

Sunday, February 2, 2014, 3pm
Hertz Hall

Gerald Finley, *baritone*
Julius Drake, *piano*

PROGRAM

Franz Schubert (1797–1828) Winterreise, Op. 89, D. 911 (1828)

1. Gute Nacht
2. Die Wetterfahne
3. Gefrorene Tränen
4. Erstarrung
5. Der Lindenbaum
6. Wasserflut
7. Auf dem Flusse
8. Rückblick
9. Irrlicht
10. Rast
11. Frühlingstraum
12. Einsamkeit
13. Die Post
14. Der greise Kopf
15. Die Krähe
16. Letzte Hoffnung
17. Im Dorfe
18. Der stürmische Morgen
19. Täuschung
20. Der Wegweiser
21. Das Wirtshaus
22. Mut
23. Die Nebensonnen
24. Der Leiermann

Performed without intermission.

Funded, in part, by the Koret Foundation, this performance is part of Cal Performances' 2013–2014 Koret Recital Series, which brings world-class artists to our community.

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A WINTER'S TALE

CONSIDER THE JOURNEY. Before corridors of asphalt, concrete, and steel, and the soulless efficiency of the GPS set limits to our imagination, before speed and comfort leveled the imperfections of our path, travel was an open-ended, decidedly physical experience, each journey imprinted through its textures, smells, and sounds, through chance encounters and decisions made at crossroads. In Wilhelm Müller's *Die Winterreise*, a solitary traveler, thwarted in love, strikes out across a winter landscape, down frozen, rutted country lanes, along twisting footpaths, across icy streams, over the crunchy stubble of barren fields, hurrying through nameless towns, hunched against the cold.

It is the physical immediacy of Müller's verse to which Schubert's music first responds. Trudging eighth notes capture the traveler's determined gait as he sets out upon his journey in "Gute Nacht" (Good Night), and, more gently, evoke his growing weariness in "Der Wegweiser" (The Signpost). Empty parallel octaves give us the bite of the wind as it whips around a weather vane in "Die Wetterfahne" (The Weather Vane) and the raging storms of "Der stürmische Morgen" (The Stormy Morning) and "Mut!" (Courage!). In "Gefror'ne Tränen" (Frozen Tears) a simple accented half note registers the gentle impact of tears falling on the brittle crust of snow; in "Letzte Hoffnung" (Last Hope) a skittery staccato depicts the last straggling leaves dropping from denuded trees; and in "Rückblick" (Backward Glimpse) frantic alternating sixteenths followed by hollow octave tremolos convey shivering, head-over-heels flight. Over and over again we are reminded of the look and feel of winter: lowering grey skies, bracing cold and the sharp glint of the sun, howling winds through skeletal branches, the eerie stasis of a snowscape. But Schubert's response is no mere word painting; these are all eminently musical ideas—textures, sonorities, rhythms, and motives—that encapsulate both physical experience and its deeper emotional meaning.

Schubert and Müller shared a Romantic sensibility in which the inner states of the soul

were reflected in nature and the elements. It is for this reason that *Wanderlieder*—literally, "songs of the wayfarer"—are such a staple of German lyric poetry; indeed, this was the heading under which the first set of *Winterreise* poems were published. But Müller was convinced that his verses "lead but half a life, a paper life, black on white...until music breathes life into them..."

It was his hope that he might one day find "a kindred spirit" who would "hear the melody behind the words and gives them back to me." Schubert, who had previously set Müller's *Die schöne Müllerin* cycle, composed twelve of the *Winterreise* poems at the beginning of 1827, and in the autumn of that year, when he encountered the entire cycle, set the remaining twelve poems. We will never know whether Müller, who died in 1827, would have recognized Schubert as his "kindred spirit"; even the composer's loyal friends were unsettled by these songs, which Schubert himself characterized as "terrifying."

One can well imagine the chilling effect this *Winterreise* must have produced in the cozy warmth of a low-ceilinged Biedermeier parlor. This journey—so very different from the weekend rambles beloved by Schubert's circle—leads into the unknown, and this mysterious wayfarer is driven not by longing for experience or adventure, but by a far darker *Sehnsucht* to assuage his anguish by putting distance between himself and the source of his pain. This is a journey of escape, a slow extrication from the past, from memories both good and bad, and, more ominously, a gradual withdrawal from the physical world and into an inner universe that may well be madness.

Schubert's music heightens the manic mood swings of Müller's narrative by a strategy of calculated contrasts. Listen, for instance, to the way the restless triplets of "Erstarrung" (Numbness) are transfigured into a gentle rustling by happier memories of spring in "Der Lindenbaum" (The Linden Tree), and how that rustling is transformed, in turn, into a menacing whirlwind when our traveler is jolted back into the present. The unstable relationship between past and present in these poems is further underscored by Schubert's tendency to

reserve the brighter major mode for songs dealing with memory or illusions of happiness and release—"Der Lindenbaum," "Frühlingstraum" (Dream of Spring), "Die Post" (The Post), "Täuschung" (Illusion), and "Das Wirtshaus" (The Inn)—or for isolated passages, as when our traveler etches the name of his love into the frozen ice in "Auf dem Flusse" (On the River) or in "Rückblick" recalls their first meeting. Schubert uses key and register changes to similar effect as when the forced heartiness of "Die Post" is followed by the halting limp of "Der greise Kopf" (The Grey Head) in the relative minor. "Die Krähe" (The Crow) then remains in the same key and mode, but achieves its magic by swooping up two octaves to direct our attention to the enigmatic black bird circling above (malevolent crows and snarling curs being our traveler's chief escorts along his way).

The haunting beauty of "Die Krähe" is ample testimony to Schubert's gift of melodic invention, but his genius in setting Müller's words also extends to the expressive power of the more declamatory, recitative-like passages

of "Irrlicht" (Will-o'-the-Wisp), the wildly disjunct vocal line of "Rast" (Rest), or the narrow ambitus and repetitive patterns of "Nebensonnen" (The Mock Suns). Only a few of these songs are strictly strophic; others introduce subtle changes to accommodate successive verses or are freely through-composed. All offer the performer an astonishing range of interpretive possibilities—from detached narration to tortured embodiment, from fragile vulnerability to black cynicism. And nowhere is that interpretive range more striking than in "Der Leiermann" (The Organ Grinder), whose wilfully monotonous vocal line is intoned over static open fifths that conjure the drone of the hurdy-gurdy, its rickety player, and the bleak last stage of the wayfarer's journey. It is a song of searing power but ambiguous meaning. Traveler and beggar, poet and composer meet in an echoless world in which the past has lost its resonance and the music spins around and around without cease. An unmarked crossroads in the fast approaching dusk: an end or a new beginning?

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Franz Schubert

Winterreise

Texts by Wilhelm Müller

Translations by Richard Stokes © from
The Book of Lieder (Faber, 2005)

1. Gute Nacht

Fremd bin ich eingezogen,
Fremd zieh ich wieder aus.
Der Mai war mir gewogen
Mit manchem Blumenstrauß.
Das Mädchen sprach von Liebe,
Die Mutter gar von Eh—
Nun ist die Welt so trübe,
Der Weg gehüllt in Schnee.

Ich kann zu meiner Reisen
Nicht wählen mit der Zeit:
Muß selbst den Weg mir weisen
In dieser Dunkelheit.
Es zieht ein Mondenschatten
Als mein Gefährte mit,
Und auf den weißen Matten
Such ich des Wildes Tritt.

Was soll ich länger weilen,
Dass man mich trieb' hinaus?
Laß irre Hunde heulen
Vor ihres Herren Haus!
Die Liebe liebt das Wandern,
Gott hat sie so gemacht—
Von einem zu dem andern—
Fein Liebchen, gute Nacht!

Will dich im Traum nicht stören,
Wär schad um deine Ruh,
Sollst meinen Tritt nicht hören—
Sacht, sacht die Türe zu!
Schreib' im Vorübergehen
Ans Tor dir gute Nacht,
Damit du mögest sehen,
An dich hab ich gedacht.

2. Die Wetterfahne

Der Wind spielt mit der Wetterfahne
Auf meines schönen Liebchens Haus.
Da dacht ich schon in meinem Wahne,
Sie pfiff' den armen Flüchtling aus.

Er hätt es eher bemerken sollen,
Des Hauses aufgestecktes Schild,

1. Good night

A stranger I came,
A stranger I depart.
The month of May favoured me
With many bouquets of flowers.
The girl spoke of love,
Her mother of marriage even—
And now the world's so bleak
The road concealed in snow.

I cannot choose the time
For my journey:
I must find my own way
In this darkness.
A shadow in the moonlight
Keeps me company,
And on the white meadows
I seek the tracks of deer.

Why should I wait any longer
For them to drive me out?
Let stray dogs howl
Before their master's house!
Love loves to wander,
God has made it so—
From one to another—
My sweetest love, good night!

I'll not disturb your dreams,
A shame to spoil your rest!
You shall not hear my footsteps,
As I softly close the door!
I'll write "Good night" on your gate,
As I pass,
So that you may see
I've thought of you.

2. The weather-vane

The wind plays with the weather-vane
On my beloved's house.
In my folly I thought it mocked
The wretched fugitive.

He should have noticed it sooner,
This sign fixed on the house,

So hätt er nimmer suchen wollen
Im Haus ein treues Frauenbild.

Der Wind spielt drinnen mit den Herzen
Wie auf dem Dach, nur nicht so laut.
Was fragen sie nach meinen Schmerzen?
Ihr Kind ist eine reiche Braut.

3. Gefrorne Tränen

Gefrorne Tropfen fallen
Von meinen Wangen ab:
Ob es mir denn entgangen,
Daß ich geweinet hab?

Ei Tränen, meine Tränen,
Und seid ihr gar so lau,
Daß ihr erstarrt zu Eise
Wie kühler Morgentau?

Und dringt doch aus der Quelle
Der Brust so glühend heiß,
Als wolltet ihr zerschmelzen
Des ganzen Winters Eis.

4. Erstarrung

Ich such im Schnee vergebens
Nach ihrer Tritte Spur,
Wo sie an meinem Arme
Durchstrich die grüne Flur.

Ich will den Boden küssen,
Durchdringen Eis und Schnee
Mit meinen heißen Tränen,
Bis ich die Erde seh.

Wo find ich eine Blüte,
Wo find ich grünes Gras?
Die Blumen sind erstorben,
Der Rasen sieht so blaß.

Soll denn kein Angedenken
Ich nehmen mit von hier?
Wenn meine Schmerzen schweigen,
Wer sagt mir dann von ihr?

Mein Herz ist wie erstorben,
Kalt starrt ihr Bild darin:
Schmilzt je das Herz mir wieder,
Fließt auch ihr Bild dahin.

He'd never then have thought to find
A faithful woman there.

The wind plays with hearts in the house,
Though less loudly than on the roof.
What is my torment to them?
Their child's a rich bride.

3. Frozen tears

Frozen drops fall
From my cheeks:
Did I, then, not notice
I'd been weeping?

O tears, my tears,
Are you so tepid
That you turn to ice
Like cool morning dew?

And yet you spring from my heart
With as fierce a heat,
As if you would melt
All the winter's ice.

4. Numbness

In vain I seek
Her steps in the snow,
Where we walked arm in arm
Through the green field.

I shall kiss the ground,
Pierce ice and snow
With my hot tears,
Till I see the earth.

Where shall I find a flower,
Where shall I find green grass?
The flowers have withered,
The grass looks so pale.

Is there no keepsake, then,
For me to take from here?
Who, when my grief is silent,
Will speak to me of her?

My heart seems dead,
Her cold image numb within:
Should my heart ever thaw,
Her image too will melt.

5. Der Lindenbaum

Am Brunnen vor dem Tore
 Da steht ein Lindenbaum:
 Ich träumt' in seinem Schatten
 So manchen süßen Traum.

Ich schnitt in seine Rinde
 So manches liebe Wort;
 Es zog in Freud und Leide
 Zu ihm mich immerfort.

Ich mußst' auch heute wandern
 Vorbei in tiefer Nacht,
 Da hab ich noch im Dunkel
 Die Augen zugemacht.

Und seine Zweige rauschten,
 Als riefen sie mir zu:
 Komm her zu mir, Geselle,
 Hier findest du deine Ruh!

Die kalten Winde bliesen
 Mir grad ins Angesicht,
 Der Hut flog mir vom Kopfe,
 Ich wendete mich nicht.

Nun bin ich manche Stunde
 Entfernt von jenem Ort,
 Und immer hör ich's rauschen:
 Du fändest Ruhe dort!

6. Wasserflut

Manche Trän' aus meinen Augen
 Ist gefallen in den Schnee;
 Seine kalten Flocken saugen
 Durstig ein das heiße Weh.

Wenn die Gräser sprossen wollen,
 Weht daher ein lauer Wind,
 Und das Eis zerspringt in Schollen,
 Und der weiche Schnee zerrinnt.

Schnee, du weißt von meinem Sehnen:
 Sag, wohin doch geht dein Lauf?
 Folge nach nur meinen Tränen,
 Nimmt dich bald das Bächlein auf.

Wirst mit ihm die Stadt durchziehen,
 Muntre Strassen ein und aus:
 Fühlst du meine Tränen glühen,
 Da ist meiner Liebsten Haus.

5. The linden tree

By the well, before the gate,
 Stands a linden tree:
 I used to dream in its shade
 So many a sweet dream.

I used to carve in its bark
 So many a word of love;
 In joy and in sorrow
 I felt ever drawn to it.

I had to pass it again today
 At the dead of night,
 And even in the dark,
 I closed my eyes.

And its branches rustled,
 As though calling to me:
 Come to me, my friend,
 Here you shall find rest!

The cold winds blew
 Full into my face,
 My hat flew from my head,
 I did not turn back.

Now I have journeyed
 Many hours from that place,
 Yet still I hear the rustling:
 There shall you find rest!

6. Flood

Many a tear from my eyes
 Has fallen into the snow;
 The cold flakes thirstily drink
 My burning anguish.

When grass is ready to grow,
 A warm wind blows,
 And the ice breaks into fragments,
 And the soft snow melts.

Snow, you know of my longing:
 Tell me where your path leads?
 You've only to follow my tears
 And the stream will bear you away.

It will carry you through the town
 In and out of busy streets:
 When you feel my tears burning,
 That will be my loved-one's house.

7. Auf dem Fluße

Der du so lustig rauschtest,
Du heller, wilder Fluß,
Wie still bist du geworden,
Gibst keinen Scheidegruß.

Mit harter, starrer Rinde
Hast du dich überdeckt,
Liegst kalt und unbeweglich
Im Sande ausgestreckt.

In deine Decke grab ich
Mit einem spitzen Stein
Den Namen meiner Liebsten
Und Stund und Tag hinein:

Den Tag des ersten Grußes,
Den Tag, an dem ich ging;
Um Nam' und Zahlen windet
Sich ein zerbrochener Ring.

Mein Herz, in diesem Bache
Erkennst du nun dein Bild?
Ob's unter seiner Rinde
Wohl auch so reißend schwillt?

8. Rückblick

Es brennt mir unter beiden Sohlen,
Tret ich auch schon auf Eis und Schnee.
Ich möcht nicht wieder Atem holen,
Bis ich nicht mehr die Türme seh.

Hab mich an jedem Stein gestoßen,
So eilt' ich zu der Stadt hinaus;
Die Krähen warfen Bäll' und Schloßen
Auf meinen Hut von jedem Haus.

Wie anders hast du mich empfangen,
Du Stadt der Unbeständigkeit!
An deinen blanken Fenstern sangen
Die Lerch' und Nachtigall im Streit.

Die runden Lindenbäume blühten,
Die klaren Rinnen rauschten hell,
Und ach, zwei Mädchenaugen glühten!—
Da war's geschehn um dich, Gesell!

Kömmt mir der Tag in die Gedanken,
Möcht ich noch einmal rückwärts sehn,
Möcht ich zurücke wieder wanken,
Vor ihrem Hause stille stehn.

7. On the river

You who murmured so merrily,
You clear, raging stream,
How silent you've become,
You bid me no farewell.

You've covered yourself
With a hard stiff crust,
You lie cold and motionless,
Stretched out in the sand.

With a sharp stone
I carve on your surface
The name of my love,
And the hour and the day:

The day of our first greeting,
The day I went away,
Around the name and figure
Is wound a broken ring.

My heart, do you now see
Your own likeness in this stream?
Is there such a raging torrent
Beneath its surface too?

8. A backward glance

The ground blazes beneath my feet,
Though I walk on ice and snow.
I shall not pause for breath again,
Till the towers are out of sight.

I've stumbled over every stone
In my haste to leave the town;
The crows shied snow and hailstones
Onto my hat from every roof.

How differently you welcomed me,
City of inconstancy!
Lark and nightingale vied in song
At your gleaming windows.

The rounded linden trees blossomed,
The clear fountains murmured brightly,
And ah! the girl's fair eyes flashed fire!—
And your fate, my friend, was sealed!

When I think of that day,
I long to look back once more,
Long to stumble back again,
Stand silently before her house.

9. Irrlicht

In die tiefsten Felsengründe
 Lockte mich ein Irrlicht hin:
 Wie ich einen Ausgang finde,
 Liegt nicht schwer mir in dem Sinn.

Bin gewohnt das Irregehen,
 's führt ja jeder Weg zum Ziel:
 Unsre Freuden, unsre Leiden,
 Alles eines Irrlichts Spiel!

Durch des Bergstroms trockne Rinnen
 Wind' ich ruhig mich hinab—
 Jeder Strom wird's Meer gewinnen,
 Jedes Leiden auch sein Grab.

10. Rast

Nun merk ich erst, wie müd ich bin,
 Da ich zur Ruh mich lege;
 Das Wandern hielt mich munter hin
 Auf unwirtbarem Wege.

Die Füße frugen nicht nach Rast,
 Es war zu kalt zum Stehen,
 Der Rücken fühlte keine Last,
 Der Sturm half fort mich wehen.

In eines Köhlers engem Haus
 Hab Obdach ich gefunden;
 Doch meine Glieder ruhn nicht aus,
 So brennen ihre Wunden.

Auch du, mein Herz, in Kampf und Sturm
 So wild und so verwegen,
 Fühlst in der Still erst deinen Wurm
 Mit heißem Stich sich regen!

11. Frühlingstraum

Ich träumte von bunten Blumen,
 So wie sie wohl blühen im Mai,
 Ich träumte von grünen Wiesen,
 Von lustigem Vogelgeschrei.

Und als die Hähne krächten,
 Da ward mein Auge wach;
 Da war es kalt und finster,
 Es schrien die Raben vom Dach.

9. Will-o'-the-wisp

A will-o'-the-wisp lured me
 Into the deepest rocky chasm:
 How to find a way out
 Does not greatly concern me.

I'm used to going astray,
 Every path leads to one goal:
 Our joys, our sorrows
 Are all a will-o'-the-wisp's game!

Through the dry bed of a mountain stream
 I calmly make my way down—
 Every river will reach the sea,
 Every sorrow find its grave.

10. Rest

Only now as I lie down to rest,
 Do I notice how tired I am;
 Walking had kept me cheerful
 On the desolate road.

My feet demanded no rest,
 It was too cold for standing still,
 My back felt no burden,
 The storm helped to drive me on.

I have found shelter
 In a charcoal-burner's cramped hut;
 But my limbs cannot rest
 With all their burning wounds.

And you too, my heart, in storm and strife
 So audacious and so wild,
 You feel stirring in this stillness
 The fierce pangs of anguish!

11. Dream of Spring

I dreamt of bright flowers,
 Such as might bloom in May,
 I dreamt of green meadows
 And happy bird-calls.

And when the cocks crowed,
 I opened my eyes;
 It was dark and cold,
 The ravens screamed from the roof.

Doch an den Fensterscheiben
 Wer malte die Blätter da?
 Ihr lacht wohl über den Träumer,
 Der Blumen im Winter sah?

Ich träumte von Lieb um Liebe,
 Von einer schönen Maid,
 Von Herzen und von Küssen,
 Von Wonne und Seligkeit.

Und als die Hähne krächten,
 Da ward mein Herze wach;
 Nun sitz ich hier alleine
 Und denke dem Traume nach.

Die Augen schließ ich wieder,
 Noch schlägt das Herz so warm.
 Wann grünt ihr Blätter am Fenster?
 Wann halt ich mein Liebchen im Arm?

12. Einsamkeit

Wie eine trübe Wolke
 Durch heitre Lüfte geht,
 Wenn in der Tanne Wipfel
 Ein mattes Lüftchen weht:

So zieh ich meine Straße
 Dahin mit trägem Fuß,
 Durch helles, frohes Leben,
 Einsam und ohne Gruß.

Ach, daß die Luft so ruhig!
 Ach, daß die Welt so licht!
 Als noch die Stürme tobten,
 War ich so elend nicht.

13. Die Post

Von der Straße her ein Posthorn klingt.
 Was hat es, daß es so hoch aufspringt,
 Mein Herz?

Die Post bringt keinen Brief für dich:
 Was drängst du denn so wunderbarlich,
 Mein Herz?

Nun ja, die Post kommt aus der Stadt,
 Wo ich ein liebes Liebchen hatt',
 Mein Herz!

But who painted those leaves
 On the window-panes?
 Are you mocking the dreamer
 Who saw flowers in winter?

I dreamt of love requited,
 Dreamt of a beautiful girl,
 Of caressing and of kissing,
 Of rapture and of joy.

And when the cocks crowed,
 I opened my eyes;
 Now I sit here alone,
 And think about the dream.

I close my eyes again,
 My heart still beats so ardently.
 Leaves on my window, when will you turn green?
 When shall I hold my love in my arms?

12. Loneliness

Like a dark cloud
 Drifting across clear skies,
 When a faint breeze
 Stirs through the fir-tops:

I go on my way
 With dragging steps,
 Through life's bright joys,
 Alone and ignored.

Alas, why is the air so calm!
 Alas, why is the world so bright!
 While storms were still raging,
 I was not so wretched.

13. The mail-coach

A post-horn sounds from the road.
 Why do you surge so wildly,
 My heart?

There will be no letter for you:
 Why do you throb so strangely,
 My heart?

Because the post comes from the town,
 Where once I had a sweetheart,
 My heart!

Willst wohl einmal hinübersehn
Und fragen, wie es dort mag gehn,
Mein Herz?

Would you like to look in
And ask how things are there,
My heart?

14. Der greise Kopf

Der Reif hat einen weißen Schein
Mir übers Haar gestreuet.
Da glaubt' ich schon ein Greis zu sein,
Und hab' mich sehr gefreuet.

14. The hoary head

The frost has sprinkled a white sheen
On my hair.
I believed I was an old man
And was overjoyed.

Doch bald ist er hinweggetaut,
Hab wieder schwarze Haare,
Daß mir's vor meiner Jugend graut—
Wie weit noch bis zur Bahre!

But soon it melted,
My hair is black again,
So that I shudder at my youth—
How far still to the grave!

Vom Abendrot zum Morgenlicht
Ward mancher Kopf zum Greise.
Wer glaubt's? Und meiner ward es nicht
Auf dieser ganzen Reise!

Between dusk and dawn,
Many a head has turned grey.
Yet mine, would you believe it, has not,
Throughout this whole journey!

15. Die Krähe

Eine Krähe war mit mir
Aus der Stadt gezogen,
Ist bis heute für und für
Um mein Haupt geflogen.

15. The crow

One crow came with me
From the town,
And to this day
Has steadily circled my head

Krähe, wunderliches Tier,
Willst mich nicht verlassen?
Meinst wohl bald als Beute hier
Meinen Leib zu fassen?

O crow, strange creature,
Will you not leave me?
Do you intend soon
To seize my body as prey?

Nun, es wird nicht weit mehr gehn
An dem Wanderstabe.
Krähe, laß mich endlich sehn
Treue bis zum Grabe!

Well, I've not much further
To journey with my staff.
O crow, let me at last see
Faithfulness unto death!

16. Letzte Hoffnung

Hie und da ist an den Bäumen
Manches bunte Blatt zu sehn,
Und ich bleibe vor den Bäumen
Oftmals in Gedanken stehn.

16. Last hope

Here and there on the trees
Many bright leaves can still be seen,
And by those trees
I often stand lost in thought.

Schaue nach dem einen Blatte,
Hänge meine Hoffnung dran;
Spielt der Wind mit meinem Blatte,
Zittr' ich, was ich zittern kann.

I look at the one remaining leaf,
And hang my hopes on it;
If the wind plays with my leaf,
I tremble in every limb.

Ach, und fällt das Blatt zu Boden,
Fällt mit ihm die Hoffnung ab,
Fall ich selber mit zu Boden,
Wein' auf meiner Hoffnung Grab.

Ah, and if the leaf falls to the ground,
My hope falls with it,
I too fall to the ground,
And weep on my hope's grave.

17. Im Dorfe

Es bellen die Hunde, es rasseln die Ketten,
Es schlafen die Menschen in ihren Betten,
Träumen sich manches, was sie nicht haben,
Tun sich im Guten und Argen erlaben:
Und morgen früh ist alles zerflossen—
Je nun, sie haben ihr Teil genossen
Und hoffen, was sie noch übrig liessen,
Doch wieder zu finden auf ihren Kissen.

17. In the village

Dogs bark, chains rattle,
People are asleep in bed,
Dreaming of much they do not possess,
Consoling themselves with good things and bad:
And by morning all will have vanished.—
Still, they've enjoyed their share
And hope to find in their dreams
What is still left to enjoy.

Bellt mich nur fort, ihr wachen Hunde,
Laßt mich nicht ruhn in der Schlummerstunde!
Ich bin zu Ende mit allen Träumen—
Was will ich unter den Schläfern säumen?

Bark me on my way, watchful dogs,
Give me no rest in this hour of sleep!
I'm finished with all dreaming—
Why should I linger among those who sleep?

18. Der stürmische Morgen

Wie hat der Sturm zerrissen
Des Himmels graues Kleid!
Die Wolkenfetzen flattern
Umher in mattem Streit.

18. The stormy morning

How the storm has rent
The grey garment of the sky!
Ragged clouds flit about
In weary strife.

Und rote Feuerflammen
Ziehn zwischen ihnen hin.
Das nenn ich einen Morgen
So recht nach meinem Sinn!

And red streaks of lightning
Flash between them.
That's what I call a morning
After my own heart!

Mein Herz sieht an dem Himmel
Gemalt sein eignes Bild—
Es ist nichts als der Winter,
Der Winter kalt und wild!

My heart sees its own likeness
Painted on the sky—
It's nothing but winter,
Winter cold and wild!

19. Täuschung

Ein Licht tanzt freundlich vor mir her,
Ich folg ihm nach die Kreuz und Quer,
Ich folg ihm gern, und seh's ihm an
Daß es verlockt den Wandersmann.
Ach, wer wie ich so elend ist,
Gibt gern sich hin der bunten List,
Die hinter Eis und Nacht und Graus
Ihm weist ein helles, warmes Haus,
Und eine liebe Seele drin—
Nur Täuschung ist für mich Gewinn!

19. Delusion

A friendly light dances before me,
I follow it this way and that,
I follow it willingly, and see
That it lures the wanderer from his path.
Ah, any man as wretched as I
Gladly yields to such garish guile,
That shows him beyond ice and night and terror
A bright warm house,
And a loving soul within—
Delusion is all I profit from!

20. Der Wegweiser

Was vermeid ich denn die Wege,
 Wo die andern Wanderer gehn,
 Suche mir versteckte Stege
 Durch verschneite Felsenhöhn?

Habe ja doch nichts begangen,
 Daß ich Menschen sollte scheun—
 Welch ein törichtes Verlangen
 Treibt mich in die Wüsteneien?

Weiser stehen auf den Wegen,
 Weisen auf die Städte zu,
 Und ich wandre sonder Maßen,
 Ohne Ruh, und suche Ruh.

Einen Weiser seh ich stehen
 Unverrückt vor meinem Blick;
 Eine Straße muß ich gehen,
 Die noch keiner ging zurück.

21. Das Wirtshaus

Auf einen Totenacker
 Hat mich mein Weg gebracht.
 Allhier will ich einkehren:
 Hab ich bei mir gedacht.

Ihr grünen Totenkränze
 Könnt wohl die Zeichen sein,
 Die müde Wanderer laden
 Ins kühle Wirtshaus ein.

Sind denn in diesem Hause
 Die Kammern all besetzt?
 Bin matt zum Niedersinken,
 Bin tödlich schwer verletzt.

O unbarmherzge Schenke,
 Doch weisest du mich ab?
 Nun weiter denn, nur weiter,
 Mein treuer Wanderstab!

22. Mut

Fliegt der Schnee mir ins Gesicht,
 Schüttl' ich ihn herunter.
 Wenn mein Herz im Busen spricht,
 Sing ich hell und munter.

20. The signpost

Why do I avoid the paths
 That other wanderers tread,
 Seek out hidden ways
 Through snow-bound rocky heights?

I have, after all, done no wrong,
 That I should shun mankind—
 What foolish desire
 Drives me into the wilderness?

Signposts stand along the way,
 Pointing to the towns,
 And I wander on and on
 Restlessly in search of rest.

One signpost I see standing,
 Firmly before my eyes;
 One road I must travel
 From which no man has ever returned.

21. The inn

My journey has brought me
 To a graveyard.
 Here, I thought, is where
 I shall rest for the night.

You green funeral wreaths
 Must be the inn-signs
 That invite weary travellers
 Inside the cool inn.

Are all the rooms, then,
 Taken in this house?
 I am weary, ready to sink,
 Wounded unto death.

O pitiless inn,
 Yet you turn me away?
 On, then, ever onwards,
 My trusty staff!

22. Courage!

If snow drives into my face,
 I shake it off,
 If my heart speaks in my breast,
 I sing loud and merrily.

Höre nicht, was es mir sagt,
Habe keine Ohren;
Fühle nicht, was es mir klagt,
Klagen ist für Toren.

Lustig in die Welt hinein
Gegen Wind und Wetter!
Will kein Gott auf Erden sein,
Sind wir selber Götter.

23. Die Nebensonnen

Drei Sonnen sah ich am Himmel stehn,
Hab lang und fest sie angesehen,
Und sie auch standen da so stier,
Als wollten sie nicht weg von mir.
Ach, *meine* Sonnen seid ihr nicht!
Schaut andern doch ins Angesicht!
Ja, neulich hatt' ich auch wohl drei:
Nun sind hinab die besten zwei.
Ging nur die dritt erst hinterdrein!
Im Dunkeln wird mir wohler sein.

24. Der Leiermann

Drüben hinterm Dorfe
Steht ein Leiermann,
Und mit starren Fingern
Dreht er, was er kann.

Barfuß auf dem Eise
Wankt er hin und her,
Und sein kleiner Teller
Bleibt ihm immer leer.

Keiner mag ihn hören,
Keiner sieht ihn an,
Und die Hunde knurren
Um den alten Mann.

Und er läßt es gehen,
Alles, wie es will,
Dreht, und seine Leier
Steht ihm nimmer still.

Wunderlicher Alter,
Soll ich mit dir gehn?
Willst zu meinen Liedern
Deine Leier drehn?

I don't hear what it tells me,
I have no ears;
I don't feel what it laments,
Lamenting is for fools.

Cheerfully out into the world
Against the wind and weather!
If there's no god on earth,
Then we ourselves are gods.

23. Phantom suns

I saw three suns in the sky,
Long and intently I looked at them,
And they too stood there so fixedly,
As though they'd never leave me.
Alas, you are not my suns!
You gaze into other faces!
Lately, yes, I did have three:
But the best two now are down.
If only the third would follow!
I'd fare better in the dark.

24. The organ-grinder

There, beyond the village,
An organ-grinder stands,
And with numb fingers
Plays as best he can.

Barefoot on the ice
He staggers to and fro,
And his little plate
Is always empty.

No one cares to listen,
No one looks at him,
And the dogs snarl
Around the old man.

And he lets it all happen,
Happen as it will,
He turns the handle,
His hurdy-gurdy's never still.

Strange old man!
Shall I go with you?
Will you grind your music
To the songs I sing?



Grammy Award-winning Canadian baritone **Gerald Finley** has become one of the leading singers and dramatic interpreters of his generation, with award-winning performances and recordings on

CD and DVD with major labels and performing at the world's major opera and concert venues in a wide variety of repertoire.

In opera, Mr. Finley has sung all the major baritone roles of Mozart. His Don Giovanni has been seen in New York, London, Paris, Salzburg, Munich, Rome, Vienna, Prague, Tel Aviv, Budapest, and Glyndebourne, which was recorded and has been released on DVD. As the Count in *Le nozze di Figaro*, his appearances include the Royal Opera, Covent Garden (Opus Arte DVD), Salzburg Festival (2007, 2009), Paris, Vienna, and Amsterdam. This past season, he made his debut as Don Alfonso at the Salzburg Festival. At the Met, his roles include Don Giovanni, Count Almaviva, Golaud, and Marcello.

Critical successes also include *Eugene Onegin* and Golaud at Covent Garden, Iago in *Otello* with Sir Colin Davis and the LSO, the title role in *Guillaume Tell* with Accademia di Santa Cecilia and Sir Antonio Pappano and his debut performances as Hans Sachs at the Glyndebourne Festival, recently released on DVD. In contemporary opera, Mr. Finley has excelled in creating leading roles, most notably Howard K. Stern in Mark Anthony Turnage's *Anna Nicole* at Covent Garden and J. Robert Oppenheimer in John Adams's *Doctor Atomic* (Met, English National Opera, San Francisco, Chicago, and Amsterdam), as Harry Heegan in Turnage's *The Silver Tassie* at ENO, and Jaufré Rudel in Kaija Saariaho's *L'amour de loin* for the much acclaimed premières in Santa Fe, Paris, and Helsinki.

Most recent concert appearances included Chou en Lai in *Nixon in China* with the BBC Symphony at the 2012 BBC Proms; Brahms's Requiem with the Concertgebouw Orchestra

fo Amsterdam; a tour of Schoenberg's *A Survivor from Warsaw* with Andris Nelsons and the Bavarian Radio Symphony Orchestra; Mahler's *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* with the Czech Philharmonic; *Alexander's Feast* by Handel under the baton of Nikolaus Harnoncourt at Vienna's Musikverein; and *Les espaces du sommeil* with the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Esa-Pekka Salonen.

Mr. Finley also recently sang Don Giovanni at the Bavarian State Opera, *Il prigioniero* with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, and concluded the 2012–2013 season as Don Alfonso in *Così fan tutte* at the Salzburg Festival.

As a recitalist, he works regularly with Julius Drake. This season includes a residency at the Wigmore Hall, as well as recitals in Alicante, at New York's Zankel Hall, and at Cal Performances as part of a U.S. tour of Schubert's *Winterreise*.

Mr. Finley's many solo recital CD releases have been devoted to songs of Barber, Ives, and Ravel, and Schumann's *Dichterliebe* and other Heine settings and *Liederkreis*. The result of his continuing partnership with Mr. Drake on the Hyperion label, these recordings have been critically acclaimed, including an unprecedented third Gramophone Award in the solo vocal category for *Songs and Proverbs of William Blake* by Benjamin Britten. This season sees the release of Schubert's *Winterreise*, as well as songs for bass voice by Liszt. In 2012, the DVD release of *Doctor Atomic*, in which Mr. Finley appeared as J. Robert Oppenheimer, was awarded the Grammy for best opera recording.

His 2013–2014 concert season includes a tour of Berlioz's *Roméo et Juliette* with the Philharmonia Orchestra and *Il prigioniero* with the Bavarian Radio Symphony, both with Esa-Pekka Salonen conducting; Shostakovich in Helsinki under the baton of Thomas Sanderling; Haydn's *The Creation* with the London Symphony Orchestra; Beethoven's Symphony No. 9 with the Concertgebouw and London Philharmonic orchestras; and a Mahler tour with the Mahler Chamber Orchestra and Vladimir Jurowski. On the opera stage, Mr. Finley makes his debut as

Amfortas in *Parsifal* at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, where he will return later in the season as Count Almaviva in *Le nozze di Figaro*. He can also be seen as Forester in *Cunning Little Vixen* at the Vienna State Opera and as Figaro at the Munich State Opera.

Mr. Finley gives master classes this season at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama and at the Royal College of Music, where he is a Fellow and Visiting Professor, as well as working with the Jette Parker Young Artists' Program at the Royal Opera, Covent Garden.

Gerald Finley, born in Montreal, began singing as a chorister in Ottawa and completed his musical studies in the United Kingdom at the Royal College of Music, King's College, Cambridge, and the National Opera Studio.



Simm Canetty-Clarke

Pianist **Julius Drake** lives in London and specializes in the field of chamber music, working with many of the world's leading artists, both in recital and on disc.

He appears at all of the major music centers. In recent seasons, concerts have taken him to the Aldeburgh, Edinburgh, Munich, Salzburg, Schubertiade, and Tanglewood music festivals; to Carnegie Hall and Lincoln Center in New York; the Concertgebouw in Amsterdam and Philharmonie in Cologne; the Théâtre du Châtelet and Musée de Louvre in Paris; the Musikverein and Konzerthaus in Vienna; and the Wigmore Hall and BBC Proms in London.

Director of the Perth International Chamber Music Festival in Australia from 2000–2003, Mr. Drake was also musical director of Deborah Warner's staging of Janáček's *The Diary of One Who Vanished*, touring to Munich, London, Dublin, Amsterdam and New York. In 2009 he was appointed Artistic Director of the Machynlleth Festival in Wales.

Mr. Drake is also a committed teacher and is regularly invited to give master classes, this season in Aldeburgh, Basle, Toronto, Utrecht,

and at the Schubert Institute in Baden bei Wien. He is Professor at Graz University for Music and the Performing Arts in Austria, where he has a class for song pianists.

Mr. Drake's passionate interest in song has led to invitations to devise song series for the Wigmore Hall, London, the BBC and the Concertgebouw, Amsterdam. A series of song recitals—"Julius Drake and Friends"—in the historic Middle Temple Hall in London, has featured recitals with many outstanding vocal artists, including Thomas Allen, Olaf Bär, Ian Bostridge, Angelika Kirchschrager, Sergei Leiferkus, Felicity Lott, Katarina Karneus, Simon Keenlyside, Christopher Maltman, Mark Padmore, Christoph Prégardien, Amanda Rocroft, and Willard White. Mr. Drake is frequently invited to perform at international chamber music festivals, most recently at Kuhmo in Finland, Delft in the Netherlands, Oxford in England, and West Cork in Ireland.

Mr. Drake's many recordings include a widely acclaimed series with Gerald Finley for Hyperion, for which the Barber Songs, Schumann *Heine Lieder*, and Britten *Songs and Proverbs* won the 2007, 2009, and 2011 Gramophone Awards; award-winning recordings with Ian Bostridge for EMI; several recitals for the Wigmore Live label with, among others Lorraine Hunt Lieberson, Matthew Polenzani, Joyce DiDonato, and Alice Coote; and recordings of Tchaikovsky and Mahler with Christianne Stotijn for Onyx; and English song with Bejun Mehta for Harmonia Mundi.

Mr. Drake is now embarked on a major project to record the complete songs of Franz Liszt for Hyperion: the second disc in the series, with Ms. Kirchschrager, won the BBC Music Magazine Award for 2012.

Highlights in his present schedule include a tour of the United States and Canada with Mr. Finley; a series of four Schumann concerts at the Concertgebouw in Amsterdam; a tour of Japan with Mr. Bostridge and Ms. Kirchschrager; recordings with Sarah Connolly and Katarina Karneus; recitals in his own series at the historic Middle Temple Hall, London; and, to mark 30 years performing at London's Wigmore Hall, a major series there entitled "Julius Drake: Perspectives."