Sunday, April 19, 2009, 3pm
Hertz Hall

Angelika Kirchschlager, 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.

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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 Grinzinger to haunt the café, 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 following the music. At 12:30 we went home. To bed at 1 o’clock.” These convivial meetings were often forced him out of active duty. He died of tuberculosis in 1841, 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 1823—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 Tychsen sisters in the German Romanticists’ traditional natural metaphors in In Frahlung (“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 and Mode (“Journal for Art, Literature, Theater and Fashion”) in 1823; 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 Stuarts 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 c Uri Geller, 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 himself 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 c Uri Geller, 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 himself in a now-anonymous German adaptation in 1825 as Lied der Anne Lyle.”)
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 light-heartedness that found little place in his more serious writings.

The ardent text for Versunken ("Absorbed"), of which Schubert made a breathless setting in February 1824, is also drawn from Goethe’s Westöstlicher Divan.

Erich Wolfgang Korngold (1897–1957)

Five Songs, Op. 38


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 in the minutes before his execution of eventual victory. 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 victory. In June 1815, Schubert made a setting of Klärchen’s song from Act III, in which she tells of victory.

The teasingly coquettish text for Geheimnes ("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.)

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 Toten 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 Toten 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 Jeritza, who created the role of Marie/Marietta in the world premiere of Korngold’s Die Toten 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 Jeritza. Glückwünsche ("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-Deutsch ("Old German Song") was written for The Sea Hawk (1940), Korngold’s sixth score for a film starring Errol Flynn and his last historical swashbuckler; 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 1935 film The Private Lives of Elisabeth and Essex (which starred Davis, Flynn and Olivia de Havilland), uses an anonymous text associated with the work of Cadiz by the Earl of Essex in 1596. My Mistress’ Eye 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 Cym, 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...
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 \textit{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—\textit{Complainte de la Seine} ("Lament of the Seine") and \textit{Je ne t'aime pas} ("I Don't Love You")—that the cabaret star Lys Gautry made into hits. Also at that time, Weill composed \textit{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.

Franz Schubert
\textbf{Fischerweise}

\textit{Text: Franz Xaver Freiherr von Schlechta}

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 platschert 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.

\textbf{Der Wanderer an den Mond}

\textit{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 heimathlos, 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.

\textbf{The Wanderer Speaks to the Moon}

\textit{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.
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:
«Weiße du ein Auge,
Wachend im Kummer,
»Weißt du ein Auge,
Flüstert sie zu:
Leise und linde
Dem lieblichen Kinde,
Und dem Schlummer
Dem lieblichen Kinde,
Leise und linde
Flüstert sie zu:
"Weiße du ein Auge,
Wachend im Kummer,
Lieblicher Schlummer,
Drücke mir's zu!"

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

Schubert

Im Frühling
Text: Ernst Konrad Friedrich Schultze

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

O frischer Duft, o neuer Klang!
Nun, armes Herz, sei nicht bang!
Nun müßt 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 die fernste, tiefe Feld:
Nun, armes Herz, vergiß die Qual!
Nun müßt sich alles, alles wenden.

Schubert

Frühlingsglaube
Text: Johann Ludwig Uhland

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

Man weiß nicht, was noch werden mag,
Die Welt wird schöner mit jedem Tag.
Nun muß sich alles, alles wenden.

Schubert

Nur das, was noch ist,
Doch auf der Heimat Boden steht!
O glücklich, wer, wohin er geht,
Ist dein geliebtes Heimatland;
Der Himmel, endlos ausgespannt,
Die Sonne scheint nicht minder hell,
Die Blumen, das Gefild;
Nicht minder freundlich schwimmt im Quell
Die Blüten der Frühling, die Blumen des Herbstes.

Nur die Liebe bleibt zurück,
Vorüber flieht der Liebe Glück,
Es wandeln nur sich Will und Wahn,
Es wechselfn Lust und Streit,
Vorüber flieht der Liebe Glück,
Und nur die Liebe bleibt zurück,
Die Liebe und ach, das Leid.
O wär ich doch ein Vögelein 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 erwacht.
Doch scheut’ ich die lichten Gebilde drum nicht,
Sie üben im Stillen manch heilsame Pflicht.
Sie wanen hoch oben in Engelgestalt,
Sie leuchten dem Pilger durch Heiden und Wäld.
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.
So sei denn gesegnet, du strahlige Schar!
Und euer Geflimmer laßt Segen uns sein!
Und wenn ich einst liebe, seid hold dem Verein,
Und leuchte mir lange noch freundlich und klar!
So sei denn gesegnet, du strahlige Schar!
Und weisen von Gräbern gar tröstlich
Und säumen die Tränen mit silbernem Licht.
Sie blicken dem Dulder recht mild ins Gesicht,
Und tragen oft Küsse 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.

Schubert
Lied der Anne Lyle
Text: Sir Walter Scott
Wärst du bei mir im Lebenstal,
Gern wolt’ ich alles mit dir teilen;
Mit dir zu fliehn wär leichter Wahl,
Bei mildem Wind, bei Sturmes Heulen.
Doch trennt uns heftige Schicksalsmacht,
Uns ist nicht gleiches Los geschrieben.
Ich wein’ und bete für den Lieben.
Mein Glück ist, wenn dir Freude lacht,
Uns ist nicht gleiches Los geschrieben,
Doch trennt uns harte Schicksalsmacht,
Bei mildem Wind, bei Sturmes Heulen.
Mit dir zu fliehn warleichtere Wahl,
Gern wollt’ ich alles mit dir teilen;
Wärst du bei mir im Lebenstal,
Texts and Translations

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 bestow 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.

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!
Leb’ durch Leiden
Wollt’ ich mich schlagen,
Als so viel Freuden
Des Lebens ertragen.

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 burden 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 zurüganz allein,
Leb wohl! Es muss so sein.

Scheiden, meiden, was man liebt,
Ach wie wird das Herz betrübt!
O Seenspieel, Wald und Hügel schwinden all;
Hört verschwimmen eurer Stimmen Widerhal.
Lebt wohl! Klingt klagevoll,
Ach wie wird das Herz betrübt.
Scheiden, meiden, was man liebt;
Lebt wohl! Klingt klagevoll.

Restless Love
Translation: Emily Ezust
Into the snow, into the rain,
Against the wind,
Through spray from cliffs
Keep on, keep on!
No rest, no peace!

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.

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
Schaift das Schmerzen!

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

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

Die Sterne
Text: Johann Mayrhofer
Über die Berge zieht ihr fort,
Kommt an manchen grünen Ort;
Muss zurüganz allein,
Leb wohl! Es muss so sein.

Scheiden, meiden, was man liebt,
Ach wie wird das Herz betrübt!
O Seenspieel, Wald und Hügel schwinden all;
Hört verschwimmen eurer Stimmen Widerhal.
Lebt wohl! Klingt klagevoll,
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Be well! resounds our lament.

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

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Von Herzen zu Herzen,
Ach, wie so eigen
Schaift das Schmerzen!

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Wälderwärts ziehen?
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Liebe, bist du!

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

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Von Herzen zu Herzen,
Ach, wie so eigen
Schaift das Schmerzen!

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

How can I flee,
Shall I to the forests?
All is in vain!
Crown of life,
Bliss without peace,
Love is this you!
Man wird in solchen reichen Haaren
Doch wie man auf dem Köpfchen kraut,
So zart zum Scherz, so liebeviel,
Das Ohr versagt sich nicht dem Spiel,
Er kehrt schon wieder zu den Locken.

Der fünfgezackte Kamm, wo sollt’ er stocken?
Dann bin ich frisch und immer wieder wund.
Und küß ich Stirne, Bogen, Augen, Mund,
Da fühl ich mich von Herzensgrund gesund.
Mit vollen Händen hin und wider fahren,
Und darf ich dann in solchen reichen Haaren
Voll Locken kraus ein Haupt so rund!

Absorbed
Translation: Emily Ezust
Füll, curly locks cover a head so round!
If I could gather this abundant hair
in my hands, and move it to and fro,
than 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 jets, so full of love;
but as one fondles this little head,
he will, with such abundant hair,

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It returns already to your curls.
The ear cannot stop from playing the game,
So tenderly it jets, so full of love;
but as one fondles this little head,
he will, with such abundant hair,
**Korngold**  
**Alt-Spanisch**  
*Text: Howard Koch*

Steht ein Mädchen an dem Fenster,  
in die Ferne schweift ihr Blick.  
Bläß 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*

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!

Kanonen, die pfeffern  
in den Hafen ihr Schrot.  
Das Meer ist voll Leichen  
und Spanien ist tot!  
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!

---

**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.

Et puis des cailloux et des bêtes grises,  
L’âme des égouts soufflant des poisons.  
Les anneau’s 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’aima,  
Les vomissements de la grand’ ville,

---

**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.
Das ist der Chef von Engelhorn's Hotel!
Mir gegenüber feixt ein Herr mit Glatze.
Wenn Du was übrig hast, dann schick es schnell!
Auch wär das nicht am Platze.
Ich bin nicht stolz.
Denn was vorbei ist, Schatz, das ist vorbei!
Es werden öfters andre darauf liegen,
Das ist nur aus und mir auch einerlei.
Ich hab auch noch ein angefangenes Kissen…
Das Loch drin hast du auch hineierissen.
Es gibt noch welche, die bequemer für mich sind.
Das hab ich nicht an Dir verdient, mein gutes Kind.
Du bist der Erste nicht, der so verschwindet.
Auch ich hab so etwas wie eine Ehre.
Du brauchst nicht denken, dass ich Dich entbehre.
So was? Let’s call it quits.
To hell with you, my sweetheart.
My cream won’t turn sour just because of that.
For two full hours now I’ve been sitting in the Café Bauer.
The Farewell Letter
The love letter
That’s the boss from 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 morrow and the bridges.
Accept the poor, accept the woman,
Accept the drunkard, accept the hook.
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 depths 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.
I don’t love you.
Take away your hand
I don’t love you, my beloved.
Don’t ask anything,
I don’t love you.
The fire has died, the door’s closed.
No be quiet…
Tell me how your heart was captured,
It’s enough to see your smile.
Without regret of that evening of melancholy.
It’s enough for me that your eyes are clear
For it was a dream, a folly.
I didn’t cry, I didn’t suffer,
And if the other one loved you
I don’t love 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.
Austrian mezzo-soprano Angelika Kirchschlager 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. Kirchschlager'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 Kirchschlager 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 Kirchschlager 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. Kirchschlager resides in Vienna.

Pianist Malcolm Martineau was born in Edinburgh, read music at St. Catherine'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 Kirchschlager, Magdalena Kožená, Solveig Kringleborn, Jonathan Lemalu, Dame Felicity Lott, Christopher Maltman, Karita Mattila, Lisa Milne, Ann Murray, Anna Netrebko, Anne Sofie von Otter, Joan Rodgers, Amanda Rookroft, 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 Kringleborn (for NMA); Amanda Rookroft (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 Kirchschlager, Magdalena Kožená, Dame Felicity Lott, Christopher Maltman, Kate Royal, Michael Schade and Bryn Terfel.

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