

Lincoln Center's
white light festival

T E N T H A N N I V E R S A R Y

October 19–November 24, 2019

Tuesday, October 29, 2019 at 7:30 pm

Mahler Songs

Christian Gerhaher, *Baritone*
Gerold Huber, *Piano*

ALL-MAHLER PROGRAM

Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen (1883–85)

Wenn mein Schatz Hochzeit macht
Ging heut' morgen übers Feld
Ich hab' ein glühend Messer
Die zwei blauen Augen von meinem Schatz

Selections from *Des Knaben Wunderhorn (1887–1898)*

Wer hat dies Liedlein erdacht?
Ablösung im Sommer
Ich ging mit Lust durch einen grünen Wald
Um schlimme Kinder artig zu Machen
Rheinlegendchen
Der Schildwache Nachtlied

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

White Light Festival

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UPCOMING WHITE LIGHT FESTIVAL EVENTS:

Tuesday–Wednesday, October 29–30, at 7:30 pm in the Gerald W. Lynch Theater at John Jay College

Zauberland (Magic Land) (New York premiere)

An encounter with Schumann's *Dichterliebe*

Julia Bullock, soprano; **Cédric Tiberghien**, piano

With **Ben Clifford**, **Natasha Kafka**, **David Rawlins**, and **Raphael Zari**

Directed by **Katie Mitchell**

Post-performance talk with Julia Bullock, Cédric Tiberghien, Bernard Foccroulle, and Ara Guzelimian on Wednesday, October 30

Thursday, November 7 at 7:30 pm at Alice Tully Hall

Britten Sinfonia

The Sixteen, choir; **Harry Christophers**, conductor

ALL-JAMES MACMILLAN PROGRAM

Miserere (U.S. premiere)

Stabat Mater (U.S. premiere)

Pre-concert talk with James MacMillan and Andrew Shenton at 6:15 pm at the Opera Learning Center (Rose building, 6th floor)

For tickets, call (212) 721-6500 or visit WhiteLightFestival.org. Call the Lincoln Center Info Request Line at (212) 875-5766 to learn about program cancellations or to request a White Light Festival brochure.

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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.

Selections from *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*

Lied des Verfolgten im Turm
Das irdische Leben
Zu Straßburg auf der Schanz
Wo die schönen Trompeten blasen

***Kindertotenlieder* (1901–04)**

Nun will die Sonn' so hell aufgehn
Nun seh' ich wohl, warum so dunkle Flammen
Wenn dein Mütterlein tritt zur Tür herein
Oft denk' ich, sie sind nur ausgegangen
In diesem Wetter in diesem Braus

This performance is approximately one hour and 35 minutes long, including intermission.

Please join us for a White Light Lounge in the Alice Tully Hall lobby following the performance.

This concert is also part of Great Performers.

Snapshot

By Christopher H. Gibbs

Gustav Mahler's lieder divide neatly into two periods, transitioning during the summer of 1901: early songs inspired by German texts in the folksong anthology *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* ("The Youth's Magic Horn") yielded to settings of the artful poems of Friedrich Rückert. At first overtly, then in more subtle ways, many of these lieder are intimately connected to Mahler's symphonies.

This evening's concert opens with Mahler's first song cycle, *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen* ("Songs of a Wayfarer"), which is set to the composer's own poetry, though inspired by the *Wunderhorn* collection. Then come ten *Wunderhorn* songs, with a variety of moods and musical styles, selected from the two dozen Mahler wrote over the course of nearly 15 years. The program ends with another cycle, *Kindertotenlieder* ("Songs on the Death of Children"), five heartbreaking songs set to Rückert's words. Both poet and composer experienced the trauma of losing children.

While Mahler's songs are now best known in their orchestral guises, most of them exist both in piano and orchestra versions; which version he composed first varied from case to case. Each song projects a distinctive flavor appropriate to its accompaniment—the piano versions are not pale reductions of orchestral splendors, nor are the orchestral songs overblown expansions of intimate utterances. Tonight's concert offers a chance to hear some of Mahler's supreme vocal achievements with piano accompaniment, the format in which he himself also performed and programmed his songs.

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By Christopher H. Gibbs

***Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen* (1883–85)
Selections from *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* (1887–1898)
Kindertotenlieder (1901–04)**

GUSTAV MAHLER

Born July 7, 1860, in Kaliště, Bohemia

Died May 18, 1911, in Vienna, Austria

Gustav Mahler composed almost exclusively in two genres—song and symphony—and from the start connected them in fascinating and innovative ways. His songs consist of his early ones, inspired by the folksong anthology ***Des Knaben Wunderhorn*** (“The Youth’s Magic Horn”), and later settings of the elevated poetry of Friedrich Rückert (1788–1866).

For nearly 15 years, starting in his mid-twenties, Mahler was obsessed with the *Wunderhorn* poems, producing two dozen songs altogether. The texts derive from a three-volume anthology of *Alte deutsche Lieder* (“Old German Songs”), assembled in the first decade of the 19th century by Achim von Arnim and Clemens Brentano, which includes authentic folk poems as well as some that were freely adapted or invented outright. Although they had attracted many composers before Mahler, for him the poems proved a revelation beginning in the mid-1880s.

Tonight’s performance begins with Mahler’s first song cycle, ***Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen*** (“Songs of a Wayfarer”). Although he wrote the texts himself, they are much in the spirit of the *Wunderhorn* collection and sometimes lift lines directly from them. At the time Mahler was working as a conductor in Kassel and in love with a young singer named Johanna Richter. The four songs tell of the pain of rejected love juxtaposed with the consolation and joy found in nature. Mahler originally composed them with piano accompaniment, orchestrated them several years later, and then went on to use the second and fourth of the cycle instrumentally in his Symphony No. 1 (“Titan”).

Mahler’s first *Wunderhorn* songs date from 1887 and he employed some of them, both sung and purely instrumentally, in his Second, Third, and Fourth symphonies. The ten songs on this evening’s program traverse a variety of moods and situations as well as musical styles, from quite simple and popular ones appropriate to folk texts to much more sophisticated settings. The subjects range from military ones (Mahler grew up near an army barracks) to nature, love, a hungry child, and humorous situations.

In 1905, Mahler remarked to Anton von Webern that “after *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* I could not compose anything but Rückert—this is lyric poetry from the source, all else is lyric poetry of a derivative sort.” His crucial move from folk poetry to Rückert came during the summer of

1901. Earlier that year, age 40, he had survived a near-death crisis (internal hemorrhaging), resigned as principal conductor of the Vienna Philharmonic, and was soon to meet the beautiful young Alma Schindler, whom he married in March 1902. Administrative and performance duties forced him to do most of his composing during the summer months and in 1901, after some years of minimal activity, he occupied a new house on the Wörthersee, an idyllic mountain resort, and began to write again. He worked on his latest symphony, the Fifth, and wrote three of the five *Kindertotenlieder* ("Songs on the Death of Children").

Although Rückert was better known in his day as an Orientalist than poet, many composers were drawn to his words, among them Schubert and Schumann. Mahler set ten and presented all but one (an intimate love song for Alma) at an important concert in January 1905 at Vienna's Musikverein. The centerpiece that evening was his setting of five poems from the collection of several hundred *Kindertotenlieder* that Rückert wrote following the deaths of two of his children in the 1830s.

Adding to the three songs already written in 1901, Mahler composed two more in the summer of 1904, by which time he was a father of two young daughters. In her memoirs Alma recounts her distress concerning these haunted and haunting songs: "I can understand setting such frightful words to music if one had no children, or had lost those one had. ... What I cannot understand is bewailing the deaths of children who were in the best of health and spirits, hardly an hour after having kissed and caressed them. I exclaimed to him at the time, 'For heaven's sake, don't tempt Providence!'" Three years later, in the summer of 1907, his older daughter, Maria Anna, died at age four, a devastating blow for both parents. Some commentators have suggested, however, that Mahler was motivated not by any possible death of a child of his own, but rather by those of his own dead siblings. He later remarked to a friend: "I put myself in my thoughts into the situation of a man whose own child has died. After I really lost my daughter, I could not possibly have written these songs any more."

Unlike Mahler's other five Rückert songs, *Kindertotenlieder* is a true cycle. A note in the score reads: "These five songs form a complete and indivisible whole, and for this reason their continuity must be preserved." One of their most remarkable elements is the delicate and evocative scoring, which often seems like chamber music, that influenced some of his purely instrumental symphonies at the time (Nos. 5–7). The poems offer a parent's meditation on death and an almost unbearable sense of loss. Despite the despair of the texts, Mahler ends his cycle with a transcendent vision.

Christopher H. Gibbs is James H. Ottaway Jr. Professor of Music at Bard College.

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Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen

Songs of a Wayfarer

Wenn mein Schatz Hochzeit macht

When my darling has her wedding day

Wenn mein Schatz Hochzeit macht,
Fröhliche Hochzeit macht,
Hab' ich meinen traurigen Tag!
Geh' ich in mein Kämmerlein,
Dunkles Kämmerlein,
Weine, wein' um meinen Schatz,
Um meinen lieben Schatz!

When my darling has her wedding day,
a joyous wedding day,
my day of sorrow it will be!
To my room, I'll go,
my dark room,
and weep, weep for my darling,
my dear darling.

Blümlein blau! Blümlein blau!
Verdorre nicht! Verdorre nicht!
Vöglein süß! Vöglein süß!
Du singst auf grüner Heide!
Ach, wie ist die Welt so schön!
Ziküth! Ziküth! Ziküth!

Blue flower! Blue flower!
Do not fade! Do not fade!
Sweet Bird! Sweet Bird!
On the green heath you sing!
Ah, how fair the world is!
Chirrup! Chirrup! Chirrup!

Singet nicht! Blühet nicht!
Lenz ist ja vorbei!
Alles Singen ist nun aus!
Des Abends, wenn ich schlafen geh',
Denk' ich an mein Leide.
An mein Leide!

Sing not! Bloom not!
For spring is over!
All singing now is done!
At night, when I go to rest,
I think of my sorrow!
My sorrow!

Ging heut' morgen übers Feld

Ging heut' morgen übers Feld,
Tau noch auf den Gräsern hing;
Sprach zu mir der lust'ge Fink:
"Ei du! Gelt?
Guten Morgen! Ei gelt? Du!
Wird's nicht eine schöne Welt?
Schöne Welt?
Zink! Zink! Schön und flink!
Wie mir doch die Welt gefällt!"

Auch die Glockenblum' am Feld
Hat mir lustig, guter Ding,
Mit den Glöckchen, klinge, kling,
klinge, kling,
Ihren Morgengruß geschellt:
"Wird's nicht eine schöne Welt?
Schöne Welt?
Kling! Kling! Kling! Kling!
Schönes Ding!
Wie mir doch die Welt gefällt!"
Heiah!

Und da fing im Sonnenschein
Gleich die Welt zu funkeln an;
Alles, alles Ton und Farbe gewann
Im Sonnenschein!
Blum' und Vogel, groß und klein!

"Guten Tag! Guten Tag!
Ist's nicht eine schöne Welt?
Ei, du! Gelt? Ei, du! Gelt?
Schöne Welt?"

Nun fängt auch mein Glück wohl an?!
Nun fängt auch mein Glück wohl an?!
Nein! Nein! Das ich mein',
Mir nimmer blühen kann!

I walked the fields this morning

I walked the fields this morning,
dew still hung upon the grass;
the merry finch said to me:
"Why, good morning!
Don't you agree?
Does not the world grow fair?
Fair world?
Tweet! Tweet! Bright and fair!
How pleasing to me the world is!"

And the bluebell at the field's edge,
merrily, in good spirits,
ding-dong with its tiny bell,
rang out its morning greeting:
"Does not the world grow fair?
Fair world?
Ding-dong! Ding-dong!
Beautiful thing!
How pleasing to me the world is!"
Hurrah!

And then, in the sun,
the world at once began to sparkle;
all, all gained tone and color!
In the sun!
Flower and bird, great and small.

"Good day, good day!
Is the world not fair?
Why, don't you agree?
The world is fair!"

Will my happiness now begin?!
Will my happiness now begin?!
No! No! The happiness that I mean
can never, never bloom for me!

Ich hab ein glühend Messer

Ich hab ein glühend Messer,
Ein Messer in meiner Brust,
O weh! O weh!
Das schneid't so tief
In jede Freud und jede Lust,
So tief! So tief!
Es schneid't so weh und tief!
Ach, was ist das für ein böser Gast!
Ach, was ist das für ein böser Gast!
Nimmer hält er Ruh', nimmer hält er
Rast,
Nicht bei Tag, noch bei Nacht,
wenn ich schlief!
O Weh! O Weh!
O Weh!
Wenn ich in dem Himmel seh',
Seh' ich zwei blaue Augen steh'n.
O Weh! O Weh!
Wenn ich im gelben Felde geh',
Seh' ich von fern das blonde Haar
Im Winde weh'n!
O Weh! O Weh!
Wenn ich aus dem Traum auffahr'
Und höre klingen ihr silbern Lachen,
O Weh! O Weh!

Ich wollt, ich läg' auf der
schwarzen Bahr',
Könnt' nimmer, nimmer die Augen
aufmachen!

A knife, a glowing knife

A knife, a glowing knife,
I have in my breast,
alas! Alas!
That cuts so deep!
Into each delight and joy,
so deep! So deep!
It cuts so sore and deep!
Ah, what an evil guest!
Ah, what an evil guest!
Never at rest, never at peace!

Neither by day, nor by night when
I would sleep!
Alas! Alas!
Alas!
When I look skywards,
I see two blue eyes!
Alas! Alas!
Walking the yellow field,
I see from afar her blond hair
blowing in the wind!
Alas! Alas!
When from my dream I start
and hear her silvery laugh,
alas! Alas!

I would that I could lay on the
somber bier,
and might never open my eyes
again!

**Die zwei blauen Augen von
meinem Schatz**

Die zwei blauen Augen von meinem
Schatz,

Die haben mich in die weite Welt
geschickt.

Da mußt' ich Abschied nehmen vom
allerliebsten Platz!

O Augen blau, warum habt ihr mich
angeblickt?

Nun hab' ich ewig Leid und Grämen!
Ich bin ausgegangen in stiller Nacht
In stiller Nacht

Wohl über die dunkle Heide.

Hat mir niemand Ade gesagt!

Ade! Ade! Ade!

Mein Gesell' war Lieb' und Leide!

Auf der Straße steht ein Lindenbaum,
Da hab' ich zum ersten Mal im Schlaf
geruht!

Unter dem Lindenbaum!

Der hat seine Blüten über mich
geschneit.

Da wußt' ich nicht, wie das Leben tut,
War alles, alles wieder gut!

Ach, alles wieder gut!

Alles! Alles! Lieb und Leid

Und Welt und Traum!

The two blue eyes of my darling

The two blue eyes of my darling

sent me into the wide world.

From the place I most loved I had to
part!

O blue eyes, why did you look on me?

Grief and sorrow are now mine forever!
In the still night I went out,
in the still night,
over the dark heath.

No one bade me farewell!

Farewell! Farewell! Farewell!

Love and sorrow were my company!

By my way stood a linden tree
where first I found peace in sleep!

Under the linden tree
which snowed its blossoms down on
me.

I knew not how life went on,
and all was well again!

Ah, all was well again!

All! All! Love and sorrow

and world and dream!

From *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*

Wer hat dies Liedlein erdacht?

Dort oben am Berg in dem hohen
Haus,
Da guckt ein fein's lieb's Mädel heraus,

Es ist nicht dort daheime,
Es ist des Wirts sein Töchterlein,
Es wohnt auf grüner Heide.
Und wer das Mädel haben will,
Muß tausend Taler finden
Und muß sich auch verschwören,
Nie mehr zu Wein zu gehen,
Des Vaters Gut verzehren.

“Mein Herze ist wund,
Komm Schätzkel mach's gesund!

Dein schwarzbraune Äuglein,
Die haben mich vertwundet!

Dein rosiger Mund

Macht Herzen gesund.

Macht Jugend verständig,

Macht Tote lebendig,

Macht Kranke gesund.”

Wer hat denn das schöne
Liedleinrdacht?

Es haben's drei Gäns übers
Wassergebracht,

Zwei graue und eine weiße;

Und wer das Liedlein nicht singen kann,
Dem wollen sie es pfeifen.

From *The Youth's Magic Horn*

Who thought up this little song?

Trans.: © Emily Ezust

Up there on the mountain, in a high-up
house,
a lovely, darling girl looks out of the
window.

She does not live there:
she is the daughter of the innkeeper,
and she lives on the green meadow.

And he who would have her
would find a thousand thalers,
but he would have to swear
never to have wine again
to have her father's property.

“My heart is sore!

Come, my treasure, make it well again!

Your dark brown eyes
have wounded me.

Your rosy mouth

makes hearts healthy.

It makes youth wise,

brings the dead to life,

gives health to the ill.”

Who has thought up this pretty little
song then?

It was brought over the water by
three geese—

two grey and one white—

and if you cannot sing the little song,
they will whistle it for you!

Ablösung im Sommer

Kukuk hat sich zu Tode gefallen
An einer grünen Weiden,
Kukuk ist tot, hat sich zu Tod' gefallen!

Wer soll uns denn den Sommer lang
Die Zeit und Weil vertreiben?
Ei das soll tun Frau Nachtigall,
Die sitzt auf grünem Zweige;
Die kleine, feine Nachtigall,
Die liebe, süße Nachtigall!
Sie singt und springt, ist allzeit froh,
Wenn andre Vögel schweigen.
Wir warten auf Frau Nachtigall;
Die wohnt im grünen Hage,
Und wenn der Kukuk zu Ende ist,
Dann fängt sie an zu schlagen!

The changing of the summer guard

Trans.: © Richard Stokes

The cuckoo has sung himself to death
on a green willow.

Cuckoo is dead, has sung himself to
death!

Who shall now all summer long
while away the time for us?

Ah! Mrs. Nightingale shall do that,
she sits on the green branch,
that small and graceful nightingale,
that sweet and lovely nightingale!

She hops and sings, is always joyous,
when other birds are silent.

We shall wait for Mrs. Nightingale,
she lives in the green grove,
and when the cuckoo's time is up,
She will start to sing!

**Ich ging mit Lust durch einen
grünen Wald**

Ich ging mit Lust durch einen grünen
Wald,
Ich hört die Vöglein singen;
Sie sangen so jung, sie sangen so alt,
Die kleinen Waldvögelein im grünen
Wald!

Wie gern hört ich sie singen!
Nun sing, nun sing, Frau Nachtigall!

Sing du's bei meinem Feinsliebchen:
"Komm schier, komm schier, wenn's
finster ist,

Wenn niemand auf der Gasse ist,
Dann komm zu mir, dann komm zu mir!
Herein will ich dich lassen, ja lassen!"
Der Tag verging, die Nacht brach an,
Er kam zu Feinsliebchen gegangen.
Er klopft so leis' wohl an den Ring,
"Ei, schläfst du oder wachst, mein
Kind?

Ich hab so lang gestanden!"
Es schaut der Mond durchs Fensterlein
Zum holden, süßen Lieben,
Die Nachtigall sang die ganze Nacht.
Du schlafselig Mägdelein, nimm dich
in Acht!
Wo ist dein Herzliebster geblieben?

**I walked joyfully through a green
wood**

Trans.: © Richard Stokes

I walked joyfully through a green
wood,
I heard the little birds sing.
They sang so young, they sang so old,
those woodland birds in the green
wood!

How gladly I heard them sing, yes sing!
Please sing, please sing, Mrs.
Nightingale!

Sing this at my beloved's house:
"Come quick, come quick, when dark-
ness falls,

when not a soul is in the street,
then come to me, then come to me!
And I will let you in, yes in!"
The day departed, night fell,
he went to his beloved;
he tapped so softly with the knocker,
"Are you asleep or awake, my child?

I've been standing here so long!"
The moon looks through the window,
saw the charming, sweet caresses,
the nightingale sang all night long.
Sleepy little maid, take care!

Where is your sweetheart now?

**Um schlimme Kinder artig zu
Machen**

Es kam ein Herr zum Schösseli
Auf einem schönen Röss'li,
Ku-ku-kuk, ku-ku-kuk!
Da lugt die Frau zum Fenster aus
Und sagt: "Der Mann ist nicht zu Haus,
Und niemand heim als meine Kind,
Und's Mädchen ist auf der
wäschewind!"
Der Herr auf seinem Rösseli
Sagt zu der Frau im Schösseli:
Ku-ku-kuk, ku-ku-kuk!
"Sind's gute Kind, sind's böse Kind?"
Ach, liebe Frau, ach sagt geschwind!"
Ku-ku-kuk, ku-ku-kuk!
"In meiner Tasch' für folgsam Kind,
Da hab' ich manche Angebind."
Ku-ku-kuk, ku-ku-kuk!
Die Frau die sagt: "Sehr böse Kind!"
Sie folgen Mutter nicht geschwind,
Sind böse, sind böse!"
Da sagt der Herr: "So reit' ich heim,
Dergleichen Kinder brauch' ich kein'!"
Ku-ku-kuk, ku-ku-kuk!
Und reit' auf seinem Rösseli
Weit, weit entweg vom Schösseli!
Ku-ku-kuk, ku-ku-kuk!

To make bad children well behaved

Trans.: © Emily Ezust

There came a gentleman up to the
castle,
riding on a handsome horse,
(Cuckoo, cuckoo!)
The woman peeps out of the window
and says, "My husband is not home,
and no one is here but my children,
and the maid is at her washing!"
The gentleman on his horse
says to the woman in the castle:
(Cuckoo, cuckoo!)
"Are they good children, or are they
naughty children?"
Ah, dear woman, tell me quickly!"
(Cuckoo, cuckoo!)
"In my pocket, for obedient children,
I have there many presents."
(Cuckoo, cuckoo!)
The woman says: "Very naughty
children!
They don't obey their mother quickly;
they're naughty, they're naughty!"
Then the gentleman says: "Then I will
ride home,
for I have nothing to give these
children!"
(Cuckoo, cuckoo!)
And he rides his horse
far, far away from the castle!
(Cuckoo, cuckoo!)

Rheinlegendchen

Bald gras ich am Neckar, bald gras ich
am Rhein;
Bald hab' ich ein Schätzlein, bald bin ich
allein!
Was hilft mir das Grasen, wenn d'
Sichel nicht schneid't!
Was hilft mir ein Schätzlein, wenn's bei
mir nicht bleibt.
So soll ich denn grasen am Neckar,
am Rhein,
So werf ich mein goldenes Ringlein
hinein.
Es fließet im Neckar und fließet im
Rhein,
Soll schwimmen hinunter ins Meer
tief hinein.
Und schwimmt es, das Ringlein, so
frißt es ein Fisch!
Das Fischlein tät kommen auf's
Königs sein Tisch!
Der König tät fragen, wem's Ringlein
sollt sein?
Da tät mein Schatz sagen: das
Ringlein g'hört mein.
Mein Schätzlein tät springen bergauf
und bergain,
Tät mir wiederum bringen das
Goldringlein mein!
Kannst grasen am Neckar, kannst
grasen am Rhein,
Wirf du mir nur immer dein Ringlein
hinein!

Rhine legend

Trans.: © Emily Ezust

Now I reap by the Neckar, now I reap
by the Rhine;
now I have a sweetheart, now I am
alone!
What use is my reaping if the sickle
doesn't cut?
What use is a sweetheart if she won't
stay?
So if I am to reap by the Neckar and
by the Rhine,
then I'll throw in my golden ring.

It will flow with the Neckar and the
Rhine,
and float right down into the deep sea.

And as it floats, the little ring, a fish
will eat it!
The fish will eventually come to the
king's table!
The king will ask whose ring it is,
and my sweetheart will say: "The ring
belongs to me."
My sweetheart will hurry up hill and
down hill,
and bring me back my ring!

You can reap by the Neckar, and reap
by the Rhine,
if you will always throw your ring in
for me!

Der Schildwache Nachtlied

“Ich kann und mag nicht fröhlich sein,
Wenn alle Leute schlafen,
So muß ich wachen, Muß traurig sein.”
“Liebe Knabe, du mußt nicht traurig
sein,
Will deiner warten,
Im Rosengarten,
Im grünen Klee.”
“Zum grünen Klee, da geh ich nicht,
Zum Waffengarten
Voll Helleparten
Bin ich gestellt.”
“Stehst du im Feld, so helf dir Gott!

An Gottes Segen
Ist alles gelegen,
Wer's glauben tut.”
“Wers glauben tut, ist weit davon,
Er ist ein König,
Er ist ein Kaiser,
Er führt den Krieg.”
Halt! Wer da? Rund! Bleib mir vom
Leib!
Wer sang es hier? Wer sang zur
Stund’?
Verlorne Feldwacht
Sang es um Mitternacht.
Mitternacht! Mitternacht! Feldwacht!

The sentinel's night song

Trans.: © Richard Stokes

“I can't and won't be cheerful,
when folk are asleep,
I must keep watch, must be sad.”
“Dear boy, you must not be sad,
I'll wait for you
in the rose garden,
in the green clover.”
“I cannot go to the green clover,
to the battlefield
where halberds are thick
is where I'm ordered.”
“When you stand in battle, may God

help you!
All depends
on God's blessing,
for him with faith.”
“He who has faith is far from here,
he is a king.
He is an emperor.
He wages war.
Halt! Who goes there? Patrol! Keep
away!
Who was singing here? Who sang just
now?
A forlorn sentinel
sang his song at midnight!
Midnight! Midnight! Sentinel!

Intermission

Lied des Verfolgten im Turm

DER GEFANGENE

Die Gedanken sind frei,
Wer kann sie erraten;
Sie rauschen vorbei
Wie nächtliche Schatten.
Kein Mensch kann sie wissen,
Kein Jäger sie schießen;
Es bleibt dabei,
Die Gedanken sind frei.

DAS MÄDCHEN

Im Sommer ist gut lustig sein,
Auf hohen, wilden Heiden,
Dort findet man grün Plätzlein,
Mein herzverliebttes Schätzlein,
Von dir mag ich nicht scheiden.

DER GEFANGENE

Und sperrt man mich ein
Im finstere Kerker,
Dies alles sind nur
Vergebliche Werke;
Denn meine Gedanken
Zerreißen die Schranken
Und Mauern entzwei,
Die Gedanken sind frei.

DAS MÄDCHEN

Im Sommer ist gut lustig sein,
Auf hohen, wilden Bergen;
Man ist da ewig ganz allein,
Auf hohen, wilden Bergen;
Man hört da gar kein Kindergeschrei,
Die Luft mag einem da werden.

DER GEFANGENE

So seis wie es will,
Und wenn es sich schicket,
Nur alles sei in der Stille,
Mein Wunsch und Begehren,
Niemand kann's wehren;
Es bleibt dabei,
Die Gedanken sind frei.

Song of the prisoner in the tower

Trans.: © Richard Stokes

THE PRISONER

Thoughts are free,
who can guess them;
they flit past
like nocturnal shadows.
No one can know them,
no hunter shoot them down;
so shall it always be,
thoughts are free.

THE GIRL

In summer it's good to make merry
on wild moorland heights,
many green glades can be found,
my dearest love,
I never wish to part from you.

THE PRISONER

And though they lock me
in a gloomy cell,
all such measures
are in vain;
for my thoughts
can shatter the bars
and the walls in two,
thoughts are free.

THE GIRL

In summer it's good to make merry,
on wild mountain heights;
there you can be quite alone
on the wild mountain heights;
there you hear no children cry,
the air is good up there.

THE PRISONER

Then so let it be,
and whatever should befall,
may it be done in secret,
my wishes and longings
none can restrain;
so shall it always be,
thoughts are free.

DAS MÄDCHEN

Mein Schatz, du singst so fröhlich hier,
Wies Vögelein in Grase;
Ich steh so traurig bei Kerkertür,
Wär ich doch tot, wär ich bei dir,
Ach muß ich immer denn klagen?

DER GEFANGENE

Und weil du so klagst,
Der Lieb ich entsage,
Und ist es gewagt,
So kann mich nichts plagen,
So kann ich im Herzen
Stets lachen und scherzen.
Es bleibt dabei,
Die Gedanken sind frei.

Das irdische Leben

“Mutter, ach Mutter! es hungert mich,
Gib mir Brot, sonst sterbe ich.”

“Warte nur, mein liebes Kind,
Morgen wollen wir ernten
geschwind.”

Und als das Korn geerntet war,
Rief das Kind noch immerdar:

“Mutter, ach Mutter! es hungert mich,
Gib mir Brot, sonst sterbe ich.”

“Warte nur, mein liebes Kind,
Morgen wollen wir dreschen
geschwind.”

Und als das Korn gedroschen war,
Rief das Kind noch immerdar:

“Mutter, ach Mutter! es hungert mich,
Gib mir Brot, sonst sterbe ich.”

“Warte nur, mein liebes Kind,
Morgen wollen wir backen geschwind.”

Und als das Brot gebacken war,
Lag das Kind auf der Totenbahr.

THE GIRL

My love, you sing so happily here,
like the small bird in the grass;
I stand forlorn at the prison gate,
would I were dead or at your side,
ah, must my weeping never end?

THE PRISONER

And since you weep so,
I forswear your love,
and once that's done,
nothing can harm me,
from now in my heart
I'll laugh and I'll jest.
So shall it always be,
thoughts are free.

The earthly life

“Mother, oh Mother! I'm hungry;
give me bread, or I shall die!”

“Wait a little, my darling child;
tomorrow we shall harvest quickly.”

And when the corn had been harvested,
the child wailed again:

“Mother, oh Mother! I'm hungry;
give me bread, or I shall die!”

“Wait a little, my darling child;
tomorrow we shall thresh quickly.”

And when the corn had been threshed,
the child wailed again:

“Mother, oh Mother! I'm hungry;
give me bread, or I shall die!”

“Wait a little, my darling child;
tomorrow we shall bake quickly.”

And when the bread had been baked,
the child was lying on the funeral bier.

Zu Straßburg auf der Schanz

Zu Straßburg auf der Schanz,
Da ging mein Trauern an;
Das Alphorn hör' ich drüben wohl
anstimmen,
Ins Vaterland muß ich hinüberschwim-
men,
Das ging ja nicht an.
Ein' Stund in der Nacht
Sie haben mich gebracht;
Sie führten mich gleich vor des
Hauptmanns Haus,
Ach Gott, sie fischten mich im Strome
auf,
Mit mir ist es aus.
Früh morgens um zehn Uhr
Stellt man mich vors Regiment;
Ich soll da bitten um Pardon,
Und ich bekomme doch meinen Lohn,
Das weiß ich schon.
Ihr Brüder allzumal,
Heut' seht ihr mich zum letztenmal;
Der Hirtenbub ist nur schuld daran,
Das Alphorn hat mir's angetan,
Das klag ich an.

At Strasbourg on the ramparts

Trans.: © Richard Stokes

At Strasbourg on the ramparts
my troubles began;
I heard the alpine horn over there,
I had to swim across to my fatherland;
and that was not allowed.
In the middle of the night
they brought me back;
they took me at once to the captain's
house,
they fished me out of the water, my
God!
I'm done for now!
In the early morning at ten o'clock
they'll stand me before the regiment;
I'll have to beg for pardon,
yet I shall get my due reward,
that much I know.
You comrades, everywhere,
you'll see me today for the last time;
the shepherd boy's alone to blame,
I could not resist the alpine horn,
that's what I accuse.

Wo die schönen Trompeten blasen

Wer ist denn draußen und wer klopf an,

Der mich so leise, so leise wecken
kann?

Das ist der Herzallerliebste dein,
Steh auf und laß mich zu dir ein!
Was soll ich hier nun länger stehn?

Ich seh die Morgenröt aufgehn,
Die Morgenröt, zwei helle Stern,
Bei meinem Schatz, da wär ich gern,
Bei meinem Herzallerliebsten.

Das Mädchen stand auf und ließ ihn ein;
Sie heißt ihn auch willkommen sein.

Willkommen, lieber Knabe mein,
So lang hast du gestanden!
Sie reicht ihm auch die schneeweiße
Hand.

Von ferne sang die Nachtigall;
Das Mädchen fing zu weinen an.
Ach weine nicht, du Liebste mein,
Aufs Jahr sollst du mein eigen sein.
Mein Eigen sollst du werden gewiß,
Wie's keine sonst auf Erden ist.

O Lieb auf grüner Erden.
Ich zieh in Krieg auf grüne Heid,
Die grüne Heide, die ist so weit.
Allwo dort die schönen Trompeten
blasen,

Da ist mein Haus, von grünem Rasen.

Where the beautiful trumpets blow

Trans.: © Emily Ezust

Who is then outside, and who is
knocking,
who can so softly, softly waken me?

It is your darling,
arise and let me come in to you!
Why should I stand here any longer?

I see the dawn arrive,
the dawn, two bright stars,
with my darling would I gladly be,
with my heart's most beloved!
The maiden arose and let him in;
she welcomed him as well:
welcome, my beloved boy,
you have stood outside so long!
She reached to him her snow-white
hand.

from afar a nightingale sang;
the maiden began to weep.
Oh, do not cry, my darling,
next year you shall be my own!
My own shall you certainly be,
as no one else on earth is.
O Love on the green earth!
I go to war on the green heath,
the green heath that is so broad!
it is there where the beautiful trum-
pets blow,
there is my house of green grass!

Kindertotenlieder

Text: Friedrich Rückert

Nun will die Sonn' so hell aufgehen

Nun will die Sonn' so hell aufgehen,
Als sei kein Unglück die Nacht
 geschehn!
Das Unglück geschah nur mir allein!
Die Sonne, sie scheint allgemein!
Du mußt nicht die Nacht in dir
 verschränken,
Mußt sie ins ew'ge Licht versenken!
Ein Lämplein verlösch in meinem Zelt!
Heil sei dem Freudenlicht der Welt!

Nun seh' ich wohl, warum so dunkle dunkle Flammen

Nun seh' ich wohl, warum so dunkle
 Flammen
Ihr sprühtet mir in manchem
 Augenblicke.
O Augen!
Gleichsam, um voll in einem Blicke
Zu drängen eure ganze Macht
 zusammen.
Doch ahnt' ich nicht, weil Nebel mich
 umschwammen,
Gewoben vom verblendenden
 Geschicke,
Daß sich der Strahl bereits zur
 Heimkehr schicke,
Dorthin, von wannen alle Strahlen
 stammen.
Ihr wolltet mir mit eurem Leuchten
 sagen:
Wir möchten nah dir bleiben gerne!
Doch ist uns das vom Schicksal
 abgeschlagen.
Sieh' uns nur an, denn bald sind wir
 dir ferne!
Was dir nur Augen sind in diesen
 Tagen:
In künft'gen Nächten sind es dir nur
 Sterne.

Songs on the Death of Children

Now the sun wants to rise so brightly

Now the sun wants to rise so brightly,
as if no catastrophe happened during
 the night.
The tragedy happened to me alone.
The sun, it shines on everyone.
You must not shut up the night inside
 you,
must immerse it in eternal light.
A little lamp went out in my tent.
Greetings to the joyous light of the
 world.

Now I see well why such dark flames

Now I see well why such dark flames
 you flashed at me sometimes,
 Oh eyes!
Just as if, totally in one instant,
to concentrate all your power.
But I didn't suspect, because fog
 surrounded me,
trapped by blinding fate,
 that the ray was already preparing to
 depart
to that place from where all rays
 come.
You wanted to tell me with your
 flashing:
we'd love to be able to stay with you!
But that has been denied us by fate.
Just look at us, for soon we will be far
 from you.
What are only eyes to you in these
 days,
in future nights will be only stars.

**Wenn dein Mütterlein tritt zur Tür
herein**

Wenn dein Mütterlein tritt zur Tür
herein,
Und den Kopf ich drehe, ihr entgegen
sehe,
Fällt auf ihr Gesicht erst der Blick mir
nicht,
Sondern auf die Stelle, näher nach der
Schwelle,
Dort, wo würde dein lieb Gesichten
sein,
Wenn du freudenhelle trätest mit
herein,
Wie sonst, mein Töchterlein.
Wenn dein Mütterlein tritt zur Tür
herein,
Mit der Kerze Schimmer, ist es mir,
als immer
Kämst du mit herein, huschtest hin-
terdrein,
Als wie sonst ins Zimmer!
O du, des Vaters Zelle,
Ach, zu schnell erloschner
Freudenschein!

**Oft denk' ich, sie sind nur
ausgegangen**

Oft denk' ich, sie sind nur ausgegangen
Bald werden sie wieder nach Hause
gelangen!
Der Tag ist schön! O sei nicht bang!
Sie machen nur einen weiten Gang!
Jawohl, sie sind nur ausgegangen
Und werden jetzt nach Hause gelangen!
O, sei nicht bang, der Tag is schön!
Sie machen nur den Gang zu jenen
Höh'n!
Sie sind uns nur vorausgegangen
Und werden nicht wieder nach Hause
gelangen!
Wir holen sie ein auf jenen Höh'n
Im Sonnenschein!
Der Tag is schön auf jenen Höh'n!

**When your dear mother walks in
through the door**

When your dear mother walks in
through the door,
and I turn my head to look at her,
my gaze doesn't rest on her at first,
but rather on that place, closer to the
threshold,
where your sweet face would be,
if, bright with joy, you entered with
her,
as you used to do, my dear daughter.
When your dear mother walks in
through the door,
with the candle's glow, I feel as I
always did,
that you came in with her, slipped
behind into
the room as you always did.
Oh you, ray of happiness in your
father's cell,
too quickly extinguished!

I often think they've only gone out

I often think they've only gone out.
Soon they will get back home.
The day is fine. Oh, don't be afraid.
They're only taking a long walk.
Indeed, they've only gone out
and will soon come back home.
Oh, don't be afraid; the day is fine.
They're only walking up to those
heights.
They've only gone on before us
and will soon come back home.
We'll catch up with them on those
heights in the sunshine.
The day is fine upon those heights.

In diesem Wetter, in diesem Braus

In diesem Wetter, in diesem Braus,
Nie hätt' ich gesendet die Kinder hinaus;

Man hat sie getragen hinaus,
Ich durfte nichts dazu sagen!
In diesem Wetter, in diesem Saus,
Nie hätt' ich gelassen die Kinder hinaus,

Ich fürchtete sie erkranken;
Das sind nun eitle Gedanken.
In diesem Wetter, in diesem Graus,
Nie hätt' ich gelassen die Kinder hinaus;

Ich sorgte, sie stürben morgen,
Das ist nun nicht zu besorgen.
In diesem Wetter, in diesem Saus, in
diesem Braus,
Sie ruh'n als wie in der Mutter Haus,

Von keinem Sturm erschreckt,
Von Gottes Hand bedeckt.

In this weather, in this raging wind

In this weather, in this raging wind,
I should never have sent the children
out;

someone carried them away,
I didn't have anything to say about it.
In this weather, in this tempest,
I should never have let the children
go out,

I was afraid they'd get sick,
now that's just a futile thought.
In this weather, in this dreadfulness,
I should never have let the children
go out,

I was afraid they'd die tomorrow,
that's not a problem now.
In this weather, in this tempest, in this
wind,
they're at peace as if in their mother's
house,
frightened by no storm,
protected by God's hand.



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Christian Gerhaher

Baritone Christian Gerhaher, together with his regular piano accompanist Gerold Huber, has devoted himself to lied interpretation for more than 30 years through concerts, recordings, and teaching. The duo has been awarded major prizes and can be heard on the stages of leading recital venues worldwide, with frequent appearances at London's Wigmore Hall and at Heidelberger Frühling. In the coming season, Mr. Gerhaher and Huber will continue recording all of Robert Schumann's songs; not since Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau's pioneering recording in the 1970s has there been a singer who has devoted himself so comprehensively to Schumann's complete lieder output. Mr. Gerhaher launched his recording of Schumann's songs with his album *Frage* ("Question") in autumn 2018, for which he just received the coveted Solo Vocal Gramophone Award 2019, as well as the Opus Klassik Award for Singer of the Year. In November 2019, his album *Myrthen* will be released; in its entirety, the project will comprise ten CDs that will be released as a set in 2020.

Mr. Gerhaher's projects in 2019–20 include concerts with the Berlin Philharmonic and Daniel Harding and the Concertgebouw Amsterdam with John Eliot Gardiner, as well as an entire lied week with several singer colleagues and Huber at Castle Elmau in Germany. Mr. Gerhaher has just completed a recital tour of Europe with Huber, and in November, Mr. Gerhaher will sing the title role of Alban Berg's *Wozzeck* at the Bavarian State Opera in Munich. He will also return in the same role to Zurich Opera where he made his *Wozzeck* debut in 2015 with tremendous success; the DVD production received the Classical Music Award 2017. In May 2020, he will appear at La Scala in Milan as Wolfram in Wagner's *Tannhäuser*.

Gerold Huber



© MARION KÖLL

Born in Straubing, Germany, Gerold Huber studied piano with Friedemann Berger as a scholarship holder at the University of Music in Munich and attended the song class of Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau in Berlin. In 1998, he and baritone Christian Gerhaher, with whom he has performed as a lieder duo since his student days, received the Prix International de musique Pro Musicis in Paris and New York. In the role of lied pianist, he regularly appears at festivals such as Schubertiade Schwarzenberg, Salzburg, and the Munich Opera and Rheingau Musik

Festivals, and at major venues including Philharmonie Cologne, Alte Oper Frankfurt, Konzerthaus and Musikverein in Vienna, Concertgebouw Amsterdam, Wigmore Hall, Lincoln Center, Park Avenue Armory, and Carnegie Hall.

In high demand as an accompanist, Mr. Huber works with a multitude of internationally renowned singers, among them Christiane Karg, Christina Landshamer, Michael Nagy, Maximilian Schmitt, Martin Mitterutzner, and Franz-Josef Selig. He also works regularly with the Henschel Quartet, Reinhold Friedrich, and Maximilian Hornung. As a soloist, Mr. Huber focuses on the works of Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, and Schubert. He has performed concerts at the Munich Residence, Théâtre Municipal de Romans in France, the Kultursommer Kassel, and at the New Zealand Festival, among others. Apart from two solo albums of works by Beethoven and Schumann, he is most renowned for his outstanding recordings with Gerhaher, which have received many awards. Since 2013, Mr. Huber has been the professor for lied accompaniment at the University of Music in Würzburg.

White Light Festival

I could compare my music to white light, which contains all colors. Only a prism can divide the colors and make them appear; this prism could be the spirit of the listener.—Arvo Pärt. Celebrating its tenth anniversary, the White Light Festival is Lincoln Center's annual exploration of music and art's power to reveal the many dimensions of our interior lives. International in scope, the multidisciplinary festival offers a broad spectrum of the world's leading instrumentalists, vocalists, ensembles, choreographers, dance companies, and directors complemented by conversations with artists and scholars and post-performance White Light Lounges.

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 engagement, and manager of the Lincoln Center campus. A presenter of thousands of free and ticketed events, performances, tours, and educational activities annually, LCPA offers a variety of festivals and programs, including American Songbook, Avery Fisher Career Grants and Artist program, David Rubenstein Atrium programming, Great Performers, Lincoln Center Emerging Artist Awards, Lincoln Center Out of Doors, Lincoln Center Vera List Art Project, LC Kids, Midsummer Night Swing, Mostly Mozart Festival, White Light Festival, the Emmy Award-winning *Live From Lincoln Center*, which airs nationally on PBS, and Lincoln Center Education, which is celebrating more than four decades enriching the lives of students, educators, and lifelong learners. As manager of the Lincoln Center campus, LCPA provides support and services for the Lincoln Center complex and the 11 resident organizations: The Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Film at Lincoln Center, Jazz at Lincoln Center, The Juilliard School, Lincoln Center Theater, The Metropolitan Opera, New York City Ballet, New York Philharmonic, The New York Public Library for the Performing Arts, School of American Ballet, and Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts.

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