



presents...

**MARK PADMORE** | Tenor  
**PAUL LEWIS** | Piano

Friday, September 26, 2025 | 7:30pm

Herbst Theatre

**SCHUMANN**

**Four Hans Christian Andersen Lieder, Opus 40**

*Märzveilchen*  
*Muttertraum*  
*Der Soldat*  
*Der Spielmann*

**Liederkreis, Opus 39**

*In der Fremde*  
*Intermezzo*  
*Waldesgespräch*  
*Die Stille*  
*Mondnacht*  
*Schöne Fremde*  
*Auf einer Burg*  
*In der Fremde*  
*Wehmut*  
*Zwielicht*  
*Im Walde*  
*Frühlingsnacht*

INTERMISSION

### **Dichterliebe, Opus 48**

*Im wunderschönen Monat Mai  
Aus meinen Tränen sprießen  
Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne  
Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'  
Ich will meine Seele tauchen  
Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome  
Ich grolle nicht  
Und wüßten's die Blumen  
Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen  
Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen  
Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen  
Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen  
Ich hab' im Traum geweint  
Allnächtlich im Traume seh' ich dich  
Aus alten Märchen winkt es  
Die alten, bösen Lieder*

**Mark Padmore** is represented by Maxine Robertson Management  
Office 127, 43 Bedford Street, London WC2E 9HA, UK    [maxinerobertson.com](http://maxinerobertson.com)

**Paul Lewis** is represented by Maestro Arts  
Somerset House, West Wing, Strand, London, WC2R 1LA, United Kingdom    [maestroarts.com](http://maestroarts.com)

Steinway Model D, Pro Piano, San Francisco.

## ARTIST PROFILE

San Francisco Performances presents Mark Padmore for the seventh time. He made his series debut in October 2012 with pianist Jonathan Biss.

Paul Lewis appears for the fifth time. He made his debut as a soloist in May 2006.



**Mark Padmore** was born in London and studied at King's College, Cambridge. He has established an international career in opera, concert, and recital. His appearances in Bach Passions have gained particular notice, especially his renowned performances as Evangelist in the *St. Matthew* and *St. John Passions* with the Berlin Philharmonic and Simon Rattle, staged by Peter Sellars.

Recent performances have included Evangelist in the *St. Matthew Passion* with the Bavarian Radio Symphony Orchestra and Simon Rattle and with the Turku Philharmonic Orchestra; Britten *Nocturne* with the BBC Scottish Symphony Orchestra and Ryan Wigglesworth and also with the Freiburg Chamber Orchestra; and Judith Weir's *In the Land of Uz* at the Worcester Three Choirs Festival.

In recital, Mark has sung Schubert *Winterreise* with Till Fellner at the Innsbrucker Festwochen and Mitsuko Uchida at Carnegie Hall New York, the Kimmel Center Philadelphia and the University of California at Berkeley.

Following a residency at Wigmore Hall in the 2021–22 season where he celebrated his relationship with pianists Till Fellner, Imogen Cooper, Mitsuko Uchida and Paul Lewis, he recently returned to sing Vaughan Williams and Fauré with the Elias Quartet and James Baillieu, a program he recently performed with the same forces in Alicante, Spain.

Other recent recitals include performances in Barcelona and Madrid with Julius Drake; the Muziekgebouw Amsterdam with Till Fellner. He also appeared in recitals with guitar at Le Pont International Music Festival Japan.

Mark's most recent opera appearance

was at the Grand Théâtre de Genève, singing the title role in a new production of Monteverdi *Il ritorno d'Ulisse in patria* conducted by Fabio Biondi. Another highlight was a new production of Britten's *Death in Venice* at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden where his performance was described as a "tour de force" and "exquisite of voice, [presenting] Aschenbach's physical and spiritual breakdown with extraordinary detail and insight." Previous roles include Captain Vere in Britten *Billy Budd* and Evangelist in a staging of *St. Matthew Passion* for the Glyndebourne Festival, and leading roles in Harrison Birtwistle *The Corridor* and *The Cure* at the Aldeburgh Festival.

In concert Mark performs with the world's leading orchestras. He was Artist in Residence for the 2017–18 season with the Berlin Philharmonic and held a similar position with the Bavarian Radio Symphony Orchestra in 2016–17. His work with the Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment has involved projects exploring both the Bach *St. John* and *St. Matthew Passion* without conductor which attracted worldwide acclaim.

His extensive and award-winning discography includes Schumann *Dichterliebe* with Kristian Bezuidenhout and Schubert song cycles with Paul Lewis, both for Harmonia Mundi. Described by *The New York Times* as "Schubert Masters" Mark Padmore and Mitsuko Uchida recently embarked on a series of highly acclaimed, worldwide recitals and this partnership has culminated in a recording on Decca Classics of Schubert *Schwanengesang* and Beethoven *An die ferne Geliebte*.

Mark was Artistic Director of the St. Endellion Summer Music Festival in Cornwall from 2012–2022, voted 2016 Vocalist of the Year by Musical America and appointed CBE in the 2019 Queens' Birthday Honours List.



**Paul Lewis** is one of the foremost interpreters of the Central European piano repertoire, his performances and recordings of Beethoven and Schubert receiving

universal critical acclaim. He was awarded CBE for his services to music, and the sincerity and depth of his musical approach have won him fans around the world.

This global popularity is reflected in the world-class orchestras with whom he works, including the Berlin Philharmonic, Chicago Symphony, London Symphony, Philharmonia, Bavarian Radio Symphony, NHK Symphony, New York Philharmonic, LA Philharmonic, Royal Concertgebouw and Leipzig Gewandhaus orchestras. His close relationship with Boston Symphony Orchestra led to his selection as the 2020 Koussevitzky Artist at Tanglewood.

Lewis often focuses on specific composers in projects that allow him to take audiences deep inside the works. In 2026 and 2027, he will tour his *Mozart+* series around the world, juxtaposing Mozart's lesser-known piano repertoire with works by composers such as Poulenc, Chopin, and Weber, illuminating Mozart's influences over subsequent generations, as well as shining a light on works that are often overshadowed by his concertos. Previously, between 2022 and 2025, Lewis embarked on a Schubert Piano Sonata Series, presenting four programs of the completed sonatas at over 40 venues around the world.

With a natural affinity for Beethoven, Lewis has performed the composer's complete piano concerto cycle all over the world and was the first pianist to present it in a single BBC Proms season, in 2010. He has subsequently performed it in Tanglewood in 2022, Boston in 2023 with Andris Nelsons and Boston Symphony Orchestra, and in 2025 with Eivind Aadland and Oslo Philharmonic. He took part in the BBC's three-part documentary *Being Beethoven*.

Beyond many award-winning Beethoven and Schubert recordings, his discography with Harmonia Mundi also demonstrates his characteristic depth of approach in Romantic repertoire such as Schumann, Mussorgsky, Brahms and Liszt. In March 2025 he gave the world premiere of Thomas Larcher's *Piano Sonata* in Oviedo, Italy, and he continues to perform it around the world.

In chamber music, Lewis works closely with tenor Mark Padmore in lied recitals around the world—they have recorded three Schubert song cycles together—and he is co-Artistic Director of Midsummer Music, an annual chamber music festival held in Buckinghamshire, UK. In May 2025 he was the first non-American pianist to chair the jury of the Cliburn Piano Competition.



presents...

**MARK PADMORE** | Tenor  
**PAUL LEWIS** | Piano

Friday, September 26, 2025 | 7:30pm  
Herbst Theatre

**Program Notes, Texts, and Translations**

*Please hold your applause until the end of each set.  
Please turn pages quietly.*

**Four Hans Christian Andersen Lieder, Opus 40**

**ROBERT SCHUMANN**

(1810–1856)

This all-Robert Schumann recital offers 36 of his songs, all of them composed in a two-month span in 1840. That was the famous “year of song,” during which Schumann—fired by his love for the young Clara Wieck—wrote 140 songs before the couple was married in September of that year. In July, while Clara was gone on a brief tour as a concert pianist, Robert composed his *Fünf Lieder, Opus 40*, and this recital opens with the first four of those songs, all of which set brief texts by Hans Christian Andersen (1805–1875).

We remember Andersen primarily for his fairy tales, and Schumann was attracted to his world of nature, the macabre, and the magical. Andersen wrote in Danish, and Schumann set these four songs in a German translation by the German poet Adalbert von Chamisso. Chamisso was an extremely interesting figure: in addition to being a poet and novelist, he was also a soldier, naturalist, botanist, and linguist. [San Franciscans should know that as a young man Chamisso was part of a three-year voyage of exploration around the world. That expedition spent the fall of 1816 in San Francisco Bay, and while here Chamisso made a survey of the flora and fauna of this region that is so accurate and detailed that it remains in print today. He also observed a bright orange flower and gave it what is still its official Latin name: *Eschscholzia californica*; we know it as the Golden Poppy.]

The subjects of the four Andersen texts that Schumann set are quite varied. “Märzveilchen” (March Violets) offers a playful but still serious situation: a young man peers at flowers in a shop window and suddenly becomes aware of a pair of blue eyes behind those violets; the final line is a benediction. Schumann sets the vocal line over a halting accompaniment and rounds the song off with a piano postlude. In “Muttertraum” (A Mother’s Dream), that loving dream is only a prelude to the ghastly final stanza, and Schumann’s song is suitably unsettling. “Der Soldat” (The Soldier) feels like a precursor to the military songs Mahler would write 50 years later. Here to the sound of rolling drums, a soldier is marched out, blindfolded, and shot by a firing squad as the soldier’s close friend looks on in horror. That horror explodes in the song’s final line, which is spoken over the piano’s whirring tremolandi. “Der Spielmann” (The Fiddler) continues this vein of horror: it offers a portrait of what at first seems to be a happy wedding—before we understand what’s going on. The quick tempo of the opening, *Quasi presto*, slows down as the song proceeds.

Clara Schumann met Andersen while on tour and told him of Robert’s plan to set some of his poems. Andersen was soon in contact with Robert, and he wrote that the composer’s promise to send him the published songs brought “the summer sun into my heart on this occasion. I long to receive them.” Several years later, in 1844, Andersen met Robert and heard these songs performed (with Clara at the piano) at a musical soirée in Leipzig.

### **Märzveilchen**

Der Himmel wölbt sich rein und blau,  
Der Reif stellt Blumen aus zur Schau.

Am Fenster prangt ein flimmernder Flor.  
Ein Jüngling steht, ihn betrachtend, davor.

Und hinter den Blumen blühet noch gar  
Ein blaues, ein lächelndes Augenpaar.

Märzveilchen, wie jener noch keine gesehen.  
Der Reif wird angehaucht zergehen.

Eisblumen fangen zu schmelzen an,  
Und Gott sei gnädig dem jungen Mann.

### **Muttertraum**

Die Mutter betet herzlich und schaut  
Entzückt auf den schlummernden Kleinen.  
Er ruht in der Wiege so sanft und traut.  
Ein Engel muß er ihr scheinen.

Sie küßt ihn und herzt ihn, sie hält sich kaum.  
Vergessen der irdischen Schmerzen,  
Es schweift in die Zukunft ihr Hoffnungsraum.  
So träumen Mütter im Herzen.

Der Rab indes mit der Sippschaft sein  
Kreischt draußen am Fenster die Weise:  
Dein Engel, dein Engel wird unser sein!  
Der Räuber dient uns zur Speise!

### **Der Soldat**

Es geht bei gedämpfter Trommel Klang;  
Wie weit noch die Stätte! der Weg wie lang!  
O wär er zur Ruh und alles vorbei!  
Ich glaub', es bricht mir das Herz entzwei.

Ich hab' in der Welt nur ihn geliebt,  
Nur ihn, dem jetzt man den Tod doch gibt.  
Bei klingendem Spiele wird paradiert,  
Dazu bin auch ich kommandiert.

Nun schaut er auf zum letztenmal  
In Gottes Sonne freudigen Strahl,—  
Nun binden sie ihm die Augen zu,—  
Dir schenke Gott die ewige Ruh!

Es haben dann Neun wohl angelegt,  
Acht Kugeln haben vorbeigefegt;  
Sie zittern alle vor Jammer und Schmerz—  
Ich aber, ich traf ihn mitten in das Herz.

### **March violets**

The sky arches clear and blue;  
The hoar-frost fashions flowers.

The window-pane gleams with shimmering blossom,  
A young man stands there, looking on.

And blossoming behind those flowers  
Is a pair of smiling blue eyes.

March violets, sweeter than he'd ever seen.  
A single breath will melt the frost.

The icy flowers begin to thaw—  
May the Lord have mercy on that young man.

### **A mother's dream**

A mother prays fervently and looks  
With joy at her little slumbering son;  
He sleeps in the cradle all snug and warm,  
To her he must seem like an angel.

She kisses and hugs him; can hardly restrain herself,  
Forgetting all her earthly sorrows;  
Her hopes and dreams hover in the future;  
That's how all mothers dream in their hearts.

The raven meanwhile with its brood  
Croaks this tune outside the window:  
Your angel, your angel shall be our prey!  
We shall peck at the robber as food!

### **The Soldier**

He walks to the sound of the muffled drum;  
How far away the place! how long the way!  
Ah, were he at rest and all this done!  
My heart, I think, will break in two.

None but him in the world have I loved,  
Him, who now they're putting to death.  
The firing squad parades will full band,  
I too am detailed for the task.

Now he takes his last look  
At the joyous rays of God's sun,—  
Now they're blindfolding him,—  
May God grant you eternal peace!

The nine of us took good aim,  
Eight bullets whistled wide of the mark;  
Every man shook with pity and grief—  
But I, I shot him clean through the heart.

## Der Spielmann

Im Städtchen gibt es des Jubels viel,  
Da halten sie Hochzeit mit Tanz und mit Spiel,  
Dem Fröhlichen blinket der Wein so rot,  
Die Braut nur gleicht dem getünchten Tod.

Ja tot für den, den nicht sie vergißt,  
Der doch beim Fest nicht Bräutigam ist;  
Da steht er inmitten der Gäste im Krug,  
Und streicht die Geige lustig genug!

Er streicht die Geige, sein Haar ergraut,  
Es schwingen die Saiten gellend und laut,  
Er drückt sie ans Herz und achtet es nicht,  
Ob auch sie in tausend Stücke zerbricht.

Es ist gar grausig, wenn einer so stirbt,  
Wenn jung sein Herz um Freude noch wirbt;  
Ich mag und will nicht länger es sehn!  
Das möchte den Kopf mir schwindelnd verdrehn.—

Wer heißt euch mit Fingern zeigen auf mich?  
O Gott—bewahr uns gnädiglich,  
Daß Keinen der Wahnsinn übermannt;  
Bin selber ein armer Musikant.

—Texts by Adelbert von Chamisso (1781–1838)

## The Fiddler

In the little town there's much rejoicing,  
They're holding a wedding with music and dance,  
The happy man quaffs the glinting red wine,  
But the bride is as pale as death.

She is dead for the one she cannot forget,  
Who's at the feast but not as the groom;  
He stands among the guests at the inn,  
And plays his fiddle gaily enough!

He plays his fiddle, his hair turns grey,  
The strings resound shrill and loud,  
He presses the fiddle to his heart, heedless  
If it shatters in a thousand pieces.

It's hideous for a man to die in this way,  
When his heart's still young and striving for joy;  
I cannot and will not watch any more!  
My head might reel in a fatal whirl.—

Who said to point a finger at me?  
O God—have mercy,  
Let none of us go mad;  
I too am just a poor musician.

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

## Liederkreis, Opus 39

In April 1840—while they were waiting for their marriage several months later—Robert Schumann was able to spend a few blissful weeks with Clara Wieck in Berlin. From Leipzig he brought with him a collection of songs he had sketched over the previous month, and in Berlin he played these songs for Clara and for Mendelssohn. Both admired the songs greatly; in fact, there is evidence that Mendelssohn, who had a fine voice, may have been the first to sing them, with Clara at the piano. In 1842 Schumann gathered 12 of these songs and published them under the title *Liederkreis*, which translates simply (and prosaically) as “Song-Cycle.”

All 12 of the poems are by the German poet Joseph Freiherr von Eichendorff (1788–1857). Educated at Heidelberg, Eichendorff served in the Prussian army during the Napoleonic wars and then became a minor (and disgruntled) government official, finally quitting to devote himself to poetry, journalism, and scholarship. During his later years, he was an associate of such German romantic poets as Schlegel, Arnim, and Brentano. Eichendorff published a novel called *Presentiment and the Present Time*, a lengthy story called *Memoirs of a Good-for-Nothing* about a happy wandering youth, three epic poems, and literary history.

One of the best-read and most discriminating of composers, Schumann drew his Eichendorff poems from several sources, and a great deal of recent scholarly effort has gone into trying to determine the unity of this “Song-Cycle”: some search for a common figure, others for a narrative progression across the cycle, still others for specifically musical relationships. Finally the only really convincing unity of this cycle is that all the poems are by one poet. Certainly the range of subject matter in these 12 poems constitutes a virtual textbook definition of romanticism: they are about nature, love, the past, night, loneliness, mystery, ecstasy, beauty, and—sometimes—the darker face behind beauty.

*Liederkreis* is concise: these 12 songs take only 24 minutes. A few specific notes: the opening “In der Fremde,” with its lonely wanderer making his way over dark, rippling accompaniment, feels like a song from Schubert’s *Winterreise*. “Waldesgespräch” tells once again the ancient Lorelei legend of temptress and victim. This is a dialogue song, with the man riding in confidently on the sound of hunting horns and only gradually realizing that he has been trapped. “Mondnacht” is the longest—and perhaps most famous—song in this cycle. Schumann marks it “tender, secret” as the singer virtually whispers these images of night and unfolding love. “In der Fremde” almost perfectly embodies the spirit (and technique) of these songs. This is a high-romantic poem, with its lost wanderer, a sense of beauty just out of reach, the gradual blurring of perceptions, and—in the last stanza—the death of love. Schumann alternates tempos in a way that mirrors the rustling brook of the first stanza or the flickering moonbeams of the third—as well as the fluid emotions of the poet. “Zwielficht” is a warning

about the murky depths of human nature, here symbolized by twilight. The two-part piano accompaniment remains linear rather than chordal, and the voice almost chokes out its dark admonitions in lines that are spoken rather than sung. The cycle concludes with the blissful “Frühlingsnacht,” and it is typical of *Liederkreis* that songs like this one and “Zwielicht” can exist so close together. Here everything is swept up in the giddy transport of love, as the beating wings of migrating birds make the air ring with the intensity of the poet’s love.

“This cycle is my most romantic,” said Schumann, and the unity of *Liederkreis* may lie not in archetypal patterns or recurring musical motifs but in the intensity of the composer’s response to the many faces of Eichendorff’s world. Fired by his own love for Clara and his burning pleasure in writing songs, Schumann found in Eichendorff’s poems a mirror for his own emotions, and the unifying features of *Liederkreis* may simply be the depth of Schumann’s feelings and the beauty of these settings.

### **In der Fremde**

Aus der Heimat hinter den Blitzen rot  
Da kommen die Wolken her,  
Aber Vater und Mutter sind lange tot,  
Es kennt mich dort keiner mehr.

Wie bald, ach wie bald kommt die stille Zeit,  
Da ruhe ich auch, und über mir  
Rauscht die schöne Waldeinsamkeit,  
Und keiner kennt mich mehr hier.

### **Intermezzo**

Dein Bildnis wunderselig  
Hab’ ich im Herzensgrund,  
Das sieht so frisch und fröhlich  
Mich an zu jeder Stund’.

Mein Herz still in sich singet  
Ein altes, schönes Lied,  
Das in die Luft sich schwinget  
Und zu dir eilig zieht.

### **Waldesgespräch**

Es ist schon spät, es ist schon kalt,  
Was reit’st du einsam durch den Wald?  
Der Wald ist lang, du bist allein,  
Du schöne Braut! Ich führ’ dich heim!

„Groß ist der Männer Trug und List,  
Vor Schmerz mein Herz gebrochen ist,  
Wohl irrt das Waldhorn her und hin,  
O flieh! Du weißt nicht, wer ich bin.“

So reich geschmückt ist Roß und Weib,  
So wunderschön der junge Leib,  
Jetzt kenn’ ich dich—Gott steh’ mir bei!  
Du bist die Hexe Loreley.

„Du kennst mich wohl—von hohem Stein  
Schaut still mein Schloß tief in den Rhein.  
Es ist schon spät, es ist schon kalt,  
Kommst nimmermehr aus diesem Wald!“

### **In a Foreign Land**

From my homeland, beyond the red lightning,  
The clouds come drifting in,  
But father and mother have long been dead,  
Now no one knows me there.

How soon, ah! how soon till that quiet time  
When I too shall rest  
Beneath the sweet murmur of lonely woods,  
Forgotten here as well.

### **Intermezzo**

I bear your beautiful likeness  
Deep within my heart,  
It gazes at me every hour  
So freshly and happily.

My heart sings softly to itself  
An old and beautiful song  
That soars into the sky  
And swiftly wings its way to you.

### **A Forest Dialogue**

It is already late, already cold,  
Why ride lonely through the forest?  
The forest is long, you are alone,  
You lovely bride! I’ll lead you home!

‘Great is the deceit and cunning of men,  
My heart is broken with grief,  
The hunting horn echoes here and there,  
O flee! You do not know who I am.’

So richly adorned are steed and lady,  
So wondrous fair her youthful form,  
Now I know you—may God protect me!  
You are the enchantress Lorelei.

‘You know me well—from its towering rock  
My castle looks silently into the Rhine.  
It is already late, already cold,  
You shall never leave this forest again!’

## Die Stille

Es weiß und rät es doch Keiner,  
Wie mir so wohl ist, so wohl!  
Ach, wüßt' es nur Einer, nur Einer,  
Kein Mensch es sonst wissen soll!

So still ist's nicht draußen im Schnee,  
So stumm und verschwiegen sind  
Die Sterne nicht in der Höh',  
Als meine Gedanken sind.

Ich wünscht', ich wär' ein Vöglein  
Und zöge über das Meer,  
Wohl über das Meer und weiter,  
Bis daß ich im Himmel wär'!

## Mondnacht

Es war, als hätt' der Himmel,  
Die Erde still geküßt,  
Daß sie im Blütenschimmer  
Von ihm nun träumen müßt'.

Die Luft ging durch die Felder,  
Die Ähren wogten sacht,  
Es rauschten leis die Wälder,  
So sternklar war die Nacht.

Und meine Seele spannte  
Weit ihre Flügel aus,  
Flog durch die stillen Lande,  
Als flöge sie nach Haus.

## Schöne Fremde

Es rauschen die Wipfel und schauern,  
Als machten zu dieser Stund'  
Um die halb versunkenen Mauern  
Die alten Götter die Rund'.

Hier hinter den Myrtenbäumen  
In heimlich dämmernder Pracht,  
Was sprichst du wirr, wie in Träumen,  
Zu mir, phantastische Nacht?

Es funkeln auf mich alle Sterne  
Mit glühendem Liebesblick,  
Es redet trunken die Ferne  
Wie von künftigem großen Glück!

## Silence

No one knows and no one can guess  
How happy I am, how happy!  
If only one, just one person knew,  
No one else ever should!

The snow outside is not so silent,  
Nor are the stars on high  
So still and taciturn  
As my own thoughts.

I wish I were a little bird,  
And could fly across the sea,  
Across the sea and further,  
Until I were in heaven!

## Moonlit Night

It was as though Heaven  
Had softly kissed the Earth,  
So that she in a gleam of blossom  
Had only to dream of him.

The breeze passed through the fields,  
The corn swayed gently to and fro,  
The forests murmured softly,  
The night was so clear with stars.

And my soul spread  
Her wings out wide,  
Flew across the silent land,  
As though flying home.

## A beautiful foreign land

The tree-tops rustle and shudder  
As if at this very hour  
The ancient gods  
Were pacing these half-sunken walls.

Here beyond the myrtle trees  
In secret twilight splendour,  
What are you saying, fantastic night,  
Obscurely, as in a dream?

The glittering stars gaze down on me,  
Fierily and full of love,  
The distant horizon speaks with rapture  
Of some great happiness to come!

*program continues on next page →*

### **Auf einer Burg**

Eingeschlafen auf der Lauer  
Oben ist der alte Ritter;  
Drüben gehen Regenschauer,  
Und der Wald rauscht durch das Gitter.

Eingewachsen Bart und Haare,  
Und versteinert Brust und Krause,  
Sitzt er viele hundert Jahre  
Oben in der stillen Klausen.

Draußen ist es still und friedlich,  
Alle sind in's Tal gezogen,  
Waldesvögel einsam singen  
In den leeren Fensterbögen.

Eine Hochzeit fährt da unten  
Auf dem Rhein im Sonnenschein,  
Musikanten spielen munter,  
Und die schöne Braut, die weinet.

### **In der Fremde**

Ich hör' die Bächlein rauschen  
Im Walde her und hin,  
Im Walde, in dem Rauschen  
Ich weiß nicht, wo ich bin.

Die Nachtigallen schlagen  
Hier in der Einsamkeit,  
Als wollten sie was sagen  
Von der alten, schönen Zeit.

Die Mondschimmer fliegen,  
Als sah' ich unter mir  
Das Schloß im Tale liegen,  
Und ist doch so weit von hier!

Als müßte in dem Garten  
Voll Rosen weiß und rot,  
Meine Liebste auf mich warten,  
Und ist doch so lange tot.

### **In a Castle**

Up there at his look-out  
The old knight has fallen asleep;  
Rain-storms pass overhead,  
And the wood stirs through the portcullis.

Beard and hair matted together,  
Ruff and breast turned to stone,  
For centuries he's sat up there  
In his silent cell.

Outside it's quiet and peaceful,  
All have gone down to the valley,  
Forest birds sing lonely songs  
In the empty window-arches.

Down there on the sunlit Rhine  
A wedding-party's sailing by,  
Musicians strike up merrily,  
And the lovely bride—weeps.

### **In a Foreign Land**

I hear the brooklets murmuring  
Through the forest, here and there,  
In the forest, in the murmuring  
I do not know where I am.

Nightingales are singing  
Here in the solitude,  
As though they wished to tell  
Of lovely days now past.

The moonlight flickers,  
As though I saw below me  
The castle in the valley,  
Yet it lies so far from here!

As though in the garden,  
Full of roses, white and red,  
My love were waiting for me,  
Yet she died so long ago.

## **Wehmut**

Ich kann wohl manchmal singen,  
Als ob ich fröhlich sei,  
Doch heimlich Tränen dringen,  
Da wird das Herz mir frei.

Es lassen Nachtigallen,  
Spielt draußen Frühlingsluft,  
Der Sehnsucht Lied erschallen  
Aus ihres Kerkers Gruft.

Da lauschen alle Herzen,  
Und alles ist erfreut,  
Doch keiner fühlt die Schmerzen,  
Im Lied das tiefe Leid.

## **Zwielicht**

Dämmerung will die Flügel spreiten,  
Schaurig rühren sich die Bäume,  
Wolken ziehn wie schwere Träume—  
Was will dieses Graun bedeuten?

Hast ein Reh du lieb vor andern,  
Laß es nicht alleine grasen,  
Jäger ziehn im Wald und blasen,  
Stimmen hin und wieder wandern.

Hast du einen Freund hienieden,  
Trau ihm nicht zu dieser Stunde,  
Freundlich wohl mit Aug' und Munde,  
Sinnt er Krieg im tück'schen Frieden.

Was heut gehet müde unter,  
Hebt sich morgen neugeboren.  
Manches geht in Nacht verloren—  
Hüte dich, sei wach und munter!

## **Im Walde**

Es zog eine Hochzeit den Berg entlang,  
Ich hörte die Vögel schlagen,  
Da blitzten viel Reiter, das Waldhorn klang,  
Das war ein lustiges Jagen!

Und eh' ich's gedacht, war alles verhallt,  
Die Nacht bedeckt die Runde;  
Nur von den Bergen noch rauschet der Wald  
Und mich schauert's im Herzensgrunde.

## **Sadness**

True, I can sometimes sing  
As though I were content;  
But secretly tears well up,  
And my heart is set free.

Nightingales, when spring breezes  
Play outside, sing  
Their song of longing  
From their dungeon cell.

Then all hearts listen  
And everyone rejoices,  
Yet no one feels the pain,  
The deep sorrow in the song.

## **Twilight**

Dusk is about to spread its wings,  
The trees now shudder and stir,  
Clouds drift by like oppressive dreams—  
What can this dusk and dread imply?

If you have a fawn you favour,  
Do not let her graze alone,  
Hunters sound their horns through the forest,  
Voices wander to and fro.

If here on earth you have a friend,  
Do not trust him at this hour,  
Though his eyes and lips be smiling,  
In treacherous peace he's scheming war.

That which wearily sets today,  
Will rise tomorrow, newly born.  
Much can go lost in the night—  
Be wary, watchful, on your guard!

## **In the Forest**

A wedding procession wound over the mountain,  
I heard the warbling of birds,  
Riders flashed by, hunting horns peeled,  
That was a merry chase!

And before I knew, all had faded,  
Darkness covers the land,  
Only the forest sighs from the mountain,  
And deep in my heart I quiver with fear.

*program continues on next page →*

## Frühlingsnacht

Über'm Garten durch die Lüfte  
Hört' ich Wandervogel zieh'n,  
Das bedeutet Frühlingsdüfte,  
Unten fängt's schon an zu blüh'n.

Jauchzen möcht' ich, möchte weinen,  
Ist mir's doch, als könnt's nicht sein!  
Alte Wunder wieder scheinen  
Mit dem Mondesglanz herein.

Und der Mond, die Sterne sagen's,  
Und im Traume rauscht's der Hain  
Und die Nachtigallen schlagen's:  
Sie ist Deine, sie ist Dein!

—Texts by Joseph von Eichendorff (1788–1857)

## Spring Night

Over the garden, through the air  
I heard birds of passage fly,  
A sign that spring is in the air,  
Flowers already bloom below.

I could shout for joy, could weep,  
For it seems to me it cannot be!  
All the old wonders come flooding back,  
Gleaming in the moonlight.

And the moon and stars say it,  
And the dreaming forest whispers it,  
And the nightingales sing it:  
'She is yours, is yours!'

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

## INTERMISSION

## Dichterliebe, Opus 48

Robert Schumann fell in love with Clara Wieck while she was still in her early teens, but the course of true love did not run smooth. Her repressive and controlling father was violently opposed to Schumann and did everything possible to block the match. It took a long series of court actions to escape his grasp, and the couple was not free to marry until 1840, when Clara was 21. Before that, Schumann had composed almost exclusively for the piano, but now—with the prospect of marital happiness before him—Schumann began to write for voice: 1840 was the famous “year of song,” during which he composed over 130 songs. The couple was not married until September, but they spent several happy weeks together in Berlin that spring, and in the aftermath of that union Schumann produced two song cycles: *Liederkreis*, Opus 39 and *Dichterliebe*, Opus 48; the latter was composed very quickly, between May 24 and June 1.

*Dichterliebe* (“Poet’s Love”) is a true cycle: it sets the work of one poet, concerns itself with one subject, and offers a progression of ideas across the span of the songs. For his texts, Schumann turned to the German poet Heinrich Heine, whose mixture of sentimental romanticism and irony particularly appealed to him. From Heine’s *Buch des Lieder* (Book of Songs, published in 1827), Schumann chose brief poems about love. There is a clear progression across the cycle: the texts are first about giddy love, then give way to doubts and the decay of love, go on to pain and sorrow, and finally to despair and images of death.

So troubling a progression is remarkable from one on the verge of marriage, and in his book on Schumann’s songs Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau asks a penetrating question: was Schumann in love with Clara—or with the idea of being in love with Clara? The singer notes that when things were looking bleakest for the young couple, Schumann could produce his most heartfelt love songs; when marriage actually seemed imminent, Schumann could be externally happy but wrote songs full of fear and worry. Perhaps this is the reason Heine’s love lyrics—with their sharp mixture of feelings—spoke directly to the composer.

Schumann’s settings of Heine’s poems are quite concise: the 16 songs take only 26 minutes. The progression is easy to follow: *Dichterliebe* opens with the bursting buds of May and concludes with a burial scene. Along the way, listeners can savor such particular pleasures as the ecstasy of “Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne”; the intensity of “Ich will meine Seele tauchen,” which seems almost without melody; the nervous accompaniment to “Und wüßten’s die Blume”; the eerie premonitions of Mahler in “Das ist ein Flöten”; and the subtly expressive key changes in “Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen.”

Throughout, special attention should be paid to the piano. Schumann may be inspired by the possibilities of the human voice, but his own instrument plays a central role here, often doubling the voice or taking the melodic line for its own. The piano epilogues sometimes provide the most subtle comment on the real meaning of the poems.

—Program notes by Eric Bromberger

### **Im wunderschönen Monat Mai**

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,  
Als alle Knospen sprangen,  
Da ist in meinem Herzen,  
Die Liebe aufgegangen.

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai  
Als alle Vögel sangen,  
Da hab' ich ihr gestanden  
Mein Sehnen und Verlangen.

### **Aus meinen Tränen sprießen**

Aus meinen Tränen sprießen  
Viel blühende Blumen hervor,  
Und meine Seufzer werden  
Ein Nachtigallenchor.

Und wenn du mich lieb hast, Kindchen,  
Schenk' ich dir die Blumen all';  
Und vor deinem Fenster soll klingen  
Das Lied der Nachtigall.

### **Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne**

Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne,  
Die liebt' ich einst alle in Liebeswonne.  
Ich lieb' sie nicht mehr, ich liebe alleine  
Die Kleine, die Feine, die Reine, die Eine;  
Sie selber, aller Liebe Bronne.

Ist Rose und Lilie und Taube und Sonne.  
Ich liebe alleine  
Die Kleine, die Feine, die Reine, die Eine.

### **Wenn Ich in deine Augen seh'**

Wenn ich in deine Augen seh',  
So schwindet all' mein Leid und Weh;  
Doch wenn ich küsse deinen Mund,  
So werd' ich ganz und gar gesund.

Wenn ich mich lehn' an deine Brust  
Kommt's über mich wie Himmelslust;  
Doch wenn du sprichst: ich liebe dich!  
So muß ich weinen bitterlich.

### **In the wonderfully beautiful month of May**

In the wonderfully beautiful month of May  
When all the buds are bursting open,  
There, from my own heart,  
Bursts forth my own love.

In the wonderfully beautiful month of May  
When all the birds are singing,  
So have I confessed to her  
My yearning and my longing.

### **From my tears sprout forth**

From my tears sprout forth  
Many blooming flowers,  
And my sighing become joined with  
The chorus of the nightingales.

And if you love me, dear child,  
I will send you so many flowers;  
And before your window should sound  
The song of the nightingale.

### **The rose, the lily, the dove, the sun**

The rose, the lily, the dove, the sun,  
I loved them all once in love's bliss.  
I love them no more, I love only  
The Small, the Fine, the Pure the One;  
I love only them.

The rose, lily, dove and sun.  
I love only  
The small, fine, the pure, the one.

### **When I gaze into your eyes**

When I gaze into your eyes,  
All my pain and woe vanishes;  
Yet when I kiss your lips,  
I am made wholly and entirely healthy.

When I lay against your breast  
It comes over me like longing for heaven;  
Yet when you say, "I love you!"  
I must cry so bitterly.

*program continues on next page →*

### **Ich will eine Seele tauchen**

Ich will meine Seele tauchen  
In den Kelch der Lilie hinein;  
Die Lilie soll klingend hauchen  
Ein Lied von der Liebsten mein.

Das Lied soll schauern und beben  
Wie der Kuß von ihrem Mund  
Den sie mir einst gegeben  
In wunderbar süßer Stund'.

### **Im Rhein, im schönen Strome**

Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome,  
Da spiegelt sich in den Well'n  
Mit seinem grossen Dome,  
Das grosse, heilige Köln.

Im Dom da steht ein Bildnis,  
Auf gold'nem Leder gemalt;  
In meines Lebens Wildnis  
Hat's freundlich hineingestrahlt.

Es schweben Blumen und Eng'lein  
Um unsre liebe Frau;  
Die Augen, die Lippen, die Wäng'lein,  
Die gleichen der Liebsten genau.

### **Ich Grolle nicht**

Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das Herz auch bricht!  
Ewig verlor'nes Lieb! Ich grolle nicht.  
Wie du auch strahlst in Diamantenpracht,  
Es fällt kein Strahl in deines Herzens Nacht.  
Das weiß ich längst.

Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das Herz auch bricht!  
Ich sah dich ja im Traum,  
Und sah die Nacht in deines Herzens Raum,  
Und sah die Schlang', die dir am Herzen frisst;  
Ich sah, mein Lieb, wie sehr du elend bist.

### **Und wüßten's die Blumen**

Und wüßten's die Blumen, die kleinen,  
Wie tief verwundet mein Herz,  
Sie würden mit mir weinen,  
Zu heilen meinen Schmerz.

Und wüßten's die Nachtigallen  
Wie ich so traurig und krank,  
Sie ließen fröhlich erschallen  
Erquickenden Gesang.

### **I want to delve my soul**

I want to delve my soul  
Into the cup of the lily;  
The lily should give resoundingly  
A song belonging to my beloved.

The song should shudder and tremble  
Like the kiss from her lips  
That she once gave me  
In a wonderfully sweet hour.

### **In the Rhine, in the holy stream**

In the Rhine, in the holy stream  
Is it mirrored in the waves  
With its great cathedral  
That great, holy city Cologne.

In the Cathedral stands an image,  
Painted on golden leather;  
Into the wildness of my life  
Has it shone, friendly.

Flowers and little cherubs hover  
Around our beloved Lady;  
The eyes, the lips, the cheeks,  
They match my beloved's exactly.

### **I bear no grudge**

I bear no grudge, even when my heart is breaking!  
Love lost forever! I bear no grudge.  
Although you shine in diamond splendor,  
No beam falls into the night of your heart.  
I will know that for a long time.

I bear no grudge, and when my heart is breaking!  
I truly saw you in my dreams,  
And saw the night in the room of your heart,  
And saw the snake that bites your heart;  
I saw, my dear, how truly miserable you are.

### **And if the blooms**

And if the blooms, the small ones, knew  
How deeply wounded is my heart,  
They would weep with me,  
To heal my pain.

And if the nightingales knew  
How sad and ill I am,  
They would let forth merrily  
A refreshing song.

Und wüßten sie mein Wehe,  
Die goldnen Sternelein,  
Sie kämen aus ihrer Höhe,  
Und sprächen Trost mir ein.

Die alle können's nicht wissen,  
Nur eine kennt meinen Schmerz;  
Sie hat ja selbst zerrissen,  
Zerrissen mir das Herz.

### **Das ist ein Flöten un Geigen**

Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen,  
Trompeten schmetterten drein;  
Da tanzt wohl den Hochzeitreigen  
Die Herzallerliebste mein.

Das ist ein Klingen und Dröhnen,  
Von Pauken und Schalmei'n;  
Dazwischen schluchzen und stöhnen  
Die guten Engelein.

### **Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen**

Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen  
Das einst die Liebste sang.  
So will mir die Brust zerspringen  
Vor wildem Schmerzdrang.

Es treibt mich ein dunkles Sehnen  
Hinauf zur Waldeshöh',  
Dort löst sich auf in Tränen  
Mein übergroßes Weh'.

### **Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen**

Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen,  
Die hat einen andern erwählt;  
Der andre liebt eine andre,  
Und hat sich mit dieser vermählt.

Das Mädchen heiratet aus Ärger  
Den ersten besten Mann,  
Der ihr in den Weg gelaufen;  
Der Jüngling ist übel dran.

Es ist eine alte Geschichte,  
Doch bleibt sie immer neu;  
Und wem sie just passiert,  
Dem bricht das Herz entzwei.

And if they knew my woe,  
The little golden stars,  
They would come down from their heights,  
And speak their consolation to me.

But all of them could not know this,  
Only one knows my pain;  
She herself has indeed torn,  
Torn my heart in two.

### **There is a fluting and fiddling**

There is a fluting and fiddling,  
With trumpets blaring in;  
In a wedding dance dances  
She who is my heart's whole love.

There is a ringing and roaring,  
A drumming and sounding of shawms;  
In between which sob and moan  
The lovely little angels.

### **I hear the dear song sounding**

I hear the dear song sounding  
That once my beloved sang.  
And my heart wants to burst so strongly  
From the savage pressure of pain.

A dark longing is driving me  
Up into the heights of the woods,  
Where in my tears can be dissolved  
My own colossal woe.

### **A young man loved a girl**

A young man loved a girl,  
Who had chosen another man;  
This other man loved yet another girl,  
And wed that one.

The first girl married out of spite  
The first, best man  
That happened into her path;  
That young man is not well off.

It is an old story,  
Yet it remains ever new;  
And to he whom it has just happened,  
It will break his heart in two.

*program continues on next page →*

### **Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen**

Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen  
Geh' ich im Garten herum.  
Es flüstern und sprechen die Blumen;  
Ich aber, ich wandle stumm.

Es flüstern und sprechen die Blumen,  
Und schau'n mitleidig mich an.  
"Sei unserer Schwester nicht böse,  
Du trauriger blasser Mann."

### **Ich hab' im Traum geweinet**

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet,  
Mir träumte, du lägest im Grab.  
Ich wachte auf, und die Träne  
Floß noch von der Wange herab.

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet,  
Mir träumt', du verließest mich.  
Ich wachte auf, und ich weinte  
Noch lange bitterlich.

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet,  
Mir träumte, du wär'st mir noch gut.  
Ich wachte auf, und noch immer  
Strömt meine Tränenflut.

### **Allnächtlich im Traume seh' ich dich**

Allnächtlich im Traume seh' ich dich  
Und sehe dich freundlich grüßen,  
Und laut aufweinend stürz' ich mich  
Zu deinen süßen Füßen.

Du siehst mich an wehmütiglich  
Und schüttelst das blonde Köpfchen;  
Aus deinen Augen schleichen sich  
Die Perletränenröpfchen.

Du sagst mir heimlich ein leises Wort,  
Und gibst mir den Strauß von Zypressen;  
Ich wache auf, und der Strauß ist fort,  
Und das Wort hab' ich vergessen.

### **On a shining summer morning**

On a shining summer morning  
I wander around my garden.  
The flowers are whispering and speaking;  
I, however, wander silently.

The flowers are whispering and speaking  
And look at me sympathetically.  
"Do not be angry with our sister,  
You sad, pale man."

### **I wept in my dream**

I wept in my dream,  
I dreamed you lay in a grave.  
I awoke, and my tears  
Still flowed down my cheeks.

I wept in my dream,  
I dreamed you had abandoned me.  
I awoke and I cried  
Bitterly for a long while.

I wept in my dream,  
I dreamed you were still good to me.  
I awoke, and still  
Streams my flood of tears.

### **Nightly I see you in my dreaming**

Nightly I see you in my dreams  
And I see you greet me, friendly,  
And crying out loudly, I throw myself  
At your sweet feet.

You look at me sorrowfully  
And shake your dear, blond head;  
From your eyes sneak forth  
The pearly teardrops.

You say a soft word to me secretly,  
And give me a branch of the cypress;  
I awake, and the branch is gone,  
And I have forgotten the word.

## Aus alten Märchen winkt es

Aus alten Märchen winkt es  
Hervor mit weißer Hand,  
Da singt es und da klingt es  
Von einem Zauberland,

Wo bunte Blumen blühen  
Im gold'nen Abendlicht,  
Und lieblich duftend glühen  
Mit bräutlichem Gesicht,

Und grüne Bäume singen  
Uralte Melodei'n;  
Die Lüfte heimlich klingen,  
Und Vögel schmetternd drein,

Und Nebelbilder steigen  
Wohl aus der Erd' hervor  
Und tanzen luft'gen Reigen  
Im wunderlichen Chor,

Und blaue Funken brennen  
An jedem Blatt und Reis,  
Und rote Lichter rennen  
Im irren, wirren Kreis,

Und laute Quellen brechen  
Aus wildem Marmorstein,  
Und seltsam in den Bächen  
Strahlt fort der Widerschein.

Ach, könnt' ich dorthin kommen  
Und dort mein Herz erfreu'n  
Und aller Qual entnommen  
Und frei und selig sein!

Ach! jenes Land der Wonne  
Das seh' ich oft im Traum,  
Doch kommt die Morgensonne,  
Zerfließt's wie eitel Schaum.

## From old fairy tales beckons

From old fairy tales beckons  
To me a white hand,  
Where there is a singing and sounding  
Of a magical land,

Where multicolored flowers bloom  
In golden twilight,  
And glow lovely and fragrant  
With their bridal visage,

And where green trees sing  
Primeval melodies;  
Where breezes sound secretly,  
And birds warble,

And mist-figures rise  
From the earth  
And dance airy round-dances  
In an odd chorus,

And blue sparks burn  
On every leaf and twig,  
And red lights run  
In a mad, chaotic circle,

And loud springs break  
Out of wild marble stone,  
And in the streams oddly  
Shine forth the reflections.

Ah! If I could enter there  
And indulge my heart  
And give up my agony  
And be free and holy!

Ah! This is the land of bliss  
That I see so often in a dream,  
But when the morning sun comes,  
It melts like mere froth.

*program continues on next page →*

## Die alten, bösen Lieder

Die alten, bösen Lieder,  
Die Träume schlimm und arg,  
Die laßt uns jetzt begraben,  
Holt einen großen Sarg.

Hinein leg' ich gar manches,  
Doch sag' ich noch nicht, was.  
Der Sarg muß sein noch größer,  
Wie's Heidelberger Faß.

Und holt eine Totenbahre,  
Von Brettern fest und dick;  
Auch muß sie sein noch länger,  
Als wie zu Mainz die Brück'.

Und holt mir auch zwölf Riesen;  
Die müssen noch stärker sein  
Als wie der heil'ge Christoph  
Im Dom zu Köln am Rhein.

Die sollen den Sarg forttragen  
Und senken ins Meer hinab,  
Denn solchem großen Sarge  
Gebührt ein großes Grab.

Wißt ihr, warum der Sarg wohl  
So groß und schwer mag sein?  
Ich legt' auch meine Liebe  
Und meinen Schmerz hinein.

—Texts by Heinrich Heine (1797–1856)

## The old, angry songs

The old, angry songs,  
The dreams angry and wicked,  
Let us now bury them,  
Fetch a large coffin.

In it will I lay many things,  
But I will still not say quite what.  
The coffin must be still larger,  
As the cask in Heidelberg.

And fetch a death bier  
And planks firm and thick;  
They must be still longer,  
Than the bridge to Mainz.

And fetch me, too, twelve giants;  
They must be still stronger  
Than that strong St. Christopher  
In the Cathedral to Cologne on the Rhine.

They should carry the coffin away  
And sink it down deep in the sea,  
Since such a great coffin  
Deserves a great grave.

Do you know why the coffin  
Must be so large and heavy?  
I sank with it my love  
And my pain, deep within.

—Translations © Paul Hindemith