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Franz Schubert's Winterreise

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Franz Schubert's
Winterreise

James Weaver, *baritone*
Joanne Kong, *piano*

Monday, February 4, 2013
7:30 p.m.
Camp Concert Hall
Booker Hall of Music





Franz Schubert

Program

James Weaver, *baritone*
Joanne Kong, *piano*

Assisted by Jeffrey Riehl

Winterreise

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

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2. Die Wetterfahne
3. Gefrorene Tränen
4. Erstarrung
5. Der Lindenbaum
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7. Auf dem Flusse
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Recited prose translations from
Retracing a Winter's Journey: Schubert's Winterreise
by Susan Youens
(Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 1991)



Please silence cell phones, digital watches, and paging devices before the concert.

Winterreise

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Franz Schubert's *Winterreise* is considered to be the pinnacle of the art song repertoire, unsurpassed in its artistic mastery, large-scale unity and emotional power. Special significance has been attached to the pervading themes of death and loneliness, for the cycle dates from the year before the composer's death. The twenty-four songs were the result of an extended ten-month period of composition, undoubtedly influenced by Schubert's worsening illness; ironically, the poet, Wilhelm Müller (1794-1827) 1794) would also die at a young age. The intensity of the texts go beyond the Romantic sensibilities typically associated with 19th-century *Lied*—with the exception of a few lighter memories, thoughts and dreams ("Der Lindenbaum", "Die Post", "Frühlingstraum"), the protagonist is beset by unrelenting isolation and melancholy, in a stark landscape and journey that will end in the ultimate destination, death. The hopefulness and ebullience of youthful love (evident, for example, in the beginning of Schubert's 1823 cycle, "Die schöne Müllerin") have been replaced by a harsh reality as seen in "Gefrorne Tränen" (Frozen Tears), "Erstarrung" (Numbness), and "Der stürmische Morgen" (The Stormy Morning); the few living things encountered include a crow ("Die Krähe") and the organ grinder ("Der Leiermann"), whose presence personifies the solitary, perpetual sadness of the wanderer, a metaphor for his inward despair. Notably, two-thirds of the songs are in minor keys. Beginning with the lover's departure from his beloved's home, and continuing through the desolate journey, the range of expressive nuance and dramatic unfolding of the extended monologue make great demands upon both singer and pianist. The keyboard writing portrays nature and various elements of the story, but not in a merely descriptive way, for the effectiveness of the cycle lies in Schubert's ability to sustain an emotional and psychological narrative through his choice of musical material, with the voice and piano treated as dramatic equals.

Josef von Spaun, one of Schubert's closest friends, described the presentation of *Winterreise* as follows:

Schubert had been in a gloomy mood for some time and seemed unwell. 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 terrifying songs. I am anxious to know what you will say about them. They have affected me more than has been the case with 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 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 sang in a masterly way. More beautiful German songs probably do not exist and they were his real swan-song.

—Notes by Joanne Kong

Texts by Wilhelm Müller (1794-1827)

Translation by Celia Sgroi

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 piff den armen Flüchtling aus.
Er hätt' es eher bemerken sollen,
Des Hauses aufgestecktes Schild,
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.

1. Good Night

I came here a stranger,
As a stranger I depart.
May favored me
With many a bunch of flowers.
The girl spoke of love,
Her mother even of marriage -
Now the world is so gloomy,
The road shrouded in snow.
I cannot choose the time
To begin my journey,
Must find my own way
In this darkness.
A shadow of the moon travels
With me as my companion,
And upon the white fields
I seek the deer's track.
Why should I stay here any longer
So that people can drive me away ?
Let stray dogs howl
In front of their master's house;
Love loves to wander -
God made it that way -
From one to the other,
My dearest, good night !
I don't want to disturb your dreaming,
It would be a shame to wake you.
You won't hear my step,
Softly, softly the door closes !
I write in passing
On your gate: Good night,
So that you may see
That I thought of you.

2. The Weathervane

The wind plays with the weathervane
On my lovely darling's house.
And I thought in my delusion,
That it mocked the poor fugitive.
He should have noticed sooner
The symbol displayed on the house,
So he wouldn't ever have expected
To find a faithful woman within.
The wind plays with the hearts inside
As it does on the roof, only not so loudly.
Why should they care about my grief ?
Their child is a rich bride.

3. Gefrorene Tränen

Gefrorene 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 erstartet 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 start ihr Bild darin;
Schmilzt je das Herz mir wieder,
Fließt auch ihr Bild dahin !

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 immer fort.
Ich muß' auch heute wandern
Vorbei in tiefer Nacht,
Da hab' ich noch im Dunkeln
Die Augen zugemacht.
Und seine Zweige rauschten,
Als riefen sie mir zu:
Komm her zu mir, Geselle,
Hier find'st 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 !

3. Frozen Tears

Frozen drops are falling
Down from my cheeks.
How could I have not noticed
That I have been weeping ?
Ah tears, my tears,
And are you so tepid
That you freeze to ice
Like cool morning dew ?
Yet you burst from the wellspring
Of my heart so burning hot,
As if you wanted to melt
The entire winter's ice !

4. Numbness

I search the snow in vain
For the trace of her steps.
Where she, arm in arm with me,
Crossed the green meadow.
I want to kiss the ground,
Penetrate ice and snow
With my hot tears,
Until I see the soil.
Where will I find a blossom,
Where will I find green grass ?
The flowers are all dead,
The turf is so pale.
Shall then no memento
Accompany me from here ?
When my pains cease,
Who will tell me of her then ?
My heart is as if dead,
Her image frozen cold within;
If my heart ever thaws again,
Her image will melt away, too !

5. The Linden Tree

At the well by the gate
There stands a linden tree;
I dreamed in its shadow
Many a sweet dream.
I carved in its bark
Many a word of love;
In joy and in sorrow
I was always drawn to it.
Again today I had to travel
Past it in the depths of night.
There even in the darkness
I closed my eyes.
And its branches rustled,
As if they called to me:
Come here to me, friend,
Here you'll find peace !
The cold winds blew
Right into my face;
The hat flew off my head,
I didn't turn around.
Now I am many hours
Distant from that place,
And I still hear it whispering:
You'd find peace here !

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,
Nimmst 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.

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 Grüßes,
Den Tag, an dem ich ging;
Um Nam' und Zahlen windet
Sich ein zerbroch'ner 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 Ball' 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 gescheh'n um dich, Gesell!
Kommt mir der Tag in die gedanken,
Möcht' ich noch einmal rückwärt's seh'n.
Möcht' ich zurücke wieder wanken,
Vor ihrem Hause stille steh'n.

6. Flood Water

Many a tear from my eyes
Has fallen in the snow;
Its cold flakes absorb
Thirstily the burning woe.
When it's time for the grass to sprout
There blows a mild wind,
And the ice will break apart
And the soft snow melt away.
Snow, you know about my longing,
Tell me, where does your course lead?
If you just follow my tears,
The brook will soon receive you.
You will flow through the town with it,
In and out of the busy streets;
When you feel my tears burning,
There is my sweetheart's house.

7. On the River

You who thundered so cheerfully,
You clear, untamed river,
How quiet you have become,
Give no word of farewell.
With a hard stiff crust
You have covered yourself,
Lie cold and unmoving,
Outstretched in the sand.
In your covering I inscribe
With a sharp stone
The name of my sweetheart
And the hour and day, as well.
The day of the first greeting,
The day on which I left;
Around name and figures winds
A broken ring.
My heart, in this stream
Do you now recognize your image?
And under its crust
Is there also a raging torrent?

8. A Look Backward

It's burning under both my feet,
Even though I walk on ice and snow;
I don't want to catch my breath
Until I can no longer see the spires.
I tripped on every stone,
As I hurried out of the town;
The crows hurled chunks of snow and ice
On my hat from every house.
How differently you received me,
You town of inconstancy!
At your sparkling windows sang
The lark and nightingale in competition.
The bushy linden trees bloomed,
The clear streams murmured brightly,
And, oh, two maiden's eyes glowed -
Your fate was sealed, my boy!
Whenever that day enters my thoughts,
I want to look back once more,
I want to turn back again
And stand still 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;
Uns're Freuden, uns're Wehen,
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 fragen 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 ruh'n 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.
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 ?

9. Will o' the Wisp

Into the deepest mountain chasms
A will o' the wisp lured me;
How to find a way out
Doesn't worry me much.
I'm used to going astray,
And every way leads to the goal.
Our joys, our sorrows,
Are all a will o' the wisp's game !
Through the mountain stream's dry channel
I wend my way calmly downward.
Every river finds its way to the ocean,
And every sorrow to its grave.

10. Rest

Now I first notice how tired I am
As I lay myself down to rest;
Walking kept me going strong
On the inhospitable road.
My feet didn't ask for rest,
It was too cold to stand still,
My back felt no burden,
The storm helped to blow me onward.
In a charcoal-burner's tiny house
I have found shelter;
But my limbs won't relax,
Their hurts burn so much.
You, too, my heart, in strife and storm
So wild and so bold,
Feel first in the silence your serpent
Stir with burning sting !

11. Dream of Spring

I dreamed of many-colored flowers,
The way they bloom in May;
I dreamed of green meadows,
Of merry bird calls.
And when the roosters crowed,
My eye awakened;
It was cold and dark,
The ravens shrieked on the roof.
But on the window panes -
Who painted the leaves there ?
I suppose you'll laugh at the dreamer
Who saw flowers in winter ?
I dreamed of love reciprocated,
Of a beautiful maiden,
Of embracing and kissing,
Of joy and delight.
And when the roosters crowed,
My heart awakened;
Now I sit here alone
And reflect on the dream.
I close my eyes again,
My heart still beats so warmly.
When will you leaves on the window turn
green ?
When will I hold my love in my arms ?

12. Einsamkeit

Wie eine trübe Wolke
Durch heit're 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 wunderbar,
Mein Herz ?
Nun ja, die Post kommt aus der Stadt,
Wo ich ein liebes Liebchen hat,
Mein Herz !
Willst wohl einmal hinüberseh'n
Und fragen, wie es dort mag geh'n,
Mein Herz ?

14. Der greise Kopf

Der Reif hatt' einen weißen Schein
Mir übers Haar gestreuet;
Da glaubt' ich schon ein Greis zu sein
Und hab' mich sehr gefreuet.
Doch bald ist er hinweggetaut,
Hab' wieder schwarze Haare,
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

Eine 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 geh'n
An dem Wanderstabe.
Krähe, laß mich endlich seh'n
Treue bis zum Grabe !

12. Solitude

As a dreary cloud
Moves through the clear sky,
When in the crown of the fir tree
A faint breeze blows,
So I travel my road
Onward with sluggish feet,
Through bright, happy life,
Lonely and unrecognized.
Oh, that the air should be so still !
Oh, that the world should be so light !
When the storms still raged,
I was not so miserable.

13. The Post

From the highroad a posthorn sounds.
Why do you leap so high,
My heart ?
The post does not bring a letter for you,
Why the strange compulsion,
My heart ?
Of course, the post comes from the town,
Where I once had a dear sweetheart,
My heart !
Would you like to take a look over there,
And ask how things are going,
My heart ?

14. The Old-Man's Head

The frost has spread a white sheen
All over my hair;
I thought I had become an old man
And was very pleased about it.
But soon it melted away,
And now I have black hair again
So that I am horrified by my youth -
How long still to the grave !
From the sunset to the dawn
Many a head turns white.
Who can believe it ? And mine
Has not on this whole journey !

15. The Crow

A crow has accompanied me
Since I left the town,
Until today, as ever,
It has circled over my head.
Crow, you strange creature,
Won't you ever leave me ?
Do you plan soon as booty
To have my carcass ?
Well, I won't be much longer
Wandering on the road.
Crow, let me finally see
Loyalty unto the grave !

16. Letzte Hoffnung

Hie und da ist an den Bäumen
Manches bunte Blatt zu seh'n,
Und ich bleibe vor den Bäumen
Oftmals in Gedanken steh'n.
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.

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 Argem erlaben;
Und morgen früh ist alles zerflossen.
Je nun, sie haben ihr Teil genossen
Und hoffen, was sie noch übrig lieben,
Doch wieder zu finden auf ihren Kissen.
Bellt mich nur fort, ihr wachen Hunde,
Laßt mich nicht ruh'n in der Schlummer-
merstunde !
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 im matten Streit.
Und rote Feuerflammen
Zieh'n zwischen ihnen hin;
Das nenn' ich einen Morgen
So recht nach meinem Sinn !
Mein Herz sieht an dem Himmel
Gemalt sein eig'nes Bild -
Es ist nichts als der Winter,
Der Winter kalt und 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 !

16. Last Hope

Here and there on the trees
There's a colored leaf to be seen.
And I stop in front of the trees
Often, lost in thought.
I watch a particular leaf
And pin my hopes on it;
If the wind plays with my leaf
I tremble from head to foot.
Oh, and if the leaf falls to earth,
My hopes fall along with it.
I fall to earth as well
And weep on the grave of my hopes.

17. In the Village

The dogs are barking, the chains are rattling;
The people are sleeping in their beds,
Dreaming of things they don't have,
Refreshing themselves in good and bad.
And in the morning all will have vanished.
Oh well, they had their share of pleasure
And hope that what they missed
Can be found again on their pillows.
Drive me out with your barking, you vigilant
dogs,
Don't let me rest when it's time for slumber.
I am finished with all my dreams.
Why should I linger among the sleepers ?

18. The Stormy Morning

How the storm has torn asunder
The heavens' grey cover !
The cloud tatters flutter
Around in weary strife.
And fiery red flames
Dart around among them;
That's what I call a morning
That really fits my mood !
My heart sees in the heavens
Its own image painted -
It's nothing but the winter,
Winter cold and wild !

19. Illusion

A light does a friendly dance before me,
I follow it here and there;
I like to follow it and watch
The way it lures the wanderer.
Ah, a man as wretched as I am
Is glad to fall for the merry trick
That, beyond ice and night and fear,
Shows him a bright, warm house.
And a loving soul within -
Only illusion lets me win !

20. Der Wegweiser

Was vermeid' ich denn die Wege,
Wo die ander'n Wand'rer geh'n,
Suche mir versteckte Stege,
Durch verschneite Felsenhö'h'n ?
Habe ja doch nichts begangen,
Daß ich Menschen sollte scheu'n, -
Welch ein törichtes Verlangen
Treibt mich in die Wüstenei'n ?
Weiser stehen auf den Straßen,
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 Wand'rer laden
Ins kühle Wirtshaus ein.
Sind denn in diesem Hause
Die Kammern all' besetzt ?
Bin matt zum Niedersinken,
Bin tödlich schwer verletzt.
O unbarmherz'ge Schenke,
Doch weistest 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.
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 !

20. The Sign Post

Why then do I avoid the highways
Where the other travelers go,
Search out the hidden pathways
Through the snowy mountain tops ?
I've committed no crime
That I should hide from other men -
What is the foolish compulsion
That drives me into desolation ?
Signposts stand along the highways
Pointing to the cities,
And I wander ever further
Without rest and look for rest.
Before me I see a signpost standing
Fixed before my gaze.
I must travel a road
From which no one ever returned.

21. The Inn

My way has led me
To a graveyard;
Here I'll stop,
I told myself.
You green mourning garlands
Must be the sign
That invites weary travelers
Into the cool inn.
What, all the rooms
In this house are full?
I'm tired enough to drop,
Have taken mortal hurt.
Oh, merciless inn,
You turn me away?
Well, onward then, still further,
My loyal walking staff!

22. Courage

If the snow flies in my face,
I shake it off again.
When my heart speaks in my breast,
I sing loudly and gaily.
I don't hear what it says to me,
I have no ears to listen;
I don't feel when it laments,
Complaining is for fools.
Happy through the world along
Facing wind and weather !
If there's no God upon the earth,
Then we ourselves are Gods !

23. Die Nebensonnen

Drei Sonnen sah ich am Himmel steh'n,
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 ander'n doch ins 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 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 geh'n ?
Willst zu meinen Liedern
Deine Leier dreh'n ?

23. The False Suns

I saw three suns in the sky,
Stared at them hard for a long time;
And they stayed there so stubbornly
That it seemed they didn't want to leave me.
Ah, you are not my suns !
Go, look into someone else's face !
Yes, recently I, too, had three
But now the best two have gone down.
If only the third would also set !
I will feel better in the dark.

24. The Hurdy-Gurdy Man

Over there beyond the village
Stands an organ-grinder,
And with numb fingers
He plays as best he can.
Barefoot on the ice,
He totters here and there,
And his little plate
Is always empty.
No one listens to him,
No one notices him,
And the dogs growl
Around the old man.
And he just lets it happen,
As it will,
Plays, and his hurdy-gurdy
Is never still.
Strange old man,
Shall I go with you ?
Will you play your organ
To my songs?



About the Artists

JAMES WEAVER, baritone, has been critically acclaimed for “first-class performances, rich in tone, clear, and forceful in diction, powerfully emotive in style” (*The Washington Post*), “firm, flexible, expressively vivid tones throughout a wide vocal compass” (*Chicago Tribune*), “a strong command of line” (*San Francisco Examiner*), and “wonderfully clean, woodwind-like passagework; mellifluous German; a warm tone color” (*The Boston Globe*).

Since finishing studies with Max van Egmond at Amsterdam's Sweelinck Conservatory, he has been a frequent performer with many of the finest orchestras and chamber ensembles in North America and Europe. He has sung with such diverse groups as Collegium Vocale Ghent, The Academy of the Begynhof, the Dutch experimental theater group GRIF, Ensemble Courant, the Orpheus Band, Philharmonia Baroque Orchestra, Dryden Ensemble, Santa Fe Pro Musica, the Seattle and Portland Baroque Orchestras, the Baltimore Consort, Newberry Consort, Columbus Consort, and the Ricercar Consort. An acclaimed Bach specialist, he has worked with Joshua Rifkin and The Bach Ensemble, Jeffrey Thomas and the American Bach Soloists, Kenneth Slowik and the Smithsonian Chamber Players, the San Francisco Bach Choir, Bethlehem Bach Choir, Cathedral Choral Society, and the Washington Bach Consort. Recent engagements include performances of Bach's *Christmas Oratorio* with Santa Fe Pro Musica, Bach Masses with the Washington Bach Consort and the *St. John Passion* with American Bach Soloists.

A sought-after interpreter of Lieder, Mr. Weaver has collaborated with such celebrated accompanists as Dalton Baldwin, Kenneth Slowik and Joanne Kong. Mr. Weaver is on the faculty of a number of music workshops, including the San Francisco Early Music Baroque Workshop, Longy International Baroque Institute, and Rutgers University Antheneum. He has made numerous recordings with the American Bach Soloists on Koch International and can also be heard on the Dorian, Smithsonian, Channel Classics, Ricercar, and Newport Classics labels. Mr. Weaver's most recent recordings include the world premiere of *Night Music* by Peter Hallock, written especially for Mr. Weaver and performed with the Augustan Singers at the Cathedral of St. Mark in Seattle, and volume one of the Complete Bach Masses on the Loft Label with the Washington Bach Consort. A native of Detroit, Mr. Weaver is currently a member of the vocal and chamber music faculty at the University of Richmond, and resides in Williamsburg, where he is Music Director at Williamsburg Presbyterian Church.

Keyboardist **JOANNE KONG** captures the attention of audiences in compelling performances that celebrate the vibrancy and eloquence of musical expression. Embracing a broad range of repertoire from Baroque to contemporary music, her performances have been praised for “great finesse and flexibility” (*The Washington Post*), “superb” playing (*The Boston Globe*), “utmost keyboard sensitivity and variety of tone” (*Richmond Times-Dispatch*), “remarkable technical ability” (*The Oregonian*), and “superb artistry” (*San Antonio Express-News*) for works “sensitively played” (*The New York Times*). Her versatility includes the distinction of being the first artist to release a harpsichord-piano recording of Bach’s *Goldberg* and Beethoven’s *Diabelli Variations*, on the BRIOSO label. Other critically acclaimed recordings on the same label include English music with violinist Karen Johnson, and a recording of German and Russian art songs with baritone Zheng Zhou.

Kong has performed to critical acclaim at numerous venues including the Los Angeles and Oregon Bach Festivals, Abbey Bach Festival, Bach Aria Festival, Texas Bach Collegium, Houston Harpsichord Recital Series, Memphis Chamber Music Society, Stotsenberg Concert Series, San Antonio Festival, Los Angeles Monday Evening Concert Series, Virginia Waterfront International Festival of the Arts, the Royal Netherlands Embassy, National Gallery of Art Concert Series, Strathmore Hall’s “Music in the Mansion” series, Columbia University, Harvard University, the Conservatorio di Verona “Evaristo Felice Dall’Abaco” in Italy, and orchestral performances under William McGlaughlin, Myung-Whun Chung, Alberto Bolet, Steven Smith, Samuel Baron, George Manahan, Alexander Kordzaia, Eckart Preu, John Sinclair, Mark Russell Smith, Gil Rose and Alex Pauk. A gifted collaborator, she has performed with numerous artists including the Shanghai String Quartet, flutist Eugenia Zukerman, cellist James Wilson, viola da gambist Lisa Terry, violinist Karen Johnson, soprano Ying Huang, pianist Paul Hanson, baritones James Weaver and Zheng Zhou, and has been master class pianist for James Buswell, Timothy Eddy, Robert Bloom, David Shifrin, Alice Schoenfeld, Eleonore Schoenfeld, Harvey Pittel, Gwendolyn Koldofsky, Arleen Augér, Phyllis Bryn-Julson, Lucy Shelton, Jennifer Larmore, Thomas Hampson, William Ferguson, Roberta Alexander, Roberta Peters, Dawn Upshaw, Amanda Pabyan, and Gian Carlo Menotti. She has presented master classes around the country, including New York University’s prestigious Piano Artist Master Class Series.

Of particular note, Kong gave the world premiere of Pulitzer Prize-winning composer Michael Colgrass’s *Side by Side*, the first concerto written for a soloist in the dual role of pianist and harpsichordist. The work was performed by Toronto’s Esprit Orchestra (2007), the Boston Modern Orchestra Project (2007), and the Richmond Symphony (2010). Kong’s large repertoire of contemporary music includes solo, chamber and orchestral works of Olivier Messiaen, György Ligeti, Oliver Knussen, Elliott Carter, John Cage, Arvo Pärt, William Bolcom, John Corigliano, Chou Wen-Chung, Gunther Schuller, Joan Tower, Vivian Fine, Margaret Brouwer, Lester Trimble, Joel Feigin, Joseph Baber, Daniel Perlono, Allan Blank, Robert Linn, and many others. Other recent performances of contemporary music include collaborations with two-time Grammy Award-winning ensemble eighth blackbird, as well as nation-wide performances in 2008 to celebrate the centennials of Olivier Messiaen and Elliott Carter. She has also been a guest artist and coach in the Summer Institute for Contemporary Performance Practice, held at New England Conservatory.

A native of Southern California, Kong is the recipient of national and international honors, including performance fellowships from the American Academy of the Arts in Europe and the Bach Aria Festival, designation as a Laureate in the 1983 National Beethoven Foundation Fellowship Auditions, three Ruth Lorraine Close Fellowships, and the Irl Allison Grand Prize in the 1985 International Piano Recording Competition. In addition to concertizing, her performances have been broadcast over numerous radio stations, including National Public Radio's *Performance Today*, WQXR in New York, WFMT in Chicago, CKWR in Ontario, and the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. She is in frequent demand as a coach for piano, harpsichord, vocal and chamber music, and has been recognized for her exceptional work with gifted young musicians. Kong is currently the Director of Accompaniment and coordinator of chamber music ensembles at the University of Richmond. A graduate of the University of Southern California and University of Oregon, she has studied with Joanna Hodges, Malcolm Hamilton and Victor Steinhardt, and performed in the master classes of Leon Fleisher and Lorin Hollander.





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PAUL HANSON, *piano*

Sun., February 3—3:00p
RICHARD BECKER, *piano*

Mon., February 4—7:30p
Schubert's WINTERREISE
James Weaver, *baritone*
Joanne Kong, *piano*

Mon., February 18—7:30p
NEUMANN LECTURE ON MUSIC:
MUSIC AND THE BRAIN
Dr. Craig Wright

Thurs., March 21—7:30p
JOHN CAGE CENTENNIAL CONCERT I
Faculty, students, eighth blackbird

Sun., March 24—3:00p
DUO PIANO RECITAL
Richard Becker & Doris Wylee-Becker

Wed., March 27—7:30p
JOHN CAGE CENTENNIAL CONCERT II
PAUL HANSON, *piano*

Wed., April 10—7:30p
UNIVERSITY SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Sat., April 13—3:00p *
GLOBAL SOUNDS CONCERT
*Jenkins Greek Theatre;
Rain: Camp Concert Hall

Sun., April 14—3:00p
SCHOLA CANTORUM &
WOMEN'S CHORALE

Mon., April 15—7:30p
JAZZ & CONTEMPORARY COMBOS

WED., APRIL 17—7:30P
UNIVERSITY WIND ENSEMBLE

Sun., April 21—4:00p *
EARTH DAY CELEBRATION:
John Luther Adams' *Inuksuit*
*Jenkins Greek Theatre—outdoor
amphitheatre; handicap access available.
Rain: TBA

Mon., April 22—7:30p
UNIVERSITY CHAMBER ENSEMBLES