DIE SCHÖNE MÜLLERIN

KLEMENS SANDER baritone
SHOLTO KYNOCHE piano

Saturday 6 April 2019, 8pm
Jacqueline du Pré Music Building
Welcome to the Oxford Lieder Spring Weekend of Song

We are delighted to welcome you to this special weekend of song. The focus of the weekend is the Oxford Lieder Young Artist Platform, where some truly exceptional emerging musicians vie to become our ‘ambassadors for song’. Around their audition recitals, there is an exciting trio of evening concerts, a fascinating study day and illuminating masterclass, and the conviviality of evening meals with other audience members.

FRIDAY 5 APRIL
Jacqueline du Pré Music Building & Holywell Music Room

11am – 4.45pm: ‘Arrangements and Outrages: Lieder in the Jazz Age’, led by Laura Tunbridge

1pm: ‘Strauss in America, 1921’, Lavinia Dames soprano, Jack Liebeck violin & Carson Becke piano

From 6pm: Dinner at the Vaults and Garden Café

7.30pm: Katarina Karnéus mezzo-soprano & Julius Drake piano at the Holywell Music Room

SATURDAY 6 APRIL
Jacqueline du Pré Music Building

11am – 5.45pm: Young Artist Platform 2019 Auditions; six 40-minute recitals given by exceptional young duos, adjudicated by Katarina Karnéus, Julius Drake and John Mark Ainsley.

From 5.45pm: Dinner at Cuttlefish, 36 St Clement’s Street

8pm: Franz Schubert’s Die schöne Müllerin

SUNDAY 7 APRIL
Holywell Music Room

1.30pm: Young Artist Platform Masterclass given by John Mark Ainsley

From 6pm: Dinner at the Vaults and Garden Café

7.30pm: ‘Goethe: A Life in Songs’, Christopher Maltman baritone & Graham Johnson piano

Out of consideration to performers and other audience members, please turn the pages of this programme as quietly as possible, and only after the song is completely finished.

Please ensure mobile phones are silenced
Programme Note

Beethoven’s *An die ferne Geliebte*, when published in 1816, must have made a huge impression on Schubert, who was soon to try his own hand at the cycle form in emulation of his great hero. Beethoven’s work had appeared in the Spring, and in September of that same year Schubert wrote his first mini-cycle, the *Harfenspieler-Lieder*, which he later revised and published as op.12 in 1822. By the end of the next year we know that he was already busy with *Die schöne Müllerin*, for there exists in Vienna’s Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde a first draft of *Eifersucht und Stolz*, dated October 1823; and in a letter to Schober of 30 November 1823 he makes the lapidary remark: ‘Since the opera [Fierrabras] I’ve composed nothing but a few Müller Lieder’). *Die schöne Müllerin* was finally published as Op. 25 in five books, the first two appearing in February and March 1824, the remainder in August.

A delightful, but rather more fanciful account of the work’s genesis is given by Benedikt Randhartinger, a school-friend of Schubert’s:

‘One day Schubert, with whom I was on friendly terms, called on me in my office where I worked as secretary to Count Széchenyi. No sooner had he entered the room than I was summoned to the Count. I left at once, telling the composer that I would soon return. Franz went up to the desk, found a volume of poems, glanced at a few, pocketed the book and left without awaiting my return. When I did return I could not find the collection of poems, and called on Schubert the following day to fetch the book. Franz apologized for his high-handedness, saying how much the poems had interested him; and as proof that he had not taken the book in vain, he showed me, to my astonishment, the first ‘Müllerlieder’, some of which he had comp—’

Spaun and Schober both state in their *Memoirs* that Schubert composed some of the songs of *Die schöne Müllerin* in hospital, where he was receiving treatment for what was almost certainly syphilis. His mood at this time is reflected in a harrowing poem, ‘Mein Gebet’, written in May 1823, which pleads for an immediate release from his physical torment; and in an anguished letter to his friend, the painter Leopold Kupelwieser, he pours out his heart:

‘In a word, I feel myself to be the most unhappy and wretched creature in the world. Imagine a man, whose health will never be right again; imagine a man, I say, whose most brilliant hopes have come to naught, to whom the happiness of love and friendship have nothing to offer but pain, at best. Well might I now sing each day: “My peace is gone / My heart is sore / Never shall I find / Peace again” [the opening lines of *Grettchen am Sprinnrade*]– for each night, on retiring to bed, I hope never to wake again [...]’

It seems certain, then, that the first songs of *Die schöne Müllerin* were composed during one of the bleakest periods of Schubert’s life. It is fruitless to speculate on how this was possible. We know little about the processes of creation and next to nothing about the affairs of Schubert’s heart. The miller’s suicide might have spoken to his own mood, he might have consciously drowned his sorrow/shame/terror in composition. Indisputable, however, is the inspiration that Wilhelm Müller’s verse provided.

*The rest is silence.*’ (Shakespeare)

Please turn the page quietly
The poems are not, as has too often been maintained, the work of a poetaster; the genius of *Die schöne Müllerin* derives as much as *Le nozze di Figaro* from the inexplicable congruity of word and music – but while da Ponte has often been praised, Müller has been shoddily treated by posterity.

Wilhelm Müller (1794-1827), the son of a master tailor, was the friend of many of the Romantic writers, including Arnim and Brentano. He fought in the Greek Wars of Liberation, and his *Lieder der Griechen* (1821-4) earned him the nickname ‘Griechen-Müller’. He translated Marlowe’s *Dr Faustus*, but it is through Schubert’s song-cycles and *Der Hirt auf dem Felsen* that he is still known to us today. *Die schöne Müllerin* appeared in *Siebenundsiebzig Gedichte aus den hinterlassenen Papiere eines reisenden Waldhornisten* (77 poems from the posthumous papers of a travelling hornplayer) which were dedicated to Ludwig Tieck, the poet of Brahms’s *Die schöne Magelone*; and to understand the cycle properly, it is necessary to know a little of the circumstances in which the poems were conceived.

In the winter of 1816/17 Privy Councillor Friedrich August von Stägemann and his wife Elisabeth, both of whom were published poets, organized evenings of literary charades in their Berlin home as entertainment for their adolescent children, August and 16 year-old Hedwig, the original ‘schöne Müllerin’. Among their guests were Clemens von Brentano, the 22 year-old Wilhelm Hensel, who was soon to marry Fanny Mendelssohn, his 18 year-old sister Luise Hensel and of course Wilhelm Müller, then aged 23. The charades must have been emotionally fraught, since both Brentano and Müller were in love with the nubile Luise. Brentano actually proposed marriage to her (unsuccessfully, as it turned out), but the younger Müller, shy like *Die schöne Müllerin’s* hero, confided his own passion to his diary, a little known document that sheds fascinating autobiographical light on two poems from Schubert’s cycle. *Der Neugierige* echoes the passage in the Diary when he wrote on pieces of paper: ‘Luise, liebst Du mich?’ and the single words ‘Ja’ and ‘Nein’; while *Pause*, with its famous couplet:

> Ich kann nicht mehr singen, mein Herz ist zu voll,  
> Weiß nicht, wie ichs in Reime zwingen soll,  
> (I can sing no more, my heart is too full,  
> I do not know how to force it to rhyme,)

clearly reflects the entry for 8 November 1815 when, having confessed his clandestine love to a fresh page, he re-reads the amorphous effusion and refuses to re-phrase his undisciplined outpouring, since it is too great to shape in artistic form. Müller’s obsession with Luise Hensel is apparent throughout the diary from October 1815 to December 1816: he is tortured by the thought that she might not return his love, he expresses his delight at Luise’s gift of a songbook, he shows her his own poetry and favourite pieces by other writers, he worries about her health, and often ends an entry with the words ‘Gute Nacht, Luise!’ – a phrase that was to provide the title to the opening poem of *Die Winterreise* that Schubert later adapted for his own *Winterreise*.

The theme chosen for the Stägemann soirées was that of a miller maid wooed by a number of suitors, and the literary genre in which they wrote was the *Liederspiel*, a narrative play in verse and song. The theme was already popular in both literature and music: Paisiello’s opera *La molinara* (we know the evergreen ‘Nel cor più non mi sento’) was enjoying great success on the contemporary German stage, and Goethe’s mill romances, such as *Der Edelknabe und die Müllerin*, anticipate the Müller cycle in many of its phrases and cadences, especially its first verse (‘Wohin? Wohin?/Schöne
almost certainly gave Müller the idea of creating the brooklet as a confidante. Each player in the Stägemann soirées assumed a different role, wrote their own part in verse and then declaimed it – not without a certain ironic detachment. Hedwig von Stägemann played the eponymous milleress, Wilhelm Hensel the hunter, while his sister Luise played the gardener. Müller collected his own contributions to these soirées, expanded them and published them finally in 1821 as *Die schöne Müllerin*.

The cycle bore the sub-title ‘Im Winter zu lesen’ (‘To be read in Winter’) and was framed by a Prologue and Epilogue in rhyming couplets, which gently satirize the fashion of rustic balladry. The Prologue begins:

> Ich lad euch, schöne Damen, kluge Herrn,  
> Und die ihr hört und schaut was Gutes gern,  
> Zu einem funkelnagelneuen Spiel  
> Im allerfunkelnagelneusten Stil...  
> (I invite you, fair ladies and wise gentlemen,  
> Who like a good theatrical occasion,  
> To a brand-new play  
> Written in the brandest-newest way...)

This mocking tone is intensified in the Epilogue, where the poet dissociates himself from the tragic events, jokes with his audience and bids them all go quietly home:

> Wir blasen unsere Sonn’ und Sternlein aus –  
> Nun findet euch im Dunkel gut nach Haus.  
> (We’ll blow out our tiny stars and sun –  
> Home in the dark with you, everyone.)

The *Stimmungsbrechung* with its deflating diminutive is worthy of Heinrich Heine, and it reminds us that the poet of Schumann’s *Dichterliebe* not only sent Müller a dedicated copy of his *Lyrisches Intermezzo* and set him above Uhland in his *Romantische Schule*, but also wrote him this glowing letter to accompany a volume of his *Reisebilder*:

> ‘[...] but I think that it was in your songs that I first discovered the pure tone and the true simplicity for which I was always striving. How pure and clear your songs are – folksongs every one of them.’

*The rest is silence.* (Shakespeare)  
*Please turn the page quietly*
Heine not only admired the simplicity of Müller’s writing, his ability to tell a story directly without the archaic trappings of folksong, he also relished the Romantic irony evident in both Prologue and Epilogue and within the cycle itself.

Schubert, however, chose to ignore the irony entirely. He dispensed with both Prologue and Epilogue, omitted three of the longer poems (including the two most self-mocking of the work) and approached the poems with a deadly seriousness. Instead of attempting, for example, to express the bathos of the final stanza of Tränenregen, he enriches the harmony with major/minor variations, veers off into the remote key of C major and lingers in the postlude on the miller’s despair. It is a magical moment, but hardly what Müller intended. Schubert adapted the poems to his own needs; time and again he elevates Müller’s simple narrative text into a statement of profound emotional significance, as Mozart did at the end of Figaro, where da Ponte’s prosaic ‘Contessa, perdono’ is transmuted into a poignancy that mere words cannot describe. Schubert works such magic throughout the twenty songs of the cycle. Take, for example, the anguished repetition of ‘allen eine gute Nacht’ in Am Feierabend, which transforms Müller’s factual statement into a cry of searing pain, as the miller realizes that the girl’s greeting was not for him alone; or verse 4 of Der Neugierige where the brook’s semiquavers cease, the accompaniment shifts to G major and the miller communes with himself in a reverie of recitative; or the way in which Schubert reduces the varied emotions of Müller’s Die liebe Farbe to an unremitting threnody, as the F sharp is struck a foreboding 536 times...

Any performance of Schubert’s Die schöne Müllerin will fail to do justice to the tone and design of Müller’s poem, and it is unfair to judge his achievement as a poet by listening to Schubert’s settings, though Müller himself never claimed to have written anything substantial. Indeed, shortly before his death he wrote that famous and prophetic disclaimer, which has perhaps also hindered a true appreciation of his poems:

‘I can neither play nor sing, but when I write poetry, I am also singing and playing. If I could only make up the tunes myself, my songs would give greater pleasure than they now do. But no matter! A like-minded soul might appear who will hear the tunes in the words and give them back to me.’

Like-minded? No. But modest Wilhelm Müller – like the rest of us – would have forgiven Schubert for truncating and freely adapting his poem.

Richard Stokes © 2007
Programme

Franz Schubert (1797 - 1828)

Die schöne Müllerin, D795 (Op.25)

1. Das Wandern

2. Wohin?

3. Halt!

4. Danksagung an den Bach

5. Am Feierabend

6. Der Neugierige

7. Ungeduld

8. Morgengruss

9. Des Müllers Blumen

10. Tränenregen

11. Mein!

12. Pause

13. Mit dem grünen Lautenbande

14. Der Jäger

15. Eifersucht und Stolz

16. Die liebe Farbe

17. Die böse Farbe

18. Trockne Blumen

19. Der Müller und der Bach

20. Des Baches Wiegenlied

*The rest is silence.* (Shakespeare)

*Please turn the page quietly*
DIE SCHÖNE MÜLLERIN

Schubert / Müller

English Translation © Richard Wigmore

DAS WANDERN

Das Wandern ist des Müllers Lust,
Das Wandern!
Das muss ein schlechter Müller sein,
Dem niemals fiel das Wandern ein,
Das Wandern

Vom Wasser haben wir’s gelernt,
Vom Wasser!
Das hat nicht Rast bei Tag und Nacht,
Ist stets auf Wanderschaft bedacht,
Das Wasser.

Das sehn wir auch den Rädern ab,
Den Rädern!
Die gar nicht gerne stille stehn,
Die sich mein Tag nicht müde gehn,
Die Räder.

Die Steine selbst, so schwer sie sind,
Die Steine!
Sie tanzen mit den muntern Reihn
Und wollen gar noch schneller sein,
Die Steine.

O Wandern, Wandern, meine Lust,
O Wandern!
Herr Meister und Frau Meisterin,
Lasst mich in Frieden weiter ziehn
Und wandern.

WANDERING

To wander is the miller’s delight;
to wander!
A poor miller he must be
who never thought of wandering,
of wandering.

We have learnt it from the water,
from the water!
It never rests, by day or night,
but is always intent on wandering,
the water.

We can see it in the wheels too,
the wheels!
They never care to stand still
but turn tirelessly the whole day long,
the wheels.

The stones themselves, heavy as they are,
the stones!
They join in the merry dance and seek to move still
closer,
the stones.

O wandering, my delight,
O wandering!
Master and mistress,
let me go my way in peace,
and wander.
WOHIN?

Ich hört’ ein Bächlein rauschen
Wohl aus dem Felsenquell,
Hinab zum Tale rauschen
So frisch und wunderhell.

Ich weiss nicht, wie mir wurde,
Nicht, wer den Rat mir gab,
Ich musste auch hinunter
Mit meinem Wanderstab.

Ist das denn meine Strasse?
O Bächlein, sprich, wohin?
Du hast mit deinem Rauschen
Mir ganz berauscht den Sinn.

Was sag’ ich denn vom Rauschen?
Das kann kein Rauschen sein:
Es singen wohl die Nixen
Tief unten ihren Reihn.

Lass singen, Gesell, lass rauschen,
Und wandre fröhlich nach!
Es gehn ja Mühlernärder
In jedem klaren Bach.

WHERE TO?

I heard a little brook babbling
from its rocky source,
babbling down to the valley,
so bright, so wondrously clear.

I know not what came over me,
nor who prompted me,
but I too had to go down
with my wanderer’s staff.

Down and ever onwards,
always following the brook
as it babbled ever brighter
and ever clearer.

Is this, then, my path?
O brook, say where it leads.
With your babbling
you have quite befuddled my mind.

Why do I speak of babbling?
That is no babbling.
It is the water nymphs singing
as they dance their round far below.

Let them sing, my friend; let the brook babble
and follow it cheerfully.
For mill-wheels turn
in every clear brook.

The rest is silence.’ (Shakespeare)
Please turn the page quietly
Eine Mühle seh’ ich blinken
Aus den Erlen heraus,
Durch Rauschen und Singen
Bricht Rädergebraus.

Ei willkommen, ei willkommen,
Süsser Mühlengesang!
Und das Haus, wie so traulich!
Und die Fenster, wie blank!

Und die Sonne, wie helle
Vom Himmel sie scheint!
Ei, Bächlein, liebes Bächlein,
War es also gemeint?

DANKSAGUNG AN DEN BACH

War es also gemeint,
Mein rauschender Freund,
Dein Singen, dein Klingen,
War es also gemeint?

„Zur Müllerin hin!“
So lautet der Sinn.
Gelt, hab’ ich’s verstanden?
„Zur Müllerin hin!“

Hat sie dich geschickt?
Oder hast mich berückt?
Das möcht’ ich noch wissen,
Ob sie dich geschickt.

Nun wie’s auch mag sein,
Ich gebe mich drein:
Was ich such’, hab’ ich funden,
Wie’s immer mag sein.

Nach Arbeit ich frug,
Nun hab’ ich genug,
Für die Hände, für’s Herze
Vollauf genug!

I see a mill gleaming
amid the alders;
the roar of mill-wheels
cuts through the babbling and singing.

Welcome, welcome,
sweet song of the mill!
How inviting the house looks,
how sparkling its windows!

And how brightly the sun
shines from the sky.
Now, dear little brook,
is this what you meant?

THANKSGIVING TO THE BROOK

Is this what you meant,
my babbling friend?
Your singing, your murmuring –
is this what you meant?

‘To the maid of the mill!’
This is your meaning;
have I understood you?
‘To the maid of the mill!’

Did she send you,
or have you entranced me?
I should like to know this, too:
did she send you?

However it may be,
I yield to my fate:
what I sought I have found,
however it may be.

I asked for work;
now I have enough
for hands and heart;
enough, and more besides.
AM FEIERABEND

Hätt’ ich tausend Arme zu rühren!
Könnt’ ich brausend Die Räder führen!
Könnt’ ich wehen Durch alle Haine!
Könnt’ ich drehen Alle Steine!
Dass die schöne Müllerin Merkte meinen treuen Sinn!

Ach, wie ist mein Arm so schwach!
Was ich hebe, was ich trage,
Was ich schneide, was ich schlage,
Jeder Knappe tut mir’s nach.
Und da sitz’ ich in der grossen Runde,
In der stillen kühlen Feierstunde,
Und der Meister sagt zu Allen:
„Euer Werk hat mir gefallen;“
Und das liebe Mädchen sagt
Allen eine gute Nacht.

AFTER WORK

If only I had a thousand arms to wield!
If only I could drive the rushing wheels!
If only I could blow like the wind through every wood, and turn every millstone, so that the fair maid of the mill would see my true love.

Ah, how weak my arm is!
What I lift and carry, what I cut and hammer – any apprentice could do the same.
And there I sit with them, in a circle, in the quiet, cool hour after work, and the master says to us all: ‘I am pleased with your work.’ And the sweet maid bids us all goodnight.

The rest is silence.’ (Shakespeare)
Please turn the page quietly
**DER NEUGIERIGE**

Ich frage keine Blume,
Ich frage keinen Stern,
Sie können mir alle nicht sagen,
Was ich erfähr' so gern.

Ich bin ja auch kein Gärtner,
Die Sterne stehn zu hoch;
Mein Bächlein will ich fragen,
Ob mich mein Herz belog.

O Bächlein meiner Liebe,
Wie bist du heut' so stumm!
Will ja nur Eines wissen,
Ein Wörtchen um und um.

Ja, heisst das eine Wörtchen,
Das andre heisset Nein,
Die beiden Wörtchen schliessen
Die ganze Welt mir ein.

O Bächlein meiner Liebe,
Was bist du wunderlich!
Will's ja nicht weiter sagen,
Sag', Bächlein, liebt sie mich?

**UNGEDULD**

Ich schnitt' es gern in alle Rinden ein,
Ich grüb' es gern in jeden Kieselstein,
Ich möcht' es sä'n auf jedes frische Beet
Mit Kressensamen, der es schnell verrät,
Auf jeden weissen Zettel möcht' ich's schreiben:
Dein ist mein Herz, und soll es ewig bleiben.

Ich möcht' mir ziehen einen jungen Star,
Bis dass er sprách' die Worte rein und klar,
Bis er sie sprách' mit meines Mundes Klang,
Mit meines Herzens vollem, heissem Drang;
Dann säng' er hell durch ihre Fensterscheiben:
Dein ist mein Herz, und soll es ewig bleiben.

**THE INQUISITIVE ONE**

I ask no flower,
I ask no star;
none of them can tell me what I would so dearly like to hear.

For I am no gardener,
and the stars are too high;
I will ask my little brook if my heart has lied to me.

O brook of my love,
how silent you are today!
I wish to know just one thing, one small word, over and over again.

One word is ‘yes’,
the other is ‘no’;
these two words contain for me the whole world.

O brook of my love,
how strange you are.
I will tell no one else: say, brook, does she love me?

**UNGEDULD**

I should like to carve it in the bark of every tree,
I should like to inscribe it on every pebble,
sow it in every fresh plot with cress seed that would quickly reveal it;
I should like to write it on every scrap of white paper:
my heart is yours, and shall ever remain so.

I should like to train a young starling until it spoke the words, pure and clear;
until it spoke with the sound of my voice, with my heart’s full, ardent yearning.
then it would sing brightly at her window: my heart is yours, and shall ever remain so.

**IMPATIENCE**
Den Morgenwinden möcht' ich's hauchen ein,  
Ich möcht' es säuseln durch den regen Hain;  
O, leuchtet' es aus jedem Blumenstern!  
Trüg' es der Duft zu ihr von nah und fern!  
Ihr Wogen, könnt ihr nichts als Räder treiben?  
Dein ist mein Herz, und soll es ewig bleiben.

Ich meint', es müsst' in meinen Augen stehen,  
Auf meinen Wangen müsst' man's brennen sehn,  
Zu lesen wär's auf meinem stummen Mund,  
Ein jeder Atemzug gäb's laut ihr kund;  
Und sie merkt nichts von all' dem bangen Treiben:  
Dein ist mein Herz, und soll es ewig bleien!

MORGENGRUSS

Guten Morgen, schöne Müllerin!  
Wo steckst du gleich das Köpfchen hin,  
Als wär' dir was geschehen?  
Verdriesst dich denn mein Gruss so schwer?  
Verstört dich denn mein Blick so sehr?  
So muss ich wieder gehen.

O lass mich nur von ferne stehen,  
Nach deinem lieben Fenster sehn,  
Von ferne, ganz von ferne!  
Du blondes Köpfchen, komm hervor!  
Hervor aus eurem runden Tor,  
Ihr blauen Morgensterne!

Ihr schlummertrunknen Äugelein,  
Ihr taubetrübten Blümlein,  
Was scheuert ihr die Sonne?  
Hat es die Nacht so gut gemeint,  
Dass ihr euch schliesst und bückt und weint  
Nach ihrer stillen Wonne?

Nun schüttelt ab der Träume Flor,  
Und hebt euch frisch und frei empor  
In Gottes hellen Morgen!  
Die Lerche wirbelt in der Luft,  
Und aus dem tiefen Herzen ruft  
Die Liebe Leid und Sorgen.

MORNING GREETING

Good morning, fair maid of the mill!  
Why do you quickly turn your head away  
as if something was wrong?  
Does my greeting annoy you so deeply?  
Does my glance upset you so much?  
If so, I must go away again.

O just let me stand far off  
and gaze at your beloved window  
from the far distance!  
Little blonde head, come out!  
Come forth from your round gates,  
blue morning stars.

Little eyes, drunk with slumber,  
little flowers, saddened by the dew,  
why do you fear the sun?  
Has night been so good to you  
that you close and droop, and weep  
for its silent bliss?

Shake off now the veil of dreams  
and rise up, refreshed and free,  
to God’s bright morning!  
The lark is trilling in the sky,  
and from the depths of the heart  
love draws grief and care.

The rest is silence.’ (Shakespeare)  
Please turn the page quietly
**DES MÜLLERS BLUMEN**

Am Bach viel kleine Blumen stehen,
Aus hellen blauen Augen sehn;
Der Bach der ist des Müllers Freund,
Und hellblau Liebchens Auge scheint;
Drum sind es meine Blumen.

Dicht unter ihrem Fensterlein
Da will ich pflanzen die Blumen ein,
Da ruft ihr zu, wenn alles schweigt,
Wenn sich ihr Haupt zum Schlummer neigt,
Ihr wisst ja, was ich meine.

Und wenn sie tät die Äuglein zu,
Und schläf in süßer, süßer Ruh,
Dann lispelt als ein Traumgesicht Ihr zu:
„Vergiss, vergiss mein nicht!“
Das ist es, was ich meine.

Und schliesst sie früh die Laden auf,
Dann schaut mit Liebesblick hinauf:
Der Tau in euren Äugelein,
Das sollen meine Tränen sein,
Die will ich auf euch weinen.

**TRÄNENREGEN**

Wir sassen so traulich beisammen
Im kühlen Erlendach,
Wir schauten so traulich zusammen
Hinab in den rieselnden Bach.

Der Mond war auch gekommen,
Die Sternlein hinterdrein,
Und schauten so traulich zusammen
In den silbernen Spiegel hinein.

Ich sah nach keinem Monde,
Nach keinem Sternenschein,
Ich schaute nach ihrem Bilde,
Nach ihren Augen allein.

Und sahe sie nicken und blicken
Herauf aus dem seligen Bach,
Die Blümlein am Ufer, die blauen,
Sie nickten und blickten ihr nach.

**THE MILLER'S FLOWERS**

Many small flowers grow by the brook,
gazing from bright blue eyes.
The brook is the miller’s friend,
and my sweetheart’s eyes are bright blue,
therefore they are my flowers.

Right under her window
I will plant the flowers.
There you shall call to her when all is silent,
when she lays down her head to sleep,
for you know what I wish to say.

And when she closes her eyes
and sleeps in sweet repose,
then whisper to her as a dream:
‘Forget me not!’
That is what I wish to say.

And when, early in the morning, she opens
the shutters, then gaze up lovingly;
the dew in your eyes
shall be the tears
that I will weep upon you.

We sat together in such harmony
beneath the cool canopy of alders,
and in harmony gazed down
into the rippling brook.

The moon had appeared too,
and then the stars.
They gazed down in harmony
into the silvery mirror.

I did not look at the moon;
I did not look at the stars.
I gazed only at her reflection,
and her eyes.

I saw them nod and gaze up
from the happy brook;
the little blue flowers on the bank
nodded and glanced at her.
Und in den Bach versunken
Der ganze Himmel schien,
Und wollte mich mit hinunter
In seine Tiefe ziehn.

Und über den Wolken und Sternen
Da rieselte munter der Bach,
Und rief mit Singen und Klingen:
„Geselle, Geselle, mir nach!“

Da gingen die Augen mir über,
Da ward es im Spiegel so kraus;
Sie sprach: „Es kommt ein Regen,
Ade, ich geh’ nach Haus.“

**MEIN!**

Bächlein, lass dein Rauschen sein!
Räder, stellt eur Brausen ein!
All’ ihr muntern Waldvögeln,
Gross und klein,
Endet eure Melodein!
Durch den Hain
Aus und ein
Schalle heut’ ein Reim allein:
Die geliebte Müllerin ist mein!
Mein!
Frühling, sind das alle deine Blümelein?
Sonne, hast du keinen hellern Schein?
Ach, so muss ich ganz allein,
Mit dem seligen Worte mein,
Unverstanden in der weiten Schöpfung sein.

The whole sky seemed
immersed in the brook
and sought to drag me down
into its depths.

Above the clouds and stars
the brook rippled merrily,
and called me with its singing and ringing:
‘Friend, follow me!’

Then my eyes filled with tears
and the mirror became blurred.
She said: ‘It’s about to rain.
Goodbye. I’m going home.’

**MINE!**

Brook, cease your babbling!
Wheels, stop your roaring!
All you merry wood-birds
great and small,
end your warbling!
Throughout the wood,
within it and beyond,
let one rhyme alone ring out today:
my beloved, the maid of the mill, is mine!
Mine!
Spring, are these all of your flowers?
Sun, do you have no brighter light?
Ah, then I must remain all alone
with that blissful word of mine,
understood nowhere in the whole of creation.
Meine Laute hab' ich gehängt an die Wand,  
Hab' sie umschlungen mit einem grünen Band –  
Ich kann nicht mehr singen, mein Herz ist zu voll,  
Weiss nicht, wie ich's in Reime zwingen soll.  

Meiner Sehnsucht allerheissesten Schmerz  
Durf't ich aushauchen in Liederscherz,  
Und wie ich klagte so süss und fein,  
Glaubt' ich doch, mein Leiden wär' nicht klein.  

Ei, wie gross ist wohl meines Glückes Last,  
Dass kein Klang auf Erden es in sich fasst?  

Nun, liebe Laute, ruh' an dem Nagel hier!  
Und weht ein Lüftchen über die Saiten dir,  
Und streift eine Biene mit ihren Flügeln dich,  
Da wird mir so bange und es durchschauert mich.  

Warum liess ich das Band auch hängen so lang'?  
Oft fliegt's um die Saiten mit seufzendem Klang.  
Is es der Nachklang meiner Liebespein?  
Soll es das Vorspiel neuer Lieder sein?

MIT DEM GRÜNEN LAUTENBANDE

„Schad' um das schöne grüne Band,  
Dass es verbleicht hier an der Wand,  
Ich hab' das Grün so gern!“  
So sprachst du, Liebchen, heut' zu mir;  
Gleich knüpf' ich's ab und send' es dir:  
Nun hab' das Grüne gern!

Ist auch dein ganzer Liebster weiss,  
Soll Grün doch haben seinen Preis,  
Und ich auch hab' es gern.  
Weil unsre Lieb' ist immergrün,  
Weil grün der Hoffnung Fernen blühn,  
Drum haben wir es gern.

Nun schlinge in die Locken dein  
Das grüne Band gefällig ein,  
Du hast ja's Grün so gern.  
Dann weiss ich, wo die Hoffnung grünt,  
Dann weiss ich, wo die Liebe front,  
Dann hab' ich's Grün erst gern.

TO ACCOMPANY THE LUTE'S GREEN RIBBON

‘What a pity that the lovely green ribbon should fade on the wall here;  
I am so fond of green!’  
That is what you said to me today, my love.  
I untied it at once and sent it to you:  
now delight in green!

Though your sweetheart is all in white,  
green shall have its reward,  
and I, too, am fond of it.  
For our love is evergreen,  
for distant hope blossoms green.  
That is why we are fond of it.

Now plait the green ribbon prettily into your hair,  
for you are so fond of green.  
Then I shall know where hope dwells,  
then I shall know where love reigns,  
then I shall truly delight in green.
DER JÄGER

Was sucht denn der Jäger am Mühlbach hier?
Bleib’, trotziger Jäger, in deinem Revier!
Hier gibt es kein Wild zu jagen für dich,
Hier wohnt nur ein Rehlein, ein zahmes, für mich.
Und willst du das zärtliche Rehlein sehn,
So lass deine Büchsen im Walde stehn,
Und lass deine klaffenden Hunde zu Haus,
Und scheere vom Kinne das struppige Haar,
Sonst scheut sich im Garten das Rehlein fürwahr.

Doch besser, du bliebest im Walde dazu,
Und liestest die Mühlen und Müller in Ruh’.
Was taugen die Fischlein im grünen Gezweig?
Was will denn das Eichhorn im bläulichen Teich?
Drum bleibe, du trotziger Jäger, im Hain,
Und lass mich mit meinen drei Rädern allein;
Und willst meinem Schätzchen dich machen beliebt
So wisse, mein Freund, was ihr Herzchen betrüht:
Die Eber, die kommen zur Nacht aus dem Hain,
Und brechen in ihren Kohlgarten ein,
Und treten und wühlen herum in dem Feld:
Die Eber die schiesse, du Jägerheld!

THE HUNTSMAN

What does the huntsman seek here by the millstream?
Stay in your own territory, defiant hunter!
Here is no game for you to hunt;
here dwells only a tame fawn for me.
And should you wish to see that gentle fawn,
leave your guns in the forest,
leave your baying hounds at home,
stop that pealing din on your horn
and shave that unkempt beard from your chin,
or the fawn will take fright in the garden.

But it would be better if you stayed in the forest
and left mills and millers in peace.
How can fish thrive among green branches?
What can the squirrel want in the blue pond?
Stay in the wood, then, defiant hunter,
and leave me alone with my three mill-wheels,
and if you wish to make yourself popular with
my sweetheart,
then, my friend, you should know what distresses her heart: wild boars come out of the wood at night,
and break into her cabbage patch,
rooting about and trampling over the field.
Shoot the wild boars, hunting hero!

The rest is silence.’ (Shakespeare)
Please turn the page quietly
Eifersucht und Stolz

Whither so fast, so ruffled and fierce, my beloved brook?
Do you hurry full of anger after our insolent huntsman friend?
Turn back, and first reproach your maid of the mill for her frivolous, wanton inconstancy.
Did you not see her standing by the gate last night, craning her neck as she looked towards the high road?
When the huntsman returns home merrily after the kill
a nice girl does not put her head out of the window.
Go, brook, and tell her this; but breathe not a word – do you hear?
– about my unhappy face;
tell her: he has cut himself a reed pipe on my banks,
and is piping pretty songs and dances for the children.

Die Liebe Farbe

In Grün will ich mich kleiden,
In grüne Tränenweiden,
Mein Schatz hat’s Grün so gern.
Will suchen einen Zypressenhain,
Eine Heide von grünem Rosmarein,
Mein Schatz hat’s Grün so gern.

Up, away to the merry hunt!
Away over heath and hedge!
My love is so fond of hunting.
The game I hunt is death.
The heath I call Love’s Torment:
my love is so fond of hunting.

Dig me a grave in the grass.
Cover me with green turf.
My love is so fond of green.
No black cross, no colourful flowers,
green, everything green, all around.
My love is so fond of green.
Ich möchte ziehn in die Welt hinaus,
Hinaus in die weite Welt,
Wenn's nur so grün, so grün nicht wär'
Da draussen in Wald und Feld!

I should like to go out into the world,
into the wide world.
If only it were not so green
out there in field and forest!

Ich möchte die grünen Blätter all'
Pflücken von jedem Zweig,
Ich möchte die grünen Gräser all'
Weinen ganz totenbleich.

I should like to pluck the green leaves
from every branch;
I should like to make the green grass
deathly pale with my weeping.

Ach Grün, du böse Farbe du,
Was siehst mich immer an,
So stolz, so keck, so schadenfroh,
Mich armen, armen weissen Mann?

O green, you loathsome colour,
why do you look at me,
so proud, so insolent, so gloating –
at me, a poor white miller?

Ich möchte liegen vor ihrer Tür,
Im Sturm und Regen und Schnee,
Und singen ganz leise bei Tag und Nacht
Das eine Wörtchen Ade!

I should like to lie at her door
in storm and rain and snow,
and sing softly, day and night,
one single word, ‘Farewell!’

Horch, wenn im Wald ein Jagdhorn schallt,
Da klingt ihr Fensterlein,
Und schaut sie auch nach mir nicht aus,
Darf ich doch schauen hinein.

Hark! When a hunting horn sounds in the wood,
I can hear her window.
And though she does not look,
yet I can look in.

O binde von der Stirn dir ab
Das grüne, grüne Band,
Ade, Ade! und reiche mir
Zum Abschied deine Hand!

O untie the green ribbon
from your brow.
Farewell! And in parting
give me your hand.
TROCKNE BLUMEN

Ihr Blümlein alle,
Die sie mir gab,
Euch soll man legen
Mit mir ins Grab.

Wie seht ihr alle
Mich an so weh,
Als ob ihr wüsset,
Wie mir gescheh’?

Ihr Blümlein alle,
Wie welk, wie blass?
Ihr Blümlein alle
Wovon so nass?

Ach, Tränen machen
Nicht maiengrün,
Machen tote Liebe
Nicht wieder blühn.

Und Lenz wird kommen
Und Winter wird gehen,
Und Blümlein werden
Im Grase stehn.

Und Blümlein liegen
In meinem Grab,
Die Blümlein alle,
Die sie mir gab.

Und wenn sie wandelt
Am Hügel vorbei,
Und denkt im Herzen:
„Der meint’ es treu!“

Dann Blümlein alle,
Heraus, heraus!
Der Mai ist kommen,
Der Winter ist aus.

WITHERED FLOWERS

All you flowers
that she gave to me,
you shall be laid
with me in the grave.

How sorrowfully
you all look at me,
as though you knew
what was happening to me!

All you flowers,
how faded and pale you are!
All you flowers,
why are you so moist?

Alas, tears will not create
the green of May,
nor make dead love
bloom anew.

Spring will come,
and winter will pass,
and flowers
will grow in the grass.

And flowers will lie
on my grave –
all the flowers
that she gave me.

And when she walks
past that mound
and ponders in her heart,
‘His love was true.’

Then, all you flowers,
come forth, come forth!
May is here,
winter is over!
**DER MÜLLER UND DER BACH**

**DER MÜLLER:**
Wo ein treues Herze
In Liebe vergeht,
Da welken die Lilien
Auf jedem Beet.

Da muss in die Wolken
Der Vollmond gehen,
Damit seine Tränen
Die Menschen nicht sehn.

Da halten die Englein
Die Augen sich zu,
Und schluchzen und singen
Die Seele zu Ruh'.

**DER BACH:**
Und wenn sich die Liebe
Dem Schmerz entringt,
Ein Sternlein, ein neues
Am Himmel erblinkt.

Da springen drei Rosen,
Halb rot und halb weiss,
Die welken nicht wieder
Aus Dornenreis.

Und die Engelein schneiden
Die Flügel sich ab,
Und gehn alle Morgen
Zur Erde herab.

**DER MÜLLER:**
Ach, Bächlein, liebes Bächlein,
Du meinst es so gut:
Ach, Bächlein, aber weisst du,
Wie Liebe tut?

Ach, unten, da unten,
Die kühle Ruh'!
Ach, Bächlein, liebes Bächlein,
So singe nur zu.

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**THE MILLER AND THE BROOK**

**THE MILLER:**
Where a true heart
dies of love,
the lilies wilt
in their beds.

There the full moon
must disappear behind clouds
so that mankind
does not see its tears.

There angels
cover their eyes
and, sobbing, sing
the soul to rest.

**THE BROOK:**
And when love
struggles free of sorrow,
a new star
shines in the sky.

Three roses,
half-red, half-white,
spring from thorny stems
and will never wither.

And the angels
cut off their wings,
and every morning
descend to earth.

**THE MILLER:**
Ah, brook, beloved brook,
you mean so well:
ah, brook, but do you know
what love can do?

Ah, below, down below,
is cool rest!
Brook, beloved brook,
sing on.

_The rest is silence._ (Shakespeare)
_Please turn the page quietly_
DESBACHSWIEGENLIED

Gute Ruh’, gute Ruh’!
Tu’ die Augen zu!
Wandrer, du müder, du bist zu Haus.
Die Treu’ ist hier,
Sollst liegen bei mir,
Bis das Meer will trinken die Bächlein aus.

Will betten dich kühl,
Auf weichen Pfühl,
In dem blauen krystalllenen Kämmerlein.
Heran, heran,
Was wiegen kann,
Woget und wieget den Knaben mir ein!

Wenn ein Jagdhorn schallt
Aus dem grünen Wald,
Will ich sausen und brausen wohl um dich her.
Blickt nicht herein,
Blaue Blümelein!
Ihr macht meinem Schläfer die Träume so schwer.

Hinweg, hinweg
Von dem Mühlensteg,
Böses Mägdelein, dass ihn dein Schatten
nicht weckt!
Wirf mir herein
Dein Tüchlein fein,
Dass ich die Augen ihm halte bedeckt!

Gute Nacht, gute Nacht!
Bis alles wacht,
Schlaf’ aus deine Freude, schlaf’ aus dein Leid!
Der Vollmond steigt,
Der Nebel weicht,
Und der Himmel da droben, wie ist er so weit!

THE BROOK’S LULLABY

Rest well, rest well!
Close your eyes!
Weary wanderer, this is your home.
Here is constancy;
you shall lie with me,
until the sea drinks up all brooks.

I shall make you a cool bed
on a soft pillow
in this blue crystal chamber.
Come, come,
all you who can lull,
rock and lull this boy for me!

When a hunting-horn echoes
from the green forest,
I shall surge and roar about you.
Do not peep in,
little blue flowers!
You will give my slumberer such bad dreams.

Away, away
from the mill-path,
wicked girl, lest your shadow should wake him!
Throw me
your fine shawl,
that I may keep his eyes covered!

Good night, good night,
until all awaken;
sleep away your joy, sleep away your sorrow!
The full moon rises,
the mist vanishes,
and the sky above, how vast it is.
Winner of the Richard Tauber Prize, the International Schumann Competition Zwickau and the International Vocal Competition 's-Hertogenbosch, **Klemens Sander** has received several distinctions for his devotion to the classical lied.


Klemens has appeared on the opera stage at the Volksoper Wien, Theater an der Wien, New National Theatre Tokyo, Opéra de Dijon, Oper Leipzig, Neue Oper Wien, Oper Chemnitz, Limoges and Caen opera houses, as well as Badisches Staatstheater Karlsruhe. He has performed a variety of major roles including Papageno, Onegin, Don Giovanni, Belcore, Silvio, Marcello, Conte Almaviva, Harlekin, Falke, Donner, Faninal, Besenbinder, Kurwenal and Escamillo. He has already become a sought-after performer of contemporary opera, and at the much-noted Austrian premiere of Manfred Trojahn's *Orest* at Neue Oper Wien, he celebrated a triumph for his intense interpretation of the title role.

Klemens has performed under conductors including Kirill Petrenko, Kent Nagano, H.K. Gruber, Christophe Rousset, Bertrand de Billy, Jérémie Rhorer, René Jacobs, Helmuth Rilling, Andrés Orozco-Estrada, Stefan Vladar, Thomas Dausgaard and Georges Prêtre.

He has featured on several CDs including Mahler’s *Songs of a Wayfarer*, Beethoven’s *Symphony No. 9*, Fauré’s *Requiem*, Handel’s *Judas Maccabaeus*, Verdi’s *Requiem*, and Bach’s cantata *Ich habe genug*. In 2013 he released his debut solo album featuring Schubert’s *Schwanengesang* and the Seidl Lieder Op. 105. His second solo CD, Schubert’s *Die schöne Müllerin* (2016), won the Supersonic Award and a nomination for the International Classical Music Awards. His latest album ‘Das Lyrische Intermezzo’ was awarded the Bank Austria Arts Award and nominated for the International Classical Music Awards.

**Sholto Kynoch** is a sought-after pianist who specialises in song and chamber music. He is the founder and Artistic Director of the Oxford Lieder Festival, which won a prestigious Royal Philharmonic Society Award in 2015, cited for its ‘breadth, depth and audacity’ of programming.

Recent recitals have taken him to Wigmore Hall, Heidelberger Frühling in Germany, the Zeist International Lied Festival in Holland, the LIFE Victoria festival and Palau de la Música in Barcelona, the Opéra de Lille, Kings Place in London, Piano Salon Christophori in Berlin and many other leading venues nationally and internationally. He has performed with singers including Benjamin Appl, Sophie Daneman, Robert Holl, James Gilchrist, Dietrich Henschel, Katarina Karnéus, Wolfgang Holzmair, Jonathan Lemalu, Stephan Loges, Christoph Prégardien, Joan Rodgers, Kate Royal and Birgid Steinberger, amongst many others.

Together with violinist Jonathan Stone and cellist Christian Elliott, Sholto is the pianist of the Phoenix Piano Trio, an ensemble that has been praised for creating a ‘musical narrative of tremendous, involving depth’. In recent years, he has curated several series of recitals at the National Gallery, including their ‘Monet and Architecture’ exhibition in 2018. He has recorded, live at the Oxford Lieder Festival, the first complete edition of the songs of Hugo Wolf. Other recordings include discs of Schubert and Schumann lieder, the complete songs of John Ireland and Havergal Brian with baritone Mark Stone, a recital disc with Anna Stéphany, and several CDs with the Phoenix Trio. In July 2018, Sholto was elected a Fellow of the Royal Academy of Music in the RAM Honours.

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