

presents...

ILKER ARCAYÜREK | Tenor
SIMON LEPPER | Piano

Thursday, March 21, 2024 | 7:30pm

Herbst Theatre

SCHUBERT

Fischerweise, D. 881

Liebhaber in allen Gestalten, D. 558

An Silvia, D. 891

Alinde, D. 904

Willkommen und Abschied, D. 767

Dass sie hier gewesen, D. 775

Du bist die Ruh, D. 776

Auf dem Wasser zu singen, D. 774

Auf der Brücke, D. 853

Die Sterne, D. 939

Bei dir allein, D. 866

Lachen und Weinen, D. 777

Der Wanderer, D. 489

Der Unglückliche, D. 713b

Die Götter Griechenlands, D. 677

Du liebst mich nicht, D. 756

An die Freunde, D. 654

Des Fischers Liebesglück, D. 933

This program is made possible in part by the generous support of The Bernard Osher Foundation.

This program is made possible in part by the generous support of Michele Casau and Atila Canitez.

Ilker Arcayürek is represented by Rayfield Allied

9-12 The Stableyard, Broomgrove Road, London SW9 9TL, UK rayfieldallied.com

Simon Lepper simonlepper.com

Steinway Model D, Pro Piano, San Francisco

For Tickets and More: sfperformances.org | 415.392.2545

ARTIST PROFILE

San Francisco Performances presents Ilker Arcayürek and Simon Lepper for the second time. They made their SF Performances debut in February 2019.



Born in Istanbul and raised in Vienna, tenor **Ilker Arcayürek** has emerged as one of the most exciting and versatile vocal artists in recent years. He is a winner of the International Art Song Competition of Germany's Hugo Wolf Academy, a finalist of the 2015 BBC Cardiff Singer of the World and was a BBC Radio 3 New Generation Artist. In 2017 Champs Hill Records released his first solo album *Der Einsame*, featuring Schubert songs accompanied by Simon Lepper, to great critical acclaim. His latest recording with Simon titled *Path of Life* for Prospero Classical was nominated for 2 OPUS KLASSIK Awards.

He has worked with orchestras such as Symphonieorchester des Bayerischen Rundfunks, Tonkünstler-Orchester, Tokyo Philharmonic, RSO Vienna, Rundfunk Sinfonieorchester Berlin, Orchestre National de Belgique, Orchestre National de Lyon, Netherlands Radio Philharmonic, Antwerp Symphony, the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, and Royal Northern Sinfonia under conductors such as Mariss Jansons, Ivor Bolton, Laurence Equilbey, Marin Alsop, Mirga Gražinytė-Tyla, Philippe Herreweghe, Riccardo Minasi, Mikhail Pletnev, Lars Vogt, Simon Halsey, and Adam Fischer.

Recent highlights have included Liszt *Eine Faust-Symphonie* with Sinfonieorchester Basel, a 14-date European tour of Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis* with the Orchestre des Champs Elysees and Collegium Vocale Gent, a return to Symphonieorchester des Bayerischen Rundfunks, Haydn's *Die Schöpfung* with WDR Sinfonieorchester at Kölner Philharmonie, Verdi *Requiem* with Antwerp Symphony and with Opera National de Montpellier, tenor arias in *St. Matthew Passion* with Residentie Orkest in

the Hague, Mozart's *Requiem* with London Philharmonic Orchestra, and *Mass in C* with Rundfunk Sinfonieorchester Berlin.

Often described as having the gift of storytelling, Ilker is a passionate exponent of Lied and this continues to form an important output of his work. He performs with pianists such as Simon Lepper, Hartmut Höll, Amiel Bushakevitz, Daniel Heide, and Wolfram Rieger and has presented programs at Edinburgh International Festival, Wigmore Hall, Wiener Konzerthaus, Schubertiade Schwarzenberg and Hohenems, Oper Frankfurt, Schubertiade Vilabertran, de Singel Antwerp, Life Victoria Barcelona, the Innsbruck Festwochen, and Hugo Wolf Academy Stuttgart. He made his highly anticipated United States recital debut in February 2019 at the Park Avenue Armory in New York and with San Francisco Performances, accompanied by pianist Simon Lepper and returns to both venues this season.

Other highlights of this current season include recitals at Wigmore Hall, Het Concertgebouw Amsterdam (both with Amiel Bushakevitz), Brahms *Liebesliederwalzer* for Schubertiade and in the UK for BBC Radio 3 with Malcolm Martineu. He will travel to Tokyo to sing Tamino *Die Zauberflöte* at the Bunkamura Centre with Bach Collegium Japan under Masato Suzuki. He returns for another large European tour with the Orchestre de Champs-Élysées performing Mozart *Requiem* as well as *Missa Solemnis* with the Münchener Philharmoniker, Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang* with Symphonischer Chor Hamburg, and Dove's *In Damascus* with the Quiroga Quartet as part of the String Quartet Biennale Amsterdam.



Simon Lepper read music at King's College, Cambridge before studying piano accompaniment with Michael Dussek at the Royal Academy of Music and later with Ruben Lifschitz at the Fondation Royaumont. He is currently Assistant Head of Keyboard (Collaborative Piano) at the Royal College of Music, London where he is also a vocal

repertoire coach. Since 2003 he has been an official accompanist for the BBC Cardiff Singer of the World Competition. He has given masterclasses at the Mozarteum, Fondation Royaumont, Samling Institute for Young Artists, LIFE Victoria Festival, Barcelona and La Chappelle, Belgium.

Performance highlights have included an invitation from the Wigmore Hall, London to present a three-concert project on the songs of Joseph Marx; recital tours with Stéphane Degout which have included the Ravinia and Edinburgh Festivals and the opera houses of Bordeaux, Dijon, La Monnaie, Lausanne and Lyon; recitals at Carnegie Hall, New York with Karen Cargill and Sally Matthews and at the Frick Collection with Christopher Purves; performances of the Schubert song cycles with Gerald Finley and Mark Padmore including at the Schubertiade, Hohenems, recitals with Christiane Karg at Frankfurt Opera, Schwarzenberg Schubertiade and the Rheingau Festival and recitals with Angelika Kirchschrager at the Verbier Festival and at the Wigmore Hall.

He has presented an all Schubert program with Ilker Arcayürek in Barcelona, Zürich, New York (Park Armory), San Francisco, and at the Wigmore Hall where further appearances have included recitals with Dame Felicity Palmer, Karen Cargill, Sally Matthews, and Mark Padmore. With Benjamin Appl he toured to India including recitals in Mumbai and Chennai and gave the opening performance for the highest concert hall in the world in Shenzhen with Aida Garifulina. Future highlights include a European tour with Stéphane Degout, recitals at the Wigmore Hall with Sally Matthews and an American tour with Elizabeth Llewellyn.

His discography includes a recital disc with Dame Felicity Palmer, two volumes of Debussy Songs and a Strauss disc with Gillian Keith, a disc of French Song and Mahler songs with Karen Cargill, the complete songs of Jonathan Dove with Kitty Whately, and a CD of contemporary violin works with Carolin Widmann which received a Diapason d'or. Recent releases include the songs of Samuel Coleridge-Taylor with Elizabeth Llewellyn, a CD of Schubert songs with tenor Ilker Arcayürek, a disc of Ballads with Stéphane Degout as well as recital disc *Poèmes d'un jour* which was a Gramophone magazine editor's choice. Future CD releases include a *Woman in Gold* fin-de-siècle Viennese songs sung by Robyn Allegra-Par-ton and a song CD with Christopher Purves.



SAN FRANCISCO
PERFORMANCES

presents...

ILKER ARCAYÜREK | Tenor
SIMON LEPPER | Piano

Thursday, March 21, 2024 | 7:30pm
Herbst Theatre

The Path of Life

Program Notes, Texts, and Translations

Please hold your applause until the end of the program. Please turn pages quietly.

In the liner notes to his recently released recording of this program (Prospero Classical, 2021), Ilker Arcayürek has explained the meaning of its title, and that paragraph provides a concise introduction to this concert:

When designing this CD, it was important to me that this album should not be a singer portrait or another “Best of Schubert” selection, but rather tell a story. Our program contains five chapters that we see as stages in life: love, longing, quest for inner peace, resignation, and redemption. Our story begins playfully and in the spirit of love. The “longing” section follows languidly. Love alone does not fill our lyrical figure, and “Auf der Bruck” begins a marked escape from the current state and the “quest for inner peace.” We travel, hike, and look first and foremost for happiness in nature. With “Lachen und Weinen” and “Der Wanderer” we come to the realization that no matter where we go, happiness cannot be grasped. After heartbreaking reflection, we say goodbye to friends and life before we start our epilogue “Des Fischers Liebesglück,” similar to the end of the “Winter Journey” in “Der Leiermann.”

—Ilker Arcayürek

FRANZ SCHUBERT
(1797–1828)

• Love •

Fischerweise, D.881
Liebhaber in allen Gestalten, D.558
An Silvia, D.891
Alinde, D.904
Wilkommen und Abschied, D.767

This recital gets off to a sparkling beginning with one of Schubert’s most buoyant songs, “Fischerweise,” probably composed in March 1826. The text is by Schubert’s friend Franz Xaver von Schlechta, a poet and civil servant in Vienna, and Schubert set the song from Schlechta’s as yet unpublished manuscript. Schubert marks the song *Ziemlich bewegt* (“Rather animated”). The first two stanzas are set to the same music, but Schubert subtly varies things in the concluding stanza as the fisherman’s happy song comes to a charming conclusion.

“Liebhaber in allen Gestalten” (“A Lover in Many Shapes”) dates from May 1817, shortly after Schubert’s twentieth birthday. This is a fun song—it moves along lightly (Schubert’s marking is “Somewhat lively”), but beneath the surface the song speaks some deeper truths about love. Goethe’s poem is in nine verses, and while Schubert set only the first several verses and the last, singers may choose the verses they wish to sing.

Schubert composed all three of his Shakespeare settings in July 1826. “An Silvia” comes from Act IV, Scene 2 of *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, where it is sung beneath Silvia’s balcony. Schubert marks the tempo *Mässig* (“moderate”) and this brief strophic song unfolds gracefully above the piano’s firm accompaniment.

Schubert composed “Alinde” early in 1827 on a text by his friend, the poet and novelist Johann Friedrich Rochlitz. This pleasing song has been called a serenade, but it is more a little scena in which the singer waits restlessly for his love and in each of the verses calls out restlessly to different people he encounters as he searches for her—his aching refrain on her name gives us the intensity of his feelings. Schubert’s setting rocks easily along its 6/8 meter and—after all the singer’s worries—concludes very gently and happily.

“Willkommen und Abschied,” composed in 1822 on a text by Goethe, begins with the singer leaping into the saddle and riding: the sound of horses’ hooves pounds throughout. The song energetically mixes joy and pain.

Fischerweise

Den Fischer fechten Sorgen
Und Gram und Leid nicht an,
Er löst am frühen Morgen
Mit leichtem Sinn den Kahn.

Da lagert rings noch Friede
Auf Wald und Flur und Bach,
Er ruft mit seinem Liede
Die gold’ne Sonne wach.

Er singt zu seinem Werke
Aus voller frischer Brust,
Die Arbeit gibt ihm Stärke,
Die Stärke Lebenslust!

Bald wird ein bunt Gewimmel
In allen Tiefen laut,
Und plätschert durch den Himmel
Der sich im Wasser baut –

Doch wer ein Netz will stellen
Braucht Augen klar und gut,
Muß heiter gleich den Wellen
Und frei sein wie die Flut;

Dort angelt auf der Brücke
Die Hirtin – schlauer Wicht,
Gib auf nur deine Tücke
Den Fisch betrügst du nicht!

—Text by Franz Xaver von Schlechta (1796–1875)

Fisherman’s song

The fisherman’s not bothered
By cares or grief or sorrow,
With a light heart he unties his boat
In the early morning.

Peace still lies all around
Over forest, field and stream,
His singing causes
The golden sun to wake.

He sings while he’s working
With a lusty, cheerful voice,
His work gives him vigour,
His vigour – a love of life!

Soon a colourful throng
Can be heard deep down below,
Splashing through the sky
Reflected in the water.

Yet he who wants to cast a net
Needs a pair of good clear eyes,
He must be as cheerful as the waves
And as free as the tide.

Up there on the bridge
The shepherdess fishes – sly minx,
Give up your tricks:
This is a fish you’ll never catch!

Liebhaber in allen Gestalten

Ich wollt' ich wär' ein Fisch,
So hurtig und frisch;
Und kämst Du zu angeln,
Ich würde nicht mangeln.
Ich wollt' ich wär' ein Fisch,
So hurtig und frisch.

Ich wollt' ich wäre Gold!
Dir immer im Sold;
Und tätst Du was kaufen,
Käm' ich gelaufen.
Ich wollt' ich wäre Gold!
Dir immer im Sold.

Doch bin ich wie ich bin,
Und nimm mich nur hin!
Willst bess're besitzen,
So laß Dir sie schnitzen.
Ich bin nun wie ich bin;
So nimm mich nur hin!

—Text by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749–1832)

An Silvia

Was ist Silvia, saget an,
Daß sie die weite Flur preist?
Schön und zart seh' ich sie nah'n,
Auf Himmels Gunst und Spur weist,
Daß ihr Alles untertan.

Ist sie schön und gut dazu?
Reiz labt wie milde Kindheit;
Ihrem Aug' eilt Amor zu,
Dort heilt er seine Blindheit,
Und verweilt in süßer Ruh.

Darum Silvia, tön', o Sang,
Der holden Silvia Ehren;
Jeden Reiz besiegt sie lang,
Den Erde kann gewähren:
Kränze ihr und Saitenklang!

—Text by William Shakespeare (1564–1616)
Translated by Eduard von Bauernfeld (1802–1890)
from *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*

A lover in all disguises

I wish I were a fish,
So brisk and quick;
And if you came with your rod,
I'd not fail to bite.
I wish I were a fish,
So brisk and quick.

I wish I were gold!
Always at your service;
And if you bought something,
I'd come running.
I wish I were gold!
Always at your service.

But I am as I am,
Just take me as such!
If you want a better man,
Get him made to measure.
I am as I am,
Just take me as such!

To Silvia

What is Silvia, tell me,
That the wide meadows praise her?
I see her draw near, delicate and fair,
It is a mark of heaven's favour
That all are subject to her.

Is she fair and kind as well?
Her child-like charm refreshes so;
Cupid hastens to her eyes,
Is cured of his blindness there,
And lingers in sweet peace.

To Silvia, then, let our song resound,
In sweetest Silvia's honour;
She's long ago acquired all the graces
That this earth can bestow:
Bring her garlands and the sound of strings!

program continues on next page →

Alinde

Die Sonne sinkt in's tiefe Meer,
Da wollte sie kommen.
Geruhig trabt der Schnitter einher,
Mir ist's beklommen.
Hast, Schnitter, mein Liebchen nicht gesehn?
Alinde! Alinde!—
„Zu Weib und Kindern muß ich gehn,
Kann nicht nach andern Dirnen sehn;
Sie warten mein unter der Linde.“—

Der Mond betritt die Himmelsbahn,
Noch will sie nicht kommen.
Dort legt der Fischer das Fahrzeug an,
Mir ist's beklommen.
Hast, Fischer, mein Liebchen nicht gesehn?
Alinde! Alinde!—
„Muß suchen, wie mir die Reusen stehn,
Hab' nimmer Zeit, nach Jungfern zu gehn.
Schau, Welch einen Fang ich finde!“

Die lichten Sterne ziehn herauf,
Noch will sie nicht kommen.
Dort eilt der Jäger in rüstigem Lauf,
Mir ist's beklommen.
Hast, Jäger, mein Liebchen nicht gesehn?
Alinde! Alinde!—
„Muß nach dem bräunlichen Rehbock gehn,
Hab' nimmer Lust nach Mädeln zu sehn,
Dort schleicht er im Abendwinde.“—

In schwarzer Nacht steht hier der Hain;
Noch will sie nicht kommen.
Von allen Lebendgen irr' ich allein
Bang' und beklommen.
Dir, Echo, darf ich mein Leid gestehn:
Alinde! Alinde!
„Alinde“, ließ Echo leise herüberwehn;“
Da sah' ich sie mir zur Seite stehn:
„Du suchtest so treu: nun finde!“—

—Text by Johann Friedrich Rochlitz (1796–1842)

Willkommen und Abschied

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

Alinde

The sun sinks into the deep ocean,
She said she would come.
The reaper walks calmly past,
My heart aches.
'Reaper, have you not seen my love?
Alinde, Alinde!'
'I must go to my wife and children,
Can't look out for other girls.
They're waiting for me beneath the lime tree.'

The moon rises in the heavens,
Still she does not come.
There a fisherman moors his boat,
My heart aches.
'Fisherman, have you not seen my love?
Alinde, Alinde!'
'I must see to my fish-traps,
I've no time to chase after girls,
Must see what I've caught.'

The bright stars appear,
Still she does not come.
There the huntsman gallops along,
My heart aches.
'Huntsman, have you not seen my love?
Alinde, Alinde!'
'I must go after the red deer,
I've no wish to look for girls;
There he glides in the evening breeze!'

Here the grove stands in blackest night,
Still she does not come.
Only I wander alone,
Anxious and afraid.
'To you, Echo, I'll confess my grief:
Alinde, Alinde!'
'Alinde,' replied the gentle echo;
Then I saw her by my side:
'You searched so faithfully—here I am!'

Greeting and farewell

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

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

Dich sah ich, und die milde Freude
Floß von dem süßen Blick auf mich;
Ganz war mein Herz an deiner Seite
Und jeder Atemzug für dich.
Ein rosenfarbnes Frühlingswetter
Umgab das liebliche Gesicht,
Und Zärtlichkeit für mich – Ihr Götter!
Ich hofft' es, ich verdient' es nicht!

Doch ach! schon mit der Morgensonne
Verengt der Abschied mir das Herz:
In deinen Küssen, welche Wonne!
In deinem Auge, welcher Schmerz!
Ich ging, du standst und sahst zur Erden,
Und sahst mir nach mit nassem Blick:
Und doch, welch Glück geliebt zu werden!
Und lieben, Götter, welch ein Glück!

—Text by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

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

I saw you, felt the gentle joy
Of your sweet eyes steal over me;
My heart was wholly at your side
And every breath I took for you.
A rose-red light of spring
Framed her lovely face,
And tenderness for me – O gods!
This I had hoped but never deserved!

But alas, with the morning sun,
Parting now constricts my heart:
In your kisses what delight!
In your eyes what pain!
I went, and you stood looking down,
Gazing moist-eyed after me:
And yet, what joy to be loved!
And to be in love, O gods, what joy!

• Longing •

Dass sie hier gewesen, D.775

Du bist die Ruh, D.776

Auf dem Wasser zu singen, D.774

Auf der Brücke, D.853a

“Dass sie hier gewesen,” on a text by Friedrich Rückert and probably composed in 1822, is a delicate poem and song: Schubert keeps the dynamic at *pianissimo* almost throughout, and the conflicts of the brief text are mirrored in his surprising harmonies.

Schubert wrote the stunning “Du bist die Ruh” in 1823, and that alone is a measure of his awareness of contemporary literature—Friedrich Rückert had published this poem only the previous year in his collection *Östliche Rosen* (“Eastern Roses”). The poem is a rapt expression of love, and Schubert’s setting is effective precisely because it seems so restrained. The marking is *Langsam* (“slow”), the dynamic *pianissimo*, and the opening lines proceed softly over subdued accompaniment. This song, though, is very subtly made. It is strophic, with the stanzas set off by brief piano interludes, but in the third stanza the voice—previously so understated—soars upward on the line “von deinem Glanz allein erhellt” as the passion behind these gentle words suddenly breaks loose. Schubert repeats this, and then the song falls away to its quiet close, with all its intensity still echoing in the air.

Schubert composed “Auf dem Wasser zu singen” probably in 1823, on a text by the German poet Friedrich Leopold Graf zu Stolberg-Stolberg. That poem creates the almost perfect romantic situation: the speaker sits in a rowboat, lightly rocked by the waves, as the setting sun turns everything softly red, and in the midst of this moment of glowing beauty, he is suddenly reminded of his mortality. This is one of Schubert’s greatest songs: the gently flowing sixteenths give us the rocking of the boat in the flickering sunlight, and across the song’s three stanzas the vocal line moves effortlessly between major and minor keys as the singer reflects on the evanescence of the beauty around him—and of himself.

“Auf der Brücke” (1825, on a text by Ernst Schulze) brings what is almost a Schubert stereotype—the lonely traveler, anguished and uncertain—and many have heard a foreshadowing of “Winterreise” here. Yet for all the angst in the song, this traveler is not so agonized, and in fact he feels a sense of reassuring confidence on his lonely nocturnal ride. The song is—very nicely—addressed to his horse, and the steady pound of eighth notes in the pianist’s right hand gives us the sound of the horse’s hooves. The singer’s powerful line very adroitly mixes doubt and confidence.

Daß sie hier gewesen!

Daß der Ostwind Düfte
Hauchet in die Lüfte,
Dadurch tut er kund,
Daß du hier gewesen.

Daß hier Tränen rinnen,
Dadurch wirst du innen,
Wär’s dir sonst nicht kund,
Daß ich hier gewesen.

Schönheit oder Liebe,
Ob versteckt sie bliebe?
Düfte tun es und
Tränen kund,
Daß sie hier gewesen.

That she was here!

By breathing fragrance
Into the air,
The East Wind makes known
That you were here.

Because tears fall here,
You will know,
Even if you were not told,
That I was here.

Beauty or love,
Can they remain concealed?
Fragrance and tears
Will make known
That she was here.

—Text by Friedrich Rückert (1788–1866)

Du bist die Ruh

Du bist die Ruh,
Der Friede mild,
Die Sehnsucht du,
Und was sie stillt.

Ich weihe dir
Voll Lust und Schmerz
Zur Wohnung hier
Mein Aug' und Herz.

Kehr ein bei mir,
Und schließe du
Still hinter dir
Die Pforten zu.

Treib andern Schmerz
Aus dieser Brust.
Voll sei dies Herz
Von deiner Lust.

Dies Augenzelt
Von deinem Glanz
Allein erhellt,
O füll es ganz.

—Text by Friedrich Rückert

Auf dem Wasser zu singen

Mitten im Schimmer der spiegelnden Wellen
Gleitet, wie Schwäne, der wankende Kahn;
Ach, auf der Freude sanft schimmernden Wellen
Gleitet die Seele dahin wie der Kahn;
Denn von dem Himmel herab auf die Wellen
Tanzet das Abendrot rund um den Kahn.

Über den Wipfeln des westlichen Haines
Winket uns freundlich der rötliche Schein;
Unter den Zweigen des östlichen Haines
Säuselt der Kalmus im rötlichen Schein;
Freude des Himmels und Ruhe des Haines
Atmet die Seel' im errötenden Schein.

Ach, es entschwindet mit tauigem Flügel
Mir auf den wiegenden Wellen die Zeit.
Morgen entschwindet mit schimmerndem Flügel
Wieder wie gestern und heute die Zeit,
Bis ich auf höherem strahlenden Flügel
Selber entschwinde der wechselnden Zeit.

—Text by Friedrich Leopold Graf zu Stolberg-Stolberg (1750–1819)

You are repose

You are repose
And gentle peace,
You are longing
And what stills it.

I pledge to you
Full of joy and pain
As a dwelling here
My eyes and heart.

Come in to me,
And softly close
The gate
Behind you.

Drive other pain
From this breast!
Let my heart be filled
With your joy.

This temple of my eyes
Is lit
By your radiance alone,
O fill it quite.

To be sung on the water

Amid the shimmer of the mirroring waves
The swaying boat glides like a swan;
Ah, on joy's gently gleaming waves
The soul glides onward like the boat;
For the sunset glow from heaven
Dances on the waves around the boat.

Above the tree-tops of the western grove,
The reddish light beckons us;
Beneath the branches of the easterly grove,
The sweet-flag rustles in the reddish light.
The soul breathes in the joy of heaven,
The peace of the grove in the reddening glow.

For me, alas, time vanishes
With dewy wings on the rocking waves.
Let time vanish tomorrow with shimmering wings,
As it did yesterday and today,
Till I on loftier, radiant wings,
Myself escape the flux of time.

Auf der Bruck

Frisch trabe sonder Ruh und Rast,
Mein gutes Roß, durch Nacht und Regen!
Was scheust du dich vor Busch und Ast
Und strauchelst auf den wilden Wegen?
Dehnt auch der Wald sich tief und dicht,
Doch muß er endlich sich erschließen,
Und freundlich wird ein fernes Licht
Uns aus dem dunkeln Tale grüßen.

Wohl könnt' ich über Berg und Feld
Auf deinem schlanken Rücken fliegen
Und mich am bunten Spiel der Welt,
An holden Bildern mich vergnügen.
Manch Auge lacht mir traulich zu
Und beut mir Frieden, Lieb' und Freude.
Und dennoch eil' ich ohne Ruh
Zurück, zurück zu meinem Leide.

Denn schon drei Tage war ich fern
Von ihr, die ewig mich gebunden,
Drei Tage waren Sonn' und Stern
Und Erd' und Himmel mir verschwunden.
Von Lust und Leiden, die mein Herz
Bei ihr bald heilten, bald zerrissen,
Fühlt' ich drei Tage nur den Schmerz,
Und ach, die Freude mußst' ich missen!

Weit sehn wir über Land und See
Zur wärmern Flur den Vogel fliegen;
Wie sollte denn die Liebe je
In ihrem Pfade sich betrügen?
Drum trabe mutig durch die Nacht!
Und schwinden auch die dunkeln Bahnen,
Der Sehnsucht helles Auge wacht,
Und sicher führt mich süßes Ahnen.

—Text by Ernst Schulze (1789–1817)

At Bruck

Gallop briskly on without respite,
Good horse, through night and rain!
Why do you shy at bushes and boughs
And stumble on the wild paths?
Though the forest stretch deep and dense,
It must finally come to an end,
And a distant light will greet us warmly
From the dark valley.

I could happily speed on your slender back
Over mountain and meadow,
Enjoy the world's varied pleasures
And all its wondrous sights.
Many an eye smiles with affection,
Offering me peace, love and joy.
And yet I hurry without rest
Back, back to my sorrow.

For three whole days I've been away
From her, to whom I'm ever bound,
For three whole days sun and stars,
Earth and sky have vanished from view.
Of the joy and pain which, with her,
Now healed, now broke my heart,
I've for three days felt only the pain,
And have had, alas, to forgo the joy.

We watch the bird fly far away
Over land and sea to warmer climes;
How, then, should love ever be
Deceived in her own course?
So gallop bravely through the night!
And though the dark tracks disappear,
The bright eye of longing is awake,
Sweet expectation will guide me safely.

INTERMISSION

• The Quest for Inner Peace •

Die Sterne, D.939

Bei dir allein! D.866

Lachen und Weinen, D.777

Der Wanderer, D.489

“Die Sterne” (January 1828) finds a wanderer looking up at the stars above. The natural reverence of Karl Gottfried von Leitner’s poem almost makes a prayer of this song, as the poet blesses the stars and invokes their blessings on those far below. Schubert marks the song “Somewhat fast,” but the prevailing mood is of a rapt calm, as the steady dactylic rhythm of the poem pulses throughout the accompaniment.

“Bei dir allein” (“With You Alone”) dates from the summer of 1828, just a few months before Schubert’s death. On a text by Johann Gabriel Seidl, it is one of a set of four refrain songs. Schubert’s marking is “Not too fast, nevertheless fiery,” and this is an impetuous song, taking the singer through a wide range and driving constantly forward on the piano’s incessant triplet rhythms.

“Lachen und Weinen” (“Laughter and Tears”) gives us the confused emotions of the girl in Rückert’s poem, with her helplessness before her own feelings: the song speeds ahead, then holds back, it slips between major and minor keys, it offers one kind of emotion on steady rhythms, another as the song swirls around dotted rhythms.

“Der Wanderer,” composed in 1816 on a text by Georg Philipp Schmidt von Lübeck, was one of Schubert’s most popular songs during his lifetime. It introduces what would become a familiar archetype in his songs (and in the romantic imagination): the stranger, fated never to find happiness. The song rides along steady triplets in its opening section, but speeds ahead in the middle and soon has moved to 6/8; Schubert brings back material from the opening before the song drives to its grim close on the “ghostly sigh.”

Die Sterne

Wie blitzen
Die Sterne
So hell durch die Nacht!
Bin oft schon
Darüber
Vom Schlummer erwacht.

Doch schelt’ ich
Die lichten
Gebilde d’rum nicht,
Sie üben
Im Stillen
Manch heilsame Pflicht.

Sie wallen
Hoch oben
In Engelgestalt,
Sie leuchten
Dem Pilger
Durch Heiden und Wald.

Sie schweben
Als Boten
Der Liebe umher,
Und tragen
Oft Küsse
Weit über das Meer.

Sie blicken
Dem Dulder
Recht mild in’s Gesicht,
Und säumen
Die Tränen
Mit silbernem Licht.

Und weisen
Von Gräbern
Gar tröstlich und hold
Uns hinter
Das Blaue
Mit Fingern von Gold.

So sei denn
Gesegnet
Du strahlige Schar!
Und leuchte
Mir lange
Noch freundlich und klar.

The stars

How brightly
The stars
Shine through the night!
They’ve often
Roused me
From slumber.

But I don’t blame
Those shining
Folk for that,
They secretly
Do us
Many good turns.

They wander
Like angels
High above,
And light
The pilgrim
Through heath and wood.

Like harbingers
Of love
They hover above,
And often
Bear kisses
Across the sea.

Tenderly
They gaze
On the sufferer’s face,
And fringe
His tears
With silver light.

Kindly, consolingly,
They drive us
From the grave,
Beyond
The blue sky
With fingers of gold.

Blessings
Upon you,
O shining throng!
And long
May you shine on me
With friendly light.

Und wenn ich
Einst liebe,
Seid hold dem Verein,
Und euer
Geflimmer
Laßt Segen uns sein.

—Text by Karl Gottfried von Leitner (1800–1890)

Bei dir allein!

Bei dir allein,
Empfind ich, daß ich lebe,
Daß Jugendmuth mich schwellt,
Daß eine heit're Welt
Der Liebe mich durchbebe;
Mich freut mein Sein
Bei dir allein!

Bei dir allein
Weht mir die Luft so labend,
Dünkt mich die Flur so grün,
So mild des Lenzes Blüh'n
So balsamreich der Abend,
So kühl der Hain,
Bei dir allein!

Bei dir allein
Verliert der Schmerz sein Herbes,
Gewinnt die Freud' an Lust!
Du sicherst meine Brust
Des angestammten Erbes;
Ich fühl mich mein
Bei dir allein!

—Text by Johann Gabriel Seidl (1804–1875)

Lachen und Weinen

Lachen und Weinen zu jeglicher Stunde
Ruht bei der Lieb' auf so mancherlei Grunde.
Morgens lacht' ich vor Lust;
Und warum ich nun weine
Bei des Abendes Scheine,
Ist mir selb' nicht bewußt.

Weinen und Lachen zu jeglicher Stunde
Ruht bei der Lieb' auf so mancherlei Grunde.
Abends weint' ich vor Schmerz;
Und warum du erwachen
Kannst am Morgen mit Lachen,
Muß ich dich fragen, o Herz.

—Text by Friedrich Rückert

And if one day
I fall in love,
Smile on the union,
And let your
Twinkling
Be a blessing on us.

With you alone!

With you alone
I feel I am alive,
That I am fired by youthful vigour,
That a serene world
Of love pervades me;
I rejoice in being
With you alone!

With you alone
The breeze blows so bracingly,
The meadows seem so green,
The flowering spring so gentle,
The evening so fragrant,
The grove so cool,
With you alone!

With you alone
Pain's bitterness is lost,
Joy gains in sweetness!
You assure my heart
Its natural heritage;
I feel I am myself
With you alone!

Laughter and tears

Laughter and tears at any hour
Arise in love from many a cause.
In the morning I laughed with joy;
And why I now weep
In the evening light,
Is unknown even to me.

Tears and laughter at any hour
Arise in love from many a cause.
In the evening I wept with grief;
And why you can wake
In the morning with laughter,
I must ask you, my heart.

Der Wanderer

Ich komme vom Gebirge her;
Es dampft das Tal, es braust das Meer,
Ich wandle still, bin wenig froh,
Und immer fragt der Seufzer – wo?

Die Sonne dünkt mich hier so kalt,
Die Blüte welk, das Leben alt;
Und, was sie reden, leerer Schall –
Ich bin ein Fremdling überall.

Wo bist du, mein geliebtes Land!
Gesucht, geahnt, und nie gekannt,
Das Land, das Land, so hoffnungsgrün,
Das Land, wo meine Rosen blüh'n;

Wo meine Freunde wandelnd geh'n,
Wo meine Toten aufersteh'n,
Das Land, das meine Sprache spricht,
O Land, wo bist du?

Ich wandle still, bin wenig froh,
Und immer fragt der Seufzer – wo? –
Im Geisterhauch tönt mir's zurück,
Dort, wo du nicht bist, dort ist das Glück!

—Text by Georg Philipp Schmidt von Lübeck (1766–1849)

The wanderer

From the mountains I have come,
The valley steams, the ocean roars,
I walk in silence, with little joy,
And my sighs keep asking – Where?

Here the sun seems so cold,
Blossom faded, life old,
What men say – just empty sound:
I am a stranger everywhere.

Where are you, my beloved land?
Sought for, sensed, and never known,
The land, the land, so green with hope,
The land where my roses bloom;

Where my friends roam,
Where my dead friends rise again,
The land that speaks my tongue,
O land, where are you?

I walk in silence, with little joy,
And my sighs keep asking – Where? –
A ghostly whisper makes reply,
There, where you are not, there fortune lies!

• Resignation •

Der Unglückliche, D.713b

Die Gotter Griechenlands, D.677

Du liebst mich nicht, D.759

An die Freunde, D.654

“Der Unglückliche” is one of the few texts by a woman that Schubert set. Novelist and poet Karoline Pichler and her husband maintained a literary salon in Vienna that Schubert sometimes attended, and he composed this song in January 1821. Pichler’s poem, which comes from one of her novels, is melodramatically grim, and Schubert gives it a dramatic setting. The opening, full of the sound of the piano’s tolling chords, is slow, but then the song rushes ahead starkly, and Schubert sets individual stanzas at different tempos. The song reaches an impassioned climax, declaimed as a recitative over the piano’s tremolando, before fading away to an understated conclusion.

“Die Götter Griechenlands” (1819) is a lament—“Schöne Welt, wo bist du?”—for the vanished glories of ancient Greece, and this song is bleak indeed. It sets only one of the original 16 stanzas of Schiller’s poem, a stanza that emphasizes loss and uncertainty. Schubert’s harmonic language mirrors that sense of loss: its beginning, in A minor, gives way to what seems the consoling A major of the middle section, but the song slips back ambiguously into unresolved A minor at the end. Many have noted that the piano’s opening three-note figure would—five years later—become the beginning of Schubert’s String Quartet in A Minor, music of a similarly somber cast.

“Du liebst mich nicht,” composed in 1822 on a text by August Graf von Platen, is a sort of anti-love song: the singer has been absolutely rejected, as the refrain of the title makes clear throughout the song. The song proceeds over the opening rhythm, but even this is subject to evolution, and Schubert’s harmonic freedom gives this music an unsettled quality that is exactly right for its subject.

Johann Mayrhofer was a friend of Schubert, and the composer actually lived with Mayrhofer for several years and visited the poet’s native Linz with him. Given these circumstances, it is not surprising that Schubert would set so many of Mayrhofer’s poems (47), though the two quarreled and were reconciled only in Schubert’s final years. Mayrhofer was by inclination a ro-

mantic poet, but he supported himself with a most unlikely job for a romantic poet: he worked in the government's Censorship Office in Vienna. His best poetry is driven by the romantic sense of Sehnsucht, or longing, and Mayrhofer appears to have had a depressive side that went far beyond the romantic attraction to melancholy—he killed himself at age 49. Schubert must have written “An die Freunde” from Mayrhofer’s manuscript, for the poem had not yet been published when he wrote this song in March 1819. Here the poet seems to console himself with thoughts of a bond that can transcend death.

Der Unglückliche

Die Nacht bricht an, mit leisen Lüften sinket
Sie auf die müden Sterblichen herab;
Der sanfte Schlaf, des Todes Bruder, winket
Und legt sie freundlich in ihr täglich Grab.

Jetzt wachet auf der lichtberaubten Erde
Vielleicht nur noch die Arglist und der Schmerz,
Und jetzt, da ich durch nichts gestört werde,
Laß deine Wunden bluten, armes Herz.

Versenke dich in deines Kummers Tiefen,
Und wenn vielleicht in der zerrissnen Brust
Halb verjährte Leiden schliefen,
So wecke sie mit grausam süßer Lust.

Berechne die verlorren Seligkeiten,
Zähl' alle, alle Blumen in dem Paradies,
Woraus in deiner Jugend goldnen Zeiten
Die harte Hand des Schicksals dich verstieß!

Du hast geliebt, du hast das Glück empfunden,
Dem jede Seligkeit der Erde weicht.
Du hast ein Herz, das dich verstand, gefunden,
Der kühnsten Hoffnung schönes Ziel erreicht.

Da stürzte dich ein grausam Machtwort nieder,
Aus deinen Himmeln nieder, und dein stilles Glück,
Dein allzu schönes Traumbild kehrte wieder
Zur besser'n Welt, aus der es kam, zurück.

Zerrissen sind nun alle süßen Bande,
Mir schlägt kein Herz mehr auf der weiten Welt.

—Text by Karoline Pichler (1769–1843)

Die Götter Griechenlands

Schöne Welt, wo bist du? Kehre wieder,
Holdes Blütenalter der Natur!
Ach, nur in dem Feenland der Lieder
Lebt noch deine fabelhafte Spur.
Ausgestorben trauert das Gefilde,
Keine Gottheit zeigt sich meinem Blick,
Ach, von jenem lebenwarmen Bilde
Blieb der Schatten nur zurück.

—Text by Friedrich von Schiller (1759–1805)

The unhappy one

Night falls, descending with light breezes
On weary mortals below;
Gentle sleep, Death's brother, beckons,
And lays them fondly in their daily graves.

Now perhaps over the earth, robbed of its light,
Malice alone and pain keep watch;
And now, since nothing disturbs me,
Let your wounds bleed, poor heart.

Plunge to the depth of your grief,
And should half-forgotten sorrows
Perchance have slumbered in your anguished heart,
Rouse them with cruelly sweet delight.

Consider all your moments of lost rapture,
Count all the flowers in Paradise,
From which, in the golden days of your youth,
The harsh hand of fate banished you.

You have loved, you have experienced happiness,
Which eclipses all earthly rapture,
You have found a heart that understands you,
Your boldest hopes have attained their fair goal.

Authority's cruel decree then dashed you down
From your heaven and from your silent happiness,
Your dream vision, all too fair, returned
To the better world from which it came.

All sweet bonds are now torn asunder,
No heart now beats for me in the wide world.

The gods of Greece

Beautiful world, where are you? Come again,
Sweet golden age of nature!
Ah, only in the enchanted land of song
Does your fabled memory live on.
The fields, deserted, mourn,
No god appears before my eyes,
Ah, of all that living warmth
Only the shadows now remain

Du liebst mich nicht

Mein Herz ist zerrissen, du liebst mich nicht!
Du ließest mich's wissen, du liebst mich nicht!
Wiewohl ich dir flehend und werbend erschien,
Und liebebeflissen, du liebst mich nicht!

Du hast es gesprochen, mit Worten gesagt,
Mit allzugewissen, du liebst mich nicht!
So soll ich die Sterne, so soll ich den Mond,
Die Sonne vermissen? Du liebst mich nicht!
Was blüht mir die Rose? Was blüht der Jasmin?
Was blühen die Narzissen? Du liebst mich nicht!

—Text by August Graf von Platen (1796–1835)

An die Freunde

Im Wald, im Wald da grabt mich ein,
Ganz stille, ohne Kreuz und Stein:
Denn was ihr türmet, überschneit
Und überwindet Winterszeit.

Und wann die Erde sich verjüngt
Und Blumen meinem Hügel bringt,
Das freut Euch, Guten, freuet Euch,
Dies alles ist dem Toten gleich.

Doch nein, denn Eure Liebe spannt
Die Äste in das Geisterland,
Und die Euch führt zu meinem Grab,
Zieht mich gewaltiger herab.

—Text by Johann Mayrhofer (1796–1835)

You do not love me

My heart is broken, you do not love me!
You let me know you do not love me!
Though I wooed you and beseeched you
With devotion, you do not love me!

You told me so, you said it in words,
All too clearly, you do not love me!
So must I forgo the stars, forgo the moon
And the sun? You do not love me!
Why does the rose bloom? Why the jasmine?
Why the narcissus? You do not love me!

To my friends

Bury me in the wood, the wood,
Most silently, without cross or stone:
For whatever you raise up, winter
Will cover with snow and ice.

And when the earth grows young again
And brings flowers to my grave,
Rejoice, good friends, rejoice;
All this is nothing to the dead.

But no, for your love extends
Its branches into the land of spirits,
And as it leads you to my grave,
So it draws me more forcefully down.

• Redemption •

Des Fischers Liebesglück, D.933

This recital concludes with the charming “Des Fischers Liebesglück,” which Schubert composed in November 1827, a year before his death. Karl Gottfried von Leitner’s poem is full of what have almost become romantic clichés—the yearning lover in the boat, the light reflected across the water, the stars overhead—yet the poem is charming, and Schubert gives it a nicely understated setting. It is a strophic song—the same music sets all four verses—and so that rather than driving to a climax, this song moves gently from yearning to fulfillment on the same music and finally leaves the lovers alone together beneath the stars.

—Program notes by Eric Bromberger

program continues on next page →

Des Fischers Liebesglück

Dort blinket
Durch Weiden
Und winket
Ein Schimmer
Bläßstrahlig
Vom Zimmer
Der Holden mir zu.

Es gaukelt
Wie Irrlicht,
Und schaukelt
Sich leise
Sein Abglanz
Im Kreise
Des schwankenden Sees.

Ich schaue
Mit Sehnen
In's Blaue
Der Wellen,
Und grüße
Den hellen,
Gespiegelten Strahl.

Und springe
Zum Ruder,
Und schwinge
Den Nachen
Dahin auf
Den flachen
Krystallinen Weg.

Fein-Liebchen
Schleicht traulich
Vom Stübchen
Herunter,
Und sputet
Sich munter
Zu mir in das Boot.

Gelinde
Dann treiben
Die Winde
Und wieder
See-einwärts
Vom Flieder
Des Ufers hindann.

Die blassen
Nachtnebel
Umfassen
Mit Hüllen
Vor Spähern
Den stillen,
Unschuldigen Scherz.

The fisherman's luck in love

Yonder light gleams
Through the willows,
And a pale
Glimmer
Beckons to me
From the bedroom
Of my sweetheart.

It flickers
Like a will o' the wisp,
And its reflection
Sways
Gently
In the circle
Of the undulating lake.

I gaze
Longingly
Into the blue
Of the waves,
And greet
The bright
Reflected beam.

And spring
To the oar,
And swing
The boat
Away on
Its smooth
Crystal course.

My sweetheart
Slips lovingly
Down
From her little room,
And joyfully
Hastens to me
In the boat.

Then the breezes
Gently
Blow us
Again
Out into the lake
From the elder tree
On the shore.

The pale
Evening mists
Envelop
And veil
Our silent,
Innocent dallying
From prying onlookers.

Und tauschen
Wir Küsse,
So rauschen
Die Wellen
Im Sinken
Und Schwellen,
Den Horchern zum Trotz.

Nur Sterne
Belauschen
Uns ferne,
Und baden
Tief unter
Den Pfaden
Des gleitenden Kahns.

So schweben
Wir selig,
Umgeben
Vom Dunkel,
Hoch überm
Gefunkel
Der Sterne einher.

Und weinen
Und lächeln,
Und meinen,
Enthoben
Der Erde,
Schon oben,
Schon drüben zu sein.

And as we exchange
Kisses,
The waves
Lap,
Rising
And falling,
To foil eavesdroppers.

Only stars
In the far distance
Overhear us,
And bathe
Deep down
Below the course
Of the gliding boat.

So we drift on
Blissfully,
In the midst
Of darkness,
High above
The twinkling
Stars.

Weeping,
Smiling,
We think
We have soared free
Of the earth,
And are already up above
On another shore.

—Text by Karl Gottfried von Leitner

—Translations provided by artist management

2023–24 Season Calendar

All performances at Herbst Theatre unless otherwise indicated

September 2023

Fri 29 7:00pm *Gala Performance:*
Alexander String Quartet

October 2023

Fri 6 7:30pm Isata Kanneh-Mason, piano
Sat 7 7:30pm Stephanie Jones, guitar*
(*St. Mark's Lutheran Church*)
Tue 10 7:30pm Calder Quartet
Timo Andres, piano
Sat 21 7:30pm Ian Bostridge, tenor
Wenwen Du, piano
Thu 26 7:30pm JACK Quartet
Sat 28 10:00am Alexander String Quartet with
Robert Greenberg

November 2023

Thu 2 7:30pm Miranda Cuckson, violin
Blair McMillen, piano
Wed 8 7:30pm Jay Campbell, cello
Conor Hanick, piano
Fri 10 7:30pm Dublin Guitar Quartet*
Sat 11 10:00am Alexander String Quartet with
Robert Greenberg

December 2023

Sat 2 7:30pm Beijing Guitar Duo*
(*St. Mark's Lutheran Church*)

January 2024

Thu 18 7:30pm Jonathan Biss, piano
Wed 24 7:30pm *PIVOT Festival:*
Gabriel Kahane, piano
Attacca Quartet
Thu 25 7:30pm *PIVOT Festival:*
Gabriel Kahane, piano
Roomful of Teeth
Thu 25 7:30pm *PIVOT Festival:*
Gabriel Kahane, piano
Attacca Quartet
Roomful of Teeth
Sat 27 10:00am Alexander String Quartet with
Robert Greenberg
Sat 27 7:30pm Raehann Bryce-Davis,
mezzo-soprano

February 2024

Wed 7 7:30pm Javier Perianes, piano
Sat 10 7:30pm Pepe Romero, guitar*
Thu 15 7:30pm *Gift Concert:*
Jonathan Swensen, cello
Stephen Waarts, violin
Juho Pohjonen, piano
Sat 24 7:30pm Leila Josefowicz, violin
John Novacek, piano
Tue 27 7:30pm Pierre-Laurent Aimard, piano
Thu 29 7:30pm Lawrence Brownlee, tenor
Kevin Miller, piano

March 2024

Sat 2 10:00am Alexander String Quartet with
Robert Greenberg
Tue 5 7:30pm Castalian String Quartet
Stephen Hough, piano
Thu 14 7:30pm Jonathan Biss, piano
Sat 16 7:30pm Calder Quartet
Antoine Hunter/Urban Jazz
Dance Company
Thu 21 7:30pm Ilker Arcayürek, tenor
Simon Lepper, piano
Sat 23 10:00am Alexander String Quartet with
Robert Greenberg

April 2024

Tue 16 7:30pm George Hinchliffe's
Ukulele Orchestra of Great Britain
Tue 23 7:30pm *Gift Concert:*
Camille Thomas, cello
Thu 25 7:30pm Dover Quartet
Leif Ove Andsnes, piano
Sat 27 10:00am Alexander String Quartet with
Robert Greenberg

May 2024

Thu 2 7:30pm Jonathan Biss, piano
Fri 3 7:30pm Pekka Kuusisto, violin
Gabriel Kahane, piano

Programs, Artists, Dates and Times Subject to Change

* Presented in association with OMNI Foundation for the Performing Arts