



Design: Cindy Bouwers

ENCOUNTERS

Sunday
November 21, 1993
8:00pm

Convocation Hall
Arts Building

The Department of Music presents

Kilburn Encounters II

The second in a series of four concerts.

Artistic Directors:

Malcolm Forsyth, William H Street

Program

Sonatina for Violin and Piano in
A-minor D. 385 (1816)

Allegro moderato

Andante

Menuetto & trio

Allegro

Norman Nelson, violin
Stéphane Lemelin, piano

Intermission

Die Winterreise D. 911 (1827)
by Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Richard Lalli, baritone
Stéphane Lemelin, piano

Gute Nacht / Good night

Die Wetterfahne / The Weathervane

Gefrorne Tränen / Frozen Tears

Erstarrung / Numbness

Der Lindenbaum / The Linden Tree

Wasserflut / Torrent

Auf dem Flusse / At the Stream

Rückblick / Retrospect

Irrlicht / Will-o'-the-Wisp

Rast / Rest

Frühlingstraum / A Dream of Spring

Einsamkeit / Lonliness

Die Post / The Mail-Coach

Der greise Kopf / The Gray Head

Die Krähe / The Crow

Letzte Hoffnung / Last Hope

Im Dorfe / In the Village

Der stürmische Morgen / Stormy Morning

Täuschung / Delusion

Der Wegweiser / The Guidepost

Das Wirtshaus / The Inn

Mut / Courage!

Die Nebensonnen / The Mock Suns

Der Leiermann / The Hurdy Gurdy Man

DIE WINTERREISE/The Winter Journey

Wilhelm Müller

1 *GUTE NACHT*

Fremd bin ich eingezogen,
Fremd zieh' ich wieder aus.
Der Mai war mir gewogen
Mit manchem Blumenstrauss.
Das Mädchen sprach von Eh'--
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,
Bis 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 den 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!
Ich schreibe nur im Gehen
An's Tor noch 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 ehr bemerken sollen,
Des Hauses aufgestecktes Schild,
So hätt' er nimmer suchen wollen
Im Haus ein treues Frauenbild.

GOOD NIGHT

A stranger I came,
and a stranger I depart;
May for me
was prodigal with flowers.
The girl spoke of love,
her mother even of marriage--
now the world is so gloomy,
my path covered with snow.

I cannot choose
the time for my journey;
I must find my own way
through this darkness.
A shadow in the moonlight
is my companion,
and over the snowy meadows
I follow the tracks of animals.

Why should I wait
until they drive me out?
Let prowling dogs howl
before their masters' house!
Love likes to rove--
God ordered it so--
from one to another--
dear love, good-night!

I will not disturb your dream,
It would be a shame to break your rest.
You must not hear my footsteps--
softly, softly close the door!
I only write as I leave--
"good-night"--at your gate,
so that you may see
I thought of you.

THE WEATHERVANE

The wind plays with the weathervane
upon my fine sweetheart's house.
So, thought I in my madness,
it flouted the poor fugitive.

He should have noticed sooner
the emblem of the house;
then he never would have sought
a constant woman there.

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. GEFRORENE TRÄNEN

Gefrorene Tropfen fallen
Von meinen Wangen ab:
Und ist's mir denn entgangen,
Dass ich geweinet hab'?

Ei Tränen, meine Tränen,
Und seid ihr gar so lau,
Dass ihr erstarbt 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. ESTARRUNG

Ich such' im Schnee vergebens
Nach ihrer Tritte Spur,
Hier, wo wir oft gewandelt
Selbänder durch die 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 estorben,
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 erfroren,
Kalt starrt ihr Bild darin:
Schmilzt je das Herz mir wieder,
Fliesst auch das Bild dahin.

The wind plays inside with hearts
just as on the roof, only not so loudly.
What do they care for my sorrow?
Their child is a rich bride.

FROZEN TEARS

Frozen drops fall
from my cheeks:
and does it only now come to me
that I have been weeping?

Ah tears, my tears,
and are you then so lukewarm
that you turn to ice
like cool morning dew?

And yet you gush from the well
of my glowing hot breast
as though you would melt
all winter's ice!

NUMBNESS

I look in vain in the snow
for a trace of her footprints,
here where we two used to stroll
across the meadow.

I want to kiss the ground,
to penetrate the ice and snow
with my hot tears
until I see the earth.

Where will I find a blossom,
where will I find green grass?
The flowers are withered,
the sod looks so faded.

Shall I then take with me
no souvenir from here?
If my sorrows are silent,
who will speak to me of her?

My heart is as if frozen,
her cold image fixed within it:
if my heart should ever thaw,
her image also would melt.

5. DER LINDENBAUM

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

Ich schnitt in seine Rinde
So manches liebe Wort;
Es zog in Freud' un Leide
Zu ihm mich immer fort.

Ich musst' 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' in's 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.

Wann 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' mir, wohin geht dein Lauf?
Folge nach nur meinen Tränen,
Nimm 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.

THE LINDEN TREE

By the well in front of the gate
there stands a linden tree:
I dreamed in its shade
many a sweet dream.

I carved in its bark
many a fond word;
in joy and in sorrow
I always felt drawn to it.

I had to pass it again just now
in the deep night,
and even in the dark
I closed my eyes.

And its branches rustled,
as if they were calling to me,
"Come here, friend,
here you will find rest!"

The cold winds blew
right into my face;
my hat flew off my head,
yet I did not turn back.

Now I am many hours
distant from that spot,
yet I always hear it rustling:
"You would find rest there!"

TORRENT

Many tears from my eyes
have fallen in the snow;
its cold flakes
thirstily drink up my hot misery.

When grass is ready to grow
a gentle wind blows from thence,
and the ice breaks into chunks
and the soft snow melts.

Snow, you know of my longing:
tell me, where does your course lead?
Only follow my tears,
and the stream will carry you away.

It will carry you through the town,
in and out of the happy streets:
if you feel my tears burning,
that will be at my sweetheart's
house.

7. AUF DEM FLUSSE

Der du so lustig rauschtest,
Du heller, wilder Fluss,
Wie still bist du geworden,
Giebst keinen Scheidegruss.

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

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!
In 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.

AT THE STREAM

You that used to ripple so happily,
clear, noisy stream,
how quiet you have become!
You give me no parting greeting.

With a hard, stiff crust
you have covered yourself.
You lie cold and motionless,
stretched out in the sand.

In your shell I carve,
with a sharp stone,
the name of my sweetheart,
with the day and hour.

The day of our first greeting
the day of my departure--
around the name and the figure
is wound a broken ring.

My heart, in this brook
do you now recognize your own image?
Under its shell
is it too so painfully swelling?

RETROSPECT

The soles of my feet are burning,
although I walk on ice and snow.
I don't want to draw another breath
until I can no longer see the town towers.

I stumbled over every stone,
so hurriedly did I leave the town;
the crows threw down snow and hailstones
on my head from every roof.

How differently you welcomed me,
fickle town!
At your shining windows the lark
and the nightingale tried to outsing each other.

The rounded linden trees were blooming;
the clear brooks rippled brightly;
and ah, two girlish eyes glowed!--
then it was all over with you, my boy!

If I were to think of that day,
I would want to go back again.
I would want to go back
and stand silent before her house.

9. *DAS 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 irre Gehen,
'S führt ja jeder Weg zum Ziel:
Unsre Freuden, unsre Wehen,
Alles eines Irrlichts Spiel!

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

THE WILL-O'-THE-WISP

Into the deepest rocky chasms
a will-o'-the-wisp has lured me.
How I shall find a way out
does not greatly concern me.

I am used to going astray;
every road leads to its destination
our joys, our sorrows,
all are a will-o'-the-wisp's game.

Through the dry bed of a mountain brook
I take my way quietly down—
every stream will reach the sea,
every sorrow will find a grave.

REST

Now I notice for the first time how tired I am,
as I lie down to rest;
merely walking sustained me
along the dreary path.

My feet did not seem tired,
it was too cold to stop;
my back felt no burden,
the storm helped me along.

In a collier's little hut
I have found shelter;
but now my limbs will not rest
because they ache so.

And you, my heart, in struggle and storm,
so fierce and so bold,
only now, in the silence, feel the worm
bestir itself with burning pangs!

A DREAM OF SPRING

I dreamed of colorful flowers
such as bloom in May;
I dreamed of green fields
and the happy cries of birds.

And when the cocks crew
I opened my eyes;
it was cold and gloomy,
and 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 schönem Maid,
Von Herzen und von Küssen,
Von Wonn' 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 dich, Liebchen, im Arm?

12. *EINSAMKEIT*

Wie eine trübe Wolke
Durch heitre Lüfte geht,
Wann 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 wunderlich,
Mein Herz?

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

But on the window panes
who painted the leaves?
Are you laughing at the dreamer
who saw flowers in winter?

I dreamed of happy love,
of a beautiful girl,
of fondling and of kissing,
of joy and bliss.

And when the cocks crew
my heart awoke;
Now I sit here alone
and I think back over the dream.

I close my eyes again,
my heart still beats ardently.
When will the leaves turn green at the window?
When will I hold you, sweetheart, in my arms?

LONELINESS

Like a murky cloud
passing across the bright sky
when in the tops of the fir-trees
a light breeze is stirring:

so I go my way
onward with dragging feet,
amid the brightness and happiness of life,
lonely and friendless.

If only the air were not so calm!
If only the world were not so bright!
While the storms were still raging
I was not so miserable.

THE MAIL-COACH

Along the street a post-horn sounds,
What is it that makes you so excited,
my heart?

The mail-coach brings no letter for you:
why, then, are you so strangely vexed,
my heart?

Oh, perhaps the coach comes from the town
where I had a sweetheart,
my heart!

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

14. *DER GREISE KOPF*

Der Reif hatt' einen weissen Schein
Mir über's Haar gestreuet.
Da meint' ich schon ein Greis zu sein,
Und hab' mich sehr gefreuet.

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

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

15. *DIE KRÄHE*

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

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

Nun, es wird nicht weit mehr gehn
an den Wanderstabe.
Krähe, lass mich endlich sehn
Treue bis zum Grabe!

16. *LETZTE HOFFNUNG*

Hier und da ist an dem Bäumen
Noch ein buntes Blatt zu sehn,
Und ich bleibe vor den Bäumen
Oftmals in Gedanken stehn.

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

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

Would you like to have a look over there,
and ask how things are going,
my heart?

THE GRAY HEAD

The hoar-frost had given a white luster
to my hair.
I thought I was already an old man,
and it made me very happy.

But soon it thawed away—
I again have black hair.
What a horror I have of my youth—
how far it still is to the grave!

Between sunset and sunrise
many a head has turned gray.
Who would believe it? And mine has not
changed during this whole journey!

THE CROW

A crow followed me
out of the town;
until now, ceaselessly,
he has been flying about my head.

Crow, curious creature,
won't you leave me alone?
Do you mean, as prey, soon
to seize upon my body?

Well, I cannot go much farther
on my staff.
Crow, let me show at last
faithfulness unto the grave!

LAST HOPE

Here and there upon the trees
there is still a colored leaf to be seen.
And by the trees
I often stand musing.

I look at the one leaf
and hang my hope upon it;
if the wind plays with my leaf,
I tremble all over.

Ah, and if the leaf falls to the ground,
with it falls my hope.
I myself sink with it to the earth,
and weep upon the grave of my hope.

17. *IM DORFE*

Es bellen die Hunde, es rasseln die Ketten,
Die Menschen schnarchen 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.

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?

18. *DER STÜRMISCHE MORGEN*

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

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

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

19. *TÄUSCHUNG*

Ein Licht tanz 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!

20. *DER WEGWEISER*

Was vermeid' ich denn die Wege,
Wo die andren 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 Wüstenein?

THE VILLAGE

The dogs bark; their chains rattle;
people are snoring in their beds.
Dreaming of many things they do not have,
they refresh themselves both with the
pleasant and the unpleasant.

And in the morning it is all gone.
Ah well, they have enjoyed their portion,
and hope to find what is still left
over another time on their pillows.

Bark me on my way, watchdogs!
Don't let me rest during the hours of sleep!
I have come to the end of all dreaming—
why should I tarry among the sleepers?

THE STORMY MORNING

How the storm has rent
the gray mantle of heaven!
Tatters of cloud drift
about in weary strife.

And red streaks of lightning
flash among them.
This I call a morning
after my own heart!

My heart sees in the heavens,
painted, its own image—
it is nothing but the winter,
the winter cold and rude!

DELUSION

A light dances cheerily before me;
I follow it this way and that.
I follow it gladly, knowing all the while
that it leads the wanderer astray.
Ah, anyone as miserable as I
gives himself willingly to the colorful
deception that points beyond the ice,
the night, and its horror, to a bright
warm house, and a loving soul within—
only delusion is left for me!

THE GUIDEPOST

Why do I avoid the highways
that other wanderers
travel, and seek out hidden paths
through snowbound rocky heights?

I have done nothing
to make me avoid people—
what mad longing is it
that drives me into the wilderness?

DER WEGWEISER (cont.)

Einen Wiser seh' ich stehen
Unverrückt vor meinem Blick;
Eine Strasse muss ich gehen,
Die noch Keiner ging zurück.

Weiser stehen auf der Strasser,
Weisen auf die Städte zu,
Und ich wand're sonder Massen,
Ohne Ruh' und suche Ruh'.

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
In's kühle Wirtshaus ein.

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

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

22. MUT!

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

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

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

Guideposts stand along the road
pointing to the towns;
but I trudge ceaselessly on
without rest, and seek rest.

One guidepost I see
ever fixed before my eyes:
I must travel a road
by which no one has ever returned.

THE INN

Into a graveyard
my way has led me.
Here will I stop;
I thought to myself.

The green memorial wreaths
might well be the signs
that invite weary travelers
into the cool inn.

Are then in this house
all the rooms taken?
I am so weary I can hardly stand,
and mortally wounded.

O pitiless inn,
do you refuse to take me?
Then on, ever on,
my trusty staff!

COURAGE!

If snow flies in my face,
I brush it off.
If my heart speaks within me
I sing brightly and cheerfully.

I do not hear what it is saying to me;
I have no ears.
I do not feel the cause of its complaint,
complaining is for fools.

Gaily forth into the world,
in spite of wind and weather!
If there be no god on earth,
then we ourselves are gods.

23. DIE NEBENSonnen

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

24. DER LEIERMANN

Drüben hinter'm Dorfe
Steht ein Leiermann,
Und mit starren Fingern
Dreht er was er kann.

Barfuss auf dem Eise
Schwankt er hin und her;
Und sein kleiner Teller
Bleibt ihm immer leer.

Keiner mag ihn hören,
Keiner sieht ihn an;
Und die Hunde brummen
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?

THE MOCK-SUNS

I saw three suns in the sky,
and long and steadfastly I gazed at them.
They stood there so fixedly,
as if they could never leave me.
Ah, you are not my suns!
You are shining into others' faces!
Recently I too had three,
but now the best two have set.
I only wish the third would go down too!
It would be better for me in the darkness.

THE HURDY-GURDY MAN

Over beyond the village
stands a hurdy-gurdy man,
and with his numb fingers
he grinds as best he can.

Barefoot on the ice,
he moves to and fro,
and his little tray
is always empty.

Nobody cares to hear him,
nobody looks at him;
and the dogs snarl
around the old man.

And he lets everything go
as it will;
he grinds, and his hurdy-gurdy
is never silent.

Queer old man,
shall I go with you?
Will you grind out my songs
on your hurdy-gurdy?

Program Notes

Franz Peter Schubert was born in Vienna in 1797. The son of a schoolmaster, he was the third of the four children who survived of the fourteen born to Franz Theodor and Elizabeth Schubert.

In 1808, Schubert was accepted to the Imperial and Royal Seminary, the choir school of the Royal Chapel, on the basis of an audition. At first, he excelled academically, but as he got older, his talent and inclination to music led him to neglect his other studies. In 1811, he wrote his first lied, *Hagars Klage*, and on the basis of this lied, Salieri accepted him as a student in counterpoint. By 1813, his grades had dropped to such a level that his continued studies at the seminary were endangered, resulting in the following document from the Emperor Franz regarding the endowment that funded Schubert's education, dated October 1813:

“Singing and music are but a subsidiary matter, while good morals and diligence in study are of prime importance and an indispensable duty for all those who wish to enjoy the advantages of an Endowment.”

Evidently Schubert disagreed with the Emperor, as in November, he resigned from the seminary. At the instigation of his father, he attended a training school for teachers, and on completing his diploma, began to teach in his father's school. This career was, not surprisingly, very short lived, as Schubert had neither the temperament nor the inclination to teach school- children. In 1816, he left the school in order to devote all of his time to music. Despite all the distractions, Schubert's output to this point was quite amazing; by the end of 1816, he had composed five symphonies, four operas, three piano sonatas, and 250 lieder.

In March and April of 1816, Schubert wrote three sonatas for violin and piano. These were not published in Schubert's lifetime, and in 1829 Schubert's brother Ferdinand offered to sell them, among other scores, to the publisher Diabelli. They are described, in a letter from Ferdinand to Diabelli, as being “three easy, very lovely sonatas for piano and violin”. Diabelli published them in 1836 as *Sonatinen*

despite the fact that the autographs were clearly labelled *Sonata*. Perhaps, as the term “sonata” had by this time picked up a rather academic and high-brow connotation, Diabelli wanted to increase his sales by also appealing to the “lower - brow” end of the market.

Eleven years separate the Sonatina from the second work on the program, *Die Winterreise*, D.911. Schubert continued to compose at a prodigious rate, and after about 1820 started gaining recognition as a composer. It was at about this time that the famous “Schubertiads”, gatherings of Schubert and his friends to enjoy his music, began to take place.

The first part of *Die Winterreise*, a cycle of poems by Wilhelm Muller, was composed in February of 1827, immediately after Schubert discovered the first twelve poems in an almanack. The poems were originally published in 1824 as the second volume of *Gedichte aus den hinterlassenen*

Papieren eines reisenden Waldhornisten (Poems found among the Papers of a Travelling Hornplayer), and they were dedicated to “the immortal master of German song”, Carl Maria von Weber. Muller died in the same year that *Die Winterreise* was composed, without ever hearing Schubert’s setting of his poems.

Die Winterreise was first performed at a Schubertiad at Schober’s house. Josef von Spaun, a close friend of Schubert’s since the Seminary, describes the time of composition and first performance:

“For a time Schubert’s mood became more gloomy and he seemed upset. When I asked him what was the matter he merely said to me “well, you will soon hear it and understand.” One day he said to me “Come to Schober’s today, I will sing you a cycle of awe-inspiring songs. I am anxious to know what you will say about them. They have affected me more than any other songs”. So, in a voice wrought with emotion, he sang the whole of the *Winterreise* through to us. We were quite dumbfounded by the gloomy mood of these songs and Schober had said he had only liked one song, *Der Lindenbaum*. To which Schubert only said, “I like these songs more than all the others and you will get to like them too”; he was right, soon we were enthusiastic over the effect of these melancholy songs, which Vogl performed in a masterly way. More beautiful German songs probably do not exist and they were his real swan song.”

Later in the summer of 1827, Schubert discovered the rest of the poems, and set them to music as Part II of *Die Winterreise*, even though the newly discovered poems were out of order with the first set. Part I was published in January of 1828, and Part II was published in December, a month after Schubert’s death. While on his death bed, Schubert’s final task was to correct the proofs of the second part of *Die Winterreise*.

The opening lied, *Gute Nacht*, admirably sets up the cycle. With its plodding accompaniment and descending melody and offbeat accents, the piano introduction sets the tone for the entry of the voice, “As a stranger I come, as a stranger I leave.” In the first verse, we find that the protagonist, a young man, has been rejected by his beloved who, as we discover at the end of *die Wetterfahne*, jilted him in favour of a more solvent suitor.

What follows is a description of the young man’s journey, not only through an inhospitable winter countryside, but also through a bleak emotional landscape of brooding torment and despair. His state of mind is affected by his shattered love affair as well as the cold and darkness of the winter night, and tension is created between the physical necessity of the wanderer to move on due to the cold and his waning will to live. The wanderer’s despair also colours his perception of nature, and occasionally he seems to be hallucinating, as in *Irrlicht* (A will-o’-the-wisp lured me away deep into the mountains), or in *Täuschung* (A light dances cheerfully before me.... though I see that it lures the wanderer astray).

There are moments of remembered joy in *Die Winterreise*, but they are short-lived and tend to act as foils to deepen the despair of the wanderer. In *Der Lindenbaum*, the wanderer recalls carving words of love on the tree; in *Fruhlingstraum*, he dreamt of bright flowers in May, recalling the first song, *Gute Nacht*, where the month of May treated him kindly, with a bouquet of flowers. In every case, though, the brief glimpse of hope is dashed and gloom descends immediately. In *Mut* (Courage), the wanderer is defiant of his fate. This is the penultimate poem in Muller's cycle, but Schubert changes the order and places it before *Die Nebensonnen*, probably to weaken the contrast between *Mut* and the final poem, *Der Leiermann*.

Whether Schubert stands at the end of the Classical period or at the beginning of the Romantic period is a continuing bone of contention among musicologists. However, with such archetypal Romantic concepts as the wanderer, the yearning for the unattainable and ineffable (in the forms of death and unrequited love), and nature represented as a mysterious, frightening, and sometimes supernatural force, *Die Winterreise* stands as one of the epitomes of Romantic musical expression.

Kilburn Encounters Concert Series

This series of concerts is made possible through the generosity of the Nicholas Arthur Kilburn Endowment Fund, established in his memory by his sons, Peter (BA, University of Alberta, 1929) and the late Nicholas Weldon. Nicholas Arthur Kilburn (1875-1931) was a member of the University of Alberta Board of Governors.

All are welcome at the post-concert reception in the Arts Lounge (Rm 132) located off the main foyer of this building. Please join the performers, faculty and students of the Department of Music for an opportunity to discuss the music and the performances you have just experienced!

The third concert in the 1993-94 KILBURN ENCOUNTERS series will be on Sunday, January 16, 1994 at 8:00 pm and will feature Lawrence Cherney, oboe, with Norman Nelson, violin, Jonathan Craig, viola, and Tanya Prochazka, cello. Program will include works by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, Toru Takemitsu, Giacinto Scelsi, Harry Somers, Brian Cherney, David Keane and Jonathan Harvey.

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