

LINCOLN CENTER'S 2017/18 GREAT PERFORMERS

The Program

Thursday, March 1, 2018, at 7:30 pm

Art of the Song

Simon Keenlyside, Baritone
Malcolm Martineau, Piano

SIBELIUS

Kaiutar ("The Echo Nymph") (1915)
Illalle ("To Evening") (1898)
Romeo (1910)
Im Feld ein Mädchen singt (1906)
Die stille Stadt (1906)

SCHUBERT

Selections from *Schwanengesang*, D.957 (1828)

Liebesbotschaft
Kriegers Ahnung
Ständchen
Die Stadt

Der Wanderer, D.649 (1819)

Selections from *Schwanengesang*

Das Fischermädchen
Abschied

Intermission

Please make certain all your electronic devices are switched off.

This performance is made possible in part by the Josie Robertson Fund for Lincoln Center.

Steinway Piano

Alice Tully Hall, Starr Theater

Adrienne Arsht Stage

Great Performers

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UPCOMING GREAT PERFORMERS EVENTS:

Wednesday, March 28 at 7:30 pm in Alice Tully Hall

Christian Tetzlaff, solo violin

ALL-BACH PROGRAM

Sonata No. 2 in A minor

Partita No. 2 in D minor

Sonata No. 3 in C major

Partita No. 3 in E major

Tuesday, April 17 at 7:30 pm in Alice Tully Hall

Richard Goode, piano

BYRD: Two Pavans and Galliards

BACH: English Suite No. 6 in D minor

BEETHOVEN: Sonata No. 28 in A major

DEBUSSY: Préludes, Book 2

Thursday, April 19 at 7:30 pm in Alice Tully Hall

Mark Padmore, tenor

Paul Lewis, piano

SCHUMANN: Liederkreis

BRAHMS: Es liebt sich so lieblich im Lenze

BRAHMS: Sommerabend

BRAHMS: Mondenschein

BRAHMS: Es schauen die Blumen

BRAHMS: Meerfahrt

BRAHMS: Der Tod, das ist die kühle Nacht

SCHUMANN: Dichterliebe

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We would like to remind you that the sound of coughing and rustling paper might distract the performers and your fellow audience members.

In consideration of the performing artists and members of the audience, those who must leave before the end of the performance are asked to do so between pieces. The taking of photographs and the use of recording equipment are not allowed in the building.

- VAUGHAN WILLIAMS **Selections from *Songs of Travel* (1901–04)**
The Vagabond
Youth and Love
The Infinite Shining Heavens
- SOMERVELL **There Pass the Careless People (1904)**
- WARLOCK **My Own Country, from *Three Belloc Songs* (1927)**
Piggesnie (1922)
The Night, from *Three Belloc Songs* (1927)
- GRAINGER **The Sprig of Thyme (1907)**
- FAURÉ **Rêve d'amour (1864)**
Spleen (1888)
Poème d'un jour (1878)
Rencontre
Toujours
Adieu

Snapshot

By Susan Youens

Say “Sibelius” and many will think automatically of tone poems and symphonies—but this composer also wrote over 100 songs to poems in Swedish, Finnish, German, and even French. Only a few have become part of the standard repertoire, so it is a rare treat to hear five less-known songs by this master. In his youth, Sibelius studied in Berlin and Vienna, hence the two German lieder, but the foremost champion of Finnish musical nationalism is also represented here by songs in Finnish and Swedish.

We follow Sibelius’s songs with six lieder from Franz Schubert’s *Schwanengesang* (“Swan Song”), a posthumously published collection of 14 works, all but the last to poetry by Ludwig Rellstab (a prominent music journalist) and Heinrich Heine (one of Germany’s greatest poets). In the middle, our two artists intersperse another Schubert song, one of many on the quintessential Romantic theme of wandering. Heine’s verse—pared to the bone, drenched in irony—elicited from Schubert nothing less than the future of music.

Eight songs in English follow, with more wandering songs (a recurring theme of this program, along with serenades), also love songs, a bitter anti-love song, and a folk song. From Ralph Vaughan Williams’s cycle *Songs of Travel*, we hear the first, fourth, and sixth songs (wandering in three different moods). The best song from Arthur Somervell’s settings of A.E. Housman, three songs by the composer and student of the occult Peter Warlock, and a folk song round out the group.

At the end comes a Gallic marvel: five songs, including a mini-cycle of three *mélodies*, by Gabriel Fauré, among the greatest of French song composers.

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Timeframe

ARTS

1828**Schubert’s
*Schwanengesang***

First publication of Noah Webster’s American Dictionary

1878**Fauré’s *Poème d’un jour***Thomas Hardy publishes his novel *The Return of the Native*.**1915****Sibelius’s “Kaiutar”**Franz Kafka publishes his short story *The Metamorphosis*.

SCIENCE

1828

Delaware and Hudson Canal are completed.

1878

Thomas Edison invents the phonograph and the electric filament lamp.

1915

First transcontinental telephone link established in the U.S., between New York City and San Francisco

IN NEW YORK

1828

Broadway extends north to 10th Street.

1878

The Metropolitan Telephone and Telegraph Company, the first telephone exchange service, opens its central switch-office in Manhattan.

1915

The New York Yankees wear legendary pinstripes for the first time.

By Susan Youens

Kaiutar (“The Echo Nymph”), Op. 72, No. 4 (1915)

Illalle (“To Evening”), Op. 17, No. 6 (1898)

Romeo, Op. 61, No. 4 (1910)

Im Feld ein Mädchen singt, Op. 50, No. 3 (1906)

Die stille Stadt, Op. 50, No. 5 (1906)

JEAN SIBELIUS

Born December 8, 1865, in Hämeenlinna, Finland

Died September 20, 1957, in Järvenpää, Finland

Approximate length: 14 minutes

“**Kaiutar**” dates from the First World War—a period of financial hardship for Sibelius and his family. The Finnish poet Larin-Kyösti came from the same birthplace (Hämeenlinna) as the composer and was often inspired by fairies, elves, and mythical visions of yore. In his version of the myth of Echo, a betrayed nymph resolves to mock and deceive others as she was deceived. At the start, we hear what sounds like a modern variant of ancient runic singing, while near the end, echoes already begin to sound between the voice and the right hand of the piano part. “**Illalle**” sets to music a sonnet to evening and to “*Ilta*” (the poet’s wife); the vocal part consists of variations on a single phrase, while the accompanying treble chords alternating between the two hands sound like some sort of folk instrument, descending into the bass at the end.

Arnold Bax once said that Sibelius “gave one the notion that he had never laughed in his life and never could,” but “**Romeo**” gives the lie to that statement, even if the song still has the dark side characteristic of this composer. The strumming in the piano is punctuated by emphatic rolled chords; one imagines the would-be lover striking a pose each time as he envisions different outcomes for his serenade (one of several on this program).

In “**Im Feld ein Mädchen singt**,” the singer wonders what has impelled the song he hears in the meadow; surely he and the singer are kindred souls, linked by sadness. Once again alternating chords, floating as if ungrounded, sound beneath a lyrical, melancholy melody. Many early 19th-century composers were drawn to the poetry of Richard Dehmel, including the words for “**Die stille Stadt**.” Here, night falls in stages of gathering darkness, until the fearful wanderer (wandering is another recurring strand in this program) hears children singing a holy song. Rising-and-falling arcs of delicate treble harmony in the piano sound throughout.

Selections from *Schwanengesang*, D.957 (1828)

Der Wanderer, D.649 (1819)

FRANZ SCHUBERT

Born January 31, 1797, in Vienna

Died November 19, 1828, in Vienna

Approximate length: 23 minutes

In 1829, the Viennese publisher Tobias Haslinger brought forth a collection he named ***Schwanengesang*** (“Swan Song”), Schubert’s final musical testament. To Schubert’s original manuscript of 13 songs on seven poems by the Berlin music journalist Ludwig Rellstab and six by the great Heinrich Heine, Haslinger added the composer’s last lied, “Die Taubenpost.”

In “**Liebesbotschaft**,” the first of the Rellstab songs, a lover bids the little brook to convey greetings to his sweetheart. A rippling, undulating right hand part flows over a bedrock of open fifths in the left hand and then cradles a vocal line remarkable for its melodic beauty and incessant dactylic rhythms. Water music gives way to an unknown warrior’s firelight memories of love in “**Kriegers Ahnung**.” Schubert draws a stark contrast between the dark chords that bespeak the death-haunted present and the warm, fluid passages in major mode remembering a past beautified by love. In the famous “**Ständchen**,” an ardent wooer attempts to lure the maiden he desires out of her bedchamber in order “to make me happy,” a euphemism that only the most naive, convent-bred miss could mistake. Schubert, while acknowledging passion’s heart of darkness, fills *his* song of seduction with vulnerability, uncertainty, and ambivalence.

In classic horror-movie fashion, the singer of “**Die Stadt**” stares at mist and darkness until daylight reveals...absence: The peopled city is merely the hull around a void where the bygone sweetheart used to live. For the first and third stanza, we hear echoes of the Baroque, the passages frozen in C minor and the rhythmic patterns reminiscent of Handel or Rameau. In the introduction and second stanza, the infamous “horror chord” of German Romantic opera comes out of nowhere, goes nowhere, and is repeated over and over.

“**Der Wanderer**” began with the philosopher-poet Friedrich von Schlegel’s pantheistic early cycle *Abendröte* (“Sunsets”), from which Schubert extracted 11 poems for song. Like the wanderer in Vaughan Williams’s *Songs of Travel*, this wayfarer formulates a philosophy of life on the road; inspired by Nature and art (his song), he sees what is good all around him—but does so alone. That is the price he pays.

In “**Das Fischermädchen**,” an ebullient poet, confident of his powers of attraction, woos a lower-class girl with his pearls of poetry. One can interpret this song either as a sincere serenade or as mockery, with both Heine and Schubert hinting that the poet is not quite the genius he proclaims himself to

be. In **“Abschied,”** a pianistic steed carries the singer through what seems at first a merry farewell—but the merriment is, we soon realize, willed. In the E-flat major key of Beethoven’s “Les Adieux” piano sonata, Op. 81a (in the song’s original tonality), the persona bids a protracted farewell to a place he loves and does not want to leave.

Selections from *Songs of Travel* (1901–04)

RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS

Born October 12, 1872, in Down Ampney, Gloucestershire, England

Died August 26, 1958, in London

Approximate length: 9 minutes

Robert Louis Stevenson, the creator of *Treasure Island* and the story of Jekyll and Hyde, travelled far afield (he is buried in Samoa), and his poetic cycle *Songs of Travel* inspired one of Ralph Vaughan Williams’s most beautiful works. Stevenson had written **“The Vagabond”** “to an air by Schubert,” and Vaughan Williams’s tramping rhythm sends the wayfarer briskly on his way. **“Youth and love”** is at the cycle’s core: Should youth choose settled love or the wayfaring life? The choice for the latter is apparent by the end. The wanderer stares at the starry sky in **“The Infinite Shining Heavens”** and finds peace when a single star comes down to him; the arpeggiated chords in the piano create their own spangled sky above an exquisitely expansive melody for the singer.

There Pass the Careless People (1904)

ARTHUR SOMERVELL

Born June 5, 1863, in Windermere, England

Died May 2, 1937, in London

Approximate length: 2 minutes

Arthur Somervell is mostly known nowadays for his songs, including his 1904 cycle of ten songs to poems from A.E. Housman’s *A Shropshire Lad*. In **“There pass the careless people,”** we hear the poet’s characteristic bleak bitterness that finally explodes in anger near the end, then dies away as if in realization that anger is futile.

My Own Country, from *Three Belloc Songs* (1927)

Piggesnie (1922)

The Night, from *Three Belloc Songs* (1927)

PETER WARLOCK

Born October 30, 1894, in London

Died December 17, 1930, in London

Approximate length: 6 minutes

Peter Warlock (the pseudonym of Philip Arnold Heseltine) took the poem **“My Own Country”** from the Catholic satirist and poet Hilaire Belloc’s novel *The Four Men: A Farrago* (1912) for the third of his *Three Belloc Songs*. In this visionary work, we hear the testament of yet another wayfarer en route to death, when we will recognize “our own country.” The harmonic shift at “All the woods are *new*” is downright radiant in effect. Warlock loved Elizabethan music, and in **“Piggesnie,”** an anonymous 16th-century lover lightly hymns his sweetheart. With **“The Night,”** we return to the Belloc songs and a plangent plea that night envelop the wakeful poet. From austere, chanted beginnings, the song gathers force with each stanza.

The Sprig of Thyme (1907)

PERCY GRAINGER

Born July 8, 1882, in Brighton, Victoria

Died February 20, 1961, in White Plains, New York

Approximate length: 3 minutes

In Percy Grainger’s long career, spanning Australia, Germany, England, and the United States, he played an important role in the early 20th-century revival of British folk music. In **“The Sprig of Thyme”** (“as sung by Mr. Joseph Taylor of Saxby-All-Saints, Lincolnshire, England”), the singer plays on “thyme” as a symbol of virginity and “time” that brings all things to an end, and just may bring this country girl a young man to win her heart.

Rève d’amour (1864)

Spleen (1888)

Poème d’un jour, Op. 21 (1878)

GABRIEL FAURÉ

Born May 12, 1845, in Pamiers, Ariège, France

Died November 4, 1924, in Paris

Approximate length: 11 minutes

The great French Romantic poet Victor Hugo once took out a newspaper ad forbidding composers “to set music alongside my verse.” It didn’t work: Few French composers could resist works such as “S’il est un charmant gazon,”

or **“Rêve d’amour”** in Gabriel Fauré’s early setting. (This exquisite love poem was also turned into music by Liszt, Saint-Saëns, Massenet, and Franck.) Another French poet, Paul Verlaine, trafficked in nuance and suggestion, fleeting moments of feeling, everything indefinite and mysterious. **“Spleen”** is a word borrowed from the earlier 19th-century poet Charles Baudelaire denoting a darker version of ennui (Fauré called his own bouts of depression “spleen”), exacerbated by the singer’s desperate fear that his beloved might leave him. Both Debussy and Fauré set this poem to music; while both make us hear raindrops pattering on the roof, the difference between these two great contemporaries is epitomized by their different “readings” of the line “What! No betrayal?”—resigned, muted, in Debussy; passionate (briefly) in Fauré.

In ***Poème d’un jour***, a love affair—from meeting to parting—transpires in a single day; Fauré took three poems by Grandmougin from separate sources and spun them into a narrative. In **“Rencontre,”** a practiced and urbane suitor inaugurates what is surely not his first affair (with a married woman?) and does so to elegant, mellifluous melody. In **“Toujours,”** the woman has perhaps temporarily rebuffed her infatuated lover, and he engages in passionate bluster to win her back. The inevitable parting happens in **“Adieu,”** the conclusion to a game of extramarital love in which tender regret is merely feigned at the close.

Susan Youens, newly retired as the J. W. Van Gorkom Professor of Music at the University of Notre Dame, is the author of eight books on German song, including Schubert, Müller, and Die schöne Müllerin; Hugo Wolf and his Mörike Songs; Schubert’s Late Lieder; and Heinrich Heine and the Lied (all from Cambridge University Press), as well as over 60 scholarly articles and chapters.

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Kaiutar

Text: Larin-Kyösti

Kaiutar, korea neito
Astui illalla ahoa,
Kaihoissansa kankahalla,
Huusi yksin huoliansa.
Tullut ei suloinen sulho,
Vaikka vannot valallansa,
Kihlaavansa kaunokaisen.
Ennen astuivat ahoa
Kankahalla kuherrellen
Kilvan kyyhkyjen kisoissa
Kesäpäivän paistaessa,
Illan kuun kumottaessa.
Meni sulho sanoinensa
Impi jäi sydäminensä.
Etsii impi ihanainen
Kullaistansa kankahalta,
Huhuilevi i kuuntelevi,
Kirkuvi kimahutellen
Äänen pienaisen pilalle,
Jähmettyvi, jäykästyvi,
Kaatuissansa kauhistuvi
Mustan metsän pimeyttä.
Aamulla herättyänsä
Kulkee kuje mielessänsä,
Eksyttävi erämiehen
Matkien ja mairitellen,
Niinkuin ennen eksytteli,
Sulho suurilla sanoilla,
Tuulen turhilla taruilla.

The echo nymph

Trans.: by Jeremy Parsons by kind permission of Decca

Graceful Echo
gave vent to her grief
as she wandered at evening
over meadow and moor.
Her lover never came
though he gave his word
to wed her.
They had wandered together
over meadow and moor
cooing like turtle-doves
in the heat of a summer day
in the cool of a moonlit night.
Then he went with his fine words
left her with her aching heart.
The fair maid searches
the moors for her lover
calls and listens
cries and shouts
till she has no voice left
and grows stiff and cold,
stumbling fearfully
through the dark forest.
Next morning when she wakes
an idea strikes her
to lead travellers astray
with her mimicking and mocking
just as her lover led her astray
with his fine words
with his windy stories.

Illalle

Text: Aukusti Valdemar
Forsman-Kaskimies

Oi, terve! tumma, vieno tähti-ilta,
Sun haaveellista hartauttas lemmin
Ja suortuvaisi yötä sorjaa hemmin,
Mi hulmuaapi kulmais kuulamilta.
Kun oisit, ilta, oi, se tenhosilta,
Mi sielun multa siirtäis lentoisammin
Pois aatteen maille itse kun ma
emmin,
Ja siip' ei kannaa aineen kahlehilta!
Ja itse oisin miekkoinen se päivä,
Mi uupuneena saisin luokses liittää,
Kun tauonnut on työ ja puuha räivä,
Kun mustasiipi yö jo silmään siittää
Ja laaksot, vuoret verhoo harmaa
häivä—
Oi, ilta armas, silloin luokses
kiittää!

To evening

Trans.: by John Atkinson © 2002,
courtesy of Hyperion Records, Ltd.

Welcome, dark, mild and starry
evening!
Your gentle fervor I adore
and caress the dark tresses
that flutter round your brow.
If only you were the magic bridge
that would carry my soul away,
no longer burdened
by the cares of life!
And if it were the happy day
when, overcome with
weariness, I might join you
when work is over and duty done,
When night unfolds its black wings
and a grey curtain falls over hill
and dale,
O evening, how I would hurry
to you!

Romeo

Text: Karl August Tavaststjerna

Om du en natt helt plötsligt
hörde strängar,
Som knäpptes eldigt under din
balkong,
Och se'n en röst, som sjöng en
sydländsk sång,
Säg, ropade du väl på dina drängar?
Måhända lät du hellre natten
lång
Mig trampa fritt i dina blomstersängar
Och slängde icke några kopparpengar
Ner till den stackars sångaren engång!
Ja, jag kan drömma om en
silkesstege,
Som fälldes tveksamt från din
balustrad,
Och som mig bar med fibrer,
spunne sege.
Jag kan se sångarn svinga stolt
och glad
Ej såsom nattens tjuf, den
lumpet fege,
Men såsom Romeo på serenad.

Im Feld ein Mädchen singt

Text: Margarete Susman

Im Feld ein Mädchen singt...
Vielleicht ist ihr Liebster gestorben,
Vielleicht ist ihr Glück verdorben,
Daß ihr Lied so traurig klingt.
Das Abendrot verglüht,
Die Weiden stehn und schweigen,
Und immer noch so eigen
Tönt fern das traurige Lied.
Der letzte Ton verklingt.
Ich möchte zu ihr gehen.
Wir müßten uns wohl verstehen,
Da sie so traurig singt.
Das Abendrot verglüht,
Die Weiden stehn und schweigen.

Romeo

If one night you suddenly
heard the sound
of strings plucked fiercely
beneath your balcony
and then a voice that sang a
Southern song,
say, would you call to your servants?
Perhaps you would rather let
me through the night
trample freely in your flower-beds
and cast not some copper coins
to the poor singer for once!
Yes, I can dream of a silken
ladder
that was lowered, in hesitation,
from your balustrade
whose strong-spun fibers bore
my weight.
I can see the song swing proud
and joyful,
not like the thief at night, the
coward,
but like Romeo on a serenade.

In the field a maiden sings

Trans.: by Richard Stokes

In the field a maiden sings...
perhaps her lover is dead;
perhaps her happiness is ended,
for her song is a sad one.
The sunset fades,
the woods become silent,
but ever, from far away,
the sorrowing song still sounds.
The last note dies.
I would like to go to her.
We would console one another,
so sadly does she sing.
The sunset fades,
the woods become silent...

Die stille Stadt

Text: Richard Dehmel

Liegt eine Stadt im Tale,
Ein blasser Tag vergeht.
Es wird nicht lange dauern mehr,
Bis weder Mond noch Sterne.
Nur Nacht am Himmel steht.
Von allen Bergen drücken
Nebel auf die Stadt,
Es dringt kein Dach, nicht Hof
noch Haus,
Kein Laut aus ihrem Rauch heraus,
Kaum Türme noch und Brücken.
Doch als den Wanderer graute,
Da ging ein Lichtlein auf im Grund
Und durch den Rauch und Nebel
Begann ein leiser Lobgesang
Aus Kindermund.

**Liebesbotschaft, from
Schwanengesang**

Text: Ludwig Rellstab

Rauschendes Bächlein,
So silbern und hell,
Eilst zur Geliebten
So munter und schnell?
Ach trautes Bächlein
Mein Bote sei Du;
Bringe die Grüße
Des Fernen ihr zu.

All' ihre Blumen
Im Garten gepflegt,
Die sie so lieblich
Am Busen trägt,
Und ihre Rosen
In purpurner Gluth,
Bächlein, erquicke
Mit kühlender Fluth.

The silent town

Trans.: by Richard Stokes

A town lies in the valley,
a pale day fades.
It will not be long
before neither moon nor stars
but only night shall rule the heavens.
From the mountaintops
mists descend upon the town.
No roof, no yard nor house
nor sound can pierce the smoke;
not even a tower or a bridge.
But as the traveller felt fear,
a tiny light shone below;
and through smoke and mist
a soft song of praise began
from the mouth of a child.

Love's Message

Trans.: © by Richard Morris

Murmuring brooklet,
so silvery bright,
hurry to my beloved
so fast and light,
oh friendly brooklet,
be my messenger fair,
bring my distant greetings
to her.

All the flowers
she tends in her garden,
which she sweetly
bears on her bosom,
and her roses
in a purple glow,
brooklet, refresh them
with cooling flow.

(Please turn the page quietly.)

Wann sie am Ufer,
 In Träume versenkt,
 Meiner gedenkend
 Das Köpfchen hängt;
 Tröste die Süße
 Mit freundlichem Blick,
 Denn der Geliebte
 Kehrt bald zurück.

When on the bank,
 immersed in dreams,
 remembering me,
 she hangs her head,
 comfort my sweetheart
 with a friendly glance,
 for her beloved
 will soon come back.

Neigt sich die Sonne
 Mit röthlichem Schein,
 Wiege das Liebchen
 In Schlummer ein.
 Rausche sie murmelnd
 In süße Ruh,
 Flüstre ihr Träume
 Der Liebe zu.

When the sun sets
 with reddening glow,
 rock my loved one
 to slumber,
 murmur for her
 sweet sleep,
 and whisper dreams
 of Love to her.

**Kriegers Ahnung, from
 Schwanengesang**

Text: Ludwig Rellstab

Warrior's Foreboding

Trans.: © by Richard Morris

In tiefer Ruh liegt um mich her
 Der Waffenbrüder Kreis;
 Mir ist das Herz so bang und schwer,
 Von Sehnsucht mir so heiß.

In deep sleep my brothers-in-arms
 lie around me in a circle.
 My heart is anxious and heavy
 so hot from longing.

Wie hab' ich oft so süß geträumt
 An ihrem Busen warm!
 Wie freundlich schien des Heerdes
 Gluth,
 Lag sie in meinem Arm!

How often have I sweetly dreamt
 on her warm bosom!
 How friendly shone the glowing
 hearth
 when she lay in my arm!

Hier, wo der Flammen düstrer
 Schein
 Ach nur auf Waffen spielt,
 Hier fühlt die Brust sich ganz allein,
 Der Wehmuth Thräne quillt.

Here where the gloomy glows of
 flames
 ah, only on weapons play,
 here the breast feels all alone,
 and melancholy tears well up.

Herz! Daß der Trost Dich nicht
 verläßt!
 Es ruft noch manche Schlacht.
 Bald ruh' ich wohl und schlafe fest,
 Herzliebste—Gute Nacht!

Heart, don't let your comfort desert
 you!
 There are many battles still to come.
 Soon I shall rest well and sleep
 deeply,
 love of my Heart, Goodnight!

Ständchen, from *Schwanengesang*

Text: Ludwig Rellstab

Leise flehen meine Lieder
Durch die Nacht zu Dir;
In den stillen Hain hernieder,
Liebchen, komm' zu mir!

Flüsternd schlanke Wipfel rauschen

In des Mondes Licht;
Des Verräthers feindlich Lauschen
Fürchte, Holde, nicht.

Hörst die Nachtigallen schlagen?
Ach! sie flehen Dich,
Mit der Töne süßen Klagen

Flehen sie für mich.

Sie verstehn des Busens Sehnen,
Kennen Liebesschmerz,
Rühren mit den Silbertönen
Jedes weiche Herz.

Laß auch Dir die Brust bewegen,
Liebchen, höre mich!
Bebend harr' ich Dir entgegen;
Komm', beglücke mich!

Die Stadt, from *Schwanengesang*

Text: Heinrich Heine

Am fernen Horizonte erscheint,
Wie ein Nebelbild,
Die Stadt mit ihren Türmen,
In Abenddämmerung gehüllt.

Ein feuchter Windzug kräuselt
Die graue Wasserbahn;
Mit traurigem Takte rudert
Der Schiffer in meinem Kahn.

Die Sonne hebt sich noch einmal
Leuchtend vom Boden empor
Und zeigt mir jene Stelle,
Wo ich das Liebste verlor.

Serenade

Trans.: © by Michael P. Rosewall

My songs beckon softly
through the night to you;
below in the quiet grove,
come to me, beloved!

The rustle of slender leaf tips
whispers

in the moonlight;
do not fear the evil spying
of the betrayer, my dear.

Do you hear the nightingales call?
Ah, they beckon to you,
with the sweet sound of their
singing
they beckon to you for me.

They understand the heart's longing,
know the pain of love,
they calm each tender heart
with their silver tones.

Let them also stir within your breast,
beloved, hear me!
Trembling I wait for you,
come, please me!

The Town

On the distant horizon appears
like a cloud-image
the town with its spires
shrouded in the gloom of evening.

A damp breeze ruffles
the green surface of the water;
in a mournful rhythm rows
the boatman in my craft.

The sun rises once again
glowing above the earth
and shows me that spot
where I lost my beloved.

Der Wanderer, D.649

Text: Friedrich von Schlegel

Wie deutlich des Mondes Licht
Zu mir spricht,
Mich beseelend zu der Reise:
"Folge treu dem alten Gleise,
Wähle keine Heimath nicht.
Ew'ge Plage
Bringen sonst die schweren Tage.
Fort zu andern
Sollst du wechseln, sollst du
wandern,
Leicht entfliehend jeder Klage."

Sanfte Ebb' und hohe Fluth,
Tief im Muth,
Wandr' ich so im Dunkeln weiter,
Steige muthig, singe heiter,
Und die Welt erscheint mir gut.
Alles reine
Seh' ich mild im Wiederscheine,
Nichts verworren
In des Tages Gluth verdorren:
Froh umgeben, doch alleine.

**Das Fischermädchen, from
*Schwanengesang***

Text: Heinrich Heine

Du schönes Fischermädchen,
Treibe den Kahn an's Land;
Komm zu mir und setze dich nieder,
Wir kosen Hand in Hand.

Leg' an mein Herz dein Köpfchen,
Und fürchte dich nicht zu sehr,
Vertrau'st du dich doch sorglos
Täglich dem wilden Meer.

Mein Herz gleicht ganz dem Meere,
Hat Sturm und Ebb' und Fluth,
Und manche schöne Perle
In seiner Tiefe ruht.

The Wanderer

Trans.: © 2009 by Richard Hurley

How clearly the moon's light
speaks to me,
inspiring me to journey;
"follow truly the ancient path,
choose no homeland whatsoever.
Otherwise the heavy days bring
endless troubles;
away, to the other
should you change, should you
wander,
lightly shedding every woe."

Gentle ebb and lofty flood,
deep in courage,
I wander farther in darkness,
I climb bravely, singing cheerfully,
and the world seems good to me.
All pureness
see I softly in the twilight,
without confusion
fading in the day's afterglow:
surrounded by joy, but alone.

The Fishermaiden

Trans.: © by Michael P. Rosewall

You beautiful fishermaid,
pull your boat toward shore;
come to me and sit down,
we will speak of love, hand in hand.

Lay your little head on my heart,
and do not be too frightened;
indeed, you trust yourself fearlessly
daily to the wild sea!

My heart is just like the sea,
having storms and ebb and flow,
and many beautiful pearls
rest in its depths.

Abschied, from *Schwanengesang*

Text: Ludwig Rellstab

Ade, Du muntre, Du fröhliche Stadt,
Ade!

Schon scharret mein Rößlein mit
lustigem Fuß;

Jetzt nimm noch den letzten, den
scheidenden Gruß.

Du hast mich wohl niemals noch
traurig gesehen,

So kann es auch jetzt nicht beim
Abschied geschehn.

Ade, Du muntre, Du fröhliche Stadt,
Ade!

Ade, Ihr Bäume, Ihr Gärten so grün,
Ade!

Nun reit' ich am silbernen Strome
entlang,

Weit schallend ertönet mein
Abschiedsgesang;

Nie habt Ihr ein trauriges Lied
gehört,

So wird Euch auch keines beim
Scheiden beschert.

Ade, Ihr Bäume, Ihr Gärten so grün,
Ade!

Ade, Ihr freundlichen Mädlein dort,
Ade!

Was schaut Ihr aus blumenum-
duftetem Haus

Mit schelmischen, lockenden
Blicken heraus?

Wie sonst, so grüß' ich und schaue
mich um,

Doch nimmer wend' ich mein
Rößlein um.

Ade, Ihr freundlichen Mädlein dort,
Ade!

Farewell

Trans.: © by Emily Ezust

Farewell! You jaunty, happy city,
farewell!

My horse is already scratching the
ground with his cheerful hoof;
now accept my final greeting.

Perhaps you have never seen me
sad;

so it cannot even happen now on
parting.

Farewell! You jaunty, happy city,
farewell!

Farewell! You trees, you gardens so
green, farewell!

Now I ride along the silver stream,
my song of farewell echoing far and
wide:

You have never heard a mournful
song,

so I won't bestow one upon you,
even in parting.

Farewell! You trees, you gardens so
green, farewell!

Farewell! You friendly young maid-
ens there, farewell!

How you peer out of your flower-
perfumed houses
with impish, alluring glances!

As I have in the past, I greet you
and glance around me,

but never will I turn my horse
around.

Farewell! You friendly young maid-
ens there, farewell!

Ade, liebe Sonne, so gehst Du zur
Ruh, Ade!
Nun schimmerst der blinkenden
Sterne Gold.
Wie bin ich Euch Sternlein am
Himmel so hold;
Durchziehn wir die Welt auch weit
und breit,
Ihr gebt überall uns das treue Geleit.

Ade, liebe Sonne, so gehst Du zur
Ruh, Ade!

Ade, Du schimmerndes Fensterlein
hell, Ade!
Du glänzt so traulich mit dämmern-
dem Schein,
Und ladest so freundlich ins Hüttchen
uns ein.
Vorüber, ach, ritt ich so manches mal

Und wär' es denn heute zum letzten
mal?

Ade, Du schimmerndes Fensterlein
hell, Ade!

Ade, Ihr Sterne, verhüllet Euch grau!
—Ade!

Des Fensterlein trübes verschim-
merndes Licht
Ersetzt Ihr unzähligen Sterne mir
nicht;
Darf ich hier nicht weilen, muß hier
vorbei,
Was hilft es, folgt Ihr mir noch so
treu!

Ade, Ihr Sterne, verhüllet Euch grau!
—Ade!

Farewell! Dear sun, as you set,
farewell!
Now the gold of the glittering stars
twinkles.
How dear I hold you, little stars in the
sky,
as we wander the world far and wide
together,
you go with us everywhere, our faith-
ful guide.

Farewell! Dear sun, as you set,
farewell!

Farewell! You shimmering, bright lit-
tle window, farewell!
You glint so cozily with your dimming
light,
and invite us into the cottage with
such friendliness.
Ah, so many times have I ridden past
you,
and today may very well be the last
time.

Farewell! You shimmering, bright lit-
tle window, farewell!

Farewell! You stars, cover yourselves
in gray, farewell!
The dim, fading light of those little
windows
you cannot replace for me, you infi-
nite stars;
since I cannot remain here, since I
must go past,
what good does it do that you still
follow me so faithfully?

Farewell! You stars, cover yourselves
in gray, farewell!

Intermission

The Vagabond, from *Songs of Travel*

Text: Robert Louis Stevenson

Give to me the life I love,
let the lave go by me,
give the jolly heaven above,
and the byway nigh me.
Bed in the bush with stars to see,
bread I dip in the river—
there's the life for a man like me,
there's the life for ever.
Let the blow fall soon or late,
let what will be o'er me;
give the face of earth around,
and the road before me.
Wealth I seek not, hope nor love,
nor a friend to know me;
all I seek, the heaven above,
and the road below me.
Or let autumn fall on me
where afield I linger,
silencing the bird on tree,
biting the blue finger.
White as meal the frosty field—
warm the fireside haven—
not to autumn will I yield,
not to winter even!
Let the blow fall soon or late,
let what will be o'er me;
give the face of earth around,
and the road before me.
Wealth I ask not, hope nor love,
nor a friend to know me;
all I ask, the heaven above,
and the road below me.

Youth and Love, from *Songs of Travel*

Text: Robert Louis Stevenson

To the heart of youth the world is a highwayside.
Passing for ever, he fares; and on either hand,
deep in the gardens golden pavilions hide,
nestle in orchard bloom, and far on the level land
call him with lighted lamp in the eventide.
Thick as stars at night when the moon is down,
pleasures assail him. He to his nobler fate
fares; and but waves a hand as he passes on,
cries but a wayside word to her at the garden gate,
sings but a boyish stave and his face is gone.

The Infinite Shining Heavens, from *Songs of Travel*

Text: Robert Louis Stevenson

The infinite shining heavens
rose, and I saw in the night
uncountable angel stars
showering sorrow and light.
I saw them distant as heaven,
dumb and shining and dead,
and the idle stars of the night
were dearer to me than bread.
Night after night in my sorrow
the stars looked over the sea,
till lo! I looked in the dusk
and a star had come down to me.

There Pass the Careless People

Text: A.E. Housman

There pass the careless people
that call their souls their own:
here by the road I loiter,
how idle and alone.

Ah, past the plunge of plummet,
in seas I cannot sound,
my heart and soul and senses,
world without end, are drowned.

His folly has not fellow
beneath the blue of day
that gives to man or woman
his heart and soul away.

There flowers no balm to sain him
from east of earth to west
that's lost for everlasting
the heart out of his breast.

Here by the laboring highway
with empty hands I stroll:
sea-deep, till doomsday morning,
lie lost my heart and soul.

My Own Country, from *Three Belloc Songs*

Text: Hilaire Belloc

I shall go without companions,
and with nothing in my hand;
I shall pass through many places
that I cannot understand—
until I come to my own country,
which is a pleasant land!

The trees that grow in my own country
are the beech tree and the yew;
many stand together
and some stand few.
In the month of May in my own country
all the woods are new.

When I get to my own country
I shall lie down and sleep;
I shall watch in the valleys
the long flocks of sheep.
And then I shall dream, forever and all,
a good dream and deep.

Piggesnie

Text: Anonymous, 16th century

She is so proper and so pure,
full steadfast, stable and demure,
there is none such, ye may be sure,
as my sweet sweeting.

When I behold my sweeting sweet,
her face, her hands, her minion feet,
they seem to me there's none so meet
as my sweet sweeting.

In all this world, as thinketh me,
is none so pleasant to my eye,
that I am so glad so oft to see
as my sweet sweeting.

Above all other praise must I
and love my pretty piggesnie,
for none I find so womanly
as my sweet sweeting.

The Night, from *Three Belloc Songs*

Text: Hilaire Belloc

Most Holy Night, that still dost keep
the keys of all the doors of sleep,
to me when my tired eyelids close
give thou repose.

And let the far lament of them
that chaunt the dead day's requiem
make in my ears, who wakeful lie,
soft lullaby.

Let them that guard the hornèd moon
by my bedside their memories croon.
So shall I have new dreams and blest
in my brief rest.

Fold your great wings about my face,
hide dawning from my resting-place,
and cheat me with your false delight,
most Holy Night.

The Sprig of Thyme

Text: Folk song

Wunst I had a sprig of thyme,
it prospered by night and by day
till a false young man came acourtin' te me,
and he stole all this thyme away.

The gardiner was standiddn by;
I bade him che-oose for me:
He chose me the lily and the violet and the pink,
but I really did refuse them all three.

Thyme it is the prettiest thing,
and time it e will grow on,
and time it'll bring all things to an end
addend so doz my time grow on.

It's very well drinkin' ale
and it's very well drinkin' wine;
but it's far better sittin' by a young man's side
that has won this heart of mine.

Rêve d'amour

*Text: from Les Chants du crépus-
cule by Victor Hugo*

S'il est un charmant gazon
Que le ciel arrose,
Où naissè en toute saison
Quelque fleur éclosè,
Où l'on cueillè à pleine main
Lys, chèvrefeuille et jasmin,
J'en veux faire le chemin
Où ton pied se pose!

S'il est un sein bien aimant
Dont l'honneur disposè!
Dont le ferme dévoûement
N'ait rien de morosè,
Si toujours ce noble sein
Bat pour un digne dessein,
J'en veux faire le coussin
Où ton front se pose!

S'il est un rêve d'amour,
Parfumé de rose,
Où l'on trouve chaque jour
Quelque douce chose,
Un rêve que Dieu bénit,
Où l'âme à l'âme s'unit,
Oh ! j'en veux faire le nid
Où ton cœur se pose!

Dream of love

Trans.: © 2000 by Peter Low

If there's a lovely grassy plot
watered by the sky
where in every season
some flower blossoms,
where one can freely gather
lilies, woodbines and jasmynes...
I wish to make it the path
on which you place your feet.

If there is a loving breast
where honor rules,
where tender devotion
is free from all gloominess,
if this noble breast always
beats for a worthy aim...
I wish to make it the pillow
on which you lay your head.

If there is a dream of love
scented with roses,
where one finds every day
something gentle and sweet,
a dream blessed by God
where soul is joined to soul...
oh, I wish to make it the nest
in which you rest your heart.

Spleen

Text: Paul Verlaine

Il pleure dans mon cœur
Comme il pleut sur la ville;
Quelle est cette langueur
Qui pénètre mon cœur?

Ô bruit doux de la pluie,
Par terre et sur les toits!
Pour un cœur qui s'ennuie,
Ô le chant de la pluie!

Il pleure sans raison
Dans mon cœur qui s'écœure.
Quoi! nulle trahison?...
Mon deuil est sans raison.

C'est bien la pire peine,
De ne savoir pourquoi
Sans amour et sans haine
Mon cœur a tant de peine!

Poème d'un jour

Text: Charles-Jean Grandmougin

Rencontre

J'étais triste et pensif quand je t'ai
rencontrée;
Je sens moins aujourd'hui mon
obstiné tourment.
O dis mois, serais-tu la femme
inespérée,
Et le rêve idéal poursuivi vainement?
O, passante aux doux yeux, serais-tu
donc l'amie
Qui rendrait le bonheur au poète
isolé?
Et vas-tu rayonner sur mon âme
affermie,
Comme le ciel natal sur un cœur
d'exilé?

Spleen

Trans.: © 2000 by Peter Low

There is weeping in my heart
like the rain falling on the town.
What is this languor
that pervades my heart?

Oh the patter of the rain
on the ground and the roofs!
For a heart growing weary
oh the song of the rain!

There is weeping without cause
in my disheartened heart.
What! No betrayal?
There's no reason for my grief.

Truly the worst pain
is not knowing why,
without love or hatred,
my heart feels so much pain.

Meeting

I was sad and thoughtful when I
met you;
today I feel less my persistent
torment.
Oh tell me, would you be the
unhoped-for woman,
and the ideal dream pursued in vain?
Oh, passing lady with gentle eyes,
would you be that friend
who will bring back happiness to the
lonely poet?
And will you shine on my strength-
ened soul,
like the sky from home on the heart
of one in exile?

Ta tristesse sauvage, à la mienne
pareille,
Aime à voir le soleil décliner sur la
mer.
Devant l'immensité ton extase
s'éveille
Et le charme des soirs à ta belle
âme est cher
Une mystérieuse et douce
sympathie
Déjà m'enchaîne à toi comme un
vivant lien,
Et mon âme frémit, par l'amour
envahie,
Et mon cœur te chérit sans te
connaître bien!

Toujours

Vous me demandez de ma taire,
De fuir loin de vous pour jamais,
Et de m'en aller, solitaire,
Sans me rappeler qui j'aimais!

Demandez plutôt aux étoiles
De tomber dans l'immensité,
À la nuit de perdre ses voiles,
Au jour de perdre sa clarté,

Demandez à la mer immense
De dessécher ses vastes flots,
Et, quand les vents sont en
démence,
D'apaiser ses sombres sanglots!

Mais n'espérez pas que mon âme
S'arrache à ses âpres douleurs

Et se dépouille de sa flamme
Comme le printemps de ses fleurs!

Your wild sadness, alike to mine,
likes to see the sun setting on the
sea.
Facing the vastness your ecstasy
awakens
and the charm of the evenings is
dear to your beautiful soul.
A mysterious and gentle under-
standing
already binds me to you like a living
bond,
and my soul trembles, by love over-
whelmed,
and my heart cherishes you without
knowing you well!

Forever

You ask me to be silent,
to flee far from you forever,
and to go away, alone,
without remembering the one I loved!

Rather, ask the stars
to fall into the vast emptiness,
the night to lose its veils,
the day to lose its brightness!

Ask the immense sea
to dry its vast billows,
and, when the winds are maddened,
to pacify its gloomy sobs!

But do not hope that my soul
would tear itself away from its harsh
sorrow,
and shed its fire
as spring does its flowers.

Adieu

Comme tout meurt vite, la rose
Décloze,
Et les frais manteaux diaprés
Des prés;
Les longs soupirs, les bien-aimées,
Fumées!

On voit dans ce monde léger
Changer
Plus vite que les flots des grèves,
Nos rêves!
Plus vite que le givre en fleurs,

Nos cœurs!

A vous l'on se croyait fidèle,
Cruelle,
Mais hélas! les plus longs amours
Sont courts!
Et je dis en quittant vos charmes,

Sans larmes,
Presqu'au moment de mon aveu,

Adieu!

Farewell

How quickly everything dies, the
rose
unfurled,
and the fresh many-colored mantles
of the meadows;
the long sighs, the truly loved,
smoke!

One sees, in this frivolous world,
change;
faster than the waves on the shore,
our dreams!
Faster than the blossoming of the
hoar-frost,
our hearts!

To you one imagined oneself faithful,
cruel one,
but alas! The most enduring loves
are short!
And I say, on parting with your
charms,
without tears,
almost at the moment of my
confession,
farewell!

Meet the Artists



LUWE ARENS

Simon Keenlyside

Simon Keenlyside was born in London. He made his operatic debut at the Hamburg State Opera as Count Almaviva in *Le nozze di Figaro*. He appears in the world's great opera houses, having particularly close associations with the Metropolitan Opera, the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, and the Bavarian and Vienna State Opera houses, where his roles have included Prospero, Posa, Germont Père, Papageno, Count Almaviva, and the title roles in *Don Giovanni*, *Eugene Onegin*, *Pelléas et Mélisande*, *Wozzeck*, *Billy Budd*, *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, and *Rigoletto*.

Mr. Keenlyside enjoys extensive concert work and has sung under the batons of many of the world's leading conductors. He has appeared with the Chamber Orchestra of Europe, the City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra, London Symphony Orchestra, Philharmonia and Cleveland Orchestras, and the Czech, Vienna, and Berlin philharmonics.

A renowned recitalist, Mr. Keenlyside appears regularly in major recital venues. He has recorded a disc of Schumann lieder with Graham Johnson and four recital discs with Malcolm Martineau (Schubert, Strauss, Brahms, and most recently an English song disc, *Songs of War*, which won the Solo Vocal Award at the 2012 Gramophone Awards). Highlights of his 2017–18 season include his first Tonio (*Pagliacci*) and Ford (*Falstaff*) at the Royal Opera House; Golaud and Count Almaviva at the Vienna State Opera; as well as the title roles of *Macbeth* in Munich, *Rigoletto* at the Deutsche Oper Berlin, and *Don Giovanni* in Geneva. On the concert platform, he will perform Thomas Adès's *Totentanz* with the Czech Philharmonic and the Rundfunk Sinfonieorchester Berlin under the composer's baton. In recital, he appears in London, Paris, Vienna, Graz, and Brussels with Martineau.

Mr. Keenlyside was made a CBE in 2003. He won the 2006 Olivier Award for outstanding achievement in opera. In 2007, he was given the Echo Klassik award for male Singer of the Year, and in 2011, he was honored with Musical America's Vocalist of the Year Award.

Malcolm Martineau

KK DUNDAS



Malcolm Martineau was born in Edinburgh, studied music at St. Catharine's College, Cambridge, and studied at the Royal College of Music. Recognized as one of the leading accompanists of his generation, he has worked with many of the world's greatest singers, including Thomas Allen, Janet Baker, Olaf Bär, Barbara Bonney, Angela Gheorghiu, Susan Graham, Thomas Hampson, Della Jones, Simon Keenlyside, Angelika Kirchsclager, Felicity Lott,

Christopher Maltman, Karita Mattila, Ann Murray, Anna Netrebko, Anne Sofie von Otter, Joan Rodgers, Michael Schade, Frederica von Stade, Sarah Walker, and Bryn Terfel.

He has presented his own series at Wigmore Hall and the Edinburgh Festival. His appearances in Europe include the Barbican; La Scala, Milan; Théâtre du Châtelet, Paris; the Liceu, Barcelona; Berlin's Philharmonie and Konzerthaus; Amsterdam's Concertgebouw; and Vienna's Konzerthaus and Musikverein. He has appeared at Alice Tully Hall and Carnegie Hall, the Sydney Opera House, and at the Aix-en-Provence, Vienna, Schubertiade, Munich, and Salzburg festivals.

Recording projects have included the complete Beethoven folk songs and Schubert, Schumann, and English song recitals with Bryn Terfel; Schubert and Strauss recitals with Simon Keenlyside, plus the Grammy Award-winning *Songs of War*; recital recordings with Angela Gheorghiu, Barbara Bonney, Magdalena Kozena, Della Jones, Susan Bullock, Solveig Kringelborn, Anne Schwanewilms, Dorothea Röschmann, and Christiane Karg; the complete Fauré songs with Sarah Walker and Tom Krause; the complete Britten folk songs; the complete Poulenc songs and Britten song cycles, as well as Schubert with Florian Boesch, Reger with Sophie Bevan, and the complete Mendelssohn songs.

Mr. Martineau was given an honorary doctorate at the Royal Scottish Academy of Music and Drama in 2004, and appointed international fellow of accompaniment in 2009. He was artistic director of the 2011 Leeds Lieder Festival. Mr. Martineau was made an OBE in the 2016 New Year's Honours.

Lincoln Center's Great Performers

Initiated in 1965, Lincoln Center's Great Performers series offers classical and contemporary music performances from the world's outstanding symphony

Great Performers

orchestras, vocalists, chamber ensembles, and recitalists. One of the most significant music presentation series in the world, Great Performers runs from October through June with offerings in Lincoln Center's David Geffen Hall, Alice Tully Hall, Walter Reade Theater, and other performance spaces around New York City. From symphonic masterworks, lieder recitals, and Sunday morning coffee concerts to films and groundbreaking productions specially commissioned by Lincoln Center, Great Performers offers a rich spectrum of programming throughout the season.

Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts, Inc.

Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts (LCPA) serves three primary roles: presenter of artistic programming, national leader in arts and education and community relations, and manager of the Lincoln Center campus. A presenter of more than 3,000 free and ticketed events, performances, tours, and educational activities annually, LCPA offers 15 programs, series, and festivals including American Songbook, Great Performers, Lincoln Center Out of Doors, Midsummer Night Swing, the Mostly Mozart Festival, and the White Light Festival, as well as the Emmy Award-winning *Live From Lincoln Center*, which airs nationally on PBS. As manager of the Lincoln Center campus, LCPA provides support and services for the Lincoln Center complex and the 11 resident organizations. In addition, LCPA led a \$1.2 billion campus renovation, completed in October 2012.

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