

Cathedral Concert Society

Chamber Concerts in Ripon
2017–18 season

Schubert's *Winterreise*



Roderick Williams *baritone*
with Iain Burnside *piano*



Sponsored by
Maunby Investment Management Ltd

Monday 12 February 2018 | Ripon Cathedral

www.riponconcerts.co.uk

Welcome

A very warm welcome to everyone who has bravely come on their own winter's journey to be here this evening for the second in our Schubert great song cycle series.

This very special work leaves a lasting impression on singers and audience alike. Joseph von Spaun wrote in Schubert's obituary: "*No-one, surely, could sing, hear or play these songs without being shaken to the depths.*" For Ian Bostridge, who gave the last performance for the Society here on 3 February 1997, Schubert's masterpiece has become an obsession. He has performed it more than 100 times and written a book about it.

We are so pleased to have been able to persuade another great English singer to bring this powerful and enigmatic masterpiece to Ripon this evening. Roderick Williams is himself in the middle of an epic journey of exploration through Schubert's great song cycles, which culminates in performances of all three in Wigmore Hall. He is sharing the process of discovery and learning with his longstanding duo partner, Iain Burnside, and students at the Guildhall.

Not content with performing the original German settings of Müller's poems, he has also performed Jeremy Sams' English version of the work at the Ryedale Festival in 2016.

Winterreise was originally intended to be sung to an intimate gathering but performances now pack concert halls throughout the world. Such has been the demand for tickets for this evening's performance that we have had to relocate the concert from the quire to the much larger nave of the Cathedral. Perhaps however this more austere and ethereal space is appropriate for our journey this evening.

Please make a note in your diaries that we will be having a performance of *Schwanengesang* next season on Monday 11 February 2019.

Roger Higson, Chairman

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Cathedral Concert Society

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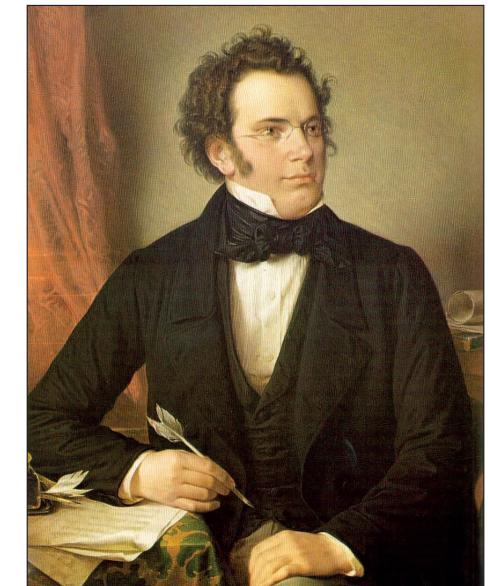
Monday 12 February 2018
Schubert's Winterreise

Roderick Williams baritone
Iain Burnside piano

Franz Peter Schubert (1797–1828)
Winterreise
(Winter Journey)

*Refreshments and CDs available from
7pm in the South Transept.
The concert will begin at 8pm.*

There will be no interval.



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Winterreise

Wilhelm Müller, the author of these poems, enlisted as a youth to fight Napoleon, wrote poetry, loved a girl who became a nun, and died at the age of 33. The somewhat affected naivety of his verses was at one with the age in which he lived: and they are shapely, limpid and have an easy singing quality. The poems, with their suggestions of the frostbound countryside framing a desperate passion, tapped a well of musical poetry in Schubert which has allowed them to outlive better verses by better poets. The verses were published in 1823 and 1824. Schubert had already set other verses by Müller as *Die schöne Müllerin* and began to compose the *Winterreise* poems in February 1827 (shortly before the death of Beethoven and of Müller himself).

He evidently found their composition to have been a disturbing experience. His friend Josef Spaun recorded that after Schubert had completed the cycle, he had been run-down in health: only his friends knew just "how much the creatures of his mind took out of him and in what travail they were born. No one who saw him at his morning's work, glowing and with his eyes aflame, will ever forget it. I hold it beyond question that the excitement in which he composed his finest songs, the *Winterreise* in particular, brought about his untimely death." It is worth hanging onto the idea of 'excitement' because it is clear that in this last 18 months of his life there was no general melancholy or depression, such as might attach a particular significance to the

composition of *Winterreise*. During the same period he wrote the sunny E flat Piano Trio, the great C major symphony and many of the most popular *Impromptus* and *Moments Musicaux*. What is clear is that the poems aroused in Schubert an immediacy of response, completely unsentimentalised, which transcends whatever shortcomings the verses may have had as literature. As Richard Capell has said (in his invaluable book on the Schubert Songs), "Schubert is not to be imagined as stopping to weigh up the risks of the *Winterreise*. Visibly he flung himself into the attack. Müller helped him with plentiful pictures and fancies, but not with any characterisation or dramatic encounters. The winter journey is vague. The traveller we do not truly know, though we hear the tale of his soliloquy from the ironic farewell, through storms of reproaches, regrets and plaints, to the final fancies of the unhinged mind. Only an outline is visible of the form that goes staggering into the snowstorm. Schubert, however, saw enough. He saw pictures of the wintry land, all blank with snow, the brooks all iron, the lovers' lime-tree bare. He saw in this landscape the victim of some unkindness and heard a repeated plaint. Enough. We think of Schubert as modest, and so he was in relation to society. But the artist in him was a lion of audacity. The enterprise of the *Winterreise* was unique; the achievement – seventy pages of lamentation on lamentation – a prodigy."

When Schubert first played what he described as "this bunch of ghastly

songs which have taken more out of me than any other songs I have written" to his friends, they were at first nonplussed. However when the singer Michael Vogl took the songs into his repertory, their worth was soon recognised. (Vogl was a baritone, yet the original keys of the songs are essentially in the tenor register, which raises the interesting question of just what type of voice Schubert had in mind for these songs.)

The songs are not a narrative: rather the selected poems are moments on a journey in which the underlying journey is left implicit. They are windows into a tortured spirit, leading who knows where. They can hardly be described as highlights.

The following synopsis reduces each song to a single sentence, inadequate to convey the full depth of the songs but which may prove helpful.

Synopsis

A young (?) man sets out from the town where he had felt happy. His girlfriend has rejected him, something he should have anticipated from the weather-vane on her roof. His tears freeze on his cheeks, so cold is the winter. He crosses the meadow where they had been happy but it is now covered in snow: he can take nothing with him. The lime tree on which he had carved their initials seemed to call him back but the wind blew him ever onwards. His tears fall into the snow which one day will melt into the stream which passes his lover's house. He can carve her name and the moment of their first

meeting in the ice on the stream itself, now frozen over but soon to become a raging torrent. He glances back at the town which once had welcomed him but now seemed so hostile. A will-o'-the-wisp draws him into the isolation of the mountains: he follows the river bed onwards. Only then does he pause for rest in a charcoal burner's hut: he continually contrasts the ice and cold outside with the fire burning within him. He dreams of happy past springtime, but awakes at cockcrow to loneliness and the cawing of ravens. The storm is over and he trudges miserably on, always alone. On the distant highway he hears the sound of the posthorn: no letter for him from his sweetheart? He realises that frost has made him seem white headed: he is astonished that it has not really occurred. A crow has been following him as if waiting to scavenge his remains: it won't have to wait much longer! He watches leaves on a tree: if his chosen leaf should fall, his hopes would fall with it. He passes a village where the dogs bark and the inhabitants are happily asleep: it is not for him. A storm breaks out suiting his mood. He imagines that he is being lured by a friendly light to the mirage of a warm house. Why does he shun roads and people when he has done nothing wrong: there are signposts but his signpost directs him away. A graveyard serves as an inn: why are its rooms already full? Courage then! Hallucinating he sees three suns: he would feel better in the dark. He meets a hurdy-gurdy man: why not join him on his miserable journey?

1. 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 Mondenschatten
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
Ans Tor dir: Gute Nacht,
Damit du mögest sehen,
An dich hab' ich gedacht.

Good Night

I came here a stranger,
As a stranger I depart.
May favoured me
With many a bunch of flowers.

The girl spoke of love,
Her mother even of marriage
Now the world is so gloomy,
The road shrouded in snow.

I cannot choose the time
To begin my journey,
Must find my own way
In this darkness.

A shadow of the moon travels
With me as my companion,
And upon the white fields
I seek the deer's track.

Why should I stay here any longer
So that people can drive me away?
Let stray dogs howl
In front of their master's house;

Love loves to wander -
God made it that way
From one to the other,
My dearest, good night!

I don't want to disturb your dreaming,
It would be a shame to wake you.
You won't hear my step,
Softly, softly the door closes!

I write in passing
On your gate: Good night,
So that you may see
That I thought of you.

2. Die Wetterfahne

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

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.

3. Gefror'ne Tränen

Gefrorne 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!

The Weathervane

The wind plays with the weathervane
On my lovely darling's house.
And I thought in my delusion,
That it mocked the poor fugitive.

He should have noticed sooner
The symbol displayed on the house,
So he wouldn't ever have expected
To find a faithful woman within.

The wind plays with the hearts inside
As it does on the roof, only not so loudly.
Why should they care about my grief?
Their child is a rich bride.

Frozen Tears

Frozen drops are falling
Down from my cheeks.
How could I have not noticed
That I have been weeping?

Ah tears, my tears,
And are you so tepid
That you freeze to ice
Like cool morning dew?

Yet you burst from the wellspring
Of my heart so burning hot,
As if you wanted to melt
The entire winter's ice!

4. 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.

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!

5. Der Lindenbaum

Am Brunnen vor dem Tore
Da steht ein Lindenbaum;
Ich träumt' in seinem Schatten
So manchen süßen 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 Dunkeln
Die Augen zugemacht.

Numbness

I search the snow in vain
For the trace of her steps.
Where she, arm in arm with me,
Crossed the green meadow.

I want to kiss the ground,
Penetrate ice and snow
With my hot tears,
Until I see the soil.

Where will I find a blossom,
Where will I find green grass?
The flowers are all dead,
The turf is so pale.

Shall then no memento
Accompany me from here?
When my pains cease,
Who will tell me of her then?

My heart is as if dead,
Her image frozen cold within;
If my heart ever thaws again,
Her image will melt away, too!

The Linden Tree

At the well by the gate
There stands a linden tree;
I dreamed in its shadow
Many a sweet dream.

I carved in its bark
Many a word of love;
In joy and in sorrow
I was always drawn to it.

Again today I had to travel
Past it in the depths of night.
There even in the darkness
I closed my eyes.

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

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

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

6. Wasserflut

Manche Trän' aus meinen Augen
Ist gefallen in den Schnee;
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,
Nimmt 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.

And its branches rustled,
As if they called to me:
Come here to me, friend,
Here you'll find peace!

The cold winds blew
Right into my face;
The hat flew off my head,
I didn't turn around.

Now I am many hours
Distant from that place,
And I still hear it whispering:
You'd find peace here!

Flood Water

Many a tear from my eyes
Has fallen in the snow;
Its cold flakes absorb
Thirstily the burning woe.

When it's time for the grass to sprout
There blows a mild wind,
And the ice will break apart
And the soft snow melt away.

Snow, you know about my longing,
Tell me, where does your course lead?
If you just follow my tears,
The brook will soon receive you.

You will flow through the town with it,
In and out of the busy streets;
When you feel my tears burning,
There is my sweetheart's house.

7. 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 zerbroch'ner Ring.

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

8. 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 jedem 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!

On the River

You who thundered so cheerfully,
You clear, untamed river,
How quiet you have become,
Give no word of farewell.

With a hard stiff crust
You have covered yourself,
Lie cold and unmoving,
Outstretched in the sand.

In your covering I inscribe
With a sharp stone
The name of my sweetheart
And the hour and day, as well.

The day of the first greeting,
The day on which I left;
Around name and figures winds
A broken ring.

My heart, in this stream
Do you now recognise your image?
And under its crust
Is there also a raging torrent?

A Look Backward

It's burning under both my feet,
Even though I walk on ice and snow;
I don't want to catch my breath
Until I can no longer see the spires.

I tripped on every stone,
As I hurried out of the town;
The crows hurled chunks of snow and ice
On my hat from every house.

How differently you received me,
You town of inconstancy!
At your sparkling windows sang
The lark and nightingale in competition.

The bushy linden trees bloomed,
The clear streams murmured brightly,
And, oh, two maiden's eyes were glowing.
Then was your fate was sealed, my boy!

Kommt mir der Tag in die gedanken,
Möcht' ich noch einmal rückwärts seh'n.
Möcht' ich zurücke wieder wanken,
Vor ihrem Hause stille steh'n.

9. 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;
Uns're Freuden, uns're Wehen,
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.

10. 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 ruh'n 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!

Whenever that day enters my thoughts,
I want to look back once more,
I want to turn back again
And stand still before her house.

Will o' the Wisp

Into the deepest mountain chasms
A will o' the wisp lured me;
How to find a way out
Doesn't worry me much.

I'm used to going astray,
And every way leads to the goal.
Our joys, our sorrows,
Are all a will o' the wisp's game!

Through the mountain stream's dry channel
I calmly wend my way.
Every river finds its way to the ocean,
And every sorrow to its grave

Rest

Now I first notice how tired I am
As I lay myself down to rest;
Walking had kept me going strong
On the inhospitable road.

My feet didn't ask for rest,
It was too cold to stand still,
My back felt no burden,
The storm helped to blow me onward.

In a charcoal-burner's tiny house
I have found shelter;
But my limbs won't relax,
Their hurts burn so much.

You, too, my heart, in strife and storm
So wild and so bold,
Feel first in the silence your serpent
Stir with burning sting!

11. Frühlingstraum

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

Und als die Hähne krähten,
Da ward mein Auge wach;
Da war es kalt und finster,
Es schrien 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 Küssem,
Von Wonne und Seligkeit.

Und als die Hähne krähten,
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 grün't ihr Blätter am Fenster?
Wann halt' ich mein Liebchen im Arm?

12. Einsamkeit

Wie eine trübe Wolke
Durch heit're Lüfte geht,
Wenn in der Tanne Wipfel
Ein mattes Lüftchen weht,

So zieh ich meine Straße
Dahin mit trägem Fuß,
Durch helles, frohes Leben
Einsam und ohne Gruß.

Dream of Spring

I dreamed of many-coloured flowers,
The way they bloom in May;
I dreamed of green meadows,
Of merry bird calls.

And when the roosters crowed,
My eye awakened;
It was cold and dark,
The ravens shrieked on the roof.

But on the window panes
Who painted the leaves there?
I suppose you'll laugh at the dreamer
Who saw flowers in winter?

I dreamed of love reciprocated,
Of a beautiful maiden,
Of embracing and kissing,
Of joy and delight.

And when the roosters crowed,
My heart awakened;
Now I sit here alone
And reflect on the dream.

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

Solitude

As a dreary cloud
Moves through the clear sky,
When in the crown of the fir tree
A faint breeze blows,

So I travel my road
Onward with sluggish feet,
Through bright, happy life,
Lonely and unrecognised.

Ach, daß die Luft so ruhig!

Ach, daß die Welt so licht!
Als noch die Stürme tobten,
War ich so elend nicht.

13. 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 wunderlich,
Mein Herz?

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

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

14. Der greise Kopf

Der Reif hatt' einen weißen Schein
Mir übers 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!

Oh, that the air should be so still!
Oh, that the world should be so light!
When the storms still raged,
I was not so miserable.

The Post

From the highroad a posthorn sounds.
Why do you leap so high,
My heart?
The post does not bring a letter for you,
Why the strange compulsion,
My heart?

Of course, the post comes from the town,
Where I once had a dear sweetheart,
My heart!

Would you like to take a look over there,
And ask how things are going,
My heart?

The Old-Man's Head

The frost has spread a white sheen
All over my hair;
I thought I had become an old man
And was very pleased about it.

But soon it melted away,
And now I have black hair again,
So that I am horrified by my youth
How long still to the grave!

From the sunset to the dawn
Many a head turns white.
Who can believe it? And mine
Has not on this whole journey!

15. 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 geh'n
An dem Wanderstabe.
Krähe, laß mich endlich seh'n
Treue bis zum Grabe!

16. Letzte Hoffnung

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

Schau 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.

17. 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.

The Crow

A crow has accompanied me
Since I left the town,
Until today, as ever,
It has circled over my head.

Crow, you strange creature,
Won't you ever leave me?
Do you plan soon as booty
To have my carcase?

Well, I won't be much longer
Wandering on the road.
Crow, let me finally see
Loyalty unto the grave!

Last Hope

Here and there on the trees
There's a coloured leaf to be seen.
And I stop in front of the trees
Often, lost in thought.

I watch a particular leaf
And pin my hopes on it;
If the wind plays with my leaf
I tremble from head to foot.

Oh, and if the leaf falls to earth,
My hopes fall along with it.
I fall to earth as well
And weep on the grave of my hopes.

In the Village

The dogs are barking, the chains are rattling;
The people are sleeping in their beds,
Dreaming of things they don't have,
Refreshing themselves in good and bad.

And in the morning all will have vanished.
Oh well, they had their share of pleasure
And hope that what they missed
Can be found again on their pillows.

Bellt mich nur fort, ihr wachen Hunde,
Laßt mich nicht ruh'n in der
Schlummerstunde!
Ich bin zu Ende mit allen Träumen.
Was will ich unter den Schläfern säumen?

18. Der stürmische Morgen

Wie hat der Sturm zerrissen
Des Himmels graues Kleid!
Die Wolkenfetzen flattern
Umher im matten Streit.
Und rote Feuerflammen
Zieh'n zwischen ihnen hin;
Das nenn' ich einen Morgen
So recht nach meinem Sinn!
Mein Herz sieht an dem Himmel
Gemalt sein eig'nes Bild
Es ist nichts als der Winter,
Der Winter kalt und wild!

19. 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!

Drive me out with your barking, you
vigilant dogs, Don't let me rest when
it's time for slumber.
I am finished with all my dreams.
Why should I linger among the sleepers?

The Stormy Morning

How the storm has torn asunder
The heavens' grey cover!
The cloud tatters flutter
Around in weary strife.
And fiery red flames
Dart around among them;
That's what I call a morning
That really fits my mood!
My heart sees in the heavens
Its own image painted
It's nothing but the winter,
Winter cold and wild!

Illusion

A light does a friendly dance before me,
I follow it here and there;
I like to follow it and watch
The way it lures the wanderer.

Ah, a man as wretched as I am
Is glad to fall for the merry trick
That, beyond ice and night and fear,
Shows him a bright, warm house.
And a loving soul within. -
Only illusion lets me win!

20. Der Wegweiser

Was vermeid' ich denn die Wege,
Wo die ander'n Wand'rer geh'n,
Suche mir versteckte Stege,
Durch verschneite Felsenhöh'n ?

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.

21. Das Wirtshaus

Auf einen Totenacker
Hat mich mein Weg gebracht;
Allhier will ich einkehren,
Hab ich bei mir gedacht.

Ihr grünen Totenkränze
Könnt wohl die Zeichen sein,
Die müde Wand'rer laden
Ins 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!

The Sign Post

Why then do I avoid the highways
Where the other travellers go,
Search out the hidden pathways
Through the snowy mountain tops?

I've committed no crime
That I should hide from other men.
What is the foolish compulsion
That drives me into desolation?

Signposts stand along the highways
Pointing to the cities,
And I wander ever further
Without rest and look for rest.

Before me I see a signpost standing
Fixed before my gaze.
I must travel a road
From which no one ever returned.

The Inn

My way has led me
To a graveyard;
Here I'll stop,
I told myself.

You green mourning garlands
Must be the sign
That invites weary travellers
Into the cool inn.

What, all the rooms
In this house are full?
I'm tired enough to drop,
Have taken mortal hurt.

Oh, merciless inn,
You turn me away?
Well, onward then, still further,
My loyal walking staff!

22. Mut

Fliegt der Schnee mir ins 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!

23. Die Nebensonnen

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

Ach, meine Sonnen seid ihr nicht!
Schaut ander'n doch ins Angesicht!
Ja, neulich hatt' ich auch wohl drei;
Nun sind hinab die besten zwei.
Ging nur die dritt' erst hinterdrein!
Im Dunkel wird mir wohler sein.

Courage

If the snow flies in my face,
I shake it off again.
When my heart speaks in my breast,
I sing loudly and gaily.

I don't hear what it says to me,
I have no ears to listen;
I don't feel when it laments,
Complaining is for fools.

Happy through the world along
Facing wind and weather!
If there's no God upon the earth,
Then we ourselves are Gods!

The False Suns

I saw three suns in the sky,
Stared at them hard for a long time;
And they stayed there so stubbornly
That it seemed they didn't want to
leave me.

Ah, you are not my suns!
Go, look into someone else's face!
Yes, recently I, too, had three
But now the best two have gone down.
If only the third would also set!
I will feel better in the dark.

24. Der Leiermann

Drüben hinterm Dorfe
Steht ein Leiermann
Und mit starren Fingern
Dreht er was er kann.

Barfuß auf dem Eise
Wankt 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?

Texts by Wilhelm Müller (1794-1827)

The Hurdy-Gurdy Man

Over there beyond the village
Stands an organ-grinder;
And with his numb fingers
He plays as best he can.

Barefoot on the ice
He totters here and there,
And his little plate
Is always empty.

No one listens to him;
No one notices him.
And the dogs growl
Around the old man.

And he just lets it happen,
As it will,
Plays, and his hurdy-gurdy
Is never still.

Strange old man,
Shall I go with you?
Will you lay your organ
To my songs?

*English translations by Celia Sgroi
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Roderick Williams OBE baritone

Roderick Williams encompasses a wide repertoire from baroque to contemporary music in the opera house, the concert platform and is also in demand as a recitalist worldwide.

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He performs regularly with all the BBC and major UK orchestras, the Berlin Philharmonic, Deutsches Symphonie-Orchester Berlin, New York Philharmonic, Orchestre Philharmonique de Radio France, Ensemble Orchestral de Paris, Accademia Nazionale di Santa Cecilia, Cincinnati Symphony, Music of the Baroque Chicago and Bach Collegium Japan amongst others. His many festival appearances include the BBC Proms, Edinburgh, Cheltenham, Aldeburgh and Melbourne.

Roderick Williams is a composer and has had works premiered at the Wigmore and Barbican Halls, the Purcell Room and on national radio. In December 2016 he won the prize for best choral composition at the British Composer Awards.

Roderick was awarded the OBE in June 2017.

Iain Burnside piano

Iain Burnside has appeared in recital with many of the world's leading singers. He is also an insightful programmer with an instinct for the telling juxtaposition. His recordings straddle an exuberantly eclectic repertoire ranging from Beethoven and Schubert to the cutting edge, as in the Gramophone Award-winning NMC Songbook. Recent recordings include the complete Rachmaninov songs (Delphian) with seven outstanding Russian artists. Burnside's passion for English Song is reflected in acclaimed CDs of Britten, Finzi, Ireland, Butterworth and Vaughan Williams, many with Roderick Williams.

Away from the piano Burnside is active as a writer and broadcaster. As presenter of BBC R3's *Voices* he won a Sony Radio Award. For Guildhall School of Music & Drama Burnside has devised a number of singular theatre pieces. *A Soldier and a Maker*, based on the life of Ivor Gurney, was performed at the Barbican Centre and the Cheltenham Festival, and later broadcast by BBC R3 on Armistice Day. His new project *Swansong* has been premiered at the Kilkenny Festival and will play in Milton Court in November.

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Iain Burnside is Artistic Director of the Ludlow English Song Weekend and Artistic Consultant to Grange Park Opera.

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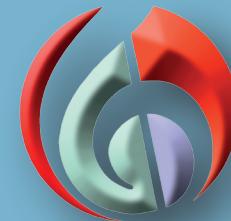
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