

LINCOLN CENTER'S 2017/18 GREAT PERFORMERS

The Program

Wednesday, May 2, 2018, at 7:30 pm

Art of the Song

Gerald Finley, *Bass-Baritone*

Julius Drake, *Piano*

BEETHOVEN Neue Liebe, neues Leben (1809)
Wonne der Wehmut (1810)
Mit einem gemalten Band (1810)
Aus Goethes Faust (1809)

SCHUBERT Prometheus (1819)
Geistes-Gruß
An den Mond (1815)
Rastlose Liebe (1815)
An Schwager Kronos (1816)
Schäfers Klagelied (1814)
Wandrer's Nachtlied II (1824)
Erkönig (1815)

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:

Friday, May 4 at 8:00 pm in David Geffen Hall

London Symphony Orchestra

Simon Rattle, conductor

MAHLER: Symphony No. 9 in D major

Pre-concert lecture at 6:45 pm by Christopher H. Gibbs in the Stanley H. Kaplan Penthouse

Sunday, May 6 at 3:00 pm in David Geffen Hall

London Symphony Orchestra

Simon Rattle, conductor

Stuart Skelton, tenor

Christian Gerhaher, baritone

MAHLER: Das Lied von der Erde

Monday, May 7 at 8:00 pm in David Geffen Hall

London Symphony Orchestra

Simon Rattle, conductor

MAHLER: Symphony No. 10 (completed by Deryck Cooke)

Saturday, May 12 at 7:30 pm in Alice Tully Hall

Sol Gabetta, cello

Bertrand Chamayou, piano

BEETHOVEN: Cello Sonata in F major

BRITTEN: Sonata in C major

CHOPIN: Sonata in G minor; Grand Duo on themes from Meyerbeer's Robert le diable

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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.

TCHAIKOVSKY	Don Juan's Serenade (1878) At the ball None but the lonely heart Over burning ashes
RACHMANINOFF	O stay, my love In the Silence of the Secret Night Fate (1900) On the Death of a Linnet (1902) Christ is Risen (1906) Spring Waters (1896)

A selection of favorite folk songs

Snapshot

By Susan Youens

The first half of this evening's program highlights three great artists whose lives overlapped: Beethoven, Schubert, and Goethe. Beethoven and Goethe met in the Bohemian spa town of Teplitz in 1812, after Beethoven had sent the writer a copy of his incidental music for Goethe's tragedy *Egmont* the previous year. The relationship between the worldly, urbane writer and a composer described by Luigi Cherubini as "an unlicked bear" was never going to be easy, given Goethe's assessment of Beethoven's "utterly untamed personality" and Beethoven's disdain for Goethe's ease in court atmospheres. But they recognized and admired one another's great gifts, and Beethoven's Goethe songs are beautiful staples of singers' repertory.

Schubert too revered Goethe and composed 74 Goethe songs between 1814 and 1826; the composer's friend Joseph von Spaun sent Goethe a package of Schubert's songs in April 1816, and Schubert dedicated the three songs of Op. 19 ("An Mignon," "An Schwager Kronos," and "Ganymed") to him. Goethe, sadly, never replied—not because he disliked the music but because he opened only a fraction of the vast quantity of mail that came his way. Despite this disappointment, Schubert's profound music to the poet's profound words is an everlasting gift to the world, and this evening we hear eight of these incomparable songs.

For the second half of the program, we go to Russia and two of that country's best song composers: Tchaikovsky and Rachmaninoff. Rachmaninoff grew up hearing Tchaikovsky's songs, and we can hear the dialogue between these greats in the later master's creations from his Russian years, before he left his birthplace forever in 1917. A group of favorite folk songs closes out the program.

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Timeframe

ARTS

1809**Beethoven's "Aus Goethes Faust"**Goethe's third novel, *Die Wahlverwandtschaften***1878****Tchaikovsky's "Don Juan's Serenade"**Rodin's sculpture *St. John the Baptist Preaching***1906****Rachmaninoff's "Christ is Risen"**

Frank Lloyd Wright's Unity Temple in progress in Oak Park, Illinois

SCIENCE

1809

Robert Fulton's steamboat receives patent in the U.S.

1878

German patent for Gustav Kessel's espresso machine

1906

British geologist Richard Oldham suggests the Earth has a molten interior.

IN NEW YORK

1809Publication of first Sunday newspaper, the *Observer***1878**

Opening of Coney Island's Brighton racetrack

1906

Streets laid for Forest Hills development

By Susan Youens

Neue Liebe, neues Leben, Op. 75, No. 2 (1809)

Wonne der Wehmut, Op. 83, No. 1 (1810)

Mit einem gemalten Band, Op. 83, No. 3 (1810)

Aus Goethes Faust, Op. 75, No. 3 (1809)

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN

Born December 16, 1770, in Bonn, Germany

Died March 26, 1827, in Vienna

Approximate length: 10 minutes

Beethoven complained about vocal music, saying “I don’t like writing songs” and “with vocal compositions I must always be asking myself: can this be sung?” Yet roughly half of his compositions call for the human voice. Beethoven was not prone to adulating others, but in 1825, he would direct an adoring letter to Goethe: “The admiration, love, and esteem which I have cherished since my youth for the one and only immortal Goethe have persisted...I feel constantly prompted by a strange desire to say all of this to you, seeing that I live in your writings.”

The words of “**Neue Liebe, neues Leben**” were born of Goethe’s brief betrothal in 1775 to Anna Elisabeth Schöneemann, the daughter of a patrician family in Frankfurt. In 1830, two years before his death, Goethe said of her, “She was the first woman I truly and deeply loved; I can also say that she was the last.” Beethoven had a long history of engagement with this poem: He sketched it circa 1792, set it to music in 1798–99 (WoO 127), and revised it thoroughly as Op. 75, No. 2. The energy of new passion bubbles throughout this music, in which exultation is at war with the desire to break away from such bonds.

For a poem that never progressed beyond its first line, Michelangelo once wrote, “Du’ occhi asciutti, e’ mie, fan tristi el mondo” (“Two dry eyes, mine, make the world sad”), and Goethe says much the same thing in “**Wonne der Wehmut.**” The “falling tears” motif in the piano, the dolorous harmonies, and the expressive fragmenting of the vocal melody in places are just a few ingredients of this masterpiece.

“**Mit einem gemalten Band**” is a reminder of the young Goethe’s allegiance to the Anakreontiker, the earlier 18th-century German poets who took their cue from the Greek poet Anacreon of Teos in singing of Eros, springtime, wine, roses, and crickets. In this example, we hear conventional compliments to the sweetheart in a lyrical, pastoral vein until the last stanza and the crucial word “Fühle” (“Feel”). The sweetheart is enjoined to feel what the persona feels, to know that what links them is not superficial.

Beethoven was neither the first nor the last to be drawn to Mephistopheles's "Song of the Flea" ("**Aus Goethes Faust**") from the scene in Auerbach's Keller in Part I of *Faust*. Auerbach's is a real place—Goethe's favorite wine bar in Leipzig. For this satirical song of a king who loved his flea and forbade his court to kill the miniature tormenters (political undertones abound), Beethoven intersperses the narrative in the singer's part with biting, grace-noted pinpricks and figures that plunge downwards in diabolical glee. Anthropomorphized entomology was never funnier.

Prometheus (1819)

Geistes-Gruß, D. 142

An den Mond, D. 259 (1815)

Rastlose Liebe, D. 138 (1815)

An Schwager Kronos, D. 369 (1816)

Schäfers Klage, D. 121 (1814)

Wandlers Nachtlied II, D. 768 (1824)

Erlkönig, D. 328 (1815)

FRANZ SCHUBERT

Born January 31, 1797, in Vienna

Died November 19, 1828, in Vienna

Approximate length: 26 minutes

In Greek mythology, the Titan **Prometheus**, whose name means "fore-thinker," stole fire from Zeus to give to mortals and was punished by being bound to a rock in the Caucasus, where each day an eagle plucked out his liver. What drew Goethe to the myth centuries later was Prometheus's championship of humanity against the gods. This text comes from the third fragment of an unfinished Promethean drama in 1773; here, a Prometheus not yet in chains forges in his workshop a human race no longer obligated to the gods. Schubert's setting, whose formal novelties and harmonic boldness are a match for the great German writer's audacity, dates from 1819, when the composer, too, was challenging the patriarchal authority of the church, the state, and his own father.

Goethe improvised his tiny ballad "**Geistes-Gruß**" on a lovely day in July 1774 when he and several friends took a boat trip from the Ems River to Lahn towards the Rhine. The poet was inspired by the sight of Lahneck Castle to spin this tiny tale of a great hero's ghost; as the specter hails passers-by and wishes them well, we hear the poet's espousal both of action and contemplation in life and his signature optimistic generosity. If the poem cost Goethe little or no effort, the same is not sure of Schubert, who produced six versions of the song. Haunted, shimmering tremolos set the scene, followed by fanfares suited to a hero, an unharmonized upward-striding scale figure, and beautiful murmuring for the tender, repeated acclamation to the living, couched in the familiar tense, as to those loved: "And thou, *and thou*, journey onward." There is so much musical profundity in a single page, as only Schubert can do it.

The text of **“An den Mond”** has its origins in tragedy: In January 1778, the daughter of an aristocratic Weimar family drowned herself in the Ilm River, yards from Goethe’s house, out of unrequited love. She had a copy of his famous novel *Werther*, which ends with a suicide, in her pocket. Ten years later, Goethe rewrote his memorial to her as an elegy for his past friendship with Charlotte von Stein; it was she who had advised seeking the inner sanctum of the self in moonlit solitude and who taught him true erotic torment for the first time. Schubert’s first setting of this marvelous exercise in poetic profundity is one of the many brief, strophic songs—same music to different words—that he turned out by the dozens when he was in his late teens and especially in his so-called “miracle year” of song in 1815.

Goethe’s **“Rastlose Liebe”** of 1776 was born of his psychologically fraught love for the married Charlotte von Stein at the court of Weimar. The poem was written during a May snowstorm in 1776; almost 30 years later, it made a huge impression on the 18-year-old Schubert, who set it to music in May 1815. For all the protestations of pain howled to the high heavens, the ultimate impression is that desire *this* passionate, *this* rapturous, is the ultimate marvelous adventure—and both composer and poet knew it.

Goethe wrote **“An Schwager Kronos”** in a coach in October 1774, penning an exuberant, free-verse hymn to dismiss the notion that he might never achieve balance in his life. The poem likens his life to a coach journey rattling to a conclusion: Let the end be quick and ecstatic, this young Achilles exclaims, a fiery consummation that will make the pagan world applaud. Here, yet again, Schubert throws down the gauntlet to the charioteer-pianist who must pound the ivories and rampage up and down the keyboard.

At a social gathering in spring 1801, Goethe heard the folk song, “Da droben auf jenem Berge,” and decided to write a folk-like poem of his own to fit the tune: **“Schäfers Klagelied.”** Schubert’s setting is a *siciliana* whose lilting rhythms are affixed to a scene both pastoral and melancholy. We hear lamentation in the outer sections, somewhat livelier passages for the second and fourth sections, and a flower-picking idyll and a storm in the larger middle section. We traverse an entire arc of emotion in this, the fourth of Schubert’s 75 solo Goethe songs.

One of Goethe’s greatest poems is **“Wandrer’s Nachtlied II,”** written in September 1780 in charcoal on the wall of a wooden hut at the peak of the Kinkelhahn, the highest mountain near Ilmenau, Germany. Many years later, when he was 82, Goethe visited the hut again and found traces of his masterpiece still on the wall. The deep peace hymned here arrives in stages, first to the mineral realm of rock and mountain, then to the botanical world of trees, to fauna, and finally, the persona himself (by extension, all of humanity). Among the many gem-like details of Schubert’s setting are the soft horn-call figures at the word “balde” (“soon”), heralding the advent of ultimate peace and yet hinting at our reluctance to leave the world’s beauty behind.

Goethe's "**Erlkönig**" is the most terrifying erotic poem in his oeuvre. Based partly on a Danish folk-song and partly on the poet's own memories of a night ride in April 1779, the ballad tells of a father riding through nature fraught with perverted lust, whispering promises unmasked at the end as rape and murder. In Schubert's setting, composed when he was 18 and published as his Op. 1 (one of the most astonishing debuts in music history), hammered octaves fill the air with sound-and-fury, with menace that mocks the father's attempts to reason his son's fears away. This wild ride through many keys is unified in part by the child's repeated cries of "My father! My father!" to dissonances that never lose their power to pierce.

Don Juan's Serenade, Op. 38, No. 1 (1878)

At the ball, Op. 38, No. 3

None but the lonely heart, Op. 6, No. 6

Over burning ashes, Op. 25, No. 2

PYOTR IL'YICH TCHAIKOVSKY

Born May 7, 1840, in Kamsko-Votkinsk, Russia

Died November 6, 1893, in St. Petersburg

Approximate length: 12 minutes

In its aim to share heartfelt emotion with sympathetic friends, the Russian *romans* is unlike either the German lied or the later "realist" songs of Mussorgsky and, later, Shostakovich. Earlier 19th-century French *romances* were one influence on this repertory, as was Italianate operatic style. Tchaikovsky inherited the earlier *romans* tradition of early 19th-century composers and made it something uniquely his own.

Tchaikovsky was fond of the writings of Aleksey Tolstoy (cousin to *War and Peace* creator Leo Tolstoy); eleven of his songs are settings of poems by this man. The text of "**Don Juan's Serenade**" comes from Tolstoy's poem *Don Juan*, yet another literary variation on the archetypal male seducer invented by Tirso de Molina in the early 17th century; *this* serenade is sung as a joke under the prostitute Nisetta's balcony. Having rashly promised the Commendatore that he will marry Donna Anna, Don Juan hopes that insolence on a scale this colossal will prove him ineligible as a son-in-law. Tchaikovsky loved Mozart's *Don Giovanni* above all other works and knew how to exercise the utmost in feigned charm and unfeigned high spirits in his own manner.

Tchaikovsky's Op. 38 songs followed the disaster of summer 1877, when the lonely, gay composer decided to marry a young woman named Antonina Milyukova. Nervous breakdown and flight to Europe followed until April 1878, when Tchaikovsky returned to Russia, gave up teaching at the Moscow Conservatory, and devoted himself to composition, with the patronage of Nadezhda von Meck. "**At the Ball**" is a melancholy waltz-song sung by a persona who has seen a mysterious young man and believes herself in love.

The most famous of all Tchaikovsky's songs is "Net, tol'ko tot, kto znal" to Lev Mey's 1857 translation of "Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt," or "**None but the lonely heart**" in the English version by Arthur Westbrook. In Goethe's novel *Wilhelm Meisters Lehrjahre*, the characters of the Harper and Mignon sing these words as a duet; together, they invoke a suffering that only those who know *Sehnsucht* (an unfathomable, often unidentifiable longing) can understand. The novelist Richard Llewellyn made "None but the lonely heart" the title of his novel about London's East End, which in turn became a film of the same name in 1944, starring Cary Grant and Ethel Barrymore. The lush melody is fraught with feeling; in a beautiful moment near the end of the song, the piano is given the famous tune to sound against the singer's countermelody.

"**Over burning ashes**" is a setting of a poem by Fyodor Tyutchev, whose language is distinguished by Slavonic archaisms and the influence of German Romanticism. Here, a sad singer, beset by the sense that life is smoldering into ruins, longs for a burst of flame and a fiery death. The beginning and ending sections of this three-part form are marked "Fast and spirited;" we feel the tension as the vocal lines rise and the bass plunges downwards, while the middle section, marked "with free expression," is slow, lyrical, and melancholy. In the piano postlude, we hear all that misery explode into fire before the embers die away.

O stay, my love, Op. 4, No. 1

In the Silence of the Secret Night, Op. 4, No. 3

Fate, Op. 21, No. 1 (1900)

On the Death of a Linnet, Op. 21, No. 8 (1902)

Christ is Risen, Op. 26, No. 6 (1906)

Spring Waters, Op. 14, No. 11 (1896)

SERGE RACHMANINOFF

Born April 1, 1873, in Oneg, Russia

Died March 28, 1943, in Beverly Hills

Approximate length: 18 minutes

Rachmaninoff, who was born into a noble but impoverished family of Tatar descent, studied at the St. Petersburg and Moscow conservatories, became friends with a then-unknown bass named Fyodor Chaliapin in 1897, and composed three operas, three piano concertos, and much else before going into permanent exile in 1917. Between 1890 and his departure from Russia, he composed over 80 songs in which we hear an essentially 19th-century Russian style, marked by broad melodies, rich harmonies, and—Rachmaninoff's hallmark—frequent melancholy. Perhaps because he was cut off from the Russian singers and poets who had nurtured his songs, Rachmaninoff wrote almost nothing else in that genre after 1917.

Rachmaninoff's niece Sophia Satina (a distinguished botanist at Smith College) tells us in her memoir of her great kinsman that the early song **"O stay, my love"** was improvised at the piano in a single sitting. The Symbolist poet Dmitri Merezhkovsky, a founder of the so-called Silver Age of Russian poetry, published this poem in a literary magazine in 1890, but did not include it in his collected works, as its gypsy-style agonized love theme was not customary for him. The initial plea has the singer obsessing over a repeated pitch while the piano sounds rich, Romantic chords before the agitated body of the song begins. When the singer begs, "Say 'I love you'", Rachmaninoff simply melts from grief-stricken D-minor harmonies to an F-major chord—a simple device but heart-stopping in this context. He would later compare his grief on hearing of Tchaikovsky's death to the emotions in this song.

"In the Silence of the Secret Night" was Rachmaninoff's second setting of poetry by the great lyric poet Afanasy Fet (he later changed his name to Shenshin), a proponent of "art for art's sake" and conservative supporter of the nobility. In 1890, he wrote a variation on Tchaikovsky's song to Fet's "I Shall Tell You Nothing"; that same year, he would create the first version of *this* song, revised two years later when he was 19 years old. Here, memories conjure up a vision of past youthful love in the mysterious night; Rachmaninoff's descending leaps in the introduction and beginning of the vocal line recall Tchaikovsky's "None but the lonely heart."

Rachmaninoff suffered from an acute lack of confidence, not helped by a visit to meet the great Leo Tolstoy. On that occasion, the young Serge accompanied Chaliapin in a new song entitled **"Fate,"** only to have Tolstoy respond sourly, "Tell me, does anyone want this type of music?" The subtitle is "(On Beethoven's Fifth Symphony)", and the first—and last—thing we hear is a blatant reminiscence of the famous motive that saturates the first movement of Beethoven's symphony; in the wake of his First Symphony's failure, Rachmaninoff's use of this figure is fraught with grim irony. Here, "Fate" is personified as a malicious old woman tapping relentlessly with her cane—she shows up unexpectedly and terrorizes a poor man; young, rich, famous people at a feast; and a pair of lovers. Rachmaninoff's longest song by far, it is full of drama, especially the final episode.

In Vasily Zhukovsky's poem **"On the Death of a Linnet,"** the singer mourns the death of his little finch or siskin, who pined away when its mate died. Keeping songbirds was a widespread custom in Russia; Rachmaninoff dedicated his graceful, sweet song to his first cousin, whose mother bought her a siskin each year. In the warmth of late spring, they would free the bird, which sometimes sat on a branch and sang a farewell song. When one of the pets died in its cage, the composer shared her grief.

At midnight on Easter Sunday, the Russian priest announces "Khristos voskres" (**"Christ is Risen"**), and the congregation replies, "Truly, He is risen!" But Merezhkovsky uses this joyous annual occasion to point out how

bitter Christ's disappointment in humanity would be if he could see the world "soaked in blood and tears." (Rachmaninoff would not have seen the lines, deleted by Czarist Russia's Imperial censors, about bringing down tyrants and freeing slaves.) Rachmaninoff's dramatic monologue twice rises to a highly dramatic crescendo.

"Spring Waters" is the first of Rachmaninoff's five songs on texts by the diplomat-poet Fedor Tyutchev, friend to the German Romantic Friedrich Schelling, whose Idealist philosophy he absorbed. This challenging song (for both singer and pianist) is the Russian equivalent of Eduard Mörike's and Hugo Wolf's "Er ist's!" to tell of spring's advent after a long, hard winter. Because this is Russia, ice still reigns, but the rising waters of the piano will, we feel sure, banish the last remnants of winter in short order.

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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Neue Liebe, neues Leben

Text: Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Herz, mein Herz, was soll das geben?
Was bedrängt dich so sehr?
Welch ein fremdes, neues Leben!
Ich erkenne dich nicht mehr.
Weg ist alles, was du liebtest,
Weg, warum du dich betrübtest,
Weg dein Fleiß und deine Ruh—
Ach, wie kamst du nur dazu!

Fesselt dich die Jugendblüte,

Diese liebliche Gestalt,
Dieser Blick voll Treu und Güte
Mit unendlicher Gewalt?
Will ich rasch mich ihr entziehen,
Mich ermannen, ihr entfliehen,
Führet mich im Augenblick,
Ach, mein Weg zu ihr zurück.

Und an diesem Zauberfädchen,
Das sich nicht zerreißen läßt,
Hält das liebe, lose Mädchen
Mich so wider Willen fest;
Muß in ihrem Zauberkreise
Leben nun auf ihre Weise.
Die Veränderung, ach, wie groß!
Liebe! Liebe! laß mich los!

Wonne der Wehmut

Text: Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Trocknet nicht, trocknet nicht,
Tränen der ewigen Liebe!
Ach, nur dem halbgetrockneten Auge
Wie öde, wie tot die Welt ihm
erscheint!
Trocknet nicht, trocknet nicht,
Tränen unglücklicher Liebe!

New Love, New Life

Trans.: George Bird and Richard Stokes

Heart, my heart, what can it mean?
What oppresses you so sore?
What a strange and new existence!
I do not know you anymore.
Gone is all you used to love,
gone what used to make you sad,
gone your diligence and peace—
ah, how have you come to this!

Does the bloom of youth ensnare
you—
that figure full of charm,
that gaze so kind and faithful—
with unending might?
If I try to hasten from her,
restrain myself, escape her,
in a moment I am led,
ah, back to her again.

And by this thread of magic
that refuses to be torn,
this sweet and roguish maiden
holds me fast against my will;
now in her magic circle
must I live the way she does.
The change, ah, how great it is!
Love, love, let me go!

Bliss of Sadness

Trans.: George Bird and Richard Stokes

Grow not dry, grow not dry,
tears of eternal love!
Ah, to the merely half-dry eye
how bleak, how dead the earth
appears!
Grow not dry, grow not dry,
tears of unhappy love!

Mit einem gemalten Band

Kleine Blumen, kleine Blätter
Streuen mir mit leichter Hand
Gute, junge Frühlings-Götter
Tänzelnd auf ein luftig Band.

Zephyr, nimm's auf deine Flügel,
Schling's um meiner Liebsten Kleid;
Und so tritt sie vor den Spiegel

All in ihrer Munterkeit.

Sieht mit Rosen sich umgeben,
Selbst wie eine Rose jung.
Einen Blick, geliebtes Leben!
Und ich bin belohnt genug.

Fühle, was dies Herz empfindet,
Reiche frei mir deine Hand,
Und das Band, das uns verbindet,
Sei kein schwaches Rosenband!

Aus Goethes Faust

Text: Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Es war einmal ein König,
Der hatt' einen großen Floh,
Den liebt' er gar nicht wenig,
Als wie seinen eig'nen Sohn.
Da rief er seinen Schneider,
Der Schneider kam heran;
"Da, miß dem Junker Kleider
Und miß ihm Hosen an!"
In Sammet und in Seide
War er nun angetan,
Hatte Bänder auf dem Kleide,
Hatt' auch ein Kreuz daran,
Und war sogleich Minister,
Und hatt einen großen Stern.
Da wurden seine Geschwister
Bei Hof auch große Herrn.
Und Herrn und Frau'n am Hofe,

Die waren sehr geplagt,

With a Painted Ribbon

Trans.: Copyright © by Emily Ezust

Small flowers, small leaves
are strewn for me with a light hand
by good, young gods of Spring
toying with an airy ribbon.

Zephyr, put it on your wing,
loop it around my sweetheart's dress;
and so she'll step in front of the
mirror
in all her merriment.

She will see herself surrounded by
roses,
herself like a young rose;
one glance, beloved life!
and I will have reward enough.

Feel what this heart feels!
Freely reach me your hand,
and let this ribbon that binds us
be no weak ribbon of roses.

From Goethe's Faust

There once was a King
who had a great flea,
he loved it
like one of the family.
He called on his tailor
to make it some clothes,
not forgetting a pair
of tight-fitting hose.
Now, got up smartly
in velvet and silk
with sashes and medals,
the first of his ilk
as Minister of State,
a Great Star he could sport,
and all his relations
held positions at Court.
The Lords and the Ladies were
bitten to bits
as the Court played host to this
plague of nits.

Die Königin und die Zofe

Gestochen und genagt,

Und durften sie nicht knicken,
Und weg sie jucken nicht.
Wir knicken und ersticken
Doch gleich, wenn einer sticht.

The Queen and her maid were
suffering too;
but there was absolutely nothing
anyone could do.
Now we, once bitten,
we wouldn't delay,
we'd pinch, squash and crush'em
till they'd gone away.

Prometheus

Text: Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Bedecke deinen Himmel, Zeus,
Mit Wolkendunst
Und übe, dem Knaben gleich,
Der Disteln köpft,
An Eichen dich und Bergeshöhn;
Mußt mir meine Erde
Doch lassen stehn,
Und meine Hütte, die du nicht gebaut,
Und meines Herd,
Um dessen Glut
Du mich beneidest.

Prometheus

Cover your heaven, Zeus,
with cloudy vapors,
and test your strength, like a boy
beheading thistles,
on oaks and mountain peaks;
yet you must leave
my earth alone,
and my hut you did not build,
and my hearth,
whose fire
you envy me.

Ich kenne nichts Ärmeres
Unter der Sonn', als euch, Götter!
Ihr nähret kümmerlich
Von Opfersteuern
Und Gebetshauch
Eure Majestät
Und darbtet, wären
Nicht Kinder und Bettler
Hoffnungsvolle Toren.

I know nothing more paltry
beneath the sun than you, gods!
Meagerly you nourish
your majesty
on levied offerings
and the breath of prayer,
and would starve, were
not children and beggars
optimistic fools.

Da ich ein Kind war
Nicht wußte, wo aus noch ein,
Kehrt' ich mein verirrt Auge
Zur Sonne, als wenn drüber wär'
Ein Ohr, zu hören meine Klage,
Ein Herz wie meins,
Sich des Bedrängten zu erbarmen.

When I was a child,
not knowing which way to turn,
I raised my misguided eyes
to the sun, as if above it there were
an ear to hear my lament,
a heart like mine,
to pity me in my anguish.

Wer half mir
Wider der Titanen Übermut?
Wer rettete vom Tode mich,
Von Sklaverei?
Hast du nicht alles selbst vollendet,
heilig glühend Herz?

Who helped me
withstand the Titans' insolence?
Who saved me from death
and slavery?
Did you not accomplish all this
yourself, sacred glowing heart?

Und glühtest jung und gut,
Betrogen, Rettungsdank
Dem Schlafenden da droben?
Ich dich ehren? Wofür?

Hast du die Schmerzen gelindert
Je des Beladenen?
Hast du die Tränen gestillet
Je des Geängsteten?
Hat nicht mich zum Manne
geschmiedet
Die allmächtige Zeit
Und das ewige Schicksal,
Meine Herrn und deine?

Wähtest du etwa,
Ich sollte das Leben hassen,
In Wüsten fliehen,
Weil nicht alle
Blütenträume reiften?

Hier sitz' ich, forme Menschen
Nach meinem Bilde,
Ein Geschlecht, das mir gleich sei,
Zu leiden, zu weinen,
Zu genießen und zu freuen sich
Und dein nicht zu achten,
Wie ich!

Geistes-Gruß

Text: Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Hoch auf dem alten Turme steht
Des Helden edler Geist,
Der, wie das Schiff vorüber geht,
Es wohl zu fahren heisst.
"Sieh, diese Senne war so stark,
Dies Herz so fest und wild,
Die Knochen voll von Rittermark,
Der Becher angefüllt;
"Mein halbes Leben stürmt' ich fort,
Verdehnt' die Hälf't' in Ruh,
Und du, du Menschenschifflein
dort,
Fahr' immer, immer zu!"

And did you not—young, innocent,
deceived—glow with gratitude
for your deliverance
to that slumberer in the skies?

I honor you? Why?
Did you ever soothe the anguish
that weighed me down?
Did you ever dry my tears
when I was terrified?
Was I not forged into manhood
by all-powerful Time
and everlasting Fate,
my masters and yours?

Did you suppose
I should hate life,
flee into the wilderness,
because not all
my blossoming dreams bore fruit?

Here I sit, making men
in my own image,
a race that shall be like me,
that shall suffer, weep,
know joy and delight,
and ignore you,
as I do!

Ghost-Greeting

Trans.: Richard Wigmore © 2005

High on the ancient tower
stands the hero's noble spirit;
as the ship passes
he bids it a safe voyage.
"See, these sinews were so strong,
this heart so steadfast and bold,
these bones full of knightly valor;
my cup was overflowing.
"Half my life I sallied forth,
half I spent in tranquility;
and you, little boat of mankind,
sail ever onward!"

An den Mond

Text: Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Fülleest wieder Busch und Tal

Still mit Nebelglanz,
Löseest endlich auch einmal
Meine Seele ganz.
Breitest über mein Gefild
Lindernd deinen Blick,
Wie des Freundes Auge, mild
Über mein Geschick.
Jeden Nachklang fühlt mein Herz
Froh- und trüber Zeit,
Wandle zwischen Freud and
Schmerz

In der Einsamkeit.
Fliesse, fliesse, lieber Fluss!
Nimmer werd ich froh;
So verrauschte Scherz und Kuss,

Und die Treue so.
Rausche, Fluss, das Tal entlang,
Ohne Rast und Ruh,
Rausche, flüstre meinem Sang
Melodien zu,
Wenn du in der Winternacht
Wütend überschwillst,
Oder um die Frühlingspracht

Junger Knospen quillst.
Selig, wer sich vor der Welt
Ohne Hass verschliesst,
Einen Freund am Busen hält
Und mit dem genießt,
Was, von Menschen nicht gewusst
Oder nicht bedacht,
Durch das Labyrinth der Brust
Wandelt in der Nacht.

Rastlose Liebe

Text: Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Dem Schnee, dem Regen,
Dem Wind entgegen,
Im Dampf der Klüfte
Durch Nebeldüfte,
Immer zu! Immer zu!

To the Moon

Trans.: Richard Wigmore © 2005

Once more you silently fill wood and
vale
with your hazy gleam
and at last
set my soul quite free.
You cast your soothing gaze
over my fields;
with a friend's gentle eye
you watch over my fate.
My heart feels every echo
of times both glad and gloomy.
I hover between joy and sorrow

in my solitude.
Flow on, beloved river!
I shall never be happy:
thus have laughter and kisses
rippled away,
and with them constancy.
Murmur on, river, through the valley,
without ceasing,
murmur on, whispering melodies
to my song,
When on winter nights
you angrily overflow,
or when you bathe the springtime
splendor
of the young buds.
Happy he who, without hatred,
shuts himself off from the world,
holds one friend to his heart,
and with him enjoys
that which, unknown to
and undreamt of by men,
wanders by night
through the labyrinth of the heart.

Restless Love

Into snow, into rain,
into wind, headlong,
through the gorges' fog,
through mist,
ever on! Ever on!

Ohne Rast und Ruh!
 Lieber durch Leiden
 Möcht ich mich schlagen,
 Als so viel Freuden
 Des Lebens ertragen.
 Alle das Neigen
 Von Herzen zu Herzen,
 Ach, wie so eigen
 Schaffet das Schmerzen!
 Wie soll ich fliehen?
 Wälderwärts ziehen?
 Alles vergebens!
 Krone des Lebens,
 Glück ohne Ruh,
 Liebe, bist du!

No halt, no rest!
 Through affliction
 sooner I'd battle,
 than so many joys
 of life endure.
 All this inclining
 of heart for heart,
 ah, how strangely
 it creates pain!
 How shall I flee?
 Make for the woods?
 All is in vain!
 Diadem of life,
 joy without rest,
 that, Love, are you!

An Schwager Kronos

Text: Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Spute dich, Kronos!
 Fort den rasselnden Trott!
 Bergab gleitet der Weg:
 Ekles Schwindeln zögert
 Mir vor die Stirne dein Zaudern.
 Frisch, holpert es gleich,
 Über Stock und Steine den Trott
 Rasch ins Leben hinein!
 Nun schon wieder
 Den eratmenden Schritt
 Mühsam berghinauf,
 Auf denn, nicht träge denn
 Strebend und hoffend hinan!
 Weit, hoch, herrlich
 Rings den Blick ins Leben hinein;
 Vom Gebirg zum Gebirg

Schwebet der ewige Geist,
 Ewigen Lebens ahndevoll.
 Seitwärt des Überdachs Schatten
 Zieht dich an
 Und ein Frischung verheissender
 blick
 Auf der Schwelle des Mädchens da
 Labe dich!—Mir auch, Mädchen,
 Diesen schäumenden Trank,
 Diesen frischen Gesundheitsblick!
 Ab denn, rascher hinab!
 Sieh, die Sonne sinkt!

To Coachman Chronos

Trans.: Richard Wigmore © 2005

Make haste, Chronos!
 Break into a rattling trot!
 The way runs downhill;
 I feel a sickening giddiness
 at your dallying.
 Quick, away, never mind the bumping,
 over sticks and stones, trot
 briskly into life!
 Now once again
 breathless, at walking pace,
 struggling uphill;
 up then, don't be sluggish,
 onwards, striving and hoping.
 Wide, lofty and glorious
 is the view around into life;
 from mountain range to mountain
 range
 the eternal spirit glides,
 bringing promise of eternal life.
 A shady roof
 draws you aside
 and the gaze of a girl
 on the step, promising refreshment.
 Refresh yourself! For me too, girl,
 that foaming draught,
 that fresh, healthy look.
 Down then, down faster!
 Look, the sun is sinking!

Eh sie sinkt, eh mich Greisen
 Ergreift im Moore Nebelduft,
 Entzahnte Kiefer schnatter
 Und das schlotternde Gebein,
 Trunknen vom letzten Strahl
 Reiss mich, ein Feuermeer
 Mir im schäumenden Aug'
 Mich geblendeten Taumelnden
 In der Hölle nächtliches Tor.
 Töne, Schwager, in's Horn,
 Rassle den schallenden Trab,
 Dass der Orkus vernehme: wir
 kommen,
 Dass gleich an der Tür
 Der Wirt uns freundlich empfangen.

Schäfers Klagelied

Text: Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Da droben auf jenem Berge,
 Da steh' ich tausendmal,
 An meinem Stabe hingebogen,
 Und sehe hinab in das Tal.
 Dann folg ich der weidenden Herde,
 Mein Hündchen bewahret mir sie.
 Ich bin herunter gekommen
 Und weiss doch selber nicht wie.
 Da steht von schönen Blumen
 Da steht die ganze Wiese so voll.
 Ich breche sie, ohne zu wissen,
 Wem ich sie geben soll.
 Und Regen, Sturm und Gewitter
 Verpass' ich unter dem Baum,
 Die Türe dort bleibet verschlossen;
 Und alles ist leider ein Traum.
 Es stehet ein Regenbogen
 Wohl über jenem Haus!
 Sie aber ist fortgezogen,
 Gar weit in das Land hinaus.
 Hinaus in das Land und weiter,
 Vielleicht gar über die See.
 Vorüber, ihr Schafe, nur vorüber!
 Dem Schäfer ist gar so weh.

Before it sinks, before the mist
 seizes me, an old man, on the moor,
 toothless jaws chattering,
 limbs shaking,
 Snatch me, drunk with its last ray,
 a sea of fire
 foaming in my eyes,
 blinded, reeling
 through hell's nocturnal gate.
 Coachman, sound your horn,
 rattle noisily on at a trot.
 Let Orcus know we're coming.

 So that the innkeeper is at the door
 to give us a kind welcome.

Shepherd's Lament

Trans.: Richard Wigmore © 2005

On yonder hill
 I have stood a thousand times,
 leaning on my staff
 and looking down into the valley.
 I have followed the grazing flocks,
 watched over by my dog;
 I have come down here
 and do not know how.
 The whole meadow is so full
 of lovely flowers;
 I pluck them, without knowing
 to whom I shall give them.
 From rain, storm and tempest
 I shelter under a tree.
 The door there remains locked;
 for, alas, it is all a dream.
 There is a rainbow
 above that house!
 But she has moved away,
 to distant regions.
 To distant regions and beyond,
 perhaps even over the sea.
 Move on, sheep, move on!
 Your shepherd is so wretched.

Wandrer's Nachtlied II

Text: Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Über allen Gipfeln
Ist Ruh,
In allen Wipfeln
Spürest du
Kaum einen Hauch;
Die Vögelein schweigen im Walde,
Warte nur, balde
Ruhest du auch!

Erlkönig

Text: Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Wer reitet so spät durch Nacht und
Wind?
Es ist der Vater mit seinem Kind;
Er hat den Knaben wohl in dem Arm,
Er faßt ihn sicher, er hält ihn warm.

"Mein Sohn, was birgst du so bang
dein Gesicht?"

"Siehst, Vater, du den Erlkönig nicht?
Den Erlenkönig mit Kron und
Schweif?"

"Mein Sohn, es ist ein Nebelstreif."

"Du liebes Kind, komm', geh mit mir!
Gar schöne Spiele spiel' ich mit dir;
Manch bunte Blumen sind an dem
Strand,

Meine Mutter hat manch gülden
Gewand."

"Mein Vater, mein Vater, und hörest
du nicht,

Was Erlenkönig mir leise verspricht?"

"Sei ruhig, bleibe ruhig, mein Kind:
In dürrn Blättern säuselt der
Wind."

"Willst, feiner Knabe, du mit mir gehn?
Meine Töchter sollen dich warten
schön;

Meine Töchter führen den
nächtlichen Reihn

Und wiegen und tanzen und singen
dich ein."

"Mein Vater, mein Vater, und siehst
du nicht dort

Erlkönigs Töchter am düstern Ort?"

Wanderer's Nightsong II

Trans.: Copyright © by Emily Ezust

Over all the peaks
it is peaceful,
in all the treetops
you feel
hardly a breath of wind;
the little birds are silent in the forest...
only wait—soon
you will rest as well.

Erl-King

Trans.: George Bird and Richard Stokes

Who rides so late through night and
wind?

It is the father with his child;
he has his arm about the boy,
he holds him safe, he keeps him
warm.

"My son, why hide your face in
such fear?"

"Father, the Erl-king, don't you see?
The Erl-king in crown and robes?"

"My son, it is a streak of mist."

"Dear child, come, come go with me!
Wonderful games will I play with you;
many fair flowers are on the shore,

my mother has many a garment of
gold."

"My father, my father, don't you
hear

what the Erl-king softly promises me?"

"Be quiet, stay quiet, my child:
the rustle it is of dry leaves in the
wind."

"Will you, fine boy, come with me?
My daughters shall take good care
of you;

my daughters lead our nightly
dance,

they'll rock and dance and sing you
to sleep."

"My father, my father, don't you see

the Erl-king's daughters there in the
gloom?"

"Mein Sohn, mein Sohn, ich seh es
genau:

Es scheinen die alten Weiden so
grau."

"Ich liebe dich, mich reizt deine
schöne Gestalt;

Und bist du nicht willig, so brauch
ich Gewalt."

"Mein Vater, mein Vater, jetzt faßt er
mich an!

Erkönig hat mir ein Leids getan!"

Dem Vater grauset's, er reitet
geschwind,

Er hält in Armen das ächzende Kind,

Erreicht den Hof mit Müh' und Not:

In seinen Armen das Kind war tot.

"My son, my son, I see very well:

it is the old willows gleaming so
gray."

"I love you. Your beauty excites me;

if you're not willing, I'll take you by
force."

"My father, my father, he seizes
me!

The Erl-king has hurt me..."

The father shudders, swiftly he
rides,

the moaning child he holds in his arms;

he gains the manor in great distress:

in his arms the child was dead.

Intermission

Don Juan's Serenade

Text: Aleksey Tolstoy

Gasnut dal'ney Al'pukhary
Zolotistiye kraya.

Na prizyvnyy zvon gitary, vydi,
milaya moya!

Vse kto skazhet, shto drugaya,

Zdes' ravnyayetsya s toboy,

Vsekh, lyuboviyu zgoraya,

Vsekh, vsekh, vsekh zovu na
smertnyy boy!

Ot lunnogo sveta zardel nebosklon,

O vyidi Nisetta, O vyidi Nisetta

Skoryey na balkon!

Ot Sevil'yi do Grenady

V tikhom sumrake nochey,

Razdayutsa serenady

Razdayotsa zvon mechey.

Mnogo krovi, mnogo pesney,

Dlya prelesnykh l'yutsa dam,

Ya zhe toy, kto vsekh prelesney,

Pesn' i krov' moyu otdam!

Ot lunnogo sveta zardel nebosklon,

O vyidi Nisetta, O vyidi Nisetta,

Skoryey na balkon!

Don Juan's Serenade

Trans.: M. H. Rolle

Darkness descends
on Alpujara's golden land.

My guitar invites you, come out my
dear!

Whoever says that there are others
who can be compared to you,
whoever burns for your love,
I challenge them all to a duel!

Now the moon has set the sky alight,
come out Nisetta, oh, come out

Nisetta,

on to your balcony, quickly!

From Seville to Granada

in the silence of the nights,
one can hear the sound of serenades
and the clashing of swords.

Much blood, many songs,
pour forth for the lovely ladies;
and I, for the loveliest one of all.

I am ready to give my song and my
blood.

Now the moon has set the sky alight,
come out Nisetta, oh, come out

Nisetta,

on to your balcony, quickly!

At the Ball

Text: Aleksey Tolstoy

Sred shumново bala, sluchayno,
V trevoге mirskoy suyetī,
Tebya ya uvidel, no yagna
Tvoi pokrivala chertī.
Lish ochi pechalno glyadeli,
A golos tak divno zvuchal,
Kak zvon otdalyonnoy svireli,
Kak morya igrayushchiy val.
Mne stan tvoy ponravilsa tonkiy
I ves tvoy zadumchiviy vid,
A smekh tvoy, i grustniy, i zvonkiy,
S tekh por v moyom serdtse zvuchit.
V chasi odinokiye nochi
Lyublyu ya, ustaliy, prilech;
Ya vizhu pechalniye ochi,
Ya slishu vesolyuyu rech,
I grustno ya, grustno tak zasipayu,
I v gryozakh nevedomikh splyu ...
Lyublyu li tebya, ya ne znayu,
No kazhetsa mne, shto lyublyu!

None but the lonely heart

Text: Lev Mey

Net, tol'ko tot, kto znal svidanya
zhazhdu,
Poymyot, kak ya stradal i kak ya
strazhdu.
Glyazhu ya vdal...net sil, tuskneyet
oko...
Akh, kto menyа lyubil i znal—daleko!

Akh, tolko tot, kto znal svidanya
zhazhdu,
Poymyot, kak ya stradal i kak ya
strazhdu.
Vsya grud gorit...
Kto znal svidanya zhazhdu,

Poymyot, kak ya stradal i kak ya
strazhdu.

At the Ball

Trans.: Andrew Huth © 2009

At a noisy ball, quite by chance,
in the tumult of worldly bustle,
I caught sight of you, but mystery
veiled your features.
Your eyes betrayed your sadness,
yet your voice had a lovely ring,
like the sound of a distant flute
or the playful waves of the sea.
Your slim figure entranced me,
as well as your dreamy appearance;
and your sad but ringing laughter
has since then echoed in my heart.
In the lonely hours of the night,
I like to lie down when I am weary
and conjure up your sad eyes
and the sound of your cheerful talk.
And sadly, so sadly, I fall asleep
and sink into strange dreams.
Am I in love with you? I don't know,
but yes, I think I am in love.

None but the lonely heart

Trans.: Andrew Huth © 2009

Only one who knows yearning
can know how I have suffered, and
suffer still.
I look into the distance...I have no
strength, my eyes are dim...
Ah, the one who loved and knew
me is so far!
Only one who knows what yearning
is
can know how I have suffered, and
suffer still.
My heart is burning...
Only one who knows what yearning
is
can know how I have suffered, and
suffer still.

Over burning ashes

Text: Fyodor Tyutchev

Kak nad gorjacheju zoloj
Dymitsja svitok i sgorajet,
I ogn' sokrytyj i glukhoj
Slova i stroki pozhirajet:
Tak grustno tlistsja zhizn' moja
I s kazhdym dnjom ukhodit dymom;

Tak postepenno gasnu ja

V odnoobraz'i nesterpimom...
O, nebo, jesli by khot' raz
Sej plamen' razvilsja po vole,
I, ne tomjas', ne muchas' dole,

Ja prosijal by i pogas!

O stay, my love

O, net, molju, ne ukhodi!
Vsja bol' nitchto pered razlukoj,

Ja slishkom schastliv
'Etoj mukoju,
Sil'nej prizhmi menja k grudi,
Skazhi ljublju.

Prishjol ja vnov',
Bol'noj, izmuchennyj i blednyj.
Smotri, kakoj ja slabyj, bednyj,
Kak mne nuzhna tvoja ljubov'...

Muchenij novykh vpered
Ja zhdu kak lasku, kak poceluju,
I ob odnom molju, toskuja:
O, bud' so mnoj, ne ukhodi!

Over burning ashes

As if over hot ashes,
a parchment smolders and burns,
and the slow, hidden fire
devours the words and lines:
Thus my sad life smolders
and leaves in smoke each passing
day;
thus, little by little, I extinguish
myself
in unbearable monotony...
Oh, heaven, if only once
this flame could burn freely,
and, without waiting, without further
torture,
I could burn up and disappear!

O stay, my love

Trans.: Copyright © by Anton
Bespalov and Rianne Stam

O, no, I beg you, do not leave!
All my pains are nothing compared
to separation
I am only too fortunate
with that torment,
Press me tightly to your bosom
and say you love me.

I came anew
full of pain, pale and exhausted.
See how poor and weak I am,
how I need your love...

The new torments ahead
I await like a caress or kiss,
and again I beg you in anguish:
O stay with me, do not leave!

In the Silence of the Secret Night

Text: Afanasy Fet

O, dolgo budu ya,
V molchan'i nochi taynoy,
Kovarni y lepet tvoy,
Ulibku vzor sluchayniy,

Perstam posluchnuyu volos,
Volos tvoikh gustuyu plyad'
Iz misley izgonat',
I snova prizivat'

Sheptat' i popravlyat'
Bili ye vrazhen'ya
Rechey moikh toboy,
Ispolnennikh smushchen'ya,

I v op'yanen'i,
Naperekor umu,
Zavetnim imenem budit'
Nochnuyu t'mu.

O, dolgo, budu ya,
V molchan'i nochi taynoy,
Zavetnim imenem budit'
Nochnuyu t'mu.

Fate

S svojej pokhodnoju kljukoj,
S svoimi mrachnymi ochami
Sud'ba, kak groznyj chasovoj,
Povsjudu sledujet za nami.

Bedoj lico jeja grozit,
Ona v ugrozakh posedela,
Ona uzh mnogikh odolela,
I vse stuchit, i vse stuchit:

Stuk, stuk, stuk...
Polno, drug,
Bros' za schastijem gonjat'sja!
Stuk, stuk, stuk...

In the Silence of the Secret Night

Oh, for many a long hour,
in the mysterious silence of the night,
I will hear your artless words,
and see your timid glance.

Your thick tresses,
so obedient to my fingers,
I will banish from my thoughts,
and then recall again.

I will whisper to myself
the words we exchanged,
those halting phrases
so full of embarrassment.

And in a frenzy,
without regard for reason,
I will rend the darkness
with the sound of your beloved name.

Oh, for many a long hour,
in the mysterious silence of the night,
I will rend the darkness
with the sound of your beloved name.

Fate

*Trans.: Copyright © 2005 by
Rianne Stam*

With her walking stick,
with her dark eyes
Fate, like a terrible sentinel,
follows us everywhere.

Her awful face threatens,
she has turned grey with threats,
she has indeed conquered many,
and always knocks, and always
knocks:

Knock, knock, knock...
Enough, my friend,
stop seeking happiness!
Knock, knock, knock...

Bednjak sovsem obzhilsja s nej:

Ruka s rukoj oni guljajut,
Sbirajut vmeste khleb s polej,
V nagradu vmeste golodajut.

Den' celyj dozhd' jeho kropit,
Po vecheram laskajet v'juga,

A noch'ju s gorja, da s ispuga

Sud'ba skvoz son jemu stuchit:

Stuk, stuk, stuk...
Gljan'-ka, drug,
Kak drugije pozhivajut.
Stuk, stuk, stuk...

Drugije prazdnovat' soshlis'
Bogatstvo, molodost' i slavu,
Ikh pesni radostno neslis',

Vino smenilos' im v zabavu:

Davno uzh pir u nikh shumit.
No smolkli vdrug bledneja gosti...

Rukoj, drozhashcheju ot zlosti,
Sud'ba v okoshko k nim stuchit:

Stuk, stuk, stuk...
Novyj drug k vam prishjol,
Gotov'te mesto!
Stuk, stuk, stuk...

No jest' zhe schast'e na zemle!

Odnazhdy, polnyj ozhidan'ja,
S vostorgom junym na chele,
Prishjol schastlivec na svidan'e.

Jeshchjo odin on, vse molchit,
Zarja za roshchey potukhajet,
I solovej uzh zatikhajet
A serdce b'jotsja i stuchit:

The poor man has come to know
her very well:

They walk hand in hand,
they collect bread crusts together,
as a reward they starve together.

All day the rain drizzles on him,
in the evening the snowstorm
cloaks him,
and in the night with woe, yes with
alarm

Fate knocks in his sleep:

Knock, knock, knock...
Look there, friend,
how others live.
Knock, knock, knock...

Another anniversary has gone by
Riches, youth and fame,
what songs of them have not joy-
fully merged,
wine poured for them in amusement:

Their feast resounds for quite a while.
But suddenly the pale guests fell
silent...

With her hand, trembling with anger,
Fate knocks to them on the small
window:

Knock, knock, knock...
A new friend approaches thee,
prepare a seat!
Knock, knock, knock...

But there is still happiness in the
world!

One day, in fervent expectation,
with youthful rapture on his brow,
a lucky man has come to his
rendezvous.

He is still alone, all is silent,
dawn emerges behind the woods,
and the nightingale already fades
but his heart beats and knocks:

Stuk, stuk, stuk...

Milyj drug,

Ty pridjosh'-li na svidan'e?

Stuk, stuk, stuk...

No vot idjot ona,

I v mig ljubov', trevoga, ozhidan'e,

Blazhenstvo, vse slilos' u nikh

V odno bezumnoje lobzan'e!

Nemaja noch' na nikh gljadit,

Vsjo nebo zalito ognjami.

A kto-to tikho za kustami

Kljukoj dokuchnoju stuchit:

Stuk, stuk, stuk...

Staryj drug

K vam prishjol, dovol'no schast'ja!

Stuk, stuk, stuk...

Knock, knock, knock...

My dear friend,

so you've come to meet me?

Knock, knock, knock...

But look, there she comes,

and in an instant love, anxiety,
expectation,

bliss, all mingled for them

in one mad kiss!

The silent night watches them,

the whole sky is ablaze.

But someone behind the bushes
quietly,

tiresomely knocks with her stick:

Knock, knock, knock...

Old friend

the end of your happiness has come!

Knock, knock, knock...

On the Death of a Linnet

Text: Vasily Zhukovsky

V sem grobe vernyj chizhik moj!

Prirody miloje tvoren'e,

Iz mirnoj oblosti zemnoj

On uletel, kak snoviden'e.

On dlja ljubvi na svete zhil,

On nezhnoj pesenкой privetnoj,

Za lasku nezhnju platil,

I podletal k ruke privetnoj.

On the Death of a Linnet

Trans.: Copyright © 2018 by Sergey
Rybin

In this little coffin lies my dear linnet,

a darling creation of nature,

from the peaceful earthly realm

he flew away, like a dream.

He lived for love in this world,

with his sweet chirping song

he repaid me for my caring affection

when he flew towards my welcom-
ing hand.

No v svete strashno i ljubit':

Jemu byl dan družhok krylatyj;

Chtob milogo ne perezhit',

On v grobe skrylsja ot utraty.

But even to love is perilous in this
life.

He had a winged tender friend;

so as not to outlive a dear one

he escaped his loss in a coffin.

Christ is Risen

Khristos voskres
Pojut vo khrame;
No grustno mne...
Dusha molchit.
Mir polon krov'ju i slezami,

I 'etot gimn pred altarjami
Tak oskorbitel'no zvuchit.

Kogda-b On byl mezh nas i videl,
Chego dostig nash slavnij vek,
Kak brata brat voznenavidel,

Kak opozoren chelovek,
I jesli b zdes',
V blestjashchem khrame
Khristos voskres
On uslykhal,
Kakimi b gor'kimi slezami,
Pered tolpoj
On, zarydal!

Spring Waters

Text: Fedor Tyutchev

Jeshchjo v poljakh belejet sneg,

A vody uzh vesnoj shumjat—

Begut i budjat sonnyj breg,

Begut, i bleshchut, i glasjat...

Oni glasjat vo vse koncy:

"Vesna idjot, vesna idjot!
My molodoj vesny goncy,

Ona nas vyslala vperjod.

Vesna idjot, vesna idjot,
I tikhikh, teplykh majskih dnei
Rumjanyj, svetlyj khorovod
Tolpitsja veselo za nej!... "

Christ is Risen

Trans.: Copyright © 2005 by Shawn
Thuris

"Christ is risen"
they sing in church.
Yet I am sad...
my soul is silent.
The world is steeped in blood and
tears,
and so this hymn before the altars
sounds like an insult.

Were He present among us to see
what our glorious age has achieved—
how brother comes to hate his
brother,
and how shameful is mankind—
and if,
within the shining church,
this "Christ is risen"
He were to hear,
what bitter tears
before the crowd
would He sob!

Spring Waters

Trans.: Copyright © 2018 by Sergey
Rybin

The fields are still whitened with
snow,
but the waters already roar with
Spring.
They rush and awaken the sleepy
riverbank,
they rush, and sparkle, and proclaim...

They proclaim to all corners of the
earth:
"Spring is coming, Spring is coming!
We are the heralds of the young
Spring,
She has sent us forward!"

Spring is coming, Spring is coming,
and the quiet, warm days of May
in a bright and glowing round dance
bustle joyfully behind her.

Meet the Artists



SIM CANETTY CLARKE

Gerald Finley

Grammy Award-winning bass-baritone Gerald Finley is a leading singer and dramatic interpreter whose career is devoted to a wide range of vocal art, encompassing opera, orchestral, and song repertoire as well as collaborations with the greatest orchestras and conductors of our time. He began with the baritone roles of Mozart; his Don Giovanni and Count Almaviva in *Le nozze di Figaro* have been heard live throughout the world and on DVD. Recent signature roles include Guillaume Tell, J. Robert Oppenheimer in John Adams's *Dr. Atomic*, and Jaufré Rudel in Kaija Saariaho's *L'amour de loin*. Mr. Finley created the role of Harry Heegan in Mark-Anthony Turnage's *The Silver Tassie*.

Highlights of his 2017–18 season include the season-opening recital at London's Wigmore Hall with pianist Julius Drake; performances as Mephistopheles in Berlioz's *Damnation de Faust* with the London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Simon Rattle; and *The Cunning Little Vixen* at the Berlin Philharmonic (Rattle). Mr. Finley returns to the Metropolitan Opera as Athanaël in *Thaïs*, followed by the Finnish premiere of Saariaho's *True Fire* with the Finnish Radio Symphony Orchestra; Scarpia in *Tosca* at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden; and performances of Schubert songs with Daniel Harding at the Berlin Philharmonic and Festspielhaus Baden Baden, where he also performs Amfortas in *Parsifal*. Mr. Finley concludes the season with a recital tour in North America.

Born in Montreal, Mr. Finley began singing as a chorister in Ottawa, Canada, and completed his musical studies in the U.K. at the Royal College of Music, King's College, Cambridge, and the National Opera Studio. He is a fellow and visiting professor at the Royal College of Music. In 2014 he climbed Mount Kilimanjaro for the charity Help Musicians UK. In 2017 he was appointed Commander of the Order of the British Empire and had previously been appointed an Officer of the Order of Canada.

Julius Drake

MARCO BORGGREVE



Pianist Julius Drake enjoys an international reputation as one of the finest instrumentalists in his field, collaborating with many of the world's leading artists, both in recital and on disc. He appears regularly at all the major music centers and festivals, including the Aldeburgh, Edinburgh, Munich, Schubertiade, and Salzburg music festivals; Lincoln Center and Carnegie Hall; Amsterdam's Concertgebouw; and at Wigmore Hall and the BBC Proms in London.

Mr. Drake's many recordings include a widely acclaimed series with Gerald Finley for Hyperion (their discs of Barber songs, Schumann's Heine lieder, and Britten's songs and proverbs won the 2007, 2009, and 2011 Gramophone Awards); award-winning recordings with Ian Bostridge (EMI); recitals with Alice Coote, Joyce DiDonato, Lorraine Hunt Lieberson, Christopher Maltman, and Matthew Polenzani, among others (Wigmore Live); recordings of Kodaly and Schoeck sonatas with cellists Natalie Clein and Christian Poltéra (Hyperion and Bis); and of Tchaikovsky and Mahler with Christianne Stotijn (Onyx). Mr. Drake has embarked on a major project to record the complete songs of Liszt for Hyperion—the second disc in a series with mezzo-soprano Angelika Kirchschrager that won the BBC Music Magazine Award in 2012—and a series of four Schubert recitals recorded live at Wigmore Hall with Ian Bostridge.

Concerts in the 2017–18 season include recitals in his “Julius Drake and Friends” series at the historic Middle Temple Hall in London; concerts in Frankfurt, Dresden, Vienna, and Florence with Ian Bostridge; in Bristol and Barcelona with Mark Padmore; in Madrid and Amsterdam with Sarah Connolly; in Geneva with Willard White; in Vienna with Alice Coote and Angelika Kirchschrager; and in New York with Gerald Finley, Matthew Polenzani, and Christoph Prégardien.

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 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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Mr. Finley and Mr. Drake's representation:

IMG Artists

www.imgartists.com