

LAWRENCE
BROWNLEE TENOR
JUSTINA
LEE PIANO

ROBERT
SCHUMANN
(1810-1856)

Dichterliebe, Op. 48

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai
Aus meinen Tränen sprießen
Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne
Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'
Ich will meine Seele tauchen
Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome
Ich grolle nicht
Und wüßten's die Blumen
Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen
Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen
Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen
Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen
Ich hab' im Traum geweinet
Allnächtlich im Traume
Aus alten Märchen winkt es
Die alten, bösen Lieder

INTERMISSION

ARR. DAMIEN
SNEED
(b. 1979)

Selections from "Spiritual Sketches"

Every Time I Feel the Spirit
Sinner Please Don't Let This Harvest Pass
Soon I Will Be Done
Here's One
There Is a Balm in Gilead
Deep River
Come by Here Good Lord

ABOUT THE PROGRAM

By Peter Laki ©2018

Dichterliebe, Op. 48

ROBERT SCHUMANN

(1810–1856)

“From my great sorrows I make small songs”—the great German poet Heinrich Heine (1797–1856) wrote in one of his lyrical poems. Composers seized upon those “small songs” while the ink was still wet on them. Both form and content seemed to cry out for musical settings: Heine used simple four-line stanzas with regular rhyme patterns that had been used in music for a long time. Yet underneath this structural simplicity, the feelings are complex and multi-layered, inviting melody and harmony to amplify the bittersweet duality of “great sorrows” and “small songs.”

In 1828, Schubert had already written six great Heine songs, included in the collection known as *Schwanengesang* (“Swan Song”). Yet there is no doubt that it was Robert Schumann who gave Heine his musical voice with a total of 38 settings, 16 of which were published as the cycle *Dichterliebe* in 1844. This cycle, like many of Schumann’s greatest songs, was written in the “year of songs,” 1840, when the composer concentrated

on Lieder almost exclusively, producing more than seventy in the course of a single year.

Schumann selected the poems of *Dichterliebe* from Heine’s collection *Lyrisches Intermezzo*, a volume that contained 66 poems and was first published in 1823. (Four additional songs, originally intended to be part of the cycle, were published separately some years after Op. 48.) Schumann made a special effort to insure the coherence of the cycle. This can be seen from the selection of the poems, and the careful musical planning. The individual songs traverse many keys but the succession of tonalities is always smooth and seamless. In addition, subtle motivic reminiscences establish links between songs whose subjects and moods are related.

One thing all the poems emphasize is that the joys and sorrows of love are always inseparable. Even the very first song, which tells of the awakening of love “in the wondrous month of May,” is tinged with sadness, as we can tell from the minor-mode harmonies that open and close the song. (The song ends, amazingly, on an unresolved dissonance left hanging in the

air.) After two very brief numbers—one idyllic, the other exuberant—his very happiness causes the poet to burst into tears in No. 4. Here and elsewhere in the cycle, the piano postludes take over to express what cannot be put into words. Meditating on the preceding poem and elaborating on its musical material, the postludes add a new dimension to Schumann’s reading of Heine’s poetry.

The erotic mystery of song No. 5 is followed by sacred imagery in No. 6. The solemn octaves in the piano allude to the style of Baroque organ music, with a chorale melody in the pedal register. And just as joy can turn into sorrow at any point, the face of the Virgin Mary in the church blends with the countenance of the poet’s beloved—a magical transformation accompanied by an ever-so-slight slowing down of the music, as if the uncanny resemblance put the poet-singer in a pensive mood.

No. 7 is the most dramatic song in the cycle. “I bear no grudge,” the poet sings, but the massive chords and powerful accents in the music suggest otherwise. The almost operatic high notes at the end, expressing deepest despair, were an afterthought on Schumann’s part, not found in the

manuscript: they were probably inserted only during the proofreading process. Immediately following, the lovely flowers of No. 8 bring momentary solace to the poet’s grief, but by the end of the song, his heart is once again “torn asunder” by the cruelty of the lady.

Images of betrayal and abandonment are now multiplying. The rustic wedding dance in No. 9 is distorted in an almost Mahleresque way as the poet watches his beloved marry another man. He flees into the wilderness in his grief (No. 10); words fail him, and the piano ahs to finish the song alone. No. 11 tries to turn the situation into a joke: leaving one lover for another is an “old story,” one that we can make light of. But once more, everything changes at the end: if that “old story” happens to you, it will break your heart. A series of dark modulations and a slower tempo mark this sudden intrusion of tragedy, after which the folksy rhythms and clichéd harmonies of the piano postlude express a forced and exaggerated “happiness.” We dance and laugh, but our heart is broken. The flowers, which have comforted the poet once before in No. 8, now speak to him directly through the incredibly subtle

harmonies of song No. 12, a portrait of a “sad, pale man” on a “bright summer morning.”

Songs Nos. 13–15 constitute the cycle’s “dream sequence.” In each, the world of dreams is contrasted with reality in a different way. In No. 13, the tragic dreams (death and abandonment) almost make the music freeze: the vocal line is narrow and the accompanying harmonies extremely sparse. At the end of the song, the thought of being loved causes the poet to shed more tears; as earlier in No. 4, these must be tears of happiness. But the happiness is not to last. In song 14, the dreams are rosy but flee when the poet awakens. Heine was famous for his ironic touch, perfectly matched here by Schumann’s music: the magic word has been forgotten, and the musical phrase

comes to an unexpected, abrupt ending. Song 15 is an extended happy dream but it, too, falls apart at the very end.

The last song finally lays all dreams to rest, happy and unhappy ones alike. The solemn burial of the songs proceeds through three stages, in each of which the same melody is repeated a step higher. As the poet’s love and pains are lowered into the grave, the voice falls silent, making way for the longest and most expressive of the cycle’s many piano postludes—almost an independent piano piece in its own right, with exquisite harmonies and a quasi-improvisatory mood that lingers in our ears long after the last chord has faded away.—some elaborate games with the typical melodic formulas of the dance, arranging them in irregular patterns.



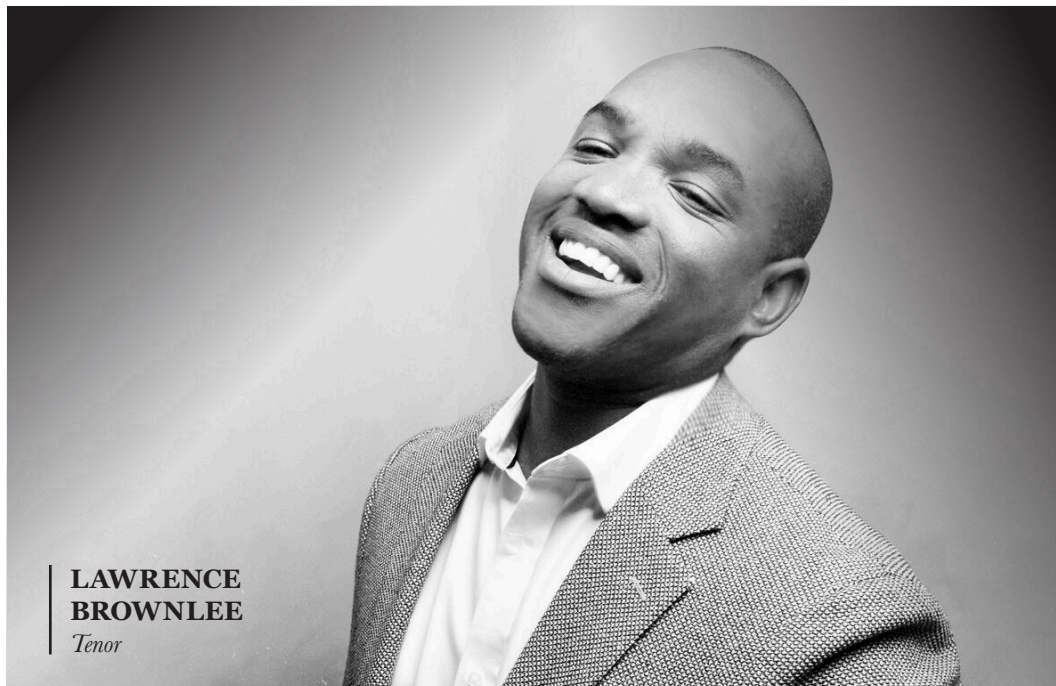
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free to patrons, in the lobby at intermission.

ABOUT THE ARTISTS



Hailed by the Associated Press as one of “the world’s leading bel canto tenors,” American-born Lawrence Brownlee captivates audiences and critics around the world. His voice, praised by NPR as “an instrument of great beauty and expression...perfectly suited to the early nineteenth century operas of Rossini and Donizetti,” has ushered in “a new golden age in high male voices” (*The New York Times*). In 2017, he received the Male

Singer of the Year award from both the International Opera Awards and *Bachtrack*. His recording of Virtuoso Rossini Arias was nominated for a GRAMMY™ Award, and prompted *New Yorker* critic Alex Ross to ask “is there a finer Rossini tenor than Lawrence Brownlee?”

The 2017–18 season started with operas of Rossini, beginning with his house debut at the Gran Teatre del Liceu Barcelona in //

viaggio a Reims, followed by *Semiramide* at the Royal Opera House in London, and *Le comte Ory* with Opernhaus Zürich. He will sing Bellini's *I Puritani* in a return to Lyric Opera of Chicago, Strauss' *Der Rosenkavalier* at the Bavarian State Opera (including a concert performance at Carnegie Hall), Donizetti's *Don Pasquale* at Opéra National de Paris, and will join bass Eric Owens for a duo concert at the Celebrity Series of Boston.

The season will also include the world premiere of *Cycles of My Being*, a song cycle centered around the African American male experience in America. Tyshawn Sorey will compose the music, with text by poet Terrance Hayes. The piece has been commissioned by Carnegie Hall, Opera Philadelphia, and Lyric Opera of Chicago, and will tour to major venues around the U.S., including the world premiere in Philadelphia, followed by performances at New York City's Carnegie Hall as well as other U.S. cities.

Mr. Brownlee has appeared on the stages of the world's most prestigious opera houses, including the Metropolitan Opera, Teatro alla Scala, Chicago Lyric Opera, the Bavarian State Opera, Royal Opera House Covent Garden, The Vienna State Opera, Opéra National de Paris, Opernhaus

Zürich, San Francisco Opera, the Berlin State Opera, Teatro Real Madrid, Théâtre Royale de la Monnaie, Houston Grand Opera and the festivals of Salzburg and Baden Baden. Broadcasts of his operas and concerts – including his 2014 Bastille Day performance in Paris, attended by the French President and Prime Minister – have been enjoyed by millions.

Orchestral performances include the Berlin Philharmonic, Philadelphia Orchestra, Chicago Symphony, New York Philharmonic, Accademia Nazionale di Santa Cecilia, Boston Symphony, Cleveland Orchestra, San Francisco Symphony, and the Bayerische Rundfunk Orchestra, among others.

Mr. Brownlee's critically acclaimed discography and videography is a testament to his broad impact across the classical music scene. His opera and concert recordings include Mozart's *Il barbiere di Siviglia* with the Bayerische Rundfunk Orchestra, Rossini's *Armida* at the Metropolitan Opera, Rossini's *Stabat Mater* with Accademia Nazionale di Santa Cecilia, and Orff's *Carmina Burana* with the Berlin Philharmonic. He also released a disc of African-American spirituals entitled "Spiritual Sketches" with pianist Damien Sneed, which the pair performed at Lincoln Center's American Songbook

series, and which NPR praised as an album of “soulful singing” that “sounds like it’s coming straight from his heart to yours.” The selections on the second half of tonight’s recital come from this recording. His newest album, *Allegro io son*, received a Critic’s Choice from *Opera News*, among numerous other accolades.

Brownlee is the fourth of six children and first discovered music when he learned to play bass, drums, and piano at his family’s church in Youngstown, Ohio. He was awarded a Masters of Music from

Indiana University and went onto win a Grand Prize in the 2001 Metropolitan Opera National Council auditions. He is a champion for autism awareness through the organization Autism Speaks, and he is a lifetime member of Kappa Alpha Psi fraternity Inc., a historically black fraternity committed to social action and empowerment. Gold Medal; in July 2014 he was awarded an Honorary Degree of Doctor of Music by the University of Leeds. This concert marks his Princeton University Concerts debut.

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JUSTINA LEE, Piano

American collaborative artist Justina Lee has served as assistant conductor, pianist, and coach for The Metropolitan Opera, Washington National Opera, Seattle Opera, Opera Theatre of St. Louis, The Castleton Festival, and Wolf Trap Opera Company. A frequent collaborator with acclaimed tenor Lawrence Brownlee, she appeared with him on National Public Radio's "Tiny Desk Concert" series. Additional recital highlights include collaborations with sopranos Alyson Cambridge and Lisette Oropesa, tenors Dimitri Pittas and Alex Richardson, and baritone Gordon Hawkins. Ms. Lee has appeared under the auspices of the Marilyn Horne Foundation residency program and on recital series including "On Wings of Song" at Carnegie Hall, the Harriman-Jewell Series in Kansas City, the Washington Performing Arts Series at The Kennedy Center, and most recently, on Renée Fleming's VOICES recital series

with Mr. Brownlee. She can also be seen on Medici.tv as pianist for Carnegie Hall's masterclasses with Joyce DiDonato.

Ms. Lee is an alumna of the distinguished Lindemann Young Artist Development Program at The Metropolitan Opera and holds degrees from the University of California, Los Angeles, and the Manhattan School of Music. She joined the University of Maryland, College Park faculty in 2008 and currently serves as Principal Coach of the Maryland Opera Studio.

TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS START ON PAGE 12

ANNOUNCING the 2018-2019 SEASON



CONCERT CLASSICS SERIES

Thursday, Oct. 11, 2018 8PM
JERUSALEM STRING QUARTET
Pinchas Zukerman, Viola
Amanda Forsyth, Cello*
 STRING SEXTETS BY STRAUSS, SCHOENBERG, TCHAIKOVSKY

Thursday, Dec. 13 2018 8PM
MARTIN FRÖST, Clarinet*
HENRIK MÅWE, Piano*
 POULENC, VIVALDI, TELEMANN, BRAHMS

Thursday, Feb. 28, 2019 8PM
STEVEN ISSERLIS, Cello*
CONNIE SHIH, Piano*
 SCHUMANN, MARTINU, FRANCK

Thursday, Mar. 14, 2019 8PM
ALEXANDER MELNIKOV, Piano
ANDREAS STAIER, Piano*
 ALL-SCHUBERT FOUR HANDS

Thursday, Mar. 28, 2019 8PM
PATRICIA KOPATCHINSKAJA, Violin*
POLINA LESCHENKO, Piano*
 BARTÓK, POULENC, ENESCU, RAVEL

Thursday, Apr. 4, 2019 8PM
TAKÁCS STRING QUARTET
Marc-André Hamelin, Piano
John Feeney, Bass*
 HAYDN, SHOSTAKOVICH, SCHUBERT

Thursday, Apr. 11, 2019 8PM
AUSTRALIAN CHAMBER ORCHESTRA
Richard Tognetti, Artistic Director
Paul Lewis, Piano
 SAMUEL ADAMS, MOZART, BRAHMS

Thursday, May 2, 2019 8PM
ÉBÈNE STRING QUARTET
 BEETHOVEN, FAURÉ

PERFORMANCES UP CLOSE

Three profound chamber works chosen by our audience, each performed by world-class musicians in an almost communion-like intimacy. By offering these remarkable pieces of music a chance to breathe and stand on their own, this forward-thinking series goes straight to the spiritual and communal core of chamber music.

Wednesday, Oct. 17, 2018 6PM & 9PM
SCHUBERT STRING QUINTET IN C MAJOR, D. 956
 Takács String Quartet with David Requiro, Cello*

Wednesday, Feb. 6, 2019 6PM & 9PM
MESSIAEN "QUARTET FOR THE END OF TIME"
 Stefan Jackiw, Violin; Jay Campbell, Cello;*
 Yoonah Kim, Clarinet;* Conrad Tao, Piano*

Tuesday, Feb. 19, 2019 6PM & 9PM
SCHUBERT OCTET FOR WINDS & STRINGS, D. 803
 Brentano String Quartet & Friends

SPECIAL EVENTS

Two special events this season highlight artists who engender community, offer jubilant, jazz-inspired programs, and defy expectations. It's a celebration of PUC as a magnet for the greatest musical icons of our time.

Friday, Sep. 21, 2018 7:30PM
 "Circlesongs"
BOBBY MCFERRIN

Sunday, Mar. 10, 2019 7:30PM
 "Songplay"
JOYCE DIDONATO, Mezzo-soprano
 Craig Terry, Piano; Chuck Israels, Bass;*
 Charlie Porter, Trumpet;* Jimmy Madison, Drums*



I cannot say that music is the only thing that will save the world, but we have to put art somewhere far more central to the main sense of our society.

- Gustavo Dudamel

GUSTAVO DUDAMEL IN-RESIDENCE: THE CONCERTS

As PUC's first Artist-in-Residence for the 125th Season, Maestro Dudamel will curate three performances by ensembles closely associated with him, each exploring music's relationship to the world around us through a different lens – one geographical, one natural, and one spiritual. Each program will also feature the world premiere of a PUC-commissioned piece, composed by members of our Music Department faculty, and will be followed by a panel discussion hosted by Maestro Dudamel. The residency culminates with Dudamel taking baton in hand, as he leads the students of the Princeton University Orchestra and Glee Club.


Sunday, Dec. 2, 2018 2PM
SIMÓN BOLÍVAR STRING QUARTET*
Exploring "Art & the Americas"


Monday, Jan. 7, 2019 7PM
MUSICIANS FROM THE LOS ANGELES* PHILHARMONIC
Exploring "Art & Faith"

Tuesday, Apr. 23, 2019 7PM
MUSICIANS FROM THE BERLIN PHILHARMONIC*
Exploring "Art & Nature"

Friday/Saturday, Apr. 26/27, 2019 7:30PM/4PM
**PRINCETON UNIVERSITY ORCHESTRA
PRINCETON UNIVERSITY GLEE CLUB
GUSTAVO DUDAMEL, Conductor***
SCHUBERT, PROKOFIEV, MENDELSSOHN

ALL IN THE FAMILY

 Saturday, Nov. 3, 2018 1PM
BABY GOT BACH
"Bring on the Brass"
**Orli Shaham, Host/Piano with special guests
The Westerlies Brass Quartet***

 Saturday, Mar. 23, 2019 1PM
MEET THE MUSIC
"The Girl Who Loved Wild Horses"
**The Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center,
Bruce Adolphe, host with special guests
The Princeton Girlchoir**

CROSSROADS

A new series draws musicians and music from around the globe, distilling chamber music to its purest and most elemental form and highlighting music's steadfast intimacy and uncanny capacity to tell stories and spark new conversations. It's a celebration of PUC's expansion of all that "chamber music" can encompass.

Thursday, Nov. 8, 2018 7:30PM
"Beijing Meets Banjo"
**ABIGAIL WASHBURN, Banjo
WU FEI, Guzheng***

Thursday, Feb. 14, 2019 7:30PM
"8980: Book of Travelers"
GABRIEL KAHANE, Vocalist/Composer*

Tuesday, Apr. 16, 2019 7:30PM
"Avital meets Avital"
**AVI AVITAL, Mandolin*
OMER AVITAL, Bass***

RCP

RICHARDSON CHAMBER PLAYERS
Sunday, Nov. 11, 2018 3PM
Sunday, Feb. 10, 2019 3PM

Subscriptions to the 2018-2019 season will go on sale in May
609-258-2800 princetonuniversityconcerts.org



TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

Dichterliebe, Op. 48

Robert Schumann (1810 – 1856)

Texts by Heinrich Heine (1797 – 1856)

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,
Als alle Knospen sprangen,
Da ist in meinem Herzen
Die Liebe aufgegangen.

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,
Als alle Vögel sangen,
Da hab' ich ihr gestanden
Mein Sehnen und Verlangen

Aus meinen Tränen spriessen

Aus meinen Tränen spriessen
Viel blühende Blumen hervor,
Und meine Seufzer werden
Ein Nachtigallenchor.

Und wenn du mich lieb hast, Kindchen,
Schenk' ich dir die Blumen all',
Und vor deinem Fenster soll klingen
Das Lied der Nachtigall.

Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne

Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne,
Die lieb' ich einst alle in Liebeswonne.
Ich lieb' sie nicht mehr, ich liebe alleine
Die Kleine, die Feine, die Reine, die Eine;
Sie selber, aller Liebe Wonne,
Ist Rose und Lilie und Taube und Sonne.

A Poet's Love

In the wondrously beautiful month of May

In the wondrously beautiful month of May,
As all of the buds burst into bloom,
It was then that in my heart
Love started to blossom.

In the wondrously beautiful month of May,
When all the birds were singing,
It was then that I confessed
My desire and longing to her.

From my tears will spring

From my tears will spring
Many blooming flowers.
And my sighs will become
A chorus of nightingales.

And if you love me, child,
I will give you all of the flowers,
And outside your window shall sound
The song of the nightingale.

The Rose, the lily, the dove, the sun

The Rose, the lily, the dove, the sun,
I loved them all once in the spell of love.
I now longer love them, I only love
The small, the fine, the pure, the rare;
She herself, the most life giving of all loves,
Is the rose and lily and dove and sun.

Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'

Wenn ich in deine Augen seh',
 So schwindet all' mein Leid und Weh;
 Doch wenn ich küße deinen Mund,
 So werd' ich ganz und gar gesund.

Wenn ich mich lehn' an deine Brust,
 Kommt's über mich wie Himmelslust;
 Doch wenn du sprichst: ich liebe dich!
 So muß ich weinen bitterlich.

Ich will meine Seele tauchen

Ich will meine Seele tauchen
 In den Kelch der Lilie hinein;
 Die Lilie soll klingend hauchen
 Ein Lied von der Liebsten mein.

Das Lied soll schauern und beben
 Wie der Kuß von ihrem Mund,
 Den sie mir einst gegeben
 In wunderbar süßer Stund'.

Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome

Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome,
 Da spiegelt sich in den Well'n
 Mit seinem großen Dome
 Das große, heil'ge Köln.

Im Dom da steht ein Bildnis,
 Auf goldnem Leder gemalt;
 In meines Lebens Wildnis
 Hat's freundlich hineingestrahlt.

Es schweben Blumen und Eng'lein
 Um unsre liebe Frau;
 Die Augen, die Lippen, die Wänglein,
 Die gleichen der Liebsten genau.

When I look into your eyes

When I look into your eyes,
 All my pain and despair vanishes;
 But when I kiss your lips,
 I then completely healed.

When I place my head on your breast,
 Heavenly bliss comes over me;
 But when you say: I love you!
 I must weep bitterly.

I want to bathe my soul

I want to bathe my soul
 In the lily's chalice;
 The lily shall ring out
 With a song of my love.

The song shall tremble and pulse
 Like the kiss from her lips
 That she once gave to me
 In a wondrous, sweet hour.

In the Rhine, in the holy river

In the Rhine, in the holy river,
 There, reflected in the waves,
 With its great cathedral,
 The great, holy city of Cologne.

In the cathedral hangs a picture,
 Painted on gilded leather;
 Into my life's wilderness
 It has cast its friendly rays.

Flowers and angels hover
 Around Our beloved Mother;
 Her eyes, her lips, her cheeks
 Are the same image as my love's.

(please turn the page quietly)

Ich grolle nicht

Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das
 Herz auch bricht,
 Ewig verlor'nes Lieb! Ich grolle nicht.
 Wie du auch strahlst in Diamantenpracht,
 Es fällt kein Strahl in deines Herzens Nacht.
 Das weiß ich längst.

Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das
 Herz auch bricht,
 Ich sah dich ja im Traume,
 Und sah die Nacht in deines
 Herzens Raume,
 Und sah die Schlang', die dir am
 Herzen frißt,
 Ich sah, mein Lieb, wie sehr du elend bist.
 Ich grolle nicht

Und wüßten's die Blumen

Und wüßten's die Blumen, die kleinen,
 Wie tief verwundet mein Herz,
 Sie würden mit mir weinen,
 Zu heilen meinen Schmerz.

Und wüßten's die Nachtigallen,
 Wie ich so traurig und krank,
 Sie ließen fröhlich erschallen
 Erquickenden Gesang.

Und wüßten sie mein Wehe,
 Die goldenen Sternelein,
 Sie kämen aus ihrer Höhe,
 Und sprächen Trost mir ein.

Sie alle können's nicht wissen,
 Nur eine kennt meinen Schmerz;
 Sie hat ja selbst zerrissen,
 Zerrissen mir das Herz.

I bear no grudge

I bear no grudge, even though my
 heart is breaking,
 O eternally lost love! I bear no grudge.
 How you gleam in diamond splendor,
 No ray falls in the night of your heart.
 I've known that for a long time.

I bear no grudge, even though my
 heart is breaking,
 I saw you in my dreams,
 And saw the night in your
 heart's cavity,
 And saw the serpent that devours
 your heart,
 I saw, my love, how very miserable you are.
 I bear no grudge.

If the little flowers knew

If the little flowers knew, the little ones,
 How deeply my heart is wounded,
 They would weep with me,
 To heal my pain.

If the nightingales knew
 How sad and sick I am,
 They would sing merrily,
 A refreshing song.

And if they knew of my pain,
 Those little golden stars,
 They would come down from on high,
 And comfort me with their words.

All of them cannot know,
 Only one knows my pain;
 She is the one who tore,
 Tore my heart in two.

Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen

Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen,
Trompeten schmetterten darein;
Da tanzt wohl den Hochzeitsreigen
Die Herzallerliebste mein.

Das ist ein Klingen und Dröhnen,
Ein Pauken und ein Schalmei'n;
Dazwischen schluchzen und stöhnen
Die lieblichen Engelein.

Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen

Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen,
Das einst die Liebste sang,
So will mir die Brust zerspringen
Von wildem Schmerzendrang.

Es treibt mich ein dunkles Sehnen
Hinauf zur Waldeshöh',
Dort löst sich auf in Tränen
Mein übergroßes Weh'.

Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen

Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen,
Die hat einen andern erwählt;
Der andre liebt eine andre,
Und hat sich mit dieser vermählt.

Das Mädchen nimmt aus Ärger
Den ersten besten Mann,
Der ihr in den Weg gelaufen;
Der Jüngling ist übel dran.

Es ist eine alte Geschichte,
Doch bleibt sie immer neu;
Und wem sie just passiert,
Dem bricht das Herz entzwei.

There is fluting and fiddling

There is fluting and fiddling,
Trumpets blare;
That must be my dearest love
Dancing at her wedding feast.

There's ringing and roaring,
Drumming and piping;
Interspersed with sobbing and moaning
Are lovely little angels.

I hear the little song playing

I hear the little song playing,
My beloved once sang,
My heart bursts
With the pressure of pain.

A dark longing drives me
Up to the wooded heights,
There dissolved in tears
Is my overwhelming grief.

A boy loves a girl

A boy loves a girl
Who instead chooses another;
The other, in turn loves still another,
And has married her.

The first girl, out of resentment,
Takes the first man
Who crosses her path;
The boy is sick with pain.

It's an old story,
But it remains eternally new;
And he to whom it happens,
It breaks his heart in two.

(please turn the page quietly)

Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen

Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen
Geh' ich im Garten herum.
Es flüstern und sprechen die Blumen,
Ich aber wandle stumm.

Es flüstern und sprechen die Blumen,
Und schau'n mitleidig mich an:
„Sei unsrer Schwester nicht böse,
Du trauriger blasser Mann.“

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet,
Mir träumte, du lägest im Grab.
Ich wachte auf, und die Träne
Floß noch von der Wange herab.

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet,
Mir träumt', du verließest mich.
Ich wachte auf, und ich weinte
Noch lange bitterlich.

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet,
Mir träumte, du wär'st mir noch gut.
Ich wachte auf, und noch immer
Strömt meine Tränenflut.

Allnächtlich im Traume

Allnächtlich im Traume seh' ich dich
Und sehe dich freundlich grüßen,
Und laut aufweinend stürz' ich mich
Zu deinen süßen Füßen.

Du siehest mich an wehmütiglich
Und schüttelst das blonde Köpfchen;

On a bright summer morning

On a bright summer morning
I venture into the garden.
The flowers whisper and talk,
But I move about silently.

The flowers whisper and talk,
And look at me with pity;
“Do not be angry with our sister,
You sad, pale man.”

I wept in my dream

I wept in my dream,
I dreamt you lay in your grave.
I woke up, and tears
Still flowed over my cheeks.

I wept in my dream,
I dreamt you were betrayed.
I woke, and I wept
Long and bitterly.

I wept in my dream,
I dreamt you were still good to me.
I woke, and still always
Flows my flood of tears.

Every night in my dreams

Every night in my dreams I see you,
And see your friendly greeting,
And loudly weeping, I throw myself
At your sweet feet.

You look at me wistfully,
Shaking your blond head;

Aus deinen Augen schleichen sich
Die Perletränenröpfchen.

From your eyes trickle
Teardrops like pearls.

Du sagst mir heimlich ein leises Wort
Und gibst mir den Strauß von Zypressen.
Ich wache auf, und der Strauß ist fort,
Und 's Wort hab' ich vergessen.

You whisper secretly to me a soft word
And give me a wreath of cypress.
I wake up and the wreath is gone,
And I have forgotten the word.

Aus alten Märchen winkt es

Aus alten Märchen winkt es
Hervor mit weißer Hand,
Da singt es und da klingt es
Von einem Zauberland;

From old fairy-tales it beckons

From old fairy-tales it beckons
To me with a white hand,
There it sings and sounds
Of a magic land;

Wo bunte Blumen blühen
Im gold'nen Abendlicht,
Und lieblich duftend glühen,
Mit bräutlichem Gesicht;

Where bright flowers bloom
In golden twilight,
And lovingly, fragrantly glow
With a bride-like face;

Und grüne Bäume singen
Uralte Melodei'n,
Die Lüfte heimlich klingen,
Und Vögel schmettern drein;

And green trees sing
Primeval melodies,
Breezes secretly sound,
And birds tweet in them;

Und Nebelbilder steigen
Wohl aus der Erd' hervor,
Und tanzen luft'gen Reigen
Im wunderlichen Chor;

And misty images rise up
From the very earth,
And dance airy dances
In a fantastic chorus;
And blue sparks burn

Und blaue Funken brennen
An jedem Blatt und Reis,
Und rote Lichter rennen
Im irren, wirren Kreis;

On every leaf and twig,
And red fires glow
In eerie, hazy rings;

(please turn the page quietly)

Und laute Quellen brechen
Aus wildem Marmorstein.
Und seltsam in den Bächen
Strahlt fort der Widerschein.

Ach, könnt' ich dorthin kommen,
Und dort mein Herz erfreu'n,
Und aller Qual entnommen,
Und frei und selig sein!

Ach! jenes Land der Wonne,
Das seh' ich oft im Traum,
Doch kommt die Morgensonne,
Zerfließt's wie eitel Schaum.

Die alten, bösen Lieder

Die alten, bösen Lieder,
Die Träume böß' und arg,
Die laßt uns jetzt begraben,
Holt einen großen Sarg.

Hinein leg' ich gar manches,
Doch sag' ich noch nicht, was;
Der Sarg muß sein noch größer,
Wie's Heidelberger Faß.

Und holt eine Totenbahre
Und Bretter fest und dick;
Auch muß sie sein noch länger,
Als wie zu Mainz die Brück'.

Und holt mir auch zwölf Riesen,
Die müssen noch stärker sein
Als wie der starke Christoph
Im Dom zu Köln am Rhein.

And loud springs gush
From wild marble cliffs.
And strangely in the streams
The reflection shines on.

Ah, if I could reach that pace,
And there ease my heart,
And relieve all of my pain,
And be free and blessed!

Ah! That land of bliss,
I see it often in my dreams,
But with the morning sun appears,
It melts like mere foam.

The old, angry songs

The old, angry songs,
The angry and bitter dreams,
Let us now bury them,
Bring me a large coffin.

I have a great deal to put inside it,
Though what I won't yet say;
The coffin must be even larger
Than the Heidelberg Toom.

And bring me a death-bier
Made of boards firm and thick;
It must be even longer
Than the bridge in Mainz.

And bring me twelve giants,
They must be even stronger
Than the mighty Saint Christopher.
In the Cathedral in Cologne on the Rhine.

Die sollen den Sarg forttragen,
 Und senken ins Meer hinab;
 Denn solchem großen Sarge
 Gebührt ein großes Grab.

They shall carry the coffin away,
 And sink it into the sea;
 For such a large coffin
 Deserves a large grave.

Wißt ihr, warum der Sarg wohl
 So groß und schwer mag sein?
 Ich senkt' auch meine Liebe
 Und meinen Schmerz hinein.

Do you know why the coffin
 Must be so large and heavy?
 I buried my love
 And my pain inside.

Selections from “Spiritual Sketches”

Arranged by Damien Sneed (b. 1979)

Every Time I Feel the Spirit

Every time I feel the spirit
 Movin' in my heart I will pray.

Sinner Please Don't Let This Harvest Pass

Sinner, please don't let this harvest pass,
 And die and lose your soul at last.

On the mountains my Lord spoke,
 Outta His mouth came fire and smoke.
 Looked all around me, looked so fine,
 Asked the Lord could it be mine.

My God is a mighty man of war.
 Sinner, please don't let this harvest pass.

Jordan river, chilly and cold,
 Chilled my body, not my soul
 Ain't but one train upon this track,
 It runs to Heaven and then right back.

Soon I Will Be Done

Soon I will be done
 With the troubles of the world.
 Goin home to live with God.

I have sorrow, I have woe
 I have heartaches here below.
 While God leads me, I won't fear,
 For I know that He is near.

No more weapin' and wailin',
 I'm going to live with God.

(please turn the page quietly)

Here's One

Talk about a child that do love Jesus,
Here's one.

Talk about a child that's been converted,
Here's one.

Ever since I learned the Gospel story,
I've been walking up the path to glory.

There Is a Balm in Gilead

There is a balm in Gilead
To make the wounded whole
There is a balm in Gilead
To heal the sin sick soul

Deep River

Deep River,
My home is over Jordan.
Deep River, Lord,
I want to cross over into campground.

Come By Here Good Lord

Come by here good Lord,
Come by here.
Oh Lord, come by here.

Somebody's prayin' Lord,
Come by here.
Oh Lord, come by here

Somebody's dyin' Lord.
Oh Lord, come by here.

Somebody needs you Lord
Come by here.
Oh Lord, come by here.