Liebe thront,
 Dann hab ich’s Grün erst gern.

Der Jäger

Was sucht denn der Jäger am Mühlbach hier?
 Bleib, trotziger Jäger, in deinem Revier!
 Hier gibt es kein Wild zu jagen für dich,
 Hier wohnt nur ein Rehlein, ein zahmes, für mich,
 Und willst du das zärtliche Rehlein sehn,
 So laß deine Büchsen im Walde stehn,
 Und laß deine klaffenden Hunde zu Haus,
 Und laß auf dem Horne den Saus und Braus,
 Und schere vom Kinne das struppige Haar,
 Sonst scheut sich im Garten das Rehlein fürwahr.

Doch besser, du bliebest im Walde dazu
 Und ließest die Mühlen und Müller in Ruh.
 Was taugen die Fischlein im grünen Gezweig?
 Was will den das Eichhorn im bläulichen Teich?
 Drum bleibe, du trotziger Jäger, im Hain,
 Und laß mich mit meinen drei Rädern allein;
 Und willst meinem Schätzchen dich machen beliebt,

With the Green Lute Ribbon

“A pity that this pretty ribbon,
 Should fade here on the wall;
 I’m so fond of green!”
 So you said to me, my dear, today;
 I’ll take it down and send it your way:
 Now be fond of green!

Although your sweetheart’s all in white,
 Green deserves its praise;
 And I am also fond of green –
 Because our love is evergreen,
 And Hope blooms greenly in the distance,
 We both are fond of green.

Now tie your hair up pleasingly
 With this green ribbon;
 You’re just so fond of green.
 Then I will know where Hope abides,
 Then I will know where Love is king,
 And I’ll be truly fond of green.

The Hunter

What does the hunter seek here at the mill-stream?
 Stay, stubborn hunter, in your own territory!
 There is no game for you to chase here;
 Only a little doe lives here, a tame one, for me,
 And if you want to see the tender doe,
 Then leave your rifles in the woods,
 And leave your barking dogs at home,
 And stop the horn from blasting and blowing,
 And shear the shaggy hair from your chin,
 Else the doe will hide itself in the garden.

Better for you to stay in the forest
 And leave the mills and the miller in peace.
 What use are fishes among green branches?
 What would a squirrel want with blue ponds?
 Therefore stay, stubborn hunter, in the groves,
 And leave me and my three wheels alone.
 And if you wish to be liked by my sweetheart,

So wisse, mein Freund, was ihr Herzchen betrübt:
Die Eber, die kommen zur Nacht aus dem Hain
Und brechen in ihren Kohlgarten ein
Und treten und wühlen herum in dem Feld:
Die Eber, die schieß, du Jägerheld!

Eifersucht und Stolz

Wohin so schnell, so kraus und wild,
mein lieber Bach?
Eilst du voll Zorn dem frechen
Bruder Jäger nach?
Kehr um, kehr um, und schilt erst
deine Müllerin
Für ihren leichten, losen, kleinen Flattersinn.

Sahst du sie gestern abend nicht am Tore stehn,
Mit langem Halse nach der großen Straße sehn?
Wenn vom den Fang der Jäger lustig zieht nach
Haus, Da steckt kein sittsam Kind den Kopf zum
fenster 'naus.

Geh, Bächlein, hin und sag ihr das; doch sag
ihr nicht,
Hörst du, kein Wort von meinem traurigen
Gesicht.
Sag ihr: Er schnitzt bei mir sich eine
Pfeif' aus Rohr
Und bläst den Kindern schöne Tänz'
und Lieder vor.

Then know, my friend, what troubles her heart:
The boars come out at night from the grove
And break into her cabbage-garden
And trample and wallow around in the field:
These boars - shoot them, heroic hunter!

Jealousy and Pride

Where are you going so quickly, my dear stream,
so ruffled and wild?
Are you rushing full of anger for the
arrogant hunter?
Turn back, turn back, and first scold
your millermaid,
For her light, loose, fickle little mind.

Didn't you see her at the gate last night,
Stretching her neck out toward the road?
When the hunter returns merrily home from
the hunt,
No modest girl sticks her head out the window.

Go, stream, and tell her that; but
do not say -
Do you hear? - say nothing of my
sad face.
Tell her: He is whittling a reed pipe,
And he plays pretty dances and songs
for the children.

(please turn the page quietly)

Die liebe Farbe

In Grün will ich mich kleiden,
 In grüne Tränenweiden:
 Mein Schatz hat's Grün so gern.
 Will suchen einen Zypressenhain,
 Eine Heide von grünen Rosmarein:
 Mein Schatz hat's Grün so gern.

Wohlauf zum fröhlichen Jagen!
 Wohlauf durch Heid' und Hagen!
 Mein Schatz hat's Jagen so gern.
 Das Wild, das ich jage, das ist der Tod;
 Die Heide, die heiß ich die Liebesnot:
 Mein Schatz hat's Jagen so gern.

Grabt mir ein Grab im Wasen,
 Deckt mich mit grünem Rasen:
 Mein Schatz hat's Grün so gern.
 Kein Kreuzlein schwarz, kein Blümlein bunt,
 Grün, alles grün so rings und rund!
 Mein Schatz hat's Grün so gern.

The Favorite Color

I will clothe myself in green,
 In green weeping willows:
 My sweetheart is so fond of green.
 I'll look for a grove of cypresses,
 A bush of green rosemary:
 My sweetheart is so fond of green.

Off to the merry hunt!
 Off through heath and hedge!
 My sweetheart is so fond of hunting.
 The beast that I'm hunting is Death;
 The heath is what I call lovesickness:
 My sweetheart is so fond of hunting.

Dig me a grave in the ground,
 Cover me with green grass:
 My sweetheart is so fond of green.
 No little black cross, no colorful flowers,
 Green, everything green all around!
 My sweetheart is so fond of green.

Die böse Farbe

Ich möchte ziehn in die Welt hinaus,
 Hinaus in die weite Welt;
 Wenn's nur so grün, so grün nicht wär,
 Da draußen in Wald und Feld!

Ich möchte die grünen Blätter all
 Pflücken von jedem Zweig,
 Ich möchte die grünen Gräser all
 Weinen ganz totenbleich.

Ach Grün, du böse Farbe du,
 Was siehst mich immer an
 So stolz, so keck, so schadenfroh,
 Mich armen weißen Mann?

Ich möchte liegen vor ihrer Tür
 Im Sturm und Regen und Schnee.
 Und singen ganz leise bei Tag und Nacht
 Das eine Wörtchen: Ade!
 Horch, wenn im Wald ein Jagdhorn schallt,
 Da klingt ihr Fensterlein!
 Und schaut sie auch nach mir nicht aus,
 Darf ich doch schauen hinein.

O binde von der Stirn dir ab
 Das grüne, grüne Band;
 Ade, ade! Und reiche mir
 Zum Abschied deine Hand!

The Hateful Color

I'd like to go out into the world,
 Out into the wide world;
 If only it were not so green, so green,
 Out there in forest and field!

I would like to pluck all the green leaves
 From every branch,
 I would like to weep on all the grass
 Until it is pale as death.

Ah, Green, you hateful color, you,
 Why do you always look at me,
 So proud, so bold, so gloating,
 At me, poor pale man that I am?

I would like to lie in front of her door,
 In storm and rain and snow.
 And sing quietly by day and by night
 One little word: Farewell!
 Hark, when in the forest a hunter's horn sounds
 Her window clicks open!
 And even if she doesn't look for me,
 I can certainly look in.

O unwind from your forehead
 That green, green ribbon;
 Farewell, farewell! And give me
 Your hand as we part ways!

(please turn the page quietly)

Trockne Blumen

Ihr Blümlein alle,
 Die sie mir gab,
 Euch soll man legen
 Mit mir ins Grab.

Wie seht ihr alle
 Mich an so weh,
 Als ob ihr wüßtet,
 Wie mir gescheh?

Ihr Blümlein alle,
 Wie welk, wie blaß?
 Ihr Blümlein alle,
 Wovon so naß?

Ach, Tränen machen
 Nicht maiengrün,
 Machen tote Liebe
 Nicht wieder blühn.

Und Lenz wird kommen,
 Und Winter wird gehn,
 Und Blümlein werden
 Im Grase stehn.

Und Blümlein liegen
 In meinem Grab,
 Die Blümlein alle,
 Die sie mir gab.

Und wenn sie wandelt
 Am Hügel vorbei
 Und denkt im Herzen:
 Der meint' es treu!

Dann, Blümlein alle,
 Heraus, heraus!
 Der Mai ist kommen,
 Der Winter ist aus.

Dry flowers

All you little flowers,
 That she gave to me,
 You should be laid
 With me in my grave.

Why do you all look
 At me so sadly,
 As if you knew
 What would happen to me?

All you little flowers,
 How wilted, how pale!
 All you little flowers,
 Why are you wet?

Ah, tears do not make
 Things as green as in May,
 Do not make dead love
 Bloom again.

And Spring will come,
 And Winter will go,
 And flowers will
 Stand in the grass.

And flowers will lie
 In my grave,
 All the flowers
 That she gave to me.

And when she wanders
 Past the mound of earth
 And thinks in her heart:
 His feelings were true!

Then, little flowers,
 Come out, come out!
 May has come,
 Winter is done.

Der Müller und der Bach*Der Müller:*

Wo ein treues Herze
 In Liebe vergeht,
 Da welken die Lilien
 Auf jedem Beet;
 Da muß in die Wolken
 Der Vollmond gehn,
 Damit seine Tränen
 Die Menschen nicht sehn;
 Da halten die Englein
 Die Augen sich zu
 Und schluchzen und singen
 Die Seele zur Ruh.

Der Bach:

Und wenn sich die Liebe
 Dem Schmerz entringt,
 Ein Sternlein, ein neues,
 Am Himmel erblinkt;
 Da springen drei Rosen,
 Halb rot und halb weiß,
 Die welken nicht wieder,
 Aus Dornenreis.
 Und die Engelein schneiden
 Die Flügel sich ab
 Und gehn alle Morgen
 Zur Erde herab.

Der Müller:

Ach Bächlein, liebes Bächlein,
 Du meinst es so gut:
 Ach Bächlein, aber weißt du,
 Wie Liebe tut?
 Ach unten, da unten
 Die kühle Ruh!
 Ach Bächlein, liebes Bächlein,
 So singe nur zu.

The Miller and the Brook*The Miller:*

When a true heart
 Wastes away in love,
 Then the lilies wilt
 In every bed;
 Then the full moon
 Must go into the clouds,
 So that her tears
 Aren't seen by man;
 Then the angels
 Shut their eyes
 And sob and sing
 Their souls to sleep.

The Stream:

And when Love
 Conquers pain,
 A little star, a new one,
 Shines in the sky;
 Then three roses spring up,
 - Half-red and half-white,
 That will never wilt -
 On thorny stalks.
 And the angels cut
 Their own wings off
 And go every morning
 Down to the Earth.

The Miller:

Ah, stream, dear stream,
 You mean so well,
 Ah, stream, but do you know
 What love can do?
 Ah, under, under,
 There is cool rest!
 Ah, stream, dear stream,
 Please just sing on.

(please turn the page quietly)

Des Baches Wiegenlied

Gute Ruh, gute Ruh!
 Tu die Augen zu!
 Wanderer, du müder, du bist zu Haus.
 Die Treu' ist hier,
 Sollst liegen bei mir,
 Bis das Meer will trinken die Bächlein aus.

Will betten dich kühl
 Auf weichem Pfühl
 In dem blauen kristallinen Kämmerlein.
 Heran, heran,
 Was wiegen kann,
 Woget und wieget den Knaben mir ein!

Wenn ein Jagdhorn schallt
 Aus dem grünen Wald,
 Will ich sausen und brausen wohl um dich her.
 Blickt nicht herein,
 Blaue Blümelein!
 Ihr macht meinem Schläfer die Träume so schwer.

Hinweg, hinweg
 Von dem Mühlensteg,
 Hinweg, hinweg,
 Böses Mägdelein!
 Daß ihn dein Schatten nicht weckt!
 Wirf mir herein
 Dein Tüchlein fein,
 Daß ich die Augen ihm halte bedeckt!

Gute Nacht, gute Nacht!
 Bis alles wacht,
 Schlaf aus deine Freude, schlaf aus dein Leid!
 Der Vollmond steigt,
 Der Nebel weicht,
 Und der Himmel da oben, wie ist er so weit!

The Stream's Lullaby

Rest well, Rest well!
 Close your eyes!
 Wanderer, tired one, you are home.
 Devotion is here,
 You shall lie by me,
 Until the ocean drinks the stream dry.

I will lay you down
 On a cool, soft pillow,
 In the blue crystal room.
 Come, come,
 Let whatever can lull
 Cradle and lull my boy to sleep!

When a hunting-horn sounds
 From the green woods,
 I will roar and rush around you.
 Don't look inside,
 Little blue flowers!
 You make my sleeper's dreams so troubled.

Away, away
 From the mill-path,
 Away, away,
 Naughty girl!
 So that your shadow does not wake him!
 Throw in to me
 Your fine handkerchief,
 So I may cover up his eyes!

Goodnight, goodnight,
 Until all awakens,
 Sleep away your joy, sleep away your pain!
 The full moon climbs,
 The mist retreats,
 And above us, how wide is the sky!