

# Cathedral Concert Society

Recitals & chamber concerts in Ripon

2016–17 season

## *Die schöne Müllerin* A song cycle by Franz Schubert

*Optimism ~ Love ~ Rejection ~ Tragedy*

**NICK PRITCHARD** tenor

**IAN TINDALE** piano

with **Katy Hamilton**

(introductory talk)



Nick Pritchard is sponsored by  
 The Countess of Munster  
MUSICAL TRUST



The Lovers, 1855, by William Powell Frith

Monday 16 January 2017, 7.30pm | Ripon Cathedral

[www.riponconcerts.co.uk](http://www.riponconcerts.co.uk)

## Welcome

It is a great pleasure to welcome everyone, audience and musicians alike, to our first concert of 2017 and if it is not too late, to wish you all a very happy New Year.

I hope you will enjoy the format of this evening's concert – the idea for a talk embedded within the concert programme comes from last year's Ryedale Festival when Katy Hamilton, our speaker this evening, talked the audience through Beethoven's late string quartets – no mean feat.

The concert also marks a new venture for the Society to showcase a series of works by one composer over three seasons. Tonight's performance of *Die schöne Müllerin* will be followed in February 2018 by a performance of Schubert's *Winterreise* by Roderick Williams accompanied by Iain Burnside, and in our 2018/19 season *Schwanengesang* (performers to be announced).

Our next concert on Monday 13 February is given by the Magnard Ensemble (four wind players and horn player Dewi Jones - NB change of personnel) who are planning to use the space and acoustic of this wonderful building to take us into a very different musical world in a concert of music spanning four centuries.

Roger Higson, Chairman

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**making music** The Cathedral Concert Society is affiliated to Making Music, which represents and supports amateur performing and promoting societies throughout the UK. Registered Charity no. 1077258.

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# Ripon Choral Society

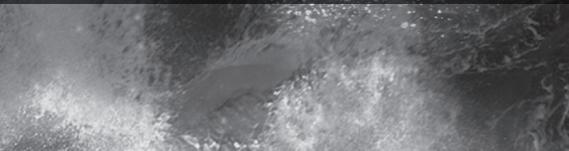


Saturday 1 April 2017, 7.30pm  
Ripon Cathedral

**Poulenc: Gloria**  
**Vaughan Williams: A Sea Symphony**

John Dunford - conductor • Orchestra D'Amici  
Samantha Hay - soprano • Philip Smith - baritone

Tickets: £20 reserved; £18 unreserved from the Cathedral Shop, 07736 759930 or online at [riponchoralsociety.org.uk](http://riponchoralsociety.org.uk)



# Cathedral Concert Society

**Patron: Julius Drake**

**Monday 16 January 2017**  
**Schubert's *Die schöne Müllerin***

**Nick Pritchard** tenor  
with **Ian Tindale** piano

## PROGRAMME

**Talk by Katy Hamilton: "Introducing the miller boy: telling the tale of *Die schöne Müllerin*"**

*Interval - during the interval refreshments will be served in the south transept.*

**Franz Schubert**  
(1797–1828)

**Die schöne Müllerin**  
*Das Wandern (Wandering)  
Wohin? (Whither?)  
Halt! (Stop!)  
Danksagung an den Bach (Gratitude to the Brook)  
Am Feierabend (After Work)  
Der Neugierige (The Questioner)  
Ungeduld (Impatience)  
Morgengruß (Morning Greeting)  
Des Müllers Blumen (The Miller's Flowers)  
Tränenregen (Rain of Tears)  
Mein! (Mine!)  
Pause (Interlude)  
Mit dem grünen Lautenbande (With the Green Lute-Ribbon)  
Der Jäger (The Hunter)  
Eifersucht und Stolz (Jealousy and Pride)  
Die liebe Farbe (The Favourite Colour)  
Die böse Farbe (The Hateful Colour)  
Trockne Blumen (Withered Flowers)  
Der Müller und der Bach (The Miller and the Brook)  
Des Baches Wiegenlied (The Brook's Lullaby)*

## Introducing the Miller Boy: telling the tale of *Die schöne Müllerin*

Schubert's *Die schöne Müllerin* famously relates the failed love story of a young man and his 'beautiful miller girl'. But what of the singer himself? What do we know of this poetic young miller boy? Katy Hamilton discusses the creation of this, Schubert's first song cycle, and the curious story of its tragic hero.

**Dr. Katy Hamilton** is a freelance researcher, writer and presenter on music. She is a specialist in nineteenth-century German repertoire, particularly the music of Johannes Brahms and his contemporaries, and is a co-editor of the recent book *Brahms in the Home and the Concert Hall* (Cambridge University Press). She has also published on subjects as diverse as the history of the Edinburgh Festival, the role of émigré musicians in post-1945 British music life, and variety shows at the Wigmore Hall in the early twentieth century. She was Graham Johnson's research assistant on his monumental *Franz Schubert: The Complete Songs*, published by Yale University Press in 2014.

Katy has provided concert introductions and programme notes for a host of venues, including the Edinburgh International Festival, Victoria & Albert Museum, Royal College of Music, Wigmore Hall, BBC Proms, Ryedale Festival and St George's, Bristol. She teaches at Middlesex University and City Lit, and organises public events at the Foundling Museum in central London. She has also made several appearances on BBC Radio 3, as a Brahms specialist and as part of the Record Review team.

You can find out more about her work at [www.katyhamilton.co.uk](http://www.katyhamilton.co.uk)

- interval -



## Schubert: *Die schöne Müllerin*

### 1. Das Wandern

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

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

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

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

O Wandern, Wandern, meine Lust,  
O Wandern!  
Herr Meister und Frau Meisterin,  
Laß mich in Frieden weiterziehn  
Und wandern.

### 1. Wandering

Wandering is the miller's joy,  
Wandering!  
A man isn't much of a miller,  
If he doesn't think of wandering,  
Wandering!

We learned it from the stream,  
The stream!  
It doesn't rest by day or night,  
And only thinks of wandering,  
The stream!

We also see it in the mill wheels,  
The mill wheels!  
They'd rather not stand still at all  
and don't tire of turning all day,  
the mill wheels!

Even the millstones, as heavy as they are,  
The millstones!  
They take part in the merry dance  
And would go faster if they could,  
The millstones!

Oh wandering, wandering, my passion,  
Oh wandering!  
Master and Mistress Miller,  
Give me your leave to go in peace,  
And wander!

### 2. Wohin?

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

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

Hinunter und immer weiter  
Und immer dem Bach nach,  
Und immer frischer rauschte  
Und immer heller der Bach.

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

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

Laß singen, Gesell, laß rauschen  
Und wandre fröhlich nach!  
Es gehn ja Mühlenräder  
In jedem klaren Bach.

### 3. Halt!

Eine Mühle seh ich blinken  
Aus den Erlen heraus,  
Durch Rauschen und Singen  
Bricht Rädergebraus.

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

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

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

Nach Arbeit ich frug,  
Nun hab ich genug  
Für die Hände, fürs Herz  
Vollauf genug!

### 2. Whither?

I heard a little brook rushing  
From its source in the rocky spring,  
Bubbling down to the valley  
So clean and wonderfully bright.

I don't know what came over me,  
Or who advised me to act,  
I just had to go down with it,  
Carrying my walking staff.

Downward, still further and further,  
Always following the brook,  
And the stream bubbled ever more briskly  
And became ever clearer and brighter.

Is this my path, then?  
Oh brook, tell me, whither?  
You have completely captivated me  
With your flowing.

What can I say about the rushing?  
That can't be an ordinary sound.  
It must be the nixies singing  
Deep under their stream.

Sing on, friend, keep rushing,  
And travel gladly along.  
There are mill wheels moving  
In every clear stream

### 3. Stop!

I see a mill glinting  
From among the elder trees,  
The rushing and singing  
Are pierced by the roar of wheels.

Ah welcome, ah welcome,  
Sweet song of the mill!  
And the house, how cozy!  
And the windows, how shiny!

And the sun, how brightly  
It glows in the sky!  
Oh brook, dear brook,  
Was this destined for me?

No matter what happens,  
I commit myself.  
What I sought I have found,  
Whatever happens.

I sought after work,  
Now I have enough,  
For my hands, for my heart,  
I have more than enough!

#### 4. Danksagung an den Bach

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

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

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

#### 5. Am Feierabend

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

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

#### 4. Gratitude to the Brook

Was this destined for me,  
My bubbling friend?  
Your singing, your ringing,  
Was this destined for me?

To the miller's daughter,  
That's what you meant.  
Right? Did I understand it?  
To the miller's daughter!

Did she send you to me?  
Or have you enchanted me?  
I'd like to know,  
Did she send you to me?

#### 5. After Work

If I had a thousand  
arms to move!  
I could drive  
The wheels with a roar!  
I could blow  
Through all the copses!  
I could turn  
All the millstones!  
Then the miller's daughter  
Could sense my true purpose!

Oh, how weak my arms are!  
What I lift, what I carry,  
What I cut, what I hammer,  
Any fellow can do as well.  
And there I sit among all the others  
In the quiet, cool time of rest,  
And the master says to all of us:  
I am pleased with your work,  
And the lovely maiden said  
Goodnight to everyone.

#### 6. Der Neugierige

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

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

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

Ja heißt das eine Wörtchen,  
Das andre heißtet Nein,  
Die beiden Wörtchen  
Schließen die ganze Welt mir ein.

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

#### 7. Ungeduld

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

Ich möcht mir ziehen einen jungen Star,  
Bis daß er spräch die Worte rein und klar,  
Bis er sie spräch mit meines Mundes Klang,  
Mit meines Herzens vollem, heißem Drang;  
Dann säng er hell durch ihre Fensterscheiben:  
Dein ist mein Herz und soll es ewig bleiben.  
Den Morgenwinden möcht ich's hauchen ein,  
Ich möcht es säuseln durch den regen Hain;  
Oh, leuchtet' es aus jedem Blumenstern!  
Trüg es der Duft zu ihr von nah und fern!  
Ihr Wogen, könnt ihr nichts als Räder treiben?  
Dein ist mein Herz und soll es ewig bleiben.

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

#### 6. The Questioner

I don't ask any flower,  
I don't ask any star,  
None of them can tell me  
What I'd like to know so much.

I am not a gardener,  
The stars are too far above;  
I'll ask my little brook,  
If my heart has deceived me.

Oh, little brook of my love,  
Why are you so silent today?  
I only want to know one thing,  
One word, one way or the other.

Yes, is the one word,  
The other is No.  
The two words together  
Make up my entire world.

Oh, little brook of my love,  
How strange you are!  
If you won't say anything further,  
Tell me, little brook, does she love me?

#### 7. Impatience

I'd like to carve it in the bark of every tree,  
I'd etch it into every pebble,  
I'd sow it in every new-tilled field,  
With cress seeds that would show it quickly,  
I'd gladly write it on every blank sheet of paper:  
My heart is yours and will ever remain so.

I'd like to raise a young starling,  
To speak the words clearly and distinctly,  
So that he would speak with the sound of my voice,  
With all my heart's intense longing;  
Then he'd sing it through her windows:  
My heart is yours and will ever remain so.  
I'd like to breathe it into the morning breezes,  
I'd like to blow it through the stirring grove;  
Oh, if it could only glow from every starry blossom!  
If the scent could carry it to her from near and far!  
You waves, can you only push wheels?  
My heart is yours and will ever remain so.

I'd swear it must show in my eyes,  
Anyone could see it burning on my cheeks,  
Anyone could read it on my silent lips,  
Every breath proclaims it aloud,  
And she doesn't even notice my anxious yearning:  
My heart is yours and will ever remain so.

## 8. Morgengruß

Guten Morgen, schöne Müllerin!  
Wo steckst du gleich das Köpfchen hin,  
Als wär dir was geschehen?  
Verdrießt dich denn mein Gruß so schwer?  
Verstört dich denn mein Blick so sehr?  
So muß ich wieder gehen.  
O laß mich nur von ferne stehn,  
Nach deinem lieben Fenster sehn,  
Von ferne, ganz von ferne!  
Du blondes Köpfchen, komm hervor!  
Hervor aus eurem runden Tor,  
Ihr blauen Morgensterne!

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

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

## 9. Des Müllers Blumen

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

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

Und wenn sie tät die Äuglein zu  
Und schläft in süßer, süßer Ruh,  
Dann lispeilt als ein Traumgesicht  
Ihr zu: Vergiß, vergiß mein nicht!  
Das ist es, was ich meine.

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

## 8. Morning Greeting

Good morning, lovely miller's daughter!  
Why do you quickly hide your head,  
As if something had upset you?  
Does my greeting displease you so much?  
Does my glance upset you so much?  
Then I'll have to go.  
But just let me stand at a distance  
And look toward your dear window  
From a distance, quite from a distance!  
Just come out, little blonde girl!  
Out of your round-arched door,  
You blue morning-stars!

Your sweet sleep-drugged eyes,  
You sweet blossoms dimmed by dew,  
Why do you hide from the sun?  
Did night please you so much,  
That you close and nod and weep  
From its silent ecstasy?

Now shake off the veil of dreams  
And lift yourselves fresh and free  
In God's bright morning!  
The lark circles in the sky  
And sings from the depths of its heart  
The sorrows and cares of love.

## 9. The Miller's Flowers

Many tiny blossoms stand on the edge of the brook,  
Looking out of clear blue eyes;  
The brook is the miller's friend,  
And my darling's eyes shine bright blue,  
So they are my flowers.

Right under her dear window  
I want to plant the flowers,  
Then you call to her, when everything is quiet,  
When she lays her head down to sleep,  
Of course, you know what I mean.

And when she closes her eyes  
And sleeps in sweet, sweet repose,  
Then whisper to her as if in a dream:  
Don't forget, don't forget me!  
That is what I mean.

And when she opens the shutters early,  
Then look up at her lovingly:  
The dew in your eyes,  
That will be my tears,  
That I will weep on you.

## 10. Tränenregen

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

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

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

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

Und in den Bach versunken  
Der ganze Himmel schien  
Und wollte mich mit hinunter  
In seine Tiefe ziehn.

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

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

## 11. Mein!

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

## 10. Rain of Tears

We sat together so cozily  
In the cool shelter of the alders  
And we looked down together so amicably  
Into the rippling brook.

The moon came out, too,  
And the stars thereafter,  
And looked down together so comfortably  
Into the silver mirror.

I didn't look at the moon  
Or at the starlight,  
I looked at her image  
At her eyes alone.

And saw them nod and gaze  
Up from the blissful brook,  
The flowers on the bank, the blue ones,  
Nodded and gazed as well.

And engulfed in the brook  
Was all the sky, it seemed,  
And wanted to draw me under  
Into its depths.

And above the clouds and stars  
The brook rippled cheerfully  
And called with singing and ringing  
Friend, friend, come to me!

And then my eyes overflowed,  
And the reflection became blurred,  
She said: the rain is coming,  
Farewell, I'm going home.

## 11. Mine!

Brook, stop your murmuring!  
Wheels, stop your thundering!  
All you merry woodland birds,  
Large and small,  
Stop your singing!  
Through the grove,  
In and out,  
Only one phrase resounds:  
The beloved miller's daughter is mine!  
Mine!  
Spring, are these all your flowers?  
Sun, can't you shine any brighter?  
Alas, then I must stand all alone,  
With the blissful word mine,  
Misunderstood in this vast universe.

## 12. Pause

Meine Laute hab ich gehängt an die Wand,  
Hab sie umschlungen mit einem grünen Band -  
Ich kann nicht mehr singen, mein Herz ist zu voll,  
Weiβ nicht, wie ich's in Reime zwingen soll.  
Meiner Sehnsucht allerheißesten Schmerz  
Durft ich aushauchen in Liederscherz,  
Und wie ich klagte so süß und fein,  
Glaubt ich doch, mein Leiden wär nicht klein.  
Ei, wie groß ist wohl meines Glückes Last,  
Daß kein Klang auf Erden es in sich faßt?

Nun, liebe Laute, ruh an dem Nagel hier!  
Und weht ein Lüftchen über die Saiten dir,  
Und streift eine Biene mit ihren Flügeln dich,  
Da wird mir so bange, und es durchschauert mich.  
Warum ließ ich das Band auch hängen so lang?  
Oft fliegt's um die Saiten mit seufzendem Klang.  
Ist es der Nachklang meiner Liebespein?  
Soll es das Vorspiel neuer Lieder sein?

## 13. Mit dem grünen Lautenbande

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

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

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

## 14. Der Jäger

Was sucht denn der Jäger am Mühlbach hier?  
Bleib, trotziger Jäger, in deinem Revier!  
Hier gibt es kein Wild zu jagen für dich,  
Hier wohnt nur ein Rehlein, ein zahmes, für mich,  
Und willst du das zärtliche Rehlein sehn,  
So laß deine Büchsen im Walde stehn,  
Und laß deine klaffenden Hunde zu Haus,  
Und laß auf dem Horne den Saus und Braus,  
Und schere vom Kinne das struppige Haar,  
Sonst scheut sich im Garten das Rehlein fürwahr.  
Doch besser, du bliebest im Walde dazu

## 12. Interlude

I have hung my lute on the wall,  
And wreathed it in a green ribbon—  
I can't sing anymore, my heart is too full,  
I don't know how I could force it into verse.  
The most burning pain of my yearning  
I could infuse into cheerful song,  
And as I lamented, so sweet and fine,  
I really believed that my pain was not small.  
But how heavy is the burden of my happiness,  
That no sound on earth can encompass it?

Now, dear lute, rest here on the nail!  
And if a little breeze blows over your strings,  
And if a bee brushes you with its wings,  
Then I get so worried, and anxiety fills me.  
Why have I left the ribbon hanging so long?  
It drifts over the strings with a sighing sound.  
Is that the echo of my love's pain?  
Or is it the prelude to new songs?

## 13. With the Green Lute-Ribbon

"What a shame about the green ribbon,  
that it should be fading there on the wall,  
I like green so much!"  
Thus you spoke to me today, my darling,  
And right away I'll untie it and give it to you,  
So now enjoy the green!

And even if your beloved is completely white,  
Yet green should have its honor place,  
And I like it, too.  
Because our love is evergreen,  
Because in the distance hope blooms green,  
And so we like it.

So now wind into your curls  
The green ribbon, if you please,  
Since you like green so much.  
Then I'll know where hope resides,  
Then I'll know where love presides,  
Then I really will like green.

## 14. The Hunter

What is the hunter doing at the mill stream?  
Bold hunter, stay in your forest preserve!  
There's no game here for you to hunt,  
There's only a doe here, a tame one, for me,  
And if you want to see the dainty doe,  
Leave your rifle behind in the woods,  
And leave your barking dogs at home,  
And stop trumpeting and blasting on your horn,  
And shave the tangled hair from your chin,  
Or the doe will surely take fright in her garden.  
Better still, just stay in the woods

Und ließest die Mühlen und Müller in Ruh.  
Was taugen die Fischlein im grünen Gezweig?  
Was will den das Eichhorn im bläulichen Teich?  
Drum bleibe, du trotziger Jäger, im Hain,  
Und laß mich mit meinen drei Rädern allein;  
Und willst meinem Schätzchen dich machen beliebt,  
So wisst, mein Freund, was ihr Herzchen betrübt:  
Die Eber, die kommen zur Nacht aus dem Hain  
Und brechen in ihren Kohlgarten ein  
Und treten und wühlen herum in dem Feld:  
Die Eber, die schieß, du Jägerheld!

## 15. Eifersucht und Stolz

Wohin so schnell, so kraus und wild, mein lieber Bach?  
Eilst du voll Zorn dem frechen Bruder Jäger nach?  
Kehr um, kehr um, und schilt erst deine Müllerin  
Für ihren leichten, losen, kleinen Flattersinn.  
Sahst du sie gestern abend nicht am Tore stehn,  
Mit langem Halse nach der großen Straße sehn?  
Wenn vom den Fang der Jäger lustig zieht nach Haus,  
Da steckt kein sittsam Kind den Kopf zum Fenster 'naus.  
Geh, Bächlein, hin und sag ihr das; doch sag ihr nicht,  
Hörst du, kein Wort von meinem traurigen Gesicht.  
Sag ihr: Er schnitzt bei mir sich eine Pfeif' aus Rohr  
Und bläst den Kindern schöne Tänz' und Lieder vor.

## 16. Die liebe Farbe

In Grün will ich mich kleiden,  
In grüne Tränenweiden:  
Mein Schatz hat's Grün so gern.  
Will suchen einen Zypressenhain,  
Eine Heide von grünen Rosmarin:  
Mein Schatz hat's Grün so gern.

Wohlauf zum fröhlichen Jagen!  
Wohlauf durch Heid' und Hagen!  
Mein Schatz hat's Jagen so gern.  
Das Wild, das ich jage, das ist der Tod;  
Die Heide, die heiß ich die Liebesnot:  
Mein Schatz hat's Jagen so gern.

Grabt mir ein Grab im Wasen,  
Deckt mich mit grünem Rasen:  
Mein Schatz hat's Grün so gern.  
Kein Kreuzlein schwarz, kein Blümlein bunt,  
Grün, alles grün so rings und rund!  
Mein Schatz hat's Grün so gern.

And leave the mills and miller in peace.  
What would a fish be doing in the green branches?  
What would a squirrel be doing in the blue pond?  
So stay in the wood, you bold hunter,  
And leave me alone with my three wheels;  
And if you want to endear yourself to my beloved,  
Then I'll tell you, my friend, what troubles her heart:  
The boars that come out of the forest at night  
And break into her cabbage patch  
And trample and root around in the soil,  
Shoot the boars, you gallant hunter!

## 15. Jealousy and Pride

Where are you headed, so raging and wild, my dear brook?  
Are you rushing angrily after impudent Brother Hunter?  
Turn back, turn back, and scold your miller's daughter first,  
For her light-hearted, frivolous, fickle little ways.  
Didn't you see her last evening standing at her door  
And craning her neck toward the highway?  
When the hunter returns home merrily from the hunt  
No decent child sticks her nose out the window.  
Go on, brook, and tell her that; but don't say anything,  
Hear me? Not a word about my sad face.  
Tell her: He's sitting by me and carving a pipe from a reed  
And playing pretty songs and dances for the children.

## 16. The Favourite Colour

I want to clothe myself in green,  
In green weeping willows,  
My dear likes green so much.  
I'll search for a grove of cypresses,  
For a field of green rosemary:  
My dear likes green so much.

Good luck with the jolly hunt,  
Good luck through field and thicket,  
My dear likes hunting so much.  
The quarry I'm hunting is called death  
The heath is called love's misery.  
My dear likes hunting so much.

Dig me a grave in the meadow,  
Cover me with green turf,  
My dear likes green so much.  
No black cross, no colourful flowers,  
Green, everything green all around!  
My dear likes green so much.

## 17. Die böse Farbe

Ich möchte ziehn in die Welt hinaus,  
Hinaus in die weite Welt;  
Wenn's nur so grün, so grün nicht wär,  
Da draußen in Wald und Feld!

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

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

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

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

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

## 17. The Hateful Colour

I'd like to journey into the world,  
Out into the wide world,  
If only it weren't so green, so green,  
Out there in the fields and woods!

I'd like to pluck all the green leaves  
From every branch,  
I'd like to weep on all the green grass  
Until it's as pale as death.

Oh green, you hateful colour, you,  
Why do you keep staring,  
So mocking, so proud, so pleased by my pain,  
At me, a poor pale man?

I'd like to lie outside her door,  
In storm and rain and snow,  
And sing so quietly by night and day  
Just the one word: goodbye.

Listen, when in the forest a hunting horn calls,  
Then her window resounds!  
And if she doesn't look out at me,  
Yet I can look in at her.

Oh, loose from around your brow  
The green, green ribbon!  
Goodbye, goodbye and give to me  
Your hand in farewell!

## 18. Trockne Blumen

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

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

Ihr Blümlein alle,  
Wie welk, wie blaß?  
Ihr Blümlein alle,  
Wovon so naß?

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

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

## 18. Withered Flowers

All you flowers  
That she gave to me,  
They should put you  
With me in my grave.

Why do you all look at me  
So sorrowfully,  
As if you knew,  
What was happening to me?

All you flowers,  
Why so limp, why so pale?  
All you flowers,  
What has drenched you so?

Ah, but tears don't bring  
The green of May,  
Don't cause dead love  
To bloom again.

And spring will come,  
And winter will go,  
And flowers will  
Grow in the grass again.

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

Und wenn sie wandelt  
Am Hügel vorbei  
Und denkt im Herzen:  
Der meint' es treu!

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

## 19. Der Müller und der Bach

*Der Müller:*  
Wo ein treues Herz  
In Liebe vergeht,  
Da welken die Lilien  
Auf jedem Beet;  
Da muß in die Wolken  
Der Vollmond gehn,  
Damit seine Tränen  
Die Menschen nicht sehn;  
Da halten die Englein  
Die Augen sich zu  
Und schluchzen und singen  
Die Seele zur Ruh.

*Der Bach:*  
Und wenn sich die Liebe  
Dem Schmerz entringt,  
Ein Sternlein, ein neues,  
Am Himmel erblinkt;  
Da springen drei Rosen,  
Halb rot und halb weiß,  
Die welken nicht wieder,  
Aus Dornenreis.  
Und die Engelein schneiden  
Die Flügel sich ab  
Und gehn alle Morgen  
Zur Erde herab.

*Der Müller:*  
Ach Bächlein, liebes Bächlein,  
Du meinst es so gut:  
Ach Bächlein, aber weißt du,  
Wie Liebe tut?  
Ach unten, da unten  
Die kühle Ruh!  
Ach Bächlein, liebes Bächlein,  
So singe nur zu.

And flowers are lying  
In my grave,  
All the flowers  
That she gave to me.

And when she strolls  
Past my burial place  
And thinks to herself:  
He was true to me!

Then all you flowers  
Come out, come out!  
May has come,  
And winter is gone.

## 19. The Miller and the Brook

*The Miller:*  
When a loyal heart  
Perishes from love,  
The lilies wither  
in every field;  
The full moon must hide  
itself in the clouds,  
So people won't see  
its tears;  
And the angels close  
Their eyes  
And sob and sing  
His soul to peace.

*The Brook:*  
And when love frees  
Itself from pain,  
A little star, a new one,  
Twinkles in the sky;  
And three roses spring,  
Half red and half white,  
That never wither,  
From the thorny stem.  
And the angels cut off  
Their wings  
And every morning  
Go down to earth.

*The Miller:*  
Oh brook, dear brook,  
You mean so well:  
Oh brook, but do you know  
What love does to you?  
Ah, below, down there,  
The cool repose!  
Oh brook, dear brook,  
Just sing to me.

## 20. Des Baches Wiegenlied

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

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

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

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

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

Texts by Wilhelm Müller (1794-1827)  
Translation by Celia Sgroi

## 20. The Brook's Lullaby

Rest well, rest well!  
Close your eyes.  
Wanderer, you weary one, you are at home.  
Fidelity is here,  
You'll lie with me  
Until the sea drains the brook dry.

I'll make you a cool bed  
On a soft cushion  
In your blue crystalline chamber.  
Come closer, come here,  
Whatever can soothe,  
Lull and rock my boy to sleep.

If a hunting horn sounds  
From the green forest,  
I'll rumble and thunder all around you.  
Don't look in here  
You blue flowers!  
You trouble my sleeper's dreams.

Go away, depart  
From the mill bridge,  
Wicked girl, so your shadow won't wake him!  
Throw in to me  
Your fine scarf,  
So I can cover his eyes.

Good night, good night,  
Until everything wakes.  
Sleep away your joy, sleep away your pain.  
The full moon rises,  
The mist departs,  
And the sky above, how vast it is!

Saturday 18 February 2017, 7.30pm  
The Venue, Leeds College of Music

**Ian Bostridge** tenor  
**Joseph Middleton** piano

**Schubert: Winterreise**

Tickets: £25; £22 registered unwaged/disabled; £5 students/under 30  
Booking: Online (charges apply) at lcm.ac.uk or on 0113 222 3434 or in person at The Box Office, Leeds College of Music.

"Winterreise is to me the ultimate work that I perform. It's a work that ranks with the greatest in the operatic and symphonic repertoire." So writes Ian Bostridge, whose name has become synonymous with this masterpiece, helping to secure his reputation as one of the foremost Schubertians of our time.

## Nick Pritchard

Born in West Sussex, Nick Pritchard read music as a choral scholar at New College, Oxford, and studied with Russell Smythe at the Royal College of Music International Opera School (RCMIOS) where he was the recipient of the Eric Joseph Shilling Prize. He was awarded the London Bach Society Singer's Prize in 2013 and is currently a Samling Artist.

Recent opera roles include Prologue/*The Turn of the Screw* for Opera Holland Park, Telemaco for Iford Arts under Christian Curnyn, Paulino/*The Secret Marriage* for British Youth Opera (for which he won the Dame Hilda Bracket award from Sadler's Wells), Ruggiero in Caccini's *La Liberazione di Ruggiero* for the Brighton Early Music Festival, Tamino/*Die Zauberflöte*, the title role in *Albert Herring*, Matthew in the world premiere of Mark Simpson's *Pleasure* for Opera North, Aldeburgh and the Royal Opera, Acis/*Acis and Galatea* for Handel House with La Nuova Musica under Laurence Cummings, and Aquilio in J. C. Bach's *Adriano in Siria* for the Classical Opera Company.

Current and future engagements include Lysander/*A Midsummer Night's Dream* with Ryan Wigglesworth and the Aldeburgh Festival, Haydn's *Paukenmesse* with Stephen Cleobury, the Choir of King's College, Cambridge and the Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment, Mozart's *Requiem* for the Three Choirs Festival with Simon Halsey and the Philharmonia Orchestra, Coridon/*Acis and Galatea* with John Butt and the Dunedin Consort, Telemaco/*The Return of Ulysses* and Mercurio/*La Calisto*, both for English Touring Opera, Britten's *Les Illuminations* and *Serenade* with L'Orchestre de Chambre de Paris with Adrien Perruchon and Bach's *St John Passion* with both the BBC National Orchestra of Wales under John Butt (arias) and Polyphony and the OAE under Stephen Layton (Evangelist).

Nick Pritchard is sponsored by  The Countess of Munster MUSICAL TRUST

## Ian Tindale

Ian Tindale was awarded the Help Musicians UK Accompanist's Prize in the Kathleen Ferrier Awards and the Royal Overseas League Music Competition Accompanist's Prize in 2015. Previously Ian had been named winner of the Gerald Moore Award, and the Help Musicians UK Accompanist's Prize (Maggie Teyte Prize). Ian's recent engagements have included concerts at Wigmore Hall, Queen Elizabeth Hall, and St John's Smith Square, as well as at the Oxford Lieder Festival, Ryedale Festival, Buxton Festival and in France, Austria, Corfu and Malta. He has worked with artists such as Christopher Purves, Susan Bullock, Louise Alder and Soraya Mafi, and he has performed on BBC Radio 3 'In Tune' on numerous occasions, and he recently appeared on BBC2 'Proms Extra' with Ailish Tynan.

Ian, originally from Oxfordshire, read Music at Selwyn College, Cambridge, and graduated with a double First in 2011. Following postgraduate studies at the RCM with Simon Lepper and Roger Vignoles, Ian was the Lord and Lady Lurgan Junior Fellow in Piano Accompaniment. As a répétiteur Ian has worked with Cambridge Handel Opera, Samling Academy Opera and Ryedale Festival Opera, and as an orchestral pianist he has appeared with the LPO, Philharmonia and Orchestra of the Royal Opera. Ian is a Britten-Pears Young Artist and a Samling Artist. For more information please see [www.iantindale.com](http://www.iantindale.com).

## HARROGATE INTERNATIONAL FESTIVALS

Sunday Series  
Chamber music and coffee

Francesca Dego with Francesca Leonardi  
violin & piano

Date: Sunday 29 January  
Time: 11am  
Venue: Old Swan Hotel, Harrogate

Programme:

**Beethoven** Violin Sonata No.9 in A major, Op.47 "Kreutzer"  
**Respighi** Violin Sonata in B minor  
**Castelnuovo-Tedesco** "Figaro" from the "Barber of Seville", for violin and piano



Julian Bliss with Robert Bottriell  
clarinet & piano

Date: Sunday 19 February  
Time: 11am  
Venue: Old Swan Hotel, Harrogate

Programme:

**R.Schumann** Fantasiestücke, Op.73  
**Berg** Stücke, Op.5  
**Martinů** Sonatina  
**Messager** Solo de Concours  
**Chopin** Nocturne  
**Brahms** Wie Melodien zieht es mir  
**R.Schumann** Adagio and Allegro  
**Brahms** Sonata No.1 in F minor



Booking Information  
Online: [www.harrogateinternationalfestivals.com](http://www.harrogateinternationalfestivals.com)  
Phone: 01423 562303  
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**Messiaen, Bach, Waley-Cohen, Mozart, Debussy, Britten and Barber**

Monday 13 February 2017



**Anna Tsybuleva** *piano*

**A recital by the winner of the 2015 Leeds International Piano Competition**

Monday 13 March 2017



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And any others who have donated to the Society since this programme went to press.