

Sunday, April 19, 2009, 3pm  
Hertz Hall

Angelika Kirchschrager, *mezzo-soprano*

Malcolm Martineau, *piano*

PROGRAM

Franz Schubert (1797–1828) Fischerweise, D. 881, Op. 96, No. 4 (1826)  
Der Wanderer an den Mond, D. 870 (1826)  
Bertas Lied in der Nacht, D. 653 (1819)  
Wehmut, D. 772, Op. 22, No. 2 (1823)  
Frühlingsglaube, D. 686 (1820)  
Im Frühling, D. 882, Op. 101, No. 1 (1826)

Schubert Die Sterne, D. 939, Op. 96, No. 1 (1815)  
Lied der Anne Lyle, D. 830, Op. 85, No. 1 (1825)  
Abschied, D. 475 (1816)  
Rastlose Liebe, D. 138 (1815)  
Klärchen's Lied, D. 210 (1815)  
Geheimes, D. 719 (1821)  
Versunken, D. 715 (1821)

INTERMISSION

Erich Wolfgang Korngold (1897–1957) Five Songs, Op. 38 (1948)

Glückwunsch  
Der Kranke  
Alt-Spanisch  
Alt-English  
My Mistress' Eyes

Kurt Weill (1900–1950) Stay Well, from *Lost in the Stars* (1949)  
Complainte de la Seine (1934)  
Der Abschiedsbrief (1933)  
Je ne t'aime pas (1934)

*The concert is part of the Koret Recital Series and is made possible, in part, by Patron Sponsors Nancy and Gordon Douglass, in honor of Robert Cole.*

*Cal Performances' 2008–2009 season is sponsored by Wells Fargo Bank.*

## Franz Schubert (1797–1828)

## Selected Songs

In June 1816, when he was 19, Schubert received his first fee for one of his compositions (a now-lost cantata for the name-day of his teacher, Heinrich Watteroth), and decided that he had sufficient reason to leave his irksome teaching post at his father's school in order to live the life of an artist. Thus began the bohemian existence of his last dozen years—living by the gladly proffered aid of friends, daily climbing up to Grinzing to haunt the cafés, avoiding the higher levels of society for dislike of buying and wearing good clothes. And music, always music. He composed incessantly. Out of bed shortly after dawn (sometimes he slept with his glasses on so as not to waste any time getting started in the morning), pouring out music until early afternoon, then off to who-knows-where for a bit too much Heuriger wine and a few pipes of cheap tobacco. Compositions filled his head all the while, sometimes scratched out on napkins or envelopes if they could not wait until the next morning. Evenings were spent making music with his devoted band of friends, who were delighted to sing and play what he wrote. Franz von Hartmann recorded of one of these *Schubertiads*, “There was a huge gathering [including] Gahy, who played four-hand piano music gloriously with Schubert, and Vogl, who sang almost thirty splendid songs.... When the music was over, there was a grand feast and dancing. At 12:30 [we went] home. To bed at 1 o'clock.” These convivial meetings were often hosted by prominent members of society, including lawyers and government officials, and were regularly attended by both professional musicians and amateurs.

Schubert first met Franz Xaver von Schlechta when they were both students at the School of the Court Chapel in Vienna. Schlechta, the son of a military officer, went on to a distinguished career in public service that culminated in his being named Austria's Finance Minister. He remained a friend and great admirer of the composer, took part in his *Schubertiads*, and offered him several of his own poems to be set to music. *Fischerweise* (“Fisherman's Song”), composed in March 1826,

suggests both the vigorous activity and the deep contentment of the trade.

Johann Gabriel Seidl (1804–1875), teacher, curator, lawyer, censor and prolific lyrical poet, had been a friend of Schubert since his youth. In 1824, he tried to persuade Franz to use an opera libretto of his titled *Der Kurze Mantel*, but was refused. The first of Schubert's settings of Seidl's poems for solo voice was *Der Wanderer an den Mond* (“The Wanderer Addresses the Moon”) of March 1826, which was followed by ten others. Schubert presented *Der Wanderer an den Mond* at the *Schubertiad* of April 23, 1827 at the home of Joseph Witteczek, a devoted friend of his and a frequent host of the *Schubertiads* who amassed an important collection of Schubert's first editions, manuscripts and press clippings. Schubert dedicated these two songs to Witteczek upon their publication by Tobias Haslinger the following year.

By the time that Schubert met him, in early 1819, Franz Grillparzer had become one of Austria's most acclaimed playwrights largely through the success two years earlier of *Die Ahnfrau* (“The Ancestress”) at the Theater an der Wien. Composer and dramatist became friends. Grillparzer attended Schubert's musical evenings, Schubert set three of his verses, and in 1828 Grillparzer devised the poignant motto for the composer's tombstone: “Music has here entombed a rich treasure, but still fairer hopes.” The text for *Berta's Lied in der Nacht* (“Berta's Song in the Night”), which Schubert set in February 1819, was taken from *Die Ahnfrau*, a tragedy about the workings of fate through an ancestral family ghost.

Matthäus von Collin (1779–1824), brother of Heinrich Joseph von Collin (1771–1811), whose play *Coriolan* inspired one of Beethoven's finest overtures, was a lawyer, editor, poet, dramatist and professor of aesthetics and philosophy at the University of Vienna who was so highly respected that he was entrusted with the education of Napoleon's son, the Duke of Reichstadt. Schubert met Matthäus through Joseph von Spaun, a fellow student at the School of the Court Chapel in Vienna who became a lifelong friend and supporter. It was through his association with Collin that Schubert became known to many of the city's

fashionable music lovers, and, in appreciation, he set five of Collin's poems, including *Wehmut* (“Sadness”) in 1823.

Johann Ludwig Uhland (1787–1862), poet, playwright, essayist and folklorist, was one of the leading writers of Germany during Schubert's day. Uhland was trained for a law career, and practiced that profession for a time before becoming Professor of German Literature at the University of Tübingen. Schubert set only one of Uhland's poems, in 1820—*Frühlingsglaube* (“Faith in Spring,” D. 686)—but it is his most beautiful tribute to the vernal season.

Ernst Konrad Friedrich Schulze lived, and made poetry, at the far edge of German Romanticism. Born in Celle in 1789 into a family of lawyers and booksellers, he was a difficult and uncommunicative child who retreated into literature and his own roiling feelings, which he began to shape into despairing, spectral, often cynical poems by the age of 15. His sexual awakening two years later, when he went to Göttingen to begin his university studies, led to an obsessive attention—“stalking,” Susan Youens called it in her study of *Schubert's Poets*—toward two sisters: first Cäcilie Tytsen, and, after she died of tuberculosis in 1812, her older sister, Adelheid. Schulze volunteered to fight against Napoleon in 1814, but his fragile health quickly forced him out of active duty. He died of tuberculosis in 1817; he was 28. Schulze recorded his intense feelings in enormous diaries and long poems throughout his brief life, a number of which were published posthumously in 1822 as the *Poetisches Tagebuch* (“Poetic Diary”). Schubert came to know this publication early in 1825—he had considered making an opera of Schulze's *Die Bezauberte Rose* (“The Enchanted Rose”) the year before, but nothing came of the idea—and he set ten of the poems during the following months. Schulze expressed his unrequited love for the Tytsen sisters in the German Romanticists' traditional natural metaphors in *Im Frühling* (“In Spring”), of which Schubert made a poignant setting in 1826.

Teacher, poet, editor, librarian, historian, lecturer and curator Karl Gottfried von Leitner (1800–1890) was one of the leading figures in the cultural life of his native Styria. Schubert was introduced to

his verses when Johann Schickh published some of them in his *Zeitschrift für Kunst, Literatur, Theater und Mode* (“Journal for Art, Literature, Theater and Fashion”) in 1822; Schubert set Leitner's *Drang in die Ferne* (“Distant Urge”) early the following year. On a stay in Graz in September 1827 with his musical friends Karl and Marie Pachler, Schubert became acquainted with Leitner's recent work, and during the following year he set ten more of his poems, including the delightful astronomical encomium, *Die Sterne* (“The Stars”).

Andrew MacDonald (1757–1790) was called as a young man to the ministry in the Scottish Episcopal Church, but the heavy proscription on that sect following its support of the Jacobite uprisings to return the Catholic Stuart line to the throne of Great Britain drove him into penury. He took up writing poetry and dramas to make a living, but he had only just begun establishing a reputation when he died at age 33 in London, leaving his wife and young child destitute. Sometime shortly before his death, MacDonald wrote an opera libretto titled *Love and Loyalty*, apparently with the hope that it would be set by the British composer William Shield. The opera never reached the stage, but the libretto was published in a posthumous edition of *The Miscellaneous Works of A. M'Donald*. The teenage Walter Scott had met MacDonald in Edinburgh and he included some lines from *Love and Loyalty* in his *A Legend of Montrose* (1819), where they were assigned to that novel's heroine, Anne Lyle. Schubert set the poem in a now-anonymous German adaptation in 1825 as *Lied der Anne Lyle*.

In April 1825, Ludwig Rellstab, a prominent music critic in Berlin and a writer of high ambitions, descended upon Vienna to try to convince Beethoven to set some of his poems, perhaps even one of his opera librettos. Rellstab got along as well as anyone could with the stone-deaf curmudgeon, but Beethoven never set a syllable of his poetry. (Rellstab did a little better by Beethoven, however, since it was he who described the Sonata in C-sharp minor, Op. 27, No. 2, as “a vision of a boat on Lake Lucerne by moonlight,” a sobriquet that has since inextricably attached itself to the music.) Rellstab's poems found their way into

Schubert's hands (perhaps through Beethoven's amanuensis Anton Schindler, who may have arranged Schubert's visit to the dying Beethoven in spring 1827), and were the catalyst for six of his last songs, including *Abschied* ("Farewell"), which the Viennese publisher Tobias Haslinger (with the help of Schubert's devoted brother, Ferdinand) bundled together with six songs to Heine's verses and one to Seidl's under the conventional sentimental title *Schwanengesang* ("Swan Song").

Schubert set some 30 poems by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749–1832), including the beloved *Erkönig*. One of his most impassioned settings of Goethe's words is *Rastlose Liebe* ("Restless Love"), which he composed in May 1815 and revised six years later, when it was published with a dedication to the renowned Antonio Salieri, Court Kapellmeister and the young composer's teacher at the Choir School of the Imperial and Royal Court Chapel in Vienna. Schubert was especially pleased with his *Rastlose Liebe*, and he proudly recorded in his diary that the song received "unanimous applause" when it was performed at a private concert in June 1816.

Goethe's five-act tragedy *Egmont* (1787), based on an incident from 1567, depicts the subjugation of the Netherlands to the tyrannical Spanish rulers, the agony of the people, and their growing defiance and dreams of liberty, and ends with Count Egmont's call for revolution and his vision in the moments before his execution of eventual victory. In June 1815, Schubert made a setting of Klärchen's song from Act III, in which she tells of her idealized love for Egmont in words that distill the powerful conflicting emotions that are the essence of German Romanticism: *Joyful and sorrowful, thoughtful; longing and anxious, in constant anguish; sky-high rejoicing despairing to death; happy alone is the soul that loves.*

The teasingly coquettish text for *Geheimes* ("Secrets"), which Schubert set in March 1821, is drawn from Goethe's collection of some 200 drinking songs, amorous lyrics and philosophical musings titled *West-östlicher Divan*, which was inspired by a similarly named set by the 14th-century Persian poet Hafiz. (A "divan" is a collection of poems in Arabic or Persian by a single author.)

Goethe's verses, according to the renowned German interpreter of Schubert's songs Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, were meant to "combine ideas of universal love, wisdom and polarity of East and West in one work," and allowed the poet to explore a sensuality and lightheartedness that found little place in his more serious writings.

The ardent text for *Versunken* ("Absorbed"), of which Schubert made a breathless setting in February 1821, is also drawn from Goethe's *West-östlicher Divan*.

### Erich Wolfgang Korngold (1897–1957) Five Songs, Op. 38

*Composed in 1948. Premiered on February 19, 1950, in Vienna by mezzo-soprano Rosette Anday and the composer as pianist.*

Erich Wolfgang Korngold (his middle name honored Mozart) was the younger son of Julius Korngold, one of Vienna's most influential music critics at the turn of the 20th century. By age five, Erich was playing piano duets with his father; two years later he began composing, and at nine, he produced a cantata (*Gold*) that convinced his father to enroll him at the Vienna Conservatory. When Mahler heard Erich play his cantata the following year, he proclaimed the boy "a genius" and arranged for him to take lessons with Alexander Zemlinsky. Korngold made remarkable progress under Zemlinsky—his Piano Sonata No. 1 was published in 1908, when he had ripened to the age of 11. The following year he wrote a ballet, *Der Schneemann* ("The Snowman"), which was staged at the Vienna Royal Opera at the command of Emperor Franz Josef. In 1911, the budding composer gave a concert of his works in Berlin, in which he also appeared as piano soloist. Korngold was an international celebrity at 13.

In 1915 and 1916, Korngold wrote the first two of his five operas: *Der Ring des Polykrates*, a comedy, and *Violanta*, a tragedy. Following a two-year stint in the Austrian army playing piano for the troops during World War I, Korngold turned again to opera, producing his dramatic masterpiece, *Die Tote*

*Stadt* ("The Dead City"), which was premiered simultaneously in Hamburg (where he served as conductor for three years after the War) and Cologne on December 4, 1920; *Die Tote Stadt* was the first German opera performed at the Met following World War I. After Korngold returned to Vienna in 1920, he was appointed professor of opera and composition at the Staatsakademie.

In 1934, the Austrian director Max Reinhardt was conscripted by Warner Brothers in Hollywood to film a version of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. He chose to use Mendelssohn's incidental music as background, and took Korngold along to arrange the score. Korngold, who, as a Jew, felt increasingly uneasy in Austria, accepted other offers in Hollywood, and, when the Nazi Anschluss in 1938 prevented him from returning home, he settled permanently in California. (He became a United States citizen in 1943.) For the next seven years, he devoted his talents to creating a body of film music unsurpassed by that of any other composer in the genre, and won two Academy Awards (for *Anthony Adverse* and *The Adventures of Robin Hood*) for his efforts. His father's death in 1945, however, caused him to re-evaluate his career, and he returned to writing concert music with concertos for violin (for Heifetz) and cello, and a large symphony. Korngold died on November 29, 1957, and his remains were interred in the Hollywood Cemetery, within a few feet of those of Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., D. W. Griffith and Rudolf Valentino.

Given his inspired melodic gift, deftness of setting text and attraction to the singing voice, Korngold was inevitably drawn to composing songs. The Five Songs, Op. 38, of 1948 comprise several diverse works he wrote after World War II that all share his remarkable gifts for lyricism and evoking cogent emotion with a few deft gestures. They are dedicated to the great Moravian soprano Maria Jeritzka, who created the role of Marie/Marietta in the world premiere of Korngold's *Die Tote Stadt* in 1920 and made her Metropolitan Opera debut in the part at the first American performances the following year; Korngold later wrote *Violanta* and *Das Wunder der Heliane* for Jeritzka. *Glückwunsch* ("Congratulations") borrows its theme from Korngold's music for *Deception*, the

1946 film about a murderous love triangle involving an aspiring pianist (Bette Davis), a jealous cellist (Paul Henreid) and a famous composer (Claude Rains); it was Korngold's last score for Hollywood. The text is by the German poet Richard Dehmel (1863–1920), whose verses bridged the sensuous Impressionism of the preceding generation and the intense spirituality of encroaching Expressionism. *Der Kranke* ("The Patient") uses an advanced chromatic idiom to set a poem by the German Romanticist Joseph von Eichendorff. *Alt-Spanisch* ("Old Spanish Song") was written for *The Sea Hawk* (1940), Korngold's sixth score for a film starring Errol Flynn and his last historical swash-buckler; both the picture and Korngold's music received Oscar nominations. The words are by the screenwriter Howard Koch, who adapted *The World of the Worlds* for Orson Welles's notorious 1938 radio broadcast and wrote the screenplays for *Sergeant York*, *Casablanca* and two-dozen other films and television shows. *Alt-Englisch* ("Old English Song"), written for the Oscar-nominated score of the 1939 film *The Private Lives of Elisabeth and Essex* (which starred Davis, Flynn and Olivia de Havilland), uses an anonymous text associated with the raid of Cádiz by the Earl of Essex in 1596. *My Mistress' Eyes* is a voluptuously lyrical setting of Shakespeare's Sonnet 130.

### Kurt Weill (1900–1950) Five Songs

Weill had become a fixture in the Broadway theater by the time he undertook *Lost in the Stars*, his 1949 musical adaptation of *Cry, the Beloved Country*, Alan Paton's powerful novel about racial relations in South Africa just before apartheid was formally instituted in 1948; the distinguished American author and playwright Maxwell Anderson provided the book and lyrics. *Lost in the Stars* opened at the Music Box Theatre on October 31, 1949, and ran for 273 performances; it was Weill's last Broadway show. The plot tells of Absalom, the wayward son of a black Anglican priest, who is imprisoned for his part in an accidental murder committed during a robbery. Absalom's girlfriend, Irina, sings of

her affection for him during his absence in the poignant song *Stay Well*.

When the Reichstag burned and the Nazis came to power in 1933, Kurt Weill's Judaism and his caustically radical stage works were declared undesirable, and he fled to Paris, where he composed *The Seven Deadly Sins* for Balanchine's troupe Les Ballets 1933. Weill's local reputation was not helped by the lukewarm reception given to this unusual "ballet with songs," however, and his fortunes sank further when he learned in October that Universal Edition in Vienna was canceling his lucrative publishing contract because of the "completely absent German market." He quickly signed a new agreement with the renowned Parisian publisher Huegel, and the following June, for the company's entertainment music division, Editions

Coda, he wrote two songs to French texts by poet and playwright Maurice Magre—*Complainte de la Seine* ("Lament of the Seine") and *Je ne t'aime pas* ("I Don't Love You")—that the cabaret star Lys Gauty made into hits. Also at that time, Weill composed *Der Abschiedsbrief* ("The Farewell Letter"), the caustic complaint of the jilted lover, for the sultry German film star Marlene Dietrich, who had already settled in Hollywood. The text is by the well-known German author, screenwriter and satirist Erich Kästner, an outspoken pacifist who was also given a hard time by the Nazis but remained in Berlin throughout World War II.

© 2009 Dr. Richard E. Rodda

### Franz Schubert Fischerweise

*Text: Franz Xaver Freiherr von Schlegel*

Den Fischer fechten Sorgen  
Und Gram und Leid nicht an;  
Er löst am frühen Morgen  
Mit leichten Sinn den Kahn.

Da lagert rings noch Friede  
Auf Wald und Flur und Bach,  
Er ruft mit seinem Liede  
Die gold'ne Sonne wach.

Er singt zu seinem Werke  
Aus voller frischer Brust,  
Die Arbeit gibt ihm Stärke,  
Die Stärke Lebenslust.

Bald wird ein bunt Gewimmel  
In allen Tiefen laut  
Und plätschert durch den Himmel,  
Der sich im Wasser baut.

Doch wer ein Netz will stellen,  
Braucht Augen klar und gut,  
Muß heiter gleich den Wellen  
Und frei sein wie die Flut.

Dort angelt auf der Brücke  
Die Hirtin. Schlauer Wicht,  
Entsage deiner Tücke,  
Den Fisch betrügst du nicht.

### Schubert Der Wanderer an den Mond

*Text: Johann Gabriel Seidl*

Auf Erden—ich, am Himmel—du  
Wir wandern beide rüstig zu:  
Ich ernst und trüb, du hell und rein,  
Was mag der Unterschied wohl sein?

Ich wandre fremd von Land zu Land,  
So heimatlos, so unbekannt;  
Berg auf, Berg ab, Wald ein, Wald aus,  
Doch bin ich nirgend, ach! zu Haus.

Du aber wanderst auf und ab  
Aus Ostens Wieg' in Westens Grab,  
Wallst Länder ein und Länder aus,  
Und bist doch, wo du bist, zu Haus.

### Fisherman's Song

*Translation: Maureen Oberli*

The fisherman no sorrow,  
no pain, no grief assails;  
at break of day he casts off  
his boat with easy mind.

Peace still lies all around  
in wood and field and stream,  
but he, with his singing,  
awakes the golden sun.

He sings, while he is working,  
from full and lively breast,  
his labors give him vigor,  
his vigor—zest for life.

And soon in motley fashion,  
the depths will teem and sound,  
and, splashing, break the heavens  
that on the waters rest.

But whoever wants to set nets,  
needs eyes both good and clear,  
must be cheerful as the waves,  
and as free as is the tide.

There on the bridge is fishing  
the shepherdess. Sly thing,  
give up your trickery,  
this fish you'll not take in.

### The Wanderer Speaks to the Moon

*Translation: Emily Ezust*

I on the earth, you in the sky—  
we both wander briskly on:  
I stern and troubled, you mild and pure;  
what might be the difference between us?

A stranger, I wander from land to land,  
so rootless and unknown;  
up mountains and down, into forests and out,  
but nowhere am I—alas!—at home.

But you wander up and down,  
from the eastern cradle to the western grave,  
on your pilgrimage from land to land;  
and wherever you are, you are at home.

Der Himmel, endlos ausgespannt,  
Ist dein geliebtes Heimatland;  
O glücklich, wer, wohin er geht,  
Doch auf der Heimat Boden steht!

**Schubert****Bertas Lied in der Nacht**

*Text: Franz Grillparzer*

Nacht umhüllt  
Mit wehendem Flügel  
Täler und Hügel  
Ladend zur Ruh'.

Und dem Schlummer  
Dem lieblichen Kinde,  
Leise und linde  
Flüstert sie zu:

»Weißt du ein Auge,  
Wachend im Kummer,  
Lieblicher Schlummer,  
Drücke mir's zu!«

Fühlst du sein Nahen?  
Ahnest du Ruh?  
Alles deckt der Schlummer,  
Schlumm're du, schlumm're auch du.

**Schubert****Wehmut**

*Text: Matthäus Casimir von Kollin*

Wenn ich durch Wald und Fluren geh',  
Es wird mir dann so wohl und weh  
In unruhvoller Brust.  
So wohl, so weh, wenn ich die Au  
In ihrer Schönheit Fülle schau',  
Und all die Frühlingslust.

Denn was im Winde tönend weht,  
Was aufgetürmt gen Himmel steht,  
Und auch der Mensch, so hold vertraut  
Mit all der Schönheit, die er schaut,  
Entschwindet, und vergeht.

The sky, endlessly spreading,  
is your beloved homeland;  
O happy is he who, wherever he goes,  
still stands on native ground!

**Berta's Song in the Night**

*Translation: Emily Ezust*

Night envelops,  
with fluttering wing,  
the valleys and hills,  
bidding them to rest.

And to Sleep,  
that lovely child,  
softly and mildly  
she whispers:

"If you know an eye  
that is awake from grief,  
O lovely Sleep,  
close it for me!"

Do you feel its closeness?  
Do you sense peace?  
Sleep spreads over everything.  
Sleep, then sleep too.

**Melancholy**

*Translation: Emily Ezust*

When I walk through wood and field,  
I feel so good and then so melancholy  
in my unquiet breast.  
So good, so melancholy, when I see the meadow  
in the fullness of its beauty,  
and all the joy of Spring.

For whatever blows resounding in the wind,  
whatever stands towering up toward Heaven,  
and man too, so dearly familiar  
with all the Schönheit, that he sees,  
will disappear and die.

**Schubert****Frühlingsglaube**

*Text: Johann Ludwig Uhland*

Die linden Lüfte sind erwacht,  
Sie säuseln und wehen Tag und Nacht,  
Sie schaffen an allen Enden.

O frischer Duftm o neuer Klang!  
Nun, armes Herz, sei nicht bang!  
Nun muß sich alles, alles wenden.

Die Welt wird schöner mit jedem Tag,  
Man weiß nicht, was noch werden mag,  
Das Blühen will nicht enden.

Es blüht das fernste, tiefste Tal:  
Nun, armes Herz, vergiß die Qual!  
Nun muß sich alles, alles wenden.

**Schubert****Im Frühling**

*Text: Ernst Konrad Friedrich Schulze*

Still sitz' ich an des Hügels Hang,  
Der Himmel ist so klar,  
Das Lüftchen spielt im grünen Tal.  
Wo ich beim ersten Frühlingsstrahl  
Einst, ach so glücklich war.

Wo ich an ihrer Seite ging  
So traulich und so nah,  
Und tief im dunklen Felsenquell  
Den schönen Himmel blau und hell  
Und sie im Himmel sah.

Sieh, wie der bunte Frühling schon  
Aus Knosp' und Blüte blickt!  
Nicht alle Blüten sind mir gleich,  
Am liebsten pflückt ich von dem Zweig,  
Von welchem sie gepflückt!

Denn alles ist wie damals noch,  
Die Blumen, das Gefild;  
Die Sonne scheint nicht minder hell,  
Nicht minder freundlich schwimmt im Quell  
Das blaue Himmelsbild.

Es wandeln nur sich Will und Wahn,  
Es wechseln Lust und Streit,  
Vorüber flieht der Liebe Glück,  
Und nur die Liebe bleibt zurück,  
Die Lieb und ach, das Leid.

**Springtime Credo**

The gentle breezes are awake  
day and night they rustle and stir.  
They work everywhere.

O cool scent, O new sound!  
Now, poor heart, be not anxious!  
Now all things must change, all things.

The world grows lovelier each day.  
Nobody knows what will next transpire,  
the blossoming will not cease.

Even the farthest, deepest dale is in bloom:  
now, poor heart, forget your pain!  
Now all things, all things must change.

**In Spring**

*Translation: Emily Ezust*

Quietly I sit on the hill's slope.  
The sky is so clear;  
a breeze plays in the green valley.  
Where I was at Spring's first sunbeam  
once—alas, I was so happy!

When I was walking at her side,  
So intimate and so close,  
and deep in the dark rocky spring  
was the beautiful sky, blue and bright;  
and I saw her in the sky.

Look how colorful Spring already  
looks out from bud and blossom!  
Not every blossom is the same for me:  
I like best to pick from the branch  
from which she picked hers!

For all is as it was:  
the flowers, the field;  
the sun does not shine less brightly,  
nor does the spring reflect any less charmingly  
the blue image of the sky.

The only things that change are will and delusion:  
Joys and quarrels alternate,  
the happiness of love flies past,  
and only the love remains—  
The love and, alas, the sorrow.

O wär ich doch ein Vöglein nur  
Dort an dem Wiesenhang  
Dann blieb ich auf den Zweigen hier,  
Und säng ein süßes Lied von ihr,  
Den ganzen Sommer lang.

**Schubert**  
**Die Sterne**

*Text: Karl Gottfried von Leitner*

Wie blitzen die Sterne so hell durch die Nacht!  
Bin oft schon darüber vom Schlummer erwaht.  
Doch schelt' ich die lichten Gebilde drum nicht,  
Sie üben im Stillen manch heilsame Pflicht.

Sie wallen hoch oben in Engelgestalt,  
Sie leuchten dem Pilger durch Heiden und Wald.  
Sie schweben als Boten der Liebe umher,  
Und tragen oft Küsse weit über das Meer.

Sie blicken dem Dulder recht mild ins Gesicht,  
Und säumen die Tränen mit silbernem Licht.  
Und weisen von Gräbern gar tröstlich  
and hold  
Uns hinter das Blaue mit Fingern von Gold.

So sei denn gesegnet, du strahlige Schar!  
Und leuchte mir lange noch freundlich und klar!  
Und wenn ich einst liebe, seid hold dem Verein,  
Und euer Geflimmer laßt Segen uns sein!

**Schubert**  
**Lied der Anne Lyle**  
*Text: Sir Walter Scott*

Wärest du bei mir im Lebenstal,  
Gern wollt' ich alles mit dir teilen;  
Mit dir zu flieh'n wär' leichte Wahl,  
Bei mildem Wind, bei Sturmes Heulen.  
Doch trennt uns harte Schicksalsmacht,  
Uns ist nicht gleiches Los geschrieben,  
Mein Glück ist, wenn dir Freude lacht,  
Ich wein' und bete für den Lieben.

Es wird mein töricht' Herz vergeh'n,  
Wenn's alle Hoffnung sieht verschwinden,  
Doch soll's nie seinen Gram gesteh'n,  
Nie mürrisch klagend ihn verkünden.  
Und drückt des Lebens Last das Herz,  
Soll nie den matten Blick sie trüben,  
So lange mein geheimer Schmerz  
Ein Kummer wäre für den Lieben.

Oh, if only I were a little bird,  
there, on the meadow's slope,  
then I would remain here on these branches,  
and sing a sweet song about her  
the whole summer long.

**The Stars**

*Translation: David Gordon*

How the stars glitter so brightly through the night!  
I've often been awakened by them from slumber.  
But I do not scold the shining ones for that,  
For secretly they perform many a benevolent task.

They wander high above in the form of angels,  
They light the pilgrim's way through meadow and forest.  
They hover like heralds of love,  
And often bear kisses far away across the sea.

They gaze tenderly into the face of the sufferer,  
And wipe his tears with silver light;  
And direct us away from the grave, comfortingly  
and gently,  
Beyond the blue sky with golden fingers.

Now shall you be blessed, thou radiant throng!  
And long shine upon me with your clear, pleasing light!  
And should I one day fall in love, smile upon the bond,  
And let your twinkling bless us in return.

**Anne Lyle's Song**

If you were with me in life's valley,  
I would gladly share everything with you;  
It would be an easy choice to fly with you  
In gentle breezes, or in the howling storm.  
But the harsh power of fate separates us;  
We are not granted the same destiny.  
Happiness is mine when joy smiles upon you;  
I weep and pray for my beloved.

My foolish heart will beat no more  
If it sees all hope vanish.  
But it shall never admit its grief,  
Nor proclaim it with sullen lament.  
And if life's burdens oppresses my heart,  
It shall never cloud my weary eyes  
While my secret sorrow  
May distress my beloved.

**Schubert**  
**Abschied**

*Text: Johann Mayrhofer*

Über die Berge zieht ihr fort,  
Kommt an manchen grünen Ort;  
Muss zurüganzt allein,  
Lebet wohl! Es muss so sein.

Scheiden, meiden, was man liebt,  
Ach wie wird das Herz betrübt!  
O Seenspiel, Wald und Hügel schwinden all;  
Hör'verschimmen eurer Stimmen Widerhal.

Lebt wohl! klingt klagevoll,  
Ach wie wird das Herz betrübt.  
Scheiden, meiden was man liebt;  
Lebt wohl! klingt klagevoll.

**Schubert**  
**Rastlose Liebe**

*Text: Johann Wolfgang von Goethe*

Dem Schnee, dem Regen,  
Dem Wind entgegen,  
Im Dampf der Klüfte,  
Durch Nebeldüfte,  
Immer zu! Immer zu!  
Ohne Rast und Ruh!

Lieber durch Leiden  
Wollt ich mich schlagen,  
Als so viel Freuden  
Des Lebens ertragen.

Alle das Neigen  
Von Herzen zu Herzen,  
Ach, wie so eigen  
Schaffet das Schmerzen!

Wie soll ich fliehen?  
Wälderwärts ziehen?  
Alles vergebens!  
Krone des Lebens,  
Glück ohne Ruh,  
Liebe, bist du!

**Farewell**

*Translation: Emily Ezust*

Go forth, over the mountains,  
and you will come upon many green spots.  
I must go back all alone,  
so be well! It must be so.

Parting, leaving what one loves,  
alas, how it troubles the heart!  
O mirrored lakes, woods and hills—you all disappear;  
I hear the echo of your voices fading away.

Be well! resounds our lament.  
Alas, how it troubles the heart  
to part and leave what one loves.  
Be well! resounds our lament.

**Restless Love**

Into the snow, into the rain,  
Against the wind,  
Through spray from cliffs  
Through fog and mist,  
Keep on, keep on!  
No rest, no peace!

Rather through suffering  
Would I win through,  
Than be forced to bear  
The pleasures of life!

All that longing  
From heart to heart,  
Oh, how unique  
Is this agony!

How can I flee,  
Shall I to the forests?  
All is in vain!  
Crown of life,  
Bliss without peace,  
Love this is you!

**Schubert**  
**Klärchens Lied***Text: Goethe*

Freudvoll  
Und leidvoll,  
Gedankenvoll sein;  
Langen  
Und bängen  
In schwebender Pein;  
Himmelhoch jauchzend  
Zum Tode betrübt;  
Glücklich allein  
Ist die Seele, die liebt.

**Schubert**  
**Geheimen***Text: Goethe*

Über meines Liebchens Äugeln  
Stehn verwundert alle Leute  
Ich, der Wissende, dagegen,  
Weiß recht gut, was das bedeute.

Denn es heißt: ich liebe diesen  
Und nicht etwa den und jenen.  
Lasset nur, ihr guten Leute,  
Euer Wundern, euer Sehnen!

Ja, mit ungeheuren Mächten  
Blicket sie wohl in die Runde;  
Doch sie sucht nur zu verkünden  
Ihm die nächste süße Stunde.

**Schubert**  
**Versunken***Text: Goethe*

Voll Locken kraus ein Haupt so rund!  
Und darf ich dann in solchen reichen Haaren  
Mit vollen Händen hin und wider fahren,  
Da fühl ich mich von Herzensgrund gesund.

Und küß ich Stirne, Bogen, Augen, Mund,  
Dann bin ich frisch und immer wieder wund.  
Der fünfgezackte Kamm, wo sollt' er stocken?  
Er kehrt schon wieder zu den Locken.  
Das Ohr versagt sich nicht dem Spiel,

So zart zum Scherz, so liebeviel,  
Doch wie man auf dem Köpfchen kraut,  
Man wird in solchen reichen Haaren

**Joyful and Sorrowful***Translation: Richard Morris*

Joyful  
And sorrowful,  
Thoughtful;  
Longing  
And anxious  
In constant anguish;  
Sky-high rejoicing  
despairing to death;  
Happy alone  
Is the soul that loves.

**Secret***Translation: David Gordon*

Everyone is astonished  
At the eyes my sweetheart makes;  
But I, who understand,  
Know quite well what they mean.

For they say: I love him,  
Not this one or that one.  
So, good people cease  
Your wondering and your longing!

Indeed, she may well look about her  
With a mightily powerful eye,  
But she seeks only to give him a foretaste  
Of the next sweet hour.

**Absorbed***Translation: Emily Ezust*

Full, curly locks cover a head so round!  
If I could gather this abundant hair  
in my hands, and move it to and fro,  
then I would feel good from the depths of my soul.

And if I kiss this forehead, eyebrows, eyes and mouth,  
then I am freshly wounded, forever again.  
The five-toothed comb—where shall it stop?  
It returns already to your curls.  
The ear cannot stop from playing the game,

So tenderly it jests, so full of love;  
but as one fondles this little head,  
he will, with such abundant hair,

Für ewig auf und nieder fahren  
Voll Locken kraus ein Haupt so rund.

move it to and fro forever,  
these curly locks covering a head so round!

**Erich Wolfgang Korngold**  
**Glückwunsch***Text: Richard Dehmel*

Ich wünsche dir Glück.  
Ich bring' dir die Sonne in meinem Blick.  
Ich fühle dein Herz in meiner Brust;  
es wünscht dir mehr als eitel Lust.  
Es fühlt und wünscht: die Sonne scheint,  
auch wenn dein Blick zu brechen meint.  
Es wünscht dir Blicke so sehnsuchtslos,  
als trügest du die Welt im Schoss.  
Es wünscht dir Blicke so voll Begehren,  
als sei die Erde neu zu gebären.  
Es wünscht dir Blicke voll der Kraft,  
die aus Winter sich Frühling schafft.  
Und täglich leuchte durch dein Haus  
aller Liebe Blumenstrauß!

**Korngold**  
**Der Kranke***Text: Joseph von Eichendorff*

Soll ich dich denn nun verlassen,  
Erde, heit'eres Vaterhaus?  
Herzlich Lieben, mutig Hassen,  
Ist denn alles, alles aus?

Vor dem Fenster durch die Linden  
Spielt es wie ein linder Gruß,  
Lüfte, wollt ihr mir verkünden,  
Daß ich bald hinunter muß?

Liebe, ferne, blaue Hügel,  
Stiller Fluss im Talesgrün,  
Ach, wie oft wünscht ich mir Flügel,  
Über euch hinweg zu zieh'n!

Da sich jetzt die Flügel dehnen,  
Schaur' ich in mich selbst zurück,  
Und ein unbeschreiblich Sehnen  
Zieht mich zu der Welt zurück.

**Congratulations**

I wish you happiness.  
I bring you the sun in my gaze.  
I feel your heart within my breast;  
it wishes you more than mere pleasure.  
Its feeling and wish is for the sun to shine,  
even when your gaze is about to drop.  
Its wish is for you to be as free of yearning,  
as if you carried the world in your lap.  
Its wish is for you to be as full of desire,  
as if the earth were new born.  
Its wish is for your gaze to be full of the strength  
that creates spring from winter.  
And may bouquets of total love  
shine daily through your house!

**Wings**

Must I leave thee, joyful dwelling,  
Earth and sky and blushing dawn?  
Eerie voices are foretelling,  
All is gone, forever gone.

Past my window through the willows  
Tender breezes softly blow.  
Are you warning me, O billows,  
That I soon must go below?

Dear familiar fields and mountains,  
Peaceful rivers in the dales,  
Oh, to wing over crystal fountains,  
Soaring on celestial gales!

As my wings are growing stronger,  
Shuddering I subdue my mirth  
And I know that I no longer want  
To leave my love: my earth.

**Korngold****Alt-Spanisch***Text: Howard Koch*

Steht ein Mädchen an dem Fenster,  
in die Ferne schweift ihr Blick.  
Blaß die Wangen, schwer ihr Herze,  
singt sie von entschwund'nem Glück:  
»Mein Lieb kehrt nicht zurück!«

Der Abend dämmert sacht,  
ein Stern ersehnt die Nacht.  
Und im Winde klinget leise  
eine bange Traummusik.  
Wie ein Echo tönt die Weise:  
»Mein Lieb kehrt nicht zurück!«

**Korngold****Alt-Englisch***Text: Anonymous*

Nun hört mich, ihr Leute,  
ich sing' euch ein Lied  
von Lord Essex, dem Schlächter,  
in der Schlacht bei Cadix!  
Wie schlug er die Spanier,  
wie jagt' er sie hin  
zu Ehren von England und Englands Königin!

Kanonen, die pfeffern  
in den Hafen ihr Schrot.  
Das Meer ist voll Leichen  
und Spanien ist to!  
Drum singet und tanzet,  
ob dick oder dünn,  
zu Ehren von England und Englands Königin!

**Korngold****My Mistress' Eyes***Text: William Shakespeare*

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;  
Coral is far more red than her lips red;  
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;  
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.  
I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,  
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;  
And in some perfumes is there more delight  
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.  
I love to hear her speak, yet well I know  
That music hath a far more pleasing sound;  
I grant I never saw a goddess go;

**Old Spanish Song**

Stood a maiden at her window,  
Sadly gazing out to sea.  
Pale her cheek, her heart how heavy,  
Sorrowful her melody:  
"My love is far from me."

The evening yields her light,  
A star awaits the night.  
And the wind brings back an echo  
Faintly from across the sea,  
Carries home her melody:  
"My love is far from me!"

**Old English Song**

Now hark, all you gallants!  
Your ears I would tease  
with a song of Lord Essex  
in the fight at Cadiz!  
How he scuppered them Spaniards  
and hacked out their spleen,  
for the glory of England and Elizabeth, our queen!

We've rounded the port, boys,  
the cannons they roar,  
the sea's full of corpses  
and Spain is no more!  
They bobbed on the tide, boys,  
the fat and the lean,  
for the glory of England and Elizabeth, our queen!

My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground:  
And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare  
As any she belied with false compare.

**Kurt Weill****Stay Well**

If I tell truth to you,  
My love, my own,  
Grief is your gift to me,  
Grief alone,  
Wild passion at midnight,  
Wild anger at dawn,  
Yet when you're absent  
I weep you gone.

Stay well, O keeper of my love,  
Go well, throughout all your days,  
Your star will be my luckiest star above,  
Your ways, the luckiest ways.  
Since unto you my one love is given,  
And since with you it will remain,  
Though you bring fear of hell, despair of heaven,  
Stay well, come well to my door again.

**Weill****Complainte de la Seine***Text: Maurice Magre*

Au fond de la Seine, il y a de l'or,  
Des bateaux rouillés, des bijoux, des armes.  
Au fond de la Seine, il y a des morts.  
Au fond de la Seine, il y a des larmes.

Au fond de la Seine, il y a des fleurs,  
De vase et de boue elles sont nourries.  
Au fond de la Seine, il y a des cœurs  
Qui souffrirent trop pour vivre la vie.

Et puis des cailloux et des bêtes grises,  
L'âme des égouts soufflant des poisons.  
Les anneaux jetés par des incomprises,  
Des pieds qu'une hélice a coupés du tronc.

Et les fruits maudits des ventres stériles,  
Les blancs avortés que nul n'aïma,  
Les vomissements de la grand' ville,

CANCELLED

**The Lament of the Seine**

In the depth of the Seine there is gold,  
Rusty boats and jewels and guns.  
In the depths of the Seine there are dead ones.  
In the depths of the Seine there are tears.

In the depths of the Seine there are flowers  
Living off sludge and mud.  
In the depths of the Seine there are hearts  
Who suffered too much to live their lives.

There are pebbles and grey creatures, too.  
The soul of the sewers with poisonous breath.  
Rings thrown away by the misunderstood,  
A body, its feet cut off by a ship.

And the damned fruits of sterile wombs,  
The pale aborted unloved by all.  
The vomit of the big city.

Au fond de la Seine, il y a cela.  
O Seine clémente où vont des cadavres,  
O lit dont les draps sont faits de limon.  
Fléuve des déchets, sans fanal, ni hâvre,  
Chanteuse berçant, la morgue et les ponts.

Accueille le pauvre, accueille la femme,  
Accueille l'ivrogne, accueille le fou,  
Mêle leurs sanglots au bruit de tes larmes,  
Et porte leurs cœurs, et porte leurs cœurs  
Et porte leurs cœurs, parmi les cailloux.

Au fond de la Seine, il y a de l'or,  
Des bateaux rouillés, des bijoux, des armes.  
Au fond de la Seine, il y a des morts.  
Au fond de la Seine, il y a des larmes.

### Weill

#### Der Abschiedsbrief

Zwei Stunden sitz ich schon im Caffee Bauer.  
Wenn Du nicht willst, dann sag mir ins Gesicht.  
Deswegen wird mir meine Milch nicht sauer.  
Ich pfeif auf Dich, mein Schatz.  
Na schön, denn nicht!  
Du brauchst nicht denken, dass ich Dich entbehre.

Mit dem Verkehr mit mir, das ist jetzt aus.  
Auch ich hab so etwas wie eine Ehre.  
Lass Dich nicht blicken, Schatz, sonst fliegst Du raus!  
Du bist der Erste nicht, der so verschwindet.  
Das hab Ich nicht an Dir verdient, mein gutes Kind.  
Du glaubst doch nicht, dass sich nicht noch ein  
anderer findet?  
Es gibt noch welche, die bequemer für mich sind.

Ich hab das Grüne an aus Poppelen.  
Das Loch drinn hast du auch hineingerissen.  
Du weisst es reicht mir nur bis zu den Knien.  
Ich hab auch noch ein angefangenes Kissen...

Das solltest Du am heiligen Abend kriegen.  
Das ist nur aus und mir auch einerlei.  
Es werden öfters andre darauf liegen,  
Denn was vorbei ist, Schatz, das ist vorbei!

Du bist der Erst nicht, *usw.*

Ich bin nicht stolz.  
Auch wär das nicht am Platze.  
Wenn Du was übrig hast, dann schick es schnell!  
Mir gegenüber feixt ein Herr mit Glatze.  
Das ist der Chef von Engelhorn's Hotel!

In the depths of the Seine is all this.  
O merciful Seine, where bodies end up,  
O bed with sheets made of mud,  
River of garbage without beacon or harbor,  
Singer of lullabies, the morgue and the bridges.

Accept the poor, accept the woman,  
Accept the drunkard, accept the fool.  
Mix their tears to the sound of your waves,  
And guard their hearts, and guard their hearts,  
And guard their hearts along with the pebbles.

In the depth of the Seine there is gold,  
Rusty boats and jewels and guns.  
In the depths of the Seine there are dead ones.  
In the depths of the Seine there are tears.

#### The Farewell Letter

For two full hours now I've been sitting in the Café Bauer.  
If you're no longer interested, then tell me to my face!  
My cream won't turn sour just because of that.  
To hell with you, my sweetheart.  
So what? Let's call it quits.  
You mustn't think that I'll miss you.

We are all washed up.  
Even I have what they call "honor."  
Don't show up again, my darling, or I'll throw you out.  
You're not the first one to disappear like that.  
I don't deserve that kind of treatment, sonny.  
Do you actually think that I couldn't  
replace you?  
There are plenty of better fish in the sea.

I'm wearing the green poplin dress—  
the one that has a hole in it, thanks to you.  
You know how revealing it is.  
Also, I still have a pillowcase that I started for you.

You were supposed to get it on Christmas Eve.  
That's all over now, and all the same to me.  
Others will sleep on it—more than once.  
Because what's over, sweetheart, is gone for good.

You're not the first one, *etc.*

I'm not proud.  
The situation doesn't call for that.  
If you've got some money, send it fast.  
A bald-headed man is sitting across from me and leering.  
That's the boss from Engelhorn's Hotel!

Na Schluss. Das Visawie von gegenüber  
fragt ob ich wollte...  
denn er möchte schon...  
Der hat Moneten, so ein alter Schieber.  
Behalt Dein Geld und schlaf allein, mein Sohn.

*Auch Du bist einer von die feinen Herrn.*  
*Der Alte kommt, er nimmt mich zu sich mit.*  
Rutsch mir den Buckel lang und hab mich gern.  
Von ganzem Kerzen Deine Erna Schmidt.

### Weill

#### Je ne t'aime pas

*Text: Maurice Magre*

Retire ta main, je ne t'aime pas  
Car tu l'as voulu, tu n'es qu'une amie.  
Pour d'autres sont faits le creux de tes bras  
Et ton cher baiser, ta tête endormie.  
Ne me parle pas lorsque c'est le soir  
Trop intimement, à voix basse mêm'.  
Ne me donne pas surtout ton mouchoir:  
Il renferme trop le parfum que j'aime'.

Dis-moi tes amours,  
Je ne t'aime pas  
Quelle heure te fut la plus enivrant'  
Je ne t'aime pas  
Et s'il aimait bien  
Ou s'il fut ingrat.  
En me le disant, ne sois pas charmant'  
Je ne t'aime pas!

Je n'ai pas pleuré, je n'ai pas souffert  
Ce n'était qu'un rêve et qu'une folie.  
Il me suffira que tes yeux soient clairs,  
Sans regret du soir ni mélancolie.  
Il me suffira de voir ton bonheur  
Il me suffira de voir ton sourir'.  
Cont-moi comment il a pris ton mouchoir  
Et même dis-moi ce qu'on ne peut dir'.

Non tais-toi plutôt...  
Je suis à genoux...  
Le feu est éteint, la porte est fermée  
Je ne t'aime pas.  
Ne demande rien  
Je pleure c'est tout...  
Je ne t'aime pas, ô ma bien-aimée!  
Retire ta main  
Je ne t'aime pas!

Well, what do you know! The gentleman across the table  
just asked if I would like to...  
because he'd very much like to...  
He has cash, the old crook.  
Keep your money! And sleep by yourself, my boy!

*You're just like them all.*  
*The old fogey is coming over. He's going to take me with him.*  
So, bug off! Kiss my ass!  
With all my heart, your friend, Erna Schmidt.

#### I Don't Love You

Take your hand away, I don't love you,  
For it's what you wanted, you're just a friend.  
Your embracing arms, your dear kiss,  
Your sleeping head are all for others.  
When it's evening, don't speak to me  
Intimately with that low voice.  
And above all, don't give me your handkerchief.  
It holds too much of the perfume I adore.

Tell me of your loves,  
I don't love you,  
Of your most seductive hour,  
I don't love you.  
And if the other one loved you  
Or was ungrateful,  
Don't be charming, when you tell me;  
I don't love you.

I didn't cry, I didn't suffer,  
For it was a dream, a folly.  
It's enough for me that your eyes are clear  
Without regret of that evening of melancholy.  
It's enough to see your happiness,  
It's enough to see your smile.  
Tell me how your heart was captured,  
Tell me even the unspeakable.

No be quiet...  
I'm on my knees,  
The fire has died, the door's closed.  
I don't love you.  
Don't ask anything,  
I'm crying, that's all.  
I don't love you, my beloved.  
Take away your hand  
I don't love you.



Lukas Beck

Austrian mezzo-soprano **Angelika Kirchschrager** enjoys an international career as one of the most requested vocal artists before the public today dividing her time between recitals and opera in Europe, North America and the Far East. She is internationally recognized as one of the foremost interpreters of Richard Strauss and Mozart. As a celebrated recitalist and concert performer, Ms. Kirchschrager's repertoire reaches from Bach, Berlioz, Brahms, Debussy, Dvořák, Korngold, Mahler, Mendelssohn and Ravel to Rossini, Schubert, Schumann, Weill and Wolf.

Highlights of her 2008–2009 season include concerts and recitals at the BBC Proms, the Schubertiade, Wigmore Hall and Barbican Centre in London, and in Paris, Brussels, Amsterdam and Milan. In addition, she sang *Così fan tutte* with the Vienna State Opera under Riccardo Muti in Japan; sang in a new production of Humperdinck's *Hansel und Gretel* (Hansel) at London's Royal Opera House, Covent Garden; made her role debut as Carmen at the Deutsche Oper Berlin; and performed Weill's *Seven Deadly Sins* with the Berlin Philharmonic under Sir Simon Rattle at the Salzburg Easter Festival. Following her recital tour in the United States, she will sing Handel's *Arianna* with the Academy of Ancient Music in selected European cities; give concerts with the Berlin Philharmonic conducted by Claudio Abbado in Berlin; perform Weill's *Three Penny Opera* in Hamburg, London, Paris and Vienna, as well as *Hansel und Gretel* with Seiji Ozawa on tour in Japan. As Hansel, she will return to the Metropolitan Opera in December 2009.

Angelika Kirchschrager has released a variety of albums for the Sony Masterworks label and won numerous awards, including a Grammy Award. In June 2007, she was awarded the title of Kammersängerin of the Vienna State Opera by the Austrian government.

Born in Salzburg, Angelika Kirchschrager studied piano at the Mozarteum. Upon graduation from the Musisches Gymnasium in Salzburg, she enrolled at the Vienna Music Academy, where, in addition to studying voice with Professor Gerhard Kahry and the late Viennese baritone Walter Berry, she also studied percussion.

Ms. Kirchschrager resides in Vienna.



Ahlborg

Pianist **Malcolm Martineau** was born in Edinburgh, read music at St. Catharine's College, Cambridge, and studied at the Royal College of Music.

Recognized as one of the leading accompanists of his generation, he has worked with many of the world's greatest singers, including Sir Thomas Allen, Dame Janet Baker, Olaf Bär, Barbara Bonney, Ian Bostridge, Angela Gheorghiu, Susan Graham, Thomas Hampson, Della Jones, Simon Keenlyside, Angelika Kirchschrager, Magdalena Kožená, Solveig Kringelborn, Jonathan Lemalu, Dame Felicity Lott, Christopher Maltman, Karita Mattila, Lisa Milne, Ann Murray, Anna Netrebko, Anne Sofie von Otter, Joan Rodgers, Amanda Roocroft, Michael Schade, Frederica von Stade, Bryn Terfel and Sarah Walker.

He has presented his own series at St. John's Smith Square (the complete songs of Debussy and Poulenc), the Wigmore Hall (a Britten and a Poulenc series broadcast by the BBC) and at the Edinburgh Festival (the complete lieder of Hugo Wolf). He has appeared throughout Europe (including London's Wigmore Hall, Barbican, Queen Elizabeth Hall and Royal Opera House; La Scala, Milan; the Théâtre du Châtelet, Paris; the Liceu, Barcelona; Berlin's Philharmonie and Konzerthaus; Amsterdam's Concertgebouw; and the Vienna Konzerthaus and Musikverein), North America (including both Alice Tully Hall and Carnegie Hall in New York), Australia (including the Sydney Opera House) and at the Aix-en-Provence, Vienna, Edinburgh, Schubertiade, Munich and Salzburg festivals.

Recording projects have included Schubert, Schumann and English song recitals with Bryn Terfel (for Deutsche Grammophon); Schubert and Strauss recitals with Simon Keenlyside (for EMI); recital recordings with Angela Gheorghiu and Barbara Bonney (for Decca), Magdalena Kožená (for DG), Della Jones (for Chandos), Susan Bullock (for Crear Classics), Solveig Kringelborn (for NMA); Amanda Roocroft (for Onyx); the complete Fauré songs with Sarah Walker and Tom Krause; the complete Britten Folk Songs for Hyperion; and the complete Beethoven Folk Songs for Deutsche Grammophon.

This season's engagements include appearances with Sir Thomas Allen, Susan Graham, Simon Keenlyside, Angelika Kirchschrager, Magdalena Kožená, Dame Felicity Lott, Christopher Maltman, Kate Royal, Michael Schade and Bryn Terfel.

Mr. Martineau was given an honorary doctorate at the Royal Scottish Academy of Music and Drama in 2004.