

die schöne Müllerin
(Braun)

EVENTS

May 14 - 20, 1994

Glenn Gould

Glenn Gould Studio



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Tuesday, May 17, 1994
8:00 p.m.

The Aldeburgh Connection
presents

Schubert's
Die schöne Müllerin

Russell, baritone
Stephen Ralls, piano

Programme

Franz Schubert Rondeau in D, D.608
(1797-1828)

Stephen Ralls and Bruce Ubukata, piano

Franz Schubert Die schöne Müllerin, D 795
Nos. 1-12

Intermission

Franz Schubert Die schöne Müllerin, D 795 (con't)
Nos. 13-20



Tonight's concert will be broadcast
on *The Arts Tonight*, CBC Stereo (94.1 FM) at a later date.
Please check your Radio Guide for details.

Producer: Neil Crory
Recording Engineer: Stefan Trybula

programme

Die schöne Müllerin

Russell Braun, baritone

Stephen Ralls, piano

In Berlin, in the second decade of the nineteenth century, party games were popular among young intellectuals. One evening in 1816, a group of them performed an elaborate charade involving several characters: a young miller falls in love with his employer's beautiful daughter and woos her, but when she rejects him in favour of an uncouth huntsman, he drowns himself. There was a fashionable enthusiasm at the time for 'folk' subjects, usually viewed with a kind of ironic detachment; this particular story looked back to Goethe's *The Journeyman and the Millstream* and also to Paisiello's popular opera *La Molinara*. Each player in the charade was expected to write and speak his own part, in verse.

Wilhelm Müller (1794-1827) was the only practising writer among the group of players. Naturally enough, the poet took the role of the young miller (der Müller). Some poems from the charade were published in 1818 in musical settings by Ludwig Berger; Müller, however, added to his own verses over the next few years, until he brought out his complete sequence of 23 poems (published in 1821 in his quaintly-titled *Poems from the Posthumous Papers of a Travelling Horn-player*). He included a prologue and epilogue which gently satirized the current fashion for rustic ballads.

Schubert had been searching for some time for a song-cycle text, probably because of his admiration for Beethoven's *An die ferne Geliebte*. He seized on Müller's poems with enthusiasm, discarding three of them as unsuitable, along with the prologue and epilogue. *Die schöne Müllerin* was composed in 1823 and published in 1824. No longer is there any sense of viewing the subject from an ironic distance. We are plunged straight into the story of the passionate young man and follow the violent fluctuations of his personal life right up to its sad end. The tale is told mostly in the first person, with a very few interpolations by other characters: the fair maid herself, and her father. But the fourth, very important, character is the brook – the miller's faithful companion through all vicissitudes, the instigator of his quest in the first place and his consolation at its end. The brook is present in almost every song, through Schubert's amazingly inventive variety of rippling, undulating and rushing accompanying figures. In the last two songs, the singer finally speaks with the brook's own voice.

In recognition of this cycle's dramatic, quasi-operatic origin, we preface our performance with an overture: Schubert's *Rondeau in D* for piano duet. It should also be remembered that Schubert's songs were initially heard in the context of musical parties, at gatherings of friends when piano duets would often be a popular feature. Initially, Schubert's song-cycles were normally heard in small groups of selected songs, and rarely in their entirety. One of the first complete performances of *Die schöne Müllerin* was given in 1861 by the baritone Julius Stockhausen, with Brahms at the piano.

Programme

Rondeau in D, D.608

Franz Schubert

(1797-1828)

Stephen Ralls & Bruce Ubukata, piano

Subtitled *Notre amitié est invariable*, this *Rondeau* was written in about 1818, probably for performance with Schubert's favourite duet partner Josef Gahy.

Die schöne Müllerin, D 795 Franz Schubert

Russell Braun, baritone – Stephen Ralls, piano

(Please reserve your applause until the end of each half of the song-cycle)

The Fair Maid of the Mill

1. Das Wandern

Roaming: Roaming is the miller's delight. A wretched miller he must be who never felt like roaming!

From the water we have learned it; it knows no rest by day or night, it is always intent on roaming!

We see it with the millwheels too! They never willingly are still, they turn all day long without tiring.

Even the millstones, heavy as they are, join in the merry dance, and want to go even faster.

O roaming my delight! Good master and mistress, let me go on my way in peace, roaming!

2. Wohin?

Whither? I heard a brook babbling from its rocky spring, gushing down towards the valley, so fresh and strangely bright. I don't know what seized me, or gave me the idea; I, too, went down there with my staff.

Downward and ever downward, following the brook, ever livelier it gushed, and ever clearer. Is this my path then? O brook, tell me, whither? With your babbling you have quite bemused my mind.

Why do I talk of babbling? That cannot be babbling; it must be the water nymphs singing and dancing below. Let them sing, go on babbling, and I will follow cheerfully. Millwheels are turning in every clear stream.

3. Halt!

Halt! I see a mill peeping out from among the alders; through the babbling and singing comes the sound of its wheels.

Now welcome, sweet mill-song! And how cosy the house is, and how the windows gleam! And the sun, how brightly it shines in the sky! Now brook, dear brook, was this what you meant?

4. Danksagung an den Bach

Thanksgiving to the brook: Was this what you meant, my gushing friend? Your singing, your chatter, was this what it meant? Go in to the miller's daughter! That was the message. I have understood it, haven't I?

Did she send you? Or did you bewitch me? I'd like to know if it was she who sent you. Well, however it was, I am content: I've found what I was seeking, however it may be. I asked for work, and now I have enough, for hands, for heart, fully enough.

5. Am Feierabend

After work: If only I had a thousand arms! If only I could furiously drive the wheels, rush like the wind through the woods, turn every millstone! Then the beautiful miller's daughter would notice my true worth!

Alas, how feeble my arms are! What I lift, what I carry, what I cut, what I hammer, any stripling can do as much. And then I sit with the others in the quiet, cool leisure hour, and the master says to us all: "I am pleased with your work!" And the lovely maiden bids us all good night.

6. Der Neugierige

The inquisitive one: I ask no flower, nor any star; none of them can tell me what I so long to hear. For I am no gardener, and the stars are too high; I will ask my stream whether my heart has lied.

O stream of my love, how silent you are today! Just one thing I want to hear, one tiny word. "Yes" is one such word; the other is "No", and by these two words my whole world is bounded.

O stream of my love, how strange you are! I'll say no more: tell me, stream, does she love me?

7. Ungeduld

Impatience: I'd like to carve it on every tree, engrave it on every stone, sow it in every empty flower-bed with cress seeds that would soon reveal it; on every piece of white paper I would write it: "My heart is yours, and shall be forever!"

I would train a young starling till it could speak the words full and clear, speak them with the sound of my voice, with the loud, warm pulsing of my heart. Then it would sing brightly at her window: "My heart is yours, and shall be forever!"

I would breathe it to the morning wind, to whisper it through the stirring grove. O that could it shine from every flower-like star, waft on the breeze to her from far and near! You waters, can you drive nothing but mill wheels? My heart is yours, and shall be forever!"

I thought it must show in my eyes, must be seen burning on my cheeks, could be read on my unspeaking mouth. Each breath I take must proclaim it to her; but of all of this anxious pleading she notices nothing: "My heart is yours, and shall be forever!"

8. Morgengruss

Morning greeting: Good morning, fair maid of the mill! Why do you dart your head away, as if something were amiss? Does my greeting disconcert you so much, does my gaze disturb you? Then I must leave.

O let me only keep my distance and watch your dear window, from quite far away! Come out, you little blond head! From your round sockets peep out, you blue morning stars!

You little eyes, drunk with sleep, you flowers, sad with dew, why do you shrink from the sun? Has the night been so kind that you close and cower and weep for its quiet bliss?

Now shake off the veil of dreams, and fresh and free arise into God's bright morning! The lark is twittering in the sky; and from the heart's depths love calls away pain and sorrow.

9. Des Müllers Blumen

The Miller's flowers: Many little flowers grow by the stream, and gaze out of bright blue eyes. The brook is the miller's friend, and my sweetheart's eyes shine bright blue; therefore, they are my flowers.

Close under her window, there I will plant my flowers. There you must call to her, when all is silent, when she lays her head down to sleep; you know what I am thinking of.

And when she shuts her eyes and sleeps in sweet repose, then, as a vision in dreams, whisper to her: "Forget me not!" That is what I am thinking of.

And when, early, she opens the shutters, then gaze up with looks of love; the dew in your tiny eyes shall be my tears that I will shed upon you.

10. Tränenregen

Shower of tears: We sat so quiet together in the cool shade of the alders, gazing down so quietly together into the babbling brook. The moon had come out, and after it the stars, and they looked so quietly together into the silver mirror.

I did not gaze at any moon, nor any star-shine. I looked at her image, at her eyes alone. I saw them nod and gaze up from the lovely brook; the small blue flowers along the edge nodded and gazed like them.

And, sunk in the brook, all heaven shone, and wanted to draw me down into its depths. And over the clouds and stars the brook babbled gaily, and called: "Friend, follow me!" At that my eyes brimmed over, and the mirror became a blur; she said: "It's going to rain. Goodbye! I'm going home!"

11. Mein!

Mine: Brooklet, let your babbling cease! Millwheels, stop your pounding! All you merry wood-birds great and small, end your carolling! Throughout the woods, let one song echo today: my beloved, the maid of the mill, is mine!

Spring, are those all the flowers you have? Sun, have you no brighter beams? Alas, then I must be all alone with this blessed word of mine, uncomprehended in the whole universe!

12. Pause

Pause: My lute have I hung upon the wall; I have wound a green ribbon around it. I can sing no more, my heart is too full, I do not know how to contain it in rhyme. The ardent pangs of my yearning I once released in jesting song, and, thus sweetly and tenderly lamenting, I believed my sorrow no small one. Ah, is the burden of my joy so great that no sound on earth can contain it?

Rest now, dear lute, here on your nail. And if a breeze waft across your strings, or a bee brush you with its wings, dread will shiver through me. Why did I let the ribbon hang so far down? It often flaps sighing on the strings. Is it the echo of my love's torment, or shall it be the prelude to new songs?

Intermission

13. Mit dem grünen Lautenbande

With the lute's green ribbon: "A pity about the pretty green ribbon, that it should fade on the wall here, I am so fond of green!" You said that to me, my love, today: at once I untie it and send it to you. Now enjoy the green!

Though he who loves you be entirely white, green too still has its value, and I too am fond of it. For our love is ever green, because distant hope blossoms green; that's why we like it.

Now in your tresses tie the green ribbon carefully, since you are so fond of green. Then I shall know where hope flourishes, then I shall know where love reigns, then I shall really love green.

14. Der Jäger

The huntsman: What does the huntsman seek by the millstream? Presumptuous hunter, keep to your own preserve! There's no game here for you to hunt, only a doe, a tame one, for me. And if you would see that gentle doe, leave your guns behind in the woods, and leave at home your baying hounds and leave the trumpeting of your horn, and shave that shaggy beard from your chin, or the doe in the garden will be afraid.

But better still, stay in the forest, and leave the mill and miller in peace. What use are fishes among the green branches? What would the squirrel seek in the blue pond?

Therefore, stay in the thicket, you haughty hunter and leave me alone with my three wheels; and if you want to be popular with my sweetheart, then know, my friend, what is troubling her heart: wild boars come out of the woods by night and break into her kitchen garden and trample and root about in the ground; those boars, you big bold hunter, are what to shoot!

15. Eifersucht und Stolz

Jealousy and pride: Whither so fast, so troubled and wild, my dear brook? Are you hurrying angrily after that shameless brother huntsman? Turn back, turn back, first scold your maid of the mill for fast, wanton, petty fickleness.

Did you see her last night by the gate, craning her neck down the high road? When a hunter comes gaily home from the chase, no nice girl pokes her head over the windowsill.

Go, brook, tell her that; but don't tell her, do you hear, not a single word of my sad face; say: "He's with me, cutting himself a pipe from my reeds, and playing sweet songs and dances for the children."

16. Die liebe Farbe

The favourite colour: I will clothe myself in green, in green weeping willows: my love is so fond of green. I'll look for a cypress grove, a heath of green rosemary: my love is so fond of green.

Away to the merry hunt! Away over heath and hedge! My love is so fond of hunting. The game I hunt is Death, and the heath I call Love's Anguish: my love is so fond of hunting.

Dig my grave in the grass, cover me with green turf: my love is so fond of green. No black cross, no bright flowers, green, everything green around and about: my love is so fond of green.

17. Die böse Farbe

The hateful colour: I'd gladly go out into the wide world, if only it were not so green, out there in forest and field. I'd like to pluck all the green leaves from every branch, and all the green grass I'd like to weep on till it was as pale as death. Ah, green, you hateful colour, why do you always stare at me, so proud, so bold, so gloating, and me a poor white miller?

I'd like to lie in front of her door, in storm and rain and snow, and day and night softly sing the single word: Farewell. Hark, when a hunting horn sounds in the forest, her window clicks; and even if she is not looking out for me, I may still look in. O, unwind from your brow that green ribbon. Farewell, and give me your hand in parting.

18. Trockne Blumen

Withered flowers: All you little flowers that she gave me, you shall be laid with me in my grave. Why do you all look so sadly at me, as if you knew what had befallen me? All you little flowers, so faded, so wan, why so moist? Ah, tears will not bring the green of May, nor make dead love bloom again.

And Spring will come and Winter depart, and little flowers will appear in the grass.

And little flowers will lie in my grave, all the little flowers she gave me.

And when she passes by the mound, and thinks in her heart: "His feelings were true!" – then all you little flowers, come out! May has come, Winter is past!

19. Der Müller und der Bach

The miller and the brook:

The miller: When a true heart dies of love, then lilies wither in every border. Into the clouds the full moon must slip so that its tears are not seen by men. The angels keep their eyes closed, and sob and sing the soul to rest.

The brook: And when love breaks free from pain, a new tiny star twinkles in the sky; then three roses spring forth, half red and half white, and will never wither on their sprig of thorn. And then the angels clip off their wings and descend every morning to earth.

The miller: Ah brook, dear brook, you mean so well; but do you know what love can do? Ah, down below is cool peace! Ah brook, just sing on.

20. Des Baches Wiegenlied

The brook's lullaby: Sleep well, sleep well, close your eyes! Weary wanderer, you are home. There is constancy here, you shall lie with me till the sea drinks the streams dry. I will give you a cool bed on a soft pillow in the blue crystal chamber. Draw near, whatever can rock him, rock and lull my boy to sleep.

When a hunting horn sounds from the green wood, I will gush and rush all about you. Do not look down, blue flowers! You will make my sleeper's dreams so troubled.

Away, away, from the mill-path, wicked girl, lest your shadow wake him! Throw in to me your fine handkerchief, that I may keep his eyes covered.

Good night, good night! Till all awake, sleep away your joy,, your sorrow! The full moon is rising, the mist gives way, and the heaven above, how vast!

If you would like to receive information about next season's concerts here in the Glenn Gould Studio, or our Sunday Series in Walter Hall, please call (416) 423-9318 to ask for a brochure.

We gratefully acknowledge assistance for this Recital Series from The Ontario Arts Council and from the Heinrichs Foundation.

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L'ATELIER GRIGORIAN

70 YORKVILLE AVE
TORONTO, ONTARIO
CANADA M5R 1B9
PHONE (416) 922-6477
FAX: 922-4879

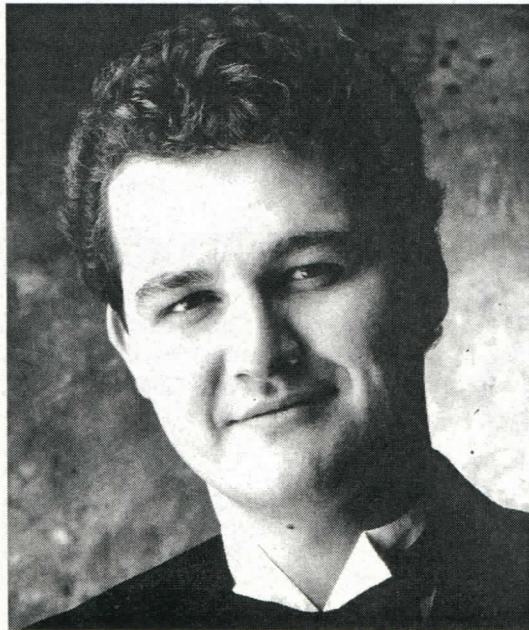
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Russell Braun has gained recognition as one of the finest young baritones on the Canadian operatic and concert stages. He has appeared in recent COC productions as Figaro in *The Barber of Seville*, and as Guglielmo in *Così fan tutte*, as well as in featured roles in *Mario and the Magician* and *Rigoletto*. He sang the role of Papageno in productions of *The Magic Flute* for both the COC and for Opera Atelier. He has appeared in *Carmen* with the New York City Opera, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* with Pacific Opera, and as Dr Falke in *Die Fledermaus* with Vancouver Opera. Upcoming engagements include *The Barber of Seville* with both L'Opéra de Montreal and Lyric Opera of Chicago, and *Così fan tutte* in Calgary. In addition to regular appearances with major symphony orchestras across Canada, Mr Braun has received wide critical acclaim as a recitalist, and is especially noted for his interpretations of the German song repertoire. He is a regular guest soloist with The Aldeburgh Connection.

Aldeburgh is the small town on the east coast of England where Benjamin Britten, Peter Pears and Eric Crozier founded the Festival of Music which flourishes to this day. Artistic directors **Stephen Ralls** and **Bruce Ubukata** have visited and worked there for many summers, together with many of the singers appearing with The Aldeburgh Connection.



**Stephen Ralls
& Bruce Ubukata**



Russell Braun