



Royal Conservatoire
of Scotland

A Winter Journey

Sir Thomas Allen **Baritone**
Ian McGlashan Visiting Artist

Malcolm Martineau **Piano**
International Fellow

FRANZ SCHUBERT (1797-1828)
Winterreise



Fridays at One
13 February 2015

The genesis of Franz Schubert's second song cycle was very much a tale in two parts.

In February 1827, Schubert came across a collection of poems by Wilhelm Müller subtitled 'Die Winterreise'. Published four years previously, it contained just twelve texts, and the composer proceeded to set what he believed was a complete cycle. Schubert was familiar with Müller's work, having previously set a group of his poems to create the first great song cycle, *Die schöne Müllerin*. Inspired, he set about his task, and completed much of the work by the end of that same month.

This was a time of uncertainty in Schubert's life. He was typically broke, and often in physical discomfort, stemming from illnesses connected to his syphilis. He craved the isolation and solitude needed to concentrate on his work, and began withdrawing from social life. The still-popular Schubertiads continued, with Vienna's cultural elite gathering to marvel at Franz's gifts, in particular his singular ability to set text to music; but bit by bit, these soirées happened without the presence of their namesake.

Later that summer, Schubert found a publication containing the further twelve poems by Müller that completed the 'Winterreise' cycle. He appears to have been undaunted by this discovery, and still inspired by Müller's evocative texts, proceeded to set the remaining poems with the same energy with which he had approached the first dozen. This unconventional process resulted in an ordering of the twenty-four songs that differed substantially from Müller's original intentions. But Schubert felt that the result was actually more suited to his musical vision.

Though he was rather protective of this new work, obsessively revising more than with any of his previous songs, financial need pushed him to publish quickly, and so Part One appeared in January 1828. Part Two appeared almost a year later, in December 1828 - a month after Schubert's death, aged just thirty-one.

A review of Part One in the *Theaterzeitung* from March 1828 shows how quickly audiences grasped the unique power of this work and its potential legacy: "Herein lies the very essence of the Romanticism of German culture and in such a genuine union of external and internal harmonies lies the main achievement of both the poet who speaks and the poet who sings."

To have these two great artists at the Conservatoire today is in large part exactly why we have the Fridays at One concert series. For our students to experience performances of this significant repertoire by artists like Sir Thomas Allen and Malcolm Martineau can influence their studies and artistry for years to come.

Nicolas Žekulin, Head of Artistic Planning

FRANZ SCHUBERT (1797-1828)

Winterreise, D911 / Op.89

Texts by Wilhelm Müller (1794-1827)

I. Gute Nacht (Good Night)

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
An's Tor dir gute Nacht,
Damit du mögest sehen,
An dich hab' ich gedacht.

I arrived a stranger,
A stranger I depart.
May blessed me
With many a bouquet of flowers.
The girl spoke of love,
Her mother even of marriage;
Now the world is so desolate,
The path concealed beneath snow.

I cannot choose the time
For my journey;
I must find my own way
In this darkness.
A shadow thrown by the moon
Is my companion;
And on the white meadows
I seek the tracks of deer.

Why should I tarry longer
And be driven out?
Let stray dogs howl
Before their master's house.
Love delights in wandering—
God made it so—
From one to another.
Beloved, good night!

I will not disturb you as you dream,
It would be a shame to spoil your rest.
You shall not hear my footsteps;
Softly, softly the door is closed.
As I pass I write
'Good night' on your gate,
So that you might see
That I thought of you.

II. Die Wetterfahne (The Weathervane)

Der Wind spielt mit der Wetterfahne
Auf meines schönen Liebchens Haus.
Da dacht' ich schon in meinem Wahne,
Sie piff' 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.

The wind is playing with the weathervane
On my fair sweetheart's house.
In my delusion I thought
It was whistling to mock the poor fugitive.

He should have noticed it sooner,
This sign fixed upon the house;
Then he would never have sought
A faithful woman within that house.

Inside the wind is playing with hearts,
As on the roof, only less loudly.
Why should they care about my grief?
Their child is a rich bride.

III. Gefrorne Tränen (Frozen Tears)

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.

Frozen drops fall
From my cheeks;
Have I, then, not noticed
That I have been weeping?

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

And yet you well up, so scaldingly hot,
From your source within my heart,
As if you would melt
All the ice of winter.

IV. Erstarrung (Frozen Stiff)

Ih 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.

In vain I seek
Her footprints in the snow,
Where she walked on my arm
Through the green meadows.
I will kiss the ground
And pierce ice and snow
With my burning tears,
Until I see the earth.

Where shall I find a flower?
Where shall I find green grass?
The flowers have died,
The grass looks so pale.

Shall I, then, take
No memento from here?
When my sorrows are stilled
Who will speak to me of her?

My heart is as dead,
Her image coldly rigid within it;
If my heart ever melts again
Her image, too, will flow away.

V. Der Lindenbaum (The Linden Tree)

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

By the well, before the gate,
Stands a linden tree;
In its shade I dreamt
Many a sweet dream.

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

Today, too, I had to walk
Past it at dead of night;
Even in the darkness
I closed my eyes.

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

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

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

And its branches rustled
As if they were calling to me:
'Come to me, friend,
Here you will find rest.'

The cold wind blew
Straight into my face,
My hat flew from my head;
I did not turn back.

Now I am many hours' journey
From that place;
Yet I still hear the rustling:
'There you would find rest.'

VI. Wasserflut (Flood)

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.

Many a tear has fallen
From my eyes into the snow;
Its cold flakes eagerly suck in
My burning grief.

When the grass is about to shoot forth,
A mild breeze blows;
The ice breaks up into pieces
And the soft snow melts away.

Snow, you know of my longing;
Tell me, where does your path lead?
If you but follow my tears
The brook will soon absorb you.

With it you will flow through the town,
In and out of bustling streets;
When you feel my tears glow,
There will be my sweetheart's house.

VII. Auf dem Flusse (On the Stream)

Der du so lustig rauschtest,
Du heller, wilder Fluß,
Wie still bist du geworden,
Gibst keinen Scheidegruß.

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

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

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

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

You who rippled so merrily
Clear, boisterous river,
How still you have become;
You give no parting greeting.

With a hard, rigid crust
You have covered yourself;
You lie cold and motionless,
Stretched out in the sand.

On your surface I carve
With a sharp stone
The name of my beloved,
The hour and the day.

The day of our first greeting,
The date I departed.
Around name and figures
A broken ring is entwined.

My heart, do you now recognize
Your image in this brook?
Is there not beneath its crust
Likewise a seething torrent?

VIII. Rückblick (Backwards Glance)

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

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

The soles of my feet are burning,
Though I walk on ice and snow;
I do not wish to draw breath again
Until I can no longer see the towers.

I tripped on every stone,
Such was my hurry to leave the town;
The crows threw snowballs and
hailstones
On to my hat from every house.

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

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

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

How differently you received me.
Town of inconstancy!
At your shining windows
Lark and nightingale sang in rivalry.

The round linden trees blossomed,
The clear fountains plashed brightly,
And, ah, a maiden's eyes glowed;
Then, friend, your fate was sealed.

When that day comes to my mind
I should like to look back once more,
And stumble back
To stand before her house.

IX. Irrlicht (Will o' the Wisp)

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

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

Durch des Bergstroms trockne Rinnen
Wind' ich ruhig mich hinab–
Jeder Strom wird's Meer gewinnen,
Jedes Leiden auch sein Grab.

A will-o'-the-wisp enticed me
Into the deepest rocky chasms;
How I shall find a way out
Does not trouble my mind.

I am used to straying;
Every path leads to one goal.
Our joys, our sorrows–
All are a will-o'-the wisp's game.

Down the dry gullies of the mountain
stream
I calmly wend my way;
Every river will reach the sea;
Every sorrow, too, will reach its grave.

X. Rast (Rest)

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

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

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

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

Only now, as I lie down to rest,
Do I notice how tired I am.
Walking kept me cheerful
On the inhospitable road.

My feet did not seek rest;
It was too cold to stand still.
My back felt no burden;
The storm helped to blow me onwards.

In a charcoal-burner's cramped cottage
I found shelter.
But my limbs cannot rest,
Their wounds burn so.

You too, my heart, so wild and daring
In battle and tempest;
In this calm you now feel the stirring of
your serpent,
With its fierce sting.

XI. Frühlingstraum (Dreams of Spring)

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

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

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

I dreamt of bright flowers
That blossom in May;
I dreamt of green meadows
And merry bird-calls.

And when the cocks crowed
My eyes awoke:
It was cold and dark,
Ravens cawed from the roof.

But there, on the window panes,
Who had painted the leaves?
Are you laughing at the dreamer
Who saw flowers in winter?

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

I dreamt of mutual love,
Of a lovely maiden,
Of embracing and kissing,
Of joy and rapture.

Und als die Hähne krähten,
Da ward mein Herze wach;
Nun sitz' ich hier alleine
Und denke dem Traume nach.
Die Augen schließ' ich wieder,
Noch schlägt das Herz so warm.
Wann grünt ihr Blätter am Fenster?
Wann halt' ich mein Liebchen, im Arm?

And when the cocks crowed
My heart awoke;
Now I sit here alone
And reflect upon my dream.
I close my eyes again,
My heart still beats so warmly.
Leaves on my window, when will you
turn green?
When shall I hold my love in my arms?

XII. Einsamkeit (Loneliness)

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

As a dark cloud
Drifts through clear skies,
When a faint breeze blows
In the fir-tops;

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

Thus I go on my way,
With weary steps, through
Bright, joyful life,
Alone, greeted by no one.

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

Alas, that the air is so calm!
Alas, that the world is so bright!
When storms were still raging
I was not so wretched.

XIII. Die Post (The Post)

Von der Straße her ein Posthorn klingt.
Was hat es, daß es so hoch aufspringt,
Mein Herz?

A posthorn sounds from the road
Why is it that you leap so high,
My heart?

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

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

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

But yes, the post comes from the town
Where I once had a beloved sweetheart,
My heart!

Willst wohl einmal hinübersehn,
Und fragen, wie es dort mag gehn,
Mein Herz?

Do you want to peep out
And ask how things are there,
My heart?

XIV. Der greise Kopf (The Grey Head/ The Old Man's Head)

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

The frost has sprinkled a white sheen
Upon my hair:
I thought I was already an old man,
And I rejoiced.

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

But soon it melted away;
Once again I have black hair,
So that I shudder at my youth.
How far it is still to the grave!

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

Between sunset and the light of morning
Many a head has turned grey.
Who will believe it? Mine has not done so
Throughout this whole journey.

XV. Die Krähe (The Crow)

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

A crow has come with me
From the town,
And to this day
Has been flying ceaselessly about my
head.

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

Crow, you strange creature,
Will you not leave me?
Do you intend soon
To seize my body as prey?

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

Well, I do not have much further to walk
With my staff.
Crow, let me at last see
Faithfulness unto the grave.

XVI. Letzte Hoffnung (Last Hope)

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

Schauen 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.

Here and there on the trees
Many a coloured leaf can still be seen.
I often stand, lost in thought,
Before those trees.

I look at one such leaf
And hang my hopes upon it;
If the wind plays with my leaf
I tremble to the depths of my being.

Ah, and if the leaf falls to the ground
My hopes fall with it;
I, too, fall to the ground
And weep on the grave of my hopes.

XVII. Im Dorfe (In the Village)

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

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

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

Dogs bark, chains rattle;
People sleep in their beds,
Dreaming of many a thing they do not
possess,
Consoling themselves with the good and
the bad.

And tomorrow morning all will have
vanished.
Well, they have enjoyed their share,
And hope to find on their pillows
What they still have left to savour.

Drive me away with your barking,
watchful dogs;
Allow me no rest in this hour of sleep!
I am finished with all dreams.
Why should I linger among slumberers?

XVIII. Der stürmische Morgen (The Stormy Morning)

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

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

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

How the storm has torn apart
The grey mantle of the sky!
Tattered clouds fly about
In weary conflict.

And red flames
Dart between them.
This is what I call
A morning after my own heart.

My heart sees its own image
Painted in the sky.
It is nothing but winter–
Winter, cold and savage.

XIX. Täuschung (Deception/ Delusion)

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!

A light dances cheerfully before me,
I follow it this way and that;
I follow it gladly, knowing
That it lures the wanderer.

Ah, a man as wretched as I
Gladly yields to the beguiling gleam
That reveals to him, beyond ice, night
and terror,

A bright, warm house,
And a beloved soul within.
Even mere delusion is a boon to me!

XX. Der Wegweiser (The Signpost)

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

Habe ja doch nichts begangen,
Daß ich Menschen sollte scheun—
Welch ein törichtes Verlangen
Treibt mich in die Wüstenein?

Weiser stehen auf den Wegen,
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.

Why do I avoid the roads
That other travellers take,
And seek hidden paths
Over the rocky, snow-clad heights?

Yet I have done no wrong,
That I should shun mankind.
What foolish yearning
Drives me into the wilderness?

Signposts stand on the roads,
Pointing towards the towns;
And I wander on, relentlessly,
Restless, and yet seeking rest.

I see a signpost standing
Immovable before my eyes;
I must travel a road
From which no man has ever returned.

XXI. Das Wirtshaus (The Inn)

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 Wandrer laden
In's kühle Wirtshaus ein.

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

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

My journey has brought me
To a graveyard.
Here, I thought to myself,
I will rest for the night.

Green funeral wreaths,
You must be the signs
Inviting tired travellers
Into the cool inn.

Are all the rooms
In this house taken, then?
I am weary to the point of collapse,
I am fatally wounded.

Pitiless tavern,
Do you nonetheless turn me away?
On, then, press onwards,
My trusty staff!

XXII. Mut! (Courage)

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

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

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

When the snow flies in my face
I shake it off.
When my heart speaks in my breast
I sing loudly and merrily.

I do not hear what it tells me,
I have no ears;
I do not feel what it laments.
Lamenting is for fools.

Cheerfully out into the world,
Against wind and storm!
If there is no God on earth,
Then we ourselves are gods!

XXIII. Die Nebensonnen (The Mock Suns)

Drei Sonnen sah ich am Himmel stehn,
Hab' lang' und fest sie angesehen;
Und sie auch standen da so stier,
Als wollten sie nicht weg von mir.
Ach, meine Sonnen seid ihr nicht!
Schaut Andern doch in's Angesicht!
Ja, neulich hatt' ich auch wohl drei:
Nun sind hinab die besten zwei.
Ging' nur die dritt' erst hinterdrein!
Im Dunkeln wird mir wohler sein.

I saw three suns in the sky;
I gazed at them long and intently.
And they, too, stood there so fixedly,
As if unwilling to leave me.
Alas, you are not my suns!
Gaze into other people's faces!
Yes, not long ago I, too, had three suns;
Now the two best have set.
If only the third would follow,
I should feel happier in the dark.

XXIV. Der Leiermann (The Hurdy-Gurdy Man)

Drüben hinter'm 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.

There, beyond the village,
Stands a hurdy-gurdy player;
With numb fingers
He plays as best he can.

Barefoot on the ice
He totters to and fro,
And his little plate
Remains forever empty.

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

No one wants to listen,
No one looks at him,
And the dogs growl
Around the old man.

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

And he lets everything go on
As it will;
He plays, and his hurdy-gurdy
Never stops.

Wunderlicher Alter,
Soll ich mit dir gehn?
Willst zu meinen Liedern
Deine Leier drehn?

Strange old man,
Shall I go with you?
Will you turn your hurdy-gurdy
To my songs?

Translations by Richard Wigmore

Sir Thomas Allen is an established star of the great opera houses of the world. At the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, where in 2011 he celebrated the fortieth anniversary of his debut with the company, he has sung over fifty roles. The same year he also celebrated the thirtieth anniversary of his debut at the Metropolitan Opera, New York.

He has been particularly acclaimed for his Billy Budd, Pelléas, Eugene Onegin, Ulisse and Beckmesser, as well as the great Mozart roles of Count Almaviva, Don Alfonso, Papageno, Guglielmo and, of course, Don Giovanni. His recent engagements have included the title role in *Gianni Schicchi* for Los Angeles Opera and at the Spoleto Festival; the title role in *Sweeney Todd*, Beckmesser (*Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*), Faninal (*Der Rosenkavalier*), Prosdocimo (*Il turco in Italia*), Music Master (*Ariadne auf Naxos*), Peter (*Hänsel und Gretel*) and Don Alfonso at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden; Eisenstein (*Die Fledermaus*), Don Alfonso, Ulisse and Don Giovanni at the Bayerische Staatsoper; Faninal at the Bolshoi Theatre of Russia; Eisenstein at the Glyndebourne Festival; Don Alfonso at the Dallas Opera, the Lyric Opera of Chicago and at the Salzburg Easter and Summer Festivals; Forester (*The Cunning Little Vixen*) at the San Francisco Opera and Beckmesser, Don Alfonso and Music Master at the Metropolitan Opera, New York.

Opera appearances this season include Baron Mirko Zeta (*The Merry Widow*) at the Metropolitan Opera, New York and Poeta (*Il turco in Italia*) at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden.

Equally renowned on the concert platform, he appears in recital in the United Kingdom, throughout Europe, in Australia and America, and has appeared with the world's great orchestras and conductors. The greatest part of his repertoire has been extensively recorded with such distinguished names as Solti, Levine, Marriner, Haitink, Rattle, Sawallisch and Muti.

He made a triumphant directing debut in 2003 with *Albert Herring* at the Royal College of Music and he has recently directed tremendously successful productions of *Don Giovanni* and *Così fan tutte* for Samling Opera at The Sage, Gateshead. He made an equally acclaimed USA directing debut with *Le nozze di Figaro* for Arizona Opera in 2006 and has since returned to direct *Così* at the Boston Lyric Opera and *Don Pasquale* at the Chicago Lyric Opera. He is a regular guest at Scottish Opera where his productions include *Il barbiere di Siviglia*, *Le nozze di Figaro*, *Die Zauberflöte* and, most recently *Don Giovanni*.

He is Chancellor of Durham University. His many honours include the title of Bayerischer Kammersänger awarded by the Bayerische Staatsoper, an honorary doctorate from the Royal Academy of Music, Prince Consort Professor of the Royal College of Music, the Hambro Visiting Professorship of Opera Studies at Oxford University, Fellowship of the Royal College of Music, Fellowship of the University of Sunderland, M.A. from Newcastle University and a Doctorate of Music from Durham University and the University of Birmingham. In the New Year's Honours of 1989 he was created a Commander of the British Empire and in the 1999 Queen's Birthday Honours he was made a Knight Bachelor. Among his proudest achievements is having a Channel Tunnel locomotive named after him; and most recently, being awarded the Queen's Medal for Music 2013.

Thomas Allen's first book, *Foreign Parts - A Singer's Journal* was published in 1993. His film credits include *Mrs Henderson Presents* and *The Real Don Giovanni*.

Malcolm Martineau was born in Edinburgh, read Music at St Catharine's College, Cambridge and studied at the Royal College of Music.

Recognised as one of the leading accompanists of his generation, he has worked with many of the world's greatest singers including Sir Thomas Allen, Dame Janet Baker, Olaf Bär, Barbara Bonney, Ian Bostridge, Angela Gheorghiu, Susan Graham, Thomas Hampson, Della Jones, Simon Keenlyside, Angelika Kirchschrager, Magdalena Kožená, Solveig Kringelborn, Jonathan Lemalu, Dame Felicity Lott, Christopher Maltman, Karita Mattila, Lisa Milne, Ann Murray, Anna Netrebko, Anne Sofie von Otter, Joan Rodgers, Amanda Roocroft, Michael Schade, Frederica von Stade, Sarah Walker and Bryn Terfel.

He has presented his own series at the Wigmore Hall (a Britten and a Poulenc series, *Decade by Decade - 100 years of German Song* and *Songlives* broadcast by the BBC) and at the Edinburgh Festival (the complete lieder of Hugo Wolf). He has appeared throughout Europe (including London's Wigmore Hall, Barbican, Queen Elizabeth Hall and Royal Opera House; La Scala, Milan; the Châtelet, Paris; the Liceu, Barcelona; Berlin's Philharmonie and Konzerthaus; Amsterdam's Concertgebouw and Vienna's Konzerthaus and Musikverein), North America (including in New York both Alice Tully Hall and Carnegie Hall), Australia (including the Sydney Opera House) and at the Aix-en-Provence, Vienna, Edinburgh, Schubertiade, Munich and Salzburg Festivals.

Recording projects have included Schubert, Schumann and English song recitals with Bryn Terfel (for Deutsche Grammophon); Schubert and Strauss recitals with Simon Keenlyside (for EMI); recital recordings with Angela Gheorghiu and Barbara Bonney (for Decca), Magdalena Kožená (for DG), Della Jones (for Chandos), Susan Bullock (for Crear Classics), Solveig Kringelborn (for NMA); Amanda Roocroft (for Onyx); the complete Fauré songs with Sarah Walker and Tom Krause; the complete Britten Folk Songs for Hyperion; the complete Beethoven Folk Songs for Deutsche Grammophon; the complete Poulenc songs for Signum; and Britten Song Cycles as well as Schubert's *Winterreise* with Florian Boesch for Onyx and Strauss lieder with Christiane Karg.

This season's engagements include appearances with Simon Keenlyside, Bryn Terfel, Elina Garanča, Susan Graham, Christiane Karg, Kate Royal, Florian Boesch, Markus Werba and Anne Schwanewilms.

He was given an honorary doctorate at the Royal Scottish Academy of Music and Drama (RCS) in 2004, and appointed International Fellow of Accompaniment in 2009. Malcolm was the Artistic Director of the 2011 Leeds Lieder+ Festival.

Masterclass with Sir Thomas Allen

Friday 13 February / Stevenson Hall / 3pm

Please note: Change of venue, tickets still available

Mondays at One: Song Studio - The Voice of Desire

Monday 16 February / Ledger Recital Room / 1pm

Even before a nightingale sang in Berkeley Square, birds have always played a unique part in culture worldwide. As free-spirited mirror images of us, they are the cornerstone of Song Studio's annual homage to Valentine's Day. Whether you are lovebirds or an independent song-lover, join us to enjoy a mixture of repertoire by composers ranging from our newly-appointed Master of the Queen's Music, Judith Weir, to Ravel, Debussy and Schubert. Oh, and DO tweet! #RCSmonday

BBC Radio 3: Poulenc 50 Years On with Nicole Cabell

Wednesday 3 March / Stevenson Hall / 7.30pm

Programme to include:

POULENC	Banalités
RAVEL	Shéhérazade
POULENC	Fiançailles pour rire
RAVEL	Cinq Mélodies Populaires Grecques

One of the great young singers of her generation, Nicole Cabell was propelled into superstardom upon winning the 2005 Cardiff Singer of the Year. She has a great passion for French music, and is joined for this special programme for Radio 3 of Poulenc and Faure by friend of RCS, pianist Simon Lepper.

BBC Radio 3: Poulenc 50 Years On with Jonathan Lemalu

Friday 13 March / Stevenson Hall / 1.00pm

Programme to include:

POULENC	Chansons pour enfants
FAURÉ	L'horizon chimérique
RAVEL	Don Quichotte à Dulcinée
POULENC	Chansons villageoises

We continue our series for Radio 3 exploring that most idiosyncratic of composers Francis Poulenc with the New Zealander bass baritone Jonathan Lemalu accompanied by Joseph Middleton.



Royal Conservatoire
of Scotland