



music dance theater

Cal Performances

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, BERKELEY



Paul Appleby, *tenor*
Conor Hanick, *piano*



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Jeremy Geffen

January marks not only the beginning of a brand new year, but also the return of *Cal Performances at Home* programming to our schedule. Last year, when Covid-19 shutdowns forced the cancellation of our entire 2020–21 season, this ambitious new program was extraordinarily successful in forging connections with the performing arts during some of the darkest days of the pandemic, with more than two dozen professionally produced performance videos streamed directly to audiences all over the world. For many, *Cal Performances at Home* provided their only meaningful contact with music, dance, and theater events. (These programs require additional investment beyond our live performance-producing efforts, for which we have received some sponsorship. If you're moved to donate in support of digital programming, it would be greatly appreciated.)

This month's schedule features three newly produced *Cal Performances at Home* programs—with the **Danish String Quartet** (streaming Jan 13–19), **Caleb Teicher & Company** (Jan 20–26), and the **Kronos Quartet** with special guest **Mahsa Vahdat** (Jan 27 – Feb 2)—streamed live and free of charge to your home. And on January 30, *Cal Performances* returns to Hertz Hall for the first time since the beginning of the pandemic for an eagerly awaited program of lieder by Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, and Berg with tenor **Paul Appleby** with pianist **Conor Hanick**.

Looking forward, the rest of our season is similarly packed with the kind of adventurous and ambitious programming you've come to expect from *Cal Performances*. You won't want to miss...

- the ever-popular **Les Ballet Trockadero de Monte Carlo** (Feb 4–5); **Joffrey Ballet** (Mar 4–6); and **Alvin Ailey American Dance Company** (Mar 29 – April 3)
- jazz legend **Wayne Shorter** and the brilliant **esperanza spalding** with their thrilling new opera ...(*Iphigenia*) (Feb 12)
- early-music masters **Jordi Savall** and **Le Concert des Nations** (Mar 4) and the **English Baroque Soloists** with conductor **Sir John Eliot Gardiner** (Apr 10)
- the peerless **London Symphony Orchestra**, appearing under the direction of superstar conductor **Simon Rattle** (Mar 20)
- pianist **extraordinaire Mitsuko Uchida** with the **Mahler Chamber Orchestra** (Mar 27)
- our brilliant 2021–22 artist-in-residence **Angélique Kidjo** in her exciting new music-theater piece ***Yemandja*** (a highly anticipated *Cal Performances* co-commission, Apr 23)

And so much more... with dozens of performances by the world's finest music, dance, and theater artists, stretching into May. In particular, I want to direct your attention to this year's *Illuminations: "Place and Displacement"* programming, through which we'll explore both loss and renewal, disempowerment and hope, while seeking paths forward for reclaiming and celebrating vital cultural connections that can fall victim to political and social upheaval.

We're very proud of our new and updated winter brochure and know that a few minutes spent reviewing our schedule—there or online—will reveal a wealth of options for your calendar; now is the perfect time to guarantee that you have the best seats for all the events you plan to attend.

I know you join us in looking forward to what lies ahead, to coming together once again to encounter the life-changing experiences that only the live performing arts deliver. We can't wait to share it all with you during the coming months.

Cal Performances is back. Happy New Year, and welcome home!

Jeremy Geffen
Executive and Artistic Director, Cal Performances



Sunday, January 30, 2022, 3pm
Hertz Hall

Paul Appleby, *tenor* Conor Hanick, *piano*

PROGRAM

Robert SCHUMANN (1810–1856)	An den Mond, Op. 95, No. 2 Aufträge, Op. 77, No. 5 Meine Rose, Op. 90, No. 2 Loreley, Op. 53, No. 2 Einsamkeit, Op. 90, No. 5 Geisternähe, Op. 77, No. 3
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Ludwig van BEETHOVEN (1770–1827)	<i>An die ferne Geliebte</i> , Op. 98 Auf dem Hügel sitz ich spähend Wo die Berge so blau Leichte Segler in den Höhen Diese Wolken in den Höhen Es kehret der Maien, es blühet die Au Nimm sie hin denn, diese Lieder
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Franz SCHUBERT (1797–1828)	An den Mond, D. 259 An die Entfernte, D. 765 Der Zwerg, D. 771
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INTERMISSION

Alban BERG (1885–1935) (arr. Apostel)	<i>Fünf Orchesterlieder nach Ansichtskarten von Peter Altenberg</i> , Op. 4 Seele, wie bist du schöner Sahst du nach dem Gewitterregen den Wald? Über die Grenzen des Alls Nichts ist gekommen Hier ist Friede
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SCHUBERT	Im Frühling, D. 882 Alinde, D. 904 Abendlied für die Entfernte, D. 856 Willkommen und Abschied, D. 767
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SCHUMANN	Sängers Trost, Op. 127, No. 1 Die Sennin, Op. 90, No. 4 Abendlied, Op. 107, No. 6
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SONGS OF SCHUMANN, BEETHOVEN, SCHUBERT, BERG

This program began with my desire to perform Beethoven's *An die ferne Geliebte* and Berg's Opus. 4, the *Altenberg Lieder*—two song cycles that address ways of coping with unfulfilled wishes, with dreams that didn't come true. All of the songs on this program describe different reactions to loss. Some are stuck in the past—*zurückhaltend* ("held back")—some bathe in present pain, some choose the comfort of numb nihilism. My favorites are honest about the pain but unwilling to give up hope. They acknowledge both *die Liebe* and *das Leid*.

Most of the Schumann songs on this program were written during the last six years of his life. Particular favorites of mine include "An den Mond," his setting in German translation of Lord Byron's "Sun of the Sleepless" from the poet's collection, *Hebrew Melodies*. The cold light of the moon illuminates a landscape of loss as the singer is accompanied by some ancient, zither-like instrument. "Einsamkeit" employs a winding, downward chromatic accompaniment to articulate a literal feeling of depression that is transformed into a balm of empathy in Schumann's beautifully simple piano writing. "Geisternähe," carefully at first, ardently at last, etches a committed hopefulness that is brave because it is not naive—it is the strength of love persisting through the pain of loss.

The second Schumann set includes the latest of his works on this program, "Sängers Trost." The poem laments the fate of the loner after his death: to go unmourned. It is not hard to attach feelings of despair, resentment, or loneliness to this text, and yet Schumann imbues his setting with transcendent dignity by honoring the sacramental and sacrificial roles the artist plays. Finally, we end the program as it began, with a song about the moon. The exhortation in "Abendlied," to "cast off that which troubles you," is offered compassionately. The two-against-three rhythmic dynamic between the voice and the piano illustrates the slow, steady, pace of nature that overcomes loss with its intersecting cycles of renewal. There is majesty and comfort in the constancy of the moon.

Although the notion of a "song cycle" can be traced back to the troubadour tradition of the middle ages, Beethoven's 1816 *An die ferne Geliebte* marks the institution of the *liederzyklus* in 19th-century German art song. The form Beethoven innovated in these six songs inspired the great song cycles of composers such as Schubert and Schumann—the cornerstones of the lieder repertoire. Beethoven took the notion of the "cycle" more literally than most of his successors in the form: in the final song of *An die ferne Geliebte*, he recapitulates the melody of the first song, bringing the musical and emotional journey full circle. Each song segues into the next—they don't end so much as flow into each other—such that the harmonic architecture of the cycle is secured and reinforced by the relationships between keys as well as their poetic through-line.

In my musical analysis of the song cycle, the key relationships between the six songs illustrate the understanding of the text that Beethoven sought to express. Although the first and last songs are in the key of E-flat, I analyze that the tonic or "home" key of the cycle is A-flat, the key of the middle two songs. The singer of these verses begins and ends in the dominant key, a place of unresolved tension. He gazes back to his distant beloved, to his lost home from the hazy, distant hill. His love lives eternally, but eternally unfulfilled and unresolved.

Schubert's setting of the Gothic ballad "Der Zwerg" illustrates his complex relationship with Beethoven. Beneath the disturbing surface of this grotesque tale, there is also a political/musical allegory to Napoleon/Beethoven. When Schubert repeats the famous opening four-note phrase of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony—the *Schicksals-Motiv* (fate motif)—throughout this grim song, he is evoking both the towering composer as well as the freedom-fighter-turned-tyrant diminutive French emperor. Schubert (on the short side, himself) loved and admired Beethoven, but also felt dwarfed and doomed by the great composer's stature. Schubert acknowledges a desire to surpass Beethoven, to vanquish his idol. Indeed, the capacity to destroy a loved one is a terrifying aspect of human nature.

PROGRAM NOTES

In the later Schubert set “Im Frühling” strikes me as a kind of homage to *An die ferne Geliebte*. The speaker, sitting alone on a hill, observes the peaceful beauty of spring, unable to share in it because his heartbreak will not permit him to embrace a new beginning. “Alinde” is a folk tale and a dream with a happy ending—a fantasy, perhaps. After interrogating a cast of colorful characters as to the whereabouts of his beloved, our happy narrator is pleasantly surprised that she comes back in the end. The earnest joy of “Wilkommen und Abschied” demonstrates why letting go of such memories is sometimes an unbearable task. “Abendlied für die Entfernte” is an expression of acceptance opposite that found in “Der Zwerg.” Schubert winds through the sad, wise words of this poem by passing through at least nine different keys as the steady thrum of his barcarolle marches forward like time itself, “if not in joy, then at least in peace.”

Alban Berg was so embarrassed by the audience’s riotously negative reaction to the 1913 premiere of *Fünf Orchesterlieder nach Ansichtskarten von Peter Altenberg*, Op. 4, that he never published the songs or had them performed again during his life. The score was published in 1953, nearly 20 years after Berg’s death. The editor of that score, the composer

and Berg-student Hans Erich Apostel, also created the piano reduction of the orchestral songs we will be performing on this program. The original, massive orchestration would easily overwhelm my voice. The vocal part was originally conceived for a mezzo soprano, and it is hard to imagine a male voice voice successfully navigating the third range with the vocal heft the dense orchestration requires. The clear, light-weight texture that this piano version provides, however, permits even a tenor to scale the vast range by employing vocal colors and effects that wouldn’t fly in the orchestral context.

Unlike the recalcitrant and reactionary audience at the premiere of these songs, I find them deeply lyrical and expressive. To my mind, Berg is a worthy heir to Schubert and Schumann in his creative ability and technical skill in realizing a poetic text in musical form with intellectual and emotional specificity. The opening song, “Seele wie bist du schöner,” begins with a perfectly described snowstorm that establishes both a literal vision of the text as well as the emotional and spiritual space in which the text resides. After the storm of grief, there arrives a stillness and wonder which invites the existential questioning of these poems.

—Paul Appleby

Admired for his interpretive depth, vocal strength, and range of expressivity, tenor **Paul Appleby** is one of the most sought-after voices of his generation. *Opera News* claims, “Paul Appleby has all the components of an accomplished recitalist. His tenor is limpid and focused, but with a range of color unusual in an instrument so essentially lyric: it’s a sound that can give pleasure over a recital’s two-hour span.... Appleby is a singer with a full-throttle commitment to the song repertoire.”

Performances of the current season are scheduled to include Metropolitan Opera productions of *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg* and *Rodelinda*, the title role of *Béatrice et Bénédict* in a new production at Oper Köln, a North American recital tour, and presentations with the American Modern Opera Company throughout the country.

Appleby's operatic performances span both world premieres and beloved classics and he has bowed on many of the world's greatest opera stages, including at Dutch National Opera, Festival d'Aix-en-Provence, Glyndebourne, Metropolitan Opera, Oper Frankfurt, San Francisco Opera, and Washington National Opera. No less impressive is his symphonic career, which includes performances under the batons of John Butt, Gustavo Dudamel, Manfred Honeck, Philippe Jordan, and David Zinman, among many others.

Appleby's discography includes Nico Muhly's *Two Boys*, released by Nonesuch, recorded live by the Metropolitan Opera; DVDs of Glyndebourne's acclaimed presentation of Handel's *Saul* and Berlioz's *Béatrice et Bénédict*, released commercially by Opus Arte; *Dear Theo*, the first album dedicated solely to works by composer Ben Moore, released by Delos; and *Songs and Structures*, a portrait album of recent vocal and chamber works by composer Harold Meltzer, released on Bridge Records.

Pianist **Conor Hanick** “defies human description” for some (*Concerto Net*) and recalls “a young Peter Serkin” for others (*The New York Times*). He has performed to acclaim throughout the world with some of music's leading ensembles, instrumentalists, and conductors, including Pierre Boulez, Alan Gilbert, Ludovic Morlot, and David Robertson. A fierce advocate for the music of today, and the “soloist of choice for such thorny works” (*NYT*) Hanick has premiered over 200 works to date and worked with musical icons like Steve Reich, Kaija Saariaho, and Charles Wuorinen, while also championing important voices of his own generation including Caroline Shaw, Eric Wubbels, Nina Young, and Marcos Balter. Hanick has recently appeared with the Seattle Symphony, the Juilliard Orchestra, the Alabama Symphony Orchestra, the Boston Modern Orchestra Project, the Lucerne Academy Orchestra for the New York Philharmonic Biennial, and been presented at Carnegie Hall, the Mondavi Center, the Kennedy Center, and the Metropolitan Museum. He collaborates regularly with Jay Campbell, Joshua Roman, Miranda Cuckson, and Augustin Hadelich and is a founding member of the American Modern Opera Company, with which he will be a co-director of the Ojai Festival in 2022. Hanick is the director of Solo Piano at the Music Academy of the West and a graduate of Northwestern University and the Juilliard School, where he serves on the chamber music and keyboard faculty.

ROBERT SCHUMANN

An den Mond, Op. 95, No. 2 (1849)

Original text by Lord Byron (1788–1824)

Schlafloser Sonne! melanchol'scher Stern!
Dein tränenvoller Strahl erzittert fern,
Du offenbarst die Nacht, die dir nicht weich

O wie du ganz des Glücks Erinn'rung gleichst!

So glänzt auch längst vergangner Tage Licht,
Es scheint, doch wärmt sein schwaches
Leuchten nicht,
Der Gram sieht wohl des Sterns Gestalt,
Scharf, aber fern, so klar, doch ach! wie kalt!

Aufträge, Op. 77, No. 5 (1850)

Original text by Carl Julius Grüel (1809–?),
under the pseudonym Christian L'Egru

Nicht so schnelle, nicht so schnelle!
Wart ein wenig, kleine Welle!
Will dir einen Auftrag geben
An die Liebste mein.
Wirst du ihr vorüberschweben,
Grüsse sie mir fein!
Sag, ich wär mitgekommen,
Auf dir selbst herab geschwommen:
Für den Gruss einen Kuss
Kühn mir zu erbitten,
Doch der Zeit Dringlichkeit
Hätt es nicht gelitten.

Nicht so eilig! halt! erlaube,
Kleine, leichtbeschwingte Taube!
Habe dir was aufzutragen
An die Liebste mein!
Sollst ihr tausend Grüsse sagen,
Hundert obendrein.
Sag, ich wär mit dir geflogen,
Über Berg und Strom gezogen:
Für den Gruss einen Kuss
Kühn mir zu erbitten;
Doch der Zeit Dringlichkeit
Hätt es nicht gelitten.

Sun of the Sleepless

German translation by Karl Theodor
Körner (1791–1813)

Sun of the sleepless! melancholy star!
Your tear-stained rays tremble afar,
You revealed the darkness that you cannot
dispel—
O how you are the image of remembered bliss!

So gleams the light of distant days now past
It shines, but gives no warmth with its faint
gleam:
Sorrow observes the shape of that star
Distinct but distant, so clear but ah! how cold!

Orders

Not so fast, not so fast!
Wait a second, little wave!
I want to instruct you to say something
for my sweetheart.
If you glide past her,
Greet her fondly for me!
Tell her I would have come along,
Floating down you, yourself:
For my greeting, a kiss
You must boldly request in exchange,
But time was pressing
And would not permit it.

Not so hasty! Stop! Allow me,
My little light-winged dove!
I have a something I need you to tell
To my sweetheart!
Give her a thousand greetings,
and a hundred on top of that.
Tell her I would have flown with you,
Pulled along over mountain and stream:
In exchange for my greeting,
You would have boldly requested a kiss,
But time was pressing
And would not permit it.

Warte nicht, dass ich dich treibe,
 O du träge Mondesscheibe!
 Weisst's ja, was ich dir befohlen
 Für die Liebste mein:
 Durch das Fensterchen verstohlen
 Grüsse sie mir fein!
 Sag, ich wär auf dich gestiegen,
 Selber zu ihr hinzufliegen;
 Für den Gruss einen Kuss
 Kühn mir zu erbitten,
 Du seist schuld, Ungeduld
 Hätt mich nicht gelitten.

Do not wait for me to push you,
 You lazy, round moon!
 You know well what I commanded you
 To do for my sweetheart:
 Steal in through her little window
 And greet her fondly for me!
 Tell her I would have climbed up on you
 To fly to her myself:
 In exchange for my greeting,
 You would have boldly requested a kiss,
 But time was pressing
 And would not permit it.

Meine Rose, Op. 90, No. 2 (1850)
Original text by Nikolaus Lenau
(1802–1850)

Dem holden Lenzgeschmeide,
 Der Rose, meiner Freude,
 Die schon gebeugt und blasser
 Vom heissen Strahl der Sonnen,
 Reich ich den Becher Wasser
 Aus dunklem, tiefen Bronnen.

Du Rose meines Herzens!
 Vom stillen Strahl des Schmerzens
 Bist du gebeugt und blasser;
 Ich möchte dir zu Füssen,
 Wie dieser Blume Wasser,
 Still meine Seele giessen!
 Könt ich dann auch nicht sehen
 Dich freudig auferstehen.

My Rose

To the dear jewel of Spring,
 To the rose, my joy,
 Already bowed and pale
 From the hot rays of the sun,
 I extend a cup of water
 from a dark, deep well.

You rose of my heart!
 From the silent beam of pain
 You are bowed and pallid;
 I would like to, upon your feet,
 As water for a flower,
 Silently pour my soul out for you,
 Even though I may not get to see
 Your joyful resurrection.

Loreley, Op. 53, No. 2 (1840)
Original text by August Wilhelmine Lorenz
(1784–1861)

Es flüstern und rauschen die Wogen
 Wohl über ihr stilles Haus.
 Es ruft eine Stimme: "Gedenke mein!
 Bei stiller Nacht im Vollmondschein!
 Gedenke mein!"
 Und flüsternd ziehen die Wogen
 Wohl über ihr stilles Haus.
 "Gedenke mein!"

Lorelei

The waves whisper and rustle
 Just above her silent house.
 A voice calls out: "Remember me!
 In the quiet, full moon-lit night
 Remember me!"
 And the whispering waves flow along
 Just above her silent home.
 "Remember me!"

Einsamkeit, Op. 90, No. 5 (1850)

Original text by Nikolaus Lenau
(1802–1850)

Wild verwachs'ne dunkle Fichten,
Leise klagt die Quelle fort;
Herz, das ist der rechte Ort
Für dein schmerzliches Verzichten!

Grauer Vogel in den Zweigen,
Einsam deine Klage singt,
Und auf deine Frage bringt
Antwort nicht des Waldes Schweigen.

Wenn's auch immer Schweigen bliebe,
Klage, klage fort; es weht,
Der dich höret und versteht,
Stille hier der Geist der Liebe.

Nicht verloren hier im Moose,
Herz, dein heimlich Weinen geht,
Deine Liebe Gott versteht,
Deine tiefe, hoffnungslose!

Geisternähe, Op. 77, No. 3 (1850)

Original text by Friedrich Halm
(1806–1871)

Was weht um meine Schläfe
Wie laue Frühlingsluft,
Was spielt um meine Wangen
Wie süßer Rosenduft?

Es ist dein holder Gedanke,
Der tröstend mich umspielt,
Es ist dein stilles Sehnen,
Was meine Schläfe kühlt!

Und was wie Harfen klänge
Um meine Sinne schwirrt,
Mein Name ist's, der leise
Von deinen Lippen irrt.

Ich fühle deine Nähe!
Es ist dein Wunsch, dein Geist,
Der mich aus weiter Ferne
An deinen Busen reisst.

Loneliness

A wild overgrowth of dark spruce,
Softly, the spring shares it lament;
Heart, this is the proper place
For your painful letting go!

A grey bird in the branches
Sings your lonely song,
And to your question
The silent forest provides no answer.

Even if silence remained eternally,
Sing your lament, sing on;
The ghost of love blows silently here,
It hears and understands you.

Here among the moss, Heart,
Your secret tears are not lost.
God understands your love,
So deep and so hopeless!

The Nearness of Your Spirit

What wafts about my temples
Like a balmy Spring breeze,
What plays around my cheeks
Like the sweet scent of roses?

It is your dear thoughts
Playing about me, comfortingly,
It is your silent yearning
That refreshes my head!

And like the Harp's sound
Buzzes around my senses,
My own name softly
From your lips escapes.

I feel you near me!
It is your desire, your spirit,
Which from so far a distance
Draws me to your heart.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN

An die Ferne Geliebte (1816), Op. 98
 Original texts by Alois Jeitteles
 (1794–1858)

Auf dem Hügel sitz ich spähend
 Auf dem Hügel sitz ich spähend
 In das blaue Nebelland,
 Nach den fernen Triften sehend,
 Wo ich dich, Geliebte, fand.

Weit bin ich von dir geschieden,
 Trennend liegen Berg und Tal
 Zwischen uns und unserm Frieden,
 Unserm Glück und unsrer Qual.

Ach, den Blick kannst du nicht sehen,
 Der zu dir so glühend eilt,
 Und die Seufzer, sie verwehen
 In dem Raume, der uns teilt.

Will denn nichts mehr zu dir dringen,
 Nichts der Liebe Bote sein?
 Singen will ich, Lieder singen,
 Die dir klagen meine Pein!

Denn vor Liebesklang entweicht
 Jeder Raum und jede Zeit,
 Und ein liebend Herz erreichtet
 Was ein liebend Herz geweih!

To the distant beloved
 English translations by Paul Appleby

Upon the hill I sit, gazing
 Upon the hill I sit, gazing
 Into the blue, hazy countryside,
 Looking toward that distant pasture,
 Where first, my love, I found you.

Far away I am cut off from you,
 Mountain and Valley separate us,
 And lie between us and our peace,
 Our happiness and our pain.

Ah, you cannot perceive the gaze
 That ardently flies to you,
 And my sighs, they blow away
 Into the space that divides us.

Will nothing else reach you,
 Nothing be the messenger of my love?
 I want to sing, to sing songs,
 Laments to tell you of my pain!

Because before the sound of song,
 Distance and time disappear,
 And a loving heart can clasp
 That which a loving heart has consecrated!

Wo die Berge so blau
Wo die Berge so blau
Aus dem nebligen Grau
Schauen herein,
Wo die Sonne verglüht,
Wo die Wolke umzieht,
Möchte ich sein!

Dort im ruhigen Tal
Schweigen Schmerzen und Qual.
Wo im Gestein
Still die Primel dort sinnt,
Weht so leise der Wind,
Möchte ich sein!

Hin zum sinnigen Wald
Drängt mich Liebesgewalt,
Innere Pein.
Ach, mich zög's nicht von hier,
Könnt ich, Traute, bei dir
Ewiglich sein!

Leichte Segler in den Höhen
Leichte Segler in den Höhen,
Und du, Bächlein klein und schmal,
Könnt mein Liebchen ihr erspähen,
Grüßt sie mir viel tausendmal.

Seht ihr, Wolken, sie dann gehen
Sinnend in dem stillen Tal,
Laßt mein Bild vor ihr entstehen
In dem luft'gen Himmelssaal.

Wird sie an den Büschchen stehen,
Die nun herbstlich falb und kahl.
Klagt ihr, wie mir ist geschehen,
Klagt ihr, Vöglein, meine Qual.

Stille Weste, bringt im Wehen
Hin zu meiner Herzenswahl
Meine Seufzer, die vergehen
Wie der Sonne letzter Strahl.

Flüstr' ihr zu mein Liebesflehen,
Laß sie, Bächlein klein und schmal,
Treu in deinen Wogen sehen
Meine Tränen ohne Zahl!

Where the mountains, so blue
Where the mountains, so blue,
From behind the cloudy grey
Peer in,
Where the sun has burned out
Where the clouds shift along,
There would I like to be!

There in the peaceful valley
Pain and torment are silenced.
Where, among the rocks,
The primrose ponders silently,
And the wind blows so gently,
There would I like to be!

Into the woods of rumination
Love's force pushes me,
And the pain inside.
Ah, nothing could drag me away from here
If I could, my true love,
Be with you forever.

Smooth sailor of the skies,
Smooth sailor of the skies,
And you, small and slender stream
,If you can spot my sweetheart,
Send her a thousand salutations from me.

If you see her, clouds, passing by
Lost in thought along the mute meadow,
Erect an image of me before her
In the airy dome of heaven.

And if she is to be found among the bushes,
Bald and barren, autumnal now,
Tell her what has become of me,
Tell her, little bird, of my agony.

Silent west winds, on your way
To my heart's chosen one,
Carry my sighs, which fade away
Like the last rays of the sun.

Whisper to her my plea for her love,
Allow her, small and slender stream,
To see in your waves, truly,
My tears untold!



21/22
SEASON

Les Ballets Trockadero de Monte Carlo

These technically stunning and shockingly elegant male *ballerinos* have been charming Berkeley audiences with their singular brand of ballet satire since their campus debut in 1976. Dance aficionados revel in the company's smart send-ups of iconic repertory, and ballet "newbies" are delighted by the high-camp drama executed with flair and finesse.



Feb 4 & 5
ZELLERBACH HALL

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21/22
SEASON

Two Wings: The Music of Black America in Migration

West Coast Premiere

Jason Moran, producer and piano
Alicia Hall Moran, producer and mezzo-soprano
Tania León, conductor
Donna Jean Murch, narrator,
author of *Living for the City*
Imani Winds, chamber ensemble
St. John Coltrane African Orthodox Church Ensemble
Ambrose Akinmusire, trumpet
Howard Wiley, saxophone
Thomas Flippin, guitar
Juliette Jones, violin
Allison Loggins-Hull, flute
Curtis Stewart, violin
Harriet Tubman, featuring
Brandon Ross, guitar
Melvin Gibbs, bass
JT Lewis, drums
and ensemble strings

In a series of “gripping portraits of a vast social upheaval” (*Chicago Tribune*), Alicia Hall Moran and Jason Moran’s deeply personal *Two Wings* explores the Great Migration of six million Black Americans from the rural South to northern cities, the West, and beyond.

Feb 17
ZELLERBACH HALL

Illuminations
Place and Displacement



PHOTO: LEIGH WEBBER

Diese Wolken in den Höhen
 Diese Wolken in den Höhen,
 Dieser Vöglein muntrer Zug,
 Werden dich, o Huldin, sehen.
 Nehmt mich mit im leichten Flug!

Diese Weste werden spielen
 Scherzend dir um Wang' und Brust,
 In den seidnen Locken wühlen—
 Teilt ich mit euch diese Lust!

Hin zu dir von jenen Hügeln
 Emsig dieses Bächlein eilt.
 Wird ihr Bild sich in dir spiegeln,
 Fließ zurück dann unverweilt!

Es kehret der Maien, es blühet die Au

Es kehret der Maien,
 Es blühet die Au,
 Die Lüfte, sie wehen
 So milde, so lau,
 Geschwätzig die Bäche nun rinnen.

Die Schwalbe, die kehret
 Zum wirtlichen Dach,
 Sie baut sich so emsig
 Ihr bräutlich Gemach,
 Die Liebe soll wohnen da drinnen.

Sie bringt sich geschäftig
 Von kreuz und von Quer
 Manch weicheres Stück
 Zu dem Brautbett hieher,
 Manch wärmendes Stück für die Kleinen.

Nun wohnen die Gatten
 Beisammen so treu,
 Was Winter geschieden,
 Verband nun der Mai,
 Was liebet, das weiß er zu einen.

Es kehret der Maien,
 Es blühet die Au.
 Die Lüfte, sie wehen
 So milde, so lau;
 Nur ich kann nicht ziehen von hinten.

Wenn alles, was liebet,
 Der Frühling vereint,
 Nur unserer! Liebe
 Kein Frühling erscheint,
 Und Tränen sind all ihr Gewinnen.

May these clouds in the heavens
 May these clouds in the heavens,
 May these birds in frolicsome flight
 See you, your Grace,
 And take me with them on their breezy way!

The wind from the west will joke and play
 Cheerfully about your cheeks and chest
 And burrow into your silky hair—
 Let me in on the fun!

Down to you from those hills
 This restless little river rushes—
 If her reflection lights upon you,
 Send it back to me without delay!

May returns, the prairie blooms.

May returns,
 The prairie blossoms,
 The breezes, they blow
 So mild, so gentle,
 Chattily now the streams flow again.

The swallow, she returns
 To her rooftop home
 And busily builds
 her bridal chamber—
 Love shall reside within it.

Industriously she gathers together
 From all over the place
 Many soft bits and pieces
 For the bridal bed in there,
 And many scraps to keep the little ones warm.

Now live the spouses
 Together, devotedly,
 What winter separated,
 May has brought together—
 It knows how to unite those that love.

May returns,
 The prairie blossoms,
 The breezes, they blow
 So mild, so gentle,
 I alone cannot move on.

Although spring reunites
 All that love,
 For our love alone
 No spring arrives,
 And tears are all there is to be gained.

Nimm sie hin denn, diese Lieder
Nimm sie hin denn, diese Lieder,
Die ich dir, Geliebte, sang,
Singe sie dann abends wieder
Zu der Laute süßem Klang!

Wenn das Dämmrungsrot dann ziehet
Nach dem stillen blauen See,
Und sein letzter Strahl verglühet
Hinter jener Bergeshöh;

Und du singst, was ich gesungen,
Was mir aus der vollen Brust
Ohne Kunstgepräng erklingen,
Nur der Sehnsucht sich bewußt:

Dann vor diesen Liedern weichet
Was geschieden uns so weit,
Und ein liebend Herz erreichtet
Was ein liebend Herz geweih!

Take, o take these songs, then,
Take, o take these songs, then,
The ones I sang for you, my love,
Sing them again in the evening
To the sweet tones of the lute!

When the red of twilight draws down
Toward the silent, blue lake,
And its last ray burns out
Behind the mountaintops;

And you sing what I sang
That which, from out of my bursting breast,
Rang out, free of artfulness,
Aware only of my longing:

Then, before these songs,
That which separates us disappears,
And a loving heart can clasp
That which a loving heart has consecrated!

FRANZ SCHUBERT (1797–1828)

An den Mond, D. 259

Original text by Johann Wolfgang von
Goethe (1749–1832)

Füllst wieder Busch und Tal
Still mit Nebelglanz,
Lösest endlich auch einmal
Meine Seele ganz.

Breitest über mein Gefild
Lindernd deinen Blick,
Wie des Freundes Auge, mild
Über mein Geschick.

Jeden Nachklang fühlt mein Herz
Froh- und trüber Zeit,
Wandle zwischen Freud und Schmerz
In der Einsamkeit

Fliesse, fliesse, lieber Fluss!
Nimmer werd ich froh;
So verrauschte Scherz und Kuss,
Und die Treue so.

To The Moon

Once more you silently fill wood and vale
with your hazy gleam
and at last
set my soul quite free.

You cast your soothing gaze
over my fields;
with a friend's gentle eye
you watch over my fate.

My heart feels every echo
of times both glad and gloomy.
I hoer between joy and sorrow
in my solitude.

Flow on, beloved river!
I shall never be happy:
thus have laughter and kisses rippled away,
and with them constancy.

Rausche, Fluss, das Tal entlang,
Ohne Rast und Ruh,
Rausche, flüst're meinem Sang
Melodien zu,

Wenn du in der Winternacht
Wütend überschwillst,
Oder um die Frühlingspracht
Junger Knospen quillst.

Selig, wer sich vor der Welt
Ohne Hass verschliesst,
Einen Freund am Busen hält
Und mit dem geniesst,

Was, von Menschen nicht gewusst
Oder nicht bedacht,
Durch das Labyrinth der Brust
Wandelt in der Nacht.

Murmur on, river, through the valley,
without ceasing,
murmur on, whispering melodies
to my song,

When on winter nights
you angrily overflow,
or when you bathe the springtime splendour
of the young buds.

Happy he who, without hatred,
shuts himself off from the world,
holds one friend to his heart,
and with him enjoys

That which, unknown to
and undreamt of by men,
wanders by night
through the labyrinth of the heart.

—translation © Richard Stokes

An die Entfernte, D. 765 (1822)
Original text by Johann Wolfgang von
Goethe (1749–1832)

So hab' ich wirklich dich verloren?
Bist du, o Schöne, mir entflohn?
Noch klingt in den gewohnten Ohren
Ein jedes Wort, ein jeder Ton.

So wie des Wandlers Blick am Morgen
Vergebens in die Lüfte dringt,
Wenn, in dem blauen Raum verborgen,
Hoch über ihm die Lerche singt:

So dringet ängstlich hin und wieder
Durch Feld und Busch und Wald mein Blick;
Dich rufen alle meine Lieder:
“O komm, Geliebte, mir zurück!”

To The Distant Beloved

Have I really lost you?
Have you fled from me, fairest love?
Every word, every tone
still sounds in my well-accustomed ears.

As in the morning the traveller's gaze
searches the heavens in vain
when, concealed in the blue firmament,
the lark sings high above him:

So my gaze searches anxiously back and forth
through field, thicket and woodland;
all my songs call out to you:
“Come back to me, beloved!”

—translation © Richard Wigmore

Der Zwerg, D. 771 (1822)

Original Text by Heinrich von Collin
(1771–1811)

Im trüben Licht verschwinden schon die Berge,
Es schwebt das Schiff auf glatten
Meereswogen,
Worauf die Königin mit ihrem Zwerge.

Sie schaut empor zum hochgewölbten Bogen,
Hinauf zur lichtdurchwirkten blauen Ferne;
Die mit der Milch des Himmels blass
durchzogen.

“Nie, nie habt ihr mir gelogen noch, ihr Sterne,”
So ruft sie aus, “bald werd’ ich nun
entschwinden,
Ihr sagt es mir, doch sterb’ ich wahrlich gerne.”

Da tritt der Zwerg zur Königin, mag binden
Um ihren Hals die Schnur von roter Seide,
Und weint, als wollt’ er schnell vor Gram
erblinden.

Er spricht: “Du selbst bist schuld an diesem
Leide,
Weil um den König du mich hast verlassen,
Jetzt weckt dein Sterben einzig mir noch
Freude.

“Zwar werd’ ich ewiglich mich selber hassen,
Der dir mit dieser Hand den Tod gegeben,
Doch musst zum frühen Grab du nun
erblassen.”

Sie legt die Hand aufs Herz voll jungem
Leben,
Und aus dem Aug’ die schweren Tränen
rinnen,
Das sie zum Himmel betend will erheben.

“Mögst du nicht Schmerz durch meinen Tod
gewinnen!”
Sie sagt’s, da küsst der Zwerg die bleichen
Wangen,
D’rauf alsobald vergehen ihr die Sinnen.

The Dwarf

In the dim light the mountains already fade;
the ship drifts on the sea’s smooth swell,

with the queen and her dwarf on board.

She gazes up at the high arching vault,
at the blue distance, interwoven with light,
streaked with the pale milky way.

“Stars, never yet have you lied to me,”
she cries out. “Soon now I shall be no more.

You tell me so; yet in truth I shall die gladly.”

Then the dwarf comes up to the queen, begins
to tie the cord of red silk about her neck,
and weeps, as if he would soon go blind with
grief.

He speaks: “You are yourself to blame for this
suffering, because you have forsaken me for
the king;
now your death alone can revive joy within me.

“Though I shall forever hate myself
for having brought you death by this hand,
yet now you must grow pale for an early grave.”

She lays her hand on her heart, so full of
youthful
life, and heavy tears flow from her eyes

which she would raise to heaven in prayer.

“May you reap no sorrow from my death!”

she says; then the dwarf kisses her pale cheeks,
whereupon her senses fade.

Der Zwerg schaut an die Frau, von Tod
befangen,
Er senkt sie tief ins Meer mit eig'nen Handen.

Ihm brennt nach ihr das Herz so voll
Verlangen,
An keiner Küste wird er je mehr landen.

The dwarf looks upon the lady in the grip of
death;
he lowers her with his own hands deep into
the sea.
His heart burns with such longing for her,
he will never again land on any shore.

—translation © Richard Wigmore

INTERMISSION

ALBAN BERG (1885–1935)

*Fünf Orchesterlieder nach Ansichtskarten
von Peter Altenberg, Op. 4 (1911)*
Original Texts by Peter Altenberg
(1859–1919)

Seele, wie bist du schöner
Seele, wie bist du schöner, tiefer, nach
Schneestürmen.
Auch du hast sie, gleich der Natur.
Und über beiden liegt noch ein trüber Hauch,
eh' das Gewölk sich verzog!

*Five Orchestral Songs after Postcards
by Peter Altenberg*
English translations by Paul Appleby

Soul, how deep and more beautiful you are
Soul, how deep and more beautiful you are
after snowstorms.
You, too, have them, just like Nature.
And over both there lies a faint, dark,
dreariness
before the clouds depart!

Sahst du nach dem Gewitterregen
Sahst du nach dem Gewitterregen den Wald?
Alles rastet, blinkt und ist schöner als zuvor.
Siehe, Fraue, auch du brauchst Gewitterregen!

**Have you seen the woods after a
thunderstorm?**
Have you seen the woods after a
thunderstorm?
Everything reposes, gleams and is lovelier
than before.
See, ladies, you need thunderstorms, too!

Über die Grenzen des All
Über die Grenzen des All blicktest du
sinnend hinaus;
Hattest nie Sorge um Hof und Haus!
Leben und Traum vom Leben, plötzlich ist
alles aus
Über die Grenzen des All blickst du noch
sinnend hinaus!

Beyond the boundaries of existence
Thoughtfully, you looked beyond the
boundaries of existence;
You never had worries about hearth and home!
Life and the dream of life, suddenly
everything is over....
Thoughtfully, you looked beyond the
boundaries of existence,

Nichts is gekommen

Nichts ist gekommen, nichts wird kommen
für meine Seele.
Ich habe gewartet, gewartet, oh - gewartet!
Die Tage werden dahinschleichen, und
umsonst wehen
meine aschblonden seidenen Haare um
mein bleiches Antlitz!

Nothing came

Nothing came, nothing will come for my Soul.
I have waited, waited, oh—waited!
The days will creep along, and in vain
my silken, ash-blond hair blows over my
pallid face!

Hier ist Friede

Hier ist Friede. Hier weine ich mich aus
über alles!
Hier löst sich mein unfaßbares,
unermeßliches Leid,
das mir die Seele verbrennt...
Siehe, hier sind keine Menschen, keine
Ansiedlungen.
Hier ist Friede! Hier tropft Schnee leise in
Wasserlachen...

Here is Peace

Here is Peace. Here I can cry it all out!

Here is let go the incomprehensible,
immeasurable pain
that burns my soul...
See, there are no people here, no settlements.
Here is Peace!
Here the snow drops gently into puddles of
water...

SCHUBERT

Im Frühling, D. 882 (1826)

Original text by Ernst Schulze (1789–1817)

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 dunkeln 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.

In Spring

I sit silently on the hillside.
Sie warten mein unter der Linde.
The sky is so clear, the breezes play in the
green valley
where once, in the first rays of spring,
I was, oh, so happy.

Where I walked by her side,
so tender, so close,
and saw deep in the dark rocky stream
the fair sky, blue and bright,
and her reflected in that sky.

See how the colourful spring
already peeps from bud and blossom.
Not all the blossoms are the same to me:
I like most of all to pluck them from the branch
from which she has plucked.

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!

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.

For all is still as it was then,
 the flowers, the fields;
 the sun shines no less brightly,
 and no less cheerfully,
 the sky's blue image bathes in the stream.

Only will and delusion change,
 and joy alternates with strife;
 the happiness of love flies past,
 and only love remains;
 love and, alas, sorrow.

Oh, if only I were a bird,
 there on the sloping meadow!
 Then I would stay on these branches here,
 and sing a sweet song about her
 all summer long.

—*translation © Richard Wigmore*

Alinde, D. 904 (1827)

Original Text by Johann Rochlitz
(1769–1842)

Die Sonne sinkt ins tiefe Meer,
Da wollte sie kommen.
Geruhig trabt der Schnitter einher,
Mir ist's beklossen.

“Hast, Schnitter, mein Liebchen nicht gesehn?
Alinde, Alinde!”

“Zu Weib und Kindern muss ich gehn,
Kann nicht nach andern Dirnen sehn;
Sie warten mein unter der Linde.”

Der Mond betritt die Himmelsbahn,
Noch will sie nicht kommen.
Dort legt der Fischer das Fahrzeug an,
Mir ist's beklossen.

“Hast, Fischer, mein Liebchen nicht gesehn?
Alinde, Alinde!”

“Muss suchen, wie mir die Reusen stehen,
Hab nimmer Zeit nach Jungfern zu gehen,
Schau, welch einen Fang ich finde.”

Die lichten Sterne ziehn herauf,
Noch will sie nicht kommen.
Dort eilt der Jäger in rüstigem Lauf,
Mir ist's beklossen.

“Hast, Jäger, mein Liebchen nicht gesehn?
Alinde, Alinde!”

“Muss nach dem bräunlichen Rehbock gehen,
Hab nimmer Lust nach Mädeln zu sehn;
Dort schleicht er im Abendwinde.”

In schwarzer Nacht steht hier der Hain,
Noch will sie nicht kommen.
von allen Lebendgen irr ich allein,
Bang und beklossen.

“Dir, Echo, darf ich mein Leid Gesten:
Alinde, Alinde!”

“Alinde,” liess Echo leise herüberwehn;
Da sah ich sie mir zur Seite stehn:
“Du suchtest so treu, nun finde!”

Alinde

The sun sinks into the deep sea,
She was supposed to come.
Calmly the reaper trots by,
I'm worried.

‘Reaper, have you not seen my girlfriend?
Alinde! Alinde!’

‘I have to get to my wife and children,
I can't be looking after some other broad;
They are waiting for me beneath the linden tree.’

The moon steps into its heavenly path,
Yet she still does not come.
There a fisherman docks his boat,
I'm worried.

‘Fisherman, have you not seen my girlfriend?
Alinde! Alinde?’

‘I have to see how my fish traps did today,
I never have time to chase after girls;
But hey, look, what a catch!’

The bright stars are drawing up,
And still she does not come.
The hunter hurries by at a quick clip,
I'm worried.

‘Hunter, have you not seen my girlfriend?
Alinde! Alinde?’

‘I'm going after that little brown buck,
Hunting for girls isn't really my thing;
There! He's sneaking off in the evening breeze.’

Here in blackest night stands the grove,
And still she does not come.
Away from the living I wander alone,
Stressed and worried.

‘To you, Echo, may I confess my sorrow:
Alinde! Alinde?’

‘Alinde,’ the soft echo floated back;
Then I saw her standing at my side.
‘You searched so devotedly, and you have
found me.’

—translation Paul Appleby

Abendlied für die Entfernte, D. 856 (1825)

Original text by August Wilhelm von

Schlegel (1767–1845)

Hinaus mein Blick! hinaus ins Tal!
 Da wohnt noch Lebensfülle;
 Da labe dich im Mondenstrahl
 Und an der heil'gen Stille.
 Da horch nun ungestört, mein Herz,
 Da horch den leisen Klängen,
 Die, wie von fern, zu Wonn' und Schmerz
 Sich dir entgegen drängen.

Sie drängen sich so wunderbar,
 Sie regen all mein Sehnen.
 O sag mir Ahnung, bist du wahr?
 Bist du ein eitles Wählen?
 Wird einst mein Aug' in heller Lust,
 Wie jetzt in Tränen, lächeln?
 Wird einst die oft empörte Brust
 Mir sel'ge Ruh umfächeln?

Wenn Ahnung und Erinnerung
 Vor unserm Blick sich gatten,
 Dann mildert sich zur Dämmerung
 Der Seele tiefster Schatten.
 Ach, dürften wir mit Träumen nicht
 Die Wirklichkeit verweben,
 Wie arm an Farbe, Glanz und Licht
 Wärst du, o Menschenleben!

So hoffet treulich und beharrt
 Das Herz bis hin zum Grabe;
 Mit Lieb' umfasst's die Gegenwart,
 Und dünkst sich reich an Habe.
 Die Habe, die es selbst sich schafft,
 Mag ihm kein Schicksal rauben;
 Es lebt und webt in Wär'm und Kraft,
 Durch Zuversicht und Glauben.

Und wär in Nacht und Nebeldampf
 Auch Alles rings erstorben,
 Dies Herz hat längst für jeden Kampf
 Sich einen Schild erworben.
 Mit hohem Trotz im Ungemach
 Trägt es, was ihm beschieden.
 So schlummr'ich ein, so werd' ich wach,
 In Lust nicht, doch in Frieden.

Evening Song for the Distant Beloved

Gaze out, eyes, gaze out to the valley!
 There abundant life still dwells.
 Refresh yourself there in the moonlight,
 and in the sacred peace.
 Listen, heart, now undisturbed,
 listen to the soft sounds
 that press upon you, as from afar,
 for joy and for sorrow.

They throng about so wonderfully,
 stirring all my longings.
 Oh tell me, presentiment, are you true?
 or are you an idle delusion?
 Will my eyes someday in bright pleasure
 smile, as they do now in tears?
 Will my heart, so often outraged,
 one day be suffused with blissful peace?

When presentiment and memory
 are joined before our eyes,
 then at twilight
 the soul's deepest shadows grow softer.
 Ah, if we could not
 interweave reality with dreams,
 how poor you would be, human life,
 in colour, lustre and light!

Thus the heart remains constant,
 hoping faithfully unto the grave;
 with love it embraces the present,
 and deems itself rich in possessions.
 The possessions which it creates itself
 no fate can snatch from it.
 It lives and works in warmth and strength,
 through trust and faith.

And if all around lies dead
 in night and mist,
 this heart has long ago won
 a shield for every battle.
 In adversity it endures its fate
 with lofty defiance.
 And so I fall asleep, so I awake,
 if not in joy, yet in peace.

—translation © Richard Wigmore

Wilkommen und Abschied, D. 767 (1822)
Original Text by Johann Wolfgang von
Goethe (1749–1832)

Es schlug mein Herz, geschwind zu Pferde!
Es war getan fast eh' gedacht.
Der Abend wiegte schon die Erde,
Und an den Bergen hing die Nacht;
Schon stand im Nebelkleid die Eiche,
Ein aufgetürmter Riese, da,
Wo Finsterniss aus dem Gesträuche
Mit hundert schwarzen Augen sah.

Der Mond von einem Wolkenhügel
Sah kläglich aus dem Duft hervor,
Die Winde schwangen leise Flügel,
Umsausten schauerlich mein Ohr;
Die Nacht schuf tausend Ungeheuer,
Doch frisch und fröhlich war mein Mut:
In meinen Adern welches Feuer!
In meinem Herzen welche Glut!

Dich sah ich, und die milde Freude
Floss von dem süßen Blick auf mich;
Ganz war mein Herz an deiner Seite
Und jeder Atemzug für dich.
Ein rosenfarbnes Frühlingswetter
Umgab das liebliche Gesicht,
Und Zärtlichkeit für mich—Ihr Götter!
Ich hofft' es, ich verdient' es nicht!
Doch ach, schon mit der Morgensonnen
Verengt der Abschied mir das Herz:
In deinen Küssen welche Wonne!

In deinem Auge welcher Schmerz!
Ich ging, du standst und sahst zur Erden,
Und sahst mir nach mit nassem Blick:
Und doch, welch Glück, geliebt zu werden!
Und lieben, Götter, welch ein Glück!

Greeting and Farewell

My heart pounded, quick, to horse!
No sooner thought than done;
Evening already cradled the earth,
And night clung to the hills;
The oak-tree loomed in its misty cloak,
Towering like a giant, there,
Where darkness peered from bushes
With a hundred jet-black eyes.

The moon gazed from a bank of cloud
Mournfully through the haze,
The winds softly beat their wings,
Whirred eerily about my ears;
Night brought forth a thousand monsters,
Yet I was buoyant and bright:
What fire in my veins!
What ardour in my heart!

I saw you, felt the gentle joy
Of your sweet eyes flood over me;
My heart was wholly at your side
And every breath I took for you.
A rose-red light of spring
Framed her lovely face,
And tenderness for me—O gods!
This I had hoped but never deserved!
But alas, with the morning sun,
Parting now constricts my heart:
In your kisses what delight! Oder dich der Tod
entzogen.

In your eyes what pain!
In went, you stood there gazing down,
And gazed moist-eyed after me:
And yet, what joy to be loved!
And to be in love, O gods, what joy!

—translation © Richard Stokes

SCHUMANN

Sängers Trost, Op. 127, No. 1 (1840)
 Original Text by Justinus Kerner (1786–1862)

Weint auch einst kein Liebchen
 Tränen auf mein Grab,
 Träufeln doch die Blumen
 Mildens Tau hinab;

Weilt an ihm kein Wandrer
 Im Vorüberlauf,
 Blickt auf seiner Reise
 Doch der Mond darauf.

Denkt auf diesen Fluren
 Bald kein Erdner mein,
 Denkt doch mein die Aue
 Und der stille Hain.

Blumen, Hain und Aue,
 Stern und Mondenlicht,
 Die ich sang, vergessen
 Ihres Sängers nicht.

Die Sennin, Op. 90, No. 4 (1850)
 Original text by Nikolaus Lenau
 (1802–1850)

Schöne Sennin, noch einmal
 Singe deinen Ruf ins Tal,
 Dass die frohe Felsensprache
 Deinem hellen Ruf erwache.

Horch, o Sennin, wie dein Sang
 In die Brust den Bergen drang,
 Wie dein Wort die Felsenseelen
 Freudig fort und fort erzählen!

Aber einst, wie Alles flieht,
 Scheidest du mit deinem Lied,
 Wenn dich Liebe fortbewogen,
 Oder dich der Tod entzogen.

Und verlassen werden stehn,
 Traurig stumm herübersehn
 Dort die grauen Felsenzinnen
 Und auf deine Lieder sinnen.

Singer's Consolation

Although one day no love
 Will weep over my grave,
 Flowers, however, will trickle
 Gentle dew upon it.

No travellers will linger there
 As they pass by,
 Yet on its journey, the moon
 Will gaze down on it.

Soon, along this passage
 No earthly creature will think of me,
 But the pasture will remember me,
 And the silent grove.

Flowers, grove and pasture,
 Stars and moonlight
 Of whom I sang, will not forget
 Their singer.

The Cowgirl (Die Sennin)

Lovely cowgirl, once more
 Sing out your call into the valley,
 So that your clear call
 Awakes the cliff's cheerful echo.

Listen, cowgirl, how your singing
 Has penetrated the heart of the mountains,
 How the souls of those rocks
 Joyfully repeat your words!

But one day, as all things pass away,
 You will depart with your song,
 When love has pulled you away
 Or death has taken you.

And there will stand abandoned—
 Looking down in silent sadness—
 The grey, rocky heights,
 Will think back to your songs.

Abendlied, Op. 107, No. 6 (1851)

Original Text by Johann Gottfried Kinkel
(1815–1882)

Es ist so still geworden,
Verrauscht des Abends Wehn;
Nun hört man aller Orten
Der Engel Füsse geh'n.
Rings in die Tiefe senket
Sich Finsterniss mit Macht;
Wirf ab, Herz, was dich kränket
Und was dir bange macht!

Nun steh'n im Himmelskreise
Die Stern' in Majestät;
In gleichem, festem Gleise
Der goldne Wagen geht.
Und gleich den Sternen lenket
Er deinen Weg durch Nacht;
Wirf ab, Herz, was dich kränket
Und was dir bange macht!

Evening Song

It has grown so quiet;
The evening's noise has faded;
Now one can hear all about
The footsteps of the angels.
All around, into the depths
Darkness sinks down with power;
Cast off, heart, that which makes you unwell
And that which troubles you!

Now in the circle of the heavens stand
The stars in their majesty;
Along the same, unchanging track
The golden carriage rolls.
And, like the stars,
It guides your path through the night;
Cast off, heart, that which makes you unwell
And that which troubles you!



music dance theater

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