

# Cathedral Concert Society

## Schubert Lieder Recital including *Schwanengesang*



**Philip Smith** *baritone*  
with **Julius Drake** *piano*

Monday 11 February 2019 | Ripon Cathedral

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

# Cathedral Concert Society

Patron: Julius Drake

Monday 11 February 2019

Philip Smith *baritone* with Julius Drake *piano*

**Franz Schubert** (1797–1828)

**Songs to poems by Johann Gabriel Seidl from 1826**

*Der Wanderer an den Mond* (D 870)

*Wiegenlied* (D 867)

*Am Fenster* (D 878)

*Sehnsucht* (D 879)

*Bei dir Allein* (D 866)

**The Rellstab Settings from *Schwanengesang* (D 957)**

*Liebesbotschaft*

*Kriegers Ahnung*

*Ständchen*

*Aufenthalt*

*In der Ferne*

*Abschied*

– interval –

During the interval refreshments will be available in the South Transept.

**The Heine Settings from *Schwanengesang* (D 957)**

*Der Atlas*

*Ihr Bild*

*Das Fischermädchen*

*Die Stadt*

*Am Meer*

*Der Doppelgänger*

**Seidl**

*Die Taubenpost* (D 956a) 1828

**The Seidl songs**

Johann Gabriel Seidl (1804–1875) was a Viennese official and a popular poet. His first volume of rather sentimental poems was published in 1826 and Schubert seems to have found them to his taste, setting several of them in the year of their publication. The theme of *Der Wanderer an den Mond* appears as a constant in the early romantic poetry which struck so deep a chord in the mind of the lonely Schubert and reached its peak with the wanderings of the Miller boy and the Winter's Journey of his successor (1827–1828). The piano mimics the poet's stride. It is followed by the long, sweet, sleepy lullaby of *Wiegenlied*. After the compact setting of *Am Fenster*, Schubert anticipates *Erstarrung* from *Winterreise* with what Capell notes as "the winged and roaming triplets" of *Sehnsucht*. Finally in this group comes the warm-hearted, expansive love-song which is *Bei dir Allein*.

**Der Wanderer an den Mond**

Ich auf der Erd', am Himmel du,  
Wir wandern beide rüstig zu:  
Ich ernst und trüb, du mild und rein,  
Was mag der Unterschied wohl sein?

Ich wandre fremd von Land zu Land,  
So heimatlos, so unbekannt;  
Bergauf, bergab, Wald ein, Wald aus,  
Doch bin ich nirgend, ach! zu Haus.

Du aber wanderst auf und ab  
Aus Ostens Wieg' in Westens Grab,  
Wallst Länder ein und Länder aus,  
Und bist doch, wo du bist, zu Haus.

Der Himmel, endlos ausgespannt,  
Ist dein geliebtes Heimatland:  
O glücklich, wer, wohin er geht,  
Doch auf der Heimat Boden steht!

***The wanderer to the moon***

*I on the earth, you in the heavens,  
We both travel briskly on;  
I serious and gloomy, you gentle and pure,  
what can the difference between us be?*

*I wander, a stranger from land to land,  
so homeless, so unknown;  
up hill and down dale, in and out of forests,  
yet nowhere am I, alack, at home.*

*But you wander up and down,  
from the east's cradle to the west's grave,  
travelling from country to country,  
yet are at home wherever you are.*

*The sky, infinitely extended,  
is your beloved homeland;  
O happy the man who, wherever he goes,  
still stands on his native soil!*

Piano by courtesy of Making Music and the North West Piano Centre

we get on with



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*please do not turn the page until the music has finished*

## Wiegenlied

Wie sich der Äuglein kindlicher Himmel,  
Schlummerbelastet, lässig verschliesst!  
Schliesse sie einst so, lockt dich die Erde:  
Drinne ist Himmel, aussen ist Lust!

Wie dir so schlafrot glühet die Wange!  
Rosen aus Eden hauchten sie an:  
Rosen die Wangen, Himmel die Augen,  
Heiterer Morgen, himmlischer Tag!

Wie des Gelockes goldige Wallung  
Kühlet der Schläfe glühenden Saum.  
Schön ist das Goldhaar, schöner der Kranz  
drauf:  
Träum' du vom Lorbeer, bis er dir blüht.

Liebliches Mündchen, Engel umweh'n dich:  
Drinne die Unschuld, drinne die Lieb';  
Wahre sie Kindchen, wahre sie treulich:  
Lippen sind Rosen, Lippen sind Glut.

Wie dir ein Engel faltet die Händchen;  
Falte sie einst so, gehst du zur Ruh';  
Schön sind die Träume, wenn man gebetet:  
Und das Erwachen lohnt mit dem Traum.

## Am Fenster

Ihr lieben Mauern, hold und traut,  
Die ihr mich kühl umschliesst,  
Und silberglänzend niederschaut,  
Wenn droben Vollmond ist!  
Ihr saht mich einst so traurig da,  
Mein Haupt auf schlaffer Hand, Als  
ich in mir allein mich sah,  
Und Keiner mich verstand.

Jetzt brach ein ander Licht heran,  
Die Trauerzeit ist um,  
Und Manche zieh'n mit mir die Bahn  
Durch's Lebensheiligtum.  
Sie raubt der Zufall ewig nie  
Aus meinem treuen Sinn,  
In tiefster Seele trag' ich sie,  
Da reicht kein Zufall hin.

## Lullaby

*How the eyes' childlike heaven  
closes, laden with slumber!  
Closes them thus, when one day the earth calls you:  
heaven is within you; outside is joy!*

*How your cheeks glow red with sleep!  
Roses from Eden have breathed upon them;  
your cheeks are roses, your eyes are heaven,  
bright morning, heavenly day!*

*How the golden waves of your locks  
cool the edge of your burning temples!  
Your golden hair is lovely, and even lovelier  
the garland upon it;  
dream of the laurel until it blooms for you.*

*Sweet little mouth, the angels hover round you;  
inside is innocence, inside is love!  
Guard them, my child, guard them faithfully:  
lips are roses, lips are warmth!*

*As an angel folds your little hands,  
fold them thus one day when you go to rest!  
Dreams are beautiful when you pray, and your  
awakening rewards you no less than your dream.*

## At the window

*Dear, familiar walls,  
you enclose me within your coolness,  
and gaze down with silvery sheen  
when the full moon shines above.  
Once you saw me here so sad,  
head buried in weary hands,  
looking only within myself,  
understood by no one.*

*Now a new light has dawned,  
the time of sadness is past,  
and many join me on my path  
through this sacred life.  
Chance will never steal them  
from my faithful heart;  
I carry them deep in my soul,  
where fate cannot penetrate.*

Du Mauer wahnst mich trüb  
wie einst,  
Das ist die stille Freud;  
Wenn du vom Mondlicht widerscheinst,  
Wird mir die Brust so weit.  
An jedem Fenster wahn' ich dann  
Ein Freundeshaupt, gesenkt,  
Das auch so schaut zum Himmel an,  
Das auch so meiner denkt.

## Sehnsucht

Die Scheibe friert, der Wind ist rauh,  
Der nächt'ge Himmel rein und blau.  
Ich sitz' in meinem Kämmerlein  
Und schau' ins reine Blau hinein!

Mir fehlt etwas, das fühl' ich gut,  
Mir fehlt mein Lieb, das treue Blut;  
Und will ich in die Sterne seh'n,  
Muss stets das Aug' mir übergeh'n!

Mein Lieb, wo weilst du nur so fern,  
Mein schöner Stern, mein Augensterne?  
Du weisst, dich lieb' und brauch' ich ja,  
Die Träne tritt mir wieder nah.

Da quält' ich mich so manchen Tag,  
Weil mir kein Lied gelingen mag,  
Weil's nimmer sich erzwingen lässt  
Und frei hinsäuselt, wie der West!  
Wie mild mich's wieder grad' durchglüht!  
Sieh' nur, das ist ja schon ein Lied!  
Wenn mich mein Los vom Liebchen warf,  
Dann fühl' ich, dass ich singen darf.

*Wall, you imagine that I am as gloomy  
as I once was:  
that is my silent joy.  
When you reflect the moonlight  
my heart swells.  
Then I imagine I see at every window  
a friendly face, lowered,  
that then gazes heavenwards,  
thinking of me too.*

## Longing

*The window pane freezes, the wind is harsh,  
the night sky clear and blue.  
I sit in my little room  
gazing out into the clear blueness.*

*Something is missing, I feel only too well;  
my love is missing, my true love;  
And when I look at the stars  
my eyes constantly fill with tears.*

*My love, where are you, so far away,  
my beautiful star, my eye's delight?  
You know I love you and need you;  
Once again tears well up within me.*

*For many a day I have suffered  
because no song of mine has turned out  
well, because never can they be forced  
to murmur freely, like the west wind.  
How gentle the glow that again warms me!  
Behold – now that is a song!  
Though my fate has cast me far from my beloved,  
yet I feel that I can still sing.*

## Bei dir allein!

Bei dir allein  
Empfind' ich, dass ich lebe,  
Dass Jugendmut mich schwellt,  
Dass eine heit're Welt  
Der Liebe mich durchbebe;  
Mich freut mein Sein  
Bei dir allein!

Bei dir allein  
Weht mir die Luft so labend,  
Dünkt mich die Flur so grün,  
So mild des Lenzes Blüh'n  
So balsamreich der Abend,  
So kühl der Hain,  
Bei dir allein!

Bei dir allein  
Verliert der Schmerz sein Herbes,  
Gewinnt die Freud' an Lust!  
Du sicherst meine Brust  
Des angestammten Erbes;  
Ich fühl' mich mein  
Bei dir allein!

## The Rellstab songs from *Schwanengesang*

1828 promised so much in Schubert's short life. His musical ambition seemed ever wider and more adventurous. His compositions for that year included the Great C major symphony, the sublime String Quintet, the Fantasia for piano duet, three piano sonatas and *The Shepherd on the Rock*. He also made settings of ten poems by the Berlin poet and critic Ludwig Rellstab (1799–1860). Rellstab had visited Beethoven in Vienna in 1825 and his lyrics somehow reached the eye and ear of Schubert. Seven of these songs were published shortly after the composer's death by Tobias Haslinger who knew a thing or two about branding and marketing, but not much about swans. Haslinger attached to these and other late songs the attractive and sentimental title *Schwanengesang* (referring to the belief that a swan sings but once before its death: as Schubert had sung continually all his life and but for his untimely death would have continued to sing, his was hardly a suitable reference).

*Liebesbotschaft* presents another of those mountain streams, familiar from *Die schöne Müllerin* but a regular member of the Schubert gallery: this was to prove his last. With *Kriegers Ahnung* we are in a more elaborate musical world. There is one moment of happiness in the prevailing gloom and the music ranges through a wide selection of keys and metres in its ballad-like structure. In *Frühlingssehnsucht* and *Ständchen* we are back in familiar territory, exquisite melody in a perfect formal setting. *Aufenthalt* presents nature the aggressor, the singer once more an outcast. *In der Ferne* is the most deeply felt of the Rellstab settings, a song of alienation, almost madness, reflected in the odd harmonic progressions and rhythmic irregularity. The Rellstab group ends with rather a jolly farewell, underpinned by the piano's evident enjoyment of the horse's trotting rhythm.

## With you alone!

*With you alone*  
*I feel that I live,*  
*that youthful vigour fires me on.*  
*that a cheerful world*  
*of love thrills through me;*  
*My being rejoices*  
*with you alone!*

*With you alone*  
*the breeze blows so refreshingly,*  
*the fields seem to me so green,*  
*the flowering spring so gentle,*  
*the evening so balmy,*  
*the grove so cool,*  
*with you alone!*

*With you alone*  
*pain loses its bitterness,*  
*joy gains in sweetness!*  
*You assure my heart*  
*of its natural heritage;*  
*I feel I am myself*  
*with you alone!*

## 1. Liebesbotschaft

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

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

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

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

## Love's message

*Swift-flowing stream,*  
*So silvery bright,*  
*Are you hurrying to my beloved*  
*With such merry speed?*  
*Oh, trusty stream,*  
*Be a messenger for me:*  
*Bring her greetings*  
*From one far away.*

*All her flowers*  
*So carefully tended,*  
*Those she wears so sweetly*  
*On her breast,*  
*And her richly*  
*Glowing red roses,*  
*Refresh them all, little brook,*  
*With cooling water.*

*When she stands on your bank,*  
*Lost in dreams,*  
*Remembering me,*  
*Her head bowed low,*  
*Comfort my sweetheart*  
*With a friendly glance,*  
*For her lover*  
*Is soon to return.*

*When the sun sinks*  
*With reddish tints,*  
*Rock my beloved*  
*Gently to sleep.*  
*Sweep her, softly murmuring.*  
*To sweet rest,*  
*Whisper into her ear*  
*Dreams of love.*



## 2. Kriegers Ahnung

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

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

Hier, wo der Flammen düster Schein  
Ach! nur auf Waffen spielt,  
Hier fühlt die Brust sich ganz allein,  
Der Wehmut Träne quillt.

Herz! Daß der Trost dich nicht verläßt!  
Es ruft noch manche Schlacht.  
Bald ruh ich wohl und schlafe fest,  
Herzliebste – gute Nacht!

## 3. Frühlingssehnsucht

Säuselnde Lüfte wehend so mild  
Blumiger Dufte atmend erfüllt!  
Wie haucht ihr mich wonnig begrüßend an!  
Wie habt ihr dem pochenden Herzen getan?  
Es möchte euch folgen auf luftiger Bahn!  
Wohin?

Bächlein, so munter rauschend zumal,  
Wollen hinunter silbern ins Tal.  
Die schwebende Welle, dort eilt sie dahin!  
Tief spiegeln sich Fluren und Himmel darin.  
Was ziehst du mich, sehnsend verlangender  
Sinn,  
Hinab?

Grübender Sonne spielendes Gold,  
Hoffende Wonne bringest du hold!  
Wie labt mich dein selig begrüßendes Bild!

Es lächelt am tiefblauen Himmel so mild  
Und hat mir das Auge mit Tränen gefüllt!  
Warum?

Grünend umkränzet Wälder und Höh!  
Schimmernd erglänzet Blütenschnee!

## Warrior's Foreboding

*In deep quiet around me lies  
The circle of my brothers-in-arms;  
My heart is full of leaden dread,  
I feel a searing longing.*

*How often have I dreamt so sweetly  
Upon her warm bosom!  
How friendly seemed the fire's glow,  
When she lay in my arms.*

*Here, where the flames' dim light  
Plays upon weapons only,  
Here the heart feels quite alone,  
And melancholy tears are shed.*

*My heart, may comfort not desert you,  
Yet many a battle calls.  
Soon I shall test easy in a deep sleep,  
My heart's dearest – good night.*

## Longing for Spring

*Whispering breezes, blowing so softly,  
Breathing a fragrance laden with flowers!  
How delightful is the air that greets me!  
How have you speeded the beat of my heart?  
It would like to follow your ethereal path!  
Whither?*

*Streamlet, so blithely, at times so wildly,  
You wish your silver way into the valley  
The buoyant wave, see how it hurries!  
The land and sky are mirrored in its depths.  
Why do you draw me; you yearning, longing  
desire;  
Far down?*

*Sun that greets me, playful gold rays,  
Hopeful delight you bring truly,  
How I can feast on the blessing of your  
welcome!*

*It smiles so gently from the deep blue sky  
And has filled my eyes with tears,  
Why?*

*Woods and hills are freshly green!  
Shimmering shines blossom like snow!*

So dränget sich alles zum bräutlichen Licht;  
Es schwellen die Keime, die Knospe bricht;  
Sie haben gefunden, was ihnen gebricht:  
Und du?

Rastloses Sehnen! Wünschendes Herz,  
Immer nur Tränen, Klage und Schmerz?  
Auch ich bin mir schwellender Triebe bewußt!  
Wer stilltet mir endlich die drängende Lust?  
Nur du befreiest den Lenz in der Brust,  
Nur du!

## 4. Ständchen

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

Flüsternd schlanke Wipfel rauschen  
In des Mondes Licht;  
Des Verräters feindlich Lauschen  
Fürchte, Holde, nicht.

Hörst die Nachtigallen schlagen?  
Ach! sie flehen dich,  
Mit der Töne süßen Klagen  
Flehen sie für mich.

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

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

*Thus all moves towards the bridal light;  
The seeds are swelling, the buds bursting;  
They have found what they were lacking:  
And you?*

*Restless longing! heart of desires,  
Nothing but tears, lamenting and pain!  
I, too, am aware of surging desires!  
Who shall at last slake this burning thirst?  
You alone can free the spring in my breast,  
You alone!*

## Serenade

*Gently pleading, my songs flow  
Through the night to you;  
To this silent bower,  
Sweetheart, come here to me!*

*Slender rustling tree-tops whisper  
By the light of the moon;  
That a betrayer might be listening,  
Dearest, have no fear.*

*Do you hear the nightingales' song?  
Oh, they are pleading to you,  
With the notes of their sweet lament  
They are pleading for me.*

*They understand the heart's longings,  
They know love's pain,  
With their silvery notes they reach  
Every gentle heart.*

*Let your heart be moved, too,  
Sweetheart, hear me!  
Trembling, I await your coming!  
Come, make me happy!*

## 5. Aufenthalt

Rauschender Strom,  
Brausender Wald,  
Starrender Fels  
Mein Aufenthalt.

Wie sich die Welle  
An Welle reiht,  
Fließen die Tränen  
Mir ewig erneut.

Hoch in den Kronen  
Wogend sich's regt,  
So unaufhörlich  
Mein Herze schlägt.

Und wie des Felsen  
Uraltes Erz,  
Ewig derselbe  
Bleibet mein Schmerz.

Rauschender Strom,  
Brausender Wald,  
Starrender Fels  
Mein Aufenthalt.

## Resting place

*Rushing river,  
Storm-tossed woods,  
Stubborn rocks,  
My resting place.*

*As the waves follow  
One upon the other,  
So my tears flow  
Forever anew.*

*High up, the tree-tops  
Sway to and fro,  
Just as ceaselessly  
As my heart beats.*

*And, like the rock's  
Age-old ore,  
Forever the same  
My pain remains.*

*Rushing river,  
Storm-tossed woods,  
Stubborn rocks,  
My resting place.*

## 6. In der Ferne

Wehe dem Fliehenden,  
Welt hinaus ziehenden! -  
Fremde durchmessenden,  
Heimat vergessenden,  
Mutterhaus hassenden,  
Freunde verlassenden  
Folget kein Segen, ach!  
Auf ihren Wegen nach!

Herze, das seh nende,  
Auge, das tränende,  
Sehnsucht, nie endende,  
Heimwärts sich wendende!  
Busen, der wallende,  
Klage, verhallende,  
Abendstern, blinkender,  
Hoffnungslos sinkender!

Lüfte, ihr säuselnden,  
Wellen sanft kräuselnden,  
Sonnenstrahl, eilender,  
Nirgend verweilender:  
Die mir mit Sch merze, ach!  
Dies treue Herze brach -  
Grüßt von dem Fliehenden,  
Welt hinaus ziehenden!

## In the distance

*Woe to the one who flees  
Going out into the world!  
Striding through foreign lands,  
Forgetting his hearth and home,  
Hating where he was born,  
Deserting the friends he had,  
He takes no blessing, none,  
With him on his way.*

*Heart, full of longing now,  
Eye, only weeping now,  
Longing, never ending now,  
Homewards you're turning now!  
Bosom, that is heaving now,  
Lament, growing fainter now,  
Evening star, sparkling now,  
Hopeless, you're sinking now.*

*Breezes, who are softly rustling,  
Waves who are gently curling,  
Sun's ray, who is hurrying,  
Nowhere tarrying:  
She who caused suffering,  
Breaking this true heart in twain,  
Greet her from one who's fleeing  
Through the world wandering!*

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## 7. Abschied

Ade! du muntre, du fröhliche Stadt, ade!  
Schon scharret mein Rößlein mit lustigen Fuß;  
Jetzt nimm noch den letzten, den  
scheidenden Gruß.  
Du hast mich wohl niemals noch traurig gesehn,  
So kann es auch jetzt nicht beim Abschied  
geschehn. Ade....

Ade, ihr Bäume, ihr Gärten so grün, ade!

Nun reit' ich am silbernen Strome entlang.  
Weit schallend ertönt mein Abschiedsgesang;  
Nie habt ihr ein trauriges Lied gehört,  
So wird euch auch keines beim Scheiden  
beschert! Ade....

Ade, ihr freundlichen Mägdlein dort, ade!  
Was schaut ihr aus blumentumduftetem Haus  
Mit schelmischen, lockenden Blicken heraus?  
Wie sonst, so grüß ich und schaue mich um,  
Doch nimmer wend ich mein Rößlein um.

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

Ade! du schimmerndes Fensterlein hell, ade!  
Du glänzest so traulich mit dämmerndem Schein  
Und ladest so freundlich ins Hüttchen uns ein.  
Vorüber, ach, ritt ich so manches Mal,  
Und wär es denn heute zum letzten Mal?

Ade, ihr Sterne, verhüllet Euch grau! Ade!

Des Fensterlein trübes, verschimmerndes Licht  
Ersetzt ihr unzähligen Sterne mir nicht,

Darf ich hier nicht weilen, muß hier vorbei,

Was hilft es, folgt ihr mir noch so treu!  
Ade, ihr Sterne, verhüllet Euch grau!  
Ade!

## Farewell

*Farewell, you merry, cheerful town, farewell!  
My little horse is already stamping the ground,  
Now take this final, this parting goodbye.*

*You have surely not seen me sad up to now,  
Sad you'll not find me as I say my farewells.  
Farewell ...*

*Farewell, to the trees, to the gardens so green,  
farewell!*

*Now I'm riding along by a silvery stream,  
My parting song rings out into the distance;  
You've never heard a song full of sadness,  
So you'll not hear one from me now as I go.  
Farewell!*

*Farewell, friendly maidens there, farewell!  
Why do you look from your house bathed  
In flowers' scent with cheeky, alluring glances?  
Go past, oh I rode by here many a time  
And should this today be the very last time?  
Farewell ...*

*Farewell, dear sun, as you go to rest, farewell!  
Now stars are shining like glittering gold.  
How precious you are to me, sweet stars in the sky;  
Where ever we wander, far and wide, in the world,  
You are our trusty companions. Farewell ...*

*Farewell, you brightly-lit little window, farewell!  
You glow so faithfully with gently fading shine,  
And invite us in so warmly to your little hut.  
I have ridden past – oh so many times –  
And should then today be the very last time?  
Farewell ...*

*Farewell, stars, shroud yourselves in grey!  
Farewell!*

*That pale glimmering light there in the window:  
You can never replace it for me, you  
innumerable stars:*

*If I may not tarry here, if I must go past this place,  
Then what does it matter though you follow me  
faithfully?*

*Farewell, oh stars, shroud yourselves in grey!  
Farewell!*

## The Heine songs in *Schwanengesang*

Heinrich Heine (1797–1856) first published his verse sequence *Die Heimkehr* ('The Homecoming') in 1826. For Schubert these aphoristic, bitterly ironic verses, redolent of tragic alienation, must have seemed a natural partner to the recently completed *Winterreise* songs. He seems likely to have begun them in 1827 and intended them to be published as a group on their own. (They have nothing at all to do with the other *Schwanengesang* songs.)

The group starts with *Der Atlas*, the Titan who led the revolt against Zeus and the gods and whose punishment was to bear the weight of the sky on his shoulders. *Ihr Bild* expresses the sadness of lost happiness, its key changes matching the changes in the singer's fortune: the music says it all. In contrast the charming barcarolle which is *Das Fischermädchen* shows, perhaps reluctantly, that love *can* be happy and uncomplicated. It has many precursors among Schubert's earlier songs.

With *Die Stadt* we are back to the poet's expressionism and to Schubert's latest exploratory style. It is a study in the alienation of the onlooker. Similarly the water in *Am Meer* comes largely in the form of tears. Richard Capell, in his invaluable work on the Schubert Songs, calls this the most difficult song in all Schubert, demanding exceptional breath-control within a high tessitura (vocal range) and at a slow pace. *Der Doppelgänger* is "neither song nor recitative but a lyrical declamation" (John Reed), perhaps the only intimation that Schubert foresaw his own approaching death.

These six extraordinary songs were eagerly grabbed by Haslinger and intermixed with the irrelevant Rellstab songs and the final Seidl song and published as *Schwanengesang* within months of the composer's death.

### Der Atlas

Ich unglücksel'ger Atlas! eine Welt,  
Die ganze Welt der Schmerzen muss ich  
tragen.

Ich trage Unerträgliches, und brechen  
Will mir das Herz im Leibe.

Du stolzes Herz, du hast es ja gewollt!  
Du wolltest glücklich sein, unendlich  
glücklich,  
Oder unendlich elend, stolzes Herz,  
Und jetzt bist du elend.

### Atlas

*Unhappy Atlas that I am, I must bear a world,  
the whole world of sorrows.*

*I bear what is unbearable and my heart wants  
to break.*

*Proud heart - you have what you wished.  
You wanted to be happy, infinitely happy,*

*Or infinitely wretched, proud heart,  
And now you are wretched.*

## Ihr Bild

Ich stand in dunkeln Träumen,  
Und starrt' ihr Bildnis an,  
Und das geliebte Antlitz  
Heimlich zu leben begann.

Um ihre Lippen zog sich  
Ein Lächeln wunderbar,  
Und wie von Wehmutstränen  
Erglänzte ihr Augenpaar.

Auch meine Tränen flossen  
Mir von den Wangen herab –  
Und ach, ich kann es nicht glauben,  
Dass ich dich verloren hab'!

## Das Fischermädchen

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

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

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

## Die Stadt

Am fernen Horizonte  
Erscheint, wie ein Nebelbild,  
Die Stadt mit ihren Türmen  
In Abenddämmerung gehüllt.

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

## Her portrait

*I stood in dark dreams  
And gazed on her portrait,  
And the beloved features  
Took on a secret life.*

*Upon her lips played  
A wondrous smile,  
And what seemed to be melancholy tears  
Glistened in her eyes.*

*My tears too flowed  
Down from my cheeks -  
And ah, I cannot believe  
That I have lost you.*

## The fisher maiden

*Lovely fisher girl,  
Let your boat glide to the shore;  
Come and sit by my side,  
And hand in hand we will whisper together.*

*Lay your head on my heart,  
And do not be too afraid:  
Fearlessly you entrust yourself  
Every day to the wild sea.*

*My heart is just like the sea;  
It has its storms, its ebb and flow,  
And many a lovely pearl  
Rests in its depths.*

## The Town

*On the distant horizon,  
Like a misty image, appears  
The town with its turrets,  
Veiled in evening twilight.*

*A damp gust ruffles  
The grey expanse of water;  
With weary strokes  
The boatman rows my boat.*

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

## Am Meer

Das Meer erglänzte weit hinaus  
Im letzten Abendscheine;  
Wir sassen am einsamen Fischerhaus,  
Wir sassen stumm und alleine.

Der Nebel stieg, das Wasser schwoll,  
Die Möwe flog hin und wieder;  
Aus deinen Augen liebevoll  
Fielen die Tränen nieder.

Ich sah sie fallen auf deine Hand,  
Und bin aufs Knie gesunken;  
Ich hab' von deiner weissen Hand  
Die Tränen fortgetrunken.

Seit jener Stunde verzehrt sich mein Leib,  
Die Seele stirbt vor Sehnen; –  
Mich hat das unglücksel'ge Weib  
Vergiftet mit ihren Tränen.

## Der Doppelgänger

Still ist die Nacht, es ruhen die Gassen,  
In diesem Hause wohnte mein Schatz;  
Sie hat schon längst die Stadt verlassen,  
Doch steht noch das Haus auf demselben Platz.

Da steht auch ein Mensch und starrt in die Höhe,  
Und ringt die Hände, vor Schmerzens Gewalt;  
Mir graust es, wenn ich sein Antlitz sehe:  
Der Mond zeigt mir meine eigne Gestalt.

Du Doppelgänger! du bleicher Geselle!  
Was äffst du nach mein Liebesleid,  
Das mich gequält auf dieser Stelle,  
So manche Nacht, in alter Zeit?

*The sun rises once again,  
Radiant, from the earth,  
And shows me the place  
Where I loved and lost.*

## By the sea

*The wide sea glittered  
In the late evening sun:  
We sat by the fisherman's lonely hut,  
We sat silent and alone.*

*The mist rose, the water swelled,  
The gull flew back and forth;  
From your loving eyes  
Welled tears.*

*I saw them drop onto your hand,  
And sank to my knees:  
From your white hand  
I drank the tears.*

*Since that hour my body is wasting away,  
My soul is dying for desire: -  
The unhappy woman  
Has poisoned me with her tears.*

## The Double

*The night is still, the street is deserted.  
My sweetheart lived in this house.  
She left the town long ago,  
But the house still stands where it always stood.*

*And there stands a man who gazes upwards,  
And wrings his hands with grief and pain:  
I shudder when I see his face -  
The moon shows the face to be my own!*

*You gloomy double! You pale companion,  
Why do you mimic the pain of the love  
That tortured me on this very spot  
So many nights in days gone by?*



In October 1828 Schubert encountered a new poem of Seidl, not in the published set that he had raided the previous year. Its sentiments have of course nothing to do with the heavy irony of Heine or even the more gentle sentiments of Rellstab. It occupies the sunlit uplands so often visited by Schubert in his earlier years but recently (and understandably) placed on one side. The song dances along with sweetness and good humour. In placing this delightful song at the end of his posthumous collection, perhaps Haslinger was right after all.

### Die Taubenpost

Ich hab' eine Briefftaub in meinem Sold,  
Die ist gar ergeben und treu,  
Sie nimmt mir nie das Ziel zu kurz,  
Und fliegt auch nie vorbei.

Ich sende sie vieltausendmal  
Auf Kundschaft täglich hinaus,  
Vorbei an manchem lieben Ort,  
Bis zu der Liebsten Haus.

Dort schaut sie zum Fenster heimlich hinein,  
Belauscht ihren Blick und Schritt,  
Gibt meine Grüsse scherzend ab  
Und nimmt die ihren mit.

Kein Briefchen brauch' ich zu schreiben mehr,  
Die Träne selbst geb' ich ihr:  
O sie verträgt sie sicher nicht,  
Gar eifrig dient sie mir.

Bei Tag, bei Nacht, im Wachen, im Traum,  
Ihr gilt das alles gleich:  
Wenn sie nur wandern, wandern kann,  
Dann ist sie überreich!

Sie wird nicht müd', sie wird nicht matt,  
Der Weg ist stets ihr neu;  
Sie braucht nicht Lockung, braucht nicht Lohn,  
Die Taub' ist so mir treu!

Drum heg' ich sie auch so treu an der Brust,  
Versichert des schönsten Gewinns;  
Sie heisst – die Sehnsucht! Kennt ihr sie?  
Die Botin treuen Sinns.

### Pigeon Post

*I have a carrier pigeon in my employ,  
she is devoted and true;  
she never stops short of her goal  
and never flies too far.*

*I send her out a thousand times  
each day on reconnaissance,  
past many a beloved spot,  
to my sweetheart's house.*

*There she peeps furtively in at the window,  
observing her every look and step,  
conveys my greeting breezily,  
and brings hers back to me.*

*I no longer need to write a note,  
I can give her my very tears;  
she will for sure not deliver them wrongly,  
so eagerly does she serve me.*

*Day or night, awake or dreaming,  
it is all the same to her;  
as long as she can roam  
she is richly contented.*

*She never grows tired, she never grows faint,  
the route is always fresh to her;  
she needs no enticement, needs no reward,  
so true is this pigeon to me.*

*I cherish her as truly in my heart,  
certain of the fairest prize;  
her name is – Longing! Do you know her?  
The messenger of constancy.*

### Philip Smith

One-time zoologist and National Otter Surveyor of England, Philip Smith hung up his waders to study singing, first at the Birmingham Conservatoire and then at the Royal Northern College of Music. He is a Britten-Pears Young Artist Programme alumnus, Samling Artist and Crear Scholar. He continues to study with Robert Dean.

Philip enjoys a busy and varied singing career performing in recital, oratorios and opera across Europe. He always enjoys coming back to Yorkshire to perform, particularly as he went to university in Leeds and has family in Ripon, and has appeared in concert twice in Ripon Cathedral with the Ripon Choral Society, most recently for the Vaughan Williams *Sea Symphony* in 2017. He has performed in recital and concerts numerous times in other venues across North and West Yorkshire and has links with the Leeds Lieder Festival that go back to the start of the festival, his most recent performance there being in recital with Julius Drake. Philip has worked with other internationally-acclaimed pianists including Malcolm Martineau, Roger Vignoles, Joseph Middleton and Alisdair Hogarth, performing in recitals in venues such as the Wigmore Hall and The Sage Gateshead as well as venues further afield in Spain and Dubai. He has broadcast live on BBC Radio 3 from the Wigmore Hall with the Prince Consort and appears on a number of recordings including *Tit for Tat* (Britten) and a few of Britten's unknown childhood songs with Malcolm Martineau, the Vaughan Williams Society's recordings of the

rarely-heard Vaughan Williams works *Epithalamion* and *The Bridal Day* and the recent release of songs by Cheryl Frances-Hoad.

Recent operatic highlights include *Endymion* and *Charon/Orpheus* for the Royal Opera House at The Globe, *Sharpless/Madam Butterfly* for Iford Arts, *Sid/Albert Herring* for Maggio Musicale Fiorentino, *Witness 6/Icarus* at the Montepulciano Festival, *Papageno/Die Zauberflöte* at the Teatro Petruzzelli di Bari and *Gratiano/The Merchant of Venice* (André Tchaikowsky) for the Polish National Opera.

In concert, Philip has performed with orchestras including The Hallé, the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic's Ensemble 10/10, Manchester Camerata and the Northern Sinfonia with conductors including Sir Mark Elder, Clark Rundell, David Hill and Nicholas Kraemer.

This season includes the role of Nottingham's *Confidant/Roberto Devereux* for WNO, *Sharpless/Madam Butterfly* on tour with Diva Opera, a return to the Montepulciano Festival to sing in Sondheim's musical *Passion* as well song recitals and concerts across the UK.



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## Julius Drake

The pianist Julius Drake lives in London and enjoys an international reputation as one of the finest instrumentalists in his field, collaborating with many of the world's leading artists, both in recital and on disc. He appears regularly at all the major music centres and festivals: the Aldeburgh, Edinburgh International, Munich, Schubertiade and Salzburg Music Festivals; Carnegie Hall and Lincoln Center, New York; The Royal Concertgebouw, Amsterdam; Wigmore Hall and BBC Proms, London.

Julius Drake's many recordings include a widely-acclaimed series with Gerald Finley for Hyperion, from which the Barber Songs, Schumann Heine Lieder and Britten Songs and Proverbs won the 2007, 2009 and 2011 Gramophone Awards; award-winning recordings with Ian Bostridge for EMI; several recitals for the Wigmore Live label, with among others Alice Coote, Joyce Didonato, Lorraine Hunt Lieberson, Christopher Maltman and Matthew Polenzani; recordings of Kodály and Schoeck sonatas with the cellists Natalie Clein and Christian Poltera for the Hyperion and Bis labels; of Tchaikovsky and Mahler with Christianne Stotijn for Onyx; English song with Bejun Mehta for Harmonia Mundi; and Schubert's 'Poetisches Tagebuch' with Christoph Prégardien, which won the Jahrespreis der Deutschen Schallplattenkritik 2016.

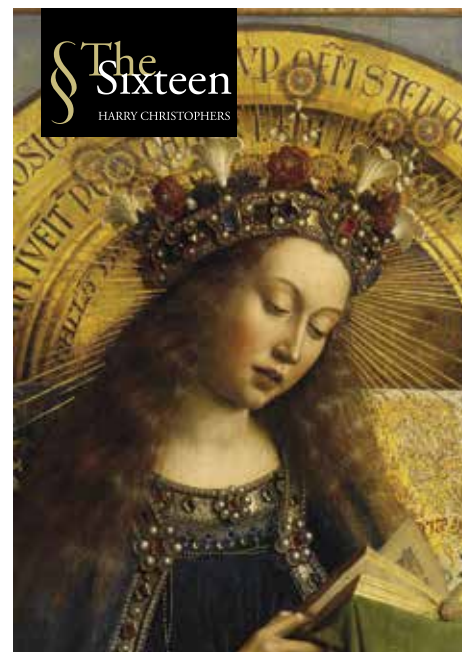
Julius Drake is now embarked on a major project to record the complete songs of Franz Liszt for Hyperion – the second disc in the series, with Angelika

Kirchschlager, won the BBC Music Magazine Award 2012 – and a series of four Schubert recitals recorded live at Wigmore Hall with Ian Bostridge.

Concerts in the coming seasons include recitals in his series, 'Julius Drake and Friends' at the historic Middle Temple Hall in London; concerts in Cologne, Brussels and Schwarzenberg with Ian Bostridge; in Amsterdam, Madrid, London and Philadelphia with Sarah Connolly; in Vienna, Zurich and Leeds with Angelika Kirchschlager; in Vienna, Hamburg and London with Gerald Finley; in Bilbao, London and Vilabertran with Christoph Prégardien; and in New York with Matthew Polenzani. Further engagements include a Beethoven song series for the 92<sup>nd</sup> Street Y in New York, a Mahler series for the Concertgebouw, Amsterdam, and a Mendelssohn/Liszt series for the Wigmore Hall, London.



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