

IMMORTAL SONGS

Tuesday, June 6, 2023 | 7:30 PM
Trinity Episcopal Church, Victoria

FRANZ SCHUBERT (1797-1828)

Selected Lieder

1. *Im Frühling ~ In Spring*
2. *Die Forelle ~ The Trout*
3. *Fischerweise ~ The Fisherman's Song*
4. *Du Bist die Ruh ~ You are the Stillness*

Steven Brennfleck, tenor
Alejandro Hernandez-Valdez, piano

5. *Erlkönig ~ Elfking*

Carlos Monzón, baritone
Alejandro Hernandez-Valdez, piano

6. *Nur wer die Sehnsucht Kennt ~ Only Someone Who Knows Longing*

Gitanjali Mathur, soprano
Alejandro Hernandez-Valdez, piano

7. *Auf der Bruck ~ On the Brook*

Carlos Monzón, baritone
Alejandro Hernandez-Valdez, piano

8. *Gretchen am Spinnrade*

Gitanjali Mathur, soprano
Alejandro Hernandez-Valdez, piano

9. *An Schwager Kronos*

10. *Ständchen from Schwanengesang*

Carlos Monzón, baritone
Alejandro Hernandez-Valdez, piano

INTERMISSION



This concert is generously supported by our concert sponsors and by donors to the Victoria Bach Festival's Annual Fund. Many thanks to our generous supporters!

RICHARD STRAUSS (1864-1949)

Nacht

Steven Brennfleck, tenor
Alejandro Hernandez-Valdez, piano

GUSTAV MAHLER (1860-1911)

Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen

1. *Wenn mein Schatz Hochzeit macht*
2. *Ging heut morgen übers Feld*
3. *Ich hab' ein glühend Messer*
4. *Die zwei blauen Augen von meinem Schatz*

Laura Mercado-Wright, mezzo-soprano
Alejandro Hernandez-Valdez, piano

RICHARD STRAUSS

Vier Lieder, Op. 27

1. *Ruhe, meine Seele*

Carlos Monzón, baritone
Alejandro Hernandez-Valdez, piano

2. *Cäcilie*
3. *Heimliche Aufforderung*
4. *Morgen!*

Gitanjali Mathur, soprano
Alejandro Hernandez-Valdez, piano

GUSTAV MAHLER

Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen

Laura Mercado-Wright, mezzo-soprano
Alejandro Hernandez-Valdez, piano

Texts and Translations

– **TRANSLATIONS: IM FRÜHLING – IN SPRING**

Im Frühling

Still sitz ich an des Hügels Hang,
Der Himmel ist so klar,
Das Lüftchen spielt im grünen Tal,

In Spring

I sit quietly on the hillside,
The sky so clear,
The breezes play in the green valley,

Wo ich beim ersten Frühlingsstrahl
Einst, ach, so glücklich war.

Wo ich an ihrer Seite ging
So traulich und so nah,
Und tief im dunkeln Felsenquell
Den schönen Himmel blau und hell,
Und sie im Himmel sah.

Sieh, wie der bunte Frühling schon
Aus Knosp' und Blüte blickt!
Nicht alle Blüten sind mir gleich,
Am liebsten pflückt' ich von dem Zweig,
Von welchem sie gepflückt.

Denn alles ist wie damals noch,
Die Blumen, das Gefild;
Die Sonne scheint nicht minder hell,
Nicht minder freundlich schwimmt im Quell
Das blaue Himmelsbild.

Es wandeln nur sich Will und Wahn,
Es wechseln Lust und Streit,
Vorüber flieht der Liebe Glück,
Und nur die Liebe bleibt zurück,
Die Lieb' und ach, das Leid!

O wär ich doch ein Vöglein nur
Dort an dem Wiesenhang!
Dann blieb' ich auf den Zweigen hier,
Und säng ein süßes Lied von ihr,
Den ganzen Sommer lang.

Ernst Schulze (1789 – 1817)

Where once, in the first rays of spring,
I was oh so happy.

Where I walked beside her,
So tender and so close,
And deep in the dark rocky spring,
I saw the beautiful sky, blue and bright, And
I saw her in the heavens.

See how the colorful spring
already peeps out of the buds and blossoms.
Not all blossoms are the same to me
I prefer to pick them from the branch
from which she has plucked.

For everything remains as it was then,
The flowers, the landscape;
The sun shines no less brightly,
the sky's blue reflection swims in the stream
no less cheerfully.

Desire and delusions change,
and pleasure alternates with strife;
Love's happiness flees,
And only love remains;
Love and, alas, sorrow.

Oh, if only I were a little bird,
There on the sloping meadow!
Then I would stay on this branch here,
And sing a sweet song about her
All summer long.

- TRANSLATIONS: DIE FORELLE – THE TROUT

Die Forelle

In einem Bächlein helle,
Da schoss in froher Eil
Die launische Forelle
Vorüber wie ein Pfeil.
Ich stand an dem Gestade
Und sah in süßer Ruh
Des muntern Fischleins Bade
Im klaren Bächlein zu.

The Trout

In a bright little brook
A whimsical trout
Darted about with joyful haste,
Flying by like an arrow.
I stood on the bank
And watched in sweet repose
As the cheery little fish swam
In the clear little brook.

Ein Fischer mit der Rute
Wohl an dem Ufer stand
Und sah's mit kaltem Blute,
Wie sich das Fischlein wand.
So lang dem Wasser Helle,
So dacht' ich, nicht gebricht,
So fängt er die Forelle
Mit seiner Angel nicht.

Doch endlich ward dem Diebe
Die Zeit zu lang, er macht
Das Bächlein tückisch trübe,
Und eh ich es gedacht,
So zuckte seine Rute,
Das Fischlein zappelt dran,
Und ich mit regem Blute
Sah die Betrogne an.

Christian Friedrich Daniel Schubart (1739 – 1791)

A fisherman with a rod
Stood on the bank
And watched with cold blood
As the little fish swam about.
So long as the water
Remains clear, so I thought,
He'll never catch the trout
with his rod.

But finally the thief got tired
Of waiting. He agitated
The brook and muddied it up,
And before I realized it,
His line twitched:
The little fish squirming on it,
And I, with raging blood,
Stared at the deceived one.

– TRANSLATIONS: FISCHERWEISE – THE FISHERMAN'S SONG

Fischerweise

Den Fischer fechten Sorgen
Und Gram und Leid nicht an,
Er löst am frühen Morgen
Mit leichtem Sinn den Kahn.

Da lagert rings noch Friede
Auf Wald und Flur und Bach,
Er ruft mit seinem Liede
Die goldne Sonne wach.

Und singt zu seinem Werke
Aus voller frischer Brust,
Die Arbeit gibt ihm Stärke,
Die Stärke Lebenslust.

Bald wird ein bunt Gewimmel
In allen Tiefen laut
Und plätschert durch den Himmel,
Der sich im Wasser baut.

Doch wer ein Netz will stellen
Braucht Augen klar und gut,
Muss heiter gleich den Wellen
Und frei sein wie die Flut;

The Fisherman's Song

The fisherman has no cares,
Neither grief nor sorrow;
Early in the morning he unties
His boat with a light heart.

All is peaceful
In the woods and meadows and brooks
His song rouses
The golden sun.

He sings at his work
with a full, active heart;
The work gives him strength —
And strength exhilarates him.

Soon a bright throng
swarms in the depths,
And ripples through the
Watery heavens.

But anyone who wishes to cast a net
Needs good, clear eyes
They must be cheerful like the waves,
And free as the tide.

Dort angelt auf der Brücke
Die Hirtin – schlauer Wicht,
Gib auf nur deine Tücke,
Den Fisch betrügst du nicht.

Franz Schlechta (1796 – 1875)

On the bridge the shepherdess
Is fishing. Cunning little devil,
Enough of your tricks
You won't deceive this fish!

– **TRANSLATIONS: DU BIST DIE RUH – YOU ARE CALM**

Du Bist die Ruh

Du bist die Ruh,
Der Friede mild,
Die Sehnsucht du,
Und was sie stillt.

Ich weihe dir
Voll Lust und Schmerz
Zur Wohnung hier
Mein Aug und Herz.

Kehr ein bei mir,
Und schließe du
Still hinter dir
Die Pforten zu.

Treib andern Schmerz
Aus dieser Brust.
Voll sei dies Herz
Von deiner Lust.

Dies Augenzelt,
Von deinem Glanz
Allein erhellt,
O füll es ganz.

Friedrich Rückert (1788 – 1866)

You are Calm

You are calm
And gentle peace.
You are longing
And what quiets it.

Full of pleasure and pain,
I dedicate
My eyes and heart to you
As a dwelling place.

Come live with me
And softly close
The gates
Behind you.

Drive all other pain
From my breast.
Let my heart
Be full of your desire.

The temple of my eyes
Is lit only
by your radiance,
Oh, fill it fully!

– **TRANSLATIONS: DER ERLKÖNIG – THE ELFKING**

Der Erbkönig

Wer reitet so spät durch Nacht und Wind?

The Elfking

Who rides so late through night and wind?

Es ist der Vater mit seinem Kind;
Er hat den Knaben wohl in dem Arm,
Er faßt ihn sicher, er hält ihn warm.

“Mein Sohn, was birgst du so bang dein Gesicht?” –
“Siehst, Vater, du den Erlkönig nicht?
Den Erlenkönig mit Kron und Schweif?” –
“Mein Sohn, es ist ein Nebelstreif.”

“Du liebes Kind, komm, geh mit mir!
Gar schöne Spiele spiel’ ich mit dir;
Manch’ bunte Blumen sind an dem Strand,
Meine Mutter hat manch gülden Gewand.” –

“Mein Vater, mein Vater, und hörest du nicht,
Was Erlenkönig mir leise verspricht?” –
“Sei ruhig, bleibe ruhig, mein Kind;
In dürren Blättern säuselt der Wind.” –

“Willst, feiner Knabe, du mit mir gehn?
Meine Töchter sollen dich warten schön;
Meine Töchter führen den nächtlichen Reihn,
Und wiegen und tanzen und singen dich ein.” –

“Mein Vater, mein Vater, und siehst du nicht dort
Erlkönigs Töchter am düstern Ort?” –
“Mein Sohn, mein Sohn, ich seh’ es genau:
Es scheinen die alten Weiden so grau. –”

“Ich liebe dich, mich reizt deine schöne Gestalt;
Und bist du nicht willig, so brauch’ ich Gewalt.” –
“Mein Vater, mein Vater, jetzt faßt er mich an!
Erlkönig hat mir ein Leids getan!” –

Dem Vater grauset’s, er reitet geschwind,
Er hält in Armen das ächzende Kind,
Erreicht den Hof mit Müh’ und Not;
In seinen Armen das Kind war tot.

Johann Wolfgang Goethe (1749 – 1832)

It is the father with his child;
He has the boy tucked in his arms;
He holds him tightly and keeps him warm.

“My son, why do you hide in fear?”
“Father, do you not see the Elfking?
The Elfking with his crown and tail?”
“My son, it’s a streak of fog.”

“Sweet child, come with me.
I’ll play wonderful games with you.
Many a pretty flower grows on the shore;
My mother has many a golden robe.”

“My father, my father, do you not hear
The Elfking’s whispered promises to me?”
“Calm down, be calm, my child:
The wind is whispering in the dry leaves.”

“Won’t you come with me, my fine boy?
My daughters will wait upon you;
My daughters lead the nightly dance,
And will rock you and dance and sing to you.”

“My father, my father, do you not see
The Elfking’s daughters there in the darkness?”
“My son, my son, I see it clearly:
It is the old grey willows shimmering.”

“I love you, your beautiful form entices me,
And if you won’t come willingly, I’ll use force.”
“My father, my father, now he’s grabbing me!
The Elfking hurt me!”

The father is horrified, he rides swiftly on,
Carrying the moaning child in his arms;
With great difficulty he reaches home;
In his arms, the child lay dead.

– **TRANSLATIONS: NUR WER DIE SEHNSUCHT KENNT**

Nur wer die Sehnsucht
kennt

Only Someone Who
Knows Longing

Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt,
Weiß, was ich leide.
Allein und abgetrennt
Von aller Freude,
Seh ich ans Firmament
Nach jener Seite.
Ach, der mich liebt und kennt,
Ist in der Weite.
Es schwindelt mir, es brennt
Mein Eingeweide.
Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt,
Weiß, was ich leide.

Johann Wolfgang Goethe (1749 – 1832)

Only someone who knows longing
Can understand my pain.
Alone, cut off
From all joy,
I gaze at the firmament
In that direction.
Ah, he who loves and knows me
Is far away.
I feel giddy, something burns
Deep inside me.
Only someone who knows longing
Can understand my pain.

– TRANSLATIONS: AUF DER BRUCK – AT BRUCK

Auf der Bruck

Frisch trabe sonder Ruh und Rast,
Mein gutes Ross, durch Nacht und Regen!
Was scheust du dich vor Busch und Ast
Und strauchelst auf den wilden Wegen.
Dehnt auch der Wald sich tief und dicht,
Doch muss er endlich sich erschließen,
Und freundlich wird ein fernes Licht
Uns aus dem dunkeln Tale grüßen.

Wohl könnt' ich über Berg und Tal
Auf deinem schlanken Rücken fliegen
Und mich am bunten Spiel der Welt,
An holden Bildern mich vergnügen;
Manch Auge lacht mir traulich zu
Und beut mir Frieden, Lieb und Freude,
Und dennoch eil ich ohne Ruh
Zurück, zurück zu meinem Leide.

Denn schon drei Tage war ich fern
Von ihr, die ewig mich gebunden,
Drei Tage waren Sonn und Stern
Und Erd und Himmel mir verschwunden.
Von Lust und Leiden, die mein Herz
Bei ihr bald heilten, bald zerrissen,
Fühlt' ich drei Tage nur den Schmerz,
Und ach, die Freude musst' ich missen.

Weit sehn wir über Land und See
Zur wärmern Flur den Vogel fliegen,

At Bruck

Trot along merrily without stopping or resting
My good steed, through the night and rain!
Why do you shy at bushes and branches
And stumble on the wild paths?
Though the forest stretches deep and thick,
It will at some point open up,
And a distant light will greet us kindly
Out of the dark valley.

I could fly over mountains and valleys
On your slender back,
And enjoy the bright play of the world's
colorful vistas;
Many an eye smiles at me affectionately,
Offering peace, love and joy,
And yet I hurry on restlessly,
Back, back to my sorrow.

For three days now I have been far
From her to whom I am eternally bound;
For three days the sun and stars
And earth and heaven have vanished from my sight.
Of the pleasure and pain that with her
Now healed, now tore my heart,
For three days I felt only pain,
And oh, the joy I missed!

We watch the bird fly far away
Over land and sea towards warmer ground;

Wie sollte denn die Liebe je
In ihrem Pfade sich betrügen?
Drum trabe mutig durch die Nacht,
Und schwinden auch die dunklen Bahnen,
Der Sehnsucht helles Auge wacht,
Und sicher führt mich süßes Ahnen.

Ernst Schulze (1789-1817)

How, then, should love ever
Be led astray?
So trot on bravely through the night,
Although the dark tracks may vanish,
Desires's bright eye is on the lookout,
And sweet anticipation guides me safely on.

- **TRANSLATIONS: GRETCHEN AM SPINNRADE**

Gretchen am Spinnrade

Meine Ruh ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer,
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.

Wo ich ihn nicht hab,
Ist mir das Grab,
Die ganze Welt
Ist mir vergällt,

Mein armer Kopf
Ist mir verrückt,
Mein armer Sinn
Ist mir zerstückt.

Meine Ruh ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer,
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.

Nach ihm nur schau ich
Zum Fenster hinaus,
Nach ihm nur geh ich
Aus dem Haus.

Sein hoher Gang,
Sein' edle Gestalt,
Seines Mundes Lächeln,
Seiner Augen Gewalt,

Und seiner Rede
Zauberfluss,

Gretchen at the Spinning Wheel

My peace is gone,
My heart is heavy,
I'll never find it,
Never again.

Where I do not have him
I find my grave
The whole world
Is spoiled for me.

My poor head
Seems crazy,
My poor mind
In pieces.

My peace is gone,
My heart is heavy,
I'll never find it,
Never again.

He is all I look for
Through the window,
After him I'll go
When I leave the house.

His majestic walk,
His noble form,
How his mouth smiles,
The power of his eyes,

And his way of speaking,
Magic flow,

Sein Händedruck,
Und ach, sein Kuss!

Meine Ruh ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer,
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.

Mein Busen drängt
Sich nach ihm hin,
Ach dürft' ich fassen
Und halten ihn,

Und küssen ihn,
So wie ich wollt',
An seinen Küssen
Vergehen sollt'.

Johann Wolfgang Goethe (1749 – 1832)

The pressure of his hand,
And oh, his kiss!

My peace is gone,
My heart is heavy,
I'll never find it,
Never again.

My breast pushes
Towards him.
Oh if only I could reach out
And hold him,

And kiss him,
As I would like to,
I would perish
From his kisses!

- TRANSLATIONS: AN SCHWAGER KRONOS

An Schwager Kronos

Spude dich Kronos!
Fort den rasselnden Trott!
Bergab gleitet der Weg!
Ekles Schwindeln zögert
Mir vor die Stirne dein Zaudern.
Frisch, holpert es gleich,
Über Stock und Steine den Trott
Rasch ins Leben hinein!

Nun schon wieder
Den eratemden Schritt,
Mühsam Berg hinauf!
Auf denn, nicht träge denn,
Strebend und hoffend hinan!

Weit, hoch, herrlich der Blick
Rings ins Leben hinein,
Vom Gebirg zum Gebirg
Schwebet der ewige Geist,
Ewigen Lebens ahndevoll.

Seitwärts des Überdachs Schatten
Zieht dich an,

To Chronos the Coachman

Get a move on, Chronos!
Break into a rattling trot!
The path runs downhill
I feel a sickening dizziness
At my brow from your dawdling.
Never mind the bumping, freely
Trot on over sticks and stones,
Quickly, headlong into life!

Now we are at a pace
Breathing heavily
As we struggle uphill.
Up then, no need to be sluggish,
Striving and hoping as we go!

Wide, high, and glorious is the
Panoramic view of life,
From mountain range to mountain range
The eternal spirit floats,
Full of promises of eternal life.

To the side, the shade of the canopy
Draws you in

Und ein Frischung verheißender Blick
Auf der Schwelle des Mädchens da.
Labe dich! Mir auch, Mädchen,
Diesen schäumenden Trank,
Diesen frischen Gesundheitsblick!

Ab denn, rascher hinab!
Sieh, die Sonne sinkt!
Eh sie sinkt, eh mich Greisen
Ergreift im Moore Nebelduft,
Entzahnte Kiefer schnattern
Und das schlotternde Gebein.

Trunknen vom letzten Strahl
Reiß mich, ein Feuermeer
Mir im schäumenden Aug,
Mich geblendeten Taumelnden
In der Hölle nächtliches Tor!

Töne, Schwager, ins Horn,
Rassle den schallenden Trab,
Dass der Orkus vernehme: wir kommen,
Dass gleich an der Tür
Der Wirt uns freundlich empfangen.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832)

A look that promises fresh warmth
From a girl standing in the doorway.
Take a break! Young lady, I'll also have
That foaming drink,
That lively, healthy gaze!

Come on, hurry down!
Look, the sun is setting!
Before it sets, before this grey-haired old man
Is trapped in the mist over the marsh,
Before I hear the gibbering of toothless jawbones
And rattling skeletons.

Drunk from the last ray
Pull me, a sea of fire
In my sparkling eyes,
Blinded, reeling,
As I fall through hell's nocturnal gate.

Coachman, blow your horn,
Rattle with a noisy trot
So that Orcus will know we are coming,
So that the host will meet us promptly at the door,
And welcome us kindly.

– TRANSLATIONS: STÄNDCHEN – SERENADE

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,

Serenade

My songs plead softly
Through the night to you,
Into the quiet grove,
Sweetheart, come to me.

Slender tree tops whisper and rustle
In the moonlight,
No hostile traitor will eavesdrop,
So fear not, my love.

Can you hear the nightingales singing?
Oh, they implore you
With their sweet laments,
They plead with you on my behalf.

They understand the bosom's longing,

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.

Ludwig Rellstab (1799-1860)

They know the pain of love,
With their silver notes they stir
Every sensitive heart.

Let your own breast be moved too,
Sweetheart, listen to me!
I tremble as I await your response,
Come, make me happy!

- **TRANSLATIONS: DIE NACHT – NIGHT**

Die Nacht

Aus dem Walde tritt die Nacht,
Aus den Bäumen schleicht sie leise,
Schaut sich um in weitem Kreise,
Nun gib Acht!

Alle Lichter dieser Welt,
Alle Blumen, alle Farben
Löschst sie aus und stiehlt die Garben
Weg vom Feld.

Alles nimmt sie, was nur hold,
Nimmt das Silber weg des Stroms
Nimmt vom Kupferdach des Doms
Weg das Gold.

Ausgeplündert steht der Strauch:
Rücke näher, Seel' an Seele,
O die Nacht, mir bangt, sie stehle
Dich mir auch.

Hermann von Gilm (1812- 1864)

Night

Night comes out of the forest,
Slips softly from the trees,
Looks around in a wide circle,
Now watch out!

All the lights of this world,
All the flowers, all the colors
She extinguishes and steals the sheaves
From the field.

She takes all the lovely things,
Takes the silver from the stream,
Takes the gold from
The cathedral's copper roof.

The bush stands plundered:
Draw closer, soul to soul,
Oh, I fear the night will also
Steal you from me.

- **TRANSLATIONS: WENN MEIN SCHATZ HOCHZEIT MACHT**

Wenn mein Schatz Hochzeit macht

Wenn mein Schatz Hochzeit macht,
Fröhliche Hochzeit macht,

When My Love Has Her Wedding Day

When my love has her wedding day,
Her joyous wedding day,

Hab' ich meinen traurigen Tag!
Geh' ich in mein Kämmerlein,
Dunkles Kämmerlein!
Weine! wein'! Um meinen Schatz,
Um meinen lieben Schatz!

Blümlein blau! Blümlein blau!
Verdorre nicht! Verdorre nicht!
Vöglein süß! Vöglein süß!
Du singst auf grüner Heide!
"Ach, wie ist die Welt so schön!
Ziküth! Ziküth!"

Singet nicht! Blühet nicht!
Lenz ist ja vorbei!
Alles Singen ist nun aus!
Des Abends, wenn ich schlafen geh',
Denk' ich an mein Leid!
An mein Leide!

I'll have my day of mourning!
I'll go to my closet,
My dark little room!
Weeping, weeping for my love,
My dearest love!

Little blue flower! Little blue flower!
Don't wither! Don't wither!
Sweet little bird! Sweet little bird!
Singing on the green heath!
"Oh, how beautiful the world is!
Chirp! Chirp!"

Sing no more! Bloom no more!
Spring is over!
Every song is done!
At night, when I try to sleep,
I think of my sorrow!
My sorrow!

- **TRANSLATIONS: GING HEUT' MORGEN ÜBER'S FELD**

Ging heut' Morgen über's Feld

Ging heut' morgen über's Feld,
Tau noch auf den Gräsern hing;
Sprach zu mir der lust'ge Fink:
„Ei du! Gelt?
Guten Morgen! Ei, Gelt? Du!
Wird's nicht eine schöne Welt?
Zink! Zink! Schön und flink!
Wie mir doch die Welt gefällt!“
Auch die Glockenblum' am Feld
Hat mir lustig, guter Ding',
Mit den Glöckchen, klinge, kling,
Ihren Morgengruß geschellt:
„Wird's nicht eine schöne Welt?
Kling! Kling! Schönes Ding!
Wie mir doch die Welt gefällt!
Und da fing im Sonnenschein
Gleich die Welt zu funkeln an;
Alles, alles, Ton und Farbe gewann!
Im Sonnenschein!
Blum' und Vogel, groß und klein!
„Guten Tag! Guten Tag!
Ist's nicht eine schöne Welt?“

I walked across the fields this morning

I walked across the fields this morning,
Dew still hung on the grass,
The happy finch said to me:
"Hey there, you! Isn't it? Good morning!
Hey, isn't it? You!
Isn't it a beautiful world?
Tweet! Tweet! Beautiful and sweet!
How I love the world!"
Even the bluebells in the field
Teased me merrily,
With their tiny bells, ding ding,
Ringing out their morning greeting:
"Isn't it a beautiful world?
Ding, ding! Beautiful thing!
How I love the world!"
And then in the sunshine
The world began to sparkle;
Everything gained color and volume
In the sunshine!
Flowers and birds, big and small.
"Good day! Good day!"

Ei, du! Gelt? Schöne Welt!“
Nun fängt auch mein Glück wohl an?
Nein! Nein! Das ich mein’,
Mir nimmer, nimmer blühen kann!

Isn't it a lovely world?
Hey, you there! A lovely world!“
Now will my happiness also begin?
No! No! The happiness I mean
Can never bloom for me!

– **TRANSLATIONS: ICH HAB' EIN GLÜHEND MESSER**

Ich hab' ein glühend Messer

Ich hab' ein gluehend Messer
Ein Messer in meiner Brust
O weh! O weh!

Das schneidt so tief in jede Freud'
und jede Lust,
so tief, so tief!

Ach, was ist das fuer ein boeser Gast!
Nimmer haelt er Ruh'
Nimmer haelt er Rast

Nicht bei Tag, noch bei Nacht
Wenn ich schlief.
O Weh! O weh!

Wenn ich in dem Himmel seh'
Seh' ich zwei blaue Augen stehn.
O Weh! O weh!

Wenn ich im gelben Felde geh'
Seh' ich von fern das blonde Haar
Im Winde wehn.
O Weh! O weh!

Wenn ich aus dem Traum auffahr'
Und hoere klingen uhr silbern' Lachen
O Weh! O weh!

Ich wollt', ich laeg auf der schwarzen Bahr'
Koennt' nimmer die Augen aufmachen!

I Have a Red-hot Knife

I have a red-hot knife,
A knife in my breast,
Woe is me! Woe is me!

It cuts so deeply
Into every joy and every pleasure,
So deep, so deep!

Oh, what a cruel guest!
Never at peace,
Never at rest!

Not by day
Not by night, when I sleep!
Woe is me! Woe is me!

When I look in the sky,
I see two blue eyes!
Woe is me! Woe is me!

When I walk in the yellow field,
I see blond hair
Blowing in the wind.
Woe is me! Woe is me!

When I wake with from my dream
And hear her silvery laugh,
Woe is me! Woe is me!

I wish I were lying on the black funeral bier,
And could never again open my eyes!

- **TRANSLATIONS: DIE ZWEI BLAUEN AUGEN VON MEINEM SCHATZ**

Die zwei blauen Augen von meinem Schatz

Die zwei blauen Augen von meinem Schatz,
Die haben mich in die weite Welt geschickt.
Da muß' ich Abschied nehmen
Vom allerliebsten Platz!
O Augen blau, warum habt ihr mich angeblickt?
Nun hab' ich ewig Leid und Grämen!
Ich bin ausgegangen in stiller Nacht,
Wohl über die dunkle Heide.
Hat mir niemand Ade gesagt, Ade!
Mein Gesell' war Lieb' und Leide!
Auf der Straße stand ein Lindenbaum,
Da hab' ich zum ersten Mal im Schlaf geruht!
Unter dem Lindenbaum,
Der hat seine Blüten über mich geschneit,
Da wußt' ich nicht, wie das Leben tut,
War alles, alles wieder gut!
Alles! Alles!
Lieb und Leid, und Welt und Traum!

My Love's Two Blue Eyes

My love's two blue eyes
Sent me into the wide world.
I had to bid farewell
To the place I loved most!
O blue eyes, why did you look at me?
Now grief and sorrow will be mine forever!
I set out in the silent night,
Across the dark heath.
No one bade me farewell, farewell!
My companions were love and sorrow!
A lime tree stood by the side of the road,
There for the first time I rested in sleep!
Under the lime tree
Which snowed its blossoms down upon me,
I didn't know life's pains,
Everything was fine again
Everything!
Love and pain and world and dream!

- **TRANSLATIONS: RUHE, MEINE SEELE! – REST, MY SOUL!**

Ruhe, meine Seele!

Nicht ein Lüftchen,
Regt sich leise,
Sanft entschlummert
Ruht der Hain;
Durch der Blätter
Dunkle Hülle
Stiehlt sich lichter
Sonnenschein.
Ruhe, ruhe,
Meine Seele,
Deine Stürme
Gingen wild,
Hast getobt und
Hast gezittert,
Wie die Brandung,
Wenn sie schwillt!

Rest, My Soul!

Not even
A soft breeze stirs,
In soft slumber
The grove rests;
Through the leaves'
Dark veil
Bright sunshine
Steals.
Rest, rest,
My soul,
Your storms
Went wild,
You raged and
Shook,
Like the surf
When it swells!

Diese Zeiten
Sind gewaltig,
Bringen Herz und
Hirn in Not—
Ruhe, ruhe,
Meine Seele,
Und vergiß,
Was dich bedroht!

Karl Friedrich Henckell (1864 – 1929)

These are
epic times,
Causing the heart and
Mind distress—
Rest, rest,
My soul,
And forget
What menaced you!

– TRANSLATIONS: CÄCILIE – CECILY

Cäcilie

Wenn Du es wüßtest,
Was träumen heißt
Von brennenden Küssen,
Vom Wandern und Ruhem
Mit der Geliebten,
Aug' in Auge,
Und kosend und plaudernd –
Wenn Du es wüßtest,
Du neigtest Dein Herz!
Wenn Du es wüßtest,
Was bangen heißt
In einsamen Nächten,
Umschauert vom Sturm,
Da Niemand tröstet
Milden Mundes
Die kampfmüde Seele –
Wenn Du es wüßtest,
Du kämest zu mir.
Wenn Du es wüßtest,
Was leben heißt,
Umhaucht von der Gottheit
Weltschaffendem Atem,
Zu schweben empor,
Lichtgetragen,
Zu seligen Höh'en,
Wenn Du es wüßtest,
Du lebstest mit mir.

Heinrich Hart (1855- 1906)

Cecily

If you knew
What it is to dream
Of burning kisses,
Of wandering and resting
With one's love,
Eye to eye,
Caressing and talking –
If you knew,
You would bend your heart.
If you knew
What it is to worry
On lonely nights
Surrounded by the storm,
With no soft voice
To soothe
The battle-weary soul –
If you knew,
You would come to me.
If you knew
What it is to live
In the creative breath
Of the divine,
To soar upwards,
Borne on light
To blessed heights –
If you knew,
You would live with me.

Heimliche Aufforderung

Auf, hebe die funkelnde Schale
empor zum Mund,
Und trinke beim Freudenmahle
dein Herz gesund.

Und wenn du sie hebst, so winke
mir heimlich zu,
Dann lächle ich, und dann trinke
ich still wie du ...

Und still gleich mir betrachte
um uns das Heer
Der trunkenen Schwätzer—verachte
sie nicht zu sehr.

Nein, hebe die blinkende Schale,
gefüllt mit Wein,
Und laß beim lärmenden Mahle
sie glücklich sein.

Doch hast du das Mahl genossen,
den Durst gestillt,
Dann verlasse der lauten Genossen
festfreudiges Bild,

Und wandle hinaus in den Garten
zum Rosenstrauch,—
Dort will ich dich dann erwarten
nach altem Brauch,

Und will an die Brust dir sinken
eh' du's gehofft,
Und deine Küsse trinken,
wie ehemals oft,

Und flechten in deine Haare
der Rose Pracht—
O komm, du wunderbare,
ersehnte Nacht!

John Henry Mackay (1864 – 1933)

Secret Invitation

Come, raise the sparkling goblet
To your lips,
And drink your heart's fill
At the joyous banquet.

And when you raise it,
Wink secretly at me,
Then I'll smile, and drink
Quietly like you ...

And quietly like me,
Look around at the crowd
Of drunken revelers—
Don't think too badly of them.

No, raise the glittering goblet
Full of wine,
And let them be happy
at the noisy feast.

But once you have enjoyed your meal,
Quenched your thirst,
Leave the loud company,
The festive scene

And wander into the garden
To the rosebush
There I shall wait for you
As usual.

And I shall sink on your breast,
before you know it,
And drink your kisses,
As I've often done before,

And weave the glorious rose
in your hair—
Oh, come, you wondrous,
longed-for night!

- **TRANSLATIONS: MORGEN! – TOMORROW!**

Morgen!

Und morgen wird die Sonne wieder scheinen
Und auf dem Wege, den ich gehen werde,
Wird uns, die Glücklichen, sie wieder einen
Inmitten dieser sonnenatmenden Erde ...

Und zu dem Strand, dem weiten, wogenblauen,
Werden wir still und langsam niedersteigen,
Stumm werden wir uns in die Augen schauen,
Und auf uns sinkt des Glückes stummes Schweigen ...

John Henry Mackay (1864 – 1933)

Tomorrow!

And tomorrow the sun will shine again
And the path I'll take
Will unite us again, the lucky ones,
On this sun-breathing earth ...

And to the shore, the wide, billowy blue,
We'll slowly and quietly descend,
Silently we'll look into each other's eyes,
As the mute silence of bliss settles over us ...

SATB: Lieder in Every Range

German lieder are among the greatest vocal achievements in Western art music. The best composers chose the best poets setting music for the best singers. On this program, three composers represent the span of romanticism throughout and beyond the 19th century. Schubert (d. 1828), Mahler (d. 1911), Richard Strauss (d. 1949) beautifully render subtlety, drama, and heartache in images of love, nature, and fantasy. But the choices singers make among the hundreds and hundreds of wonderful choices make for interesting observations.

With only one exception Mr. Brennfleck's tenorlieder center around nature. Schubert's *You are Calm* offers a theme of love's peacefulness, a theme often found linked to the beauties of nature in lieder. Two more (*In Spring*, *The Fisherman's Song*) celebrate love and the joys of the outdoors, while his Strauss song *Nacht* personifies night-time as a thief that steals all the good from nature, including one's lover. The famed "Trout" [*Die Forelle*], a tune Schubert recycled as part of a much admired instrumental chamber work, takes a different tone, a cautionary tale framing a delightful day in nature that is ruined by human intervention in catching the playful trout.

All of Mr. Monzón's selections focus on nature, including one of Strauss' *Vier Lieder*, the 4-song cycle to be completed on this program in the opposite range by Ms. Mathur. Set amongst the gentle comfort of breezes, leaves, and sleep where, through the beloved, the soul [*Seele*] finds rest from the heart's distress, these lieder were composed as a wedding gift for Strauss' wife, soprano Pauline de Ahna. Schubert's "Serenade" [*Ständchen*], from his *Swan Song* cycle, uses similar imagery, but for unrelieved distress, the heart's longing.

The remainder of Mr. Monzón's songs feature horses racing towards safety, towards love, towards eternal welcome. In the iconic *Erlkönig*, written when the composer was only eighteen, a father on horseback tries to keep his sick child away from the child-stealing Elfking creature. The rider in "At Bruck" urges a fearful horse onward to reach the rider's beloved, while *Kronos* [Time] serves as a metaphorical coachman who dallies while his elderly passenger urges him onward toward *Orcus*, god of the underworld, who might provide a peaceful ending of a tumultuous life's journey.

Ms. Mathur's songs all express yearning: "only someone who knows longing can understand my pain," Goethe says in Schubert's *Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt*. And as Gretchen sits at her spinning wheel, her "bosom yearns for him." Although Strauss' *Vier Lieder* were written for his beloved wife, his text choice of "Cecily" seems to hearken back to days of yearning. In "The Secret Invitation," the lover awaits a secret rendezvous: *O komm, du wunderbare, ersehnte Nacht!* ["Oh, come, you wondrous, longed-for night!"] and *Morgen!* is a perfect setting of the day before the wedding, yearning for the completion of the heart's quest.

But where his friend Strauss's dreams came true, Mahler's *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen* [*Songs of a Traveling Freelancer*], sung by Ms. Mercado-Wright, tell a different tale. Based on his own poetry, Mahler declares his unrequited love for soprano Johanna Richter. Having finished his studies, he was now on his own, a wandering minstrel, taking work as a conductor wherever he could find it. In these songs he mourns his beloved's wedding day; being out in nature on a beautiful day, unable to feel happiness; and in a riot of color imagery, walking in the yellow field, seeing her blue eyes, hearing her silver laugh and wishing he were on a black bier. The same blue eyes had seen him off into the world where "love and sorrow, and world and dream" were his only companions and sleep, his only source of peace. The final lied, also by Mahler, extols his solo life, part of the life of every composer on this program and elsewhere: "I live alone in my heaven, in my love, in my song!"

About the Artists



Gitanjali Mathur is hailed as having “skyrocketing coloratura”, “fluid and dexterous voice”, “piercingly clear soprano” and being a “natural and convincing comedic actress”. Originally from India, she grew up learning North Indian Classical music with her guru N.G Kelkar. After completing her Bachelor, Master’s and Performer Diploma Degrees in Vocal Performance along with minors in Computer Science and Mathematics from Indiana University, she moved to Austin, TX.

She performs regularly with *Texas Early Music Project*, *Ensemble viiii*, *La Follia*, *True Concord Voices and Orchestra*, the *Victoria Bach Festival*, *Texas Bach Festival*, *American Baroque Opera Company*, and the GRAMMY®-winning ensemble *Conspirare*. In addition, she has sung on the GRAMMY®-winning and GRAMMY®-nominated CD’s with both *Conspirare* and *Seraphic Fire*. Mathur was nominated in 2018 in the Austin Critics Table Awards for “Classical Best Singer”. She made her solo Carnegie Hall debut with Helmuth Rilling in J.S. Bach’s *St. Matthew Passion* and fondly remembers her time singing with Maestro Rilling at the *Oregon Bach Festival*.

She has performed in the lead female roles in Pergolesi’s *Intermezzo “La Serva Padrona”* in 2009, in Telemann’s comic Opera “*Pimpinone*” in 2018, and in “*Acis and Galatea*” by Handel in 2022. In 2020, she birthed the idea, performed in, and co-produced a talk-show style mini-series featuring lullabies and songs of comfort from around the world called “*Night Music!*” In April ’22, she was honored to join the cast of a diverse ensemble called “*Kaleidoscope Vocal Ensemble*” and performed with them at the “*Five Boroughs Music Festival*” in New York.

Nominated twice as a soloist for a Grammy® and once for a Latin Grammy®, mezzo-soprano **Laura Mercado-Wright** has been lauded by The New York Times as “superb”, “dramatically astute” and “stunningly agile”.

She performs and records regularly with *Conspirare*, and has appeared with other acclaimed ensembles including *The Crossing*, *Seraphic Fire*, *Vocal Arts Ensemble*, *Artefact Ensemble*, *VAMP*, and the MET Chamber Orchestra in her Carnegie Hall solo debut. Laura has premiered solo works by several renowned composers including Charles Wuorinen, Lembit Beecher, and Caroline Shaw. She made her Austin Opera debut in 2021 as the Teacher in their brand new production of *The Revolution of Steve Jobs*. In addition to performing, Laura is owner and executive director of *Tinsel*, a professional company of vocal jazz singers based in Austin, TX.



Praised by the New York Times as a “stand out” performer, tenor **Steven Brennfleck** has been consistently acknowledged for his consummate artistry, vocal flexibility, and moving interpretations on the operatic and concert stage. His operatic credits include performances with *American Opera Projects*, *Glimmerglass Opera*, *OrpheusPDX*, *Portland Opera*, *Spoletto Festival USA*, the *Tanglewood Festival* and others in roles such as Roderick Usher in Philip Glass’ *The Fall of the House of Usher*, Don Ramiro in *Cenerentola*, Tamino in *Die Zauberflöte*, Laurie in Adamo’s *Little Women*, Madwoman in Britten’s *Curlw River*, Gonsalve in Ravel’s *L’Heure Espagnol*, Henrik in *A Little Night Music*, and Tobias Ragg in *Sweeney Todd*.

On the concert stage, Mr. Brennfleck has been hailed for his “Outstanding presence and clear, lyric voice” (Texas Classical Review) and “elegant” musicianship (The Baltimore Sun).

He has collaborated with the Alabama Symphony Orchestra, American Bach Soloists, Ars Lyrica Houston, Austin Symphony Orchestra, Colorado Bach Ensemble, LA International New Music Festival, Philadelphia’s Lyric Fest, the MET Chamber Ensemble and the Victoria Bach Festival. In addition to his performance schedule, Mr. Brennfleck is a certified teacher of the Alexander Technique, presenting masterclasses for musicians throughout the United States and abroad.

Heralded for his masculine and charismatic interpretations of leading men, Mexican bass-baritone **Carlos Monzón** has been charming audiences throughout the United States. He’s performed with Florida Grand Opera, Kentucky Opera, Wolf Trap Opera, Opera Columbus, the Merola Opera Program, and many others.

Recent concert performances as soloist include Cantata Sueños in Seattle, Song of the Shadows and Handel’s Messiah in Dallas and Hayden’s The Creation in Kalamazoo.



Esteemed conductor and pianist **Dr. Alejandro Hernandez-Valdez** is Artistic Director of Musica Viva NY and Director of Music at the historic Unitarian Church of All Souls in Manhattan. He is also Artistic Director and co-founder of the New Orchestra of Washington, and Artistic Director of the Victoria Bach Festival. He has earned accolades from *The Washington Post* as a conductor “with the incisive clarity of someone born to the idiom,” as well as praise from *The New York Times* for leading “a stirring performance” of Brahms’ *Ein Deutsches Requiem*. At a concert commemorating the 100th Anniversary of the WWI Armistice (featuring the world premiere of Joseph Turrin’s cantata, *And Crimson Roses Once Again Be Fair*) *Oberon’s Grove* wrote: “Maestro Alejandro Hernandez-Valdez drew rich, warm sounds from the musicians” in “a beautiful and deeply moving program.” He is featured in *El mundo en las manos/ Creadores mexicanos en el extranjero* (The World in Their Hands/Creative Mexicans Abroad), a book by the Mexican Ministry of Foreign Affairs honoring Mexican nationals who are leading figures in diverse artistic fields. He is the recipient of a 2016 Shenandoah Conservatory Alumni of Excellence Award for his exemplary contribution to his profession, national level of prominence, and exceptional integrity. He resides in New York City.

In 2016, during its 40th anniversary season, Hernandez-Valdez was named the third Artistic Director of the Victoria Bach Festival in Texas. As Mike Greenberg wrote in *Classical Voice America*: “A big question mark hung over the venerable Victoria Bach Festival two years ago when the brilliant Craig Hella Johnson, its artistic director since 1992, decided to give up the post...Johnson’s successor has replaced the question mark with an exclamation point – perhaps more appropriately, given his Spanish name and Mexican provenance, two exclamation points: ¡Alejandro Hernandez-Valdez!” “The results,” Greenberg continued, “were astonishing.”