

Marie-Elise Boyer  
*collaborative piano*

Recital in partial fulfillment of the  
Doctor of Musical Arts degree, 2023  
Student of Cameron Stowe and Jonathan Feldman

with  
Junhan Choi, baritone

performed on a Pianoforte provided by Rodney Regier

*Die Winterreise*

Wednesday, March 22, 2023  
8:00 p.m.  
Brown Hall

PROGRAM

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**Franz Schubert**  
(1797–1828)

*Die Winterreise, D. 911*

Gute Nacht  
Die Wetterfahne  
Gefror'ne Tränen  
Erstarrung  
Die Lindenbaum  
Wasserflut  
Auf dem Flusse  
Rückblick  
Irrlicht  
Rast  
Frühlingstraum  
Einsamkeit  
Die Post  
Der greise Kopf  
Die Krähe  
Letzte Hoffnung  
Im Dorfe  
Der stürmische Morgen  
Täuschung  
Der Wegweiser  
Das Wirtshaus  
Mut!  
Die Nebensonnen  
Der Leiermann

Junhan Choi, baritone

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## SCHUBERT'S WINTERREISE ON SCHUBERT'S PIANO

*"I feel I am the unhappiest, most wretched man in the world. Imagine a man whose health will never be right again and who by despairing about it always makes the matter worse instead of better; imagine a man, I say, whose most auspicious hopes have been brought to nothingness, to whom the joy of love and friendship has nothing to offer but pain at best, whose enthusiasm (at least of the creative kind) for beauty threatens to vanish, and ask yourself — is not this a wretched unhappy man? 'Meine Ruh ist hin, mein Herz ist schwer, ich finde sie nimmer und nimmermehr' — so indeed I can now sing every day, for every night when I go to sleep I hope never to wake again, and every morning serves only to remind me of the previous day's misery."* Franz Schubert, March 1824

When Franz Schubert wrote his longest and arguably greatest song cycle *Die Winterreise* (literally "the winter journey"), on poems by Wilhelm Müller, he was himself at the dusk of his life – a fact that may establish this work as a reflection of Schubert's own wandering through his incurable illness. Schubert began writing this cycle in February 1827 and died in November 1828, at the young age of thirty-one.

Almost two centuries after the first publication of this work in 1828, *Die Winterreise* is still regarded as one of the most challenging and fascinating song cycles of all times. One could argue that it also contains some of the most beautiful music ever written; however, the theme at the core of the poetry relates to subjects such as depression, death, hopelessness and extreme loneliness. This dichotomy is especially palpable in the last poem of the first half, "Einsamkeit," in which the wanderer acknowledges the peacefulness and brightness of the world around him; yet the beauty of nature is precisely what makes him feel even more wretched in his own psychological misery. For the wanderer, the roaring storm seems more inviting than the calm weather; he finds comfort in places, natural elements and characters that would make others feel uneasy, such as a graveyard, a raging storm, a crow or even a hurdy-gurdy player ignored and abandoned by everyone.

Schubert usually chooses some of his most beautiful and peaceful musical ideas to illustrate the wanderer's peculiar relationship with these dark and potentially

frightening elements. For example, “Die Krähe” is certainly one of the most marvelous songs of the entire cycle with its lullaby-like melody; Schubert uses this wonderful music to reflect the hope for death that the wanderer sees in the crow – a death that could free him from his unbearable earthly sufferings. Likewise, the music in both “Das Wirtshaus” and “Der Leiermann” is extremely peaceful and reflective, stripped of any superficial affect, almost in a religious way, enhancing the feeling that the wanderer perhaps finally found what will bring him closure – the graveyard in the former, and the almost ghost-like lifestyle in the latter. Throughout the cycle, the beautiful and allegedly positive elements present in the poetry, such as the beloved sweetheart, the colorful and blooming flowers, the green leaves, the spring images, a love letter, hope, kisses and bliss – elements always reflected in Schubert’s music – are generally mere illusions or belong either to the past or to dreams; they do not exist in the reality of the present.

Performance practice in Schubert’s time, and throughout the nineteenth century more generally, was much different from the strictness – dare we say austerity? – of today’s so-called classical concerts. *Die Winterreise* was not likely to be performed as a whole cycle, let alone without interruption: applause, food, drinks, discussions were part of the event – not to mention the occasional repetition of certain songs or spontaneous improvisation, among other creative suggestions. In this sense, it is possible to consider the whole cycle like some sort of a kaleidoscope through which the listener views the same matter from twenty-four different angles, rather than a unified work in which one main thread connects all of the songs together from the beginning to the end. Another major difference between performance practice in Schubert’s time and nowadays lies in the instruments available and chosen. Current scholarship references the first fortepianos as early as 1726, built by Bartolomeo Cristofori; however, the instrument became widely used only toward the end of the eighteenth century. In 1827, the fortepiano was still a relatively new instrument, going through constant changes, improvements and various experiments and inventions – some of which are still present in modern pianos.

The Viennese fortepiano used for the present performance is built by piano maker Rodney Regier, after Graf and Bösendorfer instruments from around 1830. This remarkable piano was built in 2000 and gives the opportunity to experience what Schubert’s *Winterreise* may have sounded like on a brand new instrument of the time. There are a number of elements that differ between a historical Viennese Schubert-era instrument and a modern piano. The former’s frame is still made out of wood, as opposed to the iron-framed modern instruments. This difference generates various implications in relation to the sound. A frame made of iron allows for thicker strings held at higher tension, the hammers are more robust. These features enhance the sound in terms of volume and overtones – one might say, the sound becomes richer. It is fair to say that the fortepiano is generally softer; ironically, this is precisely why it is possible to use this piano with its full potential in the case of a work such as *Die Winterreise*. Because Schubert wrote this music with this kind of instrument in his mind and ears, a pianist performing *Die Winterreise* on a modern Steinway – probably the most common concert piano used worldwide nowadays – has to be extremely

cautious in order to avoid overpowering the singer. On the contrary, the fortepiano gives a total freedom to the pianist; because the decay in the sound happens much faster than on a modern instrument, the risk of covering the singer disappears, even in the loudest moments.

It is very interesting to see how the instrument itself may have influenced Schubert in some of the compositional tools he used for *Die Winterreise*. The use of the lower register is especially striking in this song cycle, as the range of colors in the bass strings allows for a sound somewhat more direct and raw than on a modern instrument – the sound is sharper, snappier. Since the volume of the historical instrument is more limited, the performer may explore extreme ranges of dynamics more boldly; this automatically increases the possibilities in terms of colors. It is easy to imagine how the numerous timbres of this instrument inspired Schubert to illuminate the most dramatic and chilling poetic elements. The most compelling examples can be heard in “Auf dem Flusse,” when the wanderer asks his own heart if it recognizes its image in the frozen brook; in the brutality of the cold and gloomy reality contrasting with the sweet dreams of “Frühlingstraum;” in the storms of “Einsamkeit;” the crimson flames, the cold and furious winter of “Der stürmische Morgen;” the implacability of the road from which no one ever returned in “Der Wegweiser.”

Another unique and remarkable feature of the instrument is the multitude of colors offered by the different pedals. In addition to the “normal” sustaining pedal, two so-called soft pedals allow no fewer than three types of “softer” sounds. One pedal is similar to the modern soft pedal featured on grand pianos, shifting the keyboard slightly to the right so that the hammers hit two strings instead of three; however, if one presses harder on the pedal of the present fortepiano, the mechanism shifts a little further to hit only one string. This couple of options offers two variations of a tone that sounds more distant. The second soft pedal places a felted cloth between the strings and the hammers. These technical characteristics are extremely useful in highlighting specific references to dreams as well as gloomy and creepy moods. Such effects can suggest the wind in “Die Wetterfahne,” the rattling chains and barking dogs in the piano introduction of “Im Dorfe,” or the graveyard inhabitants’ heartbreaking rejection of the wanderer in “Das Wirtshaus.”

Though this performance is in no way an attempt to recreate the experience of Schubert’s *Winterreise* the way it was presented in the nineteenth century, it certainly aims to introduce a perspective that differs from what the audience would most commonly encounter nowadays. Without a doubt, the fortepiano gives an opportunity to both performers and audience to immerse themselves in a musical laboratory and go through a transformative experience. This instrument offers a variety of sounds able to more deeply reveal the contrasts present in the music and the poetry, through a range of colors that highlight the beauty of the music – but also its ugliness, roughness and brutality.

– Marie-Elise Boyer

## **Die Winterreise**

### **Gute Nacht**

*Fremd bin ich eingezogen,  
Fremd zieh' ich wieder aus.  
Der Mai war mir gewogen  
Mit manchem Blumenstrauss.  
Das Mädchen sprach von Liebe,  
Die Mutter gar von Eh' –  
Nun ist die Welt so trübe,  
Der Weg gehüllt in Schnee.*

*Ich kann zu meiner Reisen  
Nicht wählen mit der Zeit:  
Muss selbst den Weg mir weisen  
In dieser Dunkelheit.  
Es zieht ein Mondens Schatten  
Als mein Gefährte mit,  
Und auf den weissen Matten  
Such' ich des Wildes Tritt.*

*Was soll ich länger weilen,  
Dass man mich trieb' hinaus?  
Lass irre Hunde heulen  
Vor ihres Herren Haus!  
Die Liebe liebt das Wandern,  
Gott hat sie so gemacht –  
Von einem zu dem andern –  
Fein Liebchen, gute Nacht.*

*Will dich im Traum nicht stören,  
Wär' Schad' um deine Ruh',  
Sollst meinen Tritt nicht hören –  
Sacht, sacht die Türe zu!  
Schreib' im Vorübergehen  
An's Tor dir gute Nacht,  
Damit du mögest sehen,  
An dich hab' ich gedacht.*

### **Der Wetterfahne**

*Der Wind spielt mit der Wetterfahne  
Auf meines schönen Liebchens Haus.  
Da dacht' ich schon in meinem Wahne,  
Sie pfiß' den armen Flüchtling aus.*

## **The Winter Journey**

### **Good Night**

As a stranger I moved in,  
As a stranger I move out again.  
May showed me gratitude  
With many a bouquet of flowers.  
The girl talked about love,  
The mother even about marriage, –  
Now the world is so grim,  
The path enwrapped in snow.

I cannot choose the time  
For my journey,  
I must find my way alone  
In this darkness.  
The shadow of the moon travels  
With me as my companion,  
And, on the white meadows,  
I look for the deer's footprints.

Why shall I tarry longer  
Until they chase me away?  
Let the unhinged dogs howl  
In front of their master's house;  
Love loves to wander –  
God made it so –  
From one to the other.  
Pretty beloved, good night!

I do not wish to bother you in your dream,  
It would be a pity about your rest,  
You shall not hear my footsteps –  
Gently, gently close the door!  
While leaving I only write  
"Good night" on the gate  
So that you may see  
That I thought of you.

### **The Weather-Vane**

The wind plays with the weather-vane  
On my beautiful beloved's house.  
In my delusion I was already thinking  
It was mocking the poor fugitive.

*Er hätt' es eher bemerken sollen,  
Des Hauses aufgestecktes Schild,  
So hätt' er nimmer suchen wollen  
Im Haus ein treues Frauenbild.*

*Der Wind spielt drinnen mit den Herzen,  
Wie auf dem Dach, nur nicht so laut.  
Was fragen sie nach meinen Schmerzen?  
Ihr Kind ist eine reiche Braut.*

### **Gefror'ne Tränen**

*Gefror'ne Tropfen fallen  
Von meinen Wangen ab:  
Ob es mir denn entgangen,  
Dass ich geweinet hab'?*

*Ei Tränen, meine Tränen,  
Und seid ihr gar so lau,  
Dass ihr erstarrt zu Eise,  
Wie kühler Morgentau?*

*Und dringt doch aus der Quelle  
Der Brust so glühend heiss,  
Als wolltet ihr zerschmelzen  
Des ganzen Winters Eis!*

### **Erstarrung**

*Ich such' im Schnee vergebens  
Nach ihrer Tritte Spur,  
Wo sie an meinem Arme  
Durchstrich die grüne Flur.*

*Ich will den Boden küssen,  
Durchdringen Eis und Schnee  
Mit meinen heissen Tränen,  
Bis ich die Erde seh'.*

*Wo find' ich eine Blüte,  
Wo find' ich grünes Gras?  
Die Blumen sind erstorben,  
Der Rasen sieht so blass.*

He should have noticed it earlier,  
The emblem fixed upon the house,  
Then he would have never wished to seek  
A woman's faithful image in this house.

Inside the wind plays with the hearts  
As on the roof, only not so loudly.  
Why should they care about my sufferings?  
Their child is a rich bride.

### **Frozen tears**

Frozen drops are falling  
From my cheeks:  
Did I not realize, then,  
That I have been crying?

Ah tears, my tears,  
Are you so tepid  
That you turn to ice  
Like cold morning dew?

And yet, from your source, you penetrate  
My breast, so fervently hot,  
As if you wanted to melt  
The entire winter's ice!

### **Torpor**

I search the snow in vain  
For the trace of her footsteps,  
Where, arm in arm with me, she  
Went through the green meadows.

I want to kiss the ground,  
Piercing ice and snow  
With my burning tears  
Until I see the earth.

Where can I find a flower,  
Where can I find green grass?  
The flowers died away,  
The grass looks so bleak.

*(The text continues on the following page. Please turn the page quietly.)*

*Soll denn kein Angedenken  
Ich nehmen mit von hier?  
Wenn meine Schmerzen schweigen,  
Wer sagt mir dann von ihr?*

*Mein Herz ist wie erstorben,  
Kalt starrt ihr Bild darin:  
Schmilzt je das Herz mir wieder,  
Fließt auch ihr Bild dahin.*

### **Der Lindenbaum**

*Am Brunnen vor dem Tore,  
Da steht ein Lindenbaum;  
Ich träumt' in seinem Schatten  
So manchen süßsen Traum.*

*Ich schnitt in seine Rinde  
So manches liebe Wort;  
Es zog in Freud' und Leide  
Zu ihm mich immer fort.*

*Ich musst' auch heute wandern  
Vorbei in tiefer Nacht,  
Da hab' ich noch im Dunkel  
Die Augen zugemacht.*

*Und seine Zweige rauschten,  
Als riefen sie mir zu:  
Komm her zu mir, Geselle,  
Hier findest du deine Ruh'!*

*Die kalten Winde bliesen  
Mir grad' in's Angesicht,  
Der Hut flog mir vom Kopfe,  
Ich wendete mich nicht.*

*Nun bin ich manche Stunde  
Enfernt von jenem Ort,  
Und immer hör' ich's rauschen:  
Du fändest Ruhe dort!*

### **Wasserflut**

*Manche Trän' aus meinen Augen  
Ist gefallen in den Schnee:*

Shall I, then, take  
No souvenir from here?  
When my wounds are silent,  
Who will then tell me about her?

My heart is as if frozen,  
Her image stares coldly within:  
If my heart ever melts again  
Her image will also wash away.

### **The Linden Tree**

By the well before the gate,  
There stands a linden tree:  
I dreamed in its shade  
Many a sweet dream.

I carved, in its bark,  
Many a loving word;  
In joy and sorrow, I was  
Drawn to it again and again.

Today too, I had to go wander  
Before it in the deep night,  
There in the darkness,  
I still closed my eyes.

And its branches rustled,  
As if they were calling to me:  
Come to me, companion,  
Here you will find your rest!

The cold winds were blowing  
Straight into my face;  
The hat flew off my head,  
I did not turn back.

Now I am many hours journey  
Away from that place,  
And, forever, I hear it rustle:  
You would find your rest there!

### **Flood**

From my eyes, many a tear  
Has fallen into the snow;



*Seine kalten Flocken saugen  
Durstig ein das heisse Weh.*

*Wenn die Gräser sprossen wollen,  
Weht daher ein lauer Wind,  
Und das Eis zerspringt in Schollen,  
Und der weiche Schnee zerrinnt.*

*Schnee, du weisst von meinem Sehnen;  
Sag', wohin doch geht dein Lauf?  
Folge nach nur meinen Tränen,  
Nimmst dich bald das Bächlein auf.*

*Wirst mit ihm die Stadt durchziehen,  
Muntre Strassen ein und aus;  
Fühlst du meine Tränen glühen,  
Da ist meiner Liebsten Haus.*

#### ***Auf dem Flusse***

*Der du so lustig rauschtest,  
Du heller, wilder Fluss,  
Wie still bist du geworden,  
Gibst keinen Scheidegruss.*

*Mit harter, starrer Rinde  
Hast du dich überdeckt,  
Liegst kalt und unbeweglich  
Im Sande ausgestreckt.*

*In deine Decke grab' ich  
Mit einem spitzen Stein  
Den Namen meiner Liebsten  
Und Stund' und Tag hinein:*

*Den Tag des ersten Grusses,  
Den Tag, an dem ich ging,  
Um Nam' und Zahlen windet  
Sich ein zerbrochener Ring.*

*Mein Herz, in diesem Bache  
Erkennst du nun dein Bild?  
Ob's unter seiner Rinde  
Wohl auch so reissend schwillt?*

Thirstily, its icy flakes  
Suck in the burning torment.

When the grasses want to sprout  
A mild wind blows,  
And the ice bursts into pieces  
And the soft snow melts away.

Snow, you know about my longing,  
Tell me, where is your path heading to?  
Just follow my tears,  
The streamlet will soon pick you up.

You will go through the town with it,  
Into and out of the animated streets;  
When you feel my tears burning,  
My sweetheart's house will be there.

#### **On the River**

You who rustled so merrily,  
You light and wild river,  
How still you became,  
You give no farewell.

With hard and stiff crust  
You covered yourself up,  
You lie cold and immobile  
Stretched out in the sand.

I carve in your coating,  
With a sharp stone,  
The name of my beloved  
And the hour and the day:

The day of the first greeting,  
The day I departed,  
A broken ring encircles  
The name and numbers.

My heart, in this brook,  
Do you now recognize your image?  
Does it also, under its crust,  
Swell so passionately?

## Rückblick

*Es brennt mir unter beiden Sohlen,  
Tret' ich auch schon auf Eis und Schnee,  
Ich möcht' nicht wieder Atem holen,  
Bis ich nicht mehr die Türme seh'.*

*Hab' mich an jeden Stein gestossen,  
So eilt' ich zu der Stadt hinaus;  
Die Krähen warfen Bäll' und Schlossen  
Auf meinen Hut von jedem Haus.*

*Wie anders hast du mich empfangen,  
Du Stadt der Unbeständigkeit!  
An deinen blanken Fenstern sangen  
Die Lerch' und Nachtigall im Streit.*

*Die runden Lindenbäume blühten,  
Die klaren Rinnen rauschten hell,  
Und ach, zwei Mädchenaugen glühten! –  
Da war's geschehn um dich, Gesell!*

*Kommt mir der Tag in die Gedanken,  
Möcht' ich noch einmal rückwärts sehn,  
Möcht' ich zurücke wieder wanken,  
Vor ihrem Hause stille stehen.*

## Irrlicht

*In die tiefsten Felsengründe  
Lockte mich ein Irrlicht hin:  
Wie ich einen Ausgang finde  
Liegt nicht schwer mir in dem Sinn.*

*Bin gewohnt das Irregehen,  
'S führt ja jeder Weg zum Ziel:  
Unsre Freuden, unsre Leiden,  
Alles eines Irrlichts Spiel!*

*Durch des Bergstroms trockne Rinnen*

*Wind' ich ruhig mich hinab –  
Jeder Strom wird's Meer gewinnen,  
Jedes Leiden auch sein Grab.*

## Glancing Back

The soles of my feet are burning,  
Even though I step on ice and snow,  
I would rather not catch my breath  
Until the towers are gone from my sight.

I stumbled on every stone,  
This is how I hurried out of the town;  
The crows threw balls and hailstones  
At my hat from every house.

How differently you welcomed me,  
You town of volatility!  
At your bare windows  
The larks and nightingales sang in quarrel.

The round linden trees bloomed,  
The clear rivulets rustled lightly,  
And alas, two maiden's eyes glowed!  
Then your fate was sealed, fellow!

When I begin thinking about the day,  
I want to look back again,  
I want to stumble back again,  
To stand still before her house.

## Will-O'-The-Wisp

In the deepest cliff chasms,  
A Will-o'-the-wisp lured me:  
How to find my way out  
Does not trouble my mind.

I am used to being lost,  
Every path leads to one's goal, right?  
Our joys, our sufferings,  
All is just a Will-o'-the-wisp game!

Through the dry gorges of the mountain  
stream,

I calmly meander my way –  
Each stream will reach the sea,  
Each suffering, too, will find its grave.

## **Rast**

*Nun merk' ich erst, wie müd' ich bin,  
Da ich zur Ruh' mich lege;  
Das Wandern hielt mich munter hin  
Auf unwirtbarem Wege.*

*Die Füße frugen nicht nach Rast,  
Es war zu kalt zum Stehen,  
Der Rücken fühlte keine Last,  
Der Sturm half fort mich wehen.*

*In eines Köhlers engem Haus  
Hab' Obdach ich gefunden;  
Doch meine Glieder ruhn nicht aus:  
So brennen ihre Wunden.*

*Auch du, mein Herz, in Kampf und Sturm  
So wild und so verwegen,  
Fühlst in der Still' erst deinen Wurm  
Mit heissem Stich sich regen!*

## **Frühlingstraume**

*Ich träumte von bunten Blumen,  
So wie sie wohl blühen im Mai,  
Ich träumte von grünen Wiesen,  
Von lustigem Vogelgeschrei.*

*Und als die Hähne krächten,  
Da ward mein Auge wach;  
Da war es kalt und finster,  
Es schriem die Raben vom Dach.*

*Doch an den Fensterscheiben  
Wer malte die Blätter da?  
Ihr lacht wohl über den Träumer,  
Der Blumen im Winter sah?*

*Ich träumte von Lieb' um Liebe,  
Von einer schönen Maid,  
Von Herzen und von Küssen,  
Von Wonne und Seligkeit.*

## **Rest**

Only now do I notice how tired I am,  
As I lie down to rest;  
The wandering kept me going briskly  
On the inhospitable roads.

My feet did not ask for rest,  
It was too cold to stand,  
My back felt no weight,  
The storm helped to blow me onward.

In the narrow house of a charcoal burner  
I found shelter;  
But my limbs do not rest:  
Their wounds burn too much.

You too, my heart, in battle and in storm  
So wild and so bold,  
Only in the calm you now feel your worm  
Stirring with a sharp burning pain!

## **Spring Dream**

I was dreaming of colorful flowers,  
Like they certainly bloom in May,  
I was dreaming of green meadows,  
Of cheerful bird cries.

And when the roosters crowed,  
Then my eyes awoke;  
Then it was cold and gloomy  
And the ravens screamed from the roof.

But on the window panes,  
Who painted the leaves there?  
Are you making fun of the dreamer  
Who saw flowers in winter?

I was dreaming of love for love,  
Of a charming maiden,  
Of hearts and of kisses,  
Of delight and bliss.

*(The text continues on the following page. Please turn the page quietly.)*

*Und als die Hähne krächten,  
Da ward mein Herz wach;  
Nun sitz' ich hier alleine  
Und denke dem Traume nach.*

*Die Augen schliess' ich wieder,  
Noch schlägt das Herz so warm.  
Wann grünt ihr Blätter am Fenster?*

*Wann halt' ich mein Liebchen im Arm?*

### **Einsamkeit**

*Wie eine trübe Wolke  
Durch heitre Lüfte geht,  
Wenn in der Tanne Wipfel  
Ein mattes Lüftchen weht:*

*So zieh' ich meine Strasse  
Dahin mit tragem Fuss,  
Durch helles, frohes Leben,  
Einsam und ohne Gruss.*

*Ach, dass die Luft so ruhig!  
Ach, dass die Welt so licht!  
Als noch die Stürme tobten,  
War ich so elend nicht.*

### **Die Post**

*Von der Strasse her ein Posthorn klingt.  
Was hat es, dass es so hoch aufspringt,  
Mein Herz?*

*Die Post bringt keinen Brief für dich.  
Was drängst du denn so wunderbarlich,  
Mein Herz?*

*Nun ja, die Post kommt aus der Stadt,  
Wo ich ein liebes Liebchen hatt',  
Mein Herz!*

*Willst wohl einmal hinübersehn,  
Und fragen, wie es dort mag geh'n,  
Mein Herz?*

And when the roosters crowed,  
Then my heart awoke;  
Now I sit here all alone  
And I reflect upon my dream.

I close my eyes again,  
My heart still beats so warmly.  
When will you turn green, leaves on the  
window?  
When will I hold my beloved in my arms?

### **Loneliness**

Like a dull cloud  
Going through clear skies,  
When in the fir-tree tops  
A dim breeze blows:

Thus I go my way  
There with heavy feet,  
Through light and happy life,  
Lonely and greeted by no one.

Alas, that the air is so calm!  
Alas, that the world is so light!  
Even when the storms were raging,  
I was not so wretched.

### **The Post**

From the street sounds a posthorn.  
What makes you leap up so high,  
My heart?

The post brings no letter for you.  
Why do you then surge so strangely,  
My heart?

Well now the post is coming from the town  
Where I once had a sweet beloved,  
My heart!

Do you want to look across once  
And ask how things are there,  
My heart?

### **Der greise Kopf**

*Der Reif hat einen weissen Schein  
Mir über's Haar gestreuet.  
Da glaubt' ich schon ein Greis zu sein,  
Und hab' mich sehr gefreuet.*

*Doch bald ist er hinweggetaut,  
Hab' wieder schwarze Haare,  
Dass mir's vor meiner Jugend graut –  
Wie weit noch bis zur Bahre!*

*Vom Abendrot zum Morgenlicht*

*Ward mancher Kopf zum Greise.  
Wer glaubt's? Und meiner ward es nicht  
Auf dieser ganzen Reise!*

### **Die Krähe**

*Eine Krähe war mit mir  
Aus der Stadt gezogen,  
Ist bis heute für und für  
Um mein Haupt geflogen.*

*Krähe, wunderliches Tier,  
Willst mich nicht verlassen?  
Meinst wohl bald als Beute hier  
Meinen Leib zu fassen?*

*Nun, es wird nicht weit mehr gehen  
An dem Wanderstabe.  
Krähe, lass mich endlich sehn  
Treue bis zum Grabe!*

### **Letzte Hoffnung**

*Hie und da ist an den Bäumen  
Manches bunte Blatt zu sehn,  
Und ich bleibe vor den Bäumen  
Oftmals in Gedanken stehn.*

### **The gray head**

The frost has cast  
A white glow over my hair.  
I already thought I became an old man  
And I rejoiced greatly.

But it soon melted away,  
My hair is dark again,  
So that I dread my own youth –  
How long still to my grave!

From the evening crimson to the morning  
light  
Many a head has turned gray.  
Who would have thought? Mine did not,  
Throughout this long journey!

### **The Crow**

A crow accompanied me  
On my way out of the town,  
And to this day has been flying  
Around my head more and more.

Crow, you fantastical animal,  
Do you not want to leave me?  
Do you intend to seize  
My body soon as prey?

Well, I will not go much further  
With my walking staff.  
Crow, let me at last see  
Faithfulness to the grave!

### **Last Hope**

Here and there, on the trees,  
One can see many a colorful leaf,  
And I stay before the trees,  
Often lost in my thoughts.

*Schaue nach dem einen Blatte,  
Hänge meine Hoffnung dran;  
Spielt der Wind mit meinem Blatte,  
Zittr' ich, was ich zittern kann*

*Ach, und fällt das Blatt zu Boden,  
Fällt mit ihm die Hoffnung ab,  
Fall' ich selber mit zu Boden,  
Wein' auf meiner Hoffnung Grab.**Im Dorfe***

### **Im Dorfe**

*Es bellen die Hunde, es rasseln die Ketten.  
Es schlafen die Menschen in ihren Betten,  
Träumen sich manches, was sie nicht haben,  
Tun sich im Guten und Argen erlaben;*

*Und morgen früh ist Alles zerflossen –  
Je nun, sie haben ihr Teil genossen,  
Und hoffen, was sie noch übrig liessen,  
Doch wieder zu finden auf ihren Kissen.*

*Bellt mich nur fort, ihr wachen Hunde,*

*Lasst mich nicht ruhn in der Schlummerstunde!  
Ich bin zu Ende mit allen Träumen –  
Was will ich unter den Schläfern säumen?*

### **Der stürmische Morgen**

*Wie hat der Sturm zerrissen  
Des Himmels graues Kleid!  
Die Wolkenfetzen flattern  
Umher in mattem Streit.*

*Und rote Feuerflammen  
Ziehn zwischen ihnen hin.  
Das nenn' ich einen Morgen  
So recht nach meinem Sinn!*

*Mein Herz sieht an dem Himmel  
Gemalt sein eignes Bild –  
Es ist nichts als der Winter,  
Der Winter kalt und wild.*

I look at one of those leaves,  
Attach my hope to it;  
If the wind plays with the leaf,  
I quiver all I can.

Alas, and if the leaf falls to the ground,  
My hope falls with it,  
I too fall to the ground  
And shed tears on the grave of my hope.

### **In the Village**

The dogs are barking, the chains are rattling.  
The people are sleeping in their beds,  
Dreaming of many a thing they do not have,  
Rejuvenating in both good and evil;

And in the morning all is dissolved –  
Oh well, they have enjoyed their share,  
And hope to find again on their pillow  
What they have left over.

Keep driving me away with your barking,  
you alert dogs,  
Do not let me rest in the time of slumber!  
I am done with all dreams –  
Why should I linger among sleepers any  
longer?

### **The stormy morning**

How the storm has lacerated  
The gray dress of the sky!  
The ragged clouds flutter about  
In a weary quarrel.

And crimson flames  
Scurry in between.  
This is what I call a morning  
In harmony with my mind!

My heart looks upon its own image  
Painted in the sky –  
It is nothing but winter,  
The cold and furious winter.

## *Täuschung*

*Ein Licht tanzt freundlich vor mir her;  
Ich folg' ihm nach die Kreuz und Quer;  
Ich folg' ihm gern und seh's ihm an,  
Dass es verlockt den Wandersmann.*

*Ach, wer wie ich so elend ist,  
Gibt gern sich hin der bunten List,  
Die hinter Eis und Nacht und Graus  
Ihm weist ein helles, warmes Haus,  
Und eine liebe Seele drin –  
Nur Täuschung ist für mich Gewinn!*

## *Der Wegweiser*

*Was vermeid' ich denn die Wege  
Wo die anderen Wandrer geh'n,  
Suche mir versteckte Stege  
Durch verschneite Felsenhöhn?*

*Habe ja doch nichts begangen,  
Dass ich Menschen sollte scheu'n –  
Welch ein törichtes Verlangen  
Treibt mich in die Wüstenei'n?*

*Weiser stehen auf den Strassen,  
Weisen auf die Städte zu,  
Und ich wandre sonder Massen,  
Ohne Ruh', und suche Ruh'.*

*Einen Weiser seh' ich stehen  
Unverrückt vor meinem Blick;  
Eine Strasse muss ich gehen,  
Die noch Keiner ging zurück.*

## *Das Wirtshaus*

*Auf einen Totenacker  
Hat mich mein Weg gebracht.  
Allhier will ich einkehren:  
Hab' ich bei mir gedacht.*

## **Deception**

A light dances gracefully before me;  
I follow it back and forth;  
I follow it gladly and stare at it  
Until it entices the wanderer.

Alas, one who is as wretched as I am  
Indulges heartily in the colorful fraud  
That guides him, behind ice, night and horror,  
Into a bright, warm house,  
And a beloved soul within –  
Only deception is for me a reward!

## **The Signpost**

Why do I avoid the roads  
That other travelers are taking,  
And seek hidden paths  
Through snowbound rocky heights?

I have not done anything wrong  
That I should shy away from other people –  
What sort of a foolish longing  
Pressures me into the wilderness?

Signposts stand on the streets,  
Pointing toward the towns,  
And I wander endlessly,  
Without any rest, seeking rest.

I see a signpost standing  
Steady before my sight;  
I must take a road  
From which no one ever came back.

## **The Inn**

To a graveyard  
My route has brought me.  
Here, I want to spend the night,  
I thought to myself.

*(The text continues on the following page. Please turn the page quietly.)*

*Ihr grünen Totenkränze  
Könnt wohl die Zeichen sein,  
Die müde Wanderer laden  
In's kühle Wirtshaus ein.*

*Sind denn in diesem Hause  
Die Kammern all' besetzt?  
Bin matt zum Niedersinken  
Bin tödlich schwer verletzt.*

*O unbarmherz'ge Schenke,  
Doch weisest du mich ab?  
Nun weiter denn, nur weiter,  
Mein treuer Wanderstab!*

### **Mut!**

*Fliegt der Schnee mir in's Gesicht,  
Schüttl' ich ihn herunter.  
Wenn mein Herz im Busen spricht,  
Sing' ich hell und munter.*

*Höre nicht, was es mir sagt,  
Habe keine Ohren,  
Fühle nicht, was es mir klagt,  
Klagen ist für Toren.*

*Lustig in die Welt hinein  
Gegen Wind und Wetter!  
Will kein Gott auf Erden sein,  
Sind wir selber Götter.*

### **Die Nebensonnen**

*Drei Sonnen sah ich am Himmel steh'n,  
Hab' lang' und fest sie angesehen'n;  
Und sie auch standen da so stier,  
Als wollten sie nicht weg von mir.*

*Ach, meine Sonnen seid ihr nicht!  
Schaut Andern doch in's Angesicht!  
Ja, neulich hatt' ich auch wohl drei:  
Nun sind hinab die besten zwei.*

*Ging' nur die dritt' erst hinterdrein!  
Im Dunkeln wird mir wohler sein.*

Green funeral wreaths,  
You could very well be the signs  
That invite tired wanderers  
Into the chilly inn.

Are the rooms in this house  
All taken, then?  
I am weakened to the point of collapse,  
I am fatally wounded.

Oh unmerciful tavern,  
Do you turn me away regardless?  
Well, onwards then, just onwards,  
My faithful walking stick!

### **Courage!**

If the snow flies into my face,  
I toss it off.  
When my heart speaks in my breast,  
I sing brightly and briskly.

I do not hear what it tells me,  
I have no ears,  
I do not feel what it complains about,  
Laments are for fools.

Merrily into the world,  
Against wind and blizzard!  
If there is no god on Earth,  
Then we are gods ourselves!

### **The Mock Suns**

I saw three suns standing in the sky,  
Looked at them long and steady;  
And they too stood there so earnestly  
As if they did not want to leave me alone.

Alas, you are not my suns!  
Stare at other people's faces!  
Yes, I also had three suns recently:  
Now the best two are gone.

If only the third one went away!  
I will feel more comfortable in darkness.



**Der Leiermann**

*Drüben hinter'm Dorfe  
Steht ein Leiermann,  
Und mit starren Fingern  
Dreht er was er kann.*

*Barfuss auf dem Eise  
Schwankt er hin und her;  
Und sein kleiner Teller  
Bleibt ihm immer leer.*

*Keiner mag ihn hören,  
Keiner sieht ihn an;  
Und die Hunde knurren  
Um den alten Mann.*

*Und er lässt es gehen  
Alles, wie es will,  
Dreht, und seine Leier  
Steht ihm nimmer still.*

*Wunderlicher Alter,  
Soll ich mit dir geh'n?  
Willst zu meinen Liedern  
Deine Leier dreh'n?*

Wilhelm Müller

**The Hurdy-Gurdy Player**

Over there, beyond the village,  
Stands a hurdy-gurdy player,  
And with stiff fingers  
He plays all he knows.

Barefoot on the ice  
He sways back and forth;  
And his little plate  
Remains always empty.

No one wishes to hear him,  
No one notices him;  
And the dogs growl  
At the old man.

And he lets everything  
Go on as it will,  
Plays, and his hurdy-gurdy  
Never stays still.

Bizarre old man,  
Shall I go with you?  
Do you want to spin your hurdy-gurdy  
To accompany my songs?

*Translations by Marie-Elise Boyer*

## **Upcoming Student Recitals at NEC**

*all programs subject to change*

Visit [necmusic.edu](http://necmusic.edu) for complete and updated concert information

**Hyunwoo Chun**, *clarinet* (MM)

Student of Thomas Martin

*Sunday, March 26, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Brown Hall*

**Chiau-Rung Chen**, *viola* (GD)

Student of Nicholas Cords

*Monday, March 27, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Keller Room*

**Cara Pogossian**, *viola* (MM)

Student of Kim Kashkashian

*Monday, March 27, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Pierce Hall*

**Junghyun Ahn**, *viola* (MM)

Student of Martha Katz and Mai Motobuchi

*Tuesday, March 28, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall*

**Tong Chen**, *violin* (GD)

Student of Donald Weilerstein

*Tuesday, March 28, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Keller Room*

**Mara Riley**, *flute* (MM)

Student of Paula Robison

*Tuesday, March 28, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Brown Hall*

**Keegan Marshall-House**, *jazz piano* (MM)

Student of Frank Carlberg and Jason Moran

*Wednesday, March 29, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Pierce Hall*

**Aleksis Martin**, *clarinet* (MM)

Student of Thomas Martin

*Wednesday, March 29, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Brown Hall*

**Grace Yu**, *piano* (BM)

Student of Bruce Brubaker

*Wednesday, March 29, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall*

**Rebekah Schweitzer**, *soprano* (MM)

Student of Lisa Saffer

*Thursday, March 30, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Pierce Hall*

## Upcoming Student Recitals at NEC

—continued

**Wanchun Liang**, *bass-baritone* (MM)

Student of Michael Meraw

*Thursday, March 30, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall*

**Leo Weisskoff**, *jazz bass* (BM)

Student of Cecil McBee, Nasheet Waits, and Joe Morris

*Friday, March 31, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Eben Jordan*

**Brittany Bryant**, *mezzo-soprano* (BM)

Student of Karen Holvik

*Saturday, April 1, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Brown Hall*

**Wooyoung Kim**, *mezzo-soprano* (MM)

Student of Jane Eaglen

*Saturday, April 1, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall*

**Hechen Sun**, *cello* (BM)

Student of Lluís Claret

*Saturday, April 1, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Burnes Hall*

**Yuri Ahn**, *cello* (MM)

Student of Yeesun Kim

*Sunday, April 2, 2023 at 12:00 noon, Pierce Hall*

**Yeeun Hyun**, *piano* (MM)

Student of Wha Kyung Byun

*Sunday, April 2, 2023 at 12:00 noon, Williams Hall*

**Nozomi Murayama**, *violin* (MM)

Student of Nicholas Kitchen

*Sunday, April 2, 2023 at 12:00 noon, Burnes Hall*

**Richard Vculek**, *bassoon* (MM)

Student of Richard Svoboda

*Sunday, April 2, 2023 at 12:00 noon, Brown Hall*

**Andrew Flurer**, *bassoon* (MM)

Student of Richard Svoboda

*Sunday, April 2, 2023 at 4:00 p.m., Pierce Hall*

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